SALMON, STEELHEAD AND TROUT RESTORATION CONFERENCE TO BE HELD IN FEBRUARY, 1988.

On Saturday and Sunday, February 27 and 28, 1988, the Sixth Annual Conference on Salmon, Steelhead, and Trout Restoration Federation will be held at the Marin Rod and Gun Club in San Rafael. This conference will feature esteemed fishery biologists, restoration workers, and estuary scientists.

For further information call (415) 543-5370.

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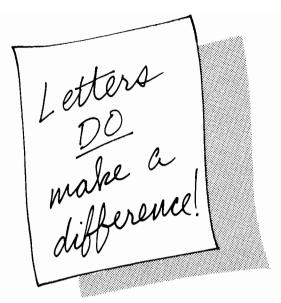
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In response to a request by the California Sport Fishing Alliance, a permit application by the Sea Ranch Water Company for an alternative source of water is being restudied. The present source of water for Sea Ranch is the Gualala River. The two alternatives proposed are: (1) shifting the point of diversion from the present location to a point down stream during a portion of the year; (2) creating a storage reservoir on Sea Ranch, east of Highway One, which would occupy an area of 15 acres, by collecting the natural run-off waters. Diverting the water from the natural reservoir that is created by the sandbar which is formed across the mouth of the river each year causes concern.

This water diversion would destroy the river as a fishery. An alternative would be to collect natural run-off water without the adverse impact on the river (Alternative, #2).

Please write to the State Water Resources Control Board, Division of Water Rights, P.O. Box 2000, Sacramento, CA 95810, attention Bruce Fodge. Just say something as simple as: "I am concerned about the Gualala River and the impact that taking water from it in its lower reaches would have on the fishery. Don't allow it as long as you have a reasonable alternative which the "site number two storeage" seems to be."



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I hope everyone had a wonderful Christmas and a safe and exciting New Year. I have managed to spend some quality time on the Russian and Eel between the holidays and I hope to spend much more as other rivers receive fish. The Gualala is begining to show some life, and I always look forward to fishing the Navarro.

The new year is upon us and there are so many things to be done. I really hope to see the pond landscaped this year. Once this is taken care of we can start concentrating on building our clubhouse. Now that's exciting! Once again, I would like to remind everyone of the Senior Citizens' Olympics to be held at the pond in June. We have a number of conservation projects planned including Willow Creek, Russian River access points, the fish passage at Memorial Beach, and Sonoma Creek to name a few.

JANUARY, 1988

JANUARY GENERAL MEETING

Wednesday, January 20th

Speaker: Dave Stanley, Reno Fly Shop - "Fishing Pyramid Lake and the Truckee Drainage" 6:30 p.m. Recreation and Parks
Building
415 Steele Lane, S.R.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: Monday, January 18, 1988 7:00 p.m. Warrack Hospital 4788 Hoen Ave., Santa Rosa

This month's program should be very interesting, especially to those of us who participate in the club's annual Pyramid Lake outing. Dave Stanley of the Reno Fly Shop will tell us how to fish the waters properly and maybe this year's trip will see more members participate.

This may seem a bit early, but I would like each and everyone of you to start thinking about a qualified and willing candidate for president of our club. My term will be up at the end of June and I'll be giving it a rest for awhile. Please give this serious thought, and don't forget we will need Board members too. See you at the meeting on the 2oth.

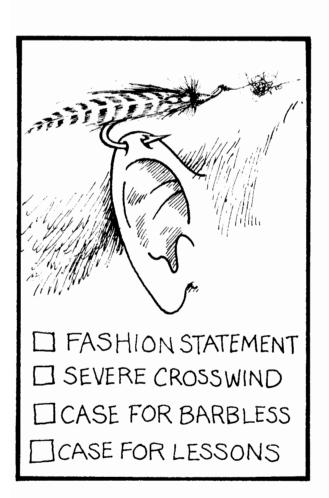
Tight Lines.

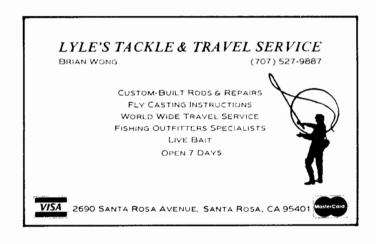


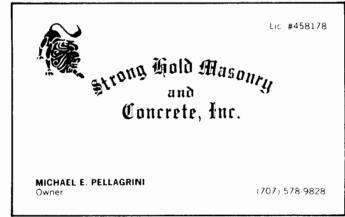
The Federation Of Fly Fishers (N. Calif. Council) met on December 5 1987 in Davis. A Federation membership list will now be available and is going to be computerized (IBM compatable) for member club's use. The Federation will have booths at the International Sportsmen's Exhibition January 6-10 in Sacramento; and also for the San Mateo show March 9-13. Individuals interested in helping should contact Russ Lockner or other board members. The regional Conclave will be held September 16-18 in Redding. This should be a great meeting with plenty of local fishing and a keynote address by Jack Dennis.

The Federation continues to be very actively involved in all aspects of environmental preservation; Forest Servive logging practices and monitoring, Putah Creek wild trout study, Truckee River sampling of the wild trout section (truly remarkable increases in populations), and numerous filings of complaints for stream flow violations, licensing applications and Environmental Impact Reports. These activities are state wide in scope.

Funds are available from the Federation for local conservation projects. The Putah Creek project was funded in this way with the support of the Davis Fly Fishers. Contact the conservation committee (Coleman or Sanchietti) or any board member for details.











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EDITORS NOTES

'Tis the season of family and friends. One of the joys of fishing is sharing the experience with another fisherperson. There is a definite increase in pleasure in seeing your fishing partner hook up or have them commisurate on the "giant" that you just broke off.

We are, as sporting folk go, remarkably unselfish in our willingness to help our brethren be it streamside or at the bar later. It's especially fitting as we start the new year to share a portion of our bounty with someone else. Next time you're going out on the streams, or even casting on your lawn or the casting pond, pick up the phone and ask a friend, or even an aquaintance to come with you. Each of you will be richer for it.

COMING EVENTS -

January 23, 1987 Steelhead Fishing on the Gualala or the Russian River. Complete details at the January 29th Meeting, or contact Bill Laurie 546-3900 during working hours.

February 17, 1988 - John Ganter (R.R.F.F. Club Member) on Elk Trout Lodge.

PLEASE CONTACT...

Si Siatos would appreciate a telephone call from the member who purchased his depth finder at the swap meet a few months ago. He would like to send the purchaser the couple of instruction booklets and also receive fishing information on Lake Britton. Please contact at home/office: (415) 472-5343 or write to: P.O. Box 4339, San Rafael, 94913.



Grant and Betty King



NEWS and TACKLE SHOP

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P.O. Box 136 Guerneville, California READING A STREAM - Number Three in a Series of Articles for Our Youth or Novice Fishermen

In the past two articles we have talked about learning to read a stream for holding places such as foam drifts and behind boulders. In this article we will learn about pocket water, riffles, and runs.

Pocket water is produced by many large boulders projecting above the surface of the stream. It is most common in the late summer into early spring before the run off waters enter the stream. Pocket water consists of small pools, eddies, small fast current between boulders, or even small waterfalls. The water is fast and foamy so that the fish react quickly in taking drifting food. These sections allow the angler to remain concealed from the fish so it's ideal fly fishing water and a joy to fish. Use short casts upstream, with the rod held high. Well hackled and fairly large dry flies seem to work best...producing quick and firm strikes.

At the lower end of typical pools the stream will often become shallow and wide, before breaking off into the riffle water below. Large trout often hold here at the tail of the pool where they are able to closely inspect everything the current brings down. Such large trout may be difficult to take in these locations and are best fished in one of two ways. First, from directly downstream cast quartering upstream, again holding the rod tip high and allowing as little line as possible to lie on the water. (The current is faster over the riffle break and will quickly produce drag.) The second method is to cast quartering downstream from a position above the riffle break, placing your fly well above the hold you want to fish and then mending the cast as your fly drifts down to the fish. In larger stream it may pay to switch to a longer, finer leader when fishing the large, still water pools.

In the section of the river/stream where two converging currents come together, there is generally deeper water. Just above this confluence there will be an area of water with very little current flow but having a surface disturbance of bouncy and sharp-pointed waves. This is a perfect area to hold the larger trout in the stream. It is at times difficult to fish these riffles because the currents surrounding such areas will produce drag at once. Slack line casts, plenty of slack in the leader, and even bringing the fly back wet may be required.

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Can you believe, while enjoying a cup of coffee around the Christmas tree a friend, who no longer fishes, gave to me his father's fly tying equipment? Included in the box was a Jungle Cock cape, partially used, but still intact! Fake J. C. has been like new COKE, it wasn't the Real Thing.

As an alternative to the Real Thing, John Pike suggests the following:

"Use the poorest grade (i.e. grade 4 barnyard grizzly) neck you can find. You know the type, feather duster material. Take a large neck hackle, strip off the fibers till the neck is not too thick, ending on the start of a white bar. Count up two black bars. cut the feather. Using silicon glue, or a similiar product (I use clear nail polish), glue the feather fibers together by drawing the cut piece between your index finger and thumb. After it is dry, trim the top black bar off using curved nail scissors. This should leave two white bars separated by a narrow black bar. Use a permanent marker to color the top bar. "

Instant (almost) Jungle Cock! Maybe I should offer small patches of the Real Thing for exchange at our next swap meet.



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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Well, how do you like the new logo for the Cast? Mike Hawes of Michael Hawes Advertising Graphics has joined the staff and is contributing a lot of help to Russ and Vicki Lockner. Thanks, Mike.

Due to unforseeable circumstances, our January speaker could not attend the meeting, but Dave Stanley will entertain us at a later date. Liz Flynn did a great job of scrambling around at the last minute to come up with some of our club's best liars to present their personal slide shows. I think the evening was very enjoyable. Thanks to Liz, Bob Moratto, Wes Sheehy, Jim Hakel and Mike Galbraith for letting us live vicariously through their exploits.

Next month John Gantner, also a club member will entertain us with a talk on Elk Trout Lodge in Colorado. John has been guiding/managing the new lodge lately and I'm sure his presentation will be very enjoyable.

The rivers are still muddy and with Caltrans working on the slide above Cloverdale, the Russian will probably remain muddy for about three more years. The only decent fly water is above the county line.

We're desperately trying to have the pond landscaped before the senior olympic events take place. We can't promise anything for sure, but we may be calling all of you able-bodied persons to help if we decide we must do it ourselves.

FEBRUARY EVENTS 1988

GENERAL MEETING: February 17th

Parks and Recreation Building, 6:30 p.m.
415 Steele Lane
Santa Rosa, CA

Speaker: John Gantner, Elk Trout Lodge

BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING: Tuesday, February 15th 7:00 p.m. Warrack Hospital Board Room 4788 Hoen Ave., Santa Rosa

CASTING CLINIC: February 21st 11:00 a.m. Casting Pond, Galvin Park

Speaking of the pond, contact Brian Wong at Lyle's Tackle or Bob Sisson to reserve a space at the next casting clinic being held on February 21st. Please let us know if you would be interested in a tying clinic, and please remember also to think about new leadership for the next fiscal year.

Tight Lines,





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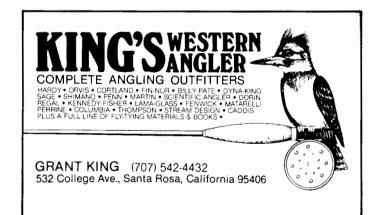
EDITORS' NOTES

The results of our recent club questionaire reinforced a notion that many of us had. That the club is perceived as a body of knowledge and expertise which should be shared. Many people joined our ranks specifically for the opportunity of learning more about fly fishing. In years past we have offered classes in: fly tying; knots and leaders; aquatic entomology and casting. We will be doing more of this on a regular basis. The casting clinics at the pond have been both enjoyable and instructive. The next seminar will utilize video taping and the participants will have the opportunity to "see themselves first hand". Don't miss it on Sunday, February 21st.



UPCOMING EVENTS

Dinner Meeting - March, 1988
Pyramid Lake Outing - March 25-26
Spring Picnic - May 22nd
Elections/Nominations - March, April
Walker Creek Conservation Project:
Memorial Day Week-End



Grant and Betty King



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POOL CAPTAINS CORNER

**** SPECIAL MEETING NOTICE****

WHAT:

BASIC CASTING CLINIC

WHEN:

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 21st, 11 AM to 2 PM

WHERE:

THE CASTING POOL

YOU NEED:

The type of fly casting equipment you wish to work

with. Remember -- No hooks, cut down or otherwise.

WEATHER:

NOT RAINING.

Up grade your casting skills. Learn the techniques of competition fly casting for accuracy.

You will have the opportunity to see yourself in action on video tape. To do this, you will need a blank video tape for a VCR. (Sorry, only VHS can be worked with. I do not have Beta capability.)

The area surrounding the pool is rather muddy and I would suggest foot wear to handle the conditions. All parking will have to be in the regular paved parking area.

Bob Sisson Casting Pool Captain

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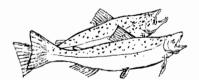
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CONSERVATION NOTES

Dear Fellow Flyfishers,

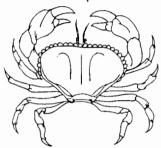
January has slipped past and February is upon us. Signs of spring are beginning to be unveiled. Our to date very gentle rains have allowed smaller tributaries to clear reasonably fast and prevent the intrusion of excess silt that in the past few heavy rain years plugged up some or our better spawning grounds. If we continue to see moderate force rain storms we may be in for good natural hatches in the upstream redds. There are a multitude of upcoming events for your interest and participation. Don't miss out and get out the '88 calendar and circle those days that are of interest to you. The events as I list them may not be in chronological order so keep that in mind.

March 11-13 Friends of the River Conference at Dominican College in San Rafael: Present will be representatives from Northern California F.F.F. (Federation of Fly Fishers). More information about the subjects to be covered and a schedule will be passed on as soon as available.



February 27-28, Sixth Annual Salmon and Steelhead Restoration Conference at the Marin Rod and Gun Club, San Rafael: This series of seminars and audio-visual displays is excellent! If you haven't attended in the past, do so this year, especially since this year's conference is so close to home. Cost for the week-end is \$20.00 and you'll get every cent back in quality information. Continental breakfast and lunches will be supplied free to par-

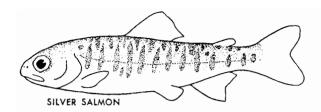
ticipants. I suggest any member of R.R.F.F. who can make it, to do so. There is also a Saturday evening crab feed. Cost of the same is \$10.00 and it's super. Frank Sanchetti, DiAnn Lindquist, Steve Klausner and I put it together last year and all we saw were smiling faces and plates heaped with crab, salads, and various other delectables, not to mention wines and other liquid refreshments.

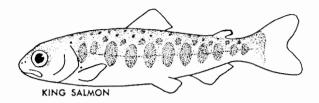


For more information on same, call Leo Cronin at (415) 453-5370 or write: Leo Cronin, Salmon Steelhead Restoration Conference No. 12, San Gabriel Court, Fairfax, CA 94930.

May 28,29,20 Memorial Day Week-end Walker Creek Project: This is an important project headed by Trout Unlimited with our invited participation. We will be looking for 200 people per day on the project. The scope of the project will be exclusionary fencing of livestock along portions of the stream and erosion control work on banks. This protection restoration project needs your participation. Food will be supplied by T.U. to all participants. Any time you can put in on any of the three days will be of benefit. For more information, contact Jerry Fitzpatrick at (415) 488-4436. This project has many facets similar to those applicable to our own county's stream problems. Participate!

