



## JUNE 2014 NEWSLETTER

JUNE MEETING – TUESDAY JUNE 3, 2014

BJ'S RESTAURANT – HAMILTON

6PM

***“There is no substitute for fishing sense, and if a man doesn’t have it ,  
verily he may cast like an angel and still use his creel to transport  
sandwiches and beer”***

-ROBERT TRAVER, ***TROUT MADNESS***

### Presidents Message

June is just about here and flows in the Bitterroot as well as other rivers in our part of Montana are at flood stage. High water has closed several fishing access sites in the Bitterroot. With still a lot of snow yet to melt the runoff could last for some time. So it's time to try out lakes in our area such as Brown's Lake and Georgetown.

May has seen another successful May Clinic held by FFB and BRYU. We had over 20 participants all who were casting much better than when they started the clinic. Thanks to all who volunteered their time to make this year's clinic a success.

We strongly encourage you, the general membership, to help support Casting for Recovery. The more you contribute the less comes out of the Club's general funds.

A couple of upcoming events that we will need volunteers to help make a success are 1. Special Need Fishing Day to be held July 20 at Stafford's Pond and 2. A new project we are about to undertake for Healing Waters Fly Fishing Program. You will be able to hear more about this program during this month's meeting at BJ's.

Keep in mind August is just around the corner along with the annual club picnic once again to be held on the banks of the Bitterroot at Steve Lilburn's home. The Karstetter Classic will be held prior to the picnic. This event will see a gathering of those who build, use and admire the classically made bamboo fly rods.

Tight lines -- Doug

## The Program

Joe Kipp, guide and guru of the Flathead Reservation lakes was originally scheduled to be our speaker but unfortunately had to cancel. Program Chairman Jay Melzer pulled a last minute rabbit out of the hat in the form of Bob Prince.

Bob's presentation will be on Streamer techniques and tactics for catching above average trout in rivers and streams. If you like catching large trout on a fly rod then fishing streamers is probably your game. This presentation will cover when, where and how to fish streamers in a variety of water types, conditions and seasons. There will be information covering gear, different rigs and setups, flies, and other tools and tips of the trade. The program will have solid information for novices and veteran streamer junkies alike. Hope to see you there.

Robert Prince got his start at fly fishing around age 10 on the Crooked and Deschutes Rivers of Central Oregon. By middle school he was tying flies for his family's sporting goods store and digesting all things fly fishing. Upon graduation from high school, Robert moved to Missoula to fish, ski, and spend a lot of hard earned cash at the University of Montana. Robert currently resides in Bitterroot Valley with his wife and dog, Fisher. He works as a school teacher and fly fishing guide in the summer, spending most days floating the Bitterroot River. In his spare time Robert runs the fly

fishing blog Bum Trout.

***Jay is always prepared for the unexpected and as backup he had Phil Romans standing by to do a selection of Brazilian birdcalls followed by Chuck Stranahan who was going to describe the mating ritual of the stonefly Pteronarcys Californica. Perhaps another time for the birdcalls and insect sex.....Ed***

***“If people concentrated on the really important things in life, there’d be a shortage of fishing poles”***

**-Doug Larson  
Cartoonist of “THE FAR SIDE”**



"Help us find applicants for the Glacier Casting for Recovery retreat, September 12-14 in West Glacier. Deadline to sign up is July 4. We are sponsoring two women from Ravalli County to attend again this year.

Women in any stage of breast cancer treatment or recovery (no matter how many years out) are eligible to be selected and the retreat is free. All gear is provided. Not only do the women learn the basics of fly-fishing, but also have medical and psychosocial sessions as well. 95% of the women who attend have never picked up a fly rod so please pass along that it's not all about fishing! Please refer potential applicants to: [www.castingforrecovery.org](http://www.castingforrecovery.org) to sign up on line. Or, they can contact Peg Miskin, CFR National Program Director who lives here in Hamilton. [Peg.miskin@castingforrecovery.org](mailto:Peg.miskin@castingforrecovery.org) 802-440-2227.

