



South Sound Fly Fishers



Volume 07, Issue 9

Garden Hackle

September 2007

Leader' Line

Think positive, expect anything, and you might be surprised.

It's a late summer day on the Walker River outside of Bridgeport, California. The rain a few days earlier made the river a little murky. The rainbows are rising to some dry size 16s in the shallows. No one is catching anything huge, but folks are landing nice 10 to 14 inch rainbows. My good friends Ed and his wife Merle, both relatively new fly-fishers, are on the trip.

Connie, my social-fisher friend, is a hundred or so yards up-stream coaching Ed into success. They're a nice picture in mid-stream, casting toward the far shore, a little whoop and one of them holds up another nice 'bow for our benefit. Life is good. I set Merle up with a size 16 pheasant-tail and we move forward toward a good looking slot. I stand immediately up-stream to help her. She's managing her line well, all in all. Then it happens: the indicator hesitates. "Ohhh. I think I hit a rock or something." "Merle - think positive - Assume it's a fish! Set the hesitation - either you'll get a fish or you'll have a back-cast to start again." She casts upstream again and lets the PT drift through the slot again. Another bump.

"Strike, Merle!" No deal. "DANG... We'll be lucky if this fish gives her another chance," I think silently. "Okay Merle-ski (I call her that). Do it again." She does again, the fish does again, and...again, we're empty handed. Two casts more confirmed my fears. That fish had been generous as it was, allowing three or four good hits.

"Merle - I don't know if this is the official strategy, but this has been my experience. This fish gave us a couple of chances, then he quit. Here's our plan. We'll throw him a change-up. We're gonna change the fly he's used to seeing. We give him a rest while we're changing the fly, then we present a different fly. He'll see something new come along after the drought, and he'll hammer it. Be ready to set on the first or second cast. It'll happen real fast!"

Merle takes this all in and casts as perfectly as I asked her to. One cast. Two casts...he hits it solid, and she sets it. And it holds! Six months prior Merle missed every dry fly strike (there were plenty that hatch). She was paying her dues, and we would overcome it with time. The time was now.

I fought my own excitement to stay calm and help her with some clear, calm, direction. "Great, Merle! Let's get the line under control. Pinch down on the line against the grip, and keep that pressure on him." I'm only repeating the words my buddy Dino Christopoulos told me when I was

**The Next Meeting is
Tuesday, September 18, 2007
6:15 PM - 9:00 PM**

**Location
American Legion Hall (Salmon Club)
3201 Boston Harbor Road NE**

The September meeting will feature Doug Rose. Doug's program will be a slide presentation entitled "Fall Fly Fishing from the Elwha to the Quinault." Doug is an author and an Olympic Peninsula fly fishing guide. His articles have appeared in Northwest Fly Fishing, American Angler, Fly Fishing and Tying Journal and several other outdoor magazines. Doug has authored two books; "Fly Fishing the Olympic Peninsula" and "The Color of Winter Steelhead Fly Fishing on the Olympic Peninsula". His third book will be out early 2008 - "A Fly Fishing Guide to the Olympic Peninsula". You can visit Doug's web sight at www.dougroseflyfishing.com

about Merle's ability. Dino calmed me down and talked my first fly-caught fish into my hand.

Moving around Merle from above to below her seemed like the thing to do, to give her room to work. Her six-weight rod held a respectable bend as she kept things under control.

And that's when it all came undone. As I moved around her I thought her rod unloaded a little. (S-word.) "Keep the pressure on! Strip the line!" Too late. The indicator shot up river, the tippet was broken, the fly was gone and with it, her fish. My luck vaporized. Astonished, she looks down toward the slot that held that fish that ate her fly. My peripheral view catches something about the size of my boot, then a splash. Not a 12-incher's splash....a ga-BLoooooOOOOOMPP that left a mini-tsunami.

I'm crushed. Merle is still thrilled, now seeing her fish. She's thrilled at having hooked a fish, a huge fish. I amazed myself at my inability to size up her situation. A serious bend, maybe a 5X tippet, and I don't have the sense to tell her to relieve some pressure and let him run. This was just another 12-incher? Yeh, I don't think so. Merle and I look at each other. She's grinning ear to ear. What's the honorable way out of this? What does the Walker drain into? If I loose my footing can I drift all the way to Santa Monica? Tijuana?

Merleski never forgave me, but only because she's such a lady she never blamed me. Me? I've sort of come to terms with this episode. I salvage it by learning from it. Think positive: the bump is a fish, not the bottom. Expect anything, it might be bigger than you imagine. If they're catching 12 inchers up-stream, that's up there; you might have something bigger. Think positive, expect anything. Whatever size you catch, enjoy them all.

