



*The Evening*

# Hatch

THE NEWSLETTER of the MICHIGAN FLY FISHING CLUB

August 2010



*Author Ron Reinhold, sitting in picture above, said he only scratched the surface of the information in his book, "Predicting the Bite."*

## UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS

**August 11**

### **Speaker Meeting**

Dan Keifer

Caddis & Fishing Paint Creek  
Rochester Community House,  
816 Ludlow, Rochester, MI 48307  
7:30 p.m.

**August 14-21**

### **Montana Trip**

Slash E Ranch, near West  
Yellowstone, MT  
Contact: Al Haxton

**September 8**

### **Speaker Meeting**

Glenn Weisner

Glenn River Flies

Topic: Terrestrials

Clarenceville Middle School,  
Livonia, 7:30 p.m.

**September 11**

### **Au Sable River Clean-Up**

Sponsored by the Anglers of the  
Au Sable and the Au Sable Big  
Water Preservation Assn.

**September 15**

### **Board Meeting**

Clarenceville Middle School,  
Livonia, 7:30 p.m.

## Reinhold offers a crash course to predict the bite

In a presentation designed to put Michigan Fly fishing Club members "on the water when the odds are best for catching the most fish," author Ron Reinhold took July meeting attendees on a crash course to predicting the bite.

"I want to give you the ability to predict when fish will be biting and naturally feeding." To do so, he

took members on a breakneck pace through a variety of variables that affect when fish feed. Needless to say, distilling nearly 4 hours of material into barely 60 minutes was no small task.

Among the factors he touched on were botanical indicators, invariable sequences, the bell-curve distribution of insect hatching activity, and the importance of barometric pressure on both the molting activity of stream insects and crustaceans and the surface tension of the water.

***MFFC's Summer on the Road continues in Rochester:***

## **Fish Paint Creek in the afternoon, learn more about it in the evening**

With caddis and Paint Creek being the topics of the club's August 11 meeting at the Rochester Community House, what better way to get in the spirit than by spending the day fishing Paint Creek and the evening finding out more about the stream for your future forays. The Community House is located at 816 Ludlow Street in Rochester.



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## Project Healing Waters Update

Board member Mike Duchin reports that the Club's Project Healing Waters at the John Dingell VA Hospital in Detroit continue to go well. He and his group of volunteers are working on trying to organize a fishing outing for the veterans on a nearby body of water.

## Fly Fishing Hall of Fame announces its 2010 class

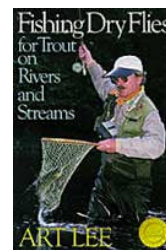
The Fly Fishing Hall of Fame has announced it will induct four new members into the hall this fall. The foursome encompasses two authors, an author/artist and an "iconoclast." They are Art Lee, John Randolph, Louis Rhead and Jack Gartside.

Lee and Randolph are the authors. Rhead is the author/artist. And who else but Jack Gartside could be the iconoclast?

Lee served as "Editor at Large" for *Fly Fisherman Magazine* and continues to write for *Atlantic Salmon Journal*, for which it is said he "has written more consecutive articles than any other fishing writer in any other magazine." In reviewing Lee's book "Fishing Dry Flies for Trout on Rivers and Streams," *Gray's Sporting Journal* said, "It is said that back in the '40s and '50s if an angler had one book on trout, it would be Ray Bergman's 'Trout.' This (Lee's) book is – shoot me if you want – a better written, more sophisticated book."

Randolph is Editor Emeritus of *Fly Fisherman Magazine*. He followed in the footsteps of his father who wrote the "Wood, Field and Stream" column for *The New York Times*. He began his own newspaper career with a Vermont newspaper and founded *The Vermont Sportsman Monthly*. He began his association with *Fly Fisherman* in 1978 and soon thereafter became its editor and publisher.

Rhead ventured to America from his native Stratfordshire, England, in 1883 and became widely known and recognized in New York City's early 20<sup>th</sup> century art scene. He gained fame for his illustrations for



Art Lee (top left), Jack Gartside (top right) and John Randolph are among this year's Hall of Fame inductees.

a number of children's classics, including "Swiss Family Robinson" and "Gulliver's Travels." He also was an avid fly angler and he devoted his literary and artistic talents to the world of fly fishing. In "The Speckled Brook Trout," published in 1902, he wrote that the fish was "the most beautiful of our freshwater fauna, the more so from its mantle of rose and violet." Among his other noteworthy books is "American Trout Stream Insects."

Gartside, it has been said, "represented the Huck Finn in all of us." While he passed away last year, his innovative fly patterns like the deceptively elegant Sparrow and his rambunctious Gurglers are known across the country and around the world. Most often they were tied on a vise clamped to the steering wheel of his Boston taxi. He told a reporter for the *Boston Globe Sunday Magazine*, "I frankly don't make much of a living but I make a hell of a life."

These newest additions to the Fly Fishing Hall of Fame will be inducted on October 9 at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum.

# Taking a kid fishing makes for great memories

by Todd A. Schotts

As I sit at my tying desk, I'm reflecting back on the year of 2009. Of all the eventful fishing adventures I went on in 2009, the most unforgettable trip involved the Memorial Day weekend, my 11-year-old nephew, trout fishing and the White River.