# **Karstetter Classic**

Darby, Montana

August 17, 2014

We had so much fun at the Karstetter Classic last year we have decided to do it again. The second Karstetter Classic will be held Sunday, August 17, 2014, on the banks of the Bitterroot River at 144 Hannon Lane, Darby, Montana, 59829, three miles south of Darby on Hwy 93. The Karstetter Classic will be a gathering of those who build, use and admire the classically made bamboo fly rod (both antique and new) and the classic reels used on them.

Many of us own and use bamboo or cane rods in our fly fishing adventures, but it is rare that we have an opportunity to compare the various rods and reels that represent this segment of the fly fishing art. The differences and characteristics of these rods and reels are remarkable. Only by casting them one after the other do we understand their true natures.

In addition, some of us are practitioners of the fine art form of crafting cane rods, professionally or for our own use. We encounter problems and find we have needs that only others performing similar tasks will understand and perhaps have solutions. The Karstetter Classic is an opportunity to mingle with other bamboo rod makers and ask questions and learn new techniques and sources.

Marty Karstetter lives and works in the Bitterroot Valley of Montana where he crafts handmade bamboo rods considered by many to be classic examples of the art form. Well known to the rod building industry, he is also a ceaseless ambassador for their application and use, mixing and matching rods and reels to achieve the best possible result then using them on his favorite rivers. His rods are made for fishing like so many of those now being made by craftsmen throughout the county. Everyone is different, every combination unique. An opportunity to see, feel, compare and test these fine examples of a rapidly vanishing fishing style and craftsmanship is rare. Hence the Karstetter Classic, a gathering of classic and classically made fly-fishing equipment for those who make them and those who admire them. Our first gathering in 2013 had over 30 participants, old friends and new with a number of fine and rare rods and reels.

The event is scheduled for 1:00 pm to 5:00 pm, Sunday, August 17, 2014, on the banks of the Bitterroot River south of Darby, Montana. It will be held on private property. It is a free event. There will be no charge for entrance, parking, display or sale

of rods and reels. All bamboo rod builders, collectors, and all fisher folk who use or want to use bamboo rods are invited. However, this is a hands on event so rods brought should be expected to be available to be cast by other participants. For professional rod makers, display tables may be erected on the grounds. Last year Marty brought his entire stock of rods for inspection. Ron Knowles had a number of his newest creations. Chuck Stranahan brought some pristine Powell rods. New and antique rods and reels abounded. I personally cast over 25 different rods. The differences were amazing and some of the newer rods were remarkably fast.

This is not a moneymaking event. There are no costs other than the BBQ charge for non-club members. It is designed to attract those interested in a vanishing style and art of fly-fishing. To see and compare what was and is available to those who appreciate the sport and art of classic fly-fishing.

A casting pond is available and over 2000 feet of river abuts the property. The property sits at the confluence of the East Fork, West Fork and main branch of the Bitterroot River. Wade fishing is feet from the event. A boat launch is located on the property. A private lake is also within walking distance. Room to park RV's, boats and visitor parking is plentiful. You can roll in Saturday afternoon and pitch a tent or park your rig. Hotels are located within three miles in Darby, Montana.

The property owner and event sponsors assume no responsibility or liability for use of the river or lakes. Weather should be warm, mosquitoes will be down, water will be low, both floatable and wadeable. Summer thundershowers are always possible and participants should be prepared for short-term afternoon showers. Last year was a little warm. We will have more shade around the boathouse. Suggest you bring an easy up if you have one.

The Karstetter Classic will end at 5:00 pm. However, the event is being held in conjunction with the Fly Fishers of the Bitterroot annual picnic hosted on site by the club starting at 4:00 pm. Any non FFB member may join the FFB members for a steak bbq and open keg for \$10.00. Alternatively, you may join FFB at \$25.00 for a year's individual membership. Last year the Karstetter crowd gravitated to the picnic and pretty soon the sun was setting, the beer was flowing and fish stories were in abundance.

