



DOWN

A New Rise In Fly Fishing

Bella Vita

N°15.1
Spring 2015

Casting for Recovery presents the 3rd Annual

Cast One for Hope

an exclusive single-fly event on the legendary **Bitterroot River** to benefit women with **breast cancer**.

October 2-3, 2015
in Hamilton, Montana

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For tickets and details visit castoneforhope.org

Casting for Recovery
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Casting for Recovery is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization. Event proceeds benefit CfR's free fly fishing retreats for women with breast cancer.





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PAGE 5

Guide

Luca Castellani

Where do you work?

I'm an independent professional fly fishing guide at Luca Castellani and I work as a river keeper one day a week at Tail Water Tevere.

What waters do you guide?

I guide in Southern Tuscany at the Tail Water Tevere, the Nera River in Umbria, and the Santa Susanna River, a wonderful chalk stream that flows not far from the town of Rieti (Lazio). I've fished these waters since the 60's and am one of the founders of Catch & Release and Fly Fishing Only programs on these rivers. I am also part of the management team of various associations throughout the region.

What do you fish for?

Brown Trout and Grayling. If you visit Rome or Florence, fishing destinations are not far from these historic cities. We have a long dry fly season. There is the possibility to catch big browns and grayling on a dry fly all year long.



If you are not fishing, what are you doing?

Before I became a guide, I was a guitar player in a progressive rock band. I still like to play. At home I spend time with my dogs including Leopoldo, a Newfoundlander, who follows me fishing. I live with my family in the mountains, where it is quite isolated, but there is a lot to do.

When did you start guiding and why?

I have been a professional guide since 2001. At the end of the last century, I was tired of producing women's cashmere sweaters. There were too many problems so I decided to close my company and start my new life as a fly fishing guide. I was the first fly fishing guide in Italy.

 **PAGE 5**
Guide
Luca Castellani



What weight rod would I need to bring along? Are there any special set ups that you use?

Italian casting style is usually a 7 or 7.5 foot European 2 or 3 weight rod with a double taper fly line. But if you arrive to fish with a 9 foot US 5 or 6 weight, that's not a problem.



How do we get a hold of you?

You could contact me through my website:
www.LucaCastellani.it



DUN 8-Inchers

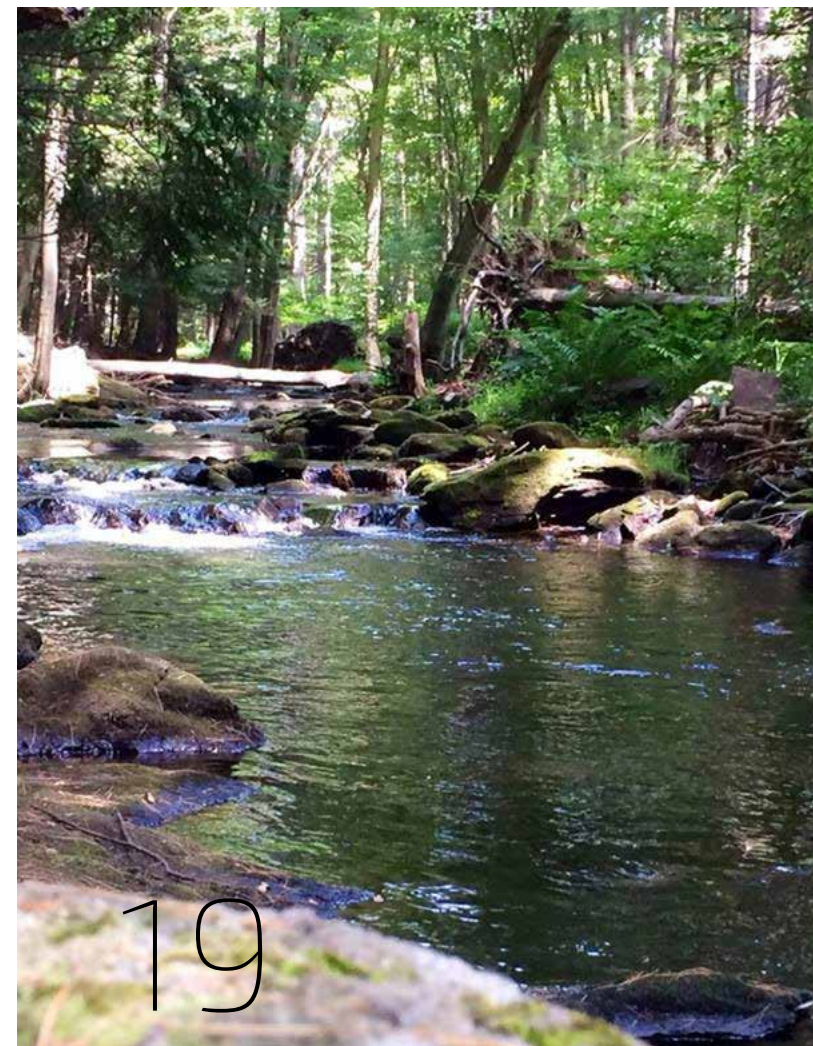
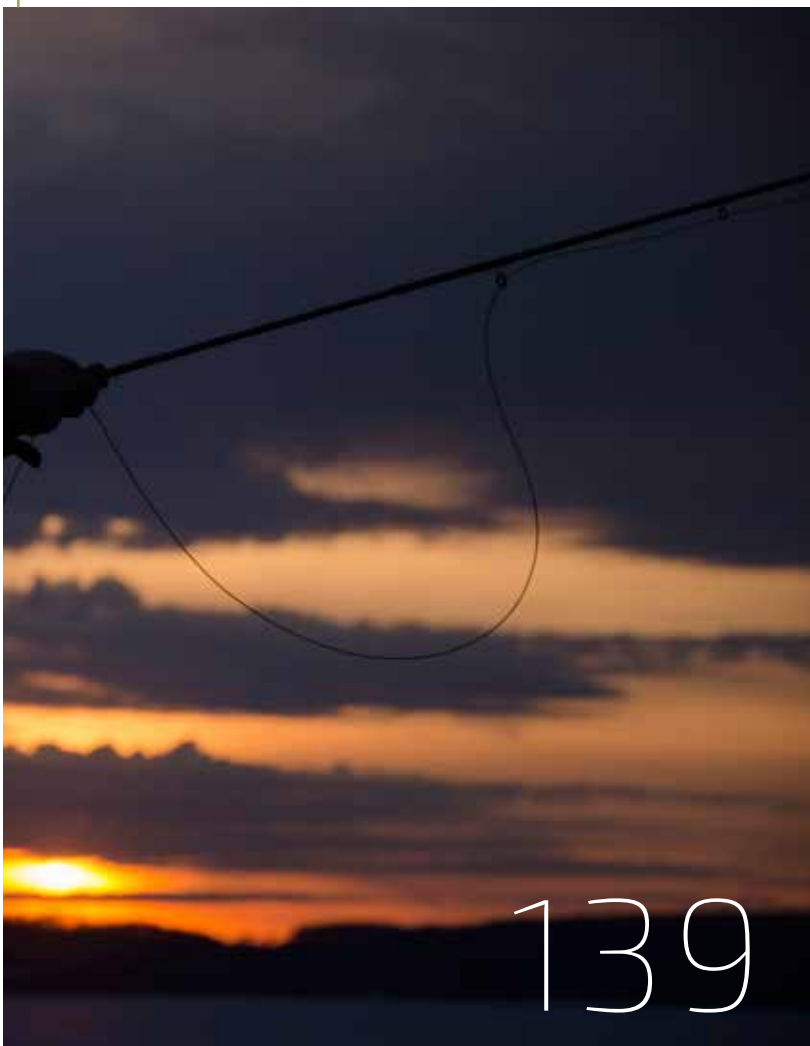
DON BOWLEY - Kansas
Don was very proud of this rainbow. He had never caught one this small before, since "they usually stock them much larger."

COULD THIS BE A NATIVE?



ROSS BRECKE - Minnesota
"This guy had to be 4 inches long. What a Fight!"
This little guys was caught in a Wisconsin spring creek.

WE LOVE BROOK TROUT!



Compendium

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Monthei



ISABELLA
'Bula'



JACKIE
Van Dyke



MARY ANN
Dozer



NOME
Buckman



SHELLY
Ehmer



YURIKO
Hirsch



Amanda enjoys writing, fishing, drinking as much coffee as she can before her heart starts palpitating and generally just dinking around on the rivers and lakes of Northern Michigan. Her goals in life have grown to include spreading as much joy as her stepmother did in her lifetime — which is no doubt a hefty undertaking.

Isabella likes to ride "Sambuca" a Paint horse. She likes to stay active and plays soccer at camp, lacrosse and gymnastics. On her down time, she plays with her Miniature Pinschers, Macho & Mia, paints and colors on her easel, reads her Monster High books and fly ties. Her favorite colors are blue, pink and camo.

Jackie grew up fishing in Central Wisconsin. She graduated with a BS in Wildlife Ecology from UW Madison and is proud to call that area home. A friend encouraged her to give fly fishing an honest try. An avid reader, cook and fan of craft beers, you can find her enjoying the Driftless with her family and in the off season, snuggled up with her 2 Llewellyn setters.

Mary Ann is a Master Certified Fly Casting Instructor. For the past 12 years she has been teaching fly casting and guiding for the last 7 years. Depending on the season, you can find her guiding in Central Idaho for Silver Creek Outfitters or in Central Oregon for the Fly Fishers Place. Mary Ann's greatest love is to teach and help others learn to fly fish.

Nome is a Midwest transplant and owner of Reel North, LLC. She is never happier than when on the water teaching, guiding or playing. She enjoys geeking out on gardening when she is not guiding clients. She is currently enjoying the adventurous journey of introducing fly fishing to the wilds of Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

Shelly is a third generation Californian who grew up fishing the famous rivers, lakes and ponds between Central Oregon and Southern California. She is a gypsy at heart, who has fished the beautiful Pacific coastline, chased large trout in Idaho and currently guides some of Montana's most legendary trout rivers.

Yuriko was born in Okinawa, Japan but has lived most of her life in Los Angeles, California. Early in her 20's, she was introduced to spin casting and was introduced to fly fishing when she met her husband. Together they enjoy fly fishing and antiquing and own Angling Artifacts dealing in antique, vintage and old fishing/angling related objects.

By: Jew Ripple



@DunMagazine

Spring always inspires me. The newness of the grass, the open rivers rushing high with snow melt, the hope of sunshine and warmth on my face, and the promise of another great season of fishing put an extra bounce in my step. I've named the Spring edition *Bella Vita* because I believe in a beautiful life.

Every day, articles pass my desk that are so inspiring I can't help but stop and compose myself before reading on. It seems crazy at times that fly fishing can be so life changing, and yet there's no denying that it can be just that.



The authors in this edition will take you from the dark days of death to the beautiful Italian countryside where wine flows freely. You will laugh, you may cry, but you will ultimately be inspired to dust off your fly rod for the next season. I want to send a personal thank you to our authors. Writing an article for a magazine can be overwhelming at times, so thank you for putting up with me as your Editor.

And to you our readers, I say this all the time but I really believe it, our readers are the best and most beautiful people in the world. Generous, kind and at times downright hilarious, hearing from you is what keeps us going. Feel free to send us a note and some fish pictures. We love to live vicariously through you. Thank you for making Dun your home base for women's fly fishing. With lots of love, we give you – "*Bella Vita*." Enjoy!

Copy Editor Grace - a perfect stick fish to go along with a perfect smile.

On The Cover

Bula scouts the water.

On The Back Cover

Amanda Monthei Selfie.

UPCOMING EVENTS

GREAT WATERS FLY FISHING EXPO

Blaine, Minnesota
March 20th - 22nd

SOW BUG ROUNDUP

Mountain Home, Arkansas
March 26th - 29th

DRIFTLESS ANGLER LADIES DAY

Viroqua, Wisconsin
March 27th

VIRGINIA WINE & FLY FISHING FESTIVAL

Waynesboro, Virginia
April 11th - 12th

LADIES TARPON FLY TOURNEY

Islamorada, Florida
June 9th - 11th

TEXAS EXPO

New Braunfels, Texas
May 29th - 31st

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First Day of SPRING 2015 - Bella Vita -

*"The longer I live, the more
beautiful life becomes."*
Frank Lloyd Wright

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Social Responsibility

Dun is purposely only online - we believe
it's our responsibility to preserve the
forests, streams and waterways for
ourselves and our future generations.

For this reason, every year Dun commits
at least 100 man hours to philanthropic
endeavors focused on our community
and environment.

We are always looking for worthy causes
that need a little support.

