

April 2002



Flylines



The newsletter of the Black Hills Flyfishers

The Finest In Angling Literature

Auction Your Chance To Help

Rolling green hills. Knobby granite peaks. Crumbly limestone valleys. Hidden canyons only you and your family know about. Wild brook trout and kingly elk.

The Black Hills are special. You know that. It can be difficult to explain that specialness, but it's meaning is wrapped up in all those things you love

so much. There's a good chance you live here because you know this place is unique. It's why people visit.

The Black Hills Flyfishers dedicates itself to protecting that specialness, to making sure our streams and lakes stay clean, and continue to be unique and productive elements of the ecosystem of this island on the Plains.



The BIG Auction '02

A small group of conservation-minded anglers saw a problem in 1980. Black Hills streams needed help, and the government agencies entrusted with that care were left strapped for cash. The concerned anglers created the Black Hills Flyfishers to fill that void. They started an annual equipment auction to raise money for important projects that protect wildlife habitat, preserve the excellent fishing we all enjoy, and protect the way of life we cherish.

The 2002 auction is your chance to give back to the Black Hills and to the Black Hills Flyfishers. The BHFF Board of Directors distributes money to worthy projects and programs.

Our mission remains conservation, but we have a healthy social calendar, meeting speakers that educate and entertain, and host nationally known speakers at annual programs. Just as we care about nurturing waterways, we place effort and money into nurturing a new generation of conservationists through a growing youth program.

The auction is the only fund-raiser the BHFF hosts. Without it, we would be nothing more than a bunch of

See Auction on Page 2

Fish Spared, But Many Dues Overdue

Fortunately, enough of you responded to our plea for dues payments to save the fish. As you should remember, an unknown assailant fishnapped a beauty of a rainbow from Rapid Creek and threatened to do him in if dues weren't paid. He has been spared from that Colt .45 held to his head by the slimmest of margins, although we still have not identified the fishnapper. Nonetheless, there are a significant number of you that haven't made your dues payments yet.

If the label on this newsletter is printed in black, we don't show your dues as being paid. If the label is in red, our staff of accountants show that you will, for another year at least, have to endure reading this award-winning publication, and can walk proudly as a card-carrying member of the BHFF.

Please get those dues payments in, as we will take an ax to our mailing list after the auction. Dues are \$15 for a regular membership, and \$35 for the "contributor" level. Given all that we do for Black Hills stream fisheries, it is indeed small price to pay.

A membership form is included in the back of this newsletter.

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Auction from Page 1 p.m.

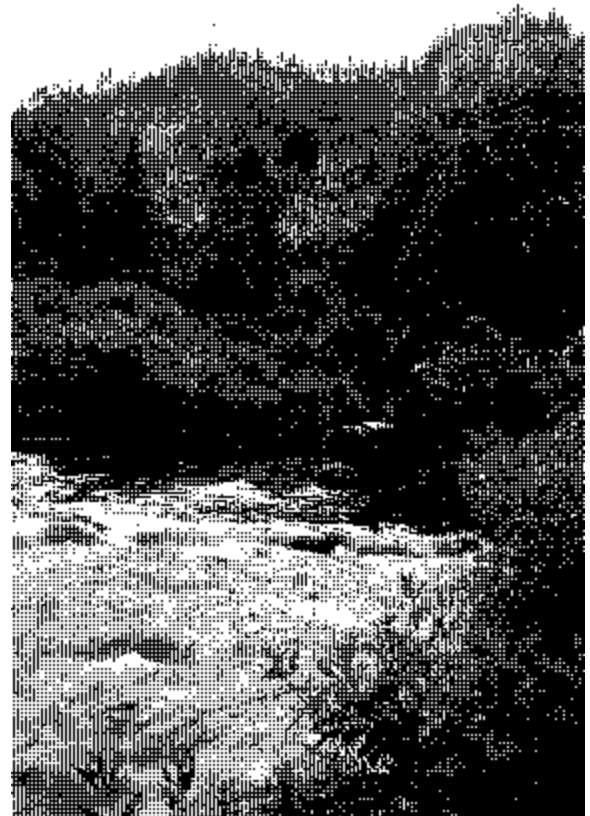
fly-fishers sitting around lying about our most recent fishing trips. And besides being important, the auction is a hell of a lot of fun.