This is our second annual. Hope to see you there.

For information contact:



Steve Lilburn, River Resorts LLC, [steve@lilburncorp.com](mailto:steve@lilburncorp.com); or 909-224-8099.

Fly Fishers of the Bitterroot, [richmorrisey@q.com](mailto:richmorrisey@q.com); or 406-381-5611.



A portion of the 2013 attendees.

Last month I reported the sad news that our mystery man, The San Juan Worm, had disappeared from the local scene and along with him the steady stream of spine tingling essays we have enjoyed since January. Although I must admit to not having one letter to the editor protesting his possible demise I know there must be a significant number of our members who look forward to his monthly missives. Fortunately, and quite by accident, I ran into SJW in the condiment aisle of the local Super One (he was buying leech nuts). He explained his absence was due to a Peacock Bass fishing expedition in the jungles of Brazil. He promised more essays for your favorite fish wrapper. Ed.

# The Camping Trip

By: San Juan Worm\*

I have written before of my long time fishing buddy, Dun Caddis. The glue that holds us together is inexplicable, really. This story will reveal my quandary.

There is something in fishermen that harks back to our primal heritage. We need, from time to time, to get out in nature: man against the elements sort of thing. We need to burn our fingers over an open fire; to get dirt so deeply ingrained in our skin, it takes weeks of scrubbing to come clean; to get numerous cuts and scrapes from mysterious sources; to sleep on rocks and roots that no thickness of mattress will ease; to not change our underwear every day; in short, to be miserable and love it. Women just go shopping.

So, our big spring camping trip was all planned. Various assignments promised as fulfilled. Dun's old Land Cruiser, once packed, looked like something out of the *Grapes of Wrath*. Dun, his sometimes faithful companion dog, Jolly, an overweight yellow lab, and myself somehow sardined into the remaining space. And we took off for our favorite river and favorite camping spot known only to around 10,000 folks, such that occasionally, rarely, we actually get to use it. But the weather had been predicted as fair so we figured the frog drowning downpour we were fishtailing down the highway in would limit somewhat the cheechakos.

Looking back, the first sign of bad karma was the rusty old farm pickup we got stuck behind for what seemed like half the trip. Stuff kept flying out the back of the pickup and splatting on our windshield. This was a good example of cowboy recycling here in Montana. You throw anything you're done with into the open back of your pickup. If it's still there after 200 miles, you take it out and it becomes a lawn ornament. I've never quite understood the habit of many Montanans to speak reverently of our state's great beauty while making our state flower a beer can and fast food wrapper. Perhaps it is that beauty only exists at a distance, not at your feet.

We eventually got to our destination, a lovely little glen next to the river surrounded by flowering choke cherries and rattlesnakes. And nobody was there, which I should have recognized as my second clue. But blue sky was breaking out and my glass is almost always half full.

We unloaded enough gear to start a Cabela's. But when we set up the tent Dun had bought, the zipper on the door fly broke, so our door hung open, a point that plays later in this sad tale. Meanwhile Jolly barked most of the rattlers away.

I walked down to the river to find coffee au lait surging against turf normally high and dry. Seems our downpour had coursed through all those upstream fields freshly plowed for summer. While I began to have tugs of doubt, my heart was buoyed by Dun's call that lunch was ready. Brave heart that he is, he had volunteered to do all the food for the trip.

"Sorry the sandwiches got a little soggy," says Dun. Now I don't like to complain but the pimento cheese and spam fillings were floating away in a froth of disintegrating white bread. No matter, we still had a bag of potato chips that Jolly had slept on all the way here, putting new meaning in the word "chips." And then there was that cold beer.