> STEELHEAD-RAINBOW TROUT





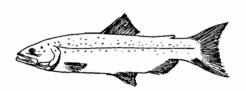
A recent turn of events has resulted in the Department of Fish and Game recieving 11.2 million dollars in budget increases in the 1988-1989 This increased funding, herebudget. tofore unavailable to the Department of Fish and Game will allow them to make "giant strides" in conservation, reported Director Pete Bontadelli on January 8th. These new funds will help to eleviate defficiencies in staffing and forge ahead with previously postponed projects. In association with this funding, Cal Trout seeks angler support to not support AB 1098 (Hill). This bill would have eliminated the previous mandate to the Department of Fish and Game that twenty-five miles of stream and lake be added annually under wild stream status. Before the advent of this new funding, the Department of Fish and Game was hard pressed to properly administer the mandate and thus the authority of the bill to releive D.F. & G. of their responsibility to carry out the then almost inoperable directive. Now through the new funding and personnel, the original mandate can go forth. Your letters are needed. Please write to:

> Chairman, Parks and Wildlife Committe Mr. Jim Costa (Fresno) State Capitol Building Sacramento, CA 96817

State that you are <u>against</u> the provisions of AB 1098 (Hill) and in favor of keeping Section 1727. Your letters to this effort are appreciated...so as soon as you can plunk yourself down, write it!

Lastly, a series of quick notes. We need someone from R.R.F.F. membership to help out with the Russian River access issue and participate in the advisory board for same. This will not require a great deal of time, but is still a needed entity. Contact Frank Sanchetti at 996-7975.

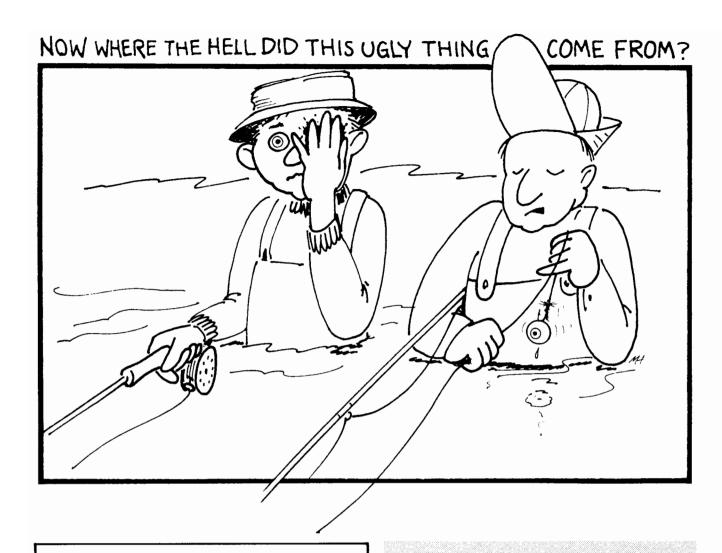
The Willow Creek Project is up and coming for the R.R.F.F. and we'll keep you informed as to project dates in upcoming Casts. Also keep in mind my article in last spring's Cast regarding fish saving in our tributaries. This year sould provide ample spawning opportunities, and with it, opportunities to save fingerlings and fry from death as stream waters recede.



Sonoma Creek project is still viable and we are wrestling with various entities over funds promised to us but as not yet made available. We'll keep you posted.

I'm looking for one or more participants for the Board of Directors to work on the Conservation Committee. Frank Sanchetti will be taking a stronger lead in our conservation arm as I am going to be short or available time due to a new work load. I'll still be helping out as much as time permits, but won't be able to direct as in the past. Please contact me, Dan Coleman, 996-7758 or Frank Sanchetti 996-7975. YOU'RE NEEDED. Thanks, and don't forget to put in your tax deductible contribution on line 45 of the State Tax Return to help our Endangered Species, among them our own Dolly Varden (Bulltrout).

Dan Coleman





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California Dept. of Fish & Game



FISHING REPORT...As of 1/31/88

Many anglers feel fly fishing is a poor way to take winter-run steelheads. To date, this might be so ... but there are fish in the river if the river clears enough so a steelhead can see a fly. In fact, some say, a steelhead is the easiest of all fish to catch on a fly. Until the rains, the Russian was producing a few steelhead. If we have a clearing pattern, north of Cloverdale should be the most productive. However, due to road work the problem of clearing has been increased. (Look for a two week period after the most recent rain).

In the lower sections brighter patterns usually work best but due to river conditions now, the darker patterns are the best. A steelhead, is after all, a visitor in the stream rather than a tenant. In winter, they feed little, if at all, on their spawning migration. As fish move into the upper stretches of the same streams they seem to develop the same tastes as native trout and feed more readily on darker patterns such as the Boss and Comet.

Flies for winter-run steelhead should be as heavy as required to get them down to the bottom, but there is a definite limit to how heavy the fly should be. The first time the fly bites your frosty ear, the fly may have reached its optimal weight.

There are three ways to weight a fly: add weight in the hook, add weight to the hook, or add weight to the leader just in front of the fly. I prefer to add weight IN the hook, with either a heavy wire hook or by wrapping fuse lead wire around the hook shank before tying on the body.

The "recipe" for flies to use on the Russian...when it clears...are either the Flaming or Orange Boss or a Silver Comet.



BASIC PATTERN for a BOSS

Hook Eagle Claw 1197 or equivalent

Size 2 to 8

Thread Red, Pre-Waxed Monocord

Tail Gray Squirrel Tail dyed black Rib Flat Silver Tinsel or Mylar

Body Black Wool

Hackle Orange, Collar Style

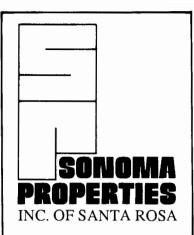
Eyes Bead Chain Links tied on at

head.

I know members would appreciate any other member who is willing to share their techniques for tying special steel-head flies. A telephone call will see your design in print: 544-1593.







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PRESIDENT
BUS PHONE (707) 527-5211

800 Mendocino Avenue Santa Rosa, CA 95401



Jim Hakel

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TROUT TIPS

When stream fishing (and even some smaller western rivers), don't nelect the "small" water. These are the waters on the edges of the stream. Which means you must approach the stream respectfully - if not, trout on the edges will be spooked before you even reach the stream. Often you can wade a stream and fish back to the nearest bank. You don't have to be a float fisherman to fish these productive holding places.

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EDITORS' NOTES

I remember the name Bruce Elliott in corjunction with the then famous Rock Creek Lodge outside Missoula, Montana. I first read about Rock Creek and Bruce's expertise in one of Joe Brook's books. In the old days before the Interstate Highway, this freestone stream lived up to its reputation of being one of the best of Montana's Blue Ribbon Trout streams. The lodge was a gathering place and watering hole for the faithful who regularly took brown trout of double digit lengths.

This is where we became fly fishermen. Entire days of leisurely fishing through a pristine meadow. Pool after pool with two and three native fish each; banks of untrampled grass; graveled beaches alive with small wildflowers inviting us to join them.

I found the fly box amongst a choke cherry thicket one evening. From that day I began reliving the fishing legacy that our father and his fishing partners shared. The rods, each in their original wrap and case, American bamboo, that had previously been used for ultra light bait fishing (roll casting a single salmon egg on a #14 eagle claw hook), were now to be used as they had been originally intended.

Then came the summer cabins, year round houses, the U.S. Interstate 10, and tourists, in addition to the faithful regulars.

Today Rock Creek is back, perhaps not to its former glory, but certainly again a trophy stream. This is a result of not only no-kill provisions and intensive stream management, but also a change in the Fishing Ethic in a significant number of Montana fishermen.

The message is clear...it's easier to save resources rather than restore them. Please do your part in supporting efforts of conservations and reminding anglers of good sportsmanship, not to mention regulations.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I missed winter. I also missed steelhead season. It just didn't seem to happen for me this year, but I'm starting to tie trout flies and look forward to April 30th.

A big Thank You goes to John Gantner for his great talk on Elk Trout Lodge. That's a place I definately want to visit. I could spend the whole time on the Green River and not care if I caught a fish. What a beautiful spot! What made the talk really super was the fact that John is also an expert photographer. Thanks again, John.

This month will be a dinner meeting at the Holiday Inn down on Santa Rosa Avenue. Our speaker will be Del Canty and he will entertain us with a presentation on "Trophy Fishing in the U.S." Please try to reserve early through the mail since there will be an extra cover charge to those who show up at the door unannounced.

We still need more help with the Senior Citizens' Olympic Casting Event. This is going to be a very enjoyable weekend and I'm excited about being part of it. This will be held on the first weekend in June, so if you can help contact Brian Wong at Lyle's Tackle.

MARCH EVENTS 1988

GENERAL MEETING: March 23rd

Special Dinner Meeting - Holiday Inn, 3345 Santa Rosa Avenue

Speaker: Del Canty - "Trophy Fishing in the United States of America "

BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING: March 14th

7:00 p.m. Warrack Hospital Board Room 4787 Hoen Ave., Santa Rosa

PYRAMID LAKE OUTING

March 25th - March 26th

Once again, reserve your spot for the dinner on March 23rd early so that we can include you in the final count for the chef.

Tight Lines,

FISHING REPORT

There isn't anything to report !!!

Except, where the fish are they are very spotty and the fishing is very slow. A few fish have been caught on the Gualala although the water level is extremely low and clear. A long leader with a 4 pound tipit and #12-#14 flies, might entice a few fish to play with you.

PREDICTIONS FOR 1988

"The American Forecaster 1988" predicts booms in luxury cars, cuff links, fat suctioning, thread bikinis, blondes and a big boom in <u>flyfishing</u>. Flyfishing, long considered to be an upper class pursuit, has caught the fancy of yuppies. Trout Unlimited reports its typical members to be 41 years old who spend more than \$3,000 a year on the sport.

FLYTYING - WATERBOATMAN

On almost any still body of water, anywhere in California you can find waterboatmen. In the order of Hemitera (true bugs) and Family Corixidae, these erratic swimmers are common along the shorelines. After the first hard freeze most aquatic insects are in the egg, or small nymph/larva stage and most terrestrials have been stilled. Waterboatmen typically over-winter as adults, making them among the largest food items available in early spring.

Most peacock herl nymphs, like the Tellico or Zug Bug will imitate waterboatmen. However, Corixids tend to assume the color of the bottom they swim over; therefore the color of your imitation should match the bottom or vegetation you are fishing.

WE NEED YOUR HELP

The California Department of Fish and Game needs your help. I've been informed from a number of sources about the increasing number of violations on the Russian River. Overfishing the number of steelhead trout (smolts that are taken for trout); snagging; the use of more than one rod...especially in drift boats, illegal trespass, and others. If you see this happening, please call the Cal-Tip number:

CAL-TIP 1-800-952-5400

The number is monitored from 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. week days. It goes directly to Region III headquarters and then out to the field wardens. If these violations happen on weekends, you can place the call on the following Monday morning. You don't have to use your name to make a report.





1

WILLOW CREEK

Willow Creek, a tributary of the Russian River, joins the Russian near Jenner. Approximately twelve miles long, the headwaters are formed in the hills northwest of Occidental.

At one time, it supported fair size runs of native Coho Salmon and steelhead; Now its runs are very easily diminished from streamside habitat destruction attributed to logging practices.

The watershed, now under the control of Louisiana-Pacific Corporation, is supporting new logging operations. Local environmental groups have filed suit over the way the Forest Practice Act was administered by the Department of Fish and Game and the Department of Forestry.

It was for concern of the watershed that the Russian River Flyfishers Conservation Committee first contacted Louisiana-Pacific Corporation.

At the behest of Louisiana-Pacific Corporation, a stream walk was set for February 13, 1988. Roy Luccini, Trout Unlimited; Ted Wooster and Bill Cox, Dept. of Fish and Game; Ted Thompson, Senior Forester L-P Coporation and I conducted the stream survey.

Our basis and criteria for the survey was to look at the instream habitat, the riparian and streamside cover, the sources and effects of siltation and look at the current logging operations.

Approximately four miles of stream were surveyed. Overall rearing habitat pertaining to Salmonids was good. There was instream debris from past logging operations that provided instream cover for the fish. There was not enough debris to create a fish passage problem. Undercut banks also provided cover. There was good tree and riparian cover. There was no evidence of current logging on the stream banks. There was ample evidence of early logging as massive redwood (oldgrowth) stumps had six to eight

sprouts each of approximately eight feet. Pool to riffle ratios were fair to good.

The spawning habitat was in fair to poor shape. There were some good gravel stretches. Fine gravel and fine sands were evidenced. These were attributed to three large slides, due in part to the steep terrain and past clear cut logging operations.

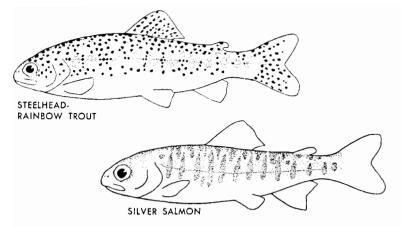
We looked at two active logging sites. We had to be told that L-P was currently logging as they were very selective and minimized the environmental destructions. We did investigate two landing operations. These were 1/2 acre sites that were clear cut to store logs and load them.

Straw was evidenced to use as a filter to minimize any silt imput Numerous deer tracks were noticed in this area. Evidently the deer were eating the straw.

A public road that starts at Bridgehaven and goes to Occidental cuts through L-P property. Evidence of illegal trespass and fishing was found. Litter was heavy...mostly beer cans and bottles. Evidence of firearms was found; bullet holes in trees and shell casings littered two sites.

One adult steelhead, about six pounds was sighted. One confirmed steelhead spawning Redd and two possible Redds were sighted.

An electro-shocking survey of six pools revealed numerous Sculpins, a few Sacramento Suckers and a fair number of Sacramento Squawfish in the six inch range.



Approximately two or three steelhead fingerlings were found in each pool. Sizing indicated they were from the spawn of 1986-87.

A revealing surprise awaited us as numerous Silver salmon fingerlings were found. Five pools averaged three Coho each, and the sixth pool contained a dozen, all about four inches. These were spawned in the winter of 1986 and all were natural, native fish.

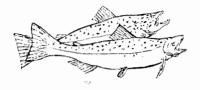
Summary of Survey: It was evidenced that the entire Willow Creek Watershed is in recovery from earlier destructive logging practices. There is marketable timber in the watershed and logging operations are taking place. Louisiana-Pacific is doing a selective cut operation to minimize environmental damage as much as possible.

What the Watershed Needs: It needs continued good management policies from the L-P Corporation. It is believed that logging carried out by L-P will have minimal impact on the watershed.

We hope to continue to monitor the stream and the fish population. We need to establish the stream's carrying capacity and control the sources of silt that are entering the stream. We are investigating a long term program that will control the slides and arrest the silt input.

Overall, the stream has an excellent chance to re-establish itself as a major salmonid spawning stream.

Frank J. Sanchietti Conservation Committee



CONSERVATION NEWS - 6th ANUUAL SALMON, STEELHEAD AND TROUT RESTORATION CONFERENCE, 1988.

The 6th Annual S.S.T.F. Restoration Conference convened February 27th and 28th at Marin Rod and Gun Club. Some highlights included:

Robert H. Benke, PhD, Trout Magazine, presenting a talk on maintaining genetic diversity in natural, native spawned fish versus hatchery plants

Perspective of the Department of Water Resources, regarding the Delta Hearings, presented by Pete Chadwicke, California Department of Fish and Game

Larry Brown, U.C. Davis and John Emic of the Department of Fish and Game, presenting on the Squawfish Problem in the Eel River system

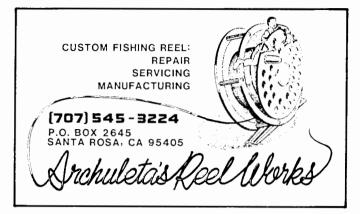
A presentation at the San Francisco Bay Delta Model in Sausalito

Bob Hayden, Klamath/Trinity Commisson, presenting on the Federal Restoration programs on the Klamath and Russian Rivers

A presentation on new State Fishery Restoration Proposals from Senator Keene's office

Milton Marks, State Senator (D), and Assemblyman (R) Bill Filante presenting on legislative points of views on fisheries.

