



The Fly

A Charter Club of the



Federation of Fly Fishers

GRFT Newsletter

<http://www.grandriverflytyers.org>

May 2006

President's Quill

- *Wolf Schrey* -

"Testament of a Fisherman" by Robert Traver

I fish because I love to; because I love the environs where trout are found, which are invariably beautiful, and hate the environs where crowds of people are found, which are invariably ugly; because of all the television commercials, cocktail parties, and assorted social posturing I thus escape; because, in a world where most men seem to spend their lives doing things they hate, my fishing is at once an endless source of delight and an act of small rebellion; because trout do not lie or cheat and cannot be bought or bribed or impressed by power, but respond only to quietude and humility and endless patience; because I suspect that men are going this way for the last time, and I for one don't want to waste the trip; because only in the woods can I find solitude without loneliness; because bourbon out of an old tin cup always tastes better out there; because maybe one day I will catch a mermaid; and finally, not because I regard fishing as being so terribly important but because I suspect that so many of the other concerns of men are equally unimportant, and not nearly so much fun.

FFF News

1st Annual FFF International Fly Tying Competition

As a fund raising event in support of its many conservation and education projects, the Federation of Fly Fishers is sponsoring an international fly tying Competition. The Competition will run from February 1, 2006, until midnight April 30, 2006. There are 39 separate categories within which to enter a fly. Judges include such famous fly tyers as David Whitlock of bass fishing fame, Ron Alcott of traditional salmon pattern fame, Bill Blackstone, the master of the "realistic" patterns, Bob Clouser, creator of the famous Clouser Minnow, Stu Apte the saltwater fly fishing legend, and Bob Jacklin, the famous instructor/guide of West Yellowstone, Montana. All of the information can be found on the following web page <http://www.fedflyfishers.org/members/ftcomp/flycomp.php>. If you have any questions, please contact Ron Cordes at troutbeck@ida.net

FFF Press Release

Jack Nicklaus, Legendary Golfer And Avid Sportsman, Agrees To Join The Federation Of Fly Fishers As A National Spokesperson And Honorary Chairman of the FFF President's Club

The Federation of Fly Fishers (FFF), a fly-fishing conservation and education organization representing over 30,000 fly fishers worldwide, announced today an association with golf legend and sportsman Jack Nicklaus.

Livingston, MT (PRWEB) April 13, 2006 -- The Federation of Fly Fishers (FFF), a fly-fishing conservation and education organization representing over 30,000 fly fishers worldwide, announced today an association with golf legend and sportsman Jack Nicklaus. Jack Nicklaus has agreed to be a national spokesperson on behalf of the [Federation of Fly Fishers](#), as well as to become Honorary Chairman of the [FFF Presidents Club](#). The members of this charitable arm of the FFF represent those truly dedicated individuals and organizations that have made a 10-year financial commitment to support the mission of the FFF. Mr. Nicklaus is the first to be honored with this position. In addition, he has agreed to become a member of the [FFF Board of Directors](#). Mr. Nicklaus has been an avid fly fisher for most of his life and has visited many exotic worldwide destinations to pursue this passion. Mr. Nicklaus' philosophy is very consistent with that of the FFF. "I am an avid outdoorsman and few activities or sports provide me with as much joy as fishing," he said. "If you want to break it down even further, it would be fly fishing. I actually prefer to fly fish because I enjoy

the skill, art and challenge of it.” Roger Maler, President of the FFF’s [Southern Council](#), stated “The commitment to the FFF by an individual of the caliber and renown of Jack Nicklaus is an acknowledgement of the importance of the Mission of the FFF.” Dr. Ron Cordes, incoming Chairman of the FFF Board of Directors, added, “The participation of Jack Nicklaus in furthering the efforts of a non-profit organization such as the FFF, the success of which is based upon the support of a vast number of volunteers, cannot be underestimated. His presence alone will send an important message to individuals and corporations alike whose potential support is critical to the FFF.”

Fly of the Month

Blue Damsel



Tyer: Kelly Lewis
Hook: Daiichi #1251
Black glass bead size 12
Abdomen: Braided Dacron cord (colored) (200 lb. kite string)
Thorax: Ice blue dubbing
Wing Case: Closed cell foam strips
Wings: Laser jet printed on transparency
Eyes/Head: Small plastic bead rope or similar
Comments:

Club Member Articles

[Wolf and Inge Schrey wrote all the following articles last summer while they were on vacation in Montana.]