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The Dun staff works hard to produce a quality
publication. We can make mistakes. We
would like to apologize in advance for any
mistakes you may find. If you find a mistake,
we want to know.

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Mission Statement

Dun exists to celebrate women who fly
fish, women as diverse and amazing as the
waters around the world.

WE ARE YOUR HOME BASE.

THIS ISSUE at a Glance



DUN

ADVENTURES IN ARKANSAS

JOIN JEN RIPPLE
 In Mountain Home, Arkansas
September 20 - 24th
 \$1375 Per Person

Email Jen - for booking details
Jen@DunTheMagazine.com

Hopper and Streamer Fishing
 The White River

The White River may be the
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 Dally's Ozark Fly Fishing

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HOPPERS - STREAMERS - GOOD TIMES - LIVING THE DREAM



BULA ON THE FLY

Hi. My name is Isabella, but everyone calls me Bula.

BY: Isabella - Bula On The Fly

I'm seven years old and completely in love with fly fishing!

I started with short walks with my mommy and daddy looking at the water. I love water and swimming. The best part about it was seeing all the really cool stuff in nature, deer, turkeys, beautiful trees, flowers and Brook Trout on our many trail walks. I'll never forget the first time I saw my daddy casting and placing a caddis dry fly on the water, at the right spot and saying to me, "Watch what happens to that fly" and... BAM! That was the first time I laid eyes on the most beautiful fish I had ever seen. That Brook Trout wasn't the only one that got hooked that day!







I started to want to go every day, after school or when daddy came home from work, so we would go with mommy. They make sure that we go as much as possible. We fish on a Class 1 trophy Trout stream about 10 minutes from home. I've learned to cast, where to place a fly, identify the flies to catch these beautiful little fish and how to properly handle and release the fish healthy and safely back in their home water. I always remember to say "Bye and Thank you."





TIPS

Fishing with Children

- ☺ Choose Wisely - Fish for plentiful and easily caught fish to help them succeed.
- ☺ Make It A Picnic - In between fishing and playing (skipping stones, hunting for insects and swimming) take time to enjoy an outdoor meal.




I also started the art of fly tying because of SANTA. I really think it is one of the best sport activities that you can do. One of the coolest parts of this sport is that I get to spend almost all of my time with my family. We fly fish as a family and consider it a lifestyle in our house. I currently fish with a six foot one weight rod because our streams are small and tight for casting. I hope you enjoy my story and my pictures as much as I enjoy this beautiful sport of Fly Fishing.

Tight Lines Friends!



Dun Magazine would like to thank
ISABELLA
for her contribution to our
Spring Edition.
To follow Bula, visit:

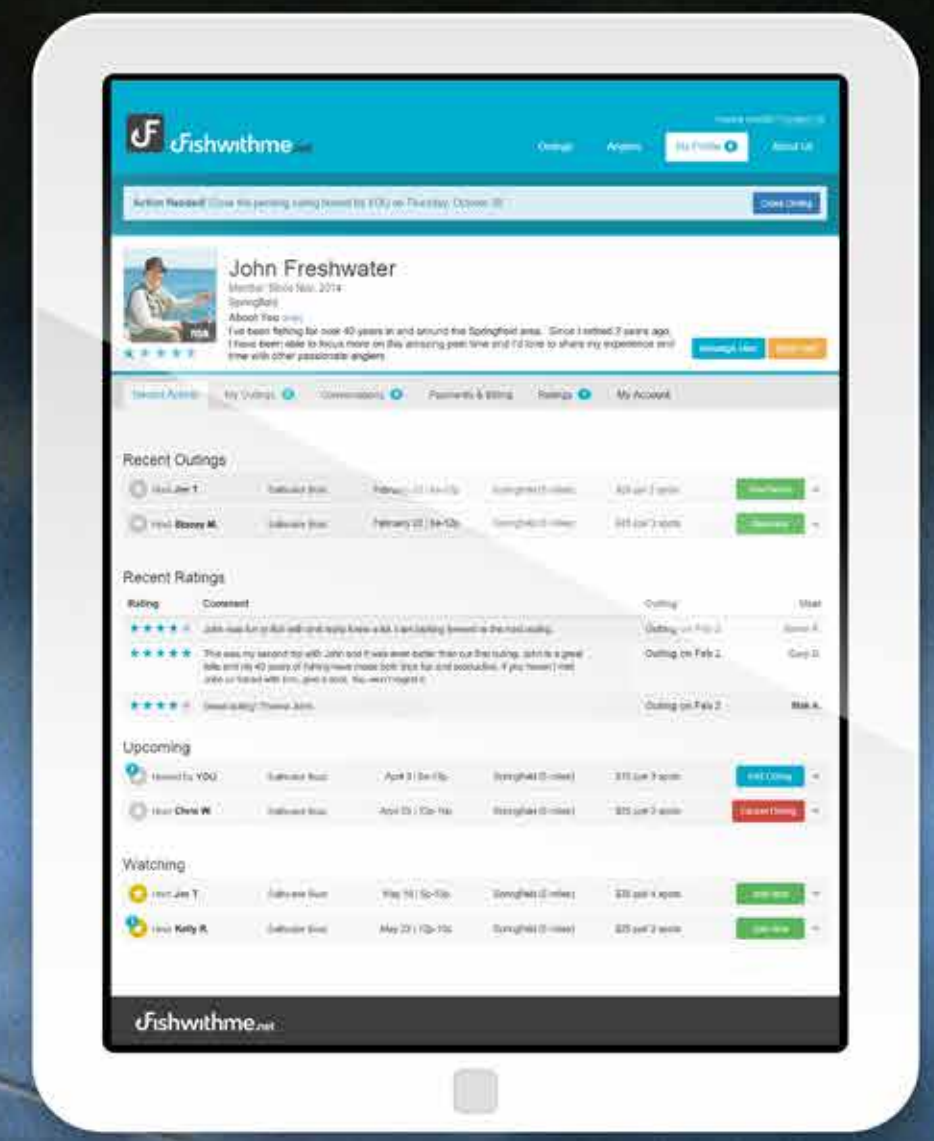
 Bula on the Fly

 BulaOnTheFly

Make your adventures even better. Share them with someone.



- ✓ Find other anglers
- ✓ Share the expenses
- ✓ Learn from each other



Get Early Access

Italia

BY: Yuriko Hirsch



THERE'S JUST SOMETHING MAGICAL ABOUT FLY FISHING IN ITALY



My husband and I are fly fishing partners and owners of an antique fishing tackle business called Angling Artifacts. We reside in and operate our business in Los Angeles and we find it a challenge to locate beautiful, unique and productive fly fishing spots nearby where we live. For that reason, the majority of our fly fishing trips have been in the Northwest

part of the United States, however, we feel fortunate to have fished beautiful waters in the Adirondacks of New York, the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee, Alaska, British Columbia and the historic chalk streams of southwest England, but there was something magical about fly fishing in the Umbria region of Italy.

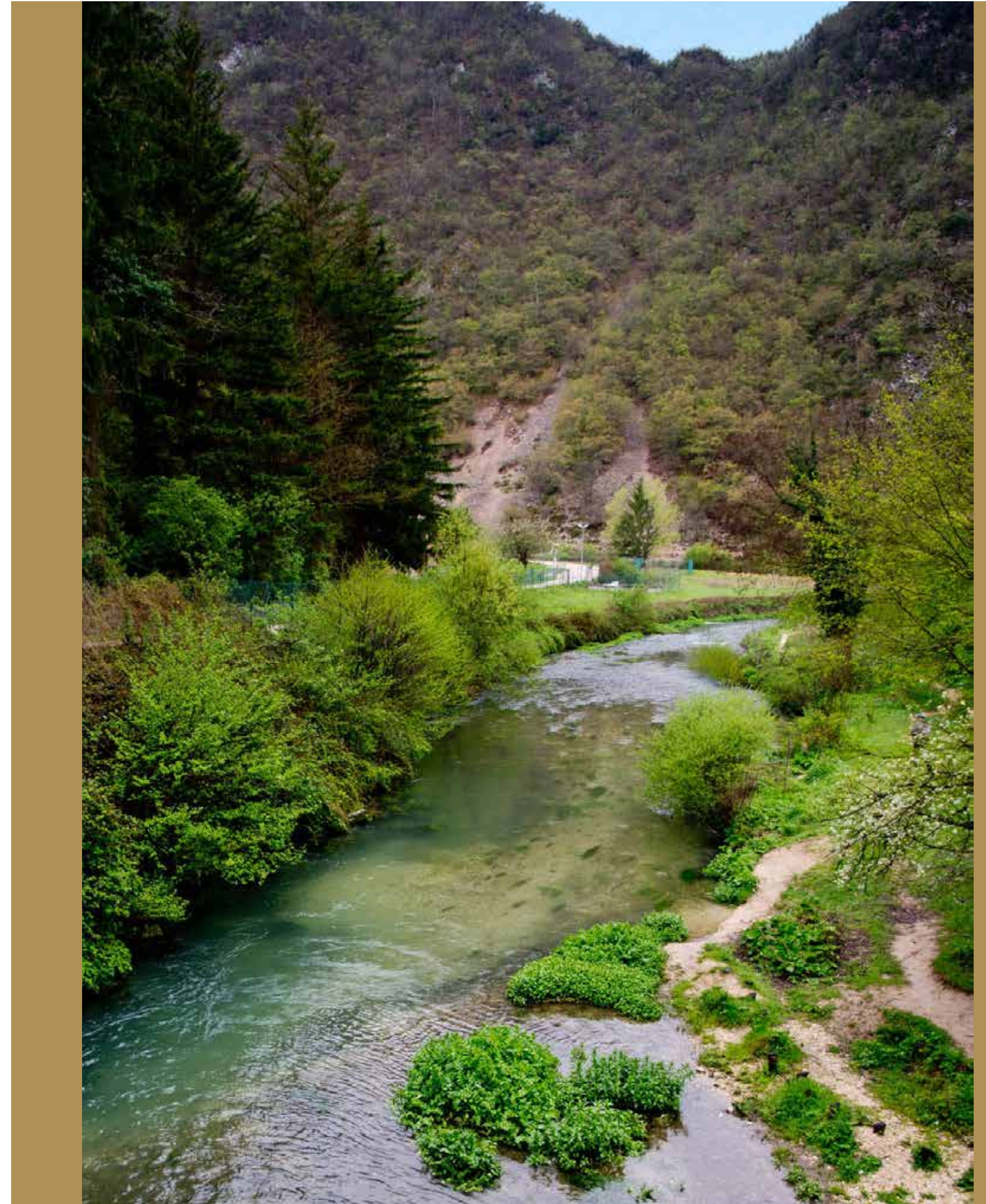




The Umbria region is often referred to as the "green heart of Italy." Umbria is noted for its enormous cypress, pine and chestnut forests. The picturesque countryside with its' rolling green hills, carpeted fields of bright yellow sunflowers, valleys filled with streams dotted with medieval and renaissance architectural structures was spectacular.



In the summer of 2014, my husband and I decided to take a 3-week vacation touring Italy. Always looking for a new area to fish, we took this opportunity to explore the possibility of fly fishing while there. We didn't even know if there was fly-fishing in Italy. It is not discussed much within the fly fishing community because, as we now have come to believe, it is one of those little known secrets. How does one go about arranging such a trip? What would be the logistics? What about the language barrier? Thankfully, the internet allowed me to research those companies and/or guides that I believed would make our time on the river not only enjoyable but productive as well.



To know that Roman soldiers once traveled throughout this region or that perhaps Da Vinci, Michelangelo or any of the other great artists of the renaissance period may have looked to this region as inspiration was awe-inspiring. To fly fish these waters was truly a magical experience.

Our guide, Luca Castellani, was born and raised in Perugia, Umbria. Having fished the area for more than 35 years, his knowledge of the Umbria/Tuscany region is unsurpassed. This along with his command of the English language proved he was the perfect Italian fly fishing guide. A fly casting instructor (we could always use some tips on how to improve our casting techniques), Fly Fishermen of the Year in 2007, a fly tier who

understands entomology and a champion of the local environment (instrumental in designating catch and release programs in local streams), we made our decision. I sent him an email and we talked on the phone. He provided us with all the necessary equipment - waders, boots, rods, reels and of course, flies that he tied himself. This made traveling to Italy easy and all the more enjoyable.





Luca recommended that we fish the Nera River. The Nera River is approximately 70 miles long and flows through the Umbria countryside. It is the tributary to the Tiber River that flows through Rome. As we were to be fishing in July, a warm time of the year, Luca suggested that we fly fish the Upper Nera River.

The Upper Nera River is a natural spring creek, which provides cool, clear water, an ideal habitat for trout to live, perfect for that time of year.

