



THE REEL NEWS

February 2003

**PERIODICAL FOR THE ANN ARBOR
AREA CHAPTER OF TROUT UNLIMITED**

Dedicated to the Protection and Preservation of Coldwater Fisheries

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Welcome to the New Year! We have a lot of catching up to do since THE REEL NEWS hasn't been published for several months. This was due in part to some delays in establishing our new website (www.aaatu.org) but it is now up and running. From now on, our newsletter will be posted regularly on our website, and will still be available in hard copy for those who desire it. Details on this can be found in the Editor's Column.

As always, we will be giving you news about the chapter, important articles of interest, and some fun information on fly tying and fishing. The people who spend many hours researching and writing these articles are fellow members who deserve your support.

One of our noted speakers this past fall was Rich Bowman, Director of the Michigan Council of Trout Unlimited. We had a great crowd who listened and learned about the activities of the Council, and what Rich is doing on our behalf to help protect our rivers and streams. He spoke about pending legislation (some good and some bad), the political changes in Lansing, and what it may mean for TU and its members. One important idea he shared was on communicating with the chapters when support is needed to promote our environmental agenda to the legislature, or when we may be needed to convince our legislators that a bill before them is flawed or misguided.. We want our chapter members to be informed on such issues so you can make an intelligent choice and then be ready to help MCTU by contacting your state representatives.

There are a number of ways you can find out what's developing: through THE REEL NEWS, the new AAATU website, the MCTU and National TU

websites, and by attending meetings. Magazines and books are also great resources. A recent article in Fly Fisherman featured an article by John Randolph on "Methane Extraction that Threatens Streams in the West." Ted Williams writes about "The Sportsman versus The Northern Forest" in Fly Rod and Reel, and I feel that Ted Leeson's articles and books are mandatory reading for everyone. Try to read about and understand both sides of an issue, pro and con, liberal or conservative. In this way, you can make an informed decision. Make sure you vote, call your representative when you want action, write your congressperson, etc. You may think it doesn't matter, but it does.

In early November, my wife had a conference in Williamsburg, Virginia, and I got to tag along. I walked through the restored village, seeing the sights as they would have been in the 1760's. I saw reenactments by actors who portrayed some of our great leaders such as Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson (I even got to chat with him), and Prentiss Randolph. At one afternoon gathering Mr. Jefferson was speaking on the rights of man, and a woman put a question to him: "Sir, how would you feel to know that in the future your words and writings would be twisted and wrought into a travesty of warped ideas, and used to justify many misdeeds by some in government?" His answer was well-crafted and I paraphrase: "We are the Government! When those who would hurt this great nation by twisting the meaning of our rights and liberties and cause harm to us by their deeds, they should be taken out of power and we are the ones to do that. By being informed, by educating ourselves to the issues of the day, we can make the proper decisions and inform those who represent us what our needs and wishes are. When we shirk this responsibility and are lazy and uninformed, we get the government we deserve.

Though this may seem trite to some, it is one of the reasons we belong to Trout Unlimited. To be educated, to be informed and stay informed on the issues, and to be responsible for the environment we love, not just for today but for the future. As I walked away from that meeting I met a man who was a local and lived in the modern town of Williamsburg. He said he felt lucky to be able to come and enjoy the village, and honored to be among great men like Jefferson, Henry, and Franklin. Each visit reinvigorated him and helped him be a more dedicated and responsible citizen. Each time you visit the river or think about those azure pools with trout sipping mayflies at dusk, think also of your responsibilities to that environment and what you can do to preserve it.

On a lighter note, we hosted a great Holiday Party which was enjoyed by all who visited, and started off the New Year with a very well attended chapter meeting. I hope to see you all at the next one.

Tom Gebhardt
President

**VISIT THE CHAPTER'S
New Website
www.aaatu.org**

EDITOR'S COLUMN

As Tom Gebhardt mentioned in his report, THE REEL NEWS has been on hiatus for a few months. This has occurred in part because we wanted to begin posting it on our new website instead of sending out hard copies to all of our five-hundred-plus chapter members. The rationale for this was explained in the September issue, but we did not at that point expect the delays we encountered. However, as we've already told you, our new website is up and running, and it's going to be great! It's still not fully developed, which only means that it will get better. Be sure to visit it frequently.

