



The Evening

Hatch

The Newsletter of the Michigan Fly Fishing Club

November 2017

There's No Wrong Time To Come To The Bighorn

By Spencer Vanderhoof

So said Steve Galeta of the Bighorn Angler's to a full house of attentive members of the Michigan Fly Fishing Club at our Speaker Night in October. Mister Galeta had traveled all the way from Ft. Smith Montana to discuss the finer points of a river that is high on the bucket list of many an angler.

Steve said his father was a fly fisherman and introduced him to the sport at a very young age. Though he was born in Albany New York, and grew up in Buffalo, Steve somehow landed in Ft. Smith in 2006 and never left. After his presentation it was easy to see why.

For those who may not be aware of the Bighorn River, it is basically, in the middle of nowhere. Back in the summer of 2014, Dave Begley and myself, stopped there on our way to the MFFC's Montana outing. After staying overnight in Sheridan Wyoming, we headed up highway 90 and crossed into Montana. We exited at a place called Lodge Grass and headed west over the highway.

As soon as you cross over the highway you also cross over a cattle grate stretching across the road, from that point to Ft. Smith you are traveling through the Crow Indian Reservation. Cattle and horses are free range and may even be standing in the middle of the road! It is 41 miles from Lodge Grass to Ft. Smith, and all of it,

including Ft. Smith is on the reservation.

Steve explained to us some of the history of the area. The Bighorn Canyon National Recreation Area is a national park established by Congress on October 15, 1966. Part of the plan included a dam that could regulate irrigation and supply electricity. The Crow Reservation was to earn dollars from the sale of this electricity. The Yellowtail dam was completed in 1966 along with a second dam downstream of Yellowtail called the Afterbay Dam.

Although unplanned for, by regulating the flow of the Bighorn River, releasing cooler water from the bottom of Bighorn Lake, the Yellowtail Dam created one of the finest Trout fisheries in the U.S. in the slightly more than 110 miles of river downstream.

Steve then walked us through the fish and the fishing seasons on the Bighorn. He said there is no record of Brown Trout being planted; it is felt that they somehow found their way upstream from the Yellowstone where the Bighorn eventually ends up. Rainbows were planted, and there is still an occasional Cutthroat hooked on the Bighorn.

There is an insane amount of fish in the Bighorn! When Dave Begley and I visited the river, we couldn't believe the numbers of fish. The river is like other tailwaters out west and the insect life is very rich; it tends towards smaller flies. These fish are not going hungry. There are Blue-winged Olives,

MFFC Calendar



December 6, 2017

Speaker Meeting

Speaker: IF4 Suprise

Clarenceville Middle School
Livonia, 7:30 p.m.

December 20, 2017

Fly Fishing Garage Sale Meeting

Clarenceville Middle School
Livonia, 7:30 p.m.

January 10, 2018

Speaker Meeting

Speaker: TBD

Topic: TBD

Clarenceville Middle School
Livonia, 7:30 p.m.

January 24, 2018

Activities Meeting

Clarenceville Middle School
Livonia, 7:30 p.m.

February 7, 2018 Speaker Mtg

February 28, 2018 Activity Mtg



MFFFC

Continued from Page 1



small scuds, midges, and many, many, Black Caddis. Steve said you could fish this river almost all year, but it gets pounded during the summer months. There may be many fish in this river, but they are very educated ones.

This river offers up some of the best dry fly fishing anywhere, but nymphing is a very popular method as well. Fishing this river with a guide can be something of a job. For the most part, you are fishing nymphs until rising fish are spotted. Then the guide pulls the boat over to the side of the river, so you can get out and into position to cast upstream to these rising trout.

The first time we pulled over in 2014, Dave and I exited the boat only to see nice fish, as long as our forearm, moving away from us in the shallows! When we got into position we had risers all around us. It was difficult to decide which fish to cast to. What a nice problem to have. We only halted fishing for lunch, then got back to it. We were tired puppies when we made it back to the lodge that night.

There are, according to the 2010 census, only 161 folk living in Ft. Smith. All of them are no doubt earning a living there from association with the fishery. Steve told us at dinner that there are times when there really isn't anything going on in Ft. Smith,

everything is so tied to the fly shops and guide services there. He said, "The river never disappoints, but the town can be a little slow for someone used to things going on." Ft Smith is on the reservation and therefore no alcohol is sold there. You must remember to bring in what you may want to drink.

Many of our club members have visited the Bighorn. Some call it their favorite river. Our own Charlie Gray (Bubba) and Jim Holly (Skeeter) go every year. They are actually famous (infamous) out there. When Dave and I asked around if anyone knew them using their names, they looked at us and asked, "Are you talking about Bubba and Skeeter?!" They are our own ambassadors for the MFFFC in Ft. Smith.

After Steve's presentation I asked Charlie what he thought, and he had some wonderful things to say about Steve's knowledge of the river. Charlie said, "He covered the river, and the fishing very well. He told us what it's like to fish out there." That's something from someone who has spent many an hour floating and fishing the Bighorn.

