

The Fly Leaf



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May, 2020

MAY MEETING
INLAND EMPIRE FLY FISHING CLUB
MAY MEETING CANCELLED DUE TO COVID-19.
STAY TUNED FOR FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS

Editors: Lee Funkhouser and Guy Gregory

March Meeting Cancelled

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE By Bob Schmitt

Fellow Members,

Most of you may remember the movie 'Apollo 13'. After the explosion onboard the spacecraft, Tom Hanks radios NASA control and says, 'Houston, we have a problem'. We have a similar issue here at the Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club concerning the venue where we hold our meetings. While it's not life threatening like Apollo 13's issue is nevertheless serious. A few days ago I got a call from the new Food Services Director at Mukogawa. Because of the coronavirus, Japan isn't sending over any students for the Fall quarter. They've instructed him to lay off the entire 21 member kitchen staff and close the doors until February. I asked him if we could rent our room and hire a caterer to furnish the food. He said that would not be possible. This means we have to find a new home. Also, current thinking among the authorities is that there may be a resurgence of the virus in the Fall. If this materializes, there may not be any students for the Winter quarter either and their doors would remain closed. Based on this information I think it's time to cut our losses and find a new permanent home for our meetings. To this end I've enlisted Skip Cavanaugh to help with this search. Skip did an exhaustive survey back in 2012 in an effort to see if it was feasible to move our meetings to a different venue. At that time, Mukogawa was a better price/performance choice. In 2018, Jim Athearn conducted a similar but less extensive search with the same result. We already have some leads and as our search finds other venues and choices, we will keep you informed.

Since we will be leaving Mukogawa, we need to relocate the Club's items stored in the broom closet across the hall from the meeting room. If any of you members would have a 5 X 10 storage space that we could utilize, it would save the Club the cost of renting storage space. These items would not

Washington: All freshwater fisheries will open under standard regulations May 5. Anglers should be well prepared and expect limited access to facilities and restrooms as staff begin the process to reopen wildlife areas and water access sites. People should bring their own handwashing materials, toilet paper, and masks or bandanas, and be prepared to change plans if sites appear congested. If sites become overcrowded or other COVID-19 related public safety concerns develop, the department may reclose areas to further protect public health and safe resource management.

President's Message, continued

need to be accessed very often. I would appreciate hearing from any of you that might be able to help out.

These are trying times for all, but a little humor might help bring the big picture back into focus. My wife and I are not rich by any means, but we afford ourselves the luxury of a cleaning lady that comes in every two weeks. When she leaves, the house is spotless. My wife Leslie told me that she got a call from Sadie the other day. Sadie said that she was starting to work from home like so many other people and that she would send us a list of all the things we needed to accomplish.

It seems "work from home" doesn't work for everyone.



Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club—Spokane, Washington

George Potter, remembered

Beloved club member George Potter passed away March 27, 2020. What follows is a biography written by Dwight Tipton in 2008.



George doesn't remember November 28, 1926 very well, that being the day he was born, but he does remember having thoughts from a very early age about how lucky he was to be born into a family headed by a Dad who was an avid fisherman and a Mom who didn't fish much, but was an avid camper.

The journey from Taft, a small town outside the Bakersfield, California, to the high Sierras and the Kern River in particular, took several hours on roads that started out being pretty good ones but soon became narrow, winding dirt tracks hardly wider than the Potter's car. Soon after that, no roads at all, so they continued on foot or horseback. They went often, thereby providing George with many of his earliest and most poignant memories of what is now over eight decades of fishing and camping.

Which is not to say that George was a fly-fishing purist in those early days, or that he faithfully practiced catch-and-release. After all, times were tough back then so throwing something really good to eat back into the water rather than cooking it for breakfast just wasn't done. George has no memory of ever using anything but a fly rod. No spinning outfits in the Potter family. On the other hand, using a natural at the end of the fly line was common, and led to some

fantastic fishing with stoneflies, hoppers and even, you guessed it, the lowly angleworm.

The Kern River flowed wild and free back then, and one of the best stretches of all was the deep canyon dug by the river as it neared the end of its journey through the Sierras. George and his family, along with assorted buddies, fished the canyon often, which even now provides fuel for tales of big cutthroat caught with perfect casts into perfect water on perfect days.

Too bad the halcyon days of youth cannot last forever, but such is life. For George that meant graduating from high school in 1944, then quickly thereafter joining the Navy, intent on doing his part to win the war. He trained as an aviation ordnanceman and as an aircrewman, spending much of his time in Memphis before receiving orders to Tinian, where he arrived just as the war ended.

He mustered out of the Navy in 1946 and quickly headed back home. Work was tough to find and the competition fierce for too few jobs in view of the thousands of returning GIs, but George found work with the Kern County Fire and Forestry Department. By 1948 the urge to return to school matched his financial ability so George enrolled in forestry at San Jose State, then three years later journeyed to Missoula for a year of classes at Grizzly Tech. Student Potter ran out of money just shy of attaining a degree, but then and now he values those four years of higher education as having provided him with an edge that helped make him successful in successive jobs and his own business.

A short stint with General Petroleum followed by a couple years as a surveyor for Stanislaus County prepared George for an assignment as Traffic Manager for the county. George still doesn't understand exactly how it prepared him, but he stuck with it until 1957 when his career and life both changed dramatically. Career by starting work with Miller Manufacturing, a producer of cattle feeders, and life by

Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club—Spokane, Washington

George Potter, continued

meeting Sula, now his wife of 52 years, mother of their three kids and grandmother of two. And by the way, then as now, Sula is a better skier than George.

The cattle feeder business was a reason the Potters moved to Spokane in 1964. George managed the business until 1987 when he and two partners decided to start their own company, with George running the show and Sula taking care of the office. This they did quite successfully until 1991, when they sold the business. By then they had developed and sold cattle feeders in all the western states, the Middle East, several eastern states, Canada and elsewhere. Unfortunately, the sale didn't go as well as hoped, so after selling it, George was forced to re-involve himself and straighten out the mess. Once he finally completed that task, there was finally time to turn full attention to fly-fishing.

George joined the Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club in 1966 and immediately immersed himself in the Club's affairs, including uncounted projects ranging from general clean up of fish habitat to sparring with Fisheries Department personnel in ongoing efforts to get them to rehabilitate various lakes, impose selective gear regulations on lakes and streams, provide access to fishing areas and anything else necessary to enhance the sport of fly-fishing.

His ongoing work to make our sport better was recognized formally in 1977 when George was named Fly Fisherman of the Year. Not one to rest on his laurels, George has continued his involvement in Club projects right up to the present and shows no signs, at age 81, of slowing down even a little bit. George heads the Club's Projects Committee, and in the last year or so has worked tirelessly to see McDowell Lake treated with rotenone and then restocked with trout. No one gave him a chance of being successful in getting Sprague Lake and its surrounding waters treated and restocked, thereby making it likely the lake will rebound to its former glory of the 80s, but George and his committee saw it through. The entire Coeur d'Alene and St. Joe drainages are now designated catch-and-release. Fishing access to North Silver Lake is secure. And these are just his recent successes!

Meanwhile, he fishes. He fishes a lot. Locally. Canada, especially Whitetail, as well as some new water he's discovered up in the Cariboo region of British Columbia. He's made his share of junkets to salt-water. Steelheading in the Clearwater and the Ronde have been of interest at times. But through it all George has remained true to his roots, valuing the take of cutthroats in gin clear water on small dry flies above all else.

Not that he turns his nose up at multi-pound hawgs swallowing nymphs and such, mind you....

Lee Gomes, remembered



A celebration of life service for Lt. Colonel Vernon Lee Gomes, U.S. Air Force retired, age 90, was held Saturday, April 19, 2014 at Grace Covenant Church of God, New Ellenton, S.C. Full military honors were accorded by the U.S. Air Force Ceremonial team.

Lt. Col. Gomes was the beloved husband for 64 years of Mrs. Martha Yates Gomes. He was a native of Clayton, CA, and had made Aiken his home for the past three years moving from Washington State. He was a veteran of the Korean Conflict retiring after 20 years of service with the rank of Lt. Colonel in the U.S. Air Force. Lt. Col. Gomes enjoyed fly fishing in his spare time, and was a member of IEFFC. When he and his wife relocated to the Aiken area they made their home at Shadow Oaks assisted living where he attended the weekly chapel services. Survivors include his wife, two sons, Gary (Mari) Gomes, Federal Way, WA, Glenn Gomes, Bainbridge Island, WA; one daughter, Christy (Scott) Douglas, Aiken, S.C., and several grandchildren. In lieu of flowers the family suggests that memorials be made to the Alzheimer's Foundation of America, 322 Eighth Ave., 7th fl., New York, NY, 10001 or on line at www.alzfdn.org.

Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club—Spokane, Washington

Tom May, remembered

Our friend and fellow angler Tom May passed away April 17, 2020. Here is Tom's story in Tom's own words, written in 2009.



The Beginning:

Tom was born January 7, 1942 in Huntington, West "By God" Virginia. As a babe in arms his parents and brother left the relatives, which was about half the state, and moved to California. He grew up in the Greater Southern San Francisco Bay area, in the towns of San Lorenzo and Hayward. Tom's family did not fish or hunt, but young Tom got the bug somehow. He fished small creeks and the bay estuaries. He completed high school in Hayward and went on to Brigham Young University, with grandeur's of being a football star, enough said.

The New Beginning

While at Brigham Young University, Tom met the love of his life, Janice. Two wonderful children and three great grandkids highlighted their 46 years of blissful marriage. The May's moved to Spokane in the early 60's. To the kid that fished the estuaries in the Bay area, the streams and rivers of the Northwest were a Godsend. Tom provided for his family by working for the Spokesman-Review as Advertising Retail Sales Manager.

The Newest Beginning

Tom took early retirement in 2000 and has been hunting and fishing as much as possible, which is quite a bit. His primary interest is hunting upland birds and fishing for anything that swims. From archive photos one can quickly see

that Tom has spent many pleasant hours in the outdoors with fellow club members Frank Faya, Bob Burton, Keith Keuster and Jerry McBride. For 43 years Tom has been involved as an Ambassador (doing PR) for the Berkley Trilene, Fenwick, Pflueger and several other companies. Tom is not a fly fishing purist. He is three dimensional and enjoys the sport of fishing to it's fullest. He is an accomplished walleye fisherman, a tournament bass fisherman and a fly-fishing trout fisherman. He believes that a sportsman should work for the betterment of his avocation. As a result, he is an active member of several hunting and fishing clubs. The Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club and its members is a perfect match for his fly-fishing interests.

Steve Aspinwall remembers:

Tom was a good friend of mine and I loved to fish with him. Tom would fish Chironomid under an indicator and sit in his boat and talk the fish into taking his offering.. "Here fishy, fishy, Here fishy" is what we would hear from Tom until the fish cooperated. He called the fish in at Stoney Lake in BC especially in a bay next to the Lodge so his friends named the bay "Talking Tom Bay". A dear friend and a good joke teller. We will miss him.



And Sergeant-at-Arms Floyd Holmes remembers:

I have known tom for the last 20 years or so and my sister knew and worked with his wife Jan for something like 40 years and yes we will miss him.

I had the good fortune to fish with Tom a few times and he was always a fun and interesting guy to be around and a good fisherman no mater it be fly fishing or bass or catfish.

Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club—Spokane, Washington

Tom Chapman Honorary Membership

My fellow members,

Some time ago our Club was approached by Marc Chapman, who is Tom Chapman's son. Tom Chapman was our Club's president in 1992 and a pillar of the Club. Tom moved to Arizona a few years ago and indicated to his father that he was considering dropping his membership in our Club. Based on this information, I asked the Board if it might be a nice gesture to make Tom an Honorary member. They heartily agreed. So, I penned a letter to Tom making him an Honorary member, and each Board member signed it. The text of that letter follows with Tom's reply to the Board and finally my message back to Tom.

Dear Tom,

We hope you are enjoying retirement in sunny Arizona. In the past, our Club has extended 'honorary' membership status to loyal Club members who have moved away from Spokane but who want to retain their membership and contact with our Club. As an honorary member you will retain all the rights of regular membership but without the need to pay annual dues.

As a loyal long term Club member and officer, the undersigned Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club board of directors has voted to extend 'honorary' membership status to you.

Best Wishes and continued good health in your retirement,

Signed: IEFFC Board of Directors

Gentlemen:

I am most pleased and humbled to receive the designation of honorary membership. To join the ranks of my old fishing partner George Potter and club artist Gene Lorensen is an honor indeed.

George and Frank Slak nominated me for membership in 1982 and over the last 38 years I have made many friends in the club and have enjoyed memorable fishing experiences with them. I miss them all.

My greatest challenge came during my term as president when my friend Hardy Kruse proposed, with great insistence, that we needed to dynamite the bottom of Bayley Lake to plug the leak. It took admirable effort from every board member to convince him of the folly of this action.

I could reminisce for pages but let me just conclude by expressing my sincere thanks for this designation.

Cordially, Tom Chapman

Tom,

Thank you for the nice note. I can sympathize with you regarding Hardy Kruse's efforts up at Bayley Lake. It's one of my favorite fishing holes that I fish a lot. I caught my first trout on a fly rod at Bayley. Back in the early 1990's I spent a day at Bayley with Jerry McBride, his Dad Bob and two friends of mine, Ron Pantzar and Bob Sleizer hauling gravel in our boats down toward the dam and dumping the gravel overboard in an attempt to plug that infamous leak. Hardy was really focused in his attempt to plug that leak and I'm sure brought much pressure on you and your Board in his effort to 'fix' Bayley.

A couple of years ago I was launching my boat down at Coffee Pot Lake and noticed the two guys launching just ahead of me had a pickup and camper with a sign on the back of the camper that said 'Hardy's Hideaway'. I immediately recognized it as Hardy's camper because I'd seen it a number of times up at Bayley. Turns out it was his two sons. One of them lives here in Spokane and the other son lives somewhere a long way away, but they get together every spring for a couple of weeks to remember their Dad and do some fishing together. I'm sure Hardy was at least present in spirit. Anyway, thanks again for the nice note and because of your long and faithful service to our Club we're proud to have you as an Honorary member.

Bob Schmitt

President, Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club

Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club—Spokane, Washington

Faded Plans and Faded Flies

By Phil Beck

Well, here we are, for the most part social distanced, quarantined, and staying home. As I was tying flies and thinking of fishing, and at the urging of Jim Athearn, I thought that I would pass on a couple of items of interest to my fellow IEFEC fisherman. As I contemplated my cancellations and 'fading options' for planned fishing trips this year I realized that there were other Fading Issues that I should make my fellows aware of.

The first deals with anodized beads used in fly tying or on purchased flies. It seems that most, if not all, are poorly anodized and the color 'wears off' as you fish. Jerry McBride came up with a solution for this problem. You can coat them with UV Resin and it will stop the fading.

The second 'fading' situation I encountered thru the use of fly boxes with clear polycarbonate lids. I have several of these boxes now as they allow easy location and identification of flies. As I do a great deal of lake fishing from a boat where I have left a couple of boxes sitting out on the edge of my bench seat for quick access to flies for replacement or pattern changes. Last Sept. I pulled out a balanced filo bugger with an Orange bead head; but wait-- it Did Not Have an Orange bead head. It had a cream bead head shading to blush and just a bit of pale orange on the bottom. It seems that the UV rays from the sun will fade colored (painted) beads. In fact all of the other Orange beads in that box were faded also as were most in a second box. And it is not only Orange beads that are susceptible, though that is the color I use most. While coating these with UV Resin will help to prevent or stop the paint from chipping it does not seem to help stop the sun fading. For that you just have to not leave clear lidded boxes out for extended periods of time.

Oh, I did resurrect all of those flies that looked like melted creamsicle beads were used by coating them with bright orange fingernail polish and then sealing with UV Resin. As probably all fly tiers have noted, products intended for our 'enablers' are useful for us.

While most of your springtime fishing plans have undoubtedly faded away maybe these tips will keep your flies from doing the same-- once you get back out on the water. Hoping it will be safe for us all to be back out there soon,

A George Potter Story

By Jerry McBride

George Potter's recent passing got me thinking about the good times in the past. One of George's favorite fishing stories involved me, my dad Bob and long time IEFEC member Fred Shiosaki.

In the late 1970's we were fishing on a local lake and part-way through the day George and Fred came along and started fishing some distance from us. Dad and I were catching a lot of fish and at some point George hollered over "I suppose you are using that damned worm". George always referred to the Bionic Worm as that "damned worm". Dad hollered back that if George and Fred wanted some Bionic Worms they could come over and he would sell them some for \$1 apiece. The fishing got even better for Dad and me and at some point Dad informed them that the price had gone up to \$2 apiece. This went on back and forth for a good portion of the day and I don't remember what the final asking price for a Bionic Worm was, but it was a lot. I think George and Fred knew if they came over we would have given them some Bionic Worms.

George told this story many, many times over the years and it gave him great delight. In later years when his memory started to fail he couldn't remember the details but he did remember the delight he got from telling it. He would mention the story and I would tell it to whomever was around and we would all have a good laugh.

My dad has been gone for many years, we just lost George, and Fred lives over on the coast so we don't see him but what I do have is some wonderful memories.

Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club—Spokane, Washington

Skinny-Dippers and Fly Fishing; The Naked Truth

Chip O'Brien

I have nothing against naked people, and particularly respect their ability to garner interest at the beginning of a story. Some of my best friends started out that way. Abruptly seeing a naked person in an unexpected place has about the same effect as tossing a balloon into a crowded room. Whatever decorum there might have been goes out the window. Suddenly things have changed, and you just can't quite get back to whatever seriousness there might have been before.

It seems that nudists seek out some of the same lonely, beautiful places as fishermen so, given enough time, interaction is all but inevitable. While most men would not be opposed to a ration of nudity in just about any scenario, they haven't thought it through. The world is busting at the seams with people you would never want to see naked in a million years. Victoria's Secret models hardly ever flock to remote trout streams. I've discretely been looking for them and can report no luck so far. I don't know where the beautiful people go to be naked outdoors, but I have a comprehensive knowledge of places they avoid. Perhaps they just avoid me.

In all fairness, we were there first. I was working as a fishing guide with a husband and wife team on Northern California's upper Sacramento River. Even though the river is sandwiched between massive Interstate freeway I-5 and the busiest north-south railroad route on the West Coast, it nevertheless offers a lot of fairly private areas. To an angler, remote areas usually mean less fishing pressure, which translates into better fishing. We were having some success too, which made their arrival and subsequent disrobing along the pool below us all the more annoying.

This couple was probably fifty-something, but to say they were obscenely rotund would be inaccurate. Their bodies were comfortable, paunchy with white rolls of fat only here and there. I can imagine far worse, but I don't want to. I doubted a gym membership was among their monthly bills. The woman I was guiding noticed them first.

"Is that man naked," she asked me pointing upstream. Her husband and I turned our heads in unison. I had been concentrating on helping with their fishing and had not even noticed them.

"Whoa," I said. "He is."

It would have been the perfect moment for a pithy one-liner, and could really have gilded the moment, yet the words never arrived. Rather, I must have fetched back to grunting Neanderthal times and could manage no more than one-syllable words. To be honest, I could have avoided looking at the paunchy guy as he swam out into the pool. But when the paunchy lady shucked her clothes and followed suit, I should have known fishing had just become past tense.

Grammar be damned! You just can't not look. It's impossible. I know for certain I didn't want to look, and I bet my clients felt the same way. We really tried to concentrate on fishing, but it was too much. Since it became obvious that fishing and skinny-dipping were absolutely incompatible, we ended up leaving. We found new water and happily caught a few more fish, but I never could shake the image of those naked bodies for the rest of that day. Based on how the conversation kept returning to them, it was probable that neither could they. Eventually I became multisyllabic again.

Rosters and corrections

By
Lee Funkhouser

The 2020 roster should be in your hands now. Unfortunately the publication cut short a few email addresses.

These are the correct emails for the following members.

Reid Ashley	reid.ashley0322@icloud.com
Zach Cordova	zach.cordova@edwardjones.com
Len Zickler	ceo@flyfishersinternational.org

If your information is incorrect or you need your information updated, please contact us at flyleaf.ieffc@gmail.com and we will include the corrections in a future newsletter.

Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club—Spokane, Washington

2020 Fishing Prospects – District 2 (Spokane, Lincoln, and Whitman counties)
by
Randy Osborne (WDFW District 2 Fish Biologist)

Because the statewide stay-at-home order has prevented me from conducting fieldwork, the following is my best estimation of how the lakes in my district will perform.

Lake	2020 Prospect
Amber	Should be good as always. With restricted harvest rules, essentially a catch and release fishery.
Medical	Fished really well before the shutdown and should continue once it opens back up.
Liberty	Anglers did extremely well this spring for brown trout, a little less-so on rainbows.
Coffeepot	Should be good as in years passed. Feel free to harvest any yellow perch you catch as they are great tablefare.
Clear	Consistent. Due to the unfortunate cancellation of the Kids Fishing Event, there should a few more fish to catch. Really nice brown trout in this lake.
West Medical	Should be a pretty good fishery. Some goldfish survived the last rehab and spawned in the shallow area on the south end. Because of this, I rehabbed the isolated ponds where lower fall water levels trapped many of this new cohort.
Fishtrap	Should be pretty decent this year. Predatory birds are always a problem here, but I recently stocked a few more fish to make up for the anticipated loss.
Fish	Fishing should be ok at best. Decent number of brook and tiger trout to be caught if you can keep the perch off your hook,
Badger	I strongly encourage harvest here. Lots of rainbows, cutthroat, and kokanee. Anglers are allowed a 10-kokanee limit in addition to your limit of other trout. Please go get 'em!
Williams	Should fish well despite being recontaminated with sunfish. Klink's Resort adds some really big fish to the mix here (a couple up to 7-8 pounds!). The WDFW access will be closed for part of the summer to get a facelift with grant funding from the RCO (Recreation and Conservation Office).
Long (Spokane)	If you haven't already, you should try this one. Fishing has been really good here for rainbows up to 22 inches. Encourage you harvest any walleye and pike that you happen to catch. 155,000 triploid rainbows stocked again.
Sprague	This lake fished really well this spring. Lots of fat rainbows over 20 inches, as well as various size fish less than 20 inches (because the small fish turn into big fish!).

I did not include most stocking information because the list is too extensive. However, all stocking information can be found in the Statewide Hatchery Trout and Kokanee Stocking Plan located on our website (<https://wdfw.wa.gov/publications/02131>).

Given the unfortunate theme of illegal fish introductions we continue to experience, I am requesting that you all remain observant and vigilant in reporting illegal activity and any fish you catch that are out of the ordinary.

Due to the fact that Northern Pike (and other select species) are classified as prohibited species in Washington, it is recommended that you do not release them if you catch them. Thank you.

Trailer for sale



Boat/ pontoon trailer for sale. \$300.

Bob Burton 509-991-6646

Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club—Spokane, Washington

FLY OF THE MONTH

Partridge and Pheasant

March 2020

Yvon Chouinard/Syl Nemes

I first learned of soft hackles as a young man who had no money for stiff dry fly necks. Later, I learned this kind of fly by reading Sylvester Nemes that it had been used by anglers around the globe through time to imitate emerging insects. This one has had a bit of a resurgence because Yvon Chouinard wrote about fishing this pattern, and only this pattern, for a year, for multiple species in salt water and fresh. He does a compelling video story here: <https://www.patagonia.com/stories/lessons-from-a-simple-fly/story-30863.html> . Here's the trout version, modify it as you wish.

Hook: Daiichi 1150, 1550, Mustad 8100BR, Tiemco 3769, or any hook that you prefer, sizes 10-18
Thread: 6/0 Olive or black
Body: A few pheasant tail fibers
Ribbing: Gold wire, optional
Thorax: Peacock Ice Dub, or peacock herl
Hackle: Hungarian Partridge

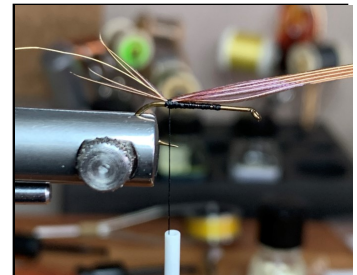


Tie in thread base from mid hook to above the barb. Tie in gold wire under along with this thread base. Grab some pheasant tail fibers and bind down the tips as a tail extending about half the hook shank aft. Wrap the remaining pheasant tail fibers up to about 1/3 of the hook shank length behind the eye. Counter wrap the gold wire about 5 wraps up to the end of the body, tie off.

Select a nice stiff partridge hackle. Chouinard says you want a partridge shot in the winter. I've personally never shot one without snow on the ground, so no problem. Tie the hackle in Tenkara style, with concave side of the feather up, hackles forward. Wrap a couple of turns, and tie off.

Dub that thorax, using Ice Dub or other UV dubbing, I used waxed thread instead of a loop. Move the thread ahead of the hackle.

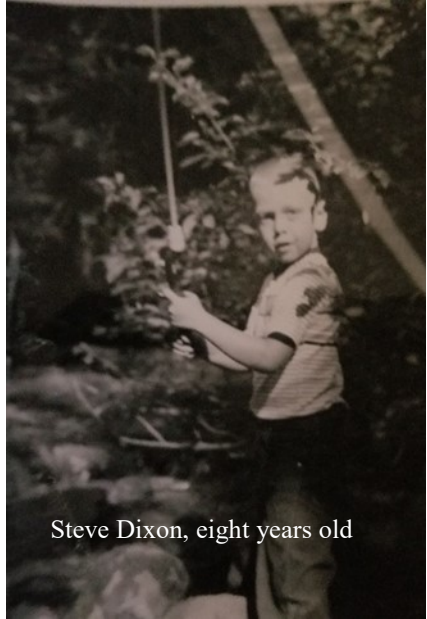
Fold the hackle back over the thorax, and tie down. This method makes that hackle move wonderfully in the water. This pattern is effective for many species in many situations, still or moving water, and can be tied on caddis hooks, or as large as you'd like and have partridge feathers for.



Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club—Spokane, Washington

MY FISHING ODYSSEY by STEVEN DIXON

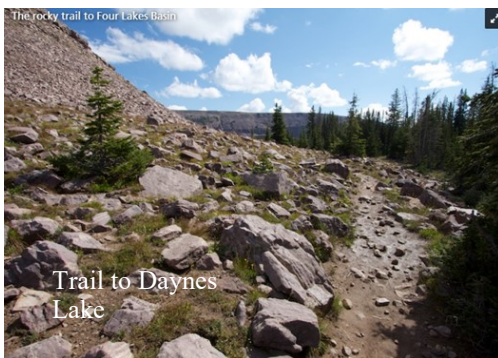
I grew up in a non-fishing family. I was given a spincast pole (with no reel on it) when I was eight years old and once tried to catch a fish with a worm on American Fork Creek with it. After letting the worm dangle in the creek for about ten minutes from ten feet of line tied to the tip of the pole, I pulled the line in, put the pole aside and promptly forgot about it. I had no desire to fish. It seemed stupid and boring.



Steve Dixon, eight years old

Fast forward to July 1964. I had just turned twelve and was excited to be a boy scout. However, it was also an intimidating experience, because I was the newest, and by far the smallest scout in the troop. Our scoutmaster announced that in one month we would be going on a backpacking and camping trip in the Uinta mountains for a week. We would be hiking into Daynes Lake in the Four Lakes Basin. It would be a ten-mile hike to the lake through some steep, rough terrain, so we would need to do what we could to keep our backpacks light. We would be mostly eating fish that we catch at the lake to minimize the amount of food that we had to carry in. While this would be my first time backpacking and doing wilderness camping, the thing that frightened me was the fact that I would need to produce my own food by catching fish to eat. I had no idea how to do that! I still had my fishing pole, but had no idea regarding what to use or how to use it to catch fish.

To solve my dilemma, I hopped on my bike and rode down to Bob's Army/Navy Store a few blocks from my home. I hoped that the clerk at the store would tell me what I needed and how to use it. However, he ignored me and kept helping the adults in the store, even though he could see that I was trying to get him to help me. I became increasingly frustrated and upset until a kind white-haired customer smiled at me and said, "Sonny, you look like you want some help with something. Maybe I can help you!" I explained my problem. He told me to buy a clear bobber, fill it halfway with water, slide it on the fishing line, then tie a snap swivel on the end of the line. Then tie three feet of four-pound test line to the snap swivel and a fly pattern to the other end. He picked out a black dry fly for me that looked like a large mosquito, as well as all the other items.



Trail to Daynes Lake

After making sure that I knew how to put everything together correctly, he said, "Now let me tell you how to fish this set-up. Cast the fly as far as you can out onto the lake. The weight of the water in the clear bobber will make it easy to cast it way out there. Let it sit on the water for about thirty seconds. If nothing happens, give it a small twitch and reel in the small amount of slack line created by the twitch. If nothing happens, twitch it again after thirty more seconds. Keep doing that, and you'll do just fine!" I gratefully thanked him, bought the fly and other items, and rode home.

August came quickly, and we soon found ourselves on the trail to the Four Lakes Basin. My backpack weighed 35 pounds and I only weighed 75 pounds. It was hot, the trail was dusty, and there were lots of ups and downs. The hike was exhausting for all of us. It was hard, but I was determined to keep up with the older, bigger boys (and I did!). It took most of the day to get to Daynes Lake. We set up camp, ate some cold food, and promptly went to bed.

The sun was shining brightly by the time I woke up. Every muscle in my body was sore from all the backpacking the day before. When I crawled out of the tent, I realized that I was almost the only scout still in camp. "Where is everybody?", I asked. The scoutmaster said, "Out there fishing, trying to catch breakfast." After dawdling around for a while, I reluctantly decided to go out and give the fishing a try.

When I got to the shore of the lake, there were seven or eight scouts spaced about a hundred feet apart from

Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club—Spokane, Washington

MY FISHING ODYSSEY by STEVEN DIXON (Continued)

each other along the shore. They were doing a lot of fishing, but absolutely no catching. That wasn't very encouraging! I rigged up the way I had been taught and gave it a cast. I was very pleasantly surprised to see the bobber and fly sail way out onto the lake, much farther than I had anticipated. I waited about thirty seconds, then twitch, twitch, reel. Another thirty seconds, twitch, twitch, reel. Another thirty seconds, twitch, twitch, BAM!!!! The bobber went under and the tip of my rod started jerking wildly! With a massive rush of adrenaline, I excitedly reeled in! I dragged the fish up onto the bank. With shaking hands from excitement and nervousness, I finally got the fly out of the fish, then killed it by beating its head on a rock. The blood that was splattered on my hands gave me an odd sense of satisfaction.



I heard one of the older scouts yell to the others, "Hey, Dixon caught a fish!" Then everyone went back to fishing. After my rapid breathing had slowed and I calmed down, this time with a sense of excitement and anticipation I cast out again. Twitch, twitch, reel. Thirty seconds. Twitch, BAM!!! In came fish number two. By the time fish number three was in, I had all the other boys standing excitedly around me in a semi-circle. "Can I try?" "Will you let me try just one cast?" "How the heck do you do that?" Standing an inch taller and with a voice an octave lower, I replied, "It's easy! Just cast it way out there. Let it sit for thirty seconds. If nothing happens, just give it a small twitch or two, then reel in the slack. Keep doing that, and you will do just fine!" I let everybody have a turn catching a fish.

I was filled with a sense of great satisfaction and accomplishment by the time we packed up to leave the lake. I had provided a substantial percentage of the trout eaten by the troop that week. Despite the hundreds of mosquito bites covering my exposed skin that were acquired over the week, I relentlessly fished Daynes Lake, ponds and streams in meadows, and Allen Lake, where I caught my first (and only) Arctic Grayling. I started the trip as the "new kid" with no desire to fish, and went home as "one of the boys." A deeply ingrained hunter/gatherer instinct, previously undetected, had been unleashed, filling me with an insatiable desire to fish that would provide me with a lifetime of desire and satisfaction.

Oh, how I wish I could have found that kind, white-haired man who took the time to share his knowledge of fishing with a confused, frustrated twelve-year-old boy that day in Bob's Army/Navy store. I would have loved to share with him the success I had and to have the opportunity to thank him profusely for opening a new world of wonderment, excitement and beauty that has changed and enriched my life. I have concluded that the only way I can possibly repay him is by doing all that I can to open that same door for as many "twelve-year olds" to "one hundred-year olds" as I can.

CANADIAN BORDER TRAVEL

The United States and Canada have agreed to keep their shared border closed for nonessential travel through at least May 18 to prevent the spread of the coronavirus. Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau announced the extension during a briefing April 18 in Ottawa.

The restrictions on the world's longest frontier took effect on March 21, while allowing trade and other travel deemed essential to continue. The partial ban was to expire soon, but the neighboring countries have decided it is not safe to allow traffic to fully resume.

"This is an important decision and one that will keep people on both sides of the border safe," Trudeau told a news conference outside the residence where he has been living and working in recent weeks. Prime Minister Trudeau told reporters, "There is a significant amount of time, still, before we can talk about loosening such restrictions."

Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club—Spokane, Washington

FFI Happenings

The FFI Washington State Council Fly Casting Fair scheduled for May 2 at Luther Burbank Park, just off I-90 on Mercer Island, WA **has been cancelled**.

FFI Goes Online

<https://flyfishersinternational.org/FFI-Online> is the address for information about webinars sponsored by FFI. Learn how to link into the presentations, and view the schedule. Upcoming:

May 5: **Soft Hackles for Pan Fish: A COVID Confidential** Learn to fish for panfish during Covid-19 by Fly Tying Chairman, Jerry Coviello.

May 6: **Currier's Global Fish Quest** Legendary adventure angler and FFI Ambassador, Jeff Currier shares stories of finding monster brown trout in the land of Atlantic salmon.

May 7: **The Mystery of the Undiscovered Keys Bonefish Spawning Grounds** Let David Peterson of FFI with special Guest Dr. Aaron Adams of Bonefish & Tarpon lead you on a who-done-it of how they are locating critical Bonefish spawning habitat.

Dates/times for webinars will be posted on the FFI Online web page. Webinars will be recorded for later viewing, and links to past webinars will be posted.

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FLYLEAF CONTRIBUTIONS

Your input is welcome! If you have articles to contribute to the Fly Leaf, make sure you send them to the newsletter email: flyleaf.ieffc@gmail.com before the last Friday of the Month! Lee and Guy will get your story, your fly of the month, whatever, into the next issue...

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