Lunch over and dainty fingers licked clean, we donned our waders and rigged our rods. Jolly chased her tail until she formed butter. In order to strip out fly line, I dropped my prince nymph in the water at my feet. It instantly disappeared in an envelope of muddy water. This was going to be tough, I sighed. Little did I realize.

I suppose an apt analogy might be that we might as well gone after boneless brown trout in an out house with dry flies. Dun did manage an angry pike minnow, which hit his fly from a backwater on an in artful back cast. I got a guy in my fly club that would have characterized the fishing as “Well, we didn’t catch that many trout....” And because we couldn’t see an inch into the mud slide we called a river, we kept hooking snags and losing flies. My glass was rapidly emptying.

It was good old Dun who suggested a fire, bourbon out of a tin cup and dinner. Images of Elysian fields danced in my head. Well, the fire was a disaster. All the wood we scrounged was wet, and it took an entire can of charcoal lighter to start a dismal smoke signal. But we had prepared. Dun had brought a Coleman stove, circa 1940. By the time he finally got it sputtering, I had consumed way too much bourbon. But that had a silver lining. Seems Dun’s idea of a gourmet’s repast was spam, fried on one end and raw on the other, and lukewarm chili.

We crawled away to sleep on the rocks. It started to rain again, which only got our feet wet through the flapping tent door. What got our heads wet was Jolly going out to investigate every night sound and coming back in to shake over our sleepless heads. But it got worse, much worse. On hearing an alien sound in camp, Jolly charged out of the tent full of canine hubris, baying to her gods. We became aware of the problem well before Jolly came slinking back into the tent: skunk.

That’s about as close to feeling like a broken man as I can remember. Skunk scent was everywhere. And Jolly, in her shame, insisted on being a cuddly dog. We broke camp in the dark, in the rain. We packed up that old Land Cruiser with Jolly on top of a pack directly behind my head. I had suggested to Dun that a recent presidential candidate had made headlines when he packed his dog on top of the car for a trip, but Dun only lit up a rum soaked cheroot and snorted. That drive home in the warm embrace of Nature’s perfume is etched in my memory right alongside memories of my gall bladder attacks.

When I entered my home, my Wife screamed a primal fear and disgust from upstairs. I disrobed on the front porch, at least until the paper boy came along. (He got a big tip next time I paid the bill.) I scrubbed until the hot water heater said no more. And then I scrubbed some more. Needless to say, I slept in the guest bed (couch) until the kids got up for school. I really was amazed at their ability to repeat themselves. We threw my favorite fishing clothes away in triple plastic sacks. (I didn’t fight that one.)

Dun got Jolly to some vet who, for a small ransom, washed her clean. But Dun’s old Land Cruiser, despite repeated scrubs with various solutions suggested by sniggering friends, lived the whole summer, rain or shine, with windows open. Nobody asked to go fishing with Dun, all summer. And now, every time Dun starts with “Remember the time ...,” I ball up my fists, involuntarily of course.

\*San Juan Worm is an obvious *nom de plume*. But if you were born as Bead Eye Peacock Hurl, wouldn’t you use an alias?



## Fly of the Month

### PMD Hackle Stacker

*by Bob Pearcy*

#### Recipe

Hook: TMC100 or equivalent  
Thread Unithread Light Cahill, 8/0  
Tail: Pale yellow microfibbets  
abdomen: Turkey biot dyed pale yellow  
Thorax: PMD superfine dubbing  
Hackle: Cream or light blue dun  
Loop 6x monofilament



The Hackle Stacker is a pattern, or actually a tying style, developed by the late, innovative fly tyer, Bob Quigley. It is shown here as a PMD dun imitation but the style is adaptable to a range of mayfly species by varying the colors and size. The innovative aspect of this pattern is how the hackle is wound on a loop of monofilament, which is then pulled over the thorax, stacking the hackle on top. This gives a fly where the body floats on the water surface with a realistic shape and with hackle barbs that would normally extend downward splayed out to the side. It is a good floater that presents a realistic profile to a fish. The lower photo shows the hackle wound on the just barely visible monofilament loop.