I would personally like to thank our corresponding secretary, Steve Bocks, for somehow pulling this off! This guy came all the way from Montana to speak with us. Great stuff!

Around The Country

Members On The Fly





MFFC Honors



Howard Gellar Award

Bill Shanon



In 2009, the MFFC took the opportunity to honor an outstanding volunteer, a volunteer whose assistance and time with the club was given freely and unselfishly. Howard Gellar was the first recipient of this award which would bear his name for future honorees. Since then, the likes of Joe Sprys, Terry Herron, A.L. Bulszewicz, Mike Matuszewski, Jim Telinda, Todd Schotts, and Mike Doyle joined the ranks. This year's honoree is the epitome of a "volunteer's volunteer."

Bill Shannon never asked for, nor wanted to be in, the spotlight, but his efforts behind the scenes have not gone unnoticed. He has served on the board; been involved with the Member's School, Club Picnic, Boy Scout School, and Youth School; represented the Club at FFF events; been involved with the Royal Oak High School Club; and for the past decade has directed the set-up and tear-down for our Midwest Fly Fishing Expo.

We thank Bill for all of the hard work he has done for the Club and congratulate him in receiving this prestigious award.

Master Angler

Don Oehring

Below are the two Master Angler fish Don caught on his last two fishing trips. On August 24th, Don was fishing near Tippy Dam and caught the 31" Coho Salmon. This was at about 5:30 in the afternoon. This fish is currently in our freezer.

His next fishing trip was on September 24th also near Tippy Dam. At about 8:30 am, he caught the 39" Chinook Salmon. You can tell by the look on his face how excited he was to pull in this monster. It gave him about 45 minutes of fight before he got it in the boat. This fish was released back into the Manistee river for the next angler to pull out of the water again.



2017 – 2018 Officers

President:

Scott Freeburg
MFFCClub@gmail.com

Vice President:

Spencer Vanderhoof
svanderhoof@mi.rr.com

Corresponding Secretary:

Steve Bocks
stevebocks@gmail.com

Recording Secretary:

Bruce Strachan
brucedcs0402@gmail.com

Treasurer:

Dave Nowicki
dn44213@gmail.com

Membership:

Jon Bada
jonbada@hotmail.com

Immediate Past President:

Dan Finstad
finsmich@yahoo.com

At-Large Directors:

Kathy Oehring
MFFCClub@gmail.com

Steve Selinger
aquillasailboat@gmail.com

Craig Summers
cksum61@gmail.com

Hatch Editor:

Sybil Hunter
evening.hatch.mffc@gmail.com

Webmaster:

Harry Briggs
habriggs@gmail.com



Meanderings of a

Fly Fishing Forensic

Al Haxton

Organize For Next Season

I truly find it hard to accept that the fishing season is done in most trout streams. It's hunting season and while some streams remain open to fishing the vast majority are now closed. I had a wonderful fishing season this year. Joyce and I found some new spots that we really enjoyed. Some of the new spots are not on the radar for most fly fishers. Some are on smaller streams and creeks and are off the beaten path somewhat. Some are on bigger rivers but are a bit more difficult to access. All were fun and enjoyable and we are both looking forward to fishing them more next season. Between now and then it is time for some organization of things for next year.

Organizing for next year. It sure sounds easy. Get some fly boxes filled, sort out the flies that we used from the flies we did not use. Make some notes about what I need to tie during the winter. It sounds pretty straight forward to me. Sure, straight forward and easy.

Over the past years I have tried many different ways to 'organize' things. I have spent time making notes about what rods I enjoy. Notes about what reels seem to make things work better than others. Notes about different leader recipes I enjoy and what kind of water they work best in. Notes about where I like to fish and what fish were caught. I have even made notes about notes... comments about where my notes are stored... and where the books are about where and with what fly. I have spent time making highlights on maps about spots that worked, and some that did not. Oh yes, I have done

this before. But this year I have a new idea. Or maybe a reused idea that I tried before. I think.

Each off season I start with trying to organize, or reorganize, my boxes of flies. I have made notes on boxes that say things like "early Spring" or "attractor flies for hot temps" or things like that. I have tried notes that say "early hatches," "mid summer hatches." and "late fall." I tried both actual magic marker writing on the box and also used stickers with notes so I could revise the notes or make new stickers for the boxes being used.

For example, the notes on the fly boxes sort of told me that most of the flies in the box were for the early hatches here in Michigan. I would include both wet flies and dry flies for the most important early season hatches. I would have dry flies in a couple different sizes and both traditional ties along with some parachute patterns and maybe a sparkle dun pattern too. Most of the flies in that box would be actual flies tied to duplicate the hatches of that time of year. About 25% of the box would be some carryover patterns that might be from the previous hatches that are a bit late, and maybe some from the next hatch time that might be a bit early. I think sometimes the 'organization' process took on a mind of its own and became more involved than originally thought, but things like that happen when 'organization' is introduced to a beloved sport.

