

January 2002

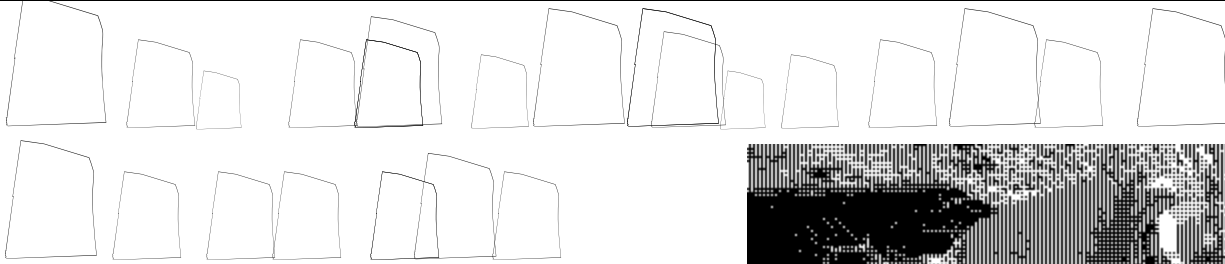


Flylines



The newsletter of the Black Hills Flyfishers

The Finest In Angling Literature



Pay up or the fish gets it.

That, and the photo at right, was the frightful message we received recently at the Flylines office complex and brewery. After drinking many beers to calm ourselves, we took a nap, drank a few more beers, and then launched into action. Since then, we have tirelessly - between fishing breaks - pursued the masked fishnapper.

This menace demands that everyone pay their Black Hills Flyfishers club dues until it hurts. If you don't, the fish "getting it" will be on your conscience, not ours.

We have been advised not to contact the authorities, and

See FISHNAP on page 2



This scoundrel is holding a beautiful trout hostage until everyone pays their dues. Pay up - it's for the fish.

Nothing Fishy About Rummage Sale

The Black Hills Flyfishers will meet at 7 p.m. Thursday, January 10, in the Bump Lounge in the Surbeck Center at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology in Rapid City.

The program? There's not a program in the traditional sense. We will host, however, a fly fishing rummage sale of truly epic proportions. Harry Slaughter, angler and commercial fly-tyer extraordinaire, has spent a lifetime accumulating a massive amount of tying material and gear. All of this will be sold at extremely competitive prices, with 10 percent of the proceeds benefiting the Black Hills Flyfishers and the fish.

"I am no longer tying for wholesale so will sell over 40 years of good buys and mistakes," Harry said. "Everything is 'bug free' and priced at wholesale or less. If you miss this sale, you'll be sorry. Bring a friend. I have enough stuff for everyone - over 500 items."

Items include:

- Bird skins
- Books and magazines

- Dubbing fur and hair
- Rods (four Sage and one Scott)
- Lead and copper wire
- Hardy Featherweight reel with two extra spools
- Yarn and chenille by the skein
- Cortland 444 fly lines
- Fly foam
- Tote & Float Kick Boat (like new)
- Rubber hackle
- Lot of miscellaneous items

If that doesn't get your spool spinning, nothing will.

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FISHNAP from page 1

we are cooperating - although word has leaked out. Both the FBI and local police authorities are at a loss as to identifying the perpetrator of this heinous act, although a late-night TV psychic Miss Cleo has identified the crime scene as being just below the Hisega bridge on Rapid Creek. We believe it may be an inside job, but that's been impossible to confirm

Rumors, of course, run rampant in sensational events like this. Former Hisega resident Mike Bartels has reported seeing black helicopters hovering over the stream at night, and some residents claim to have seen Gov. Bill Janklow sneaking through the willows with an M-16.

Even the shadowy, eco-terrorist organization known as Vigilantes for Trout made a rare public statement, promising swift and violent retribution if the fish is harmed.

2001 a good year for BHFF

The Black Hills Flyfishers had a pretty good 2001. We made strong financial contributions to several quality projects, and had a number of excellent programs to boot. Some of the year's highlights include:

- **March Speaker:** We had an outstanding program in March, hosting Livingston, Mont.-based guide Brant Oswald. He talked about the spring creeks in the Livingston area, and put on a terrific program.