Restricted to classic fly fishing with catch and release regulations, this helps to sustain the trout population and increase your odds of catching a big brown trout.

Fishing in the morning was quite productive as my husband and I both caught several nice browns. After several hours, we took a lunch break. Within a few hundred yards of the river an Italian-inspired home had been converted into an inn

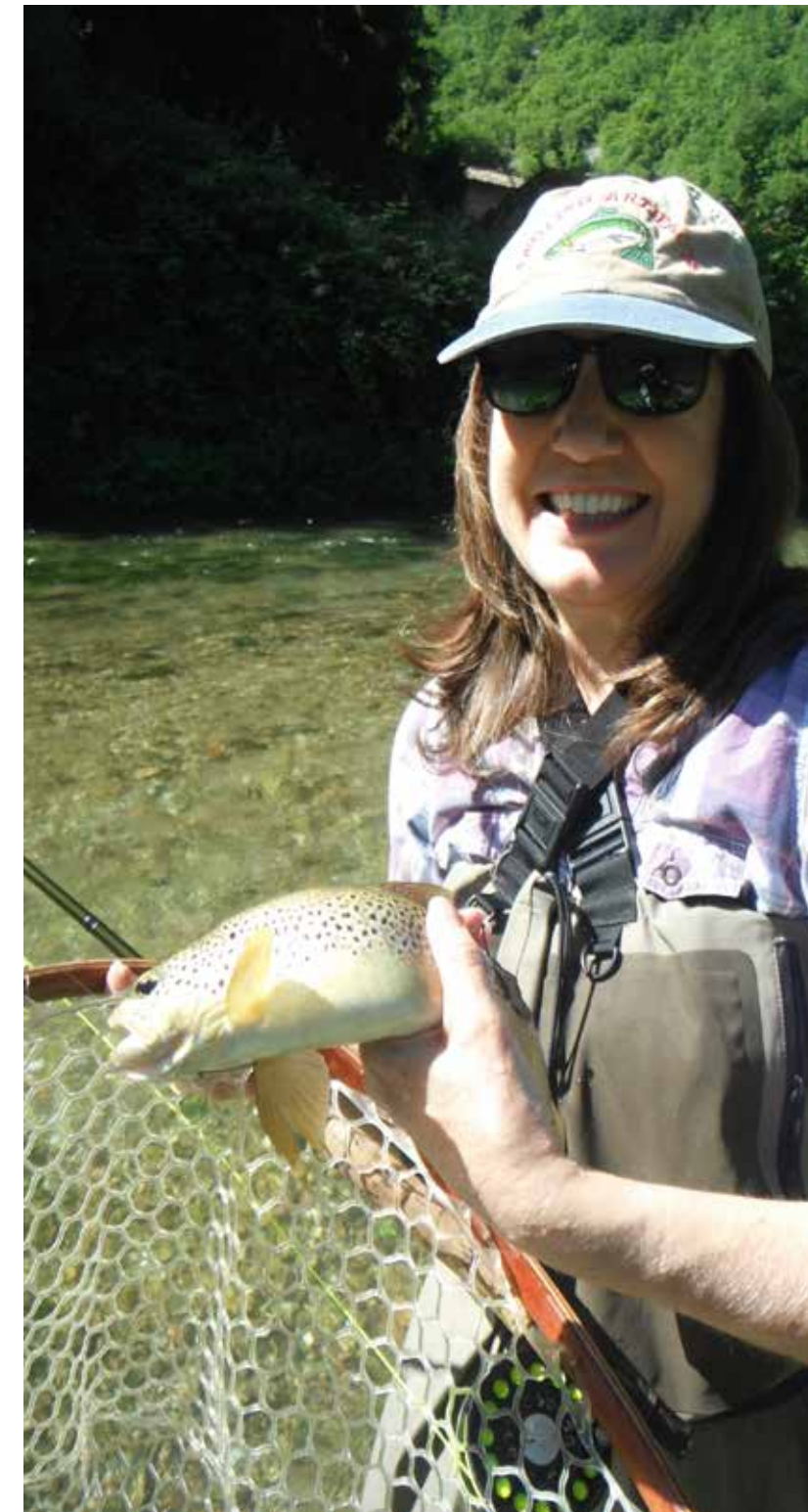
and restaurant. Without having to remove our waders, on a wonderful shaded patio with a soft blowing breeze, we were served traditional Italian food, as good as any 4 star restaurant. And the wine, what would Italy be without their wine?! After a

2-hour lunch break (Italians know how to truly enjoy their food and love to converse about their country and the local traditions) we were back out for several more hours of fishing.



FISHING IN LATE ANTIQUITY

Many credit the first recorded use of an artificial fishing fly to the Roman Claudius Aelianus near the end of the second century.



Our guide was enthusiastic, yet relaxed, and very patient. He was eager to give tips on how to cast into those tight areas where the big brown trout lie. He loves to fish, loves to be outdoors and does not work on a time clock. He told us we could fish as long as we wanted because he was there for us.

U M B R I A TRY THE WINE

Not as famous as some of its surrounding areas, Umbria may be hiding some of the country's best wine treasures.

White Grechetto


This grape originally from Greece has a very thick skin allowing it to be harvested late in the season giving it high sugar levels that work very well in the production of dessert and blended wines.

Sagrantino

An Indigenous varietal dating back thousand of years, originally cultivated by monks for religious ceremonies, today it's known for its very high tannic levels, earthy flavors and almost black color.



We had a very long day of fishing and did, indeed, catch big trout!



Our only regret was that we could not say several more days to enjoy fishing this beautiful region.

Fly-fishing in the Umbria/Tuscany region of Italy is a special, magical trip and should not be overlooked as a unique spot to fly fish. I hope to travel there again and would enjoy seeing more of this beautiful country and of course, do some fly fishing.



Dun Magazine would like to thank
YURIKO HIRSCH
for her contribution to our
Spring Edition. *To learn more, visit:*

Angling-Artifacts.com




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A BUCKET LIST MUST

Fly Fishing the Sawtooths

IMAGES: Fly Fishing Pursuits

BY: Mary Ann Dozer





Like all anglers I have my bucket list of place to fish. What describes your bucket list? Is it a certain size of fish? Is it a species? Is it a destination?

For me the bucket list focuses more on destination and type of fish than the size of fish. I am always interested in catching a new species in new waters.

In 2008, unbeknownst to me, I happened to stumble upon a perfect bucket list destination.

Two new species: West Slope Cutthroat and Bull Trout. I discovered these two species were found in some of the most stunning scenery and unpressured water I had ever come across. The destination – the Salmon River out of Stanley, Idaho in the Sawtooth Wilderness!







The locals simply refer to this paradise as The Sawtooths. In the heart of the Sawtooth National Recreation Area in central Idaho, you are surrounded by more wilderness than anywhere in the continental United States. The 756,000 acres in the Sawtooths are home to 4 mountain ranges, 50 peaks over 10,000 feet, 1000 high mountain lakes, 250 miles of trails and the headwaters for 4 major rivers. The Sawtooths are surrounded by the Salmon - Challis National Forest, Boise National Forest, and the Frank Church Wilderness. Yes, the largest contiguous area of public land in the lower 48.

The Sawtooths have great opportunities for fly fishing for the beginner to the advanced angler. This is one of those destinations that hasn't made the radar screen for flocks of anglers. Solitude, crystal clear waters and incredible scenery await those with a yearning for adventure. Many days I float the Salmon and I don't see another boat or road warrior. Yes - solitude. Nothing beats a day on the water when all you see is what Mother Nature has to offer - West Slope Cutthroat, Bull Trout, Rainbow Trout, Brook Trout, and Mountain White Fish, all eager to take a dry fly.





FREESTONE RIVERS

These rivers are typically full of smooth, free moving stones due to the high water speed caused from the steep river gradient.

Because of the freestones and high gradient, wading can be slippery and dangerous, but the trout are more opportunistic feeders because of these conditions.



The heart of the season is mid-June to Mid-September. The Salmon River is a true freestone river so water levels are a result of the winter snow pack. Early season it is a game of fish taking stone fly imitations – nothing like seeing the slow take of a West Slope Cutthroat on a size 4 stimulator. Mid-season it is a mix of mayflies and caddis. The season ends with the fish looking up for “hoppier” imitations. Idaho Highway 75 follows the Salmon River so access is easy to about 60 miles of water. And, did I say you would only encounter one stop sign along this sixty mile stretch of the Salmon River? That stop sign is in Stanley, Idaho, your home base for any fishing in the Sawtooths.

If your preference is for small streams off the beaten path, there are endless options. Marsh Creek is a classic 1 to 5 mile hike with plenty of spots to fish along the way under the canopy of evergreen trees. Not into hiking too far? Then Bear Valley Creek offers spring creek-like waters in an open meadow about an hour's drive off the main highway. If you want quick access to a small stream, then Yankee Fork or Valley Creek are great choices.







You're getting the picture. Plenty of choices to fish and I haven't even begun to talk about the alpine lake fishing. There is a plethora of high mountain lakes, suffice to say, with days where no angler drops a fly. Sawtooth, Fourth of July, Washington, Alice, Langer, and Collie Lakes are all a day hike, bike ride, or horse ride away from wetting a line and having the fish all to yourself. Once again – the fish seem to always be looking up. If they're not – then a simple little wooly bugger will entice them to your line.

Now there is nothing wrong with those destinations where all you can do is fish. However, if your vacation buddy isn't gaga about fly fishing, there are plenty of outdoor activities for them. Hiking or mountain biking on over 250 miles of trails is one of the options, white water rafting or kayaking is another. Not to mention relaxing with a good book and favorite beverage, with the back drop of the Sawtooths in their peripheral vision. The Salmon River Fish Hatchery also features tours of their facility, where you get the chance to view salmon that are migrating up the river to spawning beds all summer long.



Anabel with a native North American White Fish.



If you decide to venture to the Sawtooths there are numerous choices for accommodations in Stanley, Idaho. There are plenty of places for tent or RV camping right on the river. Stanley offers numerous small hotels or vacation home rentals. If you want to be spoiled and off the beaten track, then Idaho Rocky Mountain Ranch, a five-star guest ranch, is the ticket. Several great restaurants are located in Stanley, and if you get the chance, don't miss out on a trip to the Stanley Bakery, known nationally for their great food items. For those fly fishing items you forget to bring, McCoys Tackle shop is centrally located in Stanley, and is also a great place to pick up your Idaho fishing license if you need one.









Stanley is a three hour drive from Boise and a little over an hour drive from SunValley/Ketchum. Regular flights into both Boise and Sun Valley airports are readily available, as well as car rentals.

I hope I have enticed you to add the Sawtooths to your bucket list. If you're looking for solitude, scenery and good fly fishing – then I know you won't be disappointed. For me, fishing is about integrating with and being in awe of what Mother Nature offers in her wilderness. That is what you will find in the Sawtooths.



