



**GENERAL MEETING
INLAND EMPIRE FLY FISHING CLUB
MUKOGAWA FORT WRIGHT INSTITUTE
COMMONS
February 8, 2005
Wet Fly Hour: 5:30 p.m.
Dinner: 6:30 p.m.**

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By Scott Mayfield

The Gray-Hair Rule
A father's advice on how to catch fish.

Once you become fairly competent trolling around lakes and catching trout on woolly-buggers with the full sinking line or a pheasant tail on a sink-tip you might be full of yourself. You might even make fun of the guy who was using a prince-nymph and wasn't catching anything while you caught 10 or 12. In the back of your mind, you know there is more. Something you haven't mastered. It is the boats in the corner. The ones anchored up with their backs to the wind. Yup, the ones chironomid fishing. Sure you tried it and it was boring. You didn't catch anything after hours of sitting, watching the bobber float while the gray-hairs released fish after fish.

They show up around 8am and leave around 3 or 4. Sometimes staying later, but never earlier. They are more prominent on weekdays than weekends. Once in a while you get lucky and see them amongst the weekend warriors. If you see a tall one nearly falling out of the bow while a short one settles in the stern, it is probably Runje with Shiosaki or Potter (they are interchangeable).

If you want to catch trout in a lake, you will do well to watch and listen to the gray-hairs. When you find a gathering of them cackling like crows while they sore-lip the lake's inhabitants, you are in luck. Park down wind of them and listen. Gray-hairs talk loudly. You might be parked in lousy water, but the information conveyed by the wind is invaluable.

"Black tail, gold wrap, gold bead," you will hear. "Munson bug – red wrap." "Indie-bugger." Don't look in the fly-tying books. They aren't there and they aren't in the fly

Continued Page 2

FEBRUARY PROGRAM

By Jerry Cartwright

What's the old saying? "You wanna catch a fish, you gotta think like a fish." The February program is designed to help a little. The program will feature Bernie Taylor of Newberg Oregon. Mr. Taylor is a widely traveled lecturer and writer whose work has appeared in magazines such as *Fly Fisherman*, *American Angler*, *North American Fisherman* as well as publications in Japan, Australia, South Africa, France, Spain, Italy and Germany. He is the author of two books: *Big Trout* (2002) and *Biological Time* (2004).

While researching *Biological Time*, Mr. Taylor studied the question of when/why salmon appear in rivers at varying times. What he discovered is that all plants and animals have their own sense of timing. They are never too early or too late, only on a different clock than we measure them against.

In this program, Mr. Taylor will show that the salmon have precisely timed movements and critical events such as spawning that can be calculated to almost the day. His program chronicles the life of a salmon and weaves in stories of how native peoples gauged the strength and movements of the runs. This program is not only helpful for the angler who is looking to better plan his fishing excursions but also for the conservationist interested in learning more about the nature of animals.

The presentation goes beyond the right flies and terminal tackle, delivering an extraordinary perspective on how these animals navigate in time and space. Sounds good.

CONTENTS

Fly Fisherman of the Year	2
The Secrets of Chironomid Fishing	3
Duncan Loop	3
Mistaken Jacket	3
The Backcast	4
Roster Changes	4
Harry Faggetter	5
Fly Casting and Tying in Cheney	5
How to Catch a Tiger Muskie	6
Fly of the Month	7
Pictures from December Raffle	8

FLYFISHERMAN OF THE YEAR

By Dwight Tipton

When Editor Bob asked me to write an article for *The Fly Leaf* about Jim Turner, our Fly Fisherman of the Year, in follow-up to my introductory remarks at his coronation in December, I was mightily pleased. Such a clamor there has been from the proletariat to hear more about how the infant son of worm-drowning parents has grown to become a man of noble stature.

It fell to Steve Moran to teach Jim how to fly fish. Steve was initially reticent to speak his mind about his pupil, but did note that Jim tried hard; that he learned which end of the rod to hold after only a few tries; that after only a few hours Jim was able to hit the river with his fly; that it was the fly to be casted into the water, not himself; and, that a 10-2 casting motion is apparently a difficult concept for a student wearing a digital watch.

When our conversation turned to Jim's wife, Leanne, and her abilities as a fly fisher, Steve's face lit up like a 300-watt bulb. He couldn't sing her praises loud enough, nor fast enough. Unfortunately, she had acquired many bad habits from whomever had been trying to teach her, but as soon as she unlearned those, Leanne showed remarkable talent. In no time she was throwing a tight loop and landing the fly as light as feather, exactly where she wanted it. Casting talent meshed with catching. She hooked, played and released more and bigger fish than her fishing partner, and did so with the deft touch of an artist.

Having warmed to the subject of Leanne's fishing skills, Steve went on to tell of a number of remarkable incidents which befell the Turners during trips up the St. Joe. Like any good reporter I was compelled to confirm the facts, so I called Leanne. She verified that Jim had in fact missed the river trail during a trek up the St. Joe



on mountain bikes. After missing the low trail along the river (easy to do as we all know since it's only 8-10 feet wide and a foot deep) Jim told Leanne that the upper trail was flat and easy (in the same way that the back of a Brahma bull is flat and easy) so that despite the 90 degree heat, she would have no problem riding five or so miles to the lodge. "That ^%#\$@& man nearly killed me!" was all I could decipher as she concluded her narration, so I quickly decided to save the other stories for another day.

Hard to believe the flyfisherman we all idolize had such humble beginnings. Why, to even think that today's monument to truth and wisdom could utter an untruth, to his wife no less, is a boggler of the first magnitude.

President's Message Cont. from Page 1

shops either. To see the flies, hit the take-out simultaneously and help them load their car-toppers. They appreciate the help and their bugs are typically available for viewing. Turns out, the big proponent of the white crappie jig, the guy named Panzer -- he wasn't using one at all.

Did you hear where they were going next weekend? Follow them. They can't hide. "This is a big fish. He took it down nice and slow," Bob McBride said to Jerry,

-- not like the quick take down and little fish you have there."

Alternatively, you can attend the gray-hair congregation known as the *Liars Club* -- Where the first liar doesn't stand a chance. No invitation is necessary, 11:30 every Tuesday morning at Casey's Bar & Grille, 2126 North Monroe Street. Attendance varies depending on local fishing conditions.

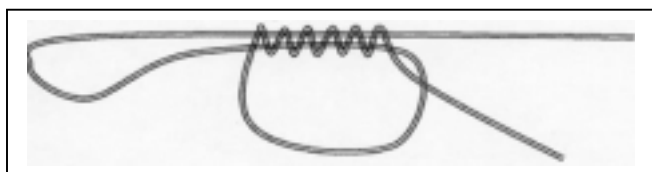
THE SECRETS OF CHIRONOMID FISHING

By Jerry McBride

I use a five-weight, nine-foot graphite rod with a weight forward floating line. Attach a six- to eight-inch butt section of leader with a loop on the end to the fly line. For my best fishing depth, I loop on a piece of tippet nine to 10 feet long. I use 4x tippet most of the time. For a small fly you might want to shorten the 4x tippet and add an 18-inch piece of 5x on the end. I use all tippet rather than a tapered leader because it allows the fly to sink faster and hang straight below the indicator.

Attach the fly to the tippet with a loop knot, such as the Duncan Loop. Set the indicator so the fly is suspended approximately one-foot above the bottom. If there are weeds, position the indicator so the fly clears them. I like a ½-inch diameter bright fluorescent green Corky threaded on the tippet and held in place with a piece of round toothpick wedged into the hook side of the Corky.

To cast this combination use simple casts without false casting. In other words, with the line in front of you on the water, lift it off of the water, make a backcast, and on your forward cast lay it back on the water. If you want to cast further, strip out some more line and repeat the process. On the forward cast stop the line just before it touches down on the water. This will cause the fly to straighten out the tippet material reducing the chance of a tangle. I watch for two distinct splashes, one for the indicator and one for the fly, spaced the proper distance apart. If this doesn't happen, strip in the line and check, because you probably are tangled.



DUNCAN LOOP

1. Pass tippet through eye of hook; hold main line and tag together.
2. Make about a 1.5-inch loop toward the fly.
3. Wrap tag inside loop around main line and portion of tag.
4. Continue wrapping tag inside the loop five or so times moving away from fly. (Only three wraps with 100-pound tippet.)
5. Lubricate and pull tightly on tag. How tight you pull will determine if the knot slips easily or not.
6. If the knot pulls tight against the fly just pull on wraps to make the loop again.

If there is a wind, make use of the ripple on the water to move and work your fly. If the wind is light, I cast nearly straight upwind. The stronger the wind, cast more to the side and downwind. In a very strong wind, you may have to cast directly downwind. When fishing sideways to the wind a belly will develop in your line. To a limited extent you can reduce the amount of belly by mending. To hook fish when fishing with a belly in the line, modify your usual striking technique. When striking, move the tip of the rod horizontally upwind parallel to the water rather than lifting the rod vertically. Moving the tip horizontally takes advantage of the drag on the line in the water. At the same time you are striking with the rod, strip line with your other hand. The combination of horizontal upwind movement of the rod and a strip-strike will give a good chance of a hook-up.