- **Auction:** Every year, the biggest task faced by our organization is putting together a successful auction. As our only significant fundraiser of the year, the success of the auction dictates how much cash we can use to support conservation and other worthwhile projects throughout the year. The 2001 auction was outstanding. Auction chair Paul Stabile did a great job, as did Jim Hawke, who chaired the product committee. This was a very fun event, and financially successful as well.

- **Fencing project:** Ron Koth of the South Dakota Game, Fish and Parks Department asked us to support a fencing project below the walk-in area of Castle Creek. This was an important project and was supported by both the GF&P and the Forest Service. The Black Hills Flyfishers purchased the necessary fencing materials with



Other like-minded organizations, such as Trout First! are threatening to paint a fish on Mount Rushmore.

Contrary to the advice of law enforcement officials, it is our intent to comply with the fishnapper's demand. We don't know how long the troutnapper will be patient, and we're told he has an itchy trigger finger and wouldn't mind sending our scaly friend to the watery hereafter.

Therefore, we are counting on you. Save the fish! Pay your dues! One squeeze of the trigger and this fine specimen will be "sleeping with the fishes."

Regular membership	\$15
Contributor level	\$35

An envelope is attached to this newsletter for your convenience. Please be generous. Remember, it's for the fish. And they need you.

a donation of \$5,000.

- **Youth program:** Despite some gnashing of teeth, the BHFF got a youth fishing program off the ground. Jim Phoenix is ramrodding this project, which will be run in conjunction with the YMCA, Girls Inc., The Rapid City Club for Boys, and some at-risk youth. The BHFF purchased \$2,500 of equipment to help get the program started.

- **Kenner project:** Dr. Scott Kenner, a professor at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology, is conducting a study of the Upper Rapid Creek watershed. The point of the study is to determine the limiting factors (bog iron or other reasons) on the fishery. The BHFF contributed \$2,000 towards this study, which is also being supported by the South Dakota GF&P and the Department of Environment and Natural Resources.

- **Bies:** Work continued on the Bies property. Those who contribute to the BHFF at the "contributor" level will be provided access to what we hope becomes a premier fishery. All indications are that we will have 20-inch fish there by next fall.

- **Newsletter:** The board has worked hard to improve Flylines. You better have noticed. We have decided to go to a bi-monthly format - that's every other month for those of you who vote in Orange County. We are willing to listen to your comments - good and bad - and you are welcome to contribute fishing stories, fly patterns, or anything else. Just like fish tales, what you give us doesn't have to be true.

All in all, it was a good year and a good time was had by all. As you can see from the items listed above, your membership dues (and your auction proceeds) support some outstanding projects.

Keep up the good work, and the club will too.

Why We Fish by Bradee Beard

I was just sitting around the other day in a moment of lucidity (purely accidental, I assure you), and got to wondering: Why do we fish? After recovering from the initial shock of actually applying an appreciable amount of brain power to such a query, I managed to record on paper the fallout from my mental short-circuitry. You see, I don't have one of those palm-sized audio recorders.

After considerable eye-squinting and pate-scratching, to say nothing of the wailing and gnashing of teeth, chicken scratches were transformed into a slightly less incomprehensible form of ink-jet-generated characters on white bond. The results are as follows:

Some of us fish to fulfill the urge to commune with wild creatures which exist in a completely foreign environment. Making momentary contact with a living entity that can reside only in a world where we would quickly perish seems to hold inordinate fascination for some. Slipping the hook from a piscatorial acquaintance and returning it to its watery digs usually suffices. Mantle displays and/or ingestion of the vanquished is not necessary.

While some anglers pursue our sport with a dog-eat-dog mentality more suited to Wall Street or Texas beauty pageants, I believe more of us are in it for the beneficial effect of blocking out the pressures and concerns of the outside world. Being non-competitive, at least for your obedient scrivener, fly fishing is a great way to develop some temporary tunnel vision; concentrating on casting, mending, reading the water, matching the hatch and all the



other physical and mental activities pushes stressful visions of the workaday world out of view. Anyway, I usually end up spending less time actually fishing than I do looking at the scenery, watching wildlife, or just sitting bankside and contemplating the weather, or my navel or some other object of equal insignificance.