Look outside. The sun is out, the snow has melted, and you can feel the fishing bug growing inside your heart and mind. That means auction time. The BHFF will hold its 21st annual flyfishing equipment auction Saturday, April 20, at the Alex Johnson Hotel Ballroom in Rapid City. Doors open at 5:30 p.m., and the auction begins at 7:30

Although this is not a black-tie affair, it is indisputably the social event of the year for the entire Black Hills. A cash bar will grease your wallet, and a bevy of raffles will keep you hoping.

The auction just gets better and better, and this year is no exception. You can bid on rods, reels, art, trips, flies, and all sorts of flyfishing accessories. There will be more than 100 items, sold to the highest bidder, using both a live and silent auction format.

It's a good cause! **BE THERE!!**



Love That Five by Bradee Beard

Now, right off the top, I'll grant that I don't have the broad and varied fly fishing experience most of you have. The following is based purely on my own experiences and prejudices.

I own and have owned fly rods in every weight from three through eight, and have fished with lighter and heavier rigs than that. It may be because I own more rods of this weight, or it may be that I've caught more fish on it than any other weight rod, but my absolute, all-time favorite is the 5-weight.

There is no question that, in some circumstances, I will be "under-" or "over-gunned" with a 5-weight. Tossing a micro-sized popping bug to bluegills with a 3-weight is about as close to a perfect combination that I can think of. In a float tube, sitting on a Black Hills lake catching these little lunkers is a wonderful way to while a day. However, lakes in South Dakota, combined with summer days, means one thing - wind. Using 5-weight makes for a lot less casting effort.

I have yet to have the pleasure of fishing for salmon and sea trout, so for now, my greatest joy is fishing for steelhead. I may be Irish and Norwegian, but even with that handicap, I know it would be foolish in the extreme for me to try for steelhead with a 5-weight. That's where my 8-weight stick comes in. However, since steelhead are indeed a rarity in South Dakota (as in, there ain't none), the old 8-weight spends most of its time in my closet. Only once every three or four years, when I travel to the Pacific Coast, does it see the light of day. Oh, well, I try to look on the bright side. In 20 or 30 years, I'll be able to advertise it for sale as "a true antique, hardly ever used, mint condition." The way things are now with fly tackle, I'll probably be able to sell it for more than I paid for it.

One- and 2-weight rods just seem to be too extreme for

me. I've heard the arguments about being able to make more delicate presentations to skittish fish, but as a counter, I always wonder how such light rods and lines could cast a fly any larger than the period at the end of this sentence. At the other end of the scale, 9-weight and heavier rods are not in my inventory, strictly for practical reasons. I have nothing against them, just no need for them for the fishing I do.

I've always subscribed to the fly fishing equivalent of "beware the man who uses but one gun." If you use one weight of rod all or most of the time, you become intimately familiar with what it can and can't do. Other than my very first fly rod, a fiberglass monster with about much flex as a broom handle, my standard has been the 5-weight. I know that if an extra-delicate approach is needed, I can lengthen my leader with two feet of 7X, and not lose a terrific amount of daintiness. If large weighted nymphs are the order of the day, I can cut back to 4X, open up my casting loops and slow my stroke and get by just fine. And I can do all this without having to go back to the car to change systems or carry two (or more) rods in the boat. Anyway, I've always figured the only sure way to avoid stepping on a spare rod in the boat is to have it in your hand, casting with it.

After all this carrying on against all non-5-weight rods, you may be asking yourself, "why does this guy own anything but 5-weights?" Well, I guess I just figure you can't eat steak every meal!

EDITOR'S NOTE: We at *Flylines* want to thank Bradee for the creel-full of articles he provided to this publication. They are well-written and interesting, and they always fill the inevitable hole that emerges.