Frank J. Sanchietti



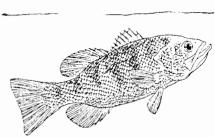


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UPCOMING EVENTS

Elections/Nominations - March, April April General Meeting - April 20th Spring Picnic - May 22nd Walker Creek Conservation Project: Memorial Day Week-end

EARLY MARCH DINNER RESERVATIONS

The Board of Directors is making a sincere effort to keep the cost of our dinner meetings as low as possible. Please make your reservations early. If you choose to make a "reservation" the night of the dinner, the cost will be \$25.00 each instead of \$20.00.



FOR BUSY CALENDARS, LOOKING FAR INTO THE FUTURE...

The Northern California Council Federation of Fly Fishers (NCCFFF) 1988 Conclave will be held in Redding this year. Mark the dates on your calendar: September 16th through 18th. The featured speaker will be Jack Dennis, Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

The Conclave would like to have as many tyers as possible so that they can schedule them in shifts and allow all tyers to attend other Conclave programs and activities of particular interest to them. Please contact Kent R. Bulfinch (916) 842-7610 if you are willing to share your talents!





Grant and Betty King



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***** SPECIAL MEETING NOTICE****

WHAT:

BASIC CASTING CLINIC

WHEN:

SUNDAY, MARCH 9th, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.

WHERE:

THE CASTING POOL

YOU NEED:

The type of fly casting equipment you wish to work

with. Remember -- No hooks, cut down or otherwise.

WEATHER:

NOT RAINING.

Up grade your casting skills. Learn the techniques of competition fly casting for accuracy.

You will have the opportunity to see yourself in action on video tape. To do this, you will need a blank video tape for a VCR. (Sorry, only VHS can be worked with. I do not have Beta capability.)

If possible, more casting events will be scheduled on a monthly basis if club members express an interest. Watch the Cast for more information.

> Bob Sisson Casting Pool Captain

> > (707) 546-2655 (707) 575-6023

CHARLES F. SCHELTER

Sales Representative



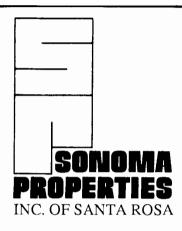
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7 /



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Jim Hakel

3345 Industrial Dr., Unit 10 Santa Rosa California 95403 707 523 1951

Lic. No. 452071



TROUT TIPS

A slough can be created naturally by a flooding river(s), change of course, or by man-made disturbances, such as a new highway which isolates an old ox-bow of river. Often these are not stagnant waters but are fed by small springs or even residual stream flows. Next time you are fishing on a river system take time to explore a side channel...even if it appears to be slow moving or still. You might be pleasantly surprised. I certainly have been on many memorable occasions. Most recently in the Truckee drainage.

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Bob Sisson 3607 Green Hill Road Santa Rosa, CA 95404





RUSSIAN RIVER FLY

PRESENT

DEL CAN

HOLDER OF NUMEROUS TROUT

ORIGINATOR OF THE FLOAT

CONSERVATIONIST

SPEAKING ON :

TROPHY TROUT FISHERIES & FISH

WEDNESDAY MARCH 23,

HOLIDAY INN of SONOMA C

3345 SANTA ROSA AVEN

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORN

Cocktails @ 6:30 p.m. Dinner MENU: Veal Marsala

Russian River Fly Fishers, Inc. P. O. Box 2673 Santa Rosa, CA 95405

> Bob Sisson 3607 Green Hill Road Santa Rosa, CA 95404

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The trip to Pyramid was a real experience. This was my first time to the lake and after Del Canty's talk at the dinner I was armed to the hilt for that big one. As it turned out I was able to get in quite a lot of much needed casting practice and the fish didn't bother me at all. The stay was very pleasant, however, with comfortable lodgings (I shared a trailer with Jim Hakel and Joe Segura) and great food. Bill Laurie put together a very satisfying meal and George Marcillac did the honors of barbecuing the one and only fish we witnessed being caught; an eleven pound, four ounce brute by Bob Neill. George has been telling us about his skill at cooking for the last eight years and now I believe him. That was the best fish I have ever tasted. Thanks to Bill and George!

To many, the desert holds a very special beauty, and I'm sure it can be found out there. Since this was only my second time to the desert (the first was my trip across Nevada with Ron Vaughn in 1982) I still have trouble appreciating a landscape where the lizards carry canteens.

Speaking of Del Canty and the dinner, how did you enjoy it? We would really like your opinion about the facility and the quality of the meal. We are trying to find new places and still keep the price below \$20.00 and we are finding that it is not easy. Del constantly talked about fishing in the worst conditions in order to catch lunker fish.

When the weather was calm and 80 degrees, there were no fish. When the wind finally came up on Saturday afternoon, casting was so difficult I had to remove errant hooks from fishermen on both sides of metheir own hooks, not mine. As far as putting a float tube into that lake in those conditions - please don't! Anyone who tries is foolish and will probably become history. When the wind came up, the float tube went back into the van!

Summer is approaching and with it comes the end of the club's fiscal year and the beginning of new leadership. I hope you are thinking about the Board's recommendation of Bob Moratto as President and Bob Morrison as Vice President. Anyone interested in serving on the Board please let me know soon or attend the next Board meeting on Monday, April 18th at 7:00 p.m. We will meet at Warrack Hospital in the Board Room above the new radiology lab at the east end of the facility. The Conservation Committee will be having a special meeting to aquaint any member interested in serving on that committee. You do not need to be a Board member to help with the conservation group. We need much more help on this committee. There's just too much work for the few who are doing it all. Please join us on April 18th. It's a very gratifying endeavor.

Our next regular meeting will be on April 20th and will feature Dave Hughes of Oregon. Dave is an author and innovative fly tier and his techniques include patterns that are very easy to tie and work very well. I hope to see some of you at the Board meeting and all of you at the regular meeting.

Tight Lines, Arch

EDITOR'S NOTES

We were talking to some of the participants from the recent Pyramid Lake outing. Of course like most fishing stories one likes to shift through the chaff to find even a grain of veracity. We did hear that Bob Neill snagged an 11 ³/4 pound cutthroat (38") which managed to tow his float tube around the lake for several days. Once landed, as rumor has it, Marcillac did his special barbeque but invited so many people that not one of our group got so much as a taste.

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Seriously, one of the joys of coming of age as a fisherperson is the ability to derive as much pleasure from someone else's success as from your own. The person who shared his experience of Pyramid Lake, himself fishless, was truly delighted that one of his compatriots was able to land a really decent fish.

In our favorite fishing areas, every lake, stream, turn of the river, brings back memories of big ones being caught and released. These are our favorite places to share with others.

There is a passage in the story Home Waters by Charles Gaines that seems to clearly express the feeling of sharing fishing with another. In the story, the author Charles is watching his son, Judge, teach a young boy named Jon to fish.

"Watching him in the stern, isolated on the water against the curtain of fog, I felt a quick surge of love for him rise and catch in my throat along with something I wanted to say so badly I almost shouted it against the water. As it happened, I didn't even speak it, then or later because I didn't have to, and because I had learned on other lakes a long time before that the best lessons have little or nothing to do with words... but if I had, it would have gone like this: This isn't just a place to wet a line, Judge. This is home base where you start and what you come back to; the place that gives meaning and relevance to every other place you'll ever 90.

At the end of the story, Judge answers his father's question of "How'd you do ?" much the same his father had probably answered years earlier:

" 'Oh, not so good.' He stood up and stretched, and gazed out over the water looking proprietary and happy. 'I fished for a while...and then just had a good time watching Jon catch fish.' "

APRIL EVENTS 1988

GENERAL MEETING: April 20th

Parks and Recreation Building, 7:00 p.m. 415 Steele Lane Santa Rosa, CA

Speaker: Dave Hughes

Topic: "Matching the Hatch; Simplified"

Our Speaker is the Author of the book Western Hatches

BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING: April 18th

7:00 p.m. Warrack Hospital Board Room 4788 Hoen Ave., Santa Rosa

CONSERVATION COMMITTEE MEETING: April 18th

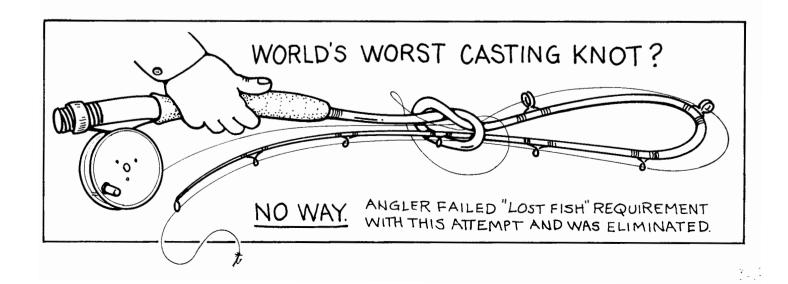
6:00 p.m. Warrack Hospital Board Room

ANTIQUE TACKLE SHOW AND SWAP: April 23rd

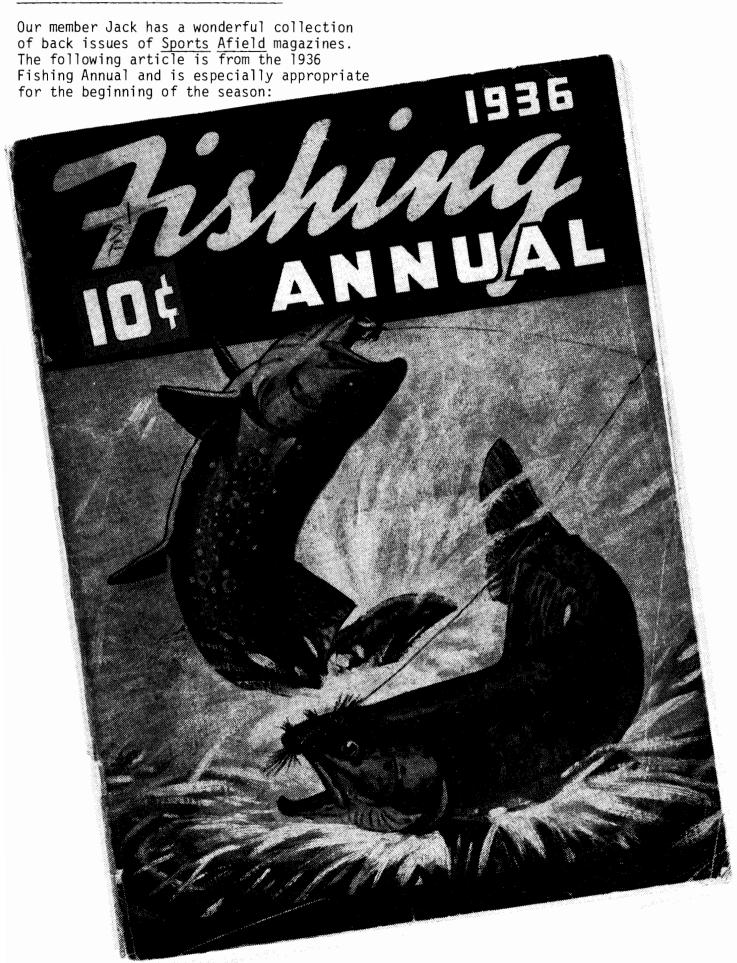
9:30 - 5:00 El Rancho Tropicana

BASIC CASTING FUNDAMENTALS: April 17th

11:00 - 2:00 Casting Pool, Galvin Park



FROM THE LIBRARY OF JACK GHILARDI





Fishing ANNUAL





Wisconsin Conservation Department

"To derive the most from your fishing, you must be equally proficient with floating and sunken lures."

BECAUSE the dry fly has been so successful and has been so ably championed by Messrs. Halford, Dewar and Hall et al., together with our own La Branche and Gill; and because its proper use excites such galvanic thrills; it seems to be forgotten that it was developed to meet a

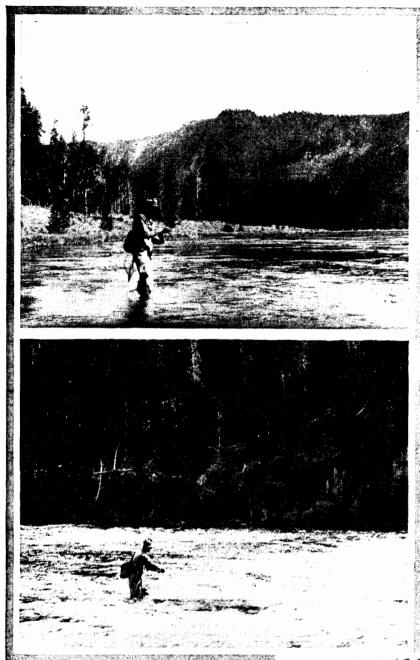
"LOOK! Mother," cried a little fish,
"Isn't that a fly?"
"Not by a dam-site", cussed his Ma,
"That's just an alibi!"

by PETER J. SCHWAB

special condition, surface feeding. For that it is admittedly supreme.

Yet for the major portion of each year the trout gets extremely little or no surface food. For long months he is

obliged to do his foraging in the depths, preying upon minnows and other small fish, including the young of



Photos by the Writer

The writer casts a shallow riffle on the Firehole River, Yellowstone Park. Top: The writer goes into action on a western river. Right: Netting a trout on the Snake River, Wyoming.

ARE YOU A TROUT FISHERMAN? Then you will enjoy this unique article on "The Forgotten Wet Fly" by Peter J. Schwab. A veteran angling strategist, Mr. Schwab has fly-fished in most of America's important trout streams. "I recommend the wet fly for the early season and for stormy weather," says Mr. Schwab; "for wilderness streams and big water everywhere; for high water and for big fish; indeed, where the big fish are native speckled trout or steelheads I recommend nothing else."

his own kind, and upon the various "creeper" and "hellgramite" (larval stages) and nymphs (pupa or chrysalis stages) of stone flies, may flies, caddis flies and a miscellany of other aquatic born living things. The mature fly of any given species he has with him only a few days, but the larvae is at hand throughout the year.

Even the accuracy of the various imitations is open to question. I never saw a may fly or caddis fly having the divided outspread cocked wings we fashion on our dry flies; never saw one with the maze of "legs" we bundle around our hooks; never saw a may fly without a tail, or a caddis fly with one. The dry fly man is very cocky indeed and far from being accurate when he calls his floater an "exact" imitation and derides the sunken fly as a misshapen bunch of nothing in particular. As a matter of fact some of the wet flies are the closest representations of not only caddis and stone flies, but of may flies as well.

But the whole issue is a tempest in a teapot. None of the artificials come any too close to simulating the natural insect. Dry or wet they are rough approximations at best. Luckily they all look appetizing enough to serve our purpose. I hold that . . .

Such practical differences as exist between the use of dry and wet flies are not so much a matter of mimicry as they are a matter of presentation.

The sunken fly in action is ten times as clearly defined to the trout; but it is presented on a different plane, and it is seldom seen by the angler. Every real difficulty which besets the dry fly man, including that over emphasized bane, the drag, also besets the user of the wet fly. The occasional and minor difficulty of keeping the dry fly afloat is offset by the equally minor difficulty of keeping the wet fly sunken. Neither trouble the adept.



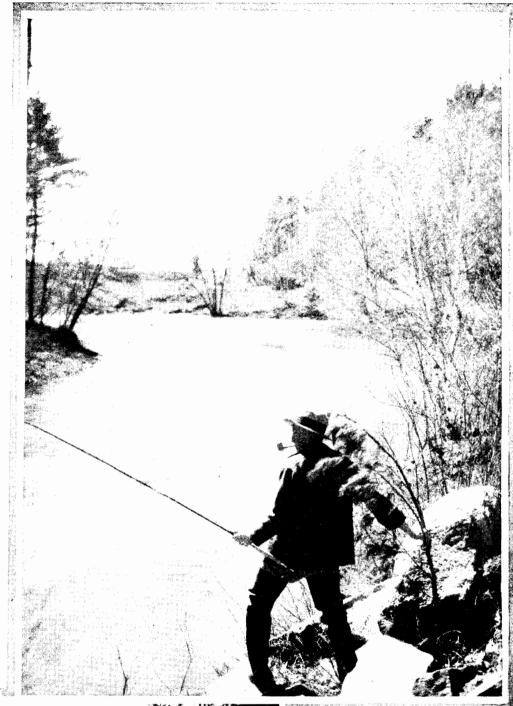
In one vital particular, however, the very real menace of leader glare, the wet fly strategist has every advantage. The objects which a trout sees plainly under water seldom or never alarm him; he knows he can outswim anything in his own environment. It's the dimly outlined, shadowy objects moving above his domain that fill him with panic.