Spending time with old friends is one of the more tenable reasons to fish. Real, true, good friends are about as rare and treasured as an honest used-car dealer, and any time spent in their company is something to be cherished. While I frequently make the actual casting and wading a solitary pursuit, I still prefer to at least travel to and from the water with a friend. A brew or two afterward is also an activity best not entered into solitarily. I have yet to succeed in luring (sorry!) my life-long best friend, Rick, into our peculiar brand of debauchery, but as they say, hope springs eternal. I would press the case with him a bit harder, but his wife is really quite a nice person, and their three kids need the services of a full-time father. Call me a sucker and a sentimentalist, I guess.

The above having been said, it's odd to note that most fly fishers I know, at least the male ones, are married. That any woman would tolerate the peccadillos of a fly-fishing bum of a husband is quite beyond my comprehension. I suppose that goes a long way toward explaining why I am matrimonially unencumbered. Conversely, most female anglers of my acquaintance are either never married or divorced. Analysis or further comment of such observation is beyond the purview of this article (and the writer's ability).

Truth be told, there are probably as many reasons we fish as there are anglers. Then again, I sometimes think it's simply because fishing just plain beats working.

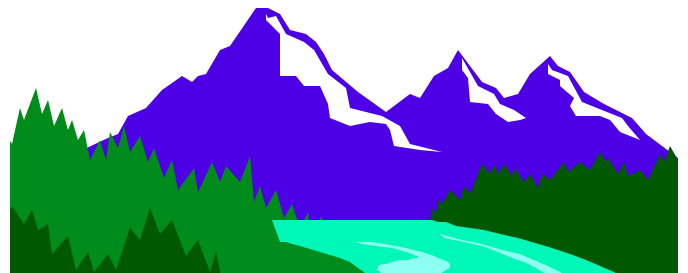
From the President's Desk By Paul Stabile

Like most of you, I have taken to the tying bench for what has become known as my winter stress reducer. I sit by the fire tying some old favorites to fill both my sons' and my fly boxes. I remember when I tied my first fly - a "pheasant tail" - and it did not look like much, but Mark Vickers assured me that it would catch fish. He was right. It did. I have since moved on to exploring and researching new "bugs," but what does this all have to do with stewardship, the topic for this message.

The Internet has become a wonderful tool for almost every thing and our interest in fly fishing was not left out. I turn to the 'Net for new patterns and news related to the sport. I discovered a web site www.yourRiver.com, and visit it often.

What do you know about the "bypass flow rule" being overturned (No, it has nothing to do with surgery) and how

it will/has effected rivers/fisheries across the country. I suggest you visit this site. As a group, we should be constantly aware of flow rates here in the Black Hills. It would appear that we should be ever more diligent in obtaining knowledge on how our fisheries may be impacted by this change. This could be a great meeting topic addressed by both the Forest Service and Game Fish and Parks.



MONKEYS from page 7

was an equally adept caster. I also learned about Ball Peen's imaginary dog named Jim, and how Ball Peen would row down the river with Jim lying on the floor of the boat, and with both Righty and Lefty booming out line like young Lefty Krehs on steroids.

Sure. I know what you're thinking. Ball Peen must have had wwwwaaaayyyy too many beers that night. Fact is, Ball Peen barely drinks at all. Amateur psychologist that I am, I just concluded that Ball Peen had spent too many days fishing, and would probably (hopefully) return to normal when the season ended.

And that, my friends, is what happened.

Ball Peen came back to the Black Hills during the winter. Although he still had a vivid imagination and a great sense of humor, I think he must have forgotten about his dog Jim, who apparently spent the winter in Ft. Smith. He had returned to a state of normalcy.

The moral of the story? It's pretty obvious to me. Don't spend 95 out of 100 days fishing. Period.

And whatever you do, don't lay in bed at night considering how great it would be to become a fishing guide. The consequences, as I've seen first-hand, can be very severe indeed.