From The President's Desk By Paul Stabile

Like most of you, I have taken to the tying bench for what has become to be known as my winter stress reducer. I sit by the fire tying some old favorites to fill both my son's and my fly boxes. I remember when I tied my first fly a "pheasant tail." It did not look like much, but Mark Vickers assured me that it would catch fish, and 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 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, and 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 for both the Forrest Service and Game Fish and Parks.



Jacklin Shares Love Of Fishing

On March 9, the BHFF hosted Bob Jacklin of West Yellowstone as our "big speaker" for 2002. What a show. What a gentleman. Those of you that didn't make any of the three presentations really missed an outstanding program.

The day started at Dakota Angler and Outfitter with a fly-tying demonstration. Bob was recently recognized by the Federation of Fly Fishers as the recipient of the Buz Buzsek award, which is the most prestigious award in the world of fly-tying. Those who attended not only learned the techniques used by Jacklin on a variety of Yellowstone patterns, but were given their own fly as a memento.

From there, it was off to the Civic Center for a casting seminar. As usual, the weather didn't cooperate, making it impossible to use Memorial Pond. Therefore, the entire program was presented in a classroom setting. I have seen a lot of good casters, and several good casting instructors.

Bob is a competitive caster, and I can honestly say that his casting program was the best I have ever seen. Useful information presented in a non-technical manner, with a lot of enthusiasm. It was outstanding.

We ended the day at The Journey Museum, with a slide show on the angling opportunities in Yellowstone. This too, was outstanding, and provided a lot of useful information for those who enjoy fishing this region.

Many thanks to Bob Jacklin for a truly memorable day. It was obvious that he truly loves fly-fishing, fly-tying, and spreading the joy to others. Listening to him ignited winter-dormant passions in many who attended.

Look for the guided Yellowstone trip donated by Bob Jacklin at this year's BHFF auction, scheduled for 7:30 p.m. Saturday, April 20, at the Alex Johnson in downtown Rapid City.



That's concentration. A new inductee into the joy of fly-tying focuses during the BHFF youth program. Board member Jim Phoenix has done great work running it.

A Fly To Tie

From the bench of Hans Stephenson

Featured Pattern: Miracle Midge

Materials:

Hook: Tiemco 2488 sizes 18-22

Thread: Black 10/0 or 12/0

Rib: Extra fine gold or silver wire

Bead Head: Spirit River X-small pearl glass bead

Thorax: Peacock Ice Dub

Tying Procedure:

1. Put glass bead on the hook and slide up behind the eye.
2. Tie in wire and secure to the hook shank by wrapping a solid thread base back to the bend.
3. Wrap thread back towards the bead, making sure to cover the hook shank with thread.
4. Rib the thread body, and tie off the wire.
5. Dub a small thorax behind the bead.
6. Whip finish and fish.

BHFF Needs Help With Rapid Creek Clean-up

As scheduled, the Rapid Creek cleanup is finalized for April 13, from 9 a.m. to noon. Since the BHFF has agreed to help with this effort through the youth group, there is a need for additional adult help. Jim Phoenix needs bodies on at the boat ramp (parking lot) Canyon Lake at 8:30 a.m. to help with the kids. He has had a few sign up at the fly shop, but that isn't enough.

One change is that no young ones in the creek (city regs) but they can work along the banks. Our area is from the west end of the lake where the stream enters west past

the fish hatchery. This section of stream will be broken into sections and each group of kids with adults will be given a section to clean that can be completed in the 9-12 time frame.

We need adults with cell phones so in case of emergency, we can get help. The city will furnish the trash bags and I will use my pickup and trailer to haul the stuff we can't put in bags. Those helping should wear long pants, heavy shoes or waders and gloves.

Call Jim Phoenix at 341-0088 to volunteer.