Frankly and in all sincerity I must admit that the dry fly is my own prime favorite. But there is a time and a place for everything. The dry fly, especially the popular tiny sizes, is of mighty limited use for the big trout of the wilderness even during the height of the season; and the big trout of civilization is a cunning critter mostly nocturnal in his feeding: even though he takes a portion of his food from the surface the dry fly is an impractical lure at night.

Brother of the angle, to derive the utmost satisfaction from your fishing, and before you can qualify to the title of Master, you must be equally proficient with floating and sunken lures.

> "The master places his casts in the probable line in which the food of the stream is being carried into or by the spot suspected to harbour the fish." Below: The writer brings a trout into the riffles on a western stream.

Photo by the Writer



Wisconsin Conservation Department



During the summer of 1915, I visited for the first time the beautiful little Black River, alternately drowsy and quiet, then whispering excitedly and grumbling hurriedly through the timber of Northern Michigan. For some days my companion and I fished this stream using only dry flies. It was literally swarming with native brook trout and each of us hooked, landed and released from a hundred to two hundred half starved six inch trout every day. Our brains simply were not functioning.

We were infatuated with the rise. Then, (Continued on page 63)

The Forgotten Wet Fly

(Continued from page 5)

one afternoon when I had to replace a badly chawed and sodden Whirling Blue Dun with a fresh fly, I came across a number 8 Brown Hen in one of those little compartments down in the corner of my fly box which are always kept filled with wet flies for emergencies. Clearly this was one of those streams where any old thing sufficed to raise fish, and wet flics stand the racket better. I put on the Brown Hen and a moment later was fast in the first lusty trout I had hooked in the river. And coming down through one of the winding deep boggy stretches I caught a half dozen more of them . . . none remarkably long, but so much fatter and heavier that the difference was a revelation.

At first my camp mate, a sincere dry fly devotee, snorted in pious contempt. But thereafter I kept the pan filled three times per day while my friend, scrupulously observing the Michigan game laws, was lucky to bring in a few seven inch trout . . . measured with



"When fishing pools that are ruffled by a breeze, the wet fly may be played according to the whim of the angler."

broken necks. After a few days he capitulated, borrowed some assorted wet flies and promptly beat me at my own game.

Six years later I had an identical ex-perience on the Thunder River in Wisconsin; and in 1924 while camped along the Isabella River in the Superior National Forest, Minnesota, I'd have gone trout hungry if I hadn't fallen back upon my wet Orange Fins. In the Kennebago River in Maine, that stream of leviathan square tails, it would be silly to use other than a wet fly.

Those waters, you object, are all wilderness streams. True enough. But the Little Lehigh, in populous Pennsylvania, near Allentown and within two hours drive of not less than 12,000,000 people, is anything but a wilderness stream.

As trout waters go the Little Lehigh is not cold; it's not deep, and it's not fast. It is often weedy and often positively dirty. A stream which looks good for suckers and carp. Instead it's well stocked with trout. I discovered it one noonday last June, and the Pennsylvania German at the cross roads gas station said, "Troutsers? You should see once. By the bridge over and by the road down its a troutser dot long!" spreading his hands apart the customary three feet. "Mit troutsers dot creek is full yet."

I parked my car on his lawn, jointed up

the old Conqueror and started for the stream. A number 16 Black Ant was selected, not that a 16 of any other pattern wouldn't have been equally good, only there were a lot of black ants on the water and the trout were rising to them. I fished dry fly all afternoon. Result six small assorted trout and one 12" native, the only one worth keeping.

AFTER an ample serving of hem und eiks, nit poi und milich, I drove down the road, parked my car along the creek and started fishing again. Just before dusk there was a heavy hatch of caddis flies—Pale Evening Duns the "Dutch" call them and they are just about right except for the tails on the imitation as we tie it. I bent on a No. 12 and just before the sun sank below the hill, I placed myself in a long quiet pool that I had spotted in good time. There was an old dam at the lip of this pool, and on the far side



"When you've been pounding away at the water for hours, taking nothing but boy's fishes, bend on a sunken and give it a trial."

there was a patch of floating rubbish, dead twigs, leaves and bits of bark kept from going over the dam by a fallen branch and the slow current. The pool was lined with half decayed old willows on both banks, and on the opposite side there was also a retaining wall of boulders to prevent the stream from undermining the roadway.

As long as I could see it in the gathering dusk I stuck to my dry fly. I carefully refrained from pounding the water, but I saw no rises and I got no fish. I caught the glimmer of a star, another and another; then I heard a trout feeding almost directly behind me. I took off the dry fly cast and replaced it with a light weight level leader carrying a number 6 (!) Old Irish Iron Blue Dun; waited a moment, then flicked it in the general direction of the sound. Instantly it was taken by a 10-inch brown which I horsed unmercifully into the net before he could set up enough disturbance to frighten other fish.

I rested the pool; listened, but heard nothing; then chucked the fly back in approximately the same spot. Sock! This proximately the same spot. Sock! This fellow wouldn't be horsed. He set up a big racket and kept fighting toward the lair under the rubbish, but I stiff heeled him and presently he too was in the net, a 14-inch brown this time and fat.

My flash light wasn't much account and I wanted to be sure of that leader. In the dark it felt frayed to me, just above the knot at the eye of the fly. It was no time to take chances. Getting out on the bank, I went a hundred yards down stream, waded across and walked up to the car. Using only the dash light I examined the gut closely and found nothing wrong. Then, as I got out of the car, I heard something working around in the water just in front of the rubbish float, a sort of gurgle, gurgle, gurgle.

It might have been a muskrat, a field mouse, or a frog; even a water snake. There was a mixed bramble of blackberry and other brush along the edge of the creek. I stretched over the brush and down there on the surface of the pool, a couple feet from shore, in the silvery moonlight I saw a small ripple moving slightly back and forth, up and down; slowly. Gurgle, gurgle—
It was the big brownic that I knew must

live under that rubbish!

He was sucking in whole bogs of flies as they came floating over him. Without changing my position I sent my big fly on its errand. It sank a foot in front of the ripple—and Whang! an electrifying strike sent the blood tingling at the roots of my hair.

Now I didn't start out to write the history of a fish fight or rasslin' bout, but that Tartar came out of the water like an explosion. He started across the pool and then headed upstream, banging away at the tackle in the wildest fury. I scrambled through the blackberry brambles, tore my shirt and half fell, half tumbled into the pool. Then we had it out. He tried every trick in a brownie's bag, particularly that one of rolling over and over on a tight line. My knees were knocking as I tried to draw him over the net, but when the hook finally fell out of his mouth it was too late—for him.

This old cannibal was 23 inches long. But the point I want to bring out is that this fish and his fellows, though feeding on the surface and on small flies, had consistently refused my dry fly offering which was as close a match to the duns on the water as is humanly possible to tie. The three of them were taken on a large wet fly.

One more story and I'll get down to article writing. John McCarty and I were fishing the big water on the Brodhead, one of the most heavily fished streams on the globe. It was late in May, but cold and gray after a heavy rain. We were using the dry fly as a matter of course . . . and getting little or nothing. John was then my principal mentor in the dry fly and is still my ideal master fly fisherman. He is, among other accomplishments, the best dry fly fisherman I have ever had the pleasure of accompanying on any stream in this broad land of ours. But John is no purist as I was to learn then and there.

"Give me one of those big sunkens," he growled. "They're in here and if they won't hit on top maybe they will below.

I handed him my fly box and he tied one of those same number 6 Old Irish Iron Blue Duns to his finely tapered dry fly leader. He resumed his upstream fishing, but fished the fly far beneath the surface. Before I knew it he was fast in a good brownie, and before we had fished through the big water he had creeled the nicest round dozen brown trout I have ever known to be taken from that celebrated stream.

Like a chump I stuck to the dry fly and drew a complete blank, but to tell the truth I did little fishing being completely fascinated by the uncanny manner in which he curled that sunken fly in the

swirling, rushing waters around the big boulders. The fly was running deep practically all the time, racing down stream toward him. He allowed the current to carry the fly without interference, hence the fly was seldom visible, but he kept a sharp watch on its general whereabouts and on the leader, and he never missed a strike. He left a couple flies fast in good fish, but they were lost on the strike and solely because of the extra fineness of his gut tippets. With tippets of X drawn gut, or natural Refina gut gauged to .008", either of which are plenty fine for use in big water inhabited by big fish, one need lose few big fish even on the strike. For night fishing one can use heavier leaders, up to .010" which is the average diameter of perfect Fina gut, without fear.

The finished wet fly fisherman, in common with the dry fly artist, greases his line, and at times all of his leader except the last foot or two. His leaders are light and his flies sink below the surface, nearer to the fish and with a better chance of being seen. He can fish the wildest rapids and he can reach places totally inaccessible to the dry fly; for instance, the back water and eddies under miniature falls in the ripples and fast rifts. These spots are found frequently and trout are fond of taking positions in them during daylight. The strategist places his fly in the rolling water above the falls and lets it be carried down to swirl around in the eddies beneath. His Brown Hackle or Black Prince is almost irresistible under these circumstances.

The master places his casts . . . wet or dry . . . in the probable or real line in which the food of the stream is being carried into or by the spot suspected to harbour the fish. He has a careful regard to the concealment of his person, and the direction of the sun—"coming events cast their shadows before." He avoids undue haste, and refrains from knocking cobbles together under the water. He studies his pools from a safe distance and approaches them cautiously, taking up only such positions as make it impossible for the fish in the pool to see him. Making the best of such positions, he places his flies upon the water as delicately as is humanely possible.

When fishing glassy water without ripples, the cast will invariably consist of a single fly which is allowed to sink and to be carried along by the current. No effort should be made to impart additional motion; at least for the first few tries. After you have conscientiously waited for the return of your fly to the foot of the pool several times, and only as a final effort, should you try playing it. That man is an expert indeed who can play a fly . . . wet or dry . . . over glassy water without arousing the suspicion of the trout below.

When fishing pools that are ruffled by a breeze, the wet fly may be played according to the whim of the angler. After casting, the fly is allowed to sink for a moment or two, and is then drawn towards the angler in a series of short, quivering spurts. It is not dragged through the water, for to do so would be only to emphasize the cheat—a hunch of hair, feathers and hackle matted against a hook. By drawing it in spurts of a few inches at a time, coming to a full stop at the close of each spurt, the hackle is made to expand and close in a most life-like manner.

A modification of the same idea which is particularly effective is applied to the cast which is directed across and down stream. The angler may step down stream following the fly and working his rod tip gently to give the fly a weakly struggling

motion. If, on the other hand, he should be fishing one of those deep, dark holes under the hemlocks, he should hold his position but allow the line to slip through his fingers a few inches at a time until it has searched through every mysterious den in the depths and has finally been carried out into the open current below. Casts of this type may be repeated as often as seems advisable, and how they pay sometimes!

When a dropper is being used, it is sometimes advisable to keep the rod tip high when drawing the flies. This allows the stretcher to remain at or just below the surface, while the dropper is "dappled" alternately in the water or dancing across the surface from ripple to ripple. Whether this is an added attraction or not depends largely upon the point of view; mostly the trout's. In lake fishing it is customary to use a single dropper on a six foot leader, but it is rarely if ever brought above the surface while working the flies.

Personally, I never use dropper flies. They get snagged too easily. Moreover my use of the wet fly is devoted to waters carrying sizable to big fish usually, and two of these fellows on at one time is likely to prove embarrassing if not disastrous.

Let me make it perfectly clear that I am not advocating the wet fly as a panacea for all fishing conditions. I recommend it for the early season and for stormy weather; for wilderness streams and big water everywhere; for high water and for big fish; indeed, where the big fish are native speckled trout or steelheads I recommend nothing else! In much fished waters, when the streams have fallen and become transparent in their clearness, I unhesitatingly and unequivocally recommend the floater from sunrise to sunset . . . for as many hours as you can see it.

There is but one snare to the advice. The fascination of the tiny lifelike midge in its float towards you, the thrill of the rise, and a single good summer's day with the dry fly is apt to ruin you for life... to blind you to the obvious fact that the dry fly is no more of a panacea than is the wet fly. Both have their time... and both have their limitations.

Remember that, you dry fly devotees. When you've been pounding away at the water for hours, taking nothing but boy's fishes, bend on a sunken and give it a trial. It may be an eye opener.

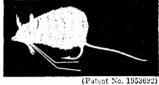
As to patterns and sizes, there's no end of opinions. Old Irish Iron Blue Dun, Grizzly King, Professor, Silver Doctor, Coachman, Royal Coachman, Parmacheenee Belle, Brown Hen (Governor), March Brown, Montreal, Cahill and Black Prince are equal to all occasions. I lean to gray flies near civilization, and to color in the wilderness; but color is much more important in wet flies than it is in floaters, and some horse sense must be exercised in the selection of size. Generally speaking this should be governed by the waters, and especially by the size of the fish. Big flies for big water to me means size 8 during the day, size 6 at night; except for the very largest trout and steelheads when I center upon size 4 but alternate with either 6's or 2's as eireumstances indicate. Small flies for much fished waters near civilization may mean anything from size 16 for exceptionally bright water to size 10 for cloudy water, but generally it means sizes 10 and 12 during the day and size 8 at night.

Oh yes! For my own night fishing which is limited to waters near home, and to pools known or believed to held large trout, I use only size 6 Old Irish Iron Blue Duns. Incidentally it's a corker tied dry on 12's and smaller.



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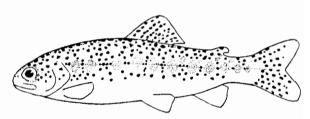
CONSERVATION MEETING

Flyfisher members interested in the Flyfisher Conservation program are invited to attend the conservation meeting, Monday, April 18th, 6:00 p.m. at the Warrack Hospital Board Room, 4788 Hoen Avenue, Santa Rosa, CA. Use the main entrance and the Board Room is located on the second floor. This meeting will be held one hour before the regular Board meeting.

We need to know your ideas to plan future programs for the Conservation Committee. If you can't attend but you have some ideas, please phone:

Dan Coleman Frank Sanchietti 996-7758

996-7975



CONSERVATION NOTES FISH RESCUE

A drought year is upon us. I have already received two phone calls about fish left stranded in the drying creeks around the Sonoma area. If you discover any creek that has steelhead fry in it and that creek is known to dry out, please give us a call so that we can get the necessary permission to attempt fish rescues.

Frank J. Sancietti 996-7975

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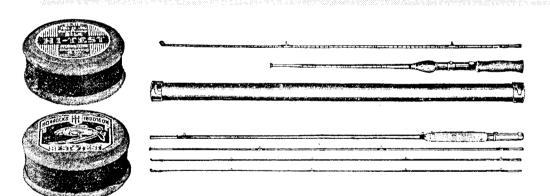
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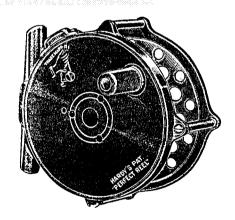
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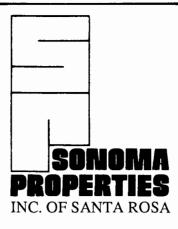


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Jim Hakel

3345 Industrial Dr., Unit 10 Santa Rosa California 95403 707 523 1951 Lic. No. 452071

COMING EVENTS



Sonoma Creek Project - May 21st, 22nd Walker Creek Project - May 28th-30th



A SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY

The speaker at our next general meeting, Dave Hughes, is the author of the book "Western Hatches". For those members that tie flies our speaker needs no more recommendation. The quality of our club and its membership are reflected in our ability to bring a speaker of this calibre to a regular meeting.