It will be this green again. I know this is a black-and-white photo, but believe me, it's really green. Anyway, don't let winter's temperatures keep you from fishing. See the fishing report later in this issue. The photo shows Mark Vickers' family - Matt, Shelby, and Sean, walking downstream at Pactola Basin.

December meeting Old Home Week For Speaker

Kip Dean, professional guide from Ft. Smith's Bighorn Trout Shop, was our guest at the December meeting. Approximately 50 anglers turned out for Kip's slide show, which focused on the seasons of the Bighorn, the aquatic insects, and the angling opportunities that this outstanding river provides.

This was an excellent meeting, and a terrific program. Special thanks to Kip Dean for a great evening. In a clearly "rigged" raffle, Mr. Dean, who did not charge the BHFF a speaking fee, won the fingerless gloves that were given away that evening. As an extra token of our gratitude, the Flylines editorial staff also provided Kip with a case of Ultra Slim-Fast.



A Fly To Tie

From the bench of Hans Stephenson

Local Midge Emerger

Materials

Hook: TMC 2457 size 18-24

Thread: Red

Shuck: Fluff from the base of a pheasant tail

Thorax: Red Dubbing

Post: Rainy's Foam post material

Hackle: Black

Abdomen: Red Microtubing

Tying steps:

1. Cover the hook in a base of thread and tie in some pheasant tail fluff feathers at the bend of the hook for the tail. Then tie in your microtubing which will be used to form the abdomen.
2. Wrap the microtubing to the front of the hook to form the abdomen, stopping one-eighth of an inch in front of the eye of the hook.
3. Trim the excess tubing. Tie in the foam parachute post and stand it upright.
4. Tie in the black hackle, appropriately sized, at the base of the foam parachute post.
5. Wrap the red dubbing in a criss-cross pattern around the post to form a round thorax.
6. Finally, wrap the hackle around the foam post and whip finish the fly.

Fish Swim

by Steve Buchholz

He turned to look at his boy, 50 yards behind in the slow-moving stream. The rain ran off the boy's hat in a river. The front brim was creased just enough to create a funnel that made a waterfall right in front of his face. The boy squeezed his lips tight and squinted his eyes against the rain. His dad could see he was thinking about the weather and his discomfort, not the fish at hand.

His casting gave away his thoughts. He whipped the rod back and forth, the fly slapping the water ahead like a depth charge dropped from a battleship. He cast all over, ignoring a pattern that would cover all the likely spots.

The billions of raindrops created

billions of dimples in the stream and shot out pond ripples that collided and overlapped with each other.

The boy's dad thought about his own father. "Big drops close together," he always said when it rained this hard. "You can't avoid them." His dad was right about that - it was impossible to protect yourself from this kind of rain. Even with waders that stretched to his chest, a rain jacket Velcroed at the wrists, and a wide-brimmed, Indiana Jones-style hat, rivulets of water still found their way down the back of his neck. They were like the flies that always find a way into the house even when the windows are shut. The cold water sent chills through him and made him shiver. "You won't melt," he heard his old man say. It was meant to make him want to keep fishing, or at least to let him know they weren't quitting when he looked like his boy looked today. He hated when his dad said that.

He reeled in his fly, using his

left thumb and forefinger to distribute the plastic fly line evenly across the spool. He secured the fly to the cork grip, and turned and waded slowly back toward his son. He was careful to stay out the current the boy's fly should have been exploring.

"Want to call it a day?"

The boy didn't answer. He only reeled. His line in, he waded quickly, too quickly, his dad thought, to the bank. He climbed up and disappeared into the brush like a chased rabbit. His dad followed, careful not to try to stop his son. When the boy was like this, it was best to let it run its course. The man scrambled up the bank and found his son waiting on the path back to the pick-up. The boy didn't look happy, but he seemed better now that he was out of the water.

"Tough day, huh?" dad asked.

"Yeah." The answer was barely audible.

"We'll make some hot soup back at camp, get dry, and maybe try again later, if you feel up to it."

"Yeah. Maybe."