Fishing the Gallatin River - Wolf and Inge Schrey -

7/30/2005

The Gallatin is a wonderfully challenging river. At 9 a.m. we stopped at a "fishy" looking spot. Wolf had a strike almost immediately but missed a good fish. Inge did the same with her first 3 strikes. Inge fished downriver and had numerous hits and landings of fish between 10 - 14 inches, mostly Rainbows. She then began fishing below a small bridge where she hit the "motherlode". Wolf had not done well at all, 5 strikes, and 2 landings nothing bigger than 10". So Wolf got off the water and watched Inge from the top of the bridge. It seemed that every cast produced a strike. She landed at least 15 fish up to 16" and lost probably even more. One needs to pay attention at all times in order not to miss the take since it is very subtle. Flies, the fly-shops recommended did not work at all such as hoppers, beetles, ants, etc. What did work however were Borchers's, synthetic Wolfs, CW Humpy Parachutes, Elkhair Caddis, and etc. size 16-20. Around lunch we took a break in the sweltering heat, had some sandwiches and treated ourselves to a beer. Then it was off to another promising spot upstream. Inge fished downstream again but had no luck at all. These fish just did not like her offerings. Wolf, fishing upstream, had 7 strikes in a half-hour and landed four Cutthroats from 12 - 16". Since we had a dinner reservation we got off the water shortly after 2 p.m. The water temperature was 56 degrees and the air close to 100. The cooled down car was a treat for the ride back to Livingston. We sure plan to fish this river again before we head back to Grand Rapids. There are many great places for wading. One must however share the river with rafters etc. which means fishing early or late in the day.

8/4/2005

Wolf and Inge had already postponed our float trip on the Yellowstone or Madison due to heavy rainfalls. The rivers were swollen and roiled in the color of pea soup, so we went to the Gallatin with the hope of having a better chance to catch some trout. But, alas, the Gallatin had come up some and had color as well. We picked our first spot to be where Inge had hooked so many trout a few days ago. Nobody was home and we could not "buy" a strike. We moved up river a few miles to a "fishy" looking spot upstream from where the rafters had come down the river in large numbers, putting down the weary trout for sure. Wolf had a total of 9 strikes and landed only 2, one a 14 inch Bow. Inge was not that lucky, landing one fish after 5 strikes. We tried parachute Adams # 16, Elkhair Caddis # 16 and 18, Hoppers # 14, Caddis nymphs and Brassies # 16 and 18. At the end the parachute carried the day. On the way home we stopped at a bridge crossing the river. Inge tried a synthetic Wolf size 16 with a # 18 Brassie. She hooked 6 fish and landed 2, one a nice 12" Cutthroat. That was it. Inge tried her luck again upriver in shallow riffles, but was not able to raise a fish. A father and son, maybe 12 years old came down to the pool Inge was fishing in. They announced that they wanted to fish in a pool, well, doesn't everyone? After getting the boy's spinning gear, bobber, etc together the young fellow proceeded to fish the back eddy of the pool. Within 5 minutes he had his line all screwed up and in disgust he ripped off his bobber and flung it into the current. The duo retreated to their Blazer with about 40 feet of coiled mono in tow. I was watching, wondering what happens next based on the previous display by the young man. Sure enough it ended up on the parking lot. I took the liberty and pointed out to the father that the line was not in the car and handed it to him with the remark: "This line can injure or even kill animals!" He replied: "Not if I pick it up!" "Well brother, you did not!" A flyfisher did, who was an out of state visitor as well. As we all have experienced, fishing does not guarantee landing a fish. But just being out there and taking in the breathtaking sights is a great reward for a wonderful day.

8/9/2005

We wanted to try one of the spring creeks, but our friend and club member, Bill Sikkenga, wanted to know where to fish the Gallatin. A change of plans. We drove out to Squaw Bridge. Bill and Inge went downriver to a good spot, where Inge had caught a mess of trout several days before. Kevin, Randy and Terry fished upstream. I ultimately ended up by the bridge casting from the opposite bank. For reasons only the trout gods and the trout know, the action was slow, to say the least. My concentration floated downstream, when a 15 - 16" Rainbow hit my # 20 brassy dropper. Of course the sly trout knew precisely that my hook-set would be sloppy and therefore there was really very little danger. We decided to leave this stretch of water and drive upriver. Between the 6 of us we hooked 8 fish - not all landed. By now quite a few rafts and kayaks came down the Gallatin, not good for fishing especially since these people always run over the pockets we were fishing in. The next spot looked good. Again we landed a few fish, nothing bigger than 12" and moved further upstream to a place where Inge and I had fished before with some success. This was a long stretch of water, some flat, some riffles, and deep pools. Since Inge and I had to be back in Livingston by 4 p.m. we fished only about 20 minutes and left that stretch of the river to the "boys". Randy, who had chosen a deep pool downriver, connected with a good-sized Bow. Just then, when he was trying to land the fish, a mother with 2 kids allowed one of them to jump off the bridge into the pool next to Randy. The Bow of course was gone. Speaking of "rod-rage" Randy was upset and rightfully so. The ignorance displayed by some people is hard to understand. Anyway it was a good day being on this wild river, even though the fishing was slow.

