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PICAYUNE



"NEWSLETTER OF THE NORTH FLORIDA FLY FISHERS"

NORTH FLORIDA FLY FISHERS
MAILING ADDRESS:
503 NE 9TH ST.
GAINESVILLE, FL. 32601

MEETINGS HELD:
3RD MONDAY EACH
MONTH AT THE GIRLS
CLUB OF ALACHUA
COUNTY
2101 NW 39TH AVE.
MEETINGS BEGIN AT
7:00PM

2002 CLUB OFFICERS
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John Anderson

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

Club members:

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY WILL TAKE PLACE ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 16TH. \$10.00 PER PERSON- UNDER 16 FREE. FOOD, REFRESHMENTS AND A GREAT CHRISTMAS RAFFLE. PLAN TO BE THERE AND ENJOY OUR FINAL MEETING OF 2002.

Please think about what types of programs and speakers you would like to see for this next year. We want to work on providing the most entertaining and informative meetings, and your input will help to make that happen. Please feel free to bring your suggestions to any of the Board Members (John, Jodi or Richard).

We want to thank Dana for his fly tying demonstrations of the sea-ducer, whistle-ducer and the Winn Finger Mullet Fly which he gave for the first half of the Nov. program. We also want to thank Richard for bringing in the flycasting video that we watched.

An Annual Dues increase to \$35.00 was adopted by the Board of Directors. The increase is due to the rising cost of printing and mailing of the newsletter and fees for meeting at the Girl's Club.

Donations to not-for-profit corporations, such as the North Florida Fly Fishers, Inc., MAY be tax deductible? If you are interested in donating items as charitable tax deductions and would like more information, please see one of the officers at the next scheduled club meeting!

"QUOTES"

Fishing seems to me to be divided, like sex, into three most unequal parts, the two larger of which, by far, are anticipation and recollection, and in between, by far the smallest of the three, actual performance.
-- Arnold Ginrich

" No sport affords a greater field for observation and study than fly fishing, and it is the close attention paid to minor happenings upon the stream that marks the finished angler. "
-- George M. L. La Branche



CHRISTMAS STORY



"Just then he breached the fish and as he reached down to unhook it I could just hear his voice across the stillness, "to you the river I give back this gift. "

The river and its valley were a serene change from the mayhem I had hurried to leave in the city. Christmas time does bring out the best in people - and the worst. The shuffle, chatter and angry auto noises of this seasonal infirmity faded quickly from my head and were replaced by sounds of my own deep breathing as I trudged toward the river, scattering soft snow to either side. Beadlets of perspiration dappled my forehead and my glasses occasionally misted over - a sure sign that I had spent too much time seated on the interior lakes and not enough time stretching the old waders.

There wasn't a sign of any other fisherman probably because of the new deep snow and because Christmas was only a few days away. The afternoon was shortening quickly and I could increasingly feel the descent of the late day chill. There would only be time to work my fly part way down the run. Hurrying as best I could, I finally broke out of the trees. My heart was thudding rapidly as much from anticipation of steelhead as from my exertion. The river lay dark and seemingly motionless under a sinuous low-lying wisp of frigid mist. The mountaintops down the valley to the west were now almost black, crowned by a rose hue that faded into pale yellow as I looked skyward. If this beauty was to be my only reward for the walk - no matter.

When I looked back to the run, I was astonished to see an angler there. Between my befogged spectacles and the river's mist I could only make out that his garb was dark - and that his extraordinarily long fly rod was bent into a lovely arc! "An early winter fish, and in 'my' run", I mused. The angler was too engrossed to notice me as I moved closer for a better view.

Despite the failing light I could see that this was no ordinary angler. He certainly handled the fish with a touch that few men had but it was his appearance that was astonishing. His legs were tightly clad in dark cloth- -breeches I think. A tailored coat, of the same dark material, hung almost to his knees. His short brimmed fishing hat was round and very, very tall. Straining my eyes, I could see a hatband of green and red, the only color on his person. Surely it couldn't be! But it was - a ring of holly! Just then he breached the fish and as he reached down to unhook it I could just hear his voice across the stillness, "to you the river I give back this gift".