They walked through the ankle-deep grass. The forest here in south central Pennsylvania was lush. They couldn't see the stream, even though it was 20 feet away. Thick green bushes and trees of all sorts crowded together to create a wall of green that was at times nearly impenetrable. It was like looking at the Wrigley Field ivy and not being able to see the brick wall. You knew it was there, and that was enough.

They were fishing the Yellow Breeches, their favorite stream and one of the best in the state. Legend says it received its name after British soldiers' white leggings turned yellow after being washed in the limestone water. The water may not have been good for washing, but it was perfect for trout. The stream was stuffed with fat rainbows and frisky browns that took flies with gusto and offered fine insect hatches throughout the year.

He was thinking about some

of the fish they caught here in the past when the boy broke the silence.

"Dad?"

"Yeah, son."

"Do fish sleep?"

This was a good sign. The question meant the boy was perking up.

"They sure do." He wasn't sure that was true, but that didn't really matter. At least they were talking.

"Where do they go?"

"When they're sleeping?"

"Yeah."

"Nowhere. They just stay in the water. They go behind rocks, under the bank, wherever they go when they're awake."

"They swim?"

"Yup."

"Why don't they stop?"

"Fish swim, son. That's what they do."

"Oh."

The boy was quiet for a while as he thought that over.

"Do you think the fish are sleeping right now?"

"Some of them are, sure."

"Is that why we didn't catch any?"

"It's as good a reason as any."

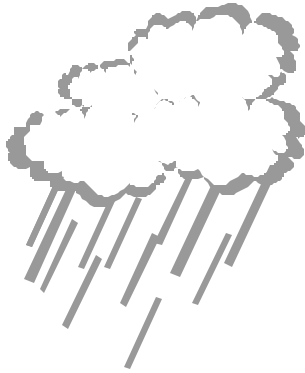
"Hmm."

Thunder boomed. The crash seemed to turn up the downpour. They couldn't see 30 feet ahead. After that, everything disappeared into a watery haze. Water splashed from under their wading shoes in fountains, but the boy had slowed his pace. He no longer was almost-running back to the truck. His mood must be improving, his dad thought.

"You know why fish are so smart?" the dad asked.

"Uh-huh."

See FISH SWIM on page 6



FISH SWIM from page 5

"They travel in schools." The boy laughed. "Geez, dad. That's dumb."

"It's not a joke. They really do travel in schools."

They both laughed.

They walked, the dad listening to the machine gun staccato of the rain on the leaves. The boy leaped into a pool of rainwater that puddled on the trail. The water splashed in all directions and rushed against his dad's

waders. The boy giggled.

We're not supposed to get these things wet," dad said, tugging at his waders. "They'll be ruined."

The boy laughed again.

The man jumped in the next puddle and coated the boy's waders with water.

"Hey!" the boy squealed. "You got me all wet."

They laughed as they walked. This is how it's supposed to be, the dad thought. He put his arm around his son's shoulder and squeezed. They

walked like that for a while.

"Dad?"

"Yeah, son."

"Let's fish."

"You sure? It's raining awful hard."

"I'm sure."

They stopped. The man looked at his son, the ends of the blonde hair that poked out from under the boy's hat were dripping rainwater.

"Why'd you change your mind?"

"We're fisherman, right?"

"You bet."

"Fisherman fish."

Angling Report

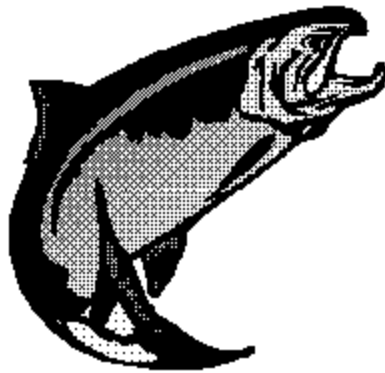
By Dakota Angler and Outfitter

It's winter, but that doesn't mean you can't fish. And we think you should, considering the folks at Dakota Angler and Outfitter went to all the trouble of researching Black Hills' fishing hotspots and sending in this report. Word has it Hans Stephenson spent a few hours casting at Boxelder Creek before realizing it was hopeless.

Now to the report.