In addition to posting THE REEL NEWS electronically and making it available to our readers via e-mail, we want to assure once again that it will still be offered in hard copy (paper) form. In our last issue we quoted rates for getting the hard copy, but those may be subject to change (meaning reduction) in the future. We'll let you know what decision the Board of Directors makes on this.

Most of our regular contributors are still with us, and we'll continue to be entertained, educated, and informed by such luminaries as Jim Gilsdorf, Carlos Fetterolf, and John Heider (John publishes professionally). We're also going to be treated to material by another writer who's not just accomplished but also published: Dirk Fischbach. Dirk has authored two books, *Last Saturday In April* and *The Flyfisher's Huron*, and we'll be enjoying excerpts from his first book beginning in this issue.

Although posting THE REEL NEWS electronically represents a big step for us, we fully realize that this is a move which will require both refining and de-bugging. Some problems will be evident to us, but some will undoubtedly be spotted by you. Please, let us know when you discover something which needs attention. Your input and suggestions will, as always, be most welcome.

Mark Delaney
Editor

NOTE: I have yet another new e-mail address: m7delan@aol.com I can still be reached by phone at: 734-426-4754.

THE REEL NEWS ADVERTISING RATES

THE REEL NEWS is published in September, December, February, April and July. Advertising rates for a one-year run, starting from the date of receipt, are as follows: One-quarter page (approx.): \$80.00; one-eighth page (approx.): \$40.00. Single issue ads or ad sizes which deviate significantly from the standard will be negotiated on an individual basis. New or modified ads should be received by the third week of the month preceding publication.



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NOTES FROM THE PROGRAM CHAIR

There was this sort of strange, detached feeling about the Holiday Season this past year. I'm pretty sure it was just me, because others seemed to be doing fine with it. They were into decorating, shopping and party-going, while I seemed to be hurrying as fast as I could without getting anywhere. What with getting the tree up, buying presents and wrapping them, I realized I still had to get my article written for THE REEL NEWS. Well, here it is, and it's updated to bring us into February.

And of course, "going to press" is suddenly an anachronistic expression, because we are publishing our first-ever issue largely electronically, without much ink ever going to paper! Talk about detachment! But this will be good as we finally get it going. The chapter will save lots of money and at the same time we can be reaching more members, more efficiently, with better content. We hope you enjoy and embrace this concept wholeheartedly.

We had a very well-received program in November, as MCTU Executive Director Rich Bowman visited our chapter with a fascinating look into the world of State Politics in Lansing. He discussed his take on the changes which will be

occurring, the new faces, and the hot issues confronting the State along with the environmental front. He is a terrific speaker, and extremely knowledgeable about the workings of State Government. We are very lucky to have him working for us up there. I hope you got to hear him talk but if not, there will be other opportunities. The Board is urging me to invite him back to address us on a regular basis, and it would certainly be a good opportunity to stay abreast with what is going on.

The Holiday Party at Tom Gebhardt's place was a smashing success, and there was a good turnout. I was particularly pleased to see new faces there; folks who have not even attended our regular chapter meetings were present and mingling with our regulars. The refreshments were great, thanks to our provisioners, and Mike Mouradian had the VCR going with video documentation of the stream bank stabilization project undertaken by our chapter this past fall on the Rifle River. PLUS, he showed a rather weird "film noir" sort of video that seemed to be about spearing needle-nose garfish in some spooky backwater in uncharted territory somewhere! Maybe I just dreamed it.

Hope you didn't miss January's presentation at our chapter meeting, when Chef Steve Stollard came down from Midland to speak on "Spring Creeks of the World." Steve is a very talented photographer, as well as a renowned "culinarian," world traveler, and top-notch fly fisherman, who has fished in great locations all over the globe. We were all dazzled with his talk and slides.

