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**FEB. 2022**

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## **PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE**

Well . . . as we try to sort out feelings that rise due to circumstances, we still must “go on”. While mourning the loss of a member (see the obituary for Al Sillonis which is included in this issue), we still look forward to our future as a club. With pleasure, we welcome several new members, looking forward to adventures and learning together:

Royce Stearns  
David Bingen  
Amy Taylor  
David Lewis  
Rebecca Lewis

I hope you all can find opportunity to meet them soon, and include them in our activities.

At our upcoming meeting on the 8th, there will be opportunity for anyone to voice questions about anything to do with fly fishing. So expect a host of differing opinions from various “experts”.

Mr. Perkins, our resident fish biologist, plans to be there early, for a fly tying demo. Some confusion exists as to which fly(s) he will be featuring (my fault), so come expecting a surprise.

The fly pattern he has planned for the tying session at the library on 15th is the Royal Coachman Trude, which is one which figures in my past, so I did some “research”. An entry in a 1978 book by Bob Wilson and Richard Parks states the “the original fly of the Trude series was apparently created as a jest by Carter Harrison in 1903 on the Trude Ranch in Idaho”. The combination of red rug fuzz and hair from a spaniel “produced a fly too good to remain a joke.” (I found an 1948 newspaper article that reported the sale of the “D.P. Trude ranch in the Island Park country”).

Sixty-odd years later, as a 11yr old, I asked the owner of the Midway Shop, to choose some flies to go with my new tapered line purchase. As he was picking flies out of the wooden bins, his partner, on hearing that I was planning to fish Battle Creek, came over and strongly suggested a pattern which looked different: the wing was crooked, bent backward. So I bought a pair each of six patterns. I returned a couple of weeks later with one remaining, bedraggled, specimen, intent on obtaining several more of the down-winged flies, as the rainbows had shown a distinct preference for it, and I learned it was a “Trude”.

If you have found a place to fish that doesn't involve drilling holes, please come to the meeting with a report. If not, how about ideas were we can plan some group outings once the sun comes back.

*Bruce*





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## **Diana Wright (Al's Daughter)**

We lost my dad this week.

If you live in NE Oregon or SW Idaho, you might have seen the various Facebook posts, newspaper articles, Boise TV news reports, or heard a radio report. If not, you can Google, his name and be overwhelmed with information. The short story is he went fishing, somehow ended up in the river, and could not have survived. One benefit of the publicity is that renowned recovery experts Gene and Sandy Ralston reached out and graciously offered their services to try and recover him. Their search will begin late next week. While I know it would bring great comfort and closure for my mom, sister, extended family, and friends to find him, I cannot help but think that dad is at peace either way, as am I. He wanted to be cremated and I think some if not all his ashes would have been spread off the same dock he fell from.

By some miracle, strange coincidence, bizarre twist of fate, a couple from Weiser took a drive down to Hells Canyon on Monday and took this picture at 2PM. (Next page) Not knowing what had happened, on Wednesday they showed it to their neighbor, who happened to be in dad's fly-fishing club. At first glance, it seems just a picture looking down river. It is easy not to notice the truck parked behind a tree or the figure at the end of the dock. That figure is my dad, and he was fishing. This is the last picture we will ever have of my dad. It has helped in so many ways to see this picture because we know that whatever happened, he was doing what he loved. As Dave said to me – the man doing what the man does.

My dad was many things. He was a husband and father, a brother and uncle, an ardent supporter of high school athletics, a friend to many and a stranger to none, because he talked to everyone who crossed his path, regardless of whether they wanted to or not. Author of the coveted Grumpy Al's I Hate Onions Cookbook. And he was a fisherman. During the time between when he and mom retired, he created a map of the Pacific Northwest on an entire wall in their house. He plotted out circles around various towns and researched every lake, reservoir, pond, puddle, river, creek, stream, or trickle of water in those areas to determine where the maximum amount of fishing could be found. Although several other places were in contention, they eventually decided on Weiser to be closer to family, and it certainly provided a plethora of fishing opportunities. He had a special gas tank installed in the boat so he could go all the way to the end of Owyhee reservoir and back. My dad was a fisherman.

He joined the Indian Head Fly Fishing club and made great friends. One gentleman from the club kept a journal and my dad followed suite. Starting in 2007, he recorded every day he fished and every fish he caught and started including the fishing report in the Christmas letter. For those family and friends lucky enough to receive those Christmas letters, the annual fishing report has become a thing of legend. Dad had started slowing down the last few years and was not fishing quite as much. The last report was a little shorter. For those that did not receive one I will share it now.

(Editor's note: For those that missed it in the last issue of this newsletter, I have included it on the following page.)