At breakfast my nephew mentioned he would like to go fishing. I let him know that after we finished my Mom's to-do list, we would go. If you don't know, kids around that age are not adept at waiting. All I kept hearing was: "Is it time yet?", "When are we going fishing?" and "Boy, I would rather be out fishing." (*I didn't tell him, but I would have rather been fishing, too.*) Finally, after much badgering and whining (*that was me whining*), we got our things together, loaded up my truck and headed to my secret spot on the White.

The weather was really quite warm for Memorial Day weekend, but it would be nice, especially after a cold wet Trout Opener, and the high water conditions we were having on most Michigan Rivers.

Once we arrived at the parking lot, my nephew leapt out of my truck (*it was a good thing I'd stopped*), slid into his waders and the rest of his gear before I started shimmying into my waders. (*I think he was just a little anxious.*) I looked over at my over-anxious nephew and saw that his attire was composed of many hand-me-downs: his dad's old hip waders, my old fly vest, my old hat, one of my lanyards (with all the attachments).

He decided to use his spin casting rod, because, as he told me, the last time he tried a fly rod it turned into a little bit of a mess.

"Not a problem," I thought. I figured it would be easier on me. I was wrong, but more about that later. I rigged up his spinning rod so he could use flies on it.

Knowing where we'd be fishing, I thought it would be a great idea to bring a rope to tether us together just in case conditions got a little wild, which they sometimes do in this area. I figured not bringing him back wouldn't be a good thing!

As we entered the pristine water of the White, I showed him how to read the water. His first two casts were perfect, right down the feeding lanes. He caught a couple of real nice creek chubs that he thought were awesome. After much encouragement and pleading, I finally got him to try a new area to cast his fly to – a nice bend where the current has deepened the corner into a really nice trout hole.

I had him watch as I showed him how to dead-drift a nymph through a deep run. I was almost through the hole, when, WHAM, I hooked a nice brookie.

After he helped me land the fish, I had him cast up into the hole. Almost immediately he hooked into something nice. He was so excited. His rod was bent over and the battle was on. Because the water was deeper and the current faster, I made sure the rope was tied to both of us, and after a brief fight, I helped him land a brown that tipped the tape at just over 14 inches. A photo was a must!

As I was attempting to take the picture, the fish started to slip and wiggle around. Definitely, not a good development. In a blink, my 5-foot-9-inch nephew managed to pull his uncle (*and his camera*) into the cold water. So much for the photo ... and my camera.

After regaining verticality, I showed him how to partake in the catch-and-release ethic and we returned the brown back to its righteous place in the river.

It was then that the fishing demons took hold on my nephew. He was so intense it sort of scared me.

After I caught a few more brookies, he made the acquaintance of the infamous Tree Fish. He was so worried he was going to lose his fly. I reassured him and explained, "That's why you have more flies in your fly box. And we can always tie more when we get home."

That settled, he exerted a new spirit of independence.

I had just made it back to where I had been fishing when I heard my nephew holler, "Uncle Todd! I got a big one on!"

His rod was bent over and he was doing a good job of keeping the rod tip up and not horsing the fish in. As I was wading down to him, I noticed the pressure on his rod never changed, sort of like when you hook a stump or log in the river. Unfortunately, it turned out to be a tree fish again. As I tried to unhook the tree fish -- my nephew didn't want to break his line -- I slipped and SPLOOSH! My second swim in about 40 minutes. This up-close-and-personal exposure to the White did reveal that this hole did, indeed, have a lot of stumps and logs.

After again regaining verticality, I mentioned we might want to call it a day. My nephew said it probably was a good idea, since I was spooking the fish every time I fell in.

As we headed back, he thanked me for taking him fishing and said he had had a blast. That made my day and I thanked him for going fishing with me.

When we arrived back at the house, the nice brown he caught wasn't the first tale he told. No, it was how Uncle Todd fell into the river ... twice.

Remember, taking a kid fishing always makes for great memories. Tight lines and snazzy flies.

## A little night fishing in your future? Keep these tips in mind

At June's MFFC meeting at the Royal Oak Orvis shop, Rich Merlino offered a list of tips for fishing at night. It was perfect advice for fly anglers intent on chasing big flies and big fish. But it's good for the approaching dog days of summer, too, as a little night fishing just might be your ticket to one of your best fish of the season.

So with that in mind, here's Rich Merlino's list of night-fishing tips:



*Orvis Royal Oak fly fishing manager Rich Merlino offered these tips to help night-fishing fly anglers.*

- Know your water.
- The more muck, the better the hatch. (*For the Hex hatch.*)
- Have your fly box of Hex patterns, extra leader and tippet material where you can get to it quickly.
- Short leaders in 1X are perfect.
- Trout eat below the surface before they eat on top.
- Practice your knots so you can tie them in the dark, because you will be.
- Carry an extra light source or two.
- Don't shine your light on the water.
- Close your eyes for several seconds after shining your light. Your eyes will adjust faster.
- Let someone know where you're going and that you'll be back around sunrise.
- Take along dark colored streamers and mouse patterns.
- On overcast days, hex nymphs will be more active.
- Get there early.
- Know your casting lanes.
- Find riffled sections with a pool at the end.
- The hatch moves upstream.
- Bring an extra rod.
- Watch your wakes when you wade.
- Bring some warm clothes.

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