Our February meeting will mark our second annual "Of Special Interest To Women" series. We plan to have several female presenters, including Nancy Washburne, who are doing their best to make our sport accessible to and enjoyed by, women. Our male members are encouraged to bring a female friend, spouse, or significant other to this meeting, and women members of the chapter are especially encouraged to attend. We will do our best to make everyone welcome. The meeting will be at our usual location, Community High School at 7:00 pm on February 12th. We are now on the downhill pull to Spring and FISHING!

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WINTER STEELHEADING

The rain had started sometime in the pre-dawn hours, and the heavy clouds now soaked the color out of the sunrise, leaving the bit of sky that I could see through the window shade a steel gray. The dull pounding in my head reminded me of the beer the evening before, and I took a mental inventory of my senses before stirring from the couch.

In the kitchen I could hear my brother and his wife talking over their coffee, and after deciding that I wasn't too hung over, I slipped on a pair of pants and a T-shirt and joined them.

"Morning, Dirk," my brother said in his usual morning tone.

"Good morning," I returned. The nod of the heads and slight smirk serving notice, that yes, we each understood how the other felt.

"Some coffee?" he said, reaching over with the pot to a mug he had set out earlier.

"Sure," I answered, watching as he poured.

"Looks soggy," I said, motioning toward the window.

"Yeah. It started about four, been pretty steady since, but I think it'll let up in a while. At least, it's not too cold."

In a way, the rain was a good sign. Not only did it mean that temperatures would be likely be mild, but the overcast was always good for fishing, particularly steelhead.

"I thought you were gonna go out for the first light," Jennifer joked with me, referring to plans made at about midnight.

"Did I say that? Hmm. I guess I did. Well, maybe tomorrow."

"Yeah, maybe tomorrow," she said sarcastically. "Then, again maybe not; there's still a few beers in the fridge."

Jennifer was a veteran of fishing plans, and she knew that, in general, the bold ones concocted in the late evening seldom saw fruition. She knew, also, that this was particularly true of steelheading trips in late January.

Getting going in the early morning can be problematic anytime, but it is very difficult in the dead of a Michigan winter. Especially when the angler knows he will be greeted with waders that are half frozen from the previous day's fishing. The clammy cod sends a chill that cuts through the warmest and driest of clothes, causing the back to tighten and the face to grimace. The need to relieve oneself is usually not far behind.

Brett got up and moved to the coffee maker and prepared another pot. As he filled the canister with water he looked at his bird feeder and beyond it to the big thermometer he had strategically located on the overhang of a dilapidated outbuilding.

"Hell, it's already thirty-four degrees. Real men would be fishing," he said in his mock-macho voice.

"I don't suppose you know any real men?" I answered.

"Nah."

We laughed and the coffee pot worked its magic, producing another batch of fishing delay.

"You know," Brett said, looking very earnest, "this coffee needs some sugar."

Leaning back in his seat, he fumbled with the latch on the liquor cabinet. Producing a bottle of Scotch, he smiled.

"Ah! Sugar!"

"Very nice," I said, waving him off when he offered it to me. "But, isn't Glen Fiddich a bit of overkill for coffee?"

“Well, I normally save it for formal occasions,” he said, raising his brow and adopting a British accent. “But, this seems formal enough today.”

I looked deep into my own coffee, imagining that my head didn't hurt. Soon, the plan worked so well that I had to remind myself that it actually did. This worked well also.

“Is that Advil handy?” I asked.

“Right in the bathroom,” Jennifer pointed with her cigarette.

When I returned Brett was back into the coffee. The temperature, he informed me, now had risen to thirty-five degrees, the rain was slowing, and after another cup of coffee, we should consider heading out, unless, of course, we were going to have breakfast, in which case we should get moving on that.

His brief sermon made sense, and with each cup of coffee, the penance of the hangover was subsiding, and the imagery of immersion in water was powerful. Benediction, I thought, may be at hand.

For some reason, a night of drinking tends to foster these kinds of religious thoughts in me. Symbolism is suddenly everywhere, and I can find significance in the smallest of happenings. I'm never able to come as close to understanding the concepts of pain, punishment and forgiveness quite as well under any other circumstances, which I've always thought somewhat ironic.