Dun Magazine would like to thank
MARY ANN DOZER
for her contribution to our
Spring Edition. *To learn more, visit:*
FlyFishingPursuits.org

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Outside

THE
BOX



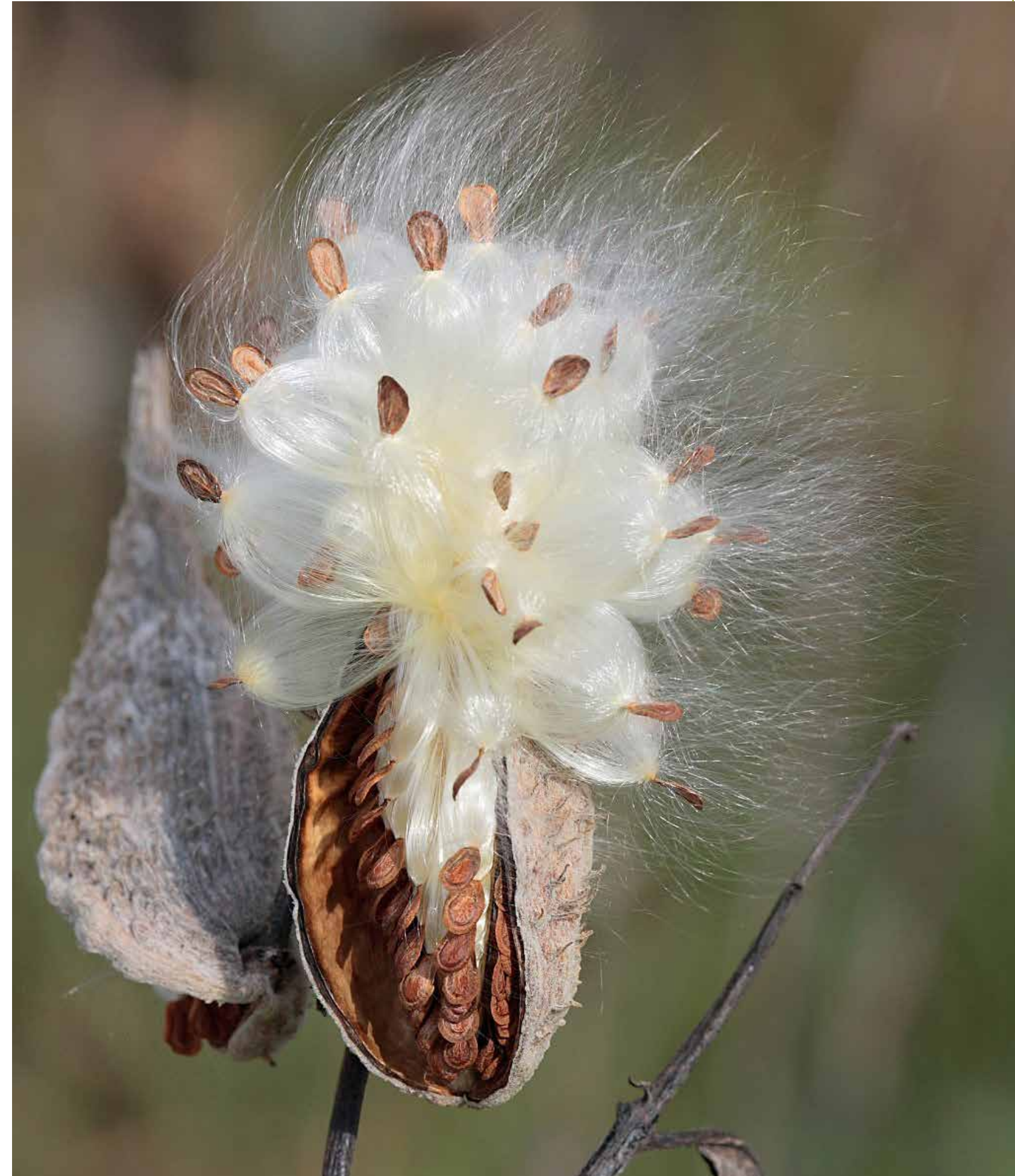
BY: Nome Buckman
IMAGES: Michelle Jarvie

THINKING outside the box can come naturally to anyone. You have to allow yourself to come up with many ridiculous notions to let the scintillating schemes come forward. **THE TRICK IS TO RECOGNIZE THE RIDICULOUS FROM THE POSSIBLE.**

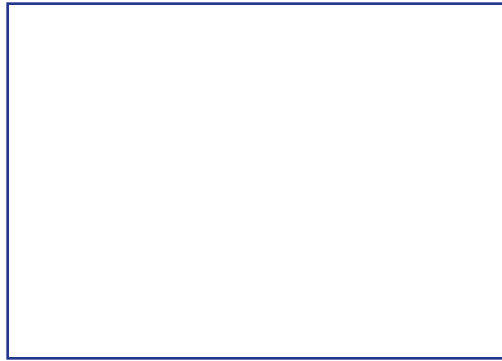


One fall day, many moons ago, I brushed by some milkweed plants ripe-n-ready to dispense seed on the trail to my favorite section of wild brook trout waters in the White Mountains of NH, the Wildcat River. I was so eager to see those fiery bellies of the males in full spawning colors that I only half paid attention to the

path I was traveling on through the meadow. After bumping into a healthy patch of milkweed plants, I paused to watch the "floss" parachute take flight and decorate the sky. I got sucked out of whatever mind bent I was in, and instantly transported to the now and watched the beauty that unfolded before me. Isn't nature just amazing? All the engineering and evolution milkweed has had to do to perfect its ability to dispense seed and ensure future generations. I often wonder if humans put as much energy into future generations as plants did, would we have a more symbiotic relationship with nature.







MILK WEED

Asclepias syriaca is a native plant to North America. It can grow to over 6 feet tall and a single plant can live for more than 25 years.

The white floss was used to stuff pillows, mattresses and quilts, and can be used as tinder.



These kinds of moments are where fly fishing is so special to me, it's where I feel I'm 100% free by being in this moment and no where else. Kinda like when you were a kid adventuring, kids always live in the moment. The only thing that matters is right now and as adults we forget how to be "in the moment." I feel fly fishing forces us to be a kid again.

After watching the floss dance to its destination in the meadow, I carried on to the river. Took to a log streamside and sat down for a moment to watch the water and see if I could pick up on a hatch or any other kind of info that would be handy to help catch some river gems. At this point I already have a fly on and I was considering switching it out or sticking with it. That day I stuck with the Adams parachute as it was performing so well the day before. I saw a riser feed several times and decided to make my move. My grass rod lured in a nice plump fall brookie. With a swift release I washed off my fly from fish slime so she would float again. In this process I touched the sides of my shirt to dry my fingers. After drying I came back to my fly with a wad of milkweed floss stuck to my hand. Once you touch it with damp hands its nearly impossible to get it off. So I rinsed again and dried again only to still have some floss remain on my fingers. This time I rubbed my hands down the shoulder side of my shirt and when I came to inspect my fingers I had perfect cream colored dubbed dreadlocks dangling from my hand. Like a loud clap in my head it struck me- I yelled out loud FREE DUBBING!!! After getting over the excitement I noticed the milkweed went translucent when wet, the words "Super Buggy" came to mind.

On my way back from fishing I of course harvested some free fly tying material to play with at the vise. My first fly featuring milkweed was the Milkweed Midge. It's a typical guide fly, ultra simple yet deadly effective. This was made to mimic the rather large emerging midges in the slower trout waters during early spring and late fall. It also works really well for lakes or ponds. In still water, I tend to strip in very slowly in the top 3 inches during the time when trout are dimpling for midges.



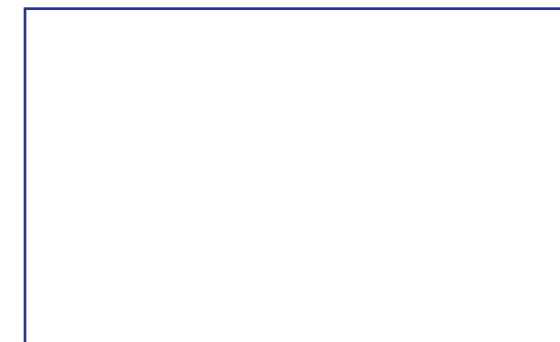






Milk Weed Midge
Hook: #14-18
Thread: 8/0 Black
Body: Milkweed Dubbing
Wing: Crystal Flash
Head: 8/0 Black Thread





Next would be streamer style. I called this fly Hortus. The shank is palmered with birch bark and a wing of full length milkweed fibers.

The floss is very silky and if you gently place a rubber band around a pod that has already cracked open you will prevent the pod from shattering after harvesting, and have nice long fibers to work with. Once the pod has shattered it's only good for dubbing at that point. You will want to harvest only the lightly cracked pods, if they are not cracked yet the milkweed is underdeveloped. The long fibers are also good to pair with steelhead eggs to make fertilizing eggs. Milkweed has lots of soft movement under the water much like it does in the wind.

I've even spun milkweed. It spins well and makes for a super cone head much like arctic fox would. The possibilities are endless with plant fibers and a number of times they behave better than the synthetics we use today.





Milkweed responds well to plant dyes and is actually quite versatile. It's a worthy material for any fly tier, and it's free! After discovering milkweed as fly tying material I wondered how many other plant materials we are overlooking as we tend to only think about feathers & fur. Today I make a point to frequent my local fiber shop and I have been introduced to bamboo, hemp, palm and an array of other rugged plants. Fun new materials to play with that are easily renewable. I can see it now, the fly tiers garden - a hole new trend!

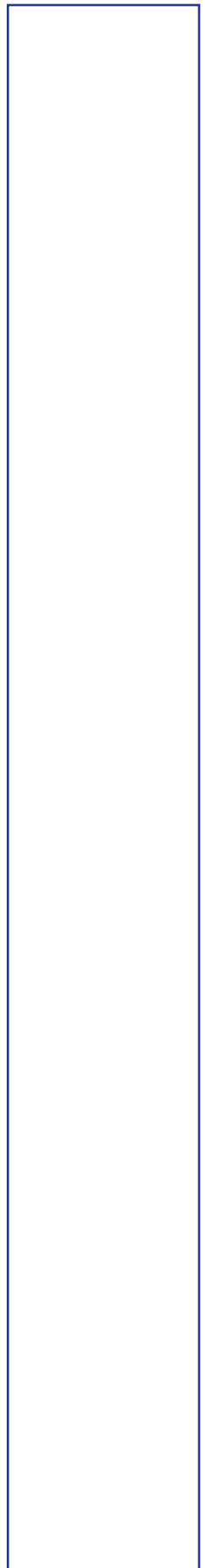
**KEEP AN OPEN CURIOUS MIND
AND LET THE CRAZY IDEAS
FLY, THEY JUST MIGHT NOT BE
CRAZY!**



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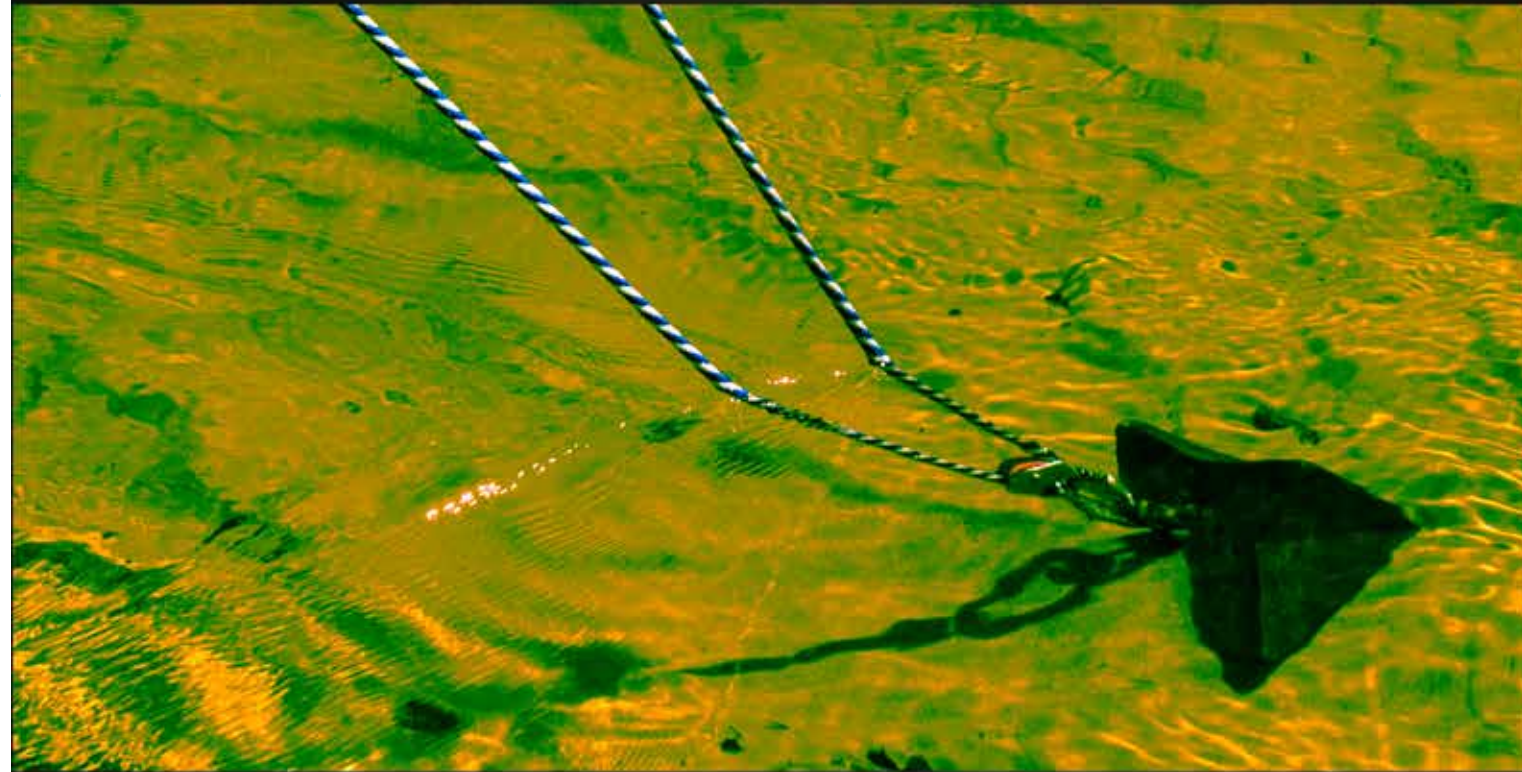
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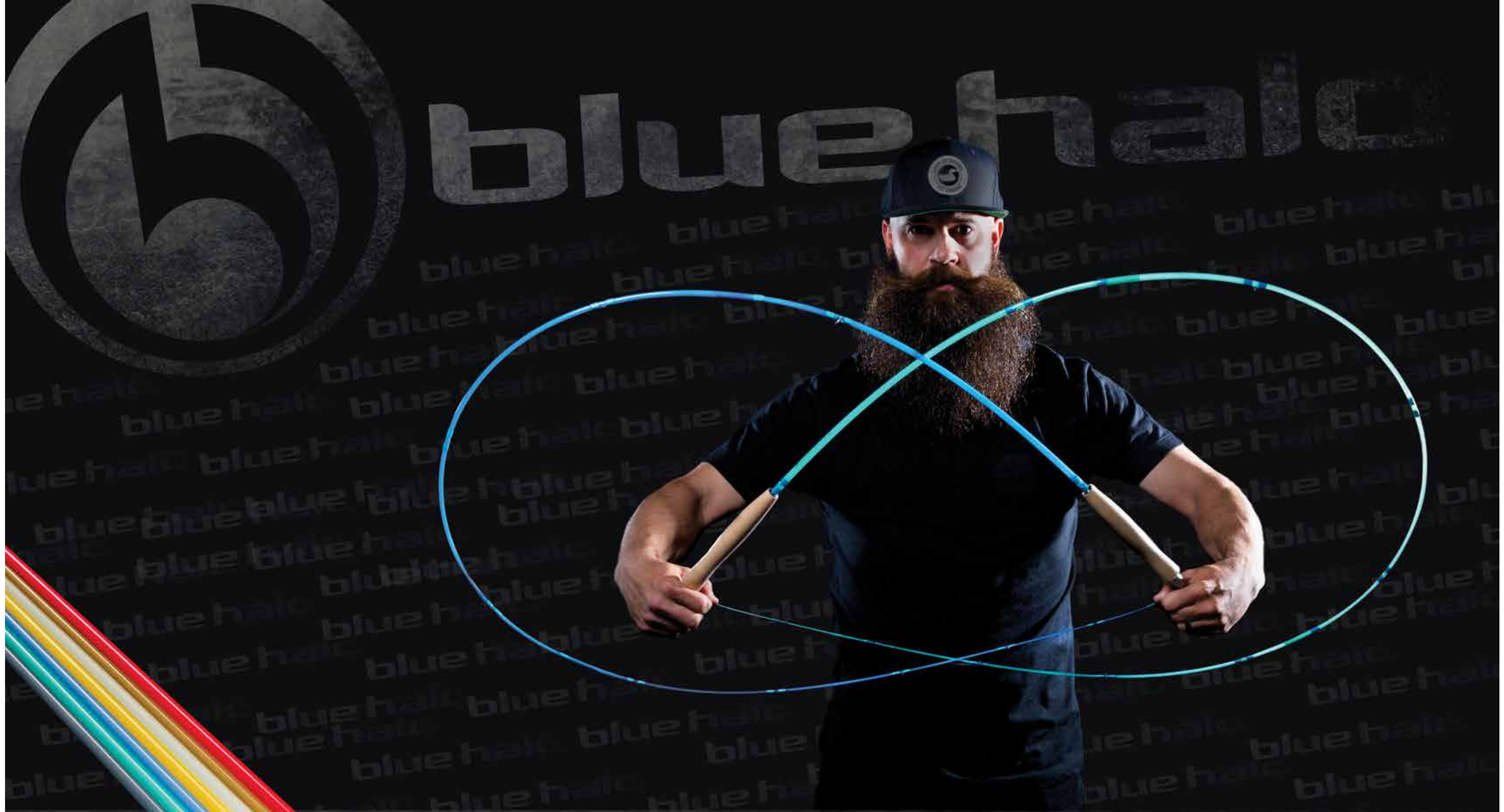


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The Girl

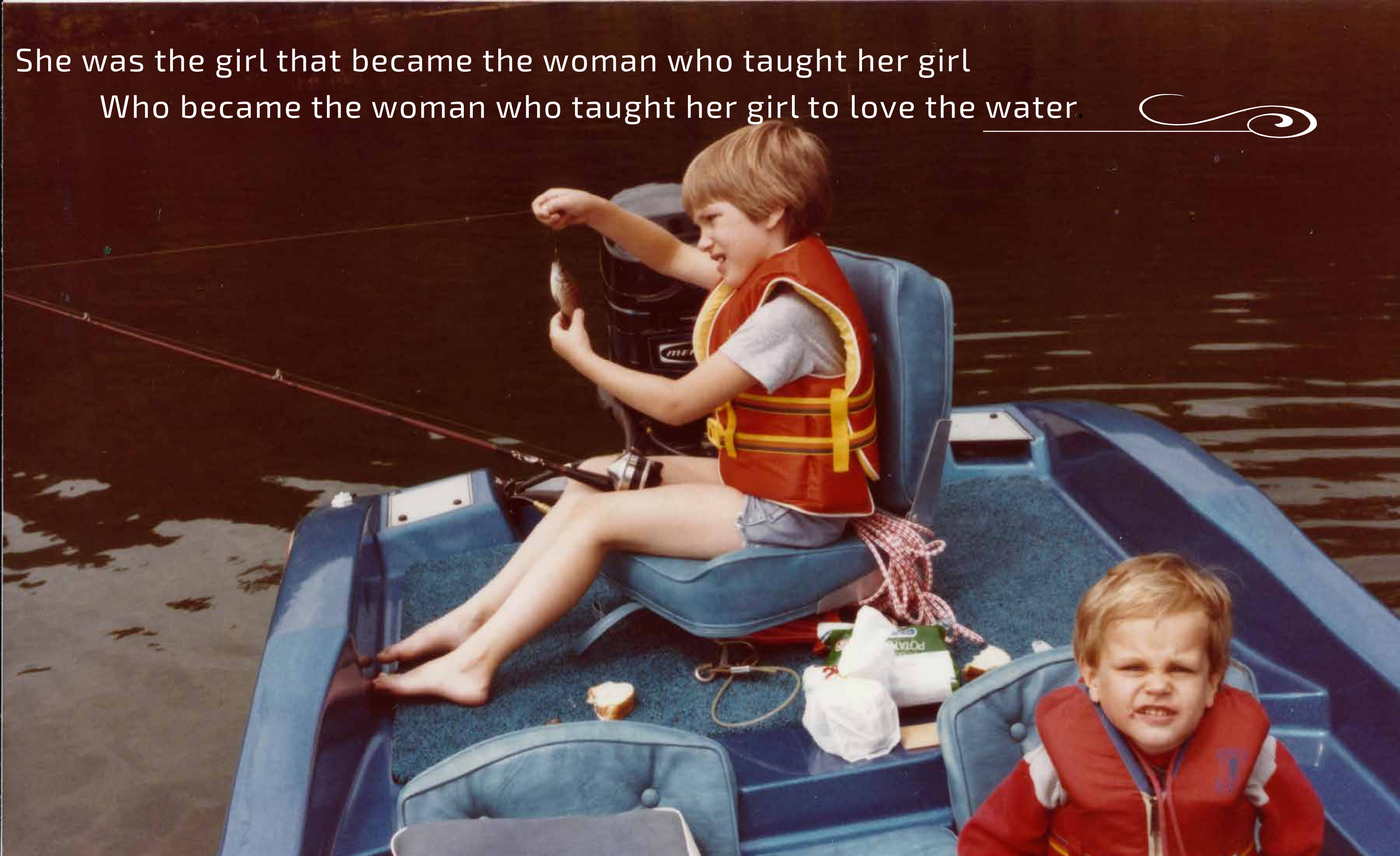
WHO WILL BECOME THE WOMAN

BY: Jackie Van Dyke

A photograph of a woman fishing in a river. She is wearing a blue shirt, dark overalls, and sunglasses, and is holding a fishing rod. In the foreground, three cows are wading in the water. The background is a lush green forest on a hillside.

My mother grew up on the water. As a little girl, she played at its banks, watched the water change with the seasons and celebrated spring's return. As she grew, she recognized the animals that depended on the river for food, those that flew overhead, hopped about and that swam in it. She grew stronger swimming in the river's current like the very fish that she caught and fed her.

She was the girl that became the woman who taught her girl
Who became the woman who taught her girl to love the water.





I was the girl who rode her bike with her fishing pole to the neighborhood pond then rode back to the house to get my mom to take the hook out of my bullhead. My mom lovingly showed me how to cut the line. She told me I could carry her small pocket knife with me if I promised to be careful. Although I was soon downgraded to a plastic hook remover after she saw me try to balance my rod on my bike during the ride home.

I was the girl who fell off the boat into the river while fishing as a preschooler. After getting towed off and fortified with a sip of juice, I was back at it again. I was the girl who helped my mom drive the boat, drop the anchor and scan the banks for turtles, herons and the occasional muskrat.





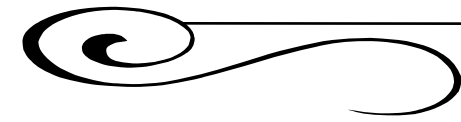
I knew joy on the water but for most of our life that translated to beach time, swimming or boating time, burning through gas and feeling the wind in our hair. Fly fishing was something you needed a special uniform to do properly and something called a creel to keep the fish in. Quite frankly, we caught as many bluegills and bass as we wanted. There was no need for any of that uncomfortable looking brown baggy gear. Pass the leeches... and the pop.

Still, as more images of women fly fishers appeared in social media, magazines and television, the more I became interested in picking it up.

Ducking into an Orvis shop with my kids for an unplanned bathroom break, we couldn't help but stand in awe at the photographs in the hall to the bathroom. Here were black and white historical images of women looking strong. Although not glamorized they still exuded a beauty that transcended any particular generation's definition of such. Since then, I have recognized the look. It was the pure satisfaction of holding a gorgeous living creature in a spectacular landscape. This is something I knew I wanted for my daughters, so why not want it for myself?







It was then that I remembered a picture that hangs in my mom's study. It shows two of my mother's sisters and my cousins in our bass boat. The women are surrounded by kids in life jackets holding rods, worms and fish in various stages of success, all of us with wide grins. How much effort and sheer will was necessary to finagle kids and gear while separating the snacks from the worms with rods and flopping fish. Yet in the photograph they are still able to manage genuine laughter. All I needed to make the leap to becoming a fly angler was managing one person and a fly rod. I knew it wasn't easy but I was not afraid to fail.

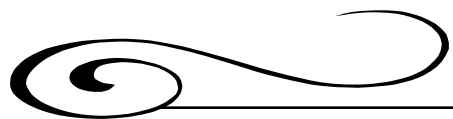


When I made those first few steps off the spinning reel bank into the strong moving waters of the fly fishing world, I knew I would never be the same. The water swirling and adapting to my presence as senses heighten, presumably from the oxygen wafting off the plants streamside. Dragonflies zipping around at warp speed, plants swaying in the breeze that manages to whip up right at the end of my cast. Looking around I see birds are also fishing, the sound of the water is soothingly familiar. I instantly become immersed in the ecosystem, once quite literally. That story is for another time.

I hadn't known about the triumph of fooling a fish then immediately feeling the current and fish working together to undermine your successful landing. Gathering your wits as you try to remember what size tippet you put on, gauging how much pressure you can apply, knowing that the fish knows the very best places to free themselves before you have a chance to breathe. Only your finesse and quick action will prevent that from happening. The absolute stunning beauty of a trout being released into the stream along with your wish that it will swim its way into the heart of someone else another day. I hadn't known about any of that. I do now.



I didn't know how satisfying it would be to work my way through my stream education lesson by lesson. Earning every skill, starting from not even knowing how to cast, or how tightly to hold the line with my index finger, what to keep my eyes on, the water, the line, where is my rod tip pointed? I could barely decide if my waders were on backwards, not knowing any helpful knots to use finally progressing to judging depths, reading currents, rigging, re-rigging and having successful solo daytrips. I've caught well fed trout in spring creeks, panfish in urban ponds, smallmouth bass in big rivers, voracious largemouth bass in northern Wisconsin lakes and even found a carp that liked my fly in the Driftless Area last year.





I wasn't afraid of making mistakes.

I wasn't full of bravado and was certainly not afraid of trying to outsmart a fish only to lose.

I grew unafraid of catching trees, for better or for worse.