Carp Fever

by John Devlin

Unfortunately, upon my arrival at the Bighorn river this past September I found that the lake had “turned over.” This disgusting phenomena had performed its dirty deed the day before, leaving the water saturated with slime. Fishing was slow. Fishing was dead. Fishing was boring. The timid, shy, bashful fish were hiding out lest a big slime ball of moss and sticks destroy them and their loved ones.

At one point while changing flies I look up, prior to trimming my tag end, and observed a floating island of impressive proportions on a collision course with my position in the current. It was either wade out of the path of the oncoming debris (presently a new county next to Hardin), or become a Montana resident. Permanently.

It was a beautiful, warm, late summer day, and after driving most of the day before I wasn’t easily discouraged. However, finally frustrated, I packed up and drove to the Trout Shop in Fort Smith where I found Bighorn river guide extraordinaire and personal friend, Kip “Snookie” Dean. Note I mention his name only so you’ll look up to me.

As could be expected, I found my friend engaged in lively exchange on the merits of the maribou streamer that Steve, owner of the shop, was tying. Gainfully unemployed. I guess most prophets fail to have their potential fully realized and appreciated while living. Except for Elvis. Dressed in khaki shorts, sport shirt, and slip-ons, his weathered skin bronzed, he continued his rhetoric probably hoping I’d go away.

After consider whining, various moaning, and a few tears about the river conditions Kip asked me, “Wanna go up on the lake?” I remember thinking, what for? You already have a golden tan. Instead I answered, “Sure, that would be interesting.” It was then I realized a bizarre yet subtle change in the man’s psyche that frankly scared the bejeebers right out of me. Where do the bejeebers go once they are scared right out of you? Have you ever seen a bejeebers? “We can take the boat up there, and look for rising carp!”

Well there it was. My nightmare. Worse yet, I looked too healthy to claim my sudden illness would prevent my taking fresh air. I knew he’d only offer to row if I burdened him with my ruptured disc history complete with bone and CAT scan results. See it even bored you, in short form.

I’d known for years that certain select, often celebrity status fly fishing souls had found themselves looking like love slaves during a police raid while explaining carpfishing. They often stare at the floor while offering, “the reservoir is 450 feet deep, and these carp are forced to feed on dry flies or risk certain implosion sucking scum from the bottom.”

“Oh, now I see. That’s what makes them valuable,” I

questioned God.

You see, flyfishing for me is an actual spiritual experience nearly all of the time. He did not answer my question. Kip did. “It’s really fun! They kind of snorkle around and after you determine which way they’re going you cast your bug in their path and sometimes they take it.”

“Do they fight?” I asked, happy to learn they only “sometimes” took it.

“Yeah, they’ll strip you to your backing two, three times.”

“Do you have to cast far?” hoping to claim weakness in reaching the fish with my six weight Sage rod.

“No. Forty, 50 feet maybe. Sometimes they come close to the boat.”

Lucky me.

Launching the McKenzie boat I noticed several large carp hanging around the boat dock. “There’s some!” I hollered. Yeah, but they’re too hard to catch. Everybody casts to those carp.” Smart carp? How smart can a carp get? One third as smart as a smart bomb? As smart as a hammer? We’ll go up to those rocks and look for rising fish.”

Immediately upon crossing the bay Kip yelled “There’s one!” And sure enough, my eyes found the barely discernable “snorkle” working the surface about sixty feet away. “Cast to him! Cast to him!” I placed my fly promptly behind the fish. “In front of him!” Kip yelled. “How do you know which way he’s going?” Seemed to me like the thing was circling, obviously dizzy, lacking even vague intelligence.

“Watch him! Six feet left of where you’re at!” Blindly, I picked up my fly and placed it six feet left, where I waited, and waited, and KAPOW! The fish slammed the bug and exploded on the surface like the Fourth of July. What followed was a fight becoming any species of game fish. The fish raced deep, really deep, bringing me to the backing time and again. I could not have believed that fly fishing for carp could be this exciting! This challenging!