Narrow loops and tight lines till next time. Randy Allen

September Conservation Report

By Myron Saikewicz

- WDFW Proposed '08/'09 Sports Fishing Rules

WDFW is accepting public comment on a proposed package of sports fishing rules for the '08/'09 sports fishing season. The 78 proposed rules are available on WDFW's web site at: http://wdfw.wa.gov/fish/regs/rule_proposals/ or in hard copy by calling WDFW at (360) 902-2700. Written comments must be sent to WDFW, 600 Capitol Way N., Olympia, WA 98501 by Nov. 1 or by e-mail to Lori Press @ preusimp@dfw.wa.gov. The public will also be allowed to offer public testimony at a Nov. 2-3 public meeting in Chelan. Proposed rule changes include:

1. Replacing the non-buoyant lure restriction with a new anti-snagging rule.
2. Allowing anglers to purchase a second catch card for hatchery steelhead.
3. Making season and area adjustments to protect listed bull trout and steelhead stocks
4. Changing Teal Lake to year-round selective gear fishery with a one fish limit.
5. Allowing wild steelhead tournaments in places and times where wild steelhead retention is allowed. (Bad Idea!)

Apparently, a previous proposal to raise the yearly limit for wild Steelhead to 5 fish did not make the final round of proposals.

- State-wide Wild Steelhead Management Plan SEPA Review

WDFW has issues a draft Environmental Impact Statement (DEIS) for the Statewide Steelhead Management Plan (SSMP) that it is developing. The document is a requirement of the State Environmental Policy Act (SEPA) and looks at the environmental, social and economic impacts of the proposed alternatives in the SSMP.

Alternatives include:

1. **Most Conservative** to maximize wild steelhead protection.
2. **Preferred** to provide increased steelhead protection
3. **Status Quo** to maintain current approaches to wild steelhead protection.
4. **Least Conservative** to provide increased fishing opportunities

The selection of the **Preferred** alternative appears to be the most viable option since the **Most Conservative** approach would essentially eliminate most hatchery programs and seriously curtail steelhead recreational fishing. ■

Upcoming Programs

by Gary Kellogg

October, we will have Chester Allen back to give us a program on fishing Yellowstone. This is another favorite fishing area that Chester keeps telling us about in his Friday Daily Olympia articles.

There will be no regular third Tuesday meeting in **November** because it is too close to the Thanksgiving holiday. Instead, there will be a banquet, the date to be announced. ■

Outings

by Dan O'Brian

October 6/7; Yakima River

Yakima River Streamside Clinic

In conjunction with the October Yakima River outing, the SSFF Education Committee will be holding a streamside clinic for all interested outing goers. However, in order for this to happen we will need confirmation of attendance from at least 6 anglers.

The following material will be discussed, displayed and demonstrated at this clinic:

- ➡ Yakima River bugs (live specimens)
- ➡ Effective Yakima River fly patterns
- ➡ Reading the water
- ➡ Fly presentation

To confirm your attendance at this event, call Mel Hurd at 360.709.0395 at your earliest convenience. Thank you.

DETAILS

Date: Saturday, October 6th

Time: 9 a.m.

Location: SR 821 (Yakima River Road) Mile Post 10, aka The Slab ■

Yakima River Fall/Winter Hatches

Midges-November thru May

Blue Wing Olives-Oct & Nov then February +

Little Brown Stone, Winter Stone-January & Feb

Spring Stone, Skwala- February thru April

March Brown- March thru May

October Caddis-October & November

Summer Fall Cahill -October & Nov

Mahogany Dun-October & November ■

FLY FISHING EVENTS FOR 2008

January 23-27, 2008 – Washington Sportsman Show
@ Western Washington Fairgrounds,
Puyallup, Wa.

February 1-3, 2008 - The Fly Fishing Show @
Meydenbauer Center, Bellevue, Wa.

February 6-10, 2008 – Pacific NW Sportsmen’s Show,
Portland, Ore. @ Portland Expo Center

February 21-24, 2008 – Evergreen Sportsman’s Show
– Monroe, Wa.

March 7-8, 2008 – Oregon Council FFF – Northwest
Fly Tyers and Fly Fishing Expo, Albany, Ore.
(www.nwflytyerexpo.com)

March 22, 2008 – Olympic Peninsula Fly Fishing
Expo @ Port Townsend, Wa.