“You wanna work downstream around to Barnhart's again,” certain that that would be the plan.

“Yeah. We can even go down below to the big gravel flat in front of Doc Green's. There's a couple of pools behind it that might be holding some fish.”

All of this had been discussed during the couple hours of fishing we had done after I arrived the day before, but reiterating it somehow made it all more scientific.

Yesterday's outing had yielded no fish, but this was not uncommon for winter steelheading, especially when only a couple of hours were spent. Besides, because of the nomadic nature of the big fish, water that was barren twelve hours before might

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well hold several steelhead now. It is at least worth believing, if one is to fish this time of year.

And, only those who do believe, fish this time of year. Yet even among the believers, there is a deep longing to appear scientific.

In general, fly fishers, like all men, can be broken into two broad congregations.

Those of exacting, empirical proof, and those of faith.

Those of the first group are the dry fly purists. Men who don't cast until they see physical evidence - a rise - to prove that fish are there. To them, the subtle mysteries of benthos hold little appeal; they are littoral in every sense. If no fish appear, their fly will not see the water. In their world, the variable of blind casting and chance would negate the value of the experiment.

The agnostics among them may hedge their bet, searching the water with an attractor pattern, but even they will not probe beneath the surface - as it would be impossible to prove that the line's tightening was caused by a fish and not a log.

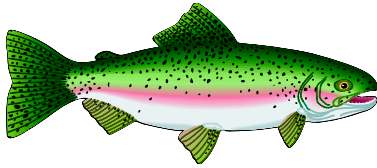
These empiricists do not push the limits of the season into the winter, when only the tiniest of flies hatch, and the fish pay them little mind. They are the men of summer, who spend their winter months dreaming of the Hendricksons and the caddis of early spring.

Winter steelheaders belong in the league of the faithful. To us, a fish rising is not so much a detached fact as an affirmation of the life that we knew existed beneath the mirrored surface. With a wet fly or even a nymph, we will cast time and again to a log jam, believing in the unseen. We expect a fish to be there and conduct ourselves accordingly. And, even if casts to ten such logs produce no palpable strike, we will approach the eleventh with the same determination and hope as the first. That is faith.

On this particular day, faith would be enough.

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My brother and I finished our coffee and made the short walk out to the garage and our cold waders.

“You’re gonna fish with your six weight again, aren’t you?” Brett asked, reaching up to grab it from the holder on the rafter.

“Yeah, it’s already set up so I might as well.”

“Well, you can use my seven if you want, it’s set up too,” he offered.

“Nah, I’ve got my seven in the car, but I think my six is good,” I answered, stiffly pulling my vest over my jacket.

“Oh, yeah, it’s plenty of rod for these winter fish. I’ve taken a few on my five weight, but I guess I’ll use my seven if you don’t want it.

As we walked to the river, the smoke from my pipe mixed with the cool moisture-laden air and hung all about me. I breathed in deeply to enjoy the scent. The few sprinkles of rain soaked it into my coat like a cavendish rinse.

The water was forty degrees despite the rain.

“It’ll probably cloud up a little as the day goes on,” Brett said, noticing that I was looking at the rocks along the bottom to gauge the clarity.

“Yeah, it’s already got more color that it had yesterday.”

Working a little run right at our put in, I hit on a small steelhead, a fish of six or seven pounds.

“He’s not slowed by the cold weather,” I yelled across to Brett as the fish made a drag-melting run upstream.

“Nope,. And he won’t get tired either,” he said with learned experience.

True to form, the fish fought hard for ten minutes or more, making a fine run downstream and one more up before finally being subdued. The only sign of the cold water was that the fight was completely without the standard steelhead acrobatics.

Brett landed him with one quick, sure motion, getting a hold on both the head and the caudal peduncle. The fly was quickly worked out and the fish sent on his way.

Farther downstream, in a very tricky lie, Brett executed an unbelievable cast and was rewarded with a huge male. The water became a boil as the fish bore into the shallows, trying to rub the hook out on the bottom. Having no luck with this, he flashed downstream, my brother in tow.