Rapid Creek:

The recent cold weather has iced up many of the shaded areas of the creek. However, the swift flows just below Pactola have left plenty of fishable water. Small nymphs and midge pupa imitations are working well subsurface. On warmer days the fish are feeding on midge



emergers near the surface.

Spring Creek:

The water level is a bit low, and there is a ton of ice. Small Pheasant Tail Nymphs and brassies have been catching fish in the faster runs. The larger pools and still water are frozen

Spearfish Creek:

The canyon should fish well on warmer days, be careful of ice on the edges of the creek. Size 18 Rubber Leg Prince Nymphs or Copper John's fished near the bottom will pick up most of the fish. The creek should fish excellent through town (Use the same nymphs as in the canyon). Warmer days should bring some midge action. Try small Griffith's Gnats and small Brook's Sprout Emergers.

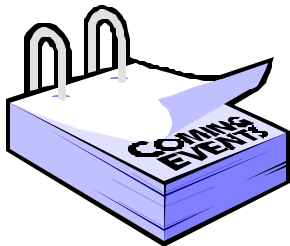
Box Elder Creek:

The creek is frozen. Bring your chain saw to cut casting paths.

Attend These Can't-Miss BHFF Events

The Black Hills Flyfishers has some excellent events scheduled for the next few months. Don't miss them.

• **Thursday, January 10:** Harry Slaughter's jumbo rummage sale. The sale will be held at 7 p.m. at the Bump Lounge in the Surbeck Student Center on the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology. All the pertinent details are in a story on Page 1 of this newsletter. This event also is the club's monthly meeting.



• **Thursday, February 14:** Monthly meeting. We'll have a good program, we just can't tell you. That. or we haven't lined anything up yet. It's your guess. Either way, you'll want to attend.

• **March:** The Big Speaker. The Board of Directors has tossed around some names, but has made no decision on who to bring in. We'll take suggestions. Call any of the Board members

with your ideas.

• **April 20:** The World Famous Black Hills Flyfishers auction. This grand annual event will be held in the Alex Johnson Hotel Ballroom in downtown Rapid City. The auction is the club's only fundraiser, so come with fat wallets and purses and be ready to spend.

Guiding's For Monkeys By Mark Vickers

Some number of years ago my good friend Ball Peen got a job at the Bighorn Trout Shop as a fishing guide. I don't mind telling you that, at the time, I was envious as hell. After all, here I was, pushing paper and talking on the phone for a living. Working too hard, and not having enough time to fish. My friend Ball Peen, on the other hand, was going to be on the river every single day, and he was going to get paid for it!

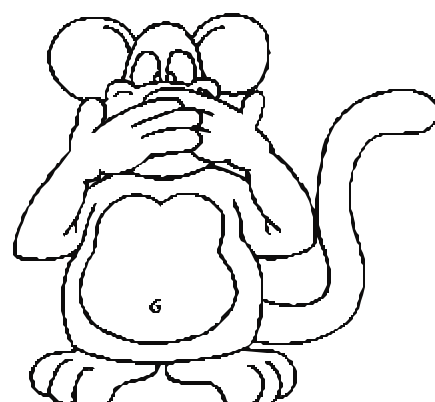
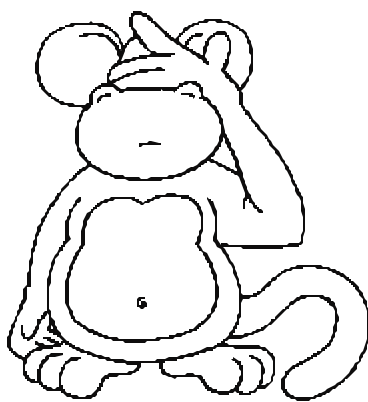
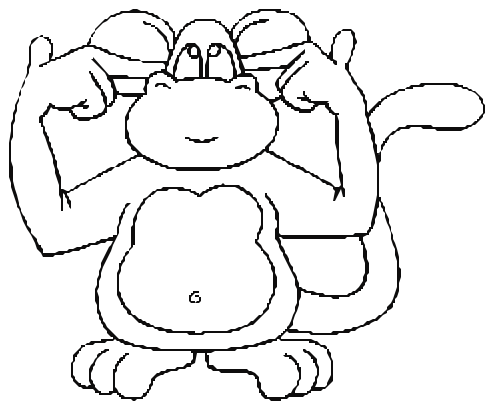
This was one of my first hints that the old adage is indeed true - life just isn't fair. Buck up, get used to it, and quit your whining. A few days after Ball Peen announced his new career, I ran into the legendary Johnny D., who was an old fishing crony of both Ball Peen's and mine.