Our next fish was even further than the first and was with a companion. The first effort ignored, I tried again a little to the left and (YES!) he took it and exhibited the same strength and repeated the same survival strategy. A snakey nineteen inch rainbow. Rainbow? Why would a rainbow take a size 16 Renegade? Catching a trout on this lake is virtually unheard of. Kip recounted only one other rainbow taken on the lake that summer while carp fishing.

I felt lucky as I released the fish. Kip made me feel ashamed. Later I’d feel guilty and embarrassed, having diluted the sport of carp fishing. Again and again that afternoon we would search for the snouts and complete for the attention of this elusive creature.

See Carp Fever on Page 6



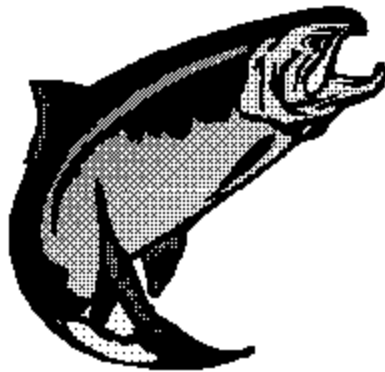
Former Rapid City resident and current Lincoln Journal Star reporter Mark Andersen casts about on Rapid Creek during a fine summer day a few years back. Rumor has it that one of Flylines editors became friends with Mark because this piece of water flowed behind Mark's house. The editor denies the charge.

Angling Report By Dakota Angler and Outfitter

If you're like me, this time of year is full of anticipation. I check Box Elder Creek every couple days, hoping my favorite stretch is clear of fish-hiding ice. It's almost there, but in the meantime, I probe the open water I can find in the Black Hills.

Here's the report, courtesy of Dakota Angler and Outfitter.

Rapid Creek: Rapid Creek continues to be the most productive body of water. The majority of the fishing has been done below Pactola Reservoir. Midge hatches have been beginning around 11 a.m. Try glass bead head midge pupa just below the surface, or a Brook's sprout emerger in the film. (sizes 20-22). When nymphing, small flashback Pheasant Tails trailed by a size 20 midge larva imitation are working



well. Also, be on the lookout for Baetis and little black stones. Both have been hatching sporadically.

Spring Creek: Spring creek is thawing. Very little fishable water, but this should change with the coming warm weather. Baetis hatches should begin after the thaw.

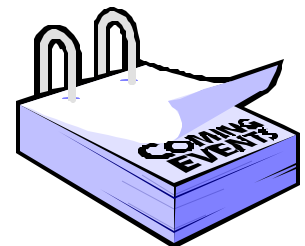
Spearfish Creek: Try size 18 Rubber Leg Prince Nymphs or Copper Johns near the bottom. Streamer fishing has been good with mohair leech patterns and woolly buggers. Baetis hatches are on the way. Size 18 comparaduns and Brook's Sprout emergers are a sure bet on top. Size 18 flashback Pheasant Tail nymphs in tandem with red midge larva imitations are working well on the bottom. Midge hatches have been fairly thick. Near the end of the hatch the fish have been feeding on midge clusters. Griffith's Gnats in size 16-18 have been taking several fish.

Box Elder Creek: Box Elder creek is frozen over. Very little fishable water. The warm weather ahead should thaw the majority of the creek soon.

Attend These Can't-Miss BHFF Events

• **Saturday, April 20:** 7:30 p.m., Alex Johnson Hotel Ballroom. The **BIG** auction. Don't miss it!

• **Tuesday, May 9:** 7 p.m., Surbeck Center, South Dakota School of Mines and Technology. Regular membership meeting. Program TBA.



Carp Fever from Page 5

When the fish became slow to take the Renegade, I changed flies to the double Coachman fly my friend, who shall remain nameless, Larry, said simulated two coachmen engaged in sex. Hopefully, it's actually a coachman and a coachlady. But I'm not sure. Just hopeful. The offspring are not blessed through marriage.