Fishing with Andy - Wolf Schrey -

08/5/05

Club member and friend, Andy Busch, called and asked if I would like to float an afternoon with him. It took me less than one second to make up my mind. We had the boat in the water by 2 p.m. Andy rigged my 6 wt. with a # 16 Stonefly nymph and a # 16 brassy as a dropper. It did not take long and I was into my first Brown, a feisty 14 incher. In rapid succession I missed a few good fish. Too much slack, set the hook to early, did not concentrate, just the usual dumb mistakes. All of a sudden my strike indicator disappeared, heck, I just saw it a second ago. The rod tip was nearly doubled over and a 20 inch plus Brown raced downstream, then turned and came at us so fast, that I could not keep up with the reel and had to strip like crazy. After a few such displays including two spirited jumps the big Brown tired and came to the boat. We lost it right at the boat when it made a last desperate dash. We looked at each other and smiled. What a nice fish - he deserved his freedom. We stopped for a late lunch: Wiener Schnitzels, German potato salad, washed down with a glass of Cabernet-Sauvignon. When gentlemen fish, they should live accordingly! I caught a few more Browns and one Rainbow, all nice fish. At the takeout I thanked Andy for the treat. He just said: "We have to do this again - soon!" I did not know that a week later we were floating down the river again. I was casting nymphs again under Andy's watchful eyes. This time we caught several nice Browns and Bows but no real big ones. The river with his changing moods captivated us. It was a wonderfully peaceful ride only interrupted by an occasional hookup or a missed one. It was dark when we pulled the boat onto Andy's trailer. Life cannot get any better, sharing precious hours with a good friend on one of Michigan's beautiful rivers and even catching a few trout. Life is good.

Thanks Andy!

Fishing with Oscar **- Wolf and Inge Schrey -**

08/15/05

Oscar Feliu, the fabulous flytyer was in town. Of course he was here to demonstrate his fine art of fly-tying at the FFF national conclave. We hooked up with him and his lovely wife Bobbye over a glass of superb red wine from Chile. Oscar was born in Chile. Oscar invited Inge and me to meet him at 8 a.m. the following day for a few hours of fishing the Yellowstone. After a cup of coffee we rigged up and followed Oscar across the river. The crossing was a chore at some spots due to the strong current and round boulders which shape the river bottom. Inge used my "more substantial" 4wt. rod and I fished with her 8 1/2 feet 3wt. Quickly Inge hooked and landed a fat 14" Bow, then lost one. Inge fished #16 parachute Adams, while I had a # 14 Elkhair caddis with a # 20 Pheasanttail nymph as a dropper. On my 4th cast I hooked into a huge Bow but the fish broke my 3-pound tipped in fast water and left me minus my dropper. I tied on another # 20 nymph and moved further downstream. A couple of small Rainbows in the 10 - 12" class were landed and quickly released and then it happened. I had Inge fishing about 140 feet upstream. Oscar fished about the same distance downstream. As I observed my indicator fly on a long drift it suddenly came to a sharp stop and disappeared. I lifted the rod and immediately felt the pull of a heavy fish. The 3wt. rod doubled over, the reel screamed and I watched helplessly as the fish raced across the current to the other bank of the river. He was almost there when the tippet broke. I never saw that "brute". It would have been nice, just getting a glance of a fish that whipped my butt like that. We fished for a while longer. Oscar needed to be out of the water having to attend a meeting. Around 11:30 we made our way back across the river and said goodbye to our friend. "Thanks, Oscar for a great time fishing, we will see you at the conclave"!

The Bighorn River Revisited **- Wolf and Inge Schrey -**

8/1/2005

4:00 a.m. We made a last check on the gear to take, no breakfast, the diesel rumbles to life and slowly roll out of the campground. It is still dark - the roads are almost deserted - progress is good. We are surprised to see no wild game. The trip to Fort Smith/Montana is about 3 1/2 hours one way. In a sharp curve a few miles from Fort Smith we are forced to an abrupt stop by a van standing in the middle of the road with all four doors open. The driver would not let us pass. A motorcade appeared with 2 police cars, several black vehicles and an ambulance and proceeded into a field on a two-track toward the river. A third police car blocked the entrance to the farm road and motioned us on. We speculated what might be going on, an accident at the river, a crime maybe? 2 choppers were hovering over the airstrip, a mystery! At Polly's, the best restaurant in town (and the only one) we met our new fishing friend (Kyle) for breakfast. The mystery had an answer: VP, Dick Cheney, was on the Bighorn for some trout fishing. Security people and cameras were all over this little hamlet at the end of the paved road which had everybody on edge. At any rate, we fished upstream from him and never saw any of them. At 10 a.m. we started our float to the 3-mile takeout. It took 6 hours to get there. The fishing was phenomenal. Wolf broke the ice with the first fish and quickly lost a couple. Then he played a good Bow, which got entangled in some structure and needed to be broken off. Hopefully the trout survived. Inge landed a couple of nice Browns in the 12 - 15 " range. A little ways downriver we wet-waded some riffles at the edge of a shelf. Inge landed a nice 16" Bow after a short battle. Back in the boat the "Jaegermeister", named after the sponsor of Kyle, Wolf landed a 20" Whitefish, which was quickly released. We hooked fish constantly, landed some and lost a lot. Around noon we stopped at some fast riffles, emptying into a pool. Fried chicken lunch, washed down with a cool Labatt Blue which never tasted so good. A black Caddis hatch came on. Our legs were covered with them. Inge got into big fish as soon as she cast her 2-nymph rig into the fast water. Her biggest prize, a 21" Bow, with at least another 12 Bows and Browns in the 15 - 20" class. Wolf cast into the fast water and immediately a "whale" (Kyle) took the brassy. With too much line out Wolf could not put the "stick" to the big Bow and the fish got off. Well, when you hook 2 footers, be ready and prepared. Next cast, the tandem flies hit the water and a trout took one of them before the strike indicator even hit the water. That one got away as well. The following one was not that lucky. An 18" Brown was netted and quickly released. Then we moved on. Not far from this "honey-hole" Wolf landed the fish of the day, a 24" Brown. What a thrill! We landed another 5 or 6 good fish before we arrived at the takeout. How many fish did we land during our 6-hr. float? Who knows, probably 15 plus each and nothing small. Big healthy "wild" fish. We must have lost at least as many or more fish by not paying attention to their subtle take. Most fish were unhooked in Kyle's rubber net (how wonderful) and allowed to swim right out. That is the best way to demonstrate "catch and release". We were nymphing all day with size 16 sowbugs, brassies, pink scuds, and skinny nelsons. Some flies from size 16 to 20. San Juan worms (big uglies) size 6 worked well also. Even rising fish toward the takeout took our nymph setup. Will we be back? You can count on it, but before we hope to take Kyle steelheading in Michigan Feb. 2006.

A huge thank-you to all club members who volunteered to support our club at the Grand Rapids Ultimate Sportfishing and RV Show and the Midwest Flyfishing Expo!

- Remember to get out and participate in River Awareness Day May 13th in Lowell, MI -

Please join me in welcoming the following new members to our club!

Ronald Augustine, Jennifer Bobb, Chad Brown, Don Champney, Robert Fidler, William Kaufman, Jim Pugh, John Rottman, Ronald V. Urkuski and Linda L. Young

Board Members:

1. Wolf M. Schrey, President, 2141 Deer Hollow SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49508, 616 246-5457
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7. Bill Sikkenga, Director, 2112 E. White Lake Dr., Twin Lake, MI 49497, 231-828-6618
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Upcoming 2006 Events

1. **May 13:** River Awareness Day. Lowell, MI. Contact Mike Sorenson for details.
2. **June 16-18:** Roscommon - FFF Great Lakes Council (GLC) Conclave. A great way to introduce kids to the art of fly-fishing, classes for beginners and advanced flyfishers and tyers.
3. **Sept. 18-22:** Salmon Outing on the Pere Marquette (PM). We are taking a group of anglers from Illinois to hunt for big King Salmon.
4. **Oct. 20-22:** GLC/FFF Steelhead Outing in Wellston. 2 nights lodging at Ray Schmidt's place with great Steelhead fishing just a short distance away (Manistee, Little Manistee, Pere Marquette, etc.). Cost for each person: \$150.

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