Johnny D. had long hair and always wore a cowboy hat. He reminded me of a rock star. Not that I ever met a rock star, mind you, he just seemed to have the persona. Rock star or not, Johnny D. was legitimately depressed. He wanted to be a fishing guide too. He had called Steve and

you did was catch fish all day, it wouldn't be any fun, would it?" Let me interject that this is one the greatest "guide lies" of all time, being right up there with "you should have been here yesterday." Picture this. You just shelled out \$350 for a day on the river, and you'd be happier not catching any fish? HELLO? I'd want to hoist so many fish that I couldn't brush my teeth the next morning.

Of course, Ball Peen had a wide variety of top-secret flies that nobody had ever heard of, representing no known insect, but which at certain times were just the ticket to drag MR BIG from the depths by his lips. "I could show you this fly," he'd say, "but then I'd have to kill you." Of course, after a little jaw-boning on my part, Ball Peen would always show me the fly, but only after I swore that I would not, unless torture were involved, show it to anyone else.

Ball Peen would spend more than 20 straight days on the river before taking a day off to do his laundry and per-



Hale in Fort Smith, and told them that if Ball Peen was an acceptable guide, than he, the legendary Johnny D., would be the greatest guide to ever float the river. He implied that his clients would need to be equipped with baseball bats to keep fish from jumping right into the boat.

For some reason, though, it just didn't work out for Johnny D. There wasn't an immediate opening for him, and I think he just sort of forgot about his potential guiding career after that. This was unfortunate, for Johnny D. would have been the most entertaining guide in the United States, hands down. If he'd have just taken that first step, I really believe that he'd have become an international fly fishing celebrity.

Ball Peen? He did all of the things that guides are supposed to do. He bought a drift boat, bought a camping trailer, made friends with the other guides, and put Montana plates on his truck. He wore the "guide uniform," right down to the giant boat-net sticking out the back of his waders as he patrolled the bank, hands behind his back, trying to look interested, all the while hoping that his client would finally hook a fish before Polly's Place started serving dinner.

His motto became "I can put you on 'em, but I can't make you catch 'em." If fishing was poor, he'd say, "If all

form other chores. He was earning a certain reputation as a guide. Not only could he put you on 'em, but he was also fun to be with. His clientele grew, and he became successful in his new career.

Unfortunately, my friends, that success was not without a price. Imagine, if you will, 20 or more straight days on the water. I can tell you that after about seven straight days, you hear water all the time. You're laying in bed and you hear running water. Your dreams include running water. I'm not kidding. It's a strange but true phenomena, and I think it took its toll on my friend Ball Peen. The loss of sanity can be a slippery slope indeed, especially when it's greased by too many days on the river.

That summer I traveled to Ft. Smith, and spent the night as a guest in Ball Peen's trailer. After dinner, he told me about his pet monkey named Righty, who would stand in the bow of his boat and boom out casts longer than 100 feet. Let me be blunt. I was shocked. I could understand hearing moving water while sleeping, but a pet monkey who can flyfish? What had happened to my previously sane friend?

Righty, of course, had a twin brother named Lefty, who

See MONKEYS on page 4

The Book Shelf

Santa has come and gone, so it's too late to ask for any of the following books for Christmas, but it's not too late to use the cash from all those returned ties and other "it's the thought that counts" gifts to buy something you actually will use.

With that in mind, here are descriptions of four books that may deserve spots on your bookshelf. Flylines may be breaking several copyright laws with this feature, so we're not telling you where we found these reviews, but that's between you and us.

Trout Country

There's something about trout. Something magical that seduces unsuspecting anglers into becoming willing members of a special fraternity bonded together by a common love.

If you find yourself under this wondrous spell, or long to understand the mysterious captivation of this seemingly regular fish, then Trout Country is for you.

Uniquely focused on the fish instead of the fishing, Trout Country contains a wealth of information on North American trout species. Offering new insights into trout feeding behavior, sensory abilities, habits, and much more, this superbly written work by award-winning author Michael Furtman details everything from natural history to natural habitats, and presents thought-provoking alternatives to current practices for trout and habitat preservation.

Artfully entwined with breathtaking photography and elegant, original watercolor illustrations, Furtman's rich text reveals his passion for this fish and the trout experience.

Trout Country, more than any other book on this subject, captures the essence of this enchanting creature and all that draws us into trout country.

Understanding Trout Streams

The first chapter, "Understanding Trout Streams," helps you assess a stream's fishing potential by explaining how environmental factors, such as water fertility, water temperature and current speed, affect the number and size of trout a stream can produce. We also show you how to recognize the basic riffle-run-pool configuration of a trout stream and how to identify trout lies, so you'll spend your time fishing where the fish are. And we explain what trout eat and how they feed, so you'll know what type of fly to use.

The second chapter, "Subsurface Basics," shows you

how trout detect danger and how to approach a potential lie without spooking the fish. Then, we give you the basic information you need for selecting and presenting each type of subsurface fly. We also show you how to handle trout properly, so you can release them to fight again.

"Subsurface Fly-Fishing Techniques," the third and final chapter, details the most effective methods for fishing trout along the bottom or in the mid-depths.

Trout

In stream-trout fishing, versatility is the key to success. Trout streams undergo dramatic changes over the course of the year, and no single technique can be expected to work all the time.

In spring, when heavy rains and snowmelt cause streams to run high and muddy, fly fishing is tough. But you can still catch trout by spinfishing with small plugs, spinners and spoons. If the water is exceptionally muddy, live bait may be the only answer. When the streams subside and the water clears, trout feed heavily on insects and fly fishing yields good results.

But despite the obvious arguments for versatility, most trout-fishing literature promotes specialization. In fact, some fly-fishing books now deal with only one aspect of the sport, like nymphing. These narrow-scope books have their place, but are of little value to the angler who wants to become a well-rounded trout fisherman.

Regardless of whether your interests lie more in fly fishing or spinning, this book will show you how to catch stream trout under a wide range of conditions. We start by helping you understand trout behavior. You'll learn how trout detect danger, find food, select cover, and react to changes in weather.

Fishing Dry Flies

More people fish for trout with a fly rod than for any other type of fish. As more people join the ranks, the trout are fished for more often and become "educated." Techniques that were successful years ago often fail with these "smart" trout. This problem is further exaggerated because so many trout waters today are restricted to catch-and-return fishing. This means fish are caught more than once and will have learned from the experience.

Today, a successful trout fly fisherman needs a better understanding of trout - where they live, what they eat, and what advanced techniques will deceive trout into taking your offering. This book accomplishes the mission with superb photos, illustrations, and clearly written prose.

Flylines

Published infrequently at the editors' whim, *Flylines* is the voice of the Black Hills Flyfishers. Our editorial policy is to print the news, a portion of which will inevitably be true.

Opinions expressed in *Flylines* are those of the editors or contributors alone, and do not necessarily represent the views of the Black Hills Flyfishers. Opinions held by the Black Hills Flyfishers or its board will be clearly designated.

Comments or questions regarding this publication, or requests for additional information pertaining to the Black Hills Flyfishers can be directed to one of two newsletter lackeys:

- Mark Vickers, PO Box 8124, Rapid City, S.D. 57709. Call him at (605) 342-4769.
- Steve Buchholz, 10530 Nemo Road, Rapid City, S.D. 57702. Call him at (605) 355-9508.

The BHFF Board of Directors

Members of the the Black Hills Flyfishers Board of Directors serve three-year terms. The Board makes financial and policy decisions for the BHFF. Direct questions to any of the members. Most of them are good guys.

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BHFF annual dues are \$15 for a regular membership, and \$30 or more for a contributor level. Please make checks payable to Black Hills Flyfishers.

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Black Hills Flyfishers

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