Below the shadowed limestone cliffs of the Bighorn Canyon, against the water line, we noticed several snouts working. After careful planning I placed this obscene, possibly derelict, (you see, I'm beginning to suspect there isn't a coachlady) pattern, in front of the curious, probing snout. The fish was coming, coming, yes! "He's balancing the bug on his nose!" I exclaimed. And sure enough he did, giving the bug a ride on his nose, right before he tubed it! Again, a battle of epic proportions.

When evening came I found the muscles of my right forearm strained from fighting the fish that day. We landed and released nearly 12 fish in less than four hours.

Not long after we began fishing, another boat launched on the glassy surface. Another Bighorn guide, who shall remain nameless, Hale, brought two clients to fish carp, and this boat had all the thrills we did, evidenced by hooting and hollering and laughter like you'd hear sometimes down on the river when someone hooks a big brown or bigger rainbow for the first time.

Carp fishing with a fly rod is growing as a sport on this lake amongst many of the guide and many of their clients and friends. There is even a carp tournament, where boats sporting 55 gallon Rubbermaid live-wells vie for the coveted Carpin' trophy presently on display at the Bighorn Trout Shop in Ft. Smith, Montana. And a proud day indeed when an angler fortunate enough to kiss one of these six

pound beauties on the lips can wash the slime from his face and hands, and relish his prized trophy to the complete consternation of his fellow competitors.

This winter three friends and I will fashion our own driftboat from a kit in a secluded garage. Somewhere. While we all envision countless float trips on western trout streams, secretly I dream of sneaking the boat up to the lake in search of rising snouts. Sometime this winter when the snow blows and drifts I'll sit at my bench and tie new and improved patterns simulating oversized, oversexed, pornographic illustrations of perversity not yet known to mankind.

Next summer I'll loiter around the Ft. Smith fly shops in hopes of discovering another like me, with a taste for the bizarre. If you look, you'll see them too. Their minds seem to wander, while they have trouble focusing on objects. Their speech becomes slurred by about noon each day. They say things like "the bugs probably won't hatch today, on the river." "The fish are getting smaller." "Too many boats on the river." "I hate dredging the bottom with worms or scuds."

Beware, my friend, you too could be one of the proud, the few, the brave. A purveyor of obnoxious. A vessel of slime in the temple of flyfishing. But hey, everybody's got to be something. If it gets out of hand, I'll just say no. It worked good on my other problems. With therapy, I could still lead a normal life. I won't do it as much as Kip. He really has a problem. He's got carp fever. It's his fault, after all, that I have this obsession. This compulsion. This disease! It's his fault! Not mine! He's the one we should get! He doesn't have a family to protect. Like me. I don't even think he's married.

Sorry, Kip, I really tried to stick up for you, but they were animals about this carp thing. Vicious.

Black Hills Flyfishers Publishes Brochure

The Black Hills Flyfishers recently designed and published a full-color brochure that will be used to raise money and to recruit new members.

The brochure outlines the history of the club, its mission, and how it goes about accomplishing that mission. It required a lot of work, but we think it was worth the effort. We believe the brochure will increase the number of amounts of cash donations the club receives. Those dona-

tions will help offset the club's expenses for auction items. That means more cash in the club's pocket at the end of the night. We also will give the brochure to prospective club members, so they can learn more about us before forking over our exorbitant membership fees.

If you would like copy of the brochure, contact Mark Vickers or Steve Buchholz. Find their numbers on the final page of this newsletter.



The Book Shelf

The great thing about fly-fishing is that you can always learn new stuff. Books are a great way to explore new techniques, exotic and not-so-exotic locales, and to delve into the romantic side of our sport.

With that in mind, here are descriptions of a few steelhead books that may deserve spots on your bookshelf. One of the editors just returned from a Great Lakes steelhead trip, and is close to entering a 12-step plan to wean himself from the excitement.

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.

Fly Fishing for Salmon and Steelhead of the Great Lakes

Finally, a book that shares the whole truth on Great Lakes fly fishing techniques with refreshing honesty.

Fly Fishing for Salmon and Steelhead of the Great Lakes is the first book to present a complete panorama of fly fishing strategies for locating, hooking, and landing the migrant salmon and steelhead of the Great Lakes tributaries.