This is the perfect meeting before the beginning of the Trout Season .

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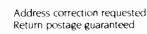
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lim Hakel

PRESIDENT

Lic. No. 452071

UP-COMING EVENTS

Wednesday, June 15th, 7:00 p.m.

Dave Stanley of the Reno Fly Shop speaking on the "Truckee River Drainage"

CANCELLATION

The Sonoma Creek Project scheduled for May 21st and 22nd, has been canceled.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

May has arrived and our thoughts turn to trout. My annual sojourn to Hat Creek will occur as usual, and this time, I'm really going to fish the Fall River.

My first trout fishing of the season occcured just the other day when a friend and I were returning from a business trip to Oakland. We had some time left in the day so we took a side trip over to Lagunitas Lake in Marin County. This was my first trip on this lake and I was very pleased. There were only eight others on the entire lake...(except one very talented Osprey who hasn't been told about the catch and release rulling on the lake.)

We were able to get hits on olive AP's, light hare's ears and finally landed two fat twelve (12) inchers on PT nymphs. The lake lies in a very pretty wooded valley on the back side of Mt. Tamalpais, just a few miles south of Fairfax. It's worth the one hour drive from Santa Rosa.

Because of "red tape", the senior citizens olympics may be moved out to sometime in September, so those of you who were planning to compete have more time to sharpen your skills.

Don't forget to vote! The ballots have been mailed and must be returned no later than June 10th.

Our next meeting should be a lot of fun with four or our best story tellers doing the honors of explaining just how to go about catching those lunker bass from a float tube.

MAY EVENTS 1988

BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING:

Monday, May 16th, 7:00 p.m. Warrack Hospital Board Room 4788 Hoen Ave. Santa Rosa

GENERAL MEETING: May 18th, 7:00 p.m.

Parks and Recreation Building 415 West Steele Lane Santa Rosa, CA 95403

"Float Tubing for Bass and Pan Fish"

Presented by our own club members with the illustrious and elusive Jim Mengle, the loquacious Jim Hakel, the secretive Dennis Amato, and the confident Terry McNally!

The speakers will be Jim Hakel, Jim Mengle, Terry McNally, and Dennis Amato so you shouldn't miss this one. Hope to see you there.

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In the words of some immortal philosopher, the only thing that is constant is change. Our club has changed, and is truly maturing. When there is a change in the status quo, it can either be by some accident or some other uncontrolled source, or as is the case with the RRFF, the result of active participation from the members. We will be installing new officers and directors as of the first of July and can expect a continuation of the great programs, innovative outings, and a renewed interest in conservation and teaching.

The club continues to grow which gives us the opportunity to not only meet new faces but share our experiences with our neighbors. The only thing that continues to puzzle us is why the same people's raffle tickets always seem to get drawn.

We're heading up north a bit (The Big Hole River) to brush up on our aquatic entomology. As we all know, June is the time for the annual orgy of the greatest stonefly of them all,...the Salmon Fly hatch! It may not be the most predictable hatch of the year, but it always removes most of the inhibitions of some really big fish. We shall give you a full report later.



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Get out your camera and head for the woods—or the mountains, deserts or ocean. It's time for the California Fish and Game Commssion's annual Photography Award Program, with entries due Dec. 31.

Pictures of any California critter that flies, swims, hops, slithers, runs or walks is eligible, along with prints of native plants and the natural environment.

Camera bugs can submit color or black-and-white prints in any of nine categories, including this year two special categories for game mammals and game birds. Black-and-white entries are especially encouraged.

Certificates of excellence and honorable mention may be awarded in each category, plus a "Photograph of the Year" will be selected for display in the state Capitol on a perpetual trophy. The photographer will receive a replica of that trophy and have an opportunity to join a Fish and Game field trip.

The contest is intended to foster a greater appreciation for California's fish, wildlife and habitat resources.

For details contact the commission at 1416 Ninth St., Box 944209, Sacramento, CA 94244-2090.



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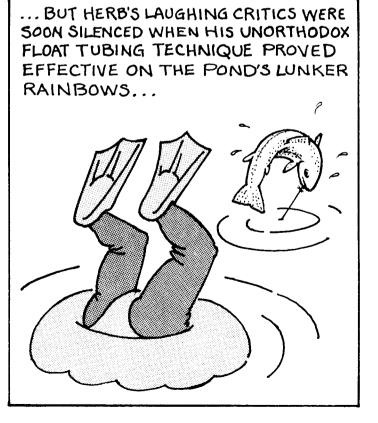
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Where:

Spring Lake

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Jack Rabbit Campground (On the west side of the lake by the boat launch)

When:

Sunday, May 22nd, 2:00 p.m.

What:

Family bar-b-que; some float

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LAKE LAGUNITAS By John Van Cott

Lake Lagunitas is located in Marin County, just outside of the town of Fairfax in the Mt. Tamalpais Watershed. You can reach it by taking Bolinas Road, about two miles from downtown Fairfax, to the lake sign. Then up the hill to the entrance station where you will be charged \$3.00 per car or \$25.00 for a seasonal pass. Then a short drive to the lake parking lot passing Bon Tempe Lake along the way. A short walk up the hill to the dam gets you your first look at the lake.

In the past, this was a put 'n' take fishery, but after much insistence the idea of a close by trophy fishery was finally accepted. The lake was then drained in 1987 and the undesirable fish elimated or removed as in the case of bass, which went into Bon Tempe, then refilled with the winter rains.

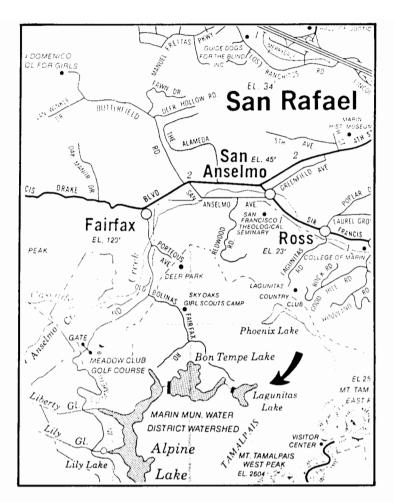
On March 22, 1988, the first plant of Shasta Strain Rainbows was delivered. Then another plant for a total of about 9,500 fish, between 9" and 16". The current regulations are: Two fish may be kept, but none between 10" and 16". You must use a fly or lure with a single barbless hook, no bait whatsoever.

The biggest hurdle to overcome was the lack of oxygen in the lake in the warm months. So an aireator was installed in the deepest part of the lake to give the water the much needed oxygen.

The insect life, that I have personally seen are, caddis in very small sizes, alderflys about size 14, a heavy hatch of mayflys about 14's at 11:00 a.m. on normal spring days, damsel flies and scuds.

Some patterns that have worked for me are: PT's, zug bugs, hares ear, black mayfly nymphs. Drys include: grey wulffs, Adams, caddis and of course the "Lagunitas Special", but that's another story.

Some very current information may be had at "Selective Angler" in Larkspur Landing, Larkspur, CA. One of the owners, Gerry Martin, was very instrumental in this project and will be very willing to give out any information he can to help. I might add, he has a very well stocked shop.



As of this writing, there is no wading, but every effort is being taken to change this. A study is being conducted now to see what can be done to lift the no wading rule.

As far as reproduction is concerned for future populations of fish, three different plans are being studied. First of all, this strain of fish spawns in the winter so the hopes are that in a normal winter the feeder creeks will run through the spawning period and the growth period. Another thought would be to pump water from the lake upstream and then release into the creek. If these two methods won't work, then a plan to release some fry would come into play.

This program has become a reality because of the efforts of: Cal Trout, Department of Fish and Game, Marin Municipal Water District, and Marin Rod and Gun Club.

My own experiences have been several 15-20 fish days in just a few hours. Most fishermen seem to be successful as well, mostly on nymphs but as the fish make the adjustment from pellets to insect life, there should be some good dry fly action.



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Jim Hakel

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Lic. No. 452071

TROUT TIPS

If you are likely to fish a stream or lake more than once or twice in a given year, take notes! Particularly if you will be going back to the same place on a regular basis. Jotting a few notes in your fishing log (time, general conditions, water temp as well as patterns used) will begin to pay dividends in the future. Don't be afraid to experiment a bit and record the results.

Montana Fred

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IN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF OUR PRESIDENT

BILL ARCHULLETA

July will mark the end of Bill Archuletta's term as president of Russian River Fly Fishers. As Vice President and a Board member for several years before that, I have had the pleasure of working with Bill these past years.

Bill used to say that the Board of Directors made his job easy. The truth is that Bill Archulleta's leadership and direction has made the Directors job(s) easy. Arch's primary mission was to make the club a MEMBERS' CLUB. By that, I mean the level of participation by members has increased and our local presence in the community is greater than ever. Our outings are more frequent and locally oriented. Conservation is an ongoing program rather than just a word.

Bill Archulleta's enthusiasm for the sport is infectious. His genuine warmth and boundless energy rub-off on those around him. His management style is pleasant, yet firm, and on those occasions when

JUNE EVENTS 1988

BOARD OF DIRECTORS' MEETING

Monday, June 13th, 7:00 p.m. Warrack Hospital Board Room # 3 (Note room change) 4788 Hoen Ave., Santa Rosa

GENERAL MEETING: June 15th, 7:00 p.m.

Parks and Recreation Building 415 West Steele Lane Santa Rosa, CA 95403

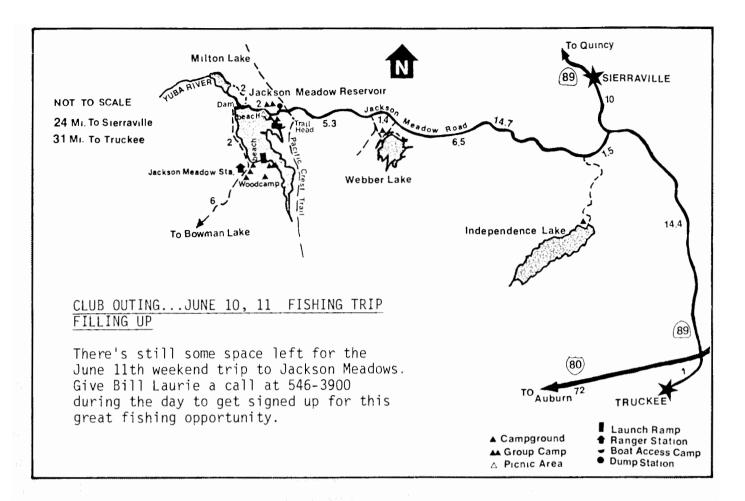
Dave Stanley - Reno Fly Shop "Fishing the Truckee Drainage"

<u>CLUB OUTING</u> - June 10th and 11th Jackson Meadow Reaction Area

corrections were needed, his guidance and understanding were appreciated.

Above all, Bill is a gentleman and true sportsman. It was a pleasure serving with him and we are all enriched by the experience.

THANK YOU BILL for a job well done!





You're being reincarnated as a maytly, Mr. Hoskins-have a nice day





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I. JEFFREY BOLANDER Associate Vice President, Investments



DEAN WITTER REYNOLDS INC. Santa Rosa Square, 703 Second Street Santa Rosa, CA 95404

FLY TYER'S CORNER

The Shine-a-bou Shad by Jimmy Nix

HOOK: 3366 size 6-2/0

THREAD: 3/0 monocord, grey &

red winding thread

BODY: Grey Antron (#27 Wapsi)
WING: Grey maribou, topped with

pearl & silver Crystal Flash and peacock herl; An overlay of grey mallard

flank forms the sides

THROAT: Red maribou

HEAD: Grey deer hair, spun and

trimmed

EYES: Sölid eyes from Wapsi

or lead eyes

WEED GUARD: 30 pound monofilament

Tie in usual manner, except after adding mallard flank feathers, extend the maribou beyond the duck feathers. Extend thread to eye of hook, coat with a hard cement and allow to dry overnight. Finish with deer hair head and eyes.



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CONCLAVE '88

The Northern California Council Federation of Fly Fishers' (NCCFFF) 1988 Conclave is scheduled for September 16, 17, and 18 at the Holiday Inn In Redding, California. R.L. "Stew" Steward of Shingletown, CA has been appointed Conclave Chairman. The event will be hosted by the Shasta Fly Fishers, Siskiyou County Fly Fishers, and the Chico Fly Fishing Club. "Stew's" planning is well underway, with many programs and special events scheduled.

Many excellent activities have been planned for Conclave '88. The featured speaker will be Jack Dennis of Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Jack is one of the West's best fly fiers. So don't miss the great opportunity to connect with him and his work of art. Keep in mind to include your significant other and family when planning the trip to attend the Conclave. In addition to the normal activities, "Stew" is planning to schedule two tours to be conducted for individuals who aren't fly fishers. The Saturday trip will include a tour of Shasta Dam, Tunch at Lake Shasta and a visit to Shasta Caverns. The Sunday trip will be a trip on the Sacramento River trail. Detailed information on the trips and accommodations in the Redding area will be in future newsletters. Within an hour of Redding are all of the great fishing opportunities we are well aware about... Upper Sacramento River, McCloud River, Pit River, Manzanita Lake, Hat Creek Country, McCumber Reservoir, the Trinity River, etc.



WANTED! REWARD!!!

We need one or two people to serve on the Conservation Committee.

Ballots need to be returned A.S.A.P.

HOW TO CATCH SHAD WITH FLY

Edited article from May, 1960 article in the S.F. Examiner, by J.P. Cuenin.

In this article we'll take up the subject of where, when and how to fish for shad with a fly.

As a general rule, the best spots are the lower parts of riffles, not in the shallow upper parts where the water is too fast. It is usually a waste of time to cast in the slowly moving pools.

As is the case with trout and black bass, shad are most likely to be in the mood to take flies during the early morning and late evening periods.

However, that does not mean that these fish are never caught during the rest of the day. There are occasions when they may begin striking in a lively manner at any time, but you shouldn't tire yourself between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. to the extent that you can't fish the evening period.

On the Russian River there are steep mountain sides that produce shadows on the water long before sunset on some riffles, and on others the morning sun does not strike the water until long after sunrise.

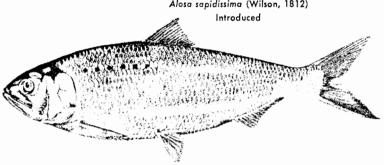
If there happens to be a school of shad below a riffle they may begin to strike as soon as the setting sun drops behind a hill and might continue to take flies until dark.



At times, you may have a "field day" on a particular riffle each evening or early morning for two or three days, but then the next day it might prove to be fishless. For that reason, if no fish are hooked on a riffle during the first hour after daybreak, or for the first hour after the shadows cover the water in the evening, it is advisable to hustle to another riffle up or down the river.

HERRING FAMILY (CLUPEIDAE) AMERICAN SHAD

Alosa sapidissima (Wilson, 1812)



Make a cast of 40 to 50 feet across the stream and strip from the reel 20 to 30 feet of shooting line, allowing the current to pull the line through the quides. A retrieve of the line is made and a longer cast is sent straight across the stream.

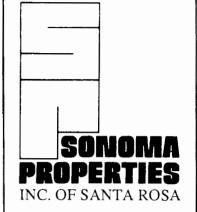
The rod tip is lowered to a few inches above the water, and with the rod in a horizontal position, grasps the shooting line out near the first guide and begin to work the fly. While manipulating the fly, be sure the rod tip is moved downstream so that it is kept pointing in the direction of the line as it runs out to the flv.

When the line has drifted and swung around toward the shallow water, the retrieve for the next cast is started. While the line is being pulled through the guides, it should be worked as it was during the time it was drifting because fish might take hold at any time during the retrieve.

Each cast should be made five to ten feet farther than the preceding one until the angler has reached his limit in distance so that as much of the stream as possible can be covered.

If you haven't hooked a fish yet, it would be desirable to leave the stream and walk down to your original starting point and fish the riffle again. However, if you have a fisherman on either side of you who isn't moving, this may not be possible.