April ??, 2008 – Puget Sound Fly Fishers Annual
Auction, Tacoma Elks Club, Tacoma, Wa.
(www.psff.org)

May 3, 2008 – Washington State Council FFF Event –
“Washington State Fly Fishing Conclave” –
Ellensburg, Wa. (www.washingtoncouncilfff.org)

July ???, 2008 – 7th Annual Metolius River Fly
Fishing & Bamboo Rod Fair @ Black Butte School in
Camp Sherman, Ore. www.campshermanstore.com

July 22-26, 2008 – FFF 43rd Int’l Show and Conclave
2008, Whitefish, Mt. (www.fedflyfishers.org) ■

Stupid Fly Fishing Tricks

Submitted by Daryl Crowley – West Michigan
Hacklers

We’ve all done it. And for what other reason then to amuse and entertain our friends. While akin to *Stupid Human Tricks*, or *Stupid Pet Tricks*, these are specific to our chosen sport. Many of these I’ve compiled from personal experience, others from observing friends equally practiced at executing tricks. You probably already know many of these tricks, but add any you’re not already familiar with to your repertoire and amaze your friends. Here then is a collection of Stupid Fly Fishing Tricks bound to make you the life of the party during your next fly fishing trip.

1. Shut the car door on your rod tip.
2. Bring a box of streamers to the big hatch and leave your dry flies at home.
3. Bring your waders but leave your wading boots at home.
4. Just as a really big trout starts feeding voraciously, hang your backcast high in a tree.

5. Don’t use the restroom *before* putting on your waders, belt, and vest.
6. Don’t check the batteries in your flashlight *before* going night fishing.
7. While stopping the boat along the river for a break, let one of your oars drift away.
8. Forget to put the drain plug in your boat.
9. Float downstream until dark and miss your take-out.
10. Stab wildly at a big fish with your net and catch the fly on the *outside* of the net, knocking the fish off.
11. When stringing your rod, wrap the line *around* the rod between the 5th and 6th guides. Don’t figure out why you are having trouble shooting line until you’re done fishing and putting your rod away.
12. Tie on a very small and difficult-to-see fly in low-light, and then cut the main line instead of the tag end.
13. Tie a very complicated leader, weight, bobber, and two-fly rig, and *then* realize you’ve missed a guide when stringing your rod.
14. While closely examining your fly to make sure it’s intact and the hook is sharp, burn your leader with your cigar.
15. Don’t check your fly regularly and fish for a half-hour to a large *steadily* rising fish with an empty tippet.
16. Pull hard on a snagged and weighted fly until the tippet breaks and the split-shot rockets back striking you in the face.
17. Inadvertently get mosquito repellent on your lips.
18. Drop an open box of 150 meticulously tied and weighted nymphs into a fast riffle.
19. Decide it would be fun to fish salmon with your 2 weight.
20. Fish salmon with your 2 weight using 20 pound tippet and a tight drag.
21. Confide in someone a hot *secret* fishing spot, but ask them to tell no one.
22. Hike into a remote river through swampy lowlands but pay no attention to the thick growths of waist-high nettle.
23. While a fresh green 25 pound salmon is making that first screaming run, grab the reel handle and stop him.
24. After losing your fly to an overhanging bush, retie and *immediately* cast into the same bush. (Score extra points for a good grouping.)
25. Stick your thumb in the mouth of a big brown trout and land him like a bass.
26. When double hauling sixty feet of line at a big cruising fish, accidentally let go of the fly line with your left hand on the last back cast.
27. When roll casting a heavy weighted streamer, bring the rod tip back farther than usual, give it some extra punch on the forward cast and whack yourself upside the head, knocking your hat into the water. (A hugely popular trick)
28. While quickly hiking along the riverbank, ignore the brush grabbing your landing net, until it breaks free and the bungee on your net drives the handle into the center of your back.
29. When fishing from a boat and giving your very best efforts to not move or wiggle your feet even the smallest amount; find yourself frequently standing on your fly line.

30. After lightly hanging your fly on stick in the river, give the rod an expert little roll with quick snap and pop the fly cleanly off the stick and solidly into a tree branch high over your head.
31. Decide it would be a smart thing to put on a *fresh* fly at the peak of the midge hatch and cut off the perfectly good fly you've been fishing with and *then* realize you left your glasses in the car.
32. After snagging your fly on a submerged log, push your rod tip down to the fly and hook the tip-top onto the fly and break an inch off the tip of your fly rod. Still loose the fly in spite of breaking your rod.
33. When setting your boat up to fish a very fast run, lower your anchor into the fork of a submerged tree. Don't keep anything on board suitable for cutting an anchor rope.
34. While unsuccessfully trying to tie on a fly under a heavy mosquito attack, suddenly and angrily loose control and swat at the bugs in your face knocking your glasses off and into the river.
35. While fishing from a moving drift boat, pay no attention to the slightly submerged snags and when the boat comes to a sudden stop - pitch headlong out of the boat and into the river.
36. Finally the all time classic Stupid Fly Fishing Trick..... **Leave your rod and reel on top of your car after fishing and drive away!** ■