I am still a little afraid of taking a bath in Black Earth Creek, however.

But I am not afraid of fishing alone. Teaching my girls, I know I won't ever have to.

The fact is, I wanted to prove that I could do this. Motherhood had already shown me I could do dozens of things I didn't think I could do. How is this any different?

I knew water, where fish liked to be, where their energies were best spent.

I wasn't afraid of getting dirty.

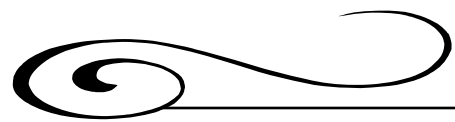
“What do you love most about fishing?”

I ask our oldest over breakfast one dark winter morning.

“Momma, I love the pull when they fight, It is the BEST!” She exclaimed as her whole face lights up. I smile knowingly, “She’ll be just fine,” I think to myself.

After asking the same of my youngest, her reply was, “Oh momma, the way they splash and seeing their colors in the sunshine, well they are just SO pretty I mean really, really beautiful!”

Maybe it IS in our genes.





I am ready. With a few seasons of experience now I am looking forward to teaching my daughters. My inner voice while learning wasn't always patient, but having been a recent beginner, many of the same questions will be running through her mind. With patient eyes and gentle voice I can teach her how to hold the rod, what to look for in the water and what to do with that left hand. It will be my firm grasp that helps her across a deep and slippery riffle. I am ready to point out the birds flying by or the name of the flower the butterfly has lighted upon to distract her from her frustrations, ground her spirit while I retie her rig. I am ready to give her space to figure out her own rhythm and be there to net her first HOG.

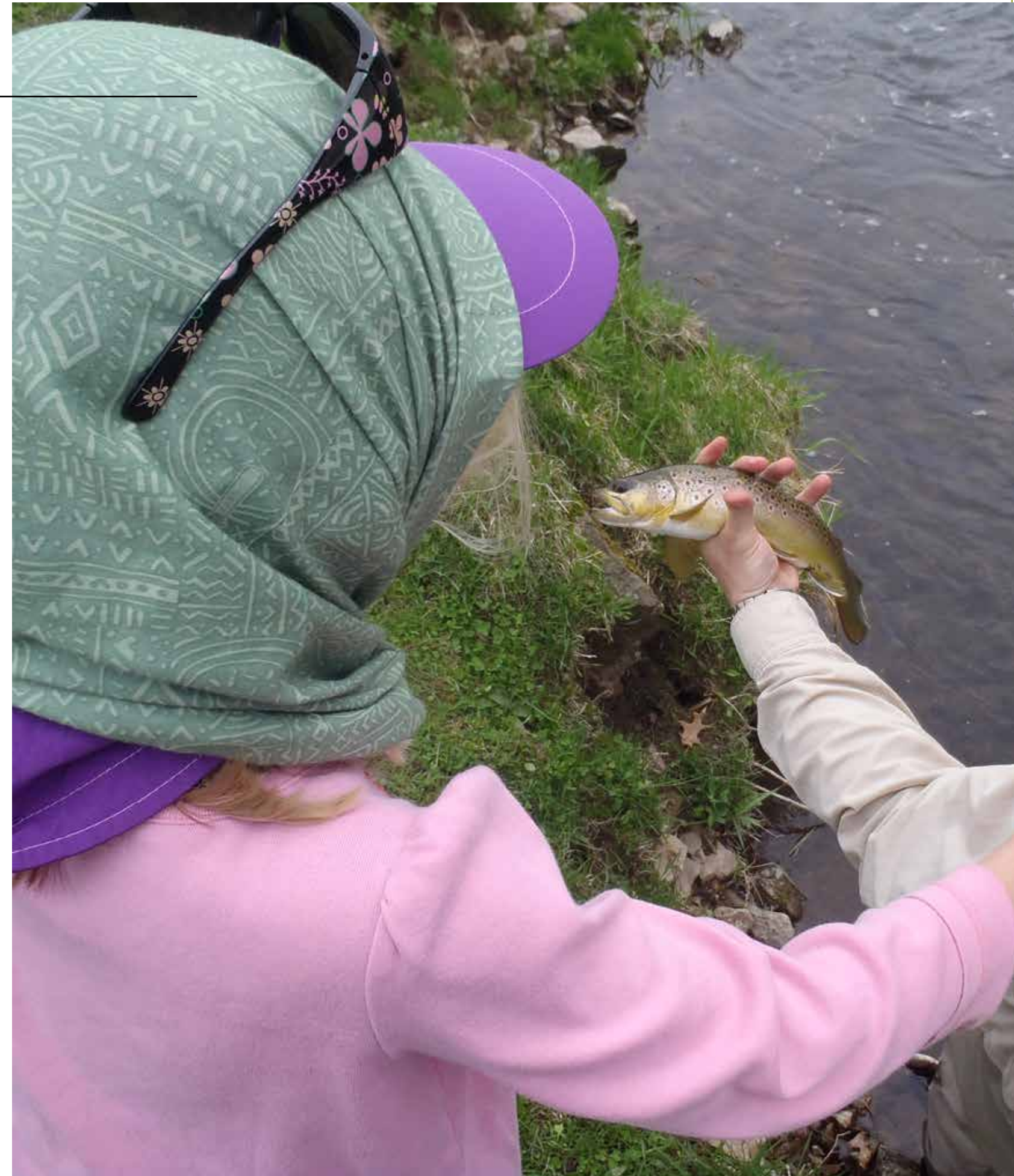
Then I will know she, too, is the girl who will become the woman. 



I am pretty sure this whole fishing thing was a done deal when I requested we go fishing together on Mother's Day. The beauty is that we had the whole county to ourselves, I mean who fishes on Mother's Day?! How would the kids hold up?

Wonderfully, it turns out. They loved darting back and forth sharing fishing reports as though I couldn't

hear the squeals and laughter from up beyond the bend. Their eyes lit up asking when they could fight a fish or just hold one and look at the colors. Peering into our fly boxes would tide them over until we worked our way into the next pocket. It didn't hurt that there were noises of livestock and various droppings to identify. It really was a special day.



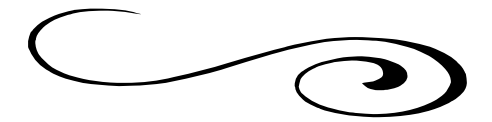




Healthy competition is already moving in to the mix. My husband shared that my oldest wants to know just how well she fared in relation to my skills after their latest outing together. I think as parents we are doing pretty well, they aren't expecting a lot of fish but seem to always get a tug or see a tail splash. I give a lot of credit to my mentor, my husband and our friends teaching me the subtle techniques required for successful spring creek fishing. I never underestimate pure determination and willingness to change things up if what you're doing isn't working. A lot of the same lessons I learned while raising babies actually, now that I think about it.

In a few short fishing seasons I have gone from having a mentor help me with 2 hands on the rod, line everywhere to driving alone, rigging up, landing fish and absolutely loving every minute of it...

I am the girl who became the woman who will teach the girl.



Thank you mom.



Dun Magazine would like to thank
JACKIE VAN DYKE
for her contribution to our
Spring Edition.
To follow Jackie, visit:

 Jackie Van Dyke



TAILS & TIES

The Ice Shad

This fly was created for the Great Lakes, but is at home in the saltwater, a bass lake, a smallmouth river, swung for steel or in a trout stream. We tie Ice Wing in like EP for an EP style baitfish. A little tricky to get the hang of at first, this fly is worth the mess it makes. Tie one on today!



TAILS & TIES

Hemingway Daiquiri



Dun's - Hemingway Daiquiri

2 oz Light Rum
 2 oz Fresh Grapefruit Juice
 1 oz Fresh Lime Juice
 1/2 oz Luxardo Maraschino
 Garnish: Lime Wheel

Shake all ingredients except garnish. Strain into your favorite chilled Coupe or Collins Glass (with shaved ice).

Hemingway's Original Daiquiri consisted of 3 3/4 ounces of rum with only 6 drops of Luxardo. For those of us with a less alcoholic palate, we dialed back the rum a little and upped the sweetness.

This Daiquiri is our go-to thirst quencher. The fresh fruit juice makes this drink very refreshing and easy to drink.

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Fly Fishing

Kids

Books



Whether you have kids, or you know some kids, or maybe you're just a big kid yourself—get hooked on Olive the Woolly Bugger!



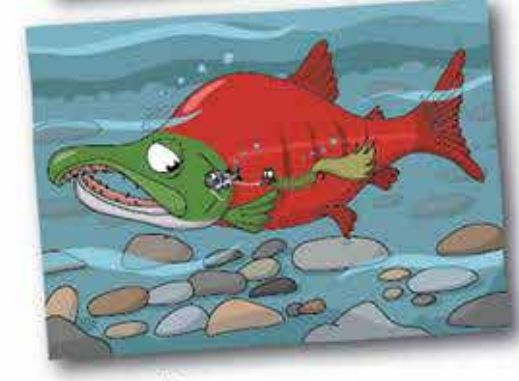
1

Join Olive as she heads off to Camp Tightloops to learn about fly fishing—and a lot more—in *Olive the Little Woolly Bugger*



2

Follow Olive and her Fly Box friends as they go on their first fishing adventure and find out what it takes to catch (and release) a wild trout in *Olive and The Big Stream*



3

Take an incredible journey with Olive as she meets fascinating new friends and discovers what makes the great outdoors so great in *Olive Goes for a Wild Ride*



Ask for all 3 books at your local fly shop or find them online!



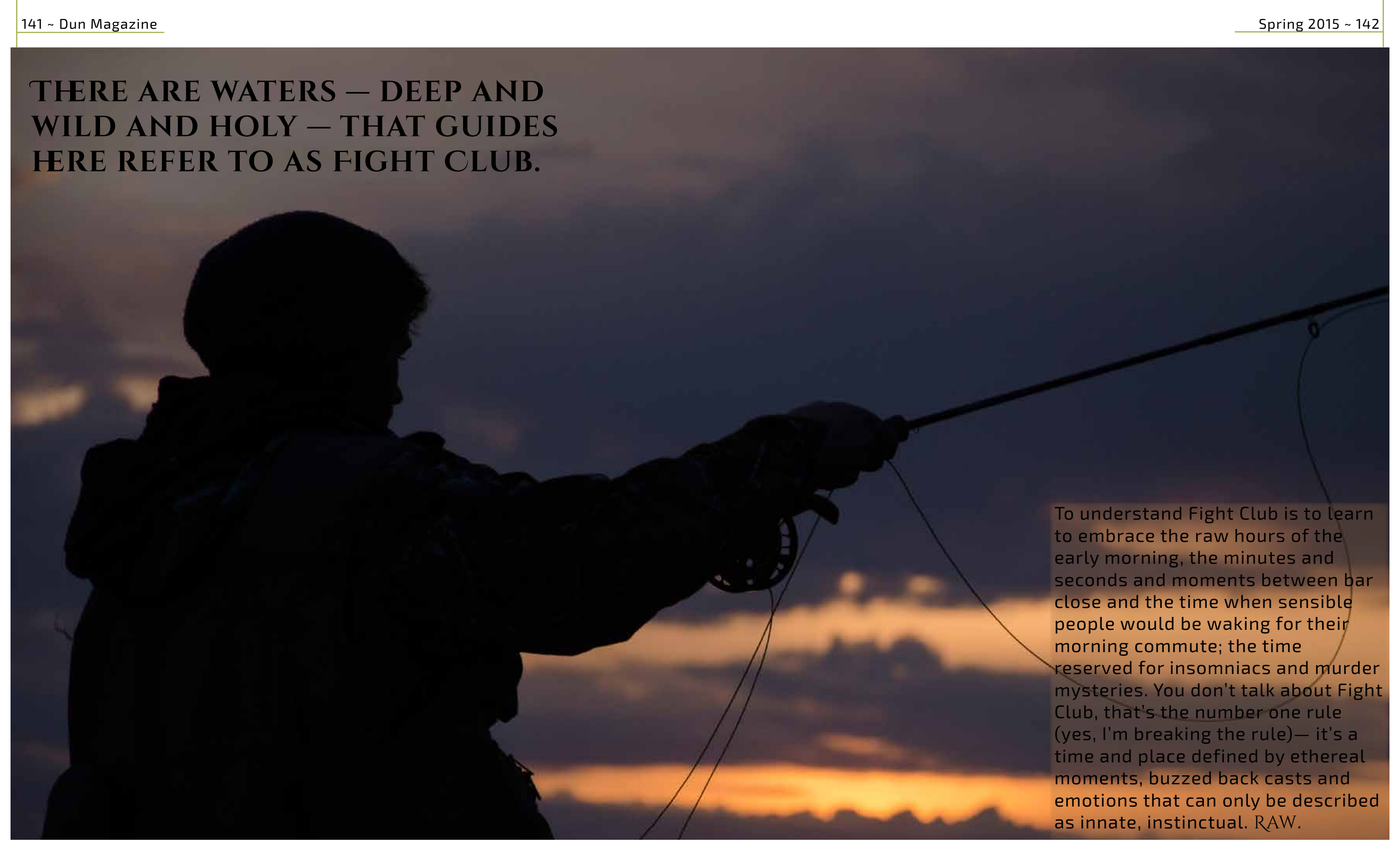
For more information visit:
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ON DEATH AND FLY FISHING

BY: Amanda Monthei

THERE ARE WATERS — DEEP AND
WILD AND HOLY — THAT GUIDES
HERE REFER TO AS FIGHT CLUB.