If a fish does not strike, it is possible the fly is not sinking far enough, so it might be advisable to cast across at an upstream angle of 10 to 15 degrees. This will allow the fly to sink deeper.



ROBERT MORATTO PRESIDENT BUS PHONE (707) 527-5211

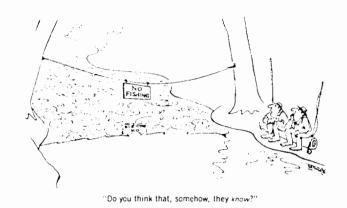
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Jim Hakel

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Bob Sisson 3607 Green Hill Road Santa Rosa, CA 95404



RUSSIAN RIVER FLY FISHERS SUMMER BULLETIN

This bulletin will substitute for the July Newsletter. The Editors are on vacation in Montana, and I wish I was also. Organized summer Club events are limited, for just that reason. There are a few I want to bring to your attention, hoping you'll make time to fit them into your summer schedule. In addition, don't forget how pleasant it is to be out at the Casting Pool on an early morning or summer evening after dinner. Take your spouse, or friend, or child and spend some time perfecting or sharing your skills.

JULY DINNER MEETING: See enclosed Flyer. Val Atkinson is a talented photographer whose work you have seen consistently in SUNSET, FLY FISHERMAN, OUTSIDE, and SIERRA magazines, among others. His presentation "Improving Your Outdoor Photography" has been shown at International Sportmens' Expos throughout the West. Val keeps an extremely busy schedule and we are very fortunate to get him as a speaker. Please join us and invite a friend who likes to take pictures. This dinner meeting is also the occasion for annual awards and installation of new officers. SEE YOU THERE!

AUGUST EVENTS: Remember there is no newsletter, board meeting, or regular monthly meeting in August. Arrangements are being made, however, for a special BEGINNERS ONLY seminar, limited to 20 people. Tentative date is August 17. Watch for a flyer or call Liz Flynn (526 0394 evenings) for details. The instructor will be Dave Dempsey, of San Francisco. A nominal fee will be charged for the seminar, and it is open to non-members as well.

SEPTEMBER EVENTS: Back by popular demand, the September meeting will be a fishing swap meet. Plan for it when you're sorting through equipment this summer---don't throw it away before you try to sell it at the swap meet. I found some great bargains there last year, but you have to get there early so that you're ready when the bidding starts. Details will be in the September newsletter.

FINALLY, BILL'S LAST PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (Saved the best . . .)
Dear Friends:

This will be my last message as President and I would like to thank each and every one of you for making these past two years so pleasurable. I especially want to thank all the board members who worked so hard to mold the club into what it is today and who made my job seem easy.

Time, money, and politics would not allow us to accomplish all the things I had envisioned at the start, but a few things are better than none. Your next president has some great ideas up his sleeve, and I promise to support and help him all the way. Plan to attend the next dinner meeting July 20. I need all of you to help me welcome in our new leadership!

Tight lines,

Arch

IMPROVING YOUR OUTDOOR PHOTOGRAPHY

RUSSIAN RIVER FLY FISHERS

PROUDLY PRESENT

R. VALENTINE ATKINSON

"Happiness for me is a dusty. lonely road in summer, with a full tank of gas and a camper full of fishing tackle escaping the crowds of the city for the wonderful solitude of the river and its inhabitants; to breath crisp, clean air and to feel the sun at your back as you wade the water. started taking my camera along or. these trips a few years ago after realizing there was a whole lot more to the world of angling than catching fish. My camera allows me to capture some of these wonderful moments." Valentine Atkinson

Free-lance Photographer
SUNSET Magazine Staff Photographer

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1988

HOLIDAY INN SONOMA COUNTY

3345 SANTA ROSA AVENUE

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA

Cocktails @ 6:30 p.m. / Dinner @ 7:30 p.m.

MENU

Caeser Salad
Grilled Chicken Marsala/Rice/Vegetable
Rolls/Butter/Coffee/Tea
Carrot Cake

Please indicate if vegetarian menu requested.

RESERVATION FORM:
Please reserve _____ dinners @ \$20.00 each. Total: \$______

(PLEASE NOTE: Reservations received by July 13 are \$20.00. After July 13 or at the door, you will be charged \$25.00.)

NAME: _____ MAIL TO: Russian River Fly Fishers P. O. Box 2673

ADDRESS: _____ Santa Rosa, Ca. 95405

Questions?
PHONE: _____ (707) 546 4650 days



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PROUDLY PRESENT

FOR BEGINNERS ONLY

A 2 HOUR SEMINAR JUST FOR BEGINNING FLY-FISHERS

OPEN TO BOTH MEMBERS AND THE PUBLIC

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1988

7:00 p.m. SHARP

RECREATION & PARKS DEPARTMENT BUILDING

415 STEELE LANE, SANTA ROSA

The guest speaker for this seminar will be DAVE DEMPSEY, of "REEL PEOPLE", who guides on California rivers and presents workshops for fly-fishers at many levels. Dave's topics for the evening will center around things that he feels are so important for beginners---things to do and things to not do---things that he sees during on-stream workshops and guide trips with beginners---that if learned will help the beginner have more initial success and therefore, more fun! The class will be $\frac{1 \text{ imited}}{10.00}$ to 20 people, so please get your reservations in right away. A small fee (\$10.00) will be charged as a registration fee, but there will be no other charge for the class. No special equipment is necessary--Dave will bring equipment for demonstration and participation.

If you're interested, please complete the registration form below.

OTHER CLUB NEWS

Remember, there is NO regular meeting or Board meeting in August. Next regular meeting will be Wednesday, September 21---remember, it's a fly-fishing swap meet, open to members and the public. Watch for details in the next <u>Cast</u>.

SENIOR OLYMPICS: Brian Wong has been working hard in cooperation with the Sonoma County Ombudsman Project to organize one event of the Senior Olympics, scheduled for Sunday, September 11. This will be a fun competition with hopefully a lot of public participation—testing your skills at target casting, at the Casting Pool. NEEDED are participants AND score-keepers (anyone can learn to score, I know). For details/sign-ups: Brian Wong of LYLE'S TACKLE, 527-9887.

		·
REGISTRATION	FOR BEGINNERS'	SEMINAR:
Name		Address
Phone	Age	Please enclose a check for \$10.00 and mail to:
Or call Liz	Flynn 526-0394(Russian River Fly Fishers eves) P.O. Box 2673/Santa Rosa, Calif. 95405

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***** SPECIAL MEETING NOTICE ****

SUMMER CASTING CLINIC

SUNDAY AUGUST 21st, 11AM to 2 PM

WHERE: THE CASTING POOL.

Dan Galvin Park at the intersection of Bennett

Valley Road and Yulupa Ave., Santa Rosa.

 $\underline{YOU\ NEED:}$ The type of fly casting equipment you wish to

work with.

Had a little problem reaching the big ones out there seventy or eighty feet or so beyond wading depth? Still not completely familiar with shooting heads and running lines? Still not comfortable with basic fly casting mechanics?

You can begin working these problems out with the RRFF coaching staff led by Brian Wong (Lyle's tackle and travel service) and Emil Lewis (former Golden Gate Casting Club instructor.)

You will have the opportunity to study your form and progress on video tape.

It will not be long until the $\frac{1}{2}$ pounder run will be in the Klamath and not much longer until the big fish begin to show in the coastal rivers. Better casting means more fun fishing any time for any quarry.

Bob Sisson Casting Pool Captain

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Bob Sisson Casting Pool Captain

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

August, the vacation month, is now gone; I hope each of you had an enjoyable summer and an opportunity to pursue our favorite sport.

RRFF begins a new fiscal year and I am honored to be chosen your president. I will make every effort to continue the excellent progress the club has made under past-president Bill Archuletta. Bill is a very capable gentleman and we all appreciate the quality leadership he has shared with us.

My personal goals for RRFF this year are to expand our youth program and to arrange for the landscaping of our casting pond. Increased use of the pond together with the landscaping will allow us to plan for the construction of a club house. Hopefully this can be done in the not-to-distant future. Remember our last two fund raisers? Shortly it will be time for another to get funds to build a club house.

My special personal thanks to the Boad of Directors and other very active members who make our organization an exciting and meaningful social experience.

Catch + release!
Bob Moratto

SEPTEMBER EVENTS

1988

BOARD OF DIRECTORS' MEETING

Monday, September 19th
7:00 p.m.
Warrack Hospital Board Room
4788 Hoen Ave., Santa Rosa

GENERAL MEETING: SEPTEMBER 21st 7:00 p.m.

Parks and Recreation Building 415 Steele Lane Santa Rosa, CA 95403

Swap Meet





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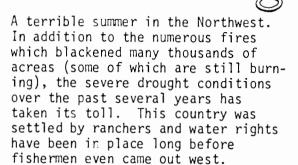
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MICHAEL E. PELLAGRINI

Owne

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Diversion canals, many of them true engineering marvels considering they were hand dug, are used to irrigate hundreds of thousands of acres of hay meadows. Ranchers have aligned themselves with numerous sportsman's groups in opposition to destructive logging practices and have been most co-operative in granting fishing access. But they now suffer economically.

Actually the sub-irrigation of meadow land does not significantly diminish the watershed. The water percolates through the substrate and returns downstream often cooler than when it was removed. Not so with overhead sprinklers which enhance evaporation into the atmosphere.

What can we do? Contrary to popular belief, low water conditions often produce excellent fishing; the fish are concentrated and more accessible. We should temper our fishing pressure and work with the ranchers and perhaps even legislative bodies to mitigate the economic significance if water rights are restricted. Above all we should be part of the solution and not part of the problem.



Grant and Betty King



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P.O. Box 136 Guerneville, California

Robert TROUT Traver MAGIC

8 D. McGinnis: Guide

Old bald-pated droopy-mustached Danny McGinnis and his "boys"—four aging bachelors who, though all younger than Dan, were either pressing or had already overtaken their sixties—lived in an old log bunkhouse abandoned by logger Andy Ferguson around the turn of the century. This rambling old structure had been christened Andy's Fleabag by the realistic lumberjacks who'd slept in it, but during the Depression Danny and the boys had changed its name to the equally realistic one of Hungry Hollow, and that it had remained.

Hungry Hollow stood on the extreme westerly rim of the Mulligan Plains where they sheer off into the valley of the Big Dead River. These broad plains had once been covered by a vast stand of virgin white pine, but all that logger Andy Ferguson had left behind, besides one bug-

ridden bunkhouse, was miles of charred and weathered stumps looking like tombstones in some abandoned cemetery, although some occasional passing fishermen felt they rather more resembled bleak accusing monuments to man's relentless war on nature.



The only regular work Danny and his boys ever did was to try to figure out new ways to avoid doing any regular work. This sometimes proved exhausting but had for the most part always paid off because the boys pretty much lived off the land—hunting, fishing, trapping, or hopefully foraging for overlooked vegetables in their rabbit-haunted garden plot—plus pooling their several assorted pensions and social security checks and Timmy's disabled veteran payments into a common treasury jealously presided over by old Danny himself.

Trout naturally formed an important staple of the diet of the boys of Hungry Hollow because, after all, the lovely Big Dead River made an obliging U-shaped bend just below their door. And when the fishing palled, Danny and the boys could sit outside for hours on a summer evening just swapping stories and swatting mosquitoes and watching the feeding trout rising in the river below.

"Lookit dem yiggers yumping," Swan would sometimes say, pointing. "Eff Ay din't know no better Ay vould svear it vere raining hail."

But tonight no trout were rising on the Big Dead River below Hungry Hollow. They weren't because it was still not yet the end of March and snow still lingered in the valley and the river was still clogged with chunks of floating ice. Moreover, aside from the gloomy weather, a general aura of gloom pervaded the Hollow, largely because the camp treasury was not only flat broke but two of the boys were in jail—casualties of the boys' annual Saint Patrick's Day trek to the town of Chippewa. True, all such annual treks tended to verge on calamity,

but this particular Saint Patrick's Day excursion had approached outright disaster.

First Big Buller Beaudin had resented some ill-timed barroom remarks concerning the genesis and possible contents of his enormous belly, and when the smoke cleared away the place had been left strewn with broken glass and inert townsmen. Then Buller had piled up the camp Model A trying to escape the cops, thus leaving the boys without transportation. Finally, old Danny had to empty the waning camp treasury paying all the assorted fines and doctor's bills needed to keep Buller out of jail.

As if this weren't bad enough, Swan and Taconite had gone on a little spree of their own and gotten picked up for drunk and disorderly and, the camp treasury now being depleted, had each drawn and were serving thirty days in jail. Only nondrinking Timmy and old Danny had escaped the clutches of the law, but Timmy had added to the camp's woes by buying and charging an expensive new fly rod he said he just simply had to have. Yes, Hungry Hollow was in a bad way: too early for fishing, no car to ride to town in, two of the boys still in jail, and the treasury not only empty but deep in debt.

So on this raw late March night as the wind grieved in the camp chimney, old Danny glumly presided over a post-Saint Patrick's Day wake. Poor Swan and Taconite were still in jail, of course. Buller sat darning his favorite sweater—the principal casualty of his barroom brawl—his moist rosebud lips working in rhythm with each darn, while slender Timmy, the camp's reigning intellectual, sat at the oilclothed table reading a dog-cared copy of American Sportman. And all the while a parched and boozeless Danny, treasurer of Hungry Hollow's busted treasury, was reduced to bottling his latest batch of home-brewed beer.

Whether or not it is true that every cloud has a silver lining, as the old song says, it was at this inagic moment that the great solution was born. Timmy looked up from his reading, blinking thoughtfully, and glanced over at Danny, whose cheeks were sunken like those of a victim of pellagra as he strove to start siphoning off a new crock.

"I see by an ad here, Dan," Timmy said quietly, "where some fellas down in Wisconsin is askin' twelve bucks a day for boardin' and guidin' bass fishermen—with boat rent extra." Timmy paused and shook his head over the wonder of it all. "Just imagine," he snorted, "payin' all that dough just to fish them lousy crummy bass! An' here we got a lovely river right outside our door fairly crawlin' with beautiful rainbows and browns." Timmy shook his head and daintily moistened his finger to turn the page.

Danny still had the siphon hose in his mouth, his cheeks bulging with raw new beer, and he frantically wigwagged Timmy not to turn the page. "Pah!" he finally exclaimed, extracting and pinching the hose and at the same time spewing a stream of bitter new beer across the room. Buller must have got caught in some of the spray because he quickly looked up from his darning and held his needle poised in midair, wistfully moistening his lips.

"Look!" Danny exclaimed, "lemme see that there ad!" As Timmy handed him the magazine and Danny adjusted his ten-cent-store glasses and read it, his voice grew hoarse with excitement. "Look, Timmy, Buller—if

them Wisconsin birds can git sech big dough ter lettin' city dudes ketch them slobby tourist bass, why can't we do the same thing fer lettin' 'em fish the lovely beauties down in our river below?"

"You mean—?" Timmy began, enlightenment dawning.

"Zackly," Danny said. "Get out your paper and pencil, me lad."

While a gradually nodding Buller alternately darned and dozed, still in the grip of his Saint Patrick's Day celebration, Danny and Timmy worked far into the night on their new ad aimed at making Hungry Hollow a mecca for jaded city fishermen. Naturally they'd run their first ad in a Chicago newspaper, because naturally every small town in America has its "big town" and Chicago happened to be Chippewa's.

"How much'll we charge 'em?" Timmy asked the camp treasurer, holding his pencil poised.

"Hm, le's see now," Danny said, sipping his mustache and working his bushy eyebrows and rubbing his bald head. "Of course they's naturally gonna have to pay more gittin' way up here past them Wisconsin bass puddles. Le's see — maybe we should ought to charge 'em half price, like say six bucks a head for found an' lodgin' — with guide service thrun in."

"Six bucks it is," Timmy said, filling in the missing item and presenting the finished ad to Danny with a nice secretarial flourish. Danny again adjusted his glasses and, his voice cracked with emotion, read it aloud to Timmy by the wavering lamplight, Buller having long since crept off to bed.