Over the years I have tried boxes labelled for "Early", boxes labelled for "Month of May" and some marked "General Flies." Looking at the many different boxes of flies I have I found some noted for "Just wets," "Summer dries," and "General streamers" that now seem to tell me nothing of importance. I am not sure if my notes have changed, my ideas have changed, or maybe I just need boxes of flies and expect I will figure things out on the stream. I find boxes noted "Yellowstone," boxes noted "West general," and others noted as "some cool flies from West." I guess part of me feels that I need to

organize things a bit, but am not quite sure how that will actually happen.

So this winter I have decided on a new process. This winter tying season I am going to look at different boxes that I carried this year. I am going to make notes of what flies seem to be in short supply, what flies seem to be eaten and falling apart, and what flies look perfect and maybe unused. The flies in short supply will tell me what I used and lost - maybe on a huge fish. The eaten flies will tell me what flies caught fish but did not get lost, and of course the perfect flies will tell me what I did not use or what did not catch me any fish. I think.

It sure sounds like a good process, for right now. I try to always have at least six of each pattern in a fly box. If there are only one or two left, that sure indicates that I used those flies and lost them. Now we all know that tree fish do eat our flies, but if there are lots of a pattern gone it would also tell me I used that pattern a lot and had confidence in it, so I need to replace those lost flies for sure. If I find some patterns are falling apart and have been obviously eaten by fish it tells me those patterns were successful and I need to refill them too. And of course, if some patterns are in fine shape and all in stock it tells me that maybe I don't need them, or maybe I need to fish them more and give them a chance. I think.

Now as I read this through I find that this entire process sounds a bit crazy. There seem to be a lot of variables and ideas and maybe thoughts about flies. So maybe what I will do this fly tying season is just tie some flies, enjoy that process, think about all the fish I caught last season, plan on all the fish I will catch next season and just enjoy the memories and thoughts and have a great winter. Sounds good to me. Who needs organized flies anyway?

Oh and just one more note. Joyce and I have again fished every month this year. We plan to continue that tradition for next year too. Enjoy the winter and make plans for lots of fun for next season. Tie some flies.....



Michigan Fly Fishing Club

Meet The Big Horn: A big-time river you don't want to miss in any season

By Mike Matuszewski

There were only treats — no tricks — as MFFC members came together November 1 to hear about a river that only some members had ever fished — the Bighorn River on the outskirts of Custer Country in southeast Montana.

While many club members have ventured to western Montana and the Greater Yellowstone area — either individually or as part of the club's annual August forays — the Bighorn has well-earned reputation as one of those rivers where the skilled fly angler can hook really large football-shaped rainbows on really small flies.

You couldn't have a better person to guide you through a vicarious visit to the Bighorn than November speaker Steve Galleta, co-owner of the Bighorn Angler Fly Shop & Lodge, located in Fort Smith, MT. Galleta has fished and guided on the Bighorn for going on 20 years and is the author of "Fly Fishing the Bighorn River." He brought plenty of big-fish photos to tempt club members while taking them on a season-by-season peak at one of the West's remarkable tailwater fisheries.

Galleta called the Bighorn "the most consistent wild-trout fishery in the world." In fact, the Bighorn has not been stocked since 1989. Between 1966 and 1989, the river was stocked with various strains of Rainbow Trout to see which would be most successful. The Desmet strain from nearby Wyoming's Lake Desmet won out. A single planting of 12,000 Yellowstone Cutthroat Trout occurred in 1972 and the truly lucky angler, even today, may tie into a rare cutt-bow.

While for most, the Bighorn begins in Fort Smith, below the Yellowtail and Afterbay dams, it traces its origins to Wyoming and the Wind River, which itself has acquired a well-deserved reputation as a destination for fly

fishing adventurers.

From Fort Smith, the river meanders 35 miles to the town of Hardin. From Hardin, it flows to its confluence with the Yellowstone. The Fort Smith-to-Hardin stretch is typically divided into two components — the Upper River or the first 13 miles of water below Afterbay Dam and, the Lower River, which offers less angling pressure but still-remarkable fishing. Galleta noted that anglers from around the world come to fish the Upper River, which averages 5,000 to 6,500 fish per mile. The lure of those numbers, he said, can lead to a lot of fly fishers converging on the river, especially from the Afterbay access to the Three Mile access. Still, he said, the river is wide and easily accommodates float boats and wading anglers, adding that he feels the waters between the Three Mile Access and the Bighorn Access is the "best all-around stretch of river."

Wading in the Upper River is fairly friendly, lacking the large boulders and cannon-ball cobble of the Madison outside Yellowstone National Park and the ice rink-slickness of the rocks of the San Juan in New Mexico. "Clear water flows over fine gravel and aquatic vegetation through trout-filled riffles, runs, flats and shelves that hold trout every inch of the way," Galleta wrote of the first three miles below Afterbay Dam.

Average size fish fall into the 15- to 16-inch range — leading regulars who fish the 'Horn to label them "cookie cutter fish." The largest fish caught in the river range between 24 and 28 in.

Galleta's advice to both first-time and returning Bighorn River anglers is, first, to engage a knowledgeable guide — even if only for a day — and then learn and practice breaking a stretch of water down into its component parts. Look for the seams, drop-offs, slack water and tailouts and fish them

accordingly, he said.

"Make your first casts from the bank," he said, as often trout will ease into the slack water there to conserve energy and feed opportunistically. "You don't want to 'step on' any fish in your haste to get to through to fish a promising stretch of water," he said.

Being a tailwater fishery, insect and trout populations thrive in the remarkably consistent ecosystem, providing year-round angling opportunities. The Bighorn's diverse biomass provides further opportunities for different styles of fly fishing — from tossing scuds and sowbug...to sight-fishing with tiny nymphs and aquatic worms...to matching prolific hatches of Blue Winged Olives and Pale Morning Duns...to pounding the water with Moorish Hoppers or big, bushy streamers.

"I carry a wide array of impressionistic fly patterns such as Pheasant Tail Nymphs and Parachute Adams that are vague representations of an insect or patterns that represent characteristics of more than one insect and give the impression of life to the fish.

"On the flip side, when trout in the Bighorn are selectively feeding, they key into a specific attribute of an insect or organism when abundance and diversity are available." The PMD emergence is one prime example of hyper selectivity, he said. During the emergence, bark-bodied nymphs are ascending the water column while their wing case splits. This, he said, exposes bright yellow spot in their thorax. Feeding fish will key in on the yellow spot, he said. "The more you know about the characteristics of an insect emergence, the more success you will have as an angler."

That's great advice for any river or stream, but the Bighorn holds a special place in Galleta's heart. "Other than Idaho's Henry's Fork or Montana's Missouri River, I do not know of another river that offers hatches as consistent or as long in duration as the Bighorn," he said. Additionally, "It's a complex trout fishery that will continue to challenge you throughout your evolution as an angler."

Who could ask for anything more?



Michigan Fly Fishing Club

Todd Schotts

Fly of the Month

For November's fly of the month, I found the perfect fly! It goes along with that stomach-stuffing Thanksgiving dinner that we all participate in and what usually happens after this huge meal. No, I am not talking about taking a nap or going out for the early, early black Friday shopping, but finding those antacids to help relieve that "stomach-bloating-not-being-able-to-move-feeling." Thinking of how we stuff ourselves on this glorious day, you can say the fish will do the same with these tiny morsels as we are trying to match. So back a few Thanksgiving dinners ago while searching the web for possible fly patterns to tie or for future material for fly of month; I came across this unique named fly. Here is the very durable and very visible ant pattern, "Ant Acid by Kelly Galloup."

The creator of this fly, Kelly Galloup, originally from Michigan, started his fly tying career selling flies for the local tackle shop when he was only 13 years old. He started his guiding career at age 16, and is still guiding to this day. Today Kelly owns and operates Galloup's Slide Inn in Cameron, Montana. Before he moved to Montana he owned and operated the Troutman Fly Shop in Northern Michigan from 1981 to 2002. Kelly has designed over 40 flies, most of which are known by their bodacious names, like Sex Dungeons, Butt Monkeys, and Stacked Blondes, just to name a few. (Make sure when searching for these on the internet, to add "fly

patterns" before or after the name. If not, there will be some 'splaining to do). In addition to all the flies he has designed, he has written two books: *Modern Streamers for Trophy Trout and Cripples and Spinners*; been published in various fly-fishing periodicals throughout the country; has various fly-tying DVD's; and was a host on Fly Fish TV.

The "Ant Acid" has great definition for the fish to see from below, floats like a cork, and is great for hopper/dropper fishing. Kelly mentioned in his video that sometimes after fish are stuck a few times with big hopper patterns they tend to get spooked. His counter to that is to use an ant fly pattern, as ants are usually overlooked by many fly fishers. I know from attending a tying seminar a long time ago, that fish have a hard time resisting ants, especially after, or during a rain storm, as the rain washes these tiny morsels into the water system. The one thing that aides fish in targeting this pattern is the different and distinct segments that on its bi-color body. Kelly mentions, the gold braid wing and rubber legs are another addition that helps get a fish's attention.

When fishing this amazing acidic pattern, remember that it is a tremendous floating pattern. With the deer hair wing you can rig a good size nymph in a hopper-dropper rig. Make sure when casting this pattern to hit along banks and other structure.

So, when you pull out the antacids after you're indulging of your family's turkey time, instead of following that up with a nap, pull out your vise and tie up some "Ant Acids." With a double dose of "Ant Acids," you will feel much better!

Until next month....
Happy Thanksgiving, Tight Lines and Snazzy Flies!



HOOK: *Dry Fly size 14*

THREAD: *8/0 (color to match body)*

BODY 1: *Antron or superfine dubbing (same color as head)*

WING 1: *Gold diamond braid*

BODY 2: *Antron or superfine dubbing (different color)*

WING 2: *Deer hair*

HEAD: *Antron or superfine dubbing (same color as body 1)*

LEGS: *Small rubber legs*

The Evening Hatch

Submissions

A great big "Thank You!" to all of the wonderful members who turn in submissions help make The Evening Hatch what it is, *our* newsletter. Thank you for submitting all the wonderful articles, columns, trophy fish pictures, travel photos, fly patterns, announcements, outing follow-ups, history, insights and all other input. *You* make this possible! Thanks!

- Sybil Hunter, Hatch Editor



Michigan Fly Fishing Club

Tyer Of The Month

Corey Thelan



Our Featured Tyer for November is Corey Thelan. Corey has been tying for almost ten years, and has been a member of the Michigan Fly Fishing Club for eight. He is currently the co-chair of the Club Tyers Booth at our Midwest Fly Fishing Expo. Corey spent two summers at Gates Au Sable Lodge, learning the river and its hatches.

Corey will be tying the Hare's Foot Iso Cripple. This pattern is a variation of the traditional Iso Cripple, substituting snowshoe hare instead of deer hair for the wing material. It is a killer imitation of an emerging Isonychia and a must have for the month of June.

John Pinto

Sand In My Shoe

PART 2

(While tending bar) I became engaged in a conversation with a couple from Fort Lauderdale. He pointed out his boat anchored in Fernandez Bay, a 40-foot trawler and said it had taken them three weeks to get here as they stopped at various islands along the way. He mentioned among his stops Chub Cay and Great Harbour Cay in the Berry Islands, Spanish Wells and Bannermantown on Eleuthera and that they spent last night at...Little San Salvador.

"Little San Sal!" I inquired, "Did you get inside the lagoon?"

"No. The opening is too small for my boat. In fact, the good Lord made the entrance so narrow only a small boat can get in there. Otherwise some developer from Texas would have built a marina in there years ago," he went on to say.

I asked how many miles is it was from here to Little San Sal, how many hours, how many gallons of gas and, "What are you doing tomorrow?"

He replied about 33 miles, four hours, he would figure a cost for gas, and we could

leave at first light. We spent two hours after dinner putting our provisions on the boat.

We left in the dark and as we pulled away from Cat Island I remembered seeing the newly-installed street lights now running the entire length of the island. The sun peeked through the eastern sky and the lights went out. The day was dawning and we were on our way.

We arrived at the entrance of Little San Sal, anchored the trawler and put our fishing gear, dry bags and cooler into Mark's 15-ft Boston Whaler that we towed with us. We entered the lagoon and beached the boat. We scattered in different directions. I began walking the beach towards the middle of the lagoon. It wasn't long before I came across of school of twenty bonefish lying perfectly still, almost as if they were suspended in mid air. I cast to the far right of the school, I let the fly settle to the bottom and slowly, ever so slowly began to strip the fly back to me. In a flash it seemed like half the school charged the fly to see who would be the first to grab it. I hooked up, fought and landed a 6-lb Little San Sal bonefish. It was obvious from the start not many people fished here!

I forget how many fish I caught that day. Eight, ten, maybe more. But I do remember what a pristine place this lagoon was and how easy it was to move around...and the number of fish was off the chart. As the years moved on, I talk with other well-traveled bonefishermen it is apparent that very few of my brothers have made it to Little San Sal. I feel very fortunate to have added this venue to my fishing log and often think back to that magnificent day.

Sadly, Little San Sal is gone. It was sold by the Bahamian government to Disney Corporation, has been renamed Castaway Island. You can now get there on a Disney cruise ship. You can take a path to the lagoon where you can rent a jet ski or a kayak and spend the day in the lagoon without ever knowing what a special place this was to the bonefishing world.



HOOK: *Size 10 Standard Dry Fly Hook*

THREAD: *6/0 Black Uni-thread*

TAIL: *Moose Mane*

BODY: *Iso Dub, (a mix of olive, black, and brown) or Callibaetis*

HACKLE: *Dark Dun (Charcoal Gray or Black)*

WINGCASE: *Gray 2mm Foam*

WING: *Snowshoe Rabbit's Foot*



Michigan Fly Fishing Club

Club Events

Belize or Newaygo?

Muskegan Outing

By Todd Schotts

With the extreme tropical conditions taking place all over the state of Michigan this weekend and at our home base in Newaygo, we were asking ourselves, “Is this Belize or Newaygo?”

Upon our arrival up in Newaygo, the weather conditions were sunny, and very, very tropical! I, along with Bob and Renee Gall, got up there early in the day so we decided to go to my double secret spot (darn memory loss) to cast a few flies in this highly protected, high security body of water. After having a blast catching rainbows on our fly rods, we ate lunch, then we headed to our final destination.

We were not the first ones to arrive at the Old Dam Inn, but it did not take long to unpack the famed fish mobile, and get everything set. The humidity was in the 90% bracket along with the dew point being the same. Toss in the temperatures in the low 90’s and it was more like middle of June, or the tropics, instead of last part of September. One bad thing, the Inn doesn’t have any air conditioning, except that which comes in through the windows. But one good thing, they do have an abundance of fans to add to those attendees brought with them. The famed whiskey slushes also aided in our survival of the 2017 Tropical Muskegon River Outing.

This year, John Pattee and I decided to cook breakfast on Friday and Saturday morning for the crew of 15 of us. The first day we cooked scrambled eggs, sausage links, and bagels. On the second day, the

flapjacks were flipping along with sausage links once again. And we cannot forget that special Mickey Mouse pancake John made for our club’s glorious leader, Scott Freeburg. We made sure everyone was filled before they left the cabin. Then both Friday and Saturday, I had a crock pot of noodles and chicken from Lee’s Chicken warming on the counter all day for anyone who wanted some. The soup was a huge success (even with the tropical weather) as we went through three gallons of it in two days! To top it off, most of us instead of going out for dinner in town, ended up cooking on the grill for dinner. Funny thing, one of the nights we got the grill going, we ended up with my bison burgers, a middle eastern dish the Gall’s were grilling, John Pattee brought left over BBQ chicken, Don K. brought spaghetti, and others added food to the feast. It was a great “on the spot throw together potluck dinner.”

The fishing was there, but low water conditions and hot weather meant it was slow, but everyone did catch fish while on the outing from what I heard - which is a big plus on an outing. John Pattee and I tangled with some Pere Marquette Salmon on Friday that I will confess were absolutely huge. My 8 wt. Mystic Reaper was put to test (and held up), but unfortunately my leader failed (and broke). We actually went wet wading in shorts for salmon toward the end of September! In all my years of fishing, I cannot remember wet wading for salmon near the end of September. The water was a bit chilly but wasn’t bad. It was actually very relaxing, except when you get to that certain depth that takes your breath away! And once again, John found out why no one follows me. You would think by now John would have learned this with the all of the years we fished together, but it’s always fun watching your fishing companions tip toe through the deep water especially wet



wading. For rest of the crew, some went lake fishing in kayaks, two went on a guided trip on the Muskegon, two went on a guided trip on the Pere Marquette, some fished the White River, others the Muskegon River, and the rest looked around for other waters to fish. Everyone enjoyed what the surrounding area had to offer.

Even though good ole Mother Nature to threw us another curve ball of weather conditions for our second Annual Muskegon River Outing, we adapted and overcame.

I would like to thank everyone that attended. Thanks to John Pattee for helping me cook breakfast; Randy Park for cooking bagels; Bill Cusumano for keeping the coffee flowing; Lee’s Chicken for the soup; the Old Dam Inn for our lodging; and the club for letting me bring this outing to you. Oh, and I cannot forget Katherine Hammons for making those fresh baked cookies while we were up there, and my mom for the zucchini desert she made for all of us. If you wondering, yes there will be a third annual for Muskegon Trip for next year for sure. I am really hoping the third time will be the charm for weather conditions. And yes, I have put the request in already with Mother Nature for better conditions in 2018. Tight Lines, Todd.



Michigan Fly Fishing Club

Important Club Stuff

Outdoorama

Volunteers Needed

Once again, MFFC will be presenting our club and our fly fishing skills at the annual Outdoorama. It will take place Thursday March 1 through Sunday March 4, 2018 at the Suburban Collection Showplace. Club members will assist youngsters tying flies while others will be ambassadors for club membership and the MFFC Expo that will occur just one week later. No matter your tying skills, you will be able to introduce young people to tying and our club.

But we need your help most of all. How can you help? Volunteer to work a shift at the show. It is as easy as that! Sign up boards will be available at club meetings from now until the Outdoorama. Your admission will be free plus you will have time to walk the show to see its many exhibits. I look forward to your participation in this annual MFFC tradition.

Want to know more about Outdoorama? Go to the ShowSpan Website at: <https://www.showspan.com/OUT/home/dates-times-admission/#/select>

Submitted by Bruce Strachan, MFFC Outdoor Manager

Upcoming

Club Events

Upcoming Salt Water Committee Event: Groups of four (4) for Mayaguana are forming every month between now and April 15th. Sign up now. Contact John Pinto at bn1fish2@gmail.com.

Activities Meeting - January 24, 2018

Historical

Flash Back

This is the fifth installment of an ongoing series of historical excerpts. The following excerpts are from the May 2000 edition of The Evening Hatch - the "Special 30th Anniversary Issue!" It touches on some of the history of the club as noted in Jeff McGowan's editorial. This particular issue had nine color photographs in it.

President, **Al Haxton**; Vice President, **Peter Albertson**; Treasurer, Hal Schroeder; Corresponding Secretary, Mark Kachadurian; Recording Secretary, Richard Schott; Editor, **Jeff McGowan**; Membership Chairman, Alan Bullock; Director, **Alan Amendt**; Director, **Fred Field**; Director, Ron McNeal

Congratulations to New Club Officers
New MFFC board members were elected at the April 5th business meeting: President: **Peter Albertson**; Vice President: **Mike Matuszewski**; Treasurer: Mark Rois; Corresp. Sec'ty: Mark Kachadurian; Recording Sec'ty: Mickey Jones; Membership: Al Bullock; Director-at-Large: Ron McNeal

Editorial By **Jeff McGowan**
As the Michigan Fly Fishing Club reaches the end of this 30th anniversary year, we take a look back at the early years of the club... thanks to Leonard Marciniak, Henry Wilomowski, and **John Pinto** for stepping forward with information for "The Spawning of the MFFC" and "The Early Rod Shows" articles.