The Hackle Stacker is tied by first laying a thread base on the hook shank and then adding a tail of either microfibbets or hackle barbs. Two on each side are sufficient. The abdomen is a turkey biot wrapped to give a segmented look. A dubbed abdomen can be substituted. Then a loop of 6x monofilament and a suitably sized hackle are tied in at about the one-third the length of the hook shank back from the eye. Dub a thorax with superfine dubbing in front of the mono loop. The abdomen should form a distinct ball. Now wrap the hackle up and down the mono loop so when the loop is pulled forward the hackle "stacks" on top of the thorax. Finally, tie off the hackle and then the loop behind the hook eye and whip finish.

## ANNUAL MEMBERS AUGUST PICNIC SUPPER

The Fly Fishers of the Bitterroot will host its annual member's picnic starting at 5 pm on Sunday, August 17. This fabulous event will be held, once again, at the lovely riverside home of member Steve Lilburn. His home is directly across the river from the Hannon access. Turn east from

Highway 93 into his driveway just before the road to the West Fork peels off to the west. (If you have crossed the bridge over the Bitterroot going south on Hwy 93, you have gone too far.) We will attempt to place a FFB sign at the turn. If you are new to all this, call Rich Morrissey at 381-5611 for more detailed directions.

As in the past, the Club will burn rib eye steaks and provide a keg of beer, water, some soft drinks and chips. We will also have paper plates and plastic cutlery. Those wild and crazy Bitterroot Black Pots will whomp up Dutch oven accompaniments.

You bring maybe a salad, chip dip or an appetizer to share and any particular beverage not otherwise supplied. Also bring camp chairs. Houseguests are welcome with a ten dollar donation.

The second annual Karstetter Classic for bamboo rod folks is scheduled for 1 pm that day at Steve's. You already have that announcement. Come early for casting and learning.

We will attempt to manage the wasp population this year.

We had over 80 folks last year and it was a great time. Don't miss the fun.

## **The Editor's Corner – Things I've learned and ideas I've stolen from my fishing partners**

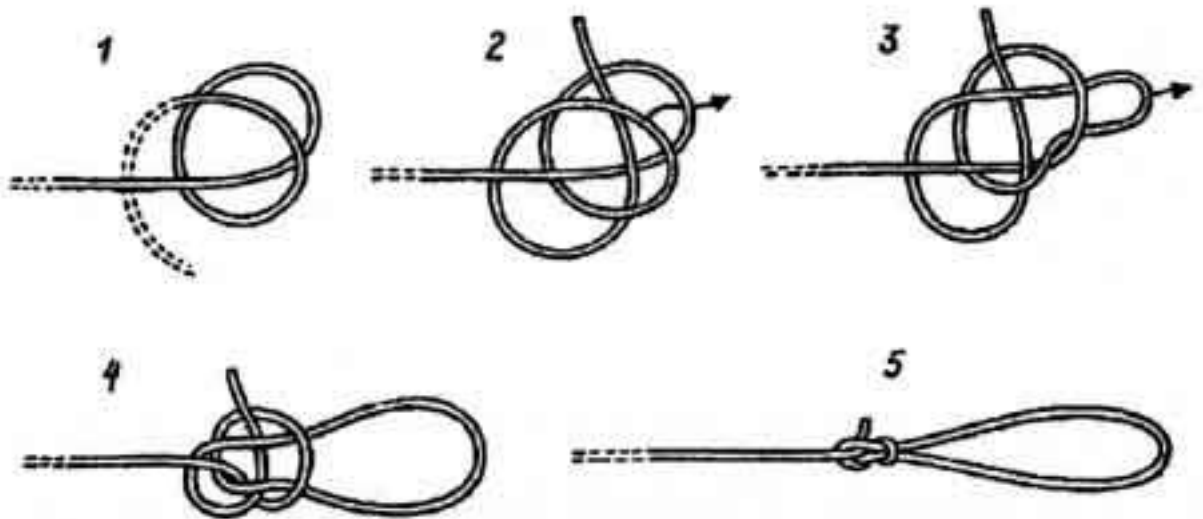
### **Streamer Leaders**

I love pulling streamers. I love the "thud" of the take and the explosion of the hooked fish coming to the surface. Like dry fly fishing, fishing streamers is visual – if the water you are fishing is clear and the light is right you can see the take. Like dry fly fishing effective streamer fishing is all about accuracy – read the water and place the fly accordingly. Putting the streamer where you want it is a function of your casting ability, having the appropriate rod and line and finally, using the appropriate leader. Here's one that's cheap and easy to make and turns over the biggest and heaviest articulated streamers.

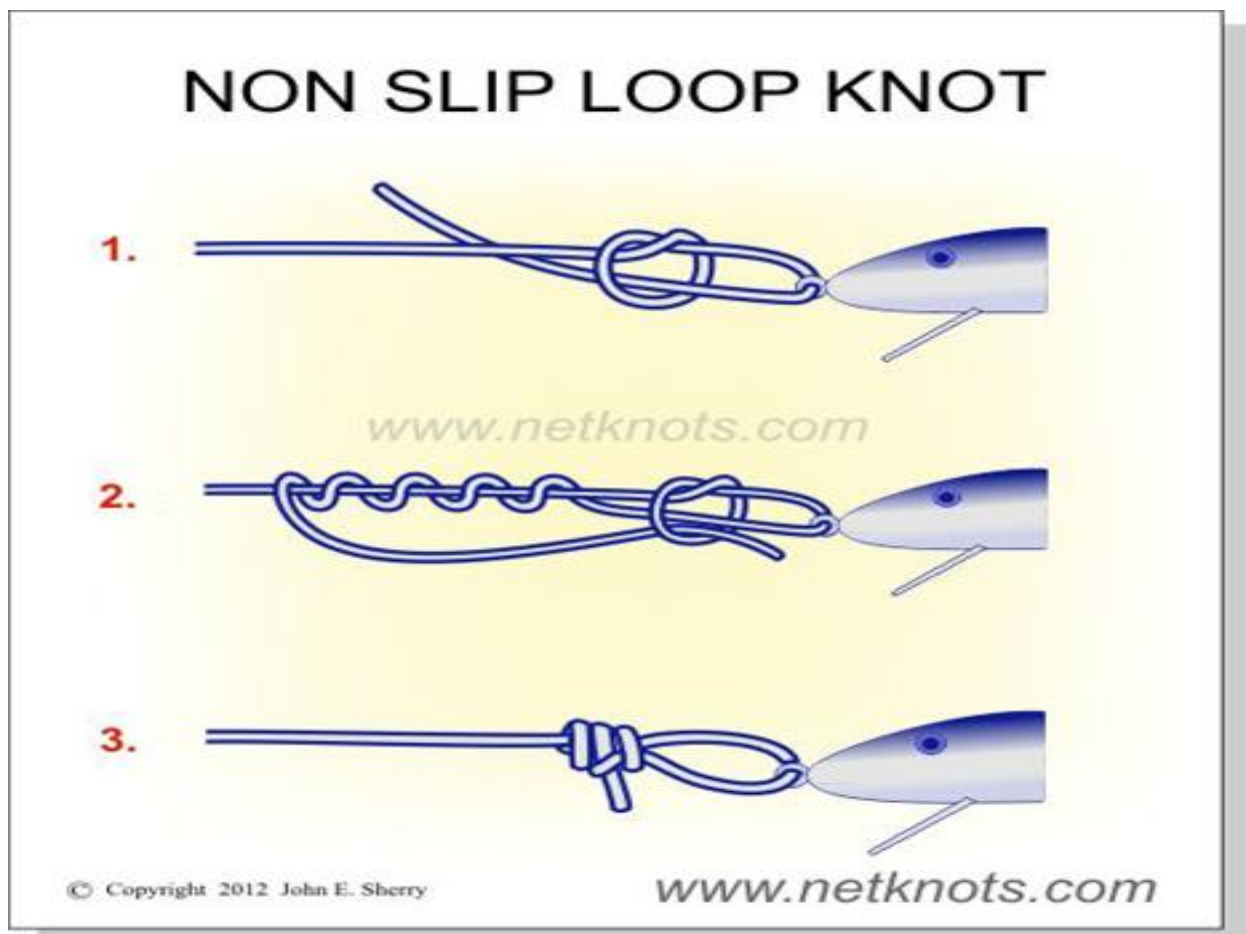
I prefer Maxima Ultra Green for my streamer leaders because it's readily available, abrasion resistant, and knots smoothly. You will need a spool of 20 lb and one of 12 lb. Cut an 18 inch length of 20 lb and 18 inches of 12 lb. Put a perfection loop in one end of the 20lb and then knot the 20 lb and 12 lb together using a blood knot. Loop the 20 lb on to your fly line and tie on a streamer using a non-slip loop knot or a Lefty's loop. That's all there is to it!!!

This leader works best with intermediate lines and sinking tips. If you are fishing a floating line, a longer, tapered leader (9ft 0X) may be more effective

Perfection



Loop



## **Upcoming Outings**

**Mark your calendars for two outings coming soon.....**

**Clark Canyon Reservoir 13-15 June**

**Georgetown Lake 11-13 July**

## **Colliers Dubbing Brush**

Experienced fly tyers all have favorite tools that they have purchased or make themselves. Among my favorites is the Collier Dubbing Brush. Handmade in Colorado by guide, fly tyer and artist, Dennis Collier. Semi soft brass bristles are set in a laminated wood handle that makes the brush easy to handle. The bristles improve with age and actually become more effective with use. Colliers website is at [www.dennis-collier.com](http://www.dennis-collier.com) and the brush can be purchased at [www.charliesflybox.com](http://www.charliesflybox.com)

Try it – you'll wonder how you got along without it. -Ed



## Johns Hopkins study

The National Institutes of Health has just released the results of a \$200 million research study completed under a grant to Johns Hopkins. The new study has found that women who carry a little extra weight live longer than the men who mention it.

## Why Some Men Have Dogs And Not Wives:

1. The later you are, the more excited your dogs are to see you.
  2. Dogs don't notice if you call them by another dog's name.
  3. Dogs like it if you leave a lot of things on the floor.
  4. A dog's parents never visit.
  5. Dogs agree that you have to raise your voice to get your point across.
  6. You never have to wait for a dog; they're ready to go 24 hours a day.
  7. Dogs find you amusing when you're drunk..
  8. Dogs like to go hunting and fishing.
  9. A dog will not wake you up at night to ask, "If I died, would you get another dog?"
  10. If a dog has babies, you can put an ad in the paper and give them away.
  11. A dog will let you put a studded collar on it without calling you a pervert.
  12. If a dog smells another dog on you, they don't get mad. They just think it's interesting.
  13. Dogs like to ride in the back of a pickup truck.
- And last, but certainly not least:***
14. If a dog leaves, it won't take half of your stuff.

### **Ultimate True Test:**

Lock your wife and your dog in the garage for an hour. Then open the door and see who's the happiest to see you!

## **Members Classified**

### **Free Firewood**

I am having a very large pine tree (Ponderosa I think) cut down on June 9, Monday. There will be lots of wood to be cut up. This is **not** Beetle kill. Half the tree split off from the main trunk, and died. I'm having it professionally done for safety reasons. I have some other wood that I just cut to 18" lengths that is available for the taking. I have enough for myself for a couple of years, so you are welcome to it.

If you would like some firewood and are willing to cut it yourself please call me at **363-0744**.

Phil Romans