Bear Encounter

by Charlie Place – taken from the Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Assoc Newsletter

The following has been printed in Lines & Leaders some years back and also in Heading Out magazine. Many people have approached Charlie and have asked him if this was a true story or just plain fiction. Well...he has informed us that every detail written here is absolutely true even the part where he kissed the bear!...if only we had a video of this event.... You will enjoy this one!

The bear's large angry eyes were no more than a foot from my face. Its lips were curled back, saliva dripped from its long pointed teeth. I could barely look at the magazine cover. Even after two fishing trips to Alaska without so much as seeing a bear, I was still nervous. I was going to Maine in a week. For most on my mind was the possibility of encountering a bear. Little did I know that my fear would become a reality.

My good friend Ernie and I arrived in the town of Bruinn about noon. Even though it was a nine-hour drive, our modus operandi was to rush to our reserved cabin, grab an adult beverage, unload, and head for the stream, without actually unpacking. The point was to catch at least one landlocked salmon apiece before the other half of our foursome arrived. If we were successful, they would be stuck with the supper dishes.

I dropped Ernie off at his favorite pool and drove about a

mile downstream. We figured splitting up would give us the best chance of avoiding the dreaded dish detail. I picked a small isolated pool that I had fished before with good results. I parked at the edge of the paved road and walked the last fifty yards through the woods. Fishing was slow. Two hours had passed without even so much as a hit. Having driven a long way and skipped lunch. I was getting the munchies. I searched my vest for some crackers or a candy bar left over from my last outing. I found a Snickers. The chocolate was melted and the paper was stuck to the gooey mess, but with some careful unwrapping I deemed the bar edible. Just as I took a bite, a salmon hit my fly. I had left the Black Ghost swimming about thirty feet downstream while I salvaged the sun-baked sweet. The salmon bolted across the stream, taking up the slack fly line and getting himself on the reel. The half bitten chocolate bar hung from my mouth, as the hooked speedster left the water for the first time. Twisting and turning the startled fish came down on its side, slapping the water, soaking the top of a near by rock. After two more jumps and a long run the bushed fighter was ready to be landed. I reached around to the back of my vest and grabbed my net.

Extending the bungee, I slipped the net under the silver twenty incher. Suddenly there was an enormous splash! The net was ripped from my hand. Confused, I quickly wiped the cold water from my eyes. A crazed raccoon had leaped from the riverbank on to my fish and started downstream, almost pulling me over. As fast as I could, I grabbed the stretched cord and pulled. The net came loose from the masked thief and shot back hitting me in the head. Dazed, I took a step toward dry land, spun around, and fell back, half in the water, half out. I must have passed out. Still groggy I became slowly aware that something was licking my face. Eating the mashed chocolate bar! I squinted my eyes open. It was a bear! My nightmare! My heart was pounding! I didn't know what to do! The bear kept on licking. Panic-stricken, I reached up, grabbed the hungry bruin around the neck, and put the biggest sloppiest kiss on her that I could. Startled, the bear dug in its feet and tried to pull away. I let go. The surprised chocolate lover stumbled back a few steps and fell on her butt. I jumped up and rushed out into the stream. I stood there, mid-river, slightly over my waders with coldwater running down my legs. The dumbfounded bear and I looked at each other for a long moment. Finally, she snorted, turned, and ran back into the woods.

Completely shaken, I walked upstream a few hundred yards, cut across somebody's lawn and circled back to my car, all the time wondering how I still had my fly rod. On that long walk I decided not to tell my buddies about the bear encounter. It was a cinch they wouldn't believe me, and all I had to show for it was chapped lips. I touched my sore lips. How long was she licking them anyway? Back at camp I took a hazing for falling in the river. After I did the dishes, we played cards for a while tied flies and told fish stories. Ernie asked me what happened to my mouth. "It's all red," he said.