This comprehensive, entertaining guide casts light on opportunities and techniques for the fly fishermen lured to rivers in Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Ontario, New York, and Ohio. Fly Fishing for Salmon and Steelhead shares insightful stories and comments from many experienced fly fishing guides. It is the first book to cover the non-traditional-but tremendously successful-Great Lakes fly fishing techniques. Each chapter contains charts, photographs, and anecdotes to clarify the methods described.

A native of Michigan, author Kenn Filkins has fished all over the Great Lakes region, and has caught steelhead in every month of the year. He has spent the past six years researching the most productive fly fishing techniques of successful guides throughout the Great Lakes rivers.

Mist on the River

As he says in the prologue to his book, Michael Checchio likes his fly-fishing on big western rivers where there are lots of mountains to look at, and where the steelhead don't come out of a hatchery but are born as nature intended, in the cold gravel of a clean stream. He finds all this and more up in British Columbia on his search for some of the last great runs of wild steelhead left on earth.

Steelhead, the great sea-run rainbow trout of the Pacific Northwest, have long been sought by fly-fishermen. To

Checchio, they have become a powerful symbol for the last of the wild in the Pacific Northwest and are to the Northwest what lions are to the Serengeti. And like their cousins, the salmon, they are among the species of fish most threatened by the modern world.

A passionate fly-fisherman, Checchio discovered steelhead when he moved to the West Coast a little more than a decade ago. Fishing for ever diminishing returns of these magnificent fish in the rivers of northern California and Oregon, he dreamed of faraway waters in Alaska and Kamchatka, where he might find the last strongholds of wild steelhead remaining on the planet. Finally, he was able to take a dream vacation north to experience for the first time the steelhead Valhalla awaiting the fly-fisherman in British Columbia.

Michael Checchio has been praised by the fishing community as a passionate writer on the plight of the great outdoors and the steelhead trout. But this book is not written just for the fly-fishing fraternity, but rather to the general reader who has a love of nature and the outdoors, and a deep interest in the fate of wildlife and the future of the environment. Checchio's personal steelhead journey leads him on a quest toward rivers and landscapes ever more pristine and wild, providing illuminating sights and thoughts along the way.

Steelhead Fly Fishing

"Not only beautiful, but the most all-encompassing compendium of truly valuable information on steelhead and steelhead fly fishing ever written. This will be the masterwork to which all future books must be compared."

-- Jack Hemingway

This full and brilliant book is the classic on fly fishing for steelhead trout. It is the culmination of a lifetime of study by the world's finest writer on the species, and offers practical advice on all aspects of the sport. There are exceptional chapters on the fish itself, the tackle and techniques used to pursue it under diverse circumstances, and such great steelhead rivers as the Deschutes, the Dean, the North Umpqua, the Bulkley, the Rogue, and the Babine.

Memorable profiles detail the modern masters and the fly patterns they developed, with a color insert and black-and-white photographs throughout.

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.

Paul Stabile, President, 343-7864

Bradee Beard, 343-9457

Jeff Burns, 343-2800 (office)/343-9732 (home)

Bill Coburn, 642-7234 (home) / 642-7741 (office)

Mark Vickers, 342-4769 (home)/342-7676 (office)

Ev Hoyt, 343-2707 (home)/721-2397 (office)

Steve Buchholz, 355-9508 (home)/394-6082 (office)

Jim LaFreniere, 341-5813

Harvey Crow, 343-5416

Charles Lamb, 642-9577 (home)/642-6026 (office)

Jim Phoenix, 341-0088

Black Hills Flyfishers Membership Application

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

E-mail _____

BHFF annual dues are \$15 for a regular membership, and \$35 or more for a contributor level. Please make checks payable to Black Hills Flyfishers.

Our address:

Black Hills Flyfishers

PO Box 1621

Rapid City, S.D. 57709

The fish thank you

Black Hills Fly Fishing

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