NOTICE

I got brown trout and rainbows up here at Hungry Hollow big as Eskimo dogs. You capture 'em and I'llcook 'em. Rate \$6 per head per day for food and lodging—with free expert guide service thrun in. Write me c/o Polly's Rainbow Bar, Chippewa, Mich.

Resp.

D. McGinnis, guide

"Boy," Danny rapturously breathed, rubbing the mist out of his eyes, "that there's so purty I'm all kinda swole up inside." He shook his head. "Timmy, you're a goddam genius an' your ad is pure American litterchewer."

Timmy's contribution to American literature worked like a charm; the first reservations came by airmail within three days of the appearance of the ad. "Will arrive on the midnight train from Chicago on May first," Dr. Sawyer's letter ran. "My three fishing pals and I plan to spend the balance of that night at your local hotel. Please await us there."

The wounded camp Model A still remained in Chippewa unrepaired, so about midafternoon on the first day of May Danny bade the boys good-bye and took off on the long hike to town to meet the first batch of city fishermen. Swan and Taconite had by now served their time and were out of jail and so a farewell delegation of all four of the boys lined up to wave him off. Luck was with Danny—or was it?—for about halfway to town he caught a ride on a logging truck and arrived in Chippewa

still long before dark not only with time on his hands but a consuming thirst in his throat.

Danny would have preferred to wait in the informal atmosphere of the Rainbow Bar or indeed almost any-place other than the fancy new Cliff Dwellers Inn where the town swells and mining crowd hung out. But Dr. Sawyer's letter had been pretty plain on that point, hadn't it, that Danny should head for the Inn? Danny reread the letter and, yes, there was no mistake. But wait! The letter didn't say where in the Inn he had to wait, so Danny, who always had a keen instinct for the best place to wait, smiled and headed for the street entrance to the Inn's Colonial Taproom.

The place was crowded with laggard devotees of the cocktail hour and Danny, making his first visit there and unaccustomed to the subdued lights, groped his way to an empty stool up at the bar. The dapper young bartender, fresh out of Duluth, eyed Danny up and down, from his old round undented felt hat, his aromatic plaid hunting jumper, his floppy woolen high-water stag pants, to his incredibly muddy high-top boots.

"May I be of help to you, sir?" he said with practiced disdain.

"You sure in hell kin, young fella," Danny shot back, his mustaches bristling, "an' I'd like to compliment you fer readin' my mind."

"Yes?" the young bartender said with infinite patience. "What will it be, sir?"

"I'll take a double shot of pile-run whiskey," Danny all but roared, throwing his jackknife and a pile of loose change down on the bar.

"And what would you prefer for a mix, sir?"

"Whaddya mean mix?" Danny barked, totally at sea before such esoteric barroom palaver.

"Whaddya want for a wash?" the young bartender grated, finally lapsing into the more familiar idiom of those chronic connoisseurs of pile-run whiskey.

"Gin!" Danny shot back, whereupon the barroom patrons giggled and roared and tossed down their dry martinis while the skimpily-gowned lady at the piano quickly struck up a tune and old Danny tossed off his drink and ordered still another double round. Spring was in the air...

The midnight train from Chicago duly arrived and disgorged the four Chicago fishermen and their mounds of duffel and fishing gear. The fishermen proceeded to the Cliff Dwellers Inn and searched high and low for their missing host and guide—but Danny was nowhere to be found. Finally, smelling a rat, they sensibly made their way down to the Colonial Taproom from where, putting several clues together, they extended their search out the side-street door adjoining the hotel's imposing new rock garden. There they were met by the strange midnight tableau of the Inn's little Cornish gardener trying to dislodge a snoring interloper from his pet new flower beds.

"Damme, man, you're a-lyin' all hover me crocus 'n' tulip beds, that you are!" Cooky was shouting, all the while tugging away at and trying to arouse the inert guide of the unmet Chicago fishermen. "Come aout of there, Mister Danny, you hintoxicated burn."

"Just a moment, we'll give you a hand," Dr. Sawyer said, and so the four Chicago fishermen dug Danny out of Cooky's flower beds and reverently carried him off upstairs for transplanting in a different bed.

"E 'urted my flawers," little Cooky wailed as the procession filed away, doing a skinny dance of anger at midnight in the spring.

Danny had survived and rallied from worse adventures than an evening spent mixing whiskey with gin and sleeping in dampish rock gardens, so the next morning he was almost his old chipper self again after he had polished off a lumberjack breakfast in the hotel dining room. Feeling his responsibilities he later guided his guests over to Burke's livery stable and helped haggle over the price of the car and trailer they rented to haul themselves and their gear up to Hungry Hollow.

"How do you feel now, Mr. McGinnis?" inquired Raymond, the driver and one of the Chicago fishermen, as their cavalcade thundered across the loose planking of the bridge over Barnhardt Creek.

"Who, me?" Danny said, starting out of a little nap. "I feel like havin' another drink."

"Before noon?" Raymond said, aghast.

"Why not, why not?" Danny said, winking and spreading his hands. "After all, the only time I'll ever *take* a drink is during and between meals. Strickly temperance, that's me."

Dr. Sawyer sighed and produced and passed back a bottle of city whiskey upon which Danny played a long unbroken solo, deftly drying his mustaches on his jumper sleeve when he was done. "You boys havin' a little snort, too?" he finally said, remembering his manners, making as though to surrender the bottle.

"Heavens no," Dr. Sawyer said, as the others recoiled and swiftly shook their heads. "We came way up here to catch some of those gorgeous trout you described in that intriguing ad of yours. We're in training for that, see? Fishing before drinking, see?"

"You've a point there," Danny conceded after judiciously pondering. "Jest thought you might, lads. Now me, I'm used to drinkin' before fishin' 'cause our water's so fearful cold a man needs a touch to steady his castin' arm. 'Smatter of fack it gives me a little chill even thinkin' of it. Mind if I have a wee drop more?"

"Go 'head, Dan," Dr. Sawyer said, shrugging and finally surrendering. "But it would be real nice, you being our guide and all, if you'd sort of manage to stay sober enough just long enough to kind of point out the river to us."

But Danny's bald head had already sagged down on his chest in lip-puttering slumber, from which he did not rouse until they rumbled across the bridge over Mulligan Greek.

"Almost there, boys," he chirped brightly as the rented car and trailer labored up the long sandy hill to the top of the treeless Mulligan Plains. "Take the first fork to the left fer Hungry Hollow."

"What's that water I see gleaming between those tall evergreen trees down beyond that tarpaper shack?" Dr. Sawyer suddenly asked, pointing.

"That there's the Big Dead River where you guys is gonna fish," their guide explained, adding after a pause, "An' that tarpaper shack you jest mentioned happens to be Hungry Hollow where I lives. It's also the place you boys'll be stayin'—that's unless you prefer comootin'

back and forth between here an' that fancy Inn. Jest say the word, boys —"

"Oh no, no," Dr. Sawyer apologized, swiftly passing back the city bottle to heal the sudden breach.

"Wups, watch out fer my truck garden, young fella," Danny called out after the breach was magnificently healed. "Better park over next to the outhouse there an' have everythin' handy."

"And who are those four guys standing out in front?" Doc shrilled.

"Oh, them's jest four ol' pals who happen' to drop by one by one durin' Depression days an' who been stayin' on temporary ever since. Jest here on a li'l visit."

"But Danny, the Depression was years and years ago, man!"

"By God, so it was," Danny agreed. "How the bloody time flies. My, my . . . Well here we are, boys—welcome to Hungry Hollow." He held up his cupped hand and beckoned his waiting boys with five gnarled and knotty fingers. "C'mon over here, boys, an' I'll take an' interdoosh you."

9

After a quick lunch that featured Swan's fresh home-baked bread, the city fishermen pawed away at their mounds of luggage and gradually crawled into their uniforms. It was decided that all four would start fishing from the big pool below camp, flipping coins to decide which two would start fishing upstream and which other pair down. So prolonged were their preparations, in fact, that Danny was able to spear several quick drinks from the waning bottle. When at length the four were armed and ready, Carl, one of the city fishermen, asked Danny if he planned to join them fishing.

"Mebbe later, not right now," Danny said, squinting up at the sun from his seat on the camp sawbuck. "Little too bright. Anyway, ol' Danny's only the goddam guide—an' at Hungry Hollow the golden rule is 'payin' gents first.'"

"But where's your rod, your waders, and all your gear?" Raymond asked.

"No problem," Danny said, walking over to the side of the camp and taking down a battered set-up bamboo fly rod resting on two rusty nails. Each joint was held together by adhesive tape, the cracked level line tied to a coiled piece of bedspring leader to which in turn was attached a massive hair fly adorning a hook that seemed big enough to fasten screen doors.

"Won the hull outfit in a firemen's tournament raffle in Chippewa sixteen—no, seventeen years ago," Danny explained, patting his pet.

"But your waders — your net and creel and all?"

"Don't use none," Danny said, rolling his eyes. "Saves all kinds of money fer charities an' to give them missionary fellas fer convertin' heathens with."

The Chicago fishermen averted their eyes, glancing at each other with expressions that eloquently said "what have we gotten into?"

Led by old Danny, their expert guide, they slithered and slipped their way down the steep trail to the starting Big Dead pool.

"That's it," Danny said, pointing, and the four city fishermen stood gazing at the vast pool churning restlessly in the sun, hissing and boiling like some giant



witch's cauldron. "Might so well give it a try here. Same price." He then leaned his ancient rod against a tree and climbed uphill and sat on a sun-warmed rock safely out of casting range.

Raymond was the first to select and tie on the maiden fly — a downy small dry — expertly placing a graceful thistle cast into the very center of the pool. There was a sudden silvery flash and the line grew taut for an instant and then went limp.

"Whoopee!" shouted Raymond, doing a clumsy little bewadered jig. "Cleaned out on my first cast! Whoopee!"

"Hm." Danny said, half to himself, sitting up on his sunny perch. "Mebbe they'll be on the prod after all." He then busied himself taking on and working up a new chew of tobacco while the Chicago fishermen got under way. Two of them took and returned fairish brook trout on their first pool casts—"Small fry," Danny said—and he still sat watching as each twosome disappeared around their respective bends. Meanwhile no more big fish struck.

Once alone, Danny rose and spat and reached in his jumper and pulled out a fresh bottle of Chicago whiskey he'd somehow stumbled across and played a solo in the sun. He then descended to the water, grabbed his rod, and sat soaking his leader in the pool, stripping out line, waiting for a passing cloud to come obscure the sun.

"Ah," he breathed as the sun finally left the pool, and he reached in his jumper and pulled out a slice of Swan's freshly baked bread. Breaking off and wadding a small piece, he tossed it out into the pool. There was a quick silvery flash and the bread disappeared. He then reached for his rod and casually flipped his fly where the fish had risen.

"Clap!" went the striking fish, and Danny struck back, and lo he was on to a real beauty. He dropped his rod and grabbed the line, calmly pulling in the threshing fish, hand over hand, deftly unhooking the fish and dropping it into the game bag of his jumper. Once again he cast his bread upon the waters and again not in vain. Before the sun emerged he had caught two rainbows and a brown, each running well over two pounds.

"Guess mebbe the big ones ain't here roday," Danny remarked to himself. "Yep, yep—guess mebbe I'll have me another snort an' meander downstream."

Meanwhile, Dr. Sawyer and Thaddeus worked their way slowly downstream, fishing with the easy precision and grace of finished experts. After all, they'd waited all winter for this golden moment, and here they were fishing virtually virgin water except for the alcoholic flounderings of one old man armed with a primitive fly rod one might better beat rugs with.

The firm graveled bottom, rarely over waist deep, made ideal wading, and the air sang with the sylvan whine and whish of their lovely casts. Not a single pocket or ripple did they miss. Once Thaddeus got a boiling rise from a really big one, but missed the strike. Both took several decent brook trout, and a few juniors, all of which they carefully returned, for *they* were after the big ones. But so far the big ones were not after them . . .

Perhaps a mile below the starting pool Doc and Thaddeus paused and held a strategy council. Could it be that old Danny was right and that it was far too bright for good fishing?

"Except for Raymond's clean-out up at the pool and the one I missed," Thaddeus said, a little despondently. "I'd swear there weren't any big trout in this river."

"Let's work our way back upstream," Doc said, recalling the lovely starting pool. "Maybe old Danny can suggest another stretch."

"I'd guess our guzzling old guide is safely up in bed by now," Thaddeus said, standing on a gravel bar and playing in a seven-inch brook trout.

"That's if he's sober enough to climb the hill," Doc said, pausing on the same gravel bar and changing to another fly. "I wonder what the old goat's up to?"

Their answer came abruptly as they heard a prolonged "Haloo-oo-oo" and then beheld Danny rounding the upstream bend, splashing and floundering in the middle of the river, his venerable fly rod bent double before him like a graduation hoop.

"Haloo-oo," he called again, and it was then that the enchanted city fishermen saw that old Danny was being towed, hauled, and tugged downstream by the grandfather of all giant trout, the snout of which occasionally showed above the water several rod lengths ahead of Dan.

"Loo gout!" Danny shrilled, his skinny shanks working like pistons. "Here I come — clear the goddam way!"

But the two transfixed Chicago fishermen could only stand gaping on their gravel bar as old Danny and his fish swiftly descended upon them.

"Spung!" went Danny's leader as it snapped and broke just as the giant fish, in the blind fury of its run, charged clear up onto the gravel bar and lay flopping and panting at the Chicago fishermen's feet.

"Grab 'im!" Danny cackled in cold horror, but by now the hypnotized fishermen were beyond all movement. Then, just as the giant fish made a final riverward flop, Danny sailed through the air in a superb flying tackle and landed on top of Grampaw—whoosh!—where both of them lay for a long time very wet and very still.

It took three drinks from Doc's emergency flask to bring old Danny around. "Who hit me?" Danny demanded, sitting up slowly and holding his side. "Who'd hit a pore sickly ol' man?"

The game bag of his jumper had come open, strewing lovely rainbow and brown trout everywhere.

"Oo me pore side," Danny said, clutching at his left rib cage. "Oo, gimme 'nother swaller of that there booze—can't even breathe withouten 'nother swaller."

Dr. Sawyer carefully fed Danny another drink and then opened his jumper and shirt and felt his left side, Danny all the while wincing and squirming.

"Do you think I'm a little pregnant, Doc?" Danny asked when Doc was done.

"No," Doc said after pondering a bit, "but I'd guess, lacking X rays, that landing your big rainbow has cost you between three and four cracked ribs on your left side."

"'Tis well worth it," Danny said, gingerly reaching over and patting his big fish and then vainly trying to stagger to his feet. "Why don't you boys fetch the fish and we'll go back to camp where Swan'll cook 'em up and we'll all sorta celebrate like? What d'you say, boys?"

Doc and Thaddeus looked at each other and silently nodded and gathered up Danny and all the fish and splashed away upstream in the dappled sunlight. Old Danny, full of visions of the frolic ahead, even managed to break into a quavering song, one of his favorite ditties:

> Oh when I'm dead an' in me grave, An' no more whiskey will I crave, On my tombstone let this be wrote, 'Ten thousand quarts run down his throat!'

> > 3

The next morning the Chicago fishermen awoke throbbing of pulse and coated of tongue and groped their way to the water pail in the best Hungry Hollow tradition. But old Danny soon had them relaxed and smiling with a couple rounds of Highland Flings, a potent drink of guaranteed therapy, the secret of which Danny carefully explained.

"Jest take a tripler of Hungry Hollow moonshine, a dash of lemon juice, a little sugar, and add some boiling water," he explained, holding up a warning finger. "But mind, you dassen't put too much water. Yep, yep, never too much water."

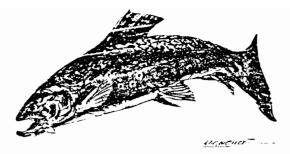
After breakfast he presented his guests with some of Timmy's big home-tied bucktail flies—"Big flies fer big fish," he explained—and lectured them for ten minutes on the need for caution and patience in stalking the big ones. "Come, lads, get your gear an' let me show you."