A silhouette of a person fly fishing against a sunset sky. The person is on the left, holding a fishing rod that extends across the frame. The sky is a mix of dark blue and orange, with clouds catching the low light of the sun. The overall mood is quiet and contemplative.

To understand Fight Club is to learn to embrace the raw hours of the early morning, the minutes and seconds and moments between bar close and the time when sensible people would be waking for their morning commute; the time reserved for insomniacs and murder mysteries. You don't talk about Fight Club, that's the number one rule (yes, I'm breaking the rule)— it's a time and place defined by ethereal moments, buzzed back casts and emotions that can only be described as innate, instinctual. RAW.



Fireflies blink in your peripherals.
A friend upstream loses a huge
brown trout, piecing an insult out of
every obscene word he can come up
with when the trout spits the fly and
races downstream.

A pair of eyes radiate from the
bushes under the glow of my
headlamp.

Clouds roll in. Clouds roll out.
The Milky Way illuminates Ursa
Major. An animal stalks us from
behind a stand of ferns.

**YOU AREN'T ALIVE
ANYWHERE LIKE
YOU'RE ALIVE AT
FIGHT CLUB.**



T'VE HAD THREE FAMILY MEMBERS PASS AWAY IN A MONTH AND A HALF TIME FRAME.

Two were within four days of each other — cancer. One was my stepmother.

I spent roughly 22 hours in a Catholic church in a matter of two weeks in April this year. By my estimation, 22 hours in a church over two weeks was a personal record, despite my Methodist upbringing. For 14 days, familiar Latin hymns flowed over the deepest growls of an organ,

In Paradisum deducant angeli

In tuo adventu, suscipiat te martyres

Et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem.

Chorus angelorum te suscipiat

Et cum Lazaro, quondam paupere Aeternam habeas requiem.

In Paradisum deducant angeli — led to paradise by angels. In this I find peace, my life suddenly defined by holy water, minor harmonies and hymnal promises of angels and heaven.

Fight Club is so-called because you don't talk about it. Local guides don't bring clients here — this is where they go to remember why they do what they do, to experience the moments that define fly fishing at its most honest. They find in the beaver holes and tall brush and 29" browns something tangibly convincing. And when you're first introduced to Fight Club it's an experience not unlike a rite of passage, a holy communion defined by darkness, ceremonial in its inherent struggles; by 3 a.m., passing deer begin to resemble cougars, unseen obstacles have eaten all your flies, and you're covered in ticks. Lots of ticks. Fight Club is notorious for ticks. And when you walk away, covered in said ticks, with not a take to show for it, it feels a little like apprehension

— LIKE MAYBE I WON'T COME BACK LATER THIS WEEK. BUT ALSO, A LITTLE LIKE BEAUTY, AND A LOT LIKE PERFECTION.



It's now been nine months since Kim, my stepmom, passed away. I don't remember her for the Latin hymns or Corinthians 5:6, though I

do remember her in motion, which is both appropriate and important. I remember the way a humble smile would crease her suntanned cheeks.

I REMEMBER THAT SAME SMILE DESPITE DIRE CIRCUMSTANCES, VIBRANCY AMIDST SORROW.

I've found the best way to handle the now wide-open issue of mortality is the motion that so defined my stepmom. Some find clarity in prayer, in worship, in congregation. My chapel changes frequently, sometimes with the weather, mostly with a whim — a small creek weaving through stands of hardwoods; hearing fish rising in front of me as the current hits my shins; the ethereal calmness of a perfect loop from atop a borrowed paddleboard.

And yet, the location and lack of Latin hymnals doesn't defeat the purpose of my devotions. I'm here to find coherence in moving water, in nights so dark I can only turn to my other senses for balance — I hear my cast and my fly hitting the water; I feel the turbulence of the river at my feet; I smell soil, wet brush, the telltale scent of waders left wet in the back of the car for too long. And I know that no church, no Catholic mass can fulfill a desire for things so lucid.

After a night in Fight Club, everything in the real world gets the volume turned down.



I want nothing more than to learn from my experience with death, to find a tangible lesson in witnessing suffering first hand. I want an epiphany, an a-ah moment, something to justify all the grief and unfamiliar emotions and unfair circumstances.

But the darkness is overwhelming. Days defined by tears. A whole life and beautiful existence, now a void to be filled with beer and cigarettes and compulsive lawn care and every other vice we can come up with; this inevitably becomes night fishing, an undertaking fueled largely by energy drinks, the sound of rising fish and the occasional meteor shower, brief as they may seem — coming and going, coming and going. Now you see it, now you don't.

**FIGHT CLUB IS MY
VICE.**






Vicious takes followed by browns barreling just above the surface; that sky, those trees silhouetted by the sun rising on the horizon; the ticks and tears and falls and trips and everything I've experienced. The sound of a trout tail slapping upstream gives way to celebratory yells and a tight line, and I consider all the small, indefinite moments that brought me to this seemingly extraordinary one, this brief instance of clarity in a world so confusing and unfair. A moment is the most you can ever expect from perfection, and with that moment I had found my epiphany:

**WITHOUT PAIN,
WITHOUT SACRIFICE,
WE ARE NOTHING.**



Dun Magazine would like to thank
AMANDA MONTHEI
for her contribution to our
Spring Edition.
To follow Amanda, visit:

 [A_Monthei](#)



We all feel a little embarrassed and afraid when we tangle our first cast.



We just need someone to give us a helping hand and simple guidance.



And then the joy of the first strike and tug on the line...



Fearlessness Happens and a new fly angler is born..... My job is done!

Photos by GG Taylor

Wanda Taylor

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DUN My First Fish

MACKENZIE
With her first fish on a fly
rod with Grandma

BLUE GILLS ARE THE BEST!



Andrea
With her first fish on a fly
rod with Grandpa

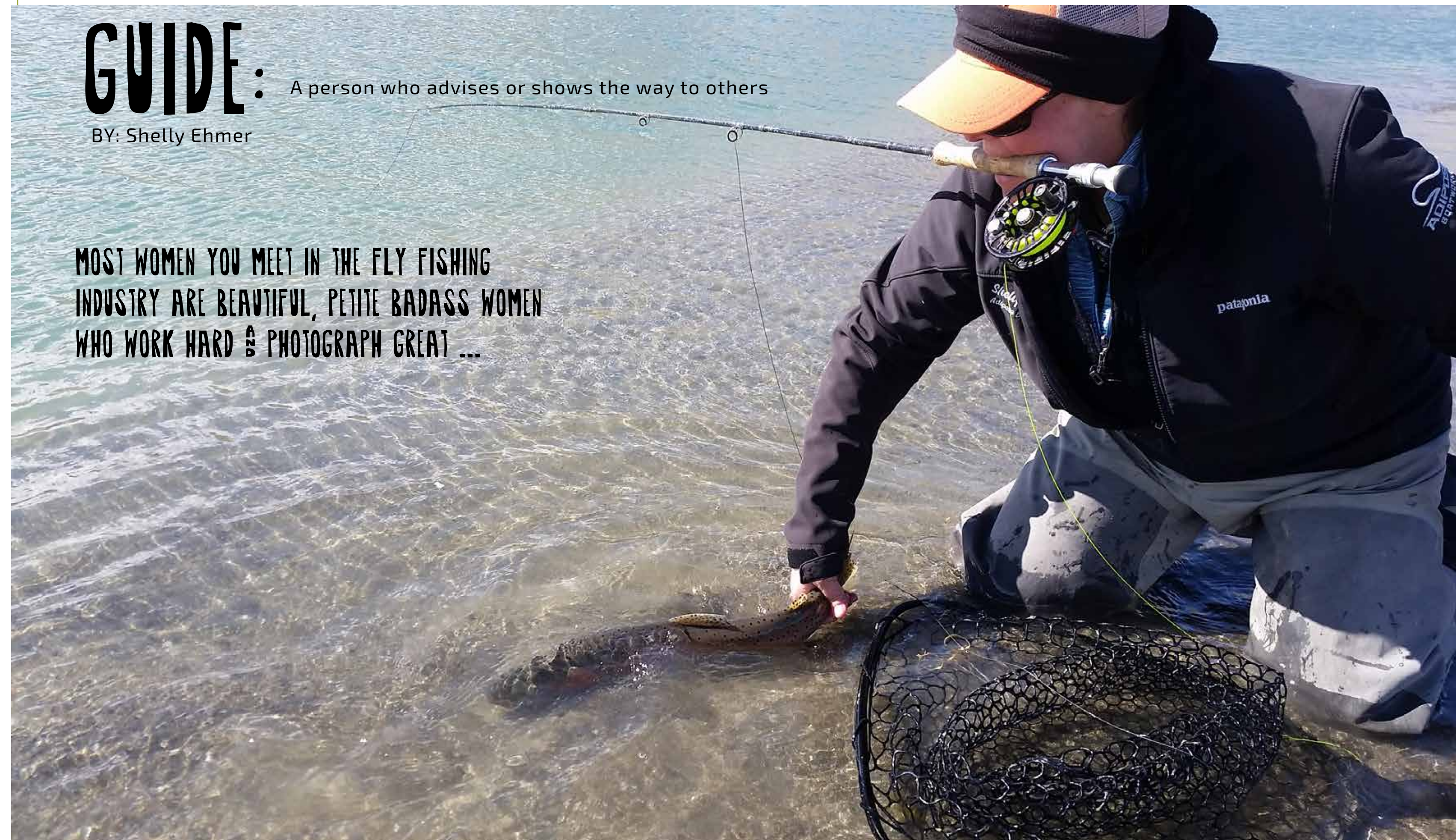
WE HAVE CRAPPIE IN THE
DUN POND!

GUIDE:

A person who advises or shows the way to others

BY: Shelly Ehmer

**MOST WOMEN YOU MEET IN THE FLY FISHING
INDUSTRY ARE BEAUTIFUL, PETITE BADASS WOMEN
WHO WORK HARD & PHOTOGRAPH GREAT ...**