The Spawning of the MFFC By **Jeff McGowan**
The first Michigan Fly fishing Club meeting was held in a church in 1970. Member **John Pinto** recalls writing the Club's by-laws in his basement... There were seven founding members including **John Pinto**, Will Foreman, Carl Glotzhaber, Henry Wilomowski, and Leonard Marciniak. Although conservation has become an important part of MFFC's focus, the Club originally differed from Trout Unlimited because it was envisioned as a fishing club rather than a conservation club. The club sponsored fly fishing schools, outings, activities and the annual

Caught

Reading The Hatch



Order Now!

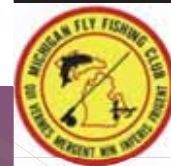
Expo Shirts

Expo shirts orders need to be placed by December. We will be taking orders during the October and November club meetings. Also, Simms hats will be selling for \$15 during those meetings. Contact Eric Center ecenter4753@yahoo.com.

Midwest Fly Fishing Exposition. One of the most notable achievements of the MFFC is the establishment of the "April Trout Season" (flies only, catch and release) on the Huron River in the Proud Lake Recreation Area near Wixom. MFFC supplied the trout the first year and due to the great success, the DNR continued the program. (Note: today our club celebrates the stocking with an outing call "Trout Tune-Up.")

The First Rod Shows by Leonard Marciniak
The Club's first Rod & Reel Show in 1977...

To be continued in December



Michigan Fly Fishing Club

Business

Minutes

Michigan Fly Fishing Club Board Meeting
Oct 4, 2017

Call to Order: 7:31 pm

Present: Freeburg; Vanderhoof; Bada; Bocks; Nowicki; Strachan; Summers; Oehring; Selinger; Finstad

Visitors: Mike Doyle; Jim Telinda

Approval of Minute: Accepted as presented

Approval of Agenda: Accepted as presented

Officer's Reports:

President - **Freeburg**

- * MUCC representation discussed. Board consensus to continue a non-board MFFC member attend MUCC meetings and report on MUCC activities.

- * Facebook: MFFC has a second web page on FB established by Harry Briggs but the page does not carry MFFC logo. Eric Zedorecki set up the original

page. Board discussed eliminating one of the FB pages, maintenance of FB page, and anticipated difficulty eliminating original FB page.

- * Membership Email Addresses: Craig Summers about 2/3 complete in verifying club email addresses.

Vice President - **Vanderhoof**

- * Funeral acknowledgments: Finstad graciously assured flowers on behalf of MFFC for Joe Sattler's recent funeral. Board discussed providing timely MFFC response to such occasions in the future and appointment of a Board officer to manage the acknowledgements.

- * Sattler Estate: Finstad reported portions of Joe's fly fishing equipment to be available to MFFC after family members received their bequeaths.

Treasurer - **Nowicki**

- * Accepted as presented

Corresponding Secretary: **Bocks**

- * Speakers are lined up for future meetings.

Membership - **Bada**

- * 344 active members. 134 members have not paid their 2016-2017 membership dues.

Events & Outings

- * None to report

New Business

- * West Michigan FF Show by GLC FF - This show is scheduled for 2 days, Jan 13-14 in Grand Rapids. MFFC offered and will man a table to promote MFFC's Expo & activities. Spencer Vanderhoof and Scott Freeburg to man booth.

- * Dam Four Porta-Potty - Dam Four port-potty has become subject to vandalism and trashing during the summer. Fuller's monitoring the potty has been inadequate to prevent abuse at the site. Board discussed removal of potty, or limiting the term the potty is rented. Discussion acknowledged the particular utility of the potty for female anglers, especially during the Opener gatherings.

- * Au Sable River History Film - A film documenting Au Sable history has been showing in Lansing to rave reviews. Scott Freeburg will investigate having the film presented at an external venue or club meeting.

Old Business:

- * None

Comments

- * Jim Telinda - Reported Ultimate Fishing Show & Outdoorama insurance is in place with Show Span.

- * Mike Doyle - TU Board has invited a MFFC representative onto the TU Property Management Board. The Property Management board is responsible for access sites and TU property maintenance. President Freeburg appointed Mike Doyle to TU Property Board. The board meets once a year. MFFC Board noted TU Property Board funding requests be submitted in the appropriate manner to the MFFC Conservation Committee for consideration.

- * Craig Summers - Noted that while MFFC avoided political stances, there are many environmental political issues such as the Au Sable Fish Farm that are of interest to members.

- * Steve Selinger - Suggested visitor comments be moved to the top of the agenda so visitors do not have to sit through entire Board meeting.

- * Kathy Oehring - Banquet volunteers can contact Jim Atkin to lend a hand in planning and execution.

Adjournment at 9:15 pm



Michigan Fly Fishing Club

That's What She Said

Sybil Hunter

Let Me Cast One More Line

One of the worst experiences as an writer and editor is not having enough content to fill the required pages of a publication, or sometimes having too much content, thus having to decide who to vote off the preverbal island. Or worse—missing a deadline. Yes, believe it or not, that keeps me up at night. Yet frankly, it all works out in the end.

The same can be said of fishing...

Many of you ask me if I fish.

My first fishing was when I was three. My mother plopped me on the back of her bike and we rode down to Little Traverse Bay harbor to fish for dinner. We rode back home with a stringer of fish attached to my seat. Then I fished with Dad and Grandpa for panfish, for dinner. Yeah we used spinner equipment, but this was *dinner*. Grandpa drove us out to Higgins Lake in his duct taped car, with the windows rolled down and the wind blowing in our faces. Dad and Grandpa drank this stinky stuff out of a can. We caught Perch and Bluegill. Oh how I hated when the Bluegill fanned their top fin making my hands bleed..but oh did they taste good rolled in Dad's light batter, and fried with his special recipe hushpuppies.

Now I adore my 7ft. 9in., 2 piece, 2 tip, 4 wt. Sweetgrass rod (much to Chris' chagrin). I also have a March Brown 5 wt. For my birthday a few years ago, Chris arranged private casting lessons through Schultz Outfitters with Michael Mauri and ownership of one of his Steele, PA spey rods (AwEsOmE!). Then there is my original 4 wt. Powell that Chris gave to me, along with a reel, line, leader, women's waders (cut with an hourglass shape), felt soled boots, and a fly box. That was my Christmas gift on our first Christmas as husband and wife. I remember standing riveted in front of the twinkling tree

by the fireplace in our historic flat looking at him silently. ("Really?") Oh there was more! There were flies in my stocking!

That spring, we went out to Slippery Rock, PA, as it was just over the border from where we lived in Akron, OH. The air was crisp, the sky was clear, the foothills smelled amazing...I set up my gear, stepped in the river - and fell. My knee was black and blue, and my waders torn. I cried for the waders.

A few weeks later, Chris returned to the fly shop in Kent, OH (this time with me) to trade the waders in under warranty. (Don't argue with a lawyer in progress.) New waders in hand, we left. After that, we returned to Slippery Rock a few times (where I fell in again), but did not rip my waders.

After Chris graduated from University of Akron School of Law, he found a job in Michigan, so we moved here. Now he could lord over his dad, that he lived in same state as the Holy Waters. While we were moving I went into organ failure and ended up in emergency surgery. Why is this pertinent you ask? ...because 24 hours after I was discharged — Chris took me fly fishing.

I really don't remember much, other than the overwhelming feeling of pain and the thought, "Is this really how I'm going to *die*?" Somewhere in the house, there is still the picture of pasty me, all bloated up and crammed into neoprene waders (with that built in defined waist) standing in the reeds looking like a grounded zeppelin, sporting my wading belt, gators, boots, and my Powell rod.

To make up for this, Chris spent the next decade taking me to fly tying classes with Al Haxton at Bueter's; getting me casting lessons with famed and licensed guest casters; introducing me to an endless supply of avid fly fishers; fishing at Rockwell fishing club; attending MFFC Members' School, and taking

me to MFFC meetings. (He even convinced me to put my writing degree skills to work, writing and editing this newsletter.)

In his next great move, we boarded the dogs, and drove up north to attend the fly fishing symposium in Roscommon. That was a blisteringly hot weekend. I attended everything I could. It was very interesting to see the sport from so many different facets. I was pleased. *Then*, he took me fishing.

On the way home, Chris pulled off the old highway at the most beautiful site of the Au Sable river I had ever seen. Trees gently drifted in the breeze, the water was cool and clear. The river was wide. Bird song hung in the air like a beautiful soundtrack to these wonderfully surreal surroundings. We geared up. We took stock of the situation. We waded into the water. We cast. My line drifted gently down river. I mended the line. I waited. I recast. Life was good.

Then suddenly — it wasn't. A big gust of wind blew through those lovely trees, setting off a shower of pollen. I couldn't breath. I looked down, I was covered in yellow dust. I gasped for air. I frantically brushed off the pollen, inadvertently making things worse. I struggled to get Chris' attention. I staggered. I gasped. I grabbed him. He said he wasn't ready to go. Coughing and choking I staggered back to the car. I jammed my rod in the backseat and started peeling off my gear. Chris continued fishing. "We just *got* here!" He hollered back. I coughed and choked. Chris fished. I couldn't breath. Chris fished. Again I wondered, "Is this really how I'm going to *die*?"

No. No it was not. Madder than a wet hen, Chris *finally* finished fishing, brought the keys to the car and drove me home gagging and sputtering, gasping for air. I spent an *entire* summer on steroids. I have MaSsIvE 'ROID Rage. Who knew?

Fast forward. I clearly survived, as I am writing this column. Have we fished since? Yes. Do I have a passion for fly fishing? Yes. See? It all works out in the end.



Michigan Fly Fishing Club
PO BOX 530861
Livonia, MI 48153