One of the most effective ways to fish when the water is flat is to use very short little strips of the line to “pop” the Corky strike indicator. I favor the Corky over yarn type indicators because it can be popped which gives the fly a motion attractive to the fish. When you are popping the indicator put the tip of the rod in the water. This effectively stiffens the rod making it easier to pop the indicator.

Above all, experiment with the variables of fly, depth of water, depth of fly, angle to the wind and motion you induce by stripping. Most likely you will find a combination that works. Tight lines!

MISTAKEN JACKET

By Dwight Tipton

Would the rather large gentleman who mistakenly wore my winter coat home after the meeting, please return it to me. Mine is a size XL, chocolate brown waterproof canvas outer shell with heavy inner lining. I believe it's called rancher style, but I don't recall the brand name, nor has my Mommy made me write my name in my coats for some years now. There might be some of my personal effects in the pockets, though.

The good news is that your very similar coat, but with a corduroy collar and lighter weight lining, is in Oly's custody at our meeting place.

I remind you that it is cold out there. I'm running around in my shirt sleeves. I might catch pneumonia. I need my nice warm coat back. Please!!!

THE BACKCAST

By Leon Buckles

Feb. 2 1956 FIRST MEETING

Moved seconded and unanimously aproved the name of
organization shall be

INLAND EMPIRE FLYFISHING CLUB

TERRY BRYANT	was duelly appointed	PRESIDENT
BILL DAVIS		TREASURER
OZIE LAITINEN		VICE-PRESIDENT
HAROLD BALAZS		SECERATARY
FRED PETERSON		PURIST
HERB BUTLER		POACHER
DEAN ROWBOTHAM "		2nd V.P.

was moved and passed to have meetings on Tues nites

each member to try and bring in new members

DON ERNEST to talk at next meeting Feb 28 600 PM Room A-1
SPOKANE HOTEL

The above was copied from the first club journal entry, thus, our humble beginnings, spelling, punctuation and all. The Backcast will become a monthly feature to make members aware of the club history. Club records will be our main source of information along with inputs by long time members.

The membership can contribute by donating or making available anything that may be of historical value. Club rosters, flyleafs, articles, etc. pertaining to members, past and present, would be of great help.

A photo album is planned to include as many members, since the beginning of time, as we can find photos of. Activities other than fishing can be included, for example, Bill Meyerhoff, was a champion shot-gunner, Ronnie Severson was a double talker and Karl Paulson was an outdoorsman of distinction.

You can help with this project by digging out photos that may be of interest and bringing them to the attention of the committee. We have the capability to duplicate photos, negatives or slides if you wish to have them returned to you.

Contact any member of the committee if you have a contribution, information or questions concerning our endeavors.

Leon Buckles, Historian
Scott Mayfield, Biographer
Jerry Cartwright, Research
Gene Lorenson, Publications

ROSTER CHANGES

E-mail address change

Dick Odell
dicklodell@comcast.net

Jerry McBride
jerrymcbride@omnicast.net

Phone number corrections

John Fechner
Home 292-0336
Cell 220-1429

New Member

Mark Papich
1028 W 25th 624-5838
Spokane, WA 992 458-6840
Civil Engineer
e-mail: mpapich_wsu@hotmail.com

INLAND EMPIRE FLY FISHING CLUB – SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

HARRY FAGGETTER

By Gene Lorenson

Harry was an unusual man. He liked his ale at room temperature. He was a top notch student at Rogers High School, especially in science and mathematics. As a young man, Harry served in the Civilian Conservation Corps like many of his generation. He took advantage of being in the great outdoors by fishing the places where he was stationed; such as Sullivan Creek in Pend Oreille County.

When World War II began, Harry enlisted in the Army where he first served in the artillery. Harry really wanted to fly but his efforts to get in to flight school were hampered by the fact that he wasn't a U.S. citizen yet. He was born in Canada. When the citizenship issue was resolved, he transferred to the Army Air Corps and entered flight school. There he became a navigator on a B24 Liberator. Harry's service in WWII was a defining part of his life. He told many stories of his adventures in training, flying the Atlantic to England, the dangers and excitement of bombing runs over Europe, and visiting relatives near London. It was in the English country pubs that he learned to drink his ale warm.

After the war, he returned to Spokane and began a career as an autobody repairman. His specialty was front-end work. He married Gloria and they were blessed with a daughter, Pamela. Raising a daughter and working took a lot of time, but he had time for various hobbies, too.

Love of the outdoors and associated activities was always a large part of Harry's life. He was an avid hunter and fly fisherman. He was not content just to hunt and fish, he carried these hobbies to the nth degree by using his expert building skills to construct many fine muzzle loading guns to use for hunting and competitive shooting. He also built excellent fly rods of glass and bamboo.

A willingness to share his skills and ideas with others brought him into membership in several outdoor clubs. He was a highly valued member of the Spokane Falls Muzzle Loading Club and won many shooting matches over the years. He was especially good with his cap and ball revolvers and was always one of the top pistol shooters.



Harry was a member of both local fly fishing clubs, the Spokane Flyfishers and the Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club. He served both clubs very well over the years. The Inland Empire Club chose Harry as "Fly Fisherman of the Year" in 1986 for his contributions, not only to the Club but to the sport in general.

In the realm of fly fishing, Harry was especially good about sharing his expertise with others. A well-organized and inspirational teacher, he taught fly tying classes at the Community College for many years. He was one of the first to volunteer to help in many projects involving young people. When the fly tying clubs at Glover Junior High and Rogers High schools went on their fishing expeditions, Harry was always there with his boat and skills. He participated in the IEFEC's fly fishing classes at area schools and in Rogers High School's biology field trips to local lakes. He also led tours of the Spokane Fish Hatchery for many people of all ages. Lots of people were touched by this man who was so generous with his time and skills.

Harry passed away December 5, 2004

FLY CASTING AND TYING IN CHENEY

By Pat Kendall

WDFW biologist Chris Donley asked for a group of tiers and casters to join him for a class with a group of 4-H youngsters at Cheney High School. Boyd Matson, Harry Calhoun, Will Shaw, Ray Kranches and Pat Kendall joined Chris for breakfast then on to Cheney for the class. We tied and taught casting with about twenty very appreciative kids and all enjoyed the day.

INLAND EMPIRE FLY FISHING CLUB – SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

HOW TO CATCH A TIGER MUSKIE

By David Williams, Northwest Fly Anglers

So you want to catch a tiger muskie. This article will reveal all the secrets you need to succeed in this endeavor. The steps are sequential, that is, you must successfully complete each preceding step before advancing to the next step. Under no circumstances should you attempt to circumvent this process or you will be doomed to certain failure. For those of you who speed read and actually read only every other word, I suggest two readings, starting with the second word of each paragraph on the second reading.

First, determine exactly what a tiger muskie is. Your diligent research will reveal that a tiger muskie is a carnivorous fish. In fact, a sterile hybrid offspring of a northern pike and muskellunge, reaching lengths in excess of four feet. Your next step will be to determine why you want to catch a sterile fish. I mean doesn't this go against all that real men stand for? And have you seen how ugly the parents are? One is long and skinny; the other is long and nothing but teeth. Every one knows that ugly parents produce really ugly offspring. But catching a big, mean fish would be cool, so let's proceed.

Ok, now just like economists do in making predictions, I will assume (you all know about the word assume) you have dutifully followed instructions and answered each preceding question. Your next task will be to discover where these flesh-eating, toothsome creatures live. I'll give you a hint: Have you read in the Seattle Times that pet owners living around Seattle's Green Lake have been complaining that their cats, small dogs, ferrets and other domesticated beasts have been disappearing near the lake shore? I'll admit losing the Chihuahuas is not a bad deal, in fact, it is a good start. With this gimme clue about where to find these carnivores, I'll also share with you that if I had small children I wanted to keep, I would not let them play near the water's edge. Yes, it is true. Four foot long flesh eating fish live in Green Lake, smack in the middle of an urban area. Get this, the State of Washington actually intentionally put 'em there.

Next, exactly what kind of tackle does one use to catch these eating machines? Techniques such as nets, traps, electro-shocking and dynamite, while time honored in some social circles populated by toothless, stringy-haired oafs, are thought by the catch-and-release crowd to be non-sporting. Unusual techniques used by he-man survivalist types, whereby you simply locate a fish, quietly slip your hand under the fish, stroke its belly until it momentarily drops its guard, allowing you to snatch it bodily from the water are not recommended unless you have the ability to regenerate limbs like a starfish. The sporting technique I suggest is the artificial fly fished from a personal floating device known as a belly boat or float tube.

The next step in this process is to rig up the fly rod with an appropriate fly. Conventional wisdom dictates the fly imitate something ordinarily found in the tiger muskie diet, so we are looking for a fly consisting of many handfuls of chicken feathers tied on a grapnel-sized hook. When properly tied, it imitates a baitfish. If not properly tied, it imitates a handful of chicken feathers tied on a grapnel-sized hook. The fly is then attached to the fly line through a curious device known as stainless steel braided wire leader. This wire leader is used because the tiger muskie, when striking the fly, will slice through heavy monofilament. The fly rod will generally be made of high modulus graphite and not less than nine feet long, more akin to a telephone pole in flexibility, than a willow wand. We are talking about something with the strength to successfully cast the huge fly, wire leader and many yards of fly line in the general direction of an unsuspecting tiger muskie. When you think about it, do you really want this four foot long flesh eating fish anywhere near you?

Now it is time to outfit you, the fisherperson, in the float tube. I suggest thick neoprene chest high waders, wading boots and swim fins. I also suggest some sort of personal body armor to protect parts exposed to underwater attacks by four foot long flesh eating fish. For those unfamiliar with float tubes, it is an air chamber, surrounded by a nylon cover, fitted with a device which suspends the fisherperson's body, leaving one's legs dangling in the water. For those few souls who use float tubes in Puget Sound, one wonders if they have ever considered exactly what those dangling legs look like to meat-eating sea creatures like sharks, sea lions and the occasional orca? A one-handed and now retired tiger muskie fisherman suggests "bite proof" gloves would assist landing, then releasing any tiger muskie the fisherperson was "lucky" enough to actually hook.

Now it is time to hit the water, armed solely with your fly rod and wits to conduct battle with this toothy denizen. For those readers who are willing to risk personal safety to engage in this activity, this writer can be found in a float tube on Green Lake near Duck Island, Wednesday evenings. Join me. Bring your own tourniquet.

INLAND EMPIRE FLY FISHING CLUB – SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

FLY OF THE MONTH

Coachman

February, 2005

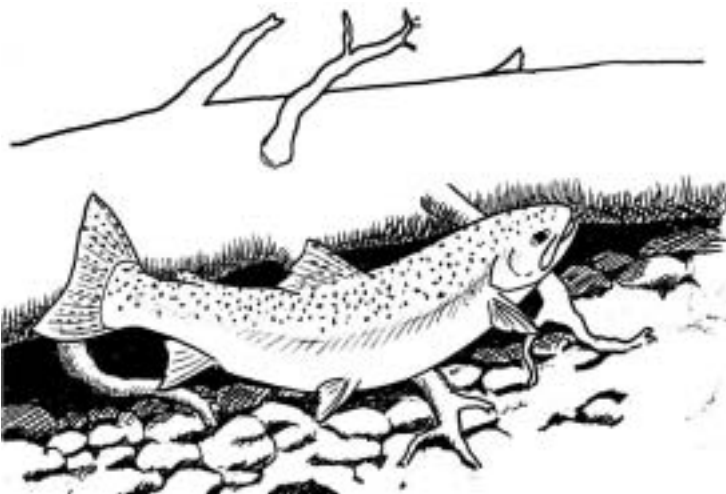
Tom Bosworth

Last year I featured the oldest known fly pattern, the red hackle. It is almost 2000 years old and still works fine. Bob Bates won the “best fish caught on it” painting for a fine Rainbow from Amber Lake. This year I feature another pattern from the past, although it's only a couple of hundred years old. The coachman was developed by Tom Bosworth, the coachman for three British sovereigns. He was recognized as one of the best fly fishers of his time. The Coachman and its various offshoots have been favorites of fly tossers the world over ever since. It was a favorite fly among the fishermen of Spokane Falls 100 years ago. So, tie up a few of the original pattern and fish ‘em. Take a foto of the best fish you take on it. For the nicest fish taken on the Coachman during 2005, I will paint a watercolor of the same fish.

Hook: 18 - 2
Thread: Black
Body: Peacock herl
Hackle: Brown soft or stiff
Wing: White duck wing segments



1. Pinch the barb and line the hook shank with tying thread. Wrap in a nice plump body of peacock herl.
2. Add a brown hackle, soft for wet version or a couple of stiff ones for a dry fly.
3. Add a pair of white duck wings. Form a small head and whip finish.



INLAND EMPIRE FLY FISHING CLUB

PO Box 2926,
Spokane, WA 99220-2926

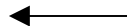
FIRST CLASS MAIL



CHARTER MEMBER and McKENZIE PLAQUE WINNER



**2004
DEC.
RAFFLE**



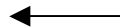
Buy
Tickets



Check
Available
Items



Put Lots of
Tickets
On Gene
Lorenson's
Painting



Hope the
Head Elf
Calls Your
Number