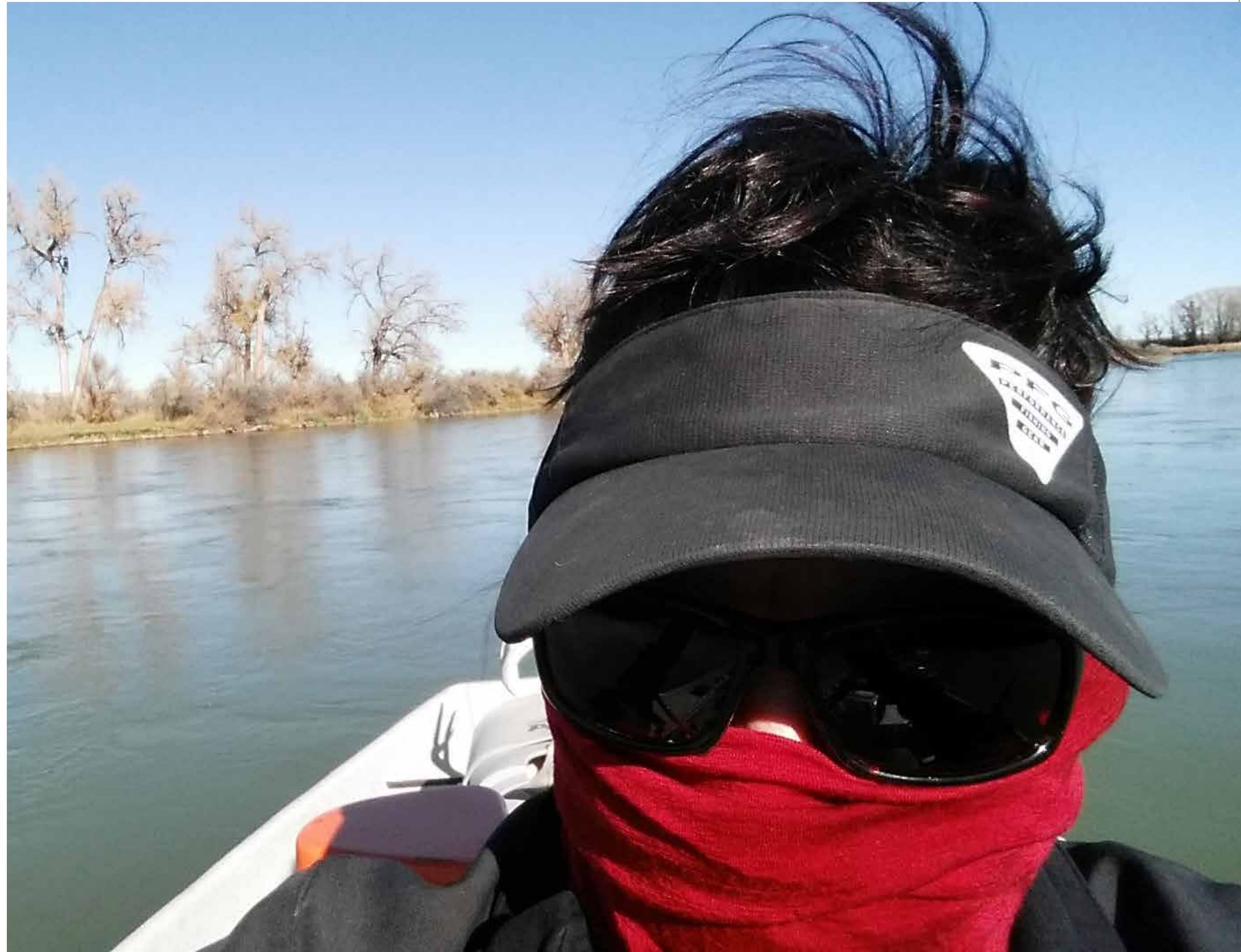
I am far from petite, I have a cricked smile, my boobs are too big, and I only look good in pictures when I am holding a fish. It has taken years for me to accept me as I am. I've never quit pushing forward to do what I want to do in this life. I have been told I was too fat and too old to be a guide by a fly shop owner. I had just been offered a shop job by his manager, that was revoked. It turned out to actually be beneficial to me, in a weird roundabout way.

“THINGS” HAPPEN FOR A REASON. SOMETIMES THOSE “THINGS” SUCK REALLY BAD.

But, I've seen fantastic doors open after some have been slammed in my face. I have finally made it, I am a Guide in Montana. My home base is on the Bighorn River, in Fort Smith Montana.

Oh I have made my share of mistakes along the way. I just try to wake up and do a little bit better each day than I did the day before. I think in every person, especially a woman, there is a driving force that pushes us forward to achieve success. Family, school, relationships, work, etc. I want to succeed in the fly fishing world in every which way I can. In hindsight, maybe I should have worked to be the better at some of my past relationships.

ANOTHER LIFE
MAYBE.



LAST SEASON'S GUIDE DAY ROUTINE WOULD DEPEND ON WHICH RIVER I WAS WORKING ON.



I WENT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE MISSOURI RIVER AND THE BIGHORN RIVER

MISSOURI RIVER – CRAIG, MT:

We camped at Mid Cannon; I slept in the back of Burb, my 1995 Suburban. In the mornings, the guides meet up at the fly shop, pick up our clients and hit the water. After our workday, we would all meet back at the campground. With the campfire going, the 6 of us laughing about the day, the beer and vodka went down a little too easy. Bath time was jumping in the river and floating down a mile or so while the sun set with a cocktail in hand. Life vests were worn to have hand's free floating. We'd pass out and do it all over again the next day.



THE MISSOURI RIVER

In 2013 Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks estimated the Missouri River near Craig to have more than 5,100 Rainbow Trout per mile longer than 10 inches.

BIGHORN RIVER – FORT SMITH, MT:

Waking up here in my Fort Smith Ghetto Guide Trailer, if it is shaking, I know it will be a 'windy bitch' for work in the morning. Regardless of weather, sickness or fatigue, a guide has ZERO choice but to go in to work. Calling in sick just does not happen.

**YOU WOULD BE SLITTING
YOUR THROAT AND NEWS
TRAVELS FAST IN THE
GUIDE WORLD.**

With the coffee pot on, I jump into a hot shower to shake the cobwebs out, kick a stray out of bed if needed with a kiss and maybe a broken promise of something for the future, find a shirt that isn't dirty and then microwave a frozen burrito.

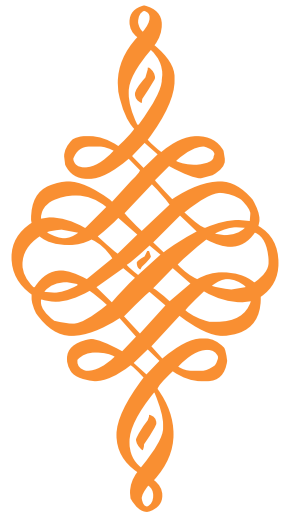


CHEECH

MY FIRST CLIENT



ADIPOSE
BOATWORKS



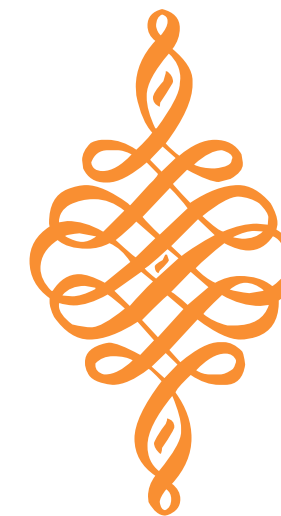
My checklist starts with an inspection of Ginger, my boat, for left over beer bottles and trash from clients, wishing I would just do this at the takeout like a good guide would do to be ready for the next day. Rods need to be rigged. The Yeti needs to be iced up. Grab client lunches and drinks, check the weather forecast and river flows.

**READY SET GO ...
MEET CLIENTS, SMILE, ENTERTAIN
AND CATCH FISH**

A FEW THINGS I HAVE LEARNED HERE IN THE FORT:

- 1: **ALWAYS** carry bug spray and Alka Seltzer for the nasty hangover days; one to cover up the fumes you are sweating out and the other to prevent puking up whatever you drank at last night's guide bash. This is where we discuss our success or failure and shenanigans of the day ...
Coffee IV drip please.
- 2: **NEVER EVER** date a guide you work with on the river.
- 3: **STAY OUT OF** fly fishing politics and drama.
- 4: **LIVING** on the Bighorn River is truly an awesome experience, even if it means living in a ghetto guide trailer, driving an old suburban and being poor.

5: I GET TO FISH YEAR ROUND ... TAILWATERS ARE AWESOME!



Dun Magazine would like to thank
SHELLY EHMER
for her contribution to our
Spring Edition.
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Growing up on the Soque River, which runs down from the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains, has been quite adventurous for my husband and me. We both grew up in Habersham County and never knew we were destined to travel this journey and live on one of the most beautiful rivers in the Northeast Georgia.

We opened up Blackhawk Fly Fishing in 1996. The Jackson family has been stewards of the property since 1940. My husband and I started restoring the farmhouse in the early 90's. Today, it is a place for our anglers to come in and have lunch, to gather around the popular fire pit at night and tell tall tales about the fish they caught or should have caught.

We pride ourselves in repeat business; our anglers come back for the great waters to fish and our experienced guides that have worked here for years. We make fly fishermen of all levels feel welcome and our onsite fly shop provides all necessary gear if needed.



Some folks may think this is fantasy fishing, but let me tell you our resident Soque trout have humbled many an angler. More often than not they're a challenge to hook and even more of a challenge to bring to the net. Even a seasonal angler appreciates an experienced guide to help with landing our trophy fish.

There is more to the lodge than fishing. I also have a great passion for food. After 20 years on the corporate trail, I decided to make a detour and follow my food passion. Always preparing the meals at Blackhawk, our clients inspired me to launch a gourmet line of salsas and "Smokin Hot" sauce in 2011. Let me tell you, it has been "Smokin Hot" busy ever since.

Come to Blackhawk to fish and eat with True Southern Hospitality.

One bite and you will be hooked!

www.blackhawkflyfishing.com





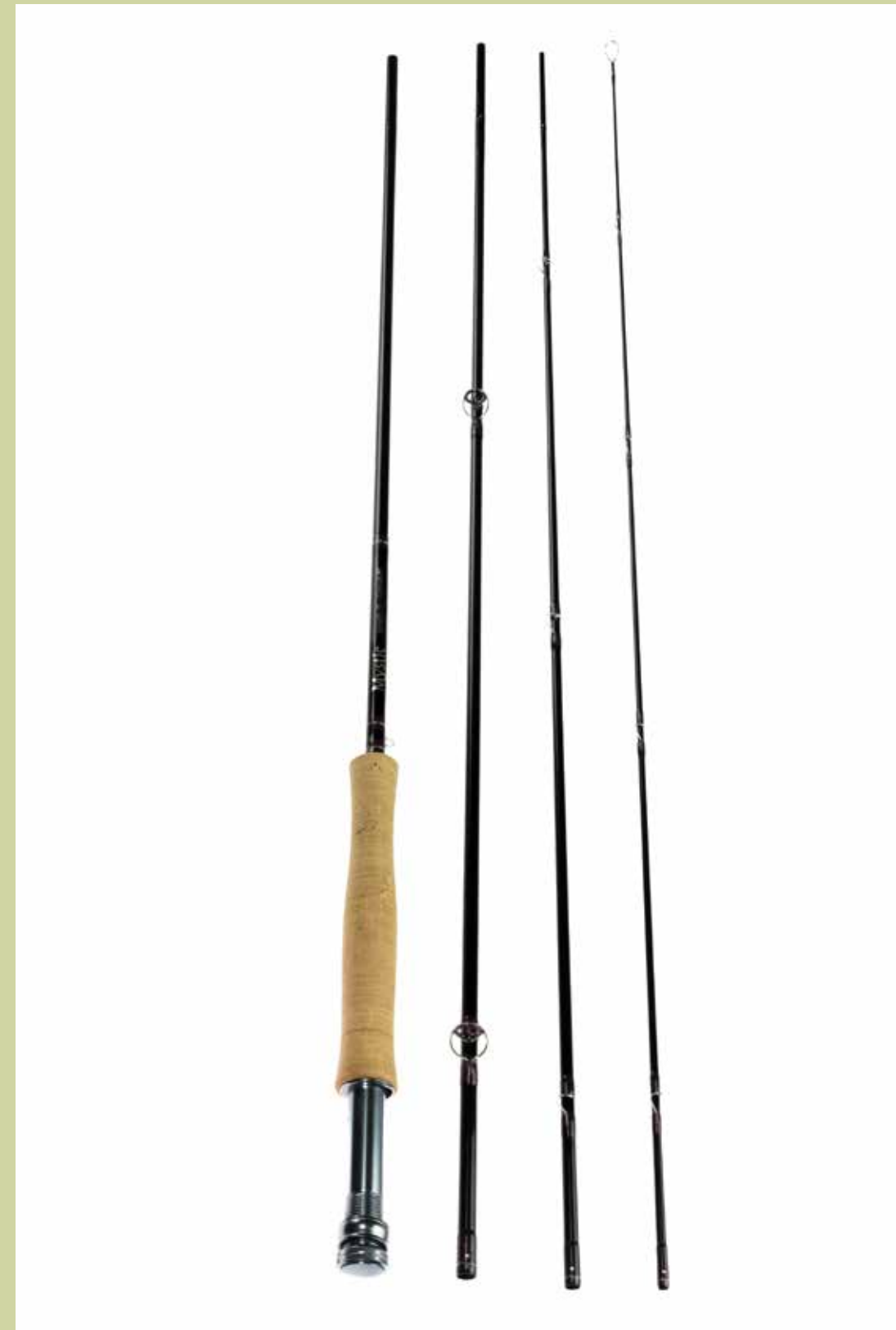
PRODUCT

Sapphyre



SAPPHYRE SERIES | Classic beauty redefined with elegance and prestige, the Sapphyre rod is a true work of art. Designed to be ergonomically pleasing for female anglers, this tip-flex, fast action rod will perform as well the best fast action rods on the market. Crafted and finished without exceptions or compromises on material or components, the Sapphyre utilizes a custom made fore-grip designed to fit a

petite hand with excellent balance and sensitivity. Finish details include titanium stripping guides, light wire snake guides and a teardrop tiptop to make the Sapphyre worthy of the most demanding and discerning angler. Translucent holographic sapphire blue blank with violet wraps and silver trim bands make this rod one of the sexiest rods on the market today.



Ciao!