I followed along on land, watching the progress of the battle. About sixty yards below the site of the hook-up, Brett finally began to get a handle on the brute.

“You want me to net him for you?” I asked.

“You’ll have to. I’ll never get him back up to me, and I don’t want to go down any farther because of the logs.”

I quickly waded out and unfastened the net from my brother’s vest. It was not a typical steelheader’s net, as neither one of us can bring ourselves to carry such an atrocity on a trout stream. It was simply an oversize trout net that he carried out of habit (or laziness) for summer brown trout fishing.

Nonetheless, I worked my way into position below the fish and made my way quietly along the bank back up toward him. He sat side-up in the current, a sure sign that he was beaten - but anyone who has ever fished for steelhead knows that even when tired, if spooked, they can always find strength to run.

Moving the net up from under him, I tried to fit it over his snout. He bucked, and threw water everywhere. He started to make another run and I backed away. Brett cursed a bit and leaned into the rod, quickly bringing him back up.

I knew this was it, my last chance. Switching the net to my left hand, I again approached from rear, but this time, while I maneuvered the net over his head, I got a firm grip on the peduncle with my right hand. It was unorthodox, but it worked. His front two-thirds sat in the net and my hand held his tail, buffering his thrashes. The fact that I was soaking wet up to the shoulder on both arms was inconsequential.

“Nice job,” Brett said, more relieved than appreciative.

“Sorry about that first miss,” I said, making my way back across to him.

“Well, I don’t plan on netting them. Normally there’s a good beaching spot that you can get to, but it didn’t work out that way here,” he said, trying to graciously forgive my abortive attempt.

The fish topped thirty-four inches; about fourteen pounds. Darkened from his stay in the river (it was a fall-run fish that had wintered over), he still was magnificent.

Brett slowly revived him and we watched as he swam away, his dark form blending with the shadows until he once again became the bottom.

My brother produced a beer from his lower vest pocket and lumbered up to a downed tree on the bank. I retrieved my rod and joined him on the resting place. Running my hands down my sleeves like squeegees, I strained the water from my coat.

“Looks like you went in after him,” Brett laughed.

“Yeah, I thought I might have to go under - he’d of been worth it though,” I said, gesturing with my hands to approximate the size.

I worked my pipe and tobacco from my pocket and lit up. When the flame took hold I alternated hands on the bowl to warm them. The sun now was visible as a yellowish ball behind the sky’s grey cloak. Soon it would poke through.

All traces of the morning’s malaise had passed, washed away by the river’s restorative persistence. And for that day the promise of the sun, the memory of the fish, and the tobacco’s aroma would be enough.

Dirk Fischbach
Last Saturday in April



MERICKEL-FARLEY OUTING

Last year, a number of AAATU members enjoyed an early April outing at the Merickel-Farley Trout Club located west of Toledo, Ohio. AAATU member Dan Zywocki belongs to this club and hosted the outing. Luckily for us, Dan is going to offer us a similar opportunity this year on March 30th.

Here’s the way it works: For a fee of \$20.00, each participant (AAATU member and if desired, guest) is allowed full access to the club facilities, which include a seventeen-acre lake stocked with trout, a club house, restrooms, and a picnic area. Included in the price is a barbecue lunch and the option of catch and release, or catch and keep. Activities begin at noon. Since this is private property, no Ohio fishing license is required. Dan can provide you with more details on all of this.

To register, send payment (preferably check) to Daniel Zywocki at 10060 W. Bancroft, Holland, Ohio 43528-8881, along with your name, address, phone number and (if you have one) e-mail address. Dan will send you directions to MFTC. If you have additional questions, contact Dan at: 419-829-3226 or by e-mail: dzywocki@yahoo.com You should register early since numbers are limited.

By the way, Dan is also arranging another outing for us. This will be at Rockwell Springs Trout Club near Sandusky, Ohio, and will take place on May 17th. I had the pleasure of fishing at this club years ago and believe me, this is truly genteel-style angling. If you own English tweeds, this will be the opportunity to flaunt them.

Mark Delaney

AAATU FLEXES ITS MUSCLES

Twelve stalwart volunteers from AAATU joined forces at The Remedy (Carlos and Norma Fetterrolfs' cabin) on a Friday evening, October 11, and prepared for an assault on an eroding bank of the Rifle River. Because all the beds were full, two workers slept fitfully on cots (Leo Landis and Dave Swank) and one in his truck (Jim Riley). Following an excellent breakfast by Chief Quartermaster/Head Chef Gary Slauter the next morning, the crew journeyed north of Skidway Lake to the property of Dave Meyers, local electrical contractor. We found fifty pine trees (15 - 20 feet long) and two piles of rocks at the top of a 55-degree bank about fifty feet above a bend of the stream, awaiting placement.

The trees and rocks were ordered by Jim Hargott and Darcy Cznarik of the Natural Resources Conservation Service, U.S. Department of Agriculture. Very fortunately, Pete Giorgis, a local excavator, was on hand to direct the placement and anchoring of the trees in three rows along some 200 feet of eroding bank.

The rocks were a tougher problem because the limestone that was delivered averaged only two inches in diameter, instead of the four inch diameter size that had been ordered. The limestone would not slide down the bank and a lot of hand work (tossing the stones) was required to get it on top of the fabric mat at the shoreline.

Hot coffee, lunch and refreshments were graciously provided by Mrs. Debbie Meyers and the

NRCS staff. The work crew retreated to The Remedy about 5 pm and awaited Chef Slauter's preparation of steaks with all the trimmings, plus pies for dessert.

Did I say the bank was fifty feet above the river? During the night a cold front with rain came through. This made Sunday's job of seeding and covering the clay/sand bank with straw matting a very slippery one. The bank now seemed to angle at 75 degrees and be at least 100 feet above the river.

Before we disbanded following a lunch featuring Dave Meyers' bean soup, an adult bald eagle flew by at eye level on the far side of the river. We all considered that a sign of Mother Nature's approval of our work.

Mike Mouradian recorded our work and play on video and will show it at future meetings. Other workers from the chapter not already mentioned included Mark Delaney, John Rene Lastre, Zach Branigan, Ken Goff, Bill Burger, and Dan Zywocki. And yes, there was some fishing squeezed in by three of our members. The catch amounted to several 10-inch steelies that did not go to Lake Huron for the summer and a few brown trout, capped with a 16 incher. The fall steelhead run did not come until mid-November.

I later received a very nice thank-you note from Darcy. She would appreciate AAATU's help again, and I assured her that volunteers would be fighting for a place on the team!

Thanks to all for your help.

Carlos Fetterrolf

NEXT AAATU MEETING - - - February 12th

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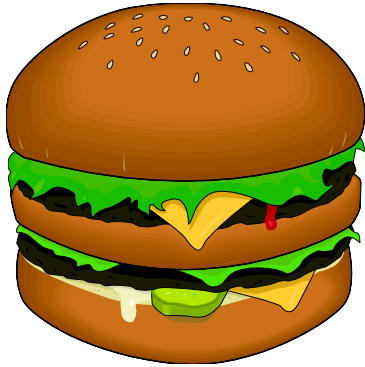
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YELLOW SALLY

Ah, laying on a warm summer's bank with a young lovely "Sally" is somewhere in every fisherman's dreams. That same Sally has been in fishing dreams since the days of Walton and Cotton and Bowlker. Yes, this romantic fly made its literary debut six hundred years ago. And then there is the reference to its nymph form in *Parzival*, an early 13th century German romance by Wolfram von Eschenbach. And there is a little evidence that similar patterns were in use in Slovenia and Macedonia long before that.

Yes, men have been chasing Yellow Sally for a long time. We in the new world focus on mayflies, but historically the "sedges" have made up a far greater part of the flyfishing lexicon. Sedges are caddis' and stones. Sallies are stoneflies. We all know about the big hatches out West, but forget that we have just as many of them here. They are just more subtle than the snowstorm-forming mayflies of Michigan waters.