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## Al's 2021 Fishing Report

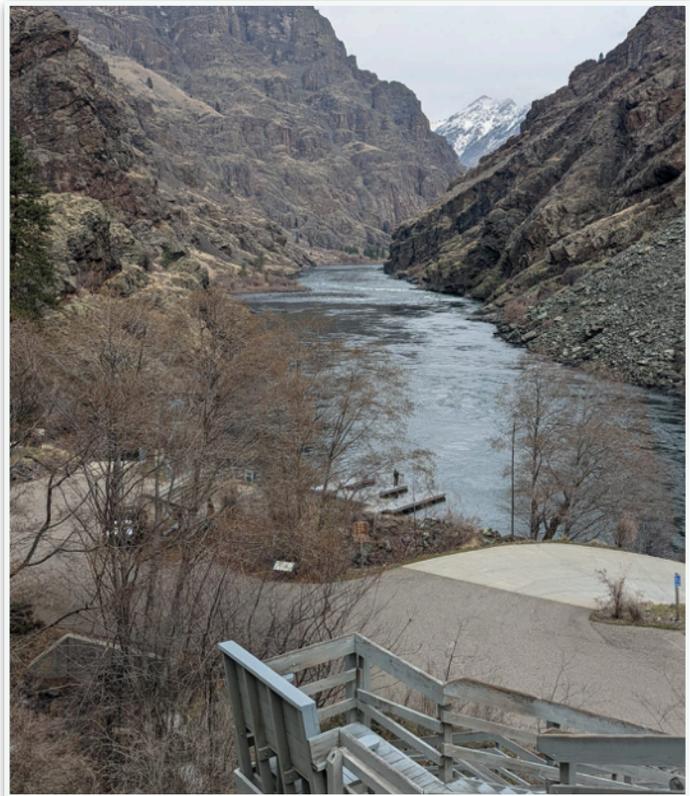
HO! HO! HO! Merry Christmas & A Happy and Prosperous 2022 from the Crazy Man!

I know you have all been waiting. So here it is. The annual FISHING REPORT! My records are from Dec. 1, 2020 to Nov. 30, 2021

I fished 55 days and caught 886 fish which averaged 16 per day. I got skunked 4 days. Drove my pickup 8,439 miles. I also rode with other people a few times. I fished by myself 39 days. I like my own company. I fished 16 different locations and with 8 other people. I caught 9 species of fish. Small mouth and rainbow made up 82%.

574 fish were caught on a fly rod for 65%. 373 small mouth bass - 42% with some on flies but most on plastic. 356 rainbows - 40% all on flies. I caught 2 fish on bait.

Going through 14 years of my fishing journals, I have found that I catch very few fish in December, January, February and March, so I spent more time doing jigsaw puzzles than fishing. Besides, it's cold out there. This year we did 60 puzzles, mostly 1,000 piece ones. 53,000 total pieces.



Now with my fishing and our puzzles is that not Crazy!

The Crazy Man Al



# FEB. 2022



Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1 Board meeting Idaho Pizza 7:00 p.m.	2	3 Breakfast 8:00 am Los Chipenos	4	5
6	7	8 Meeting 7:00 p.m. Idaho Pizza	9	10 Breakfast 8:00 am Los Chipenos	11	12
13	14	15 Fly tying, Weiser Library 7:00	16	17 Breakfast 8:00 am Los Chipenos	18	19
20	21	22	23	24 Breakfast 8:00 am Los Chipenos	25	26
27	28	25	26	27 Breakfast 8:00 am Los Chipenos	28	1 March
2	3	4 Board meeting Idaho Pizza 7:00 p.m.	<b>For Lease - Navidad</b>			

Remember: There will be fly tying at the Weiser Library this month. Ray Perkins will lead the group

Board meeting every first Tuesday of the month. Everybody is welcome at the Board meetings.

Regular meetings will always be at 7:00 at the Idaho Pizza on the Second Tuesday of the month

### Dues do the Month:

- Janet Baker
- Denny Fields
- Mike Stanton
- Mike & Diana Thomas
- Jack Wassard
- Jascha Zeitlin

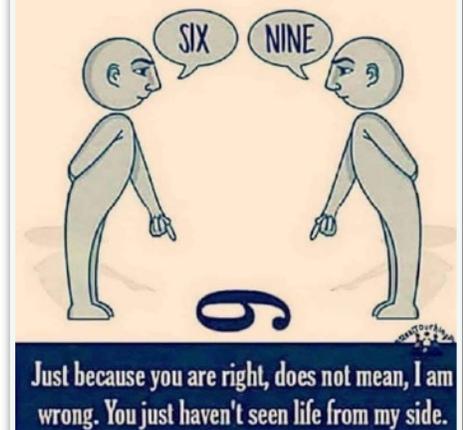
## On the Lighter Side



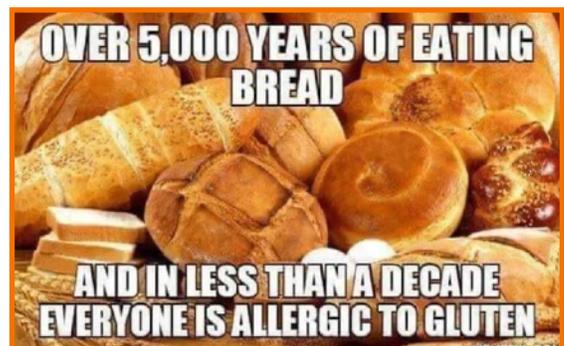
**NO I CAN'T DO SNAPCHAT  
OR TIKTOK BUT I CAN WRITE  
IN CURSIVE, DO MATH  
WITHOUT A CALCULATOR  
AND TELL TIME ON A  
CLOCK WITH HANDS.**

A guy walks into a lumberyard and asks for some two-by-fours. The clerk asks, "How long do you need them?" The guy answers, "A long time. We're gonna build a house."

This is one of the realist things I've read...



They're cute and look harmless but there are loud, incredibly expensive to keep and absolutely untrainable!  
The other one is a kangaroo. I don't know anything about kangaroos....



Editor's note: Since no one contributed jokes for inclusion in this month's *NewsCaster*, you are stuck with what I consider humorous. There is only one way to change that....