Walking like an aging Junker general in his rigid new corset of adhesive tape, Danny led his guests down to the pool and initiated them into the ritual of casting one's bread upon the water.

"Git ready, now, one of you," he said, tossing out a wadded morsel of bread, and — bang — a grinning Dr. Sawyer was soon fast to a tail-standing dandy.

"Good luck, boys," Danny said, leaving them there still watching Doc fighting his fish. "Pea soup's on the menoo tonight an' I gotta go help Swan get that started."

The Chicago fishermen had a great day and each caught and returned several lovely browns and rainbows—but none in the same league as Grampaw, of course. That night at supper they were exultant and clamored for another celebration. The next morning they even beat Danny up clamoring for their Highland Flings. And



so the days dreamily slipped by.

They overstayed their leave by three days and when they left presented Danny with a brand-new fly rod and reel and double-tapered line. They also insisted upon paying double for their keep. Moreover they made solemn reservations to return the following May. "Daniel," Dr. Sawyer concluded, "we've never seen anything to match either this superb place or your excellent canny guiding."

"Thanks," Danny said, busily putting together his handsome new fly rod.

"Good-bye, Danny," they called out, waving, as they pulled away. "See you next May if not sooner."

"Yep, yep," Danny said from the camp doorway, saluting them briefly with two crooked fingers.

Buller and the boys, who'd been off cutting firewood up near Connors Creek, rushed into camp an hour later to conduct the audit. There they found an absorbed and bespectacled Danny sitting at the oilcloth table counting out greenbacks into neat little piles.

"Le's see," he was saying, "four gents fer eight days at twelve bucks a head makes — hm — what the hell *does* it make?"

"What's the verdict?" Buller demanded.

"So damn much I can't really tell," Damny said, looking up mystified and rubbing his gleaming bald head. "All I know is we jest made a fortune stayin' to home an' gittin' drunk—an' mind, gittin' bloody well paid fer it." He pointed at the opposite wall. "Buller, quick, fetch a quart of Chicago hooch hid in one of Timmy's hip boots hangin' there. Timmy, here's a brand-new fly pole fer you—I'm stickin' with my ol' curtain rod. Swan, Taconite, do somethin', goddamit. We gotta celebrate. My Gawd, we's jest made a fortune. We're rich, boys, we're really rich!"



I caught them on a size twelve Dark Hendrickson dry fly. What are you using?

PHOTOGRAPHY NOTES

Lily Tso Wong presented the following article in a recent California Fly Fishermen Unlimited Newsletter:

Many anglers have a great interest in experimenting with outdoor photography. . . especially to capture the trophy fish they're caught, or relive the scenic views encountered in the field, or other projects. The advantage of gaining informative tips for your next shots are invaluable. R. VALENTINE ATKINSON'S "Ten Tips for Better Outdoor Photos" (Black & White and Color) can help improve your skills in many ways:

- 1. B/W. For grey or cloudy days, use a yellow filter to increase contrast. Makes pictures come alive.
- 2. B/W. For bright sunny days where you can see your own shadow, rate your Tri-X at 200 instead of 400. This is called overexposing and underdeveloping the film. It compresses the black to white zones and results in a less contrasty picture. Great for the beach.
- 3. Always keep a UV haze or skylight filter on the lens for protection. They do their job well.
- 4. Use a polarize for color. It eliminates the glare just like your sunglasses and makes the colors seem brighter. Really pops out the clouds and makes for a dark blue sky.
- 5. Graduated Neutral Density filter. Darkens the top half of your picture (the bright sky) while leaving the foreground natural. Great for mood shots.
- 6. Stay away from fast color films (films faster than 400 asa). They're grainy and unsharp. I recommend Kodachrome 64 or Fuji 100 for slides and Kodacolor 200 for prints.
- 7. Use plastic bags from the vegetable section of the supermarket to wrap your camera and place it in your fishing vest pocket while wading. If you slip in briefly, it'll stay dry. If you stay under very long, we won't be worrying about the camera anyway.

Army Ammo boxes are great for boat trips. If you knock 'em overboard, they'll float even when they are full of gear. Line them with insolite padding for protection.

- 8. Lightweight backpacking tripod for late evening time exposures. Bracket your shots. Take 4 or 5 at different times; one will be perfect.
- 9. Buy a camera body by itself and add particular lenses of your choice, such as a35-28mm wide angle and some kind of telephoto, or a zoom lens. Stay away from the normal 50mm lens that normally comes with the camera. It's like buying a fishing rod to catch every kind of fish. It's an unhappy compromise. Buy the fastest lens you can afford.
- 10. Two old sayings in photography: "If you can't make it good, make it red" and "If your pictures aren't very good, you're probably not close enough." Moral of the story: Ask your friends to wear bright clothing and get in close to shoot. Good Luck!

Northern California Council Federation of Fly Fishers

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THE GILLIE

The road to the mine was closed. Nothing too unusual about that, the Forest Service had begun restricting access to the back country some time ago, No matter anyway, for we had been there several times before in past years. We headed back down the mountain across the ridge face to the meadow we had seen on the way up.

Typical of many mountain meadows, a rather narrow valley not more than three hundred yards across and perhaps a mile long had a narrow stream ox-bowing through it. Cattle grazed along the lower end and as we pushed through the willows we could hear them moving ahead of us. In this country, regardless of the altitude, ranchers use public lands for summer pasture.

The stream was classic; slow moving, gin clear, with a light sandy bottom and sparse cover. It looked almost a-biotic but the cattle had waded across ahead of us, no doubt alarming the fish. We could see fish in the long flats and especially in the deeper holes at the numerous bends as the creek wound itself across the flats.

I managed to take a few pan size cutthroats as I worked my way upsteam. The fish were very spooky and I had to make fifty foot casts while standing thirty feet back from the bank to raise anything. My friend was not fishing and had gone up the meadow to shoot pictures and explore the stream. I tied a Sandy Mite onto my tippet thinking that a wet fly fished deep would allow me to approach more fish. I remembered that I had reluctantly gone down to 5X in deference to the clear water. In truth, 7X would have been too large in the clear, slow moving water but after all this is Montana, not some limestone stream in the east. My partner had chided me all summer for my large tippet, but old habits, or rather old stubborness dies slowly.

My friend came back down the stream and said he had spotted a few nice fish and he would gladly play the role of gillie if I wished to give them a try. He led me upstream

stalking our query as though we had a beat on some Icelandic salmon river. He put me over several fish and I did manage to catch one or two. He admonished me to move more quietly as he motioned me up to a small gravel bar. As he pointed, I could see the fish coming up from his grassy bank to sip the small Tricos that were coming across the small riffle into his feeding lane. It was hard to accurately gauge the fish's size but we guessed him at about 14", a very handsome specimen indeed in this small stream. We stood there transfixed in a world unto ourselves, watching the feeding rhythm of the fish.

I was told in no uncertain terms that I would have one cast and in detail he explained to me how I should place my fly. I cut off my streamer and tied on a number 16 humpy, a rather sparsley dressed specimen which I thought he would take if presented correctly. As I struggled to tie on the small dry, the fantasy of the perfect cast played through my mind. Lay the fly gently upstream, a small mend to guide it down over the small riffle. Then wait as he rose up to slowly inspect, then drifting backward under the fly, open his jaw to gently suck in his tiny query. Wait a half second then lift gently.

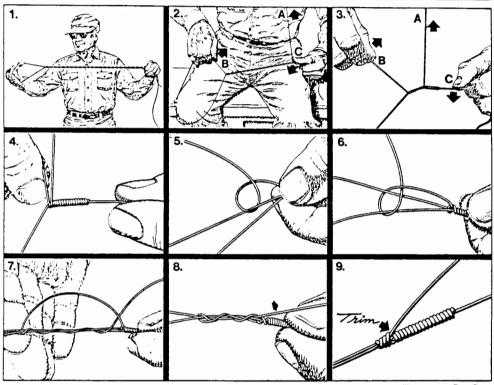
My first cast was a foot short, but I let the fly drift and pulled it gently out of his feeding envelope. He didn't spook. I false cast once upstream to measure the distance and dropped the fly. When I set up on the fish he exploded downstream into the pool. My friend was ecstatic and went down onto the gravel bar to assist in the landing. His look of surprise as my line went slack was not unexpected. As we stood there I showed him the end of my leader, where the unimproved clinch knot had simply pulled free.

I grinned sheepishly and admitted that the impending doom had in fact passed before my eyes, including the fact that I had not properly tied my leader. My friend held his tongue but around the evening's campfire reminded me that the gillie's job is to put his client into position, and share his skill and knowledge of the local conditions, which does not include properly trying on his fly.

The Bimini Twist has an intimidating reputation—so much so that many anglers have avoided learning how to tie it. Here's an easy step-by-step tying guide.

How to Tie the Bimini Twist

HOW IT'S DONE



Mustrated by Tom Rost

(A8A)

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Most anglers who do not use the Bimini Twist (also known as the 20-timesaround knot) feel it is too complicated and difficult to tie. It is not. In fact, it is a logical and very useful knot that creates a double length of line which is especially valuable as a leader for big-game fishing and with ultralight lines. Tied properly, it delivers 100 percent of the line strength in all situations, including sudden shock. Above all, it is not difficult to tie, and once you understand the tying steps and practice them, it shouldn't take you more than 1 minute to complete the knot.

Step 1: Double about 3 feet of line. Place your hand through the loop and

make about 20 twists.

Step 2: Place the loop of twisted line over one knee. Put main line piece (A) in mouth, place hand at B, and thumb at C. Pull up on B while simultaneously pressing down at C. At the same time, keep line A tight. (The balanced tension between these three points forms the crucial wrap. Allow no slack.) Now, gently push line A over the end of the twist at C to get wrap started.

Step 3: Keep pulling at B and line will wrap around B-C portion of the twist. Remember to keep A, B, and C in

tension at all times.

Step 4: Continue pulling upward at B, until all of the twisted portion has

been wrapped.

Step 5: Pinch all of the wrap between the thumb and forefinger holding line C. (If you let any part of the wrap unravel, you'll have to start over.) Then tie a half hitch over one side of the loop. Draw down tightly.

Step 6: Tie another half hitch, but do

not draw down.

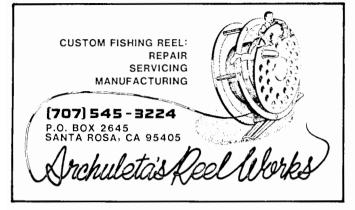
Step 7: Make three more loops around both lines.

Step 8: Wet loosely formed "quadrangle half hitch" and draw it down tightly. You may have to tease the knot along so that it doesn't bunch up.

Step 9: Once the knot is drawn down snug, trim tag end. —BOB STEARNS



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There are indeed seasons... a time to fish; a time to think about fishing trips to come; and a time to remember fishing trips of the past. We sit in audiences and listen to speakers extoll the virtues of exotic and some not so distant fishing experiences. It often seems as though some folks fish year 'round. But for the most of us there is a fishing season.

In a traditional sense, the season for fishing is upon us. Some of us will hike in to a long favorite stream or lake with time worn fishing partners; not unlike a pilgrimmage to the holy lands. Some will plan and then wait in anticipation for a one or two week jaunt with family members (which will include time for wetting a line). And others will think about fishing, talk about fishing but just never seem to get the time to make the trip. - At least not this year.

John Gierach's new book, Trout Bum * Fly Fishing As A Way Of Life, is a jewel. A joyful romp through one persons pleasures of fishing. If you don't get out fishing in the next few weeks, do yourself a favor and get the book- then loan it to a friend.

*(Fireside Books, Simon & Schuster, New York, 1986, paperback)



Grant and Betty King



NEWS and TACKLE SHOP

Guns - Ammo - Archery Accessories

Guerneville 869-2156

P.O. Box 136 Guerneville, California

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Our goals for this year are crystallizing. In the past few days a meeting was held with club members and Charles Hoefer, City of Santa Rosa Park's and Recreation Director. Charlie confirmed that plans are progressing nicely for the installation of a larger water pipe through the pond area to serve not only our pond but other facilities of Dan Galvin Park as well. This pipe installation should occur in the next few weeks.

Previously approved plans for landscaping for our pond area are scheduled to be implemented and landscaping should be completed mid-spring 1989.

Much thanks and appreciation are extended to Charles Hoefer who has consistently been cooperative and enthusiastic with our project and to our own Bob Sisson who has spent many hours taking care of the pond and coordinating our plans with the City of Santa Rosa.

Further discussions with City Park's and Rec are being planned to conduct youth clinics when the landscaping is complete. Other clinics are being planned and coordinated by Bob Sisson and Brian Wong. It looks as if the Club is well on it's way to being more visable and responsive to the needs of the community.

Recent fishing reports from our nearby states of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming and Colorado are mixed, but generally the drought and fires have caused havoc in many areas. It is in times such as these, that we become more appreciative of what quality fishing really is and it is in order to renew our dedication to preserve all fishing and natural habitats.

October Calendar

General Meeting: Wednesday, October 19, 7:00 p.m. Recreation & Parks Bldgs. 415 Steele Lane

Speaker: Rich Whitaker will speak about "Catch & Release Taxidermy" (and Peacock Bass in Venezuela.)

Board of Directors' Meeting: Monday, October 17, 1988 Warrach Hospital Board Room 4788 Hoen Ave.,7:00 p.m.

Coming Events

November 16th Carlo Bongio "Fishing Putah Creek" (a winter fishery

Bob moratto

VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

October is here and soon the winter steelhead will be entering our coastal streams to spawn and to challenge our skills. I hope all of you will find time to try your luck as there are few thrills to compare with the feel of a steelhead on a tight line.

Our President and Board have many exciting goals to pursue during the coming year and I am honored to have been chosen to serve on that board. Our organization is strong and together we can accomplish many of our goals, including hopefully, landscaping of our casting pond, expansion of our youth program and perhaps make a significant impact towards preserving our streams and lakes together with their inhabitants.

Our October speaker will tell us how to release our trophies, yet still have them to display, admire and reflect upon. See you there.

GOOD FISHING.

Bold Morrison

PROPOSED RRFF OUTING SCHEDULE 1988/1989

(Suggestions Appreciated)

October 7 & 8 1988 Fall River: Camping at MacArthur Burney State

Park.

December 17, 1988 Russian River Drift Trip (At least one youth or

senior per boat) Alexander Valley and/or Healdsburg

to Mirabel.

January/February Gualala River: Camping at Gualala or Salt Point

State Park.

March Family Outing for Russian River "Gray

Backs": Camping at Casini's.

April Pyramid Lake: Crosby's (\$10 Non-refundable

deposit required).

May Shad Trip to Sacto. River or the Russian.

June No. California trout trip: Location TBA.

October Fall River: Mac/Burney S.P. or Clearwater Fly

Fishing Resort (\$50 per night with meals).

November Feather River "Back Bay" Steelhead at

Quincy: Stay at local hotel or campground.

December Navaro River: Winter Camping at Hendley

Woods State Park.

If you have some ideas on places for the club to go, bring these ideas to the next club meeting.

POOL CAPTAINS CORNER

CASTING POND CLINIC SCHEDULE

FALL 1988 - SPRING 1989

A series of casting instruction clinics will be held at the casting pond at Dan Galvin Park at the intersection of Bennett Valley Road and Yulupa Ave., Santa Rosa, during the fall, winter and spring months of 1988-1989.

The tentative schedule for the events will be:

November 13th. (This is a firm date.)

The balance of the clinics will be held on the third Sunday of the month unless scheduling conflicts necessitate a change.

The present plan follows:

<u>December 4th.</u> (first Sunday, -- <u>January 15th - February 19th March 19th - April 16th - May 21st - June 18th.</u>

All of the clinics will provide basic instruction for beginners and just getting started casters.

Each of the clinics will also feature advanced instruction in either long line casting, shooting-head use, bass bug casting and other special purpose techniques that the membership would like to learn. Let us know what you would like.

Your coaching staff will continue to be headed up by Deputy Pool Captain, Brian Wