

WACO FLY FISHING CLUB

July 8, 2014 www.wacoflyfishingclub.org Volume XX: No. 7

Next Meeting:

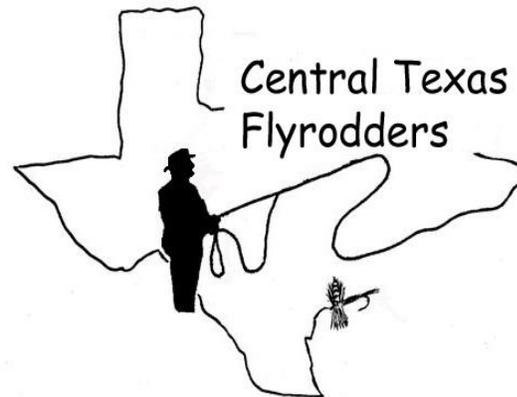
Tuesday, July 8, 2014

Location:

Waco Wetlands Center

Program:

Fishing the Gunnison &
Thereabouts - Dale Connally
About 7:00 pm
Fly Tying and Tall Tales
About 6:00 p.m.



PLEASE NOTE THAT OUR MEETING FALLS EARLY IN JULY AND, WITH THE HOLIDAY, IS SUBJECT TO BEING OVERLOOKED, AND WE HAVE A PROGRAM YOU DO NOT WANT TO MISS.

JULY PROGRAM - FISHING THE GUNNISON AND THEREABOUTS - DALE CONNALLY

When you give it a moment of thought, you realize that we have some very talented anglers in our club. John Maddux makes some of the prettiest poppers you will ever see. I have a few from our fly raffles, but I have not fished any of them because they are just too pretty. I need to get over that. At least one deserves to have a chance at a healthy Bass.

Bill Whitehead is unsurpassed in rod making. I have had the pleasure of catching a Perch on one of his creations, a real treat as was just casting the little beauty before hooking up.

Pat Vanek can put you on the fish, lots of fish, if you are lucky enough to go out with him. And there was that little tournament Pat won last year.



Bill Menefee is an inspiration to us all, not to mention his years of patiently bringing newcomers to our sport.

Dale Connally, sometimes called the Trout Whisperer, certainly belongs on this list and we have the pleasure of having Dale as our speaker in July. As most of you know, Dale is an excellent all round fly fisherman. He can catch Trout as well as other unknown water creatures swimming in Pennsylvania (see Dale's trip report in this newsletter).

Dale's programs are always entertaining and informative. In July, Dale will take us fishing on the Gunnison and other waters in Colorado including the Taylor and Lake Fork of the Gunnison. Even if you do not consider yourself a Trout angler, you know you would like to be.

Also, Dale's advice will help you to be a better fly fisher overall. One bit of advice I took to heart from one of Dale's prior programs is taking your fly tackle on those business and family trips. You just might be able to sneak in a little fishing.

ANGLING LITERATURE

One purpose of our club, actually stated in our By-Laws, is to "Inspire Angling Literature." I'm not sure exactly how to do that, but giving this purpose a broad interpretation, you might want to check out one of Keith McCafferty's three novels, all set in Montana. The main theme of each book is the solving of crime, but fly fishing plays an important role. In fact one victim, a corpse in *The Royal Wulff Murders* is actually hooked and landed by a fly fishing sport.

The main character in the series is Sean Stranahan a fly fisherman recovering from a divorce by, what else, fly fishing Montana's fabled waters. In his spare time Stranahan manages to support himself as a part time guide, painter and private investigator. A word of warning. As an old guy, recently divorced, Stranahan is allowed to live out some old man's fantasies involving the opposite sex. Nothing like a romance novel, but there just the same. The language also gets a bit salty at times. But, on balance the books are well written and the plots interesting as well as believable (the plots, not the old man fantasies).

I am currently in the middle of *The Gray Ghost Murders* and thought about the inspiring angling literature thing while reading Stranahan's stream of consciousness about one of the reasons he fly fishes. I was surprised when Stranahan expressed a policy of never making an important decision without fishing on it, "turning it over first with a fly rod in his hands." I go fishing to clear my mind and just focus on the fishing. A frame of mind Stranahan seemed to be evolving. In McCafferty's words:

"But lately, it seemed, he came to the river for the opposite reason. He fished to erase the burden of thought, to immerse himself in the moment, and to find recognition in his reflection on the surface of the water - to see there the boy he had been."

Don't worry, the book does not go overboard with this sort of thing, just enough so that you know you are reading the work of a fellow fly fisherman. And to help you remember that you are in Montana.

Bob Hanley

My First Trout in the Keystone State

I was recently invited to give a presentation on men's hunting ministries at the annual meeting of the Christian Society for Kinesiology and Leisure Studies. The meeting was in early June at Messiah College in Pennsylvania. As I read a little more, I realized that the Yellow Breeches Creek came right through campus and might allow me to catch my first trout in Pennsylvania.

I threw in a rod and some wading boots in hopes of flinging a few flies in the afternoon free times. My first outing was to the water right on campus. It was quite picturesque with an old covered bridge and a deep run upstream. I was entertained by a youth softball game being played at a complex on the far side of the creek.



I had read about this creek, which got its name from the way it turned British soldiers' white pants yellow during the Revolutionary war. I couldn't tell any difference on my bare skin! It is known for dry fly action, so I started with a



dry/dropper. After no luck I moved to deeper water and shunned the dry. My strike indicator hesitated and I was on to a good fish—much larger than I expected. As it got closer I was welcomed by a face only a mother could love.