At that moment an owl flapped in a tree beside me, diverting my gaze. When I looked back to the dark river the angler had vanished. I made my way to the river's edge hoping to find the angler's trail so I could catch up with him and congratulate him on his generosity and Christmas spirit. I was shocked! There were no prints. There was no trail leading away from the river. Nothing had disturbed the snow along the river's edge.

A small dark object on top of the white caught my eye and I picked it up. Dumb founded, I realized that what I held in my palm was the most brilliant and exquisite salmon fly that I had ever seen.

Merry Christmas to all!

(by Peter Caverhill of the Osprey Flyfishers of Vancouver, B.C., courtesy of the FFF Club Wire Email Newswire)

The Flyfisher's Classification Scheme

As you have probably realized by now, fly fishing can be a rather technical sport and the majority of fly fishers are of an intellectual nature. But they have a sense of humor, too. Nowhere is that more obvious than in the following classification scheme devised by expert fly fisherman and renaissance gentleman, John Hannah. I first saw his classification scheme posted on the wall of the Nature Conservancy office at Silver Creek near Picabo, Idaho. It brought me a much-needed smile after a day of fruitless fishing on that difficult stream. I have since had the pleasure of catching some of Silver Creek's inhabitants, and have gotten to know John, as well. He has set a fine example for the rest of us to strive for, and although he insists he is struck in Class 4, I know for a fact he is at least a Class 9.

(The following originally appeared in the September, 1983 Fly Fisherman and is reprinted here with permission.)

Class 1: Has some fly equipment in his (or her, and that is the last time I'll say or her) and has fished with it.

Class 2: Usually fishes with flies; has taken fish with two of these: poppers, streamers, nymphs, dry flies. Belongs to a fly fishing organization. Is on the mailing lists of lots of tackle mail-order houses.

Class 3: Has taken fish on flies he tied. Can tie a nail knot on the first try. Can tell species of fish from one another and can identify a mayfly from a caddisfly from a stonefly. Has fallen in a river or a lake.

Class 4: Fishes with fly only wherever possible and is pretty snobbish about it. Most of the flies he uses are ones he tied. Has fishing library of 20 books. Has given advice (helpful) to other fly fisherman. Owns a split cane rod. Has had a hook in him.

Class 5: Can double haul. Has built a fly rod from a blank. Can tie most salt- and freshwater patterns. Dyes feathers. Has fishing library of 40 books and has read them. Usually fishes barbless. Hones his hook points. Knows Lefty Kreh and Ernie Schwiebert on sight.

Class 6: Can identify 10 species of fish and 10 aquatic insects by their Latin names. Has caught a five-pound fish on a 5X tippet. Has tied a thousand flies and released a thousand fish. Has been a director of a fly fishing club. Can cast 100 feet with a 5-weight line. Can spot a rise in white water.

Class 7: Has lost most of his snobbery. Can roll cast 35 feet. Has caught most of these fish on flies: tarpon, bonefish, Arctic char, steelhead, smallmouth bass, Chinook, grayling. Owns a Jim Payne rod or equal. Uses a line dryer.

Class 8: Has built a bamboo rod from the cane culm. Has published articles or given lectures on fly fishing. Can tie classic feather wing Atlantic salmon patterns. Can tie flies without a vise and cast without a rod.

Class 9 (World): Has fished most of these rivers: Tongariro, Gacka, Chimehuin, Test, Laxa I Aldadal, Kulik, Alta, Restigouche, Spey. Has written, or edited, or done an introduction for a book about fly fishing. Has caught a 20-pound fish on a #20 hook. A fly pattern that he originated is in general use.

Class 10: Ernie Schwiebert and Lefty Kreh know him on sight.

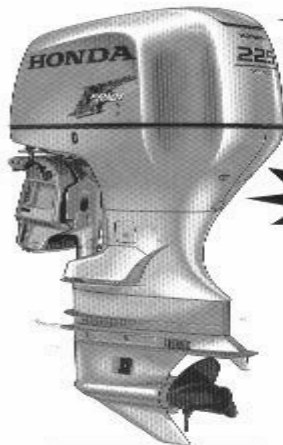
(from "Introduction to Fly Fishing" by Judy Lehmborg)



"Has been a director of a fly fishing club. Can cast 100 feet with a 5-weight line. Can spot a rise in white water."

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AND PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR. THANK YOU FOR
LETTING US SERVE AS YOUR CLUB
OFFICERS.

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