The Sallies are the small pale stoneflies that come off on our rivers all summer. They are

predominantly surface hatchers, rather than crawlers out of the water, like the larger stones. They hatch singly when their immediate conditions are right. And they lay eggs all day, whenever they feel like, as individuals. Thus, there is rarely any semblance of a major hatch or spinner fall. There are just singles coming off behind rocks in riffles or tops of pools when the sun hits just right. And there are scattered egg layers splashing down in tails of pools or tops of the riffles whenever a little breeze kicks them out of the trees. There really isn't that much of a dawn or dusk differential, either.

Because of all that gobbledy gook, I think Sallies are the perfect scouting and dead water flies. What to use when "nothin is happenin."

So what are these things? They are the smaller *Plecoptera*. The little cousins of the *Pteronyces*. They are the *Isoperla*, the *Alloperla*, and the *Chloroperla*. The yellows, the creams, and the green stoneflies. Size 10 to 16.

I use two patterns for them. One is a hatching fly, and the other an egg layer. Only the wing is different between the two. They are both fished dead drift around rocks and down through riffles and out into the pools. The egg layer sometimes can be twitched a little if nothing happens otherwise.

Here's the pattern:

Hook: 2X long dry 10 to 16, mostly 12 and 14. Yellows larger, creams in the middle, pale greens smallest.

Silk: 6-0 of proper color. The stronger the better.

Tails & Antennae: I use paint brush bristles, short and broadly out.

Body: Died muskrat or mink (aquatic animals for the oil). (Source: road kill)

Rib: Tying silk.

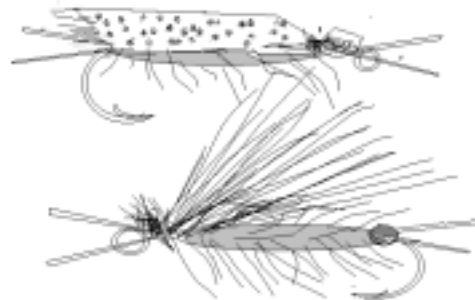
Hackle: One size too small of cream or furnace palmered under wing.

Wing: Flared deer hair for egg layer.
Thin layer of deer hair overlaid with folded visquene or bag from breakfast cereal box.
Wings longer than body for both.

PDHIDV: Lay down base of tying silk. Tie in small ball of body dubbing. Some people like an egg sac

for this. If you want one, use bright red or bright green. Tie in tails with one strand on either side of the ball so as to flare them. Cut to half as long as the body. Tie in hackle by tip. Dub smooth body up and back (to front ¼ of shank). Make sure there isn't a gap between body and butt, then overwrap with tying silk. Then palmer the hackle in the opposite direction and tie it off at the front of the body. For egg layer, leave as is. For hatcher, trim top and bottom. Tie in antennae and leave long. At the front of the body, tie in wing of natural deer hair and flare head on the short segment of bare shank up to the eye.

For the egg layer, use just a half dozen or so fibers with tips just longer than the body. Tie in so the head flares, and then wrap back to collapse the wing down flush on the body. Trim the head of deer hair as you would on a standard caddis pattern. Then tie in the folded plastic sheeting over the top at the front of the wing wraps. Wrap over it to keep it bent and down flat against the deer hair. Wiggle the silk through the deer hair head and then between the antennae. Pull the plastic wing over the top and tie down to form a helmet of sorts. This tie-down should flare the antennae. If it doesn't, jam a gob of silk between them as you tie off. Trim the antennae to same length as tails. Cement.



The hatcher is easier. At the same point on the body tie in a bunch of deer hair about the same diameter as the body, with tip just past the butt. Pull down and flare the hair, but be sure to keep all wings above the body. Flat and out to sides is best if you can swing it. Let the head flare, and trim just like a cassis. Spread the antennae with a bead of tying silk. Tie off. Trim antennae as above and cement.

Good Fishing!

Jim Gilsdorf
RN Senior Staff

A note from the AAATU Board of Directors and THE REEL NEWS staff: As of you know, this is the first issue of the electronic version of our chapter newsletter, published in conjunction with the development of our new website (www.aaatu.org). We have encountered problems and delays, but

we are trying our best to enrich your association with and participation in our organization. Let us hear from you.

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