It was some kind of sucker/carp. Felt like I was back on the Guadalupe with a Redhorse Sucker. My next two fish looked like large shiners to me. I became a little worried that the water might be too warm for trout. I moved upstream into the bottom of a riffle. I hooked up again and landed my first Pennsylvania

trout. It was a healthy 10" Brown Trout, but I was really happy to see it! I made two more passes through the run and landed a couple more shiners. I had to get back to the conference but at least I wasn't skunked!

I had the entire last afternoon free and was torn as to how to spend it since I was 30 minutes from Gettysburg. I'm a Civil War buff so I decided to head there first and see if I could get in a little twilight fishing at The Run, a famous section on the Yellow Breeches.

Gettysburg was phenomenal! Five hours was not enough. I'll spend at least a full day next time, and there *will be* a next time somehow. I did a hurried auto tour to see all the main sites, but focused on Little Round Top, where Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain's Maine 20th prevailed. This incident was featured in Ted Turner's Gettysburg film. It was small and unbelievable that the whole battle may have hinged on such a small piece of land. There was nothing small about the field that Pickett's troops crossed hoping to break the entrenched union lines and artillery. I included a picture from the union perspective. The confederate troops emerged from the far treeline and headed straight toward this location. Those were some brave men!!



I jumped back in the car and headed to the Yellow Breeches near Boiling Springs, PA. There was a small section there called The Run that had stream improvements and was supposed to fish well. When I pulled up, the water was much smaller than I anticipated. But I did see several other fly anglers which was encouraging.

I talked to one local angler who had caught one trout all day. That was *not* encouraging! But I was

there so I got my rod and headed downstream to work my way back up. I went with the dry/dropper due to the shallowness of the water. The first little run I came to blanked me. I watched two young mothers trying to keep up with two preschool boys, and was happy that they were not throwing rocks in my water. I moved up to the next little run. When I located a slightly deeper little seam my dry fly darted under the water. I caught another nice little Brown Trout, photographed it, and headed off to find the little boys to see if they would like to put the fish back for me. They did and it was really fun. The younger boy was afraid of the fish and stayed with momma. The older one waded it, but thought the fish was "too slimy". We managed to remove the hook and the fish kinda self-emancipated (like the Gettysburg allusion? ☺). I then

delivered a little treatise on the values of catch and release. It is always fun to see the spark a fish can put in a child's eye.



I fished a couple more little stretches to no avail. But I figured I had done as well in an hour as the local angler had all day so I was not complaining. Dinner and apple dumplings at a local diner topped off a great afternoon. I hope I get back to Pennsylvania soon.

Dale Connally

DESTINATION
TEXAS *Fly Fishing Expo*
Learn to fly fish the waters of Texas!

TRIP REPORT - TEXAS COUNCIL WITH A WESTERLY RETURN

The first Destination Texas Fly Fishing Expo is now history. I didn't get to do as much of it as I had hoped, but did attend for a few hours on Saturday afternoon. I started by making the rounds in the general exhibit area and spent some quality time catching up with several of our out of town members and others who were in attendance manning various booths. I also left a few dollars lighter, but with some really neat Gamakatsu barbless hooks - size 24, a "Come and Fish It" pin featuring a Guadalupe Bass and a mahogany stand for my leather tools (not exactly fly fishing, but I tool a lot of flies and fish on my leatherwork).

I was in time to attend Chris Johnson's program on Brushy Creek. As always, Chris inspired me to fish his home waters. On my next outing there I plan to fish Trout flies

more than my usual warm water stuff. Chris emphasized that Brushy Creek has a huge bug population so use Trout flies to "match the hatch."

Although I almost returned to Valley Mills via the interstate so I could fish Brushy Creek on the way, I stuck with my original plan to return home on a westerly route and headed for Llano. By the time I got there it was too late to fish and too crowded at Coopers BBQ to eat. But the next morning dawned clear and pleasant and I headed upstream to try two access points described in Kevin Hutchinson's book, *Fly-Fishing the Texas Hill Country*.

The flow of the river had obviously been bolstered by recent rains and the water was a little off color, but it was more than fishable although the fishing was a little slow. It has been so long since increased flows have been an issue that I think I have forgotten what to do or maybe the fish have. Maybe a little of both.



Even so I did catch a few little Guadalupe Bass in the fast water coming out from under the crossing. No pictures because I was waiting for something a little bigger which, unfortunately, did not happen with the Bass.

I located some slower water and as I was fishing it I witnessed a foot long Carp take something off the surface. I switched to Stimulator. The then Carp proceeded to add evidence to my theory that it is impossible to catch Carp in rivers.

I hadn't treated the Stimulator with floatant because I was in a hurry to get it onto the water. After a bit it started sinking so I fished it wet. Very soon after that I had a solid take and started fighting what I assumed was the Carp. It took a while on my old Spark's glass rod, but I finally got a look at the fish and even landed it. Not a Carp, but who cares.



I returned to some faster water and caught a nice Perch. Like all Perch, this little guy put up the fight of a bigger fish, but unlike the average Perch there was no quit. He fought longer than I have come to expect from Perch. I guess living in that fast water made him an athlete.



I plan to fish the Llano more than I have in the past. It is a unique and beautiful place to be. But then there is Brushy Creek and the Middle Bosque ranks high. So many waters, so little time.

Bob Hanley

THYME AND THE RIVER

*Recipes
from Oregon's
Steamboat Inn*