The next morning Ernie wanted to go a place called The Falls. It wasn't too far from where I had met the bear. "Ah, What the heck," I thought. "It couldn't happen again. " Besides, I didn't have any more candy bars. We no more than stopped at the end of the short dirt road leading to the falls, when my car began to bounce up and down violently. I looked in my rear view-

mirror. There was a bear, much larger than the first, with its two front paws on my trunk, pushing on my car. Ernie and I exchanged frightened looks. The huge bear stopped, walked around to the driver's side, and took a swipe, knocking my antenna off. Then he walked to the front of the car, lifted his leg and relieved himself all over my hood. The king size fur ball then walked a few feet away and with his hind legs sprayed dirt all over the present he had just left. Then he strutted off and disappeared into the thick undergrowth. We sat there trying to compose ourselves. After shaking several minutes, Ernie broke the fear-soaked silence. "Geez, I've never seen a bear that mad before." he quipped. "He acted like you were messing with his girl or something." ■

B.W.O.s (Or The Perils Of Wet Wading)

By Lee Weil - Taken from the Long Island Flyrodders Newsletter

One August morning, we were fishing the upper Hudson River, enjoying the perfect weather and catching just enough smallmouth bass to keep things interesting. I had waded out onto the exposed ridge next to the island and was perched on a boulder in the middle of the river, happy to have the breeze dry my legs. As the morning went by and the chilly mist came off the water, I began to appreciate the warm sunlight on my shoulders. My decision to wet wade was based on a favorable weather forecast, but one thing I've learned about the Adirondacks is that you can't predict the weather, and I was hoping I wouldn't regret leaving the waders in the truck.

A few dark clouds scurried over, but I wasn't concerned; besides I knew the overcast skies would help the fishing. By 8:30 the sun was high in the sky, I was warmed up and I had 3 fish landed. A half dozen mallards had settled in behind me to watch me fish and I was singing a silly duck song to them, which they seemed to enjoy.

It couldn't be better then I began to sense the feeling that something was crawling up the back of my leg. I reached back and brushed off what I assumed was a mosquito and resumed casting. I had to occasionally scratch behind my knees, but not enough to disturb my fishing. After landing the fourth fish of the morning, I realized the itchy feeling was getting more insistent; this time on both legs and heading north. Standing high on a rock, in full view of everyone driving by on Route 4, was no place to be rearranging one's wardrobe, but I really didn't want to hike all the way back to shore. I tried rubbing one leg against the other, doing a stationary version of the Hokey Pokey, but to no avail. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer, and abandoning all pretense of ladylike demeanor I reached my hand up inside the leg of my shorts. When I withdrew my hand, I noticed several small insects crawling on my wrist. Upon further investigation, I saw they were Blue Wing Olives, about a size # 20. I bent down and saw a prolific hatch gathered around my shins, and an army of newly hatched duns marching up my legs. At this point I was much relieved; at

least I knew they didn't bite. The simplest solution to the problem was to wade off my perch and out into the river to take a quick dunk, which I did after making a few casts just to be sure there were no leftover bass lurking in the shallows.

This treatment worked fine, and was repeated several times over the course of the morning. And thanks to the miracle of Guide Wear nylon material, I was almost dry by the time I waded back to shore. So dry, in fact, that I was able to wear the shorts to the fair. Now if only they could make underwear out of that stuff! ■

Algebra On A Trout Stream

By Mike Laskowski – Taken from the Tampa Bay Fly Fishing Club Newsletter

With all the new, super strong leaders and leader material on the market, some people are having trouble using the right tippet for the size fly they are fishing, and blaming it on the new fangled leaders.

Some of the old leaders and leader material still on the market is 2 lb. test with a 4x tippet size. The newer materials are 2lb. test with a 7x tippet size. A 4x tippet will cast a size 12 fly, but a 7x tippet will cause all kinds of problems. Yet they are both 2 lb. test!

Choosing the right tippet for your fly shouldn't be determined by lb. test. It is best determined by the diameter of the tippet. You don't have to carry a pocket calculator with you to figure out which size tippet to use, if you follow a few simple rules.

Let's start with leader basics. The tippet is the business end of the leader. This is the end you attach your fly to. A tippet is given an "X" number which is determined by its diameter, such as 1X, 2X, 3X, etc. This number, which is in thousandths, is easy to decipher using a simple formula: $11 - X = \text{DIAMETER}$.

Take for instance a 5X tippet. Using the formula, $11 - 5 = 6$. That means the 5X tippet is .006 in diameter.

The tippet must be attached to the fly you are using. There is a formula for this too. Divide the hook size you are using by 3. For example, if you are using a size 12 fly: $12 \div 3 = 4$, so you would use a 4X tippet.

There is some leeway due to different types of flies, wind, and water conditions. If you are using a sparsely tied spinner in a flat calm, you could easily go 1X size lighter.

Signs of using too light of a tippet are the fly spinning and twisting your leader, breaking off flies while casting, and poor turnover of the leader. If any of these are happening to you, go to the next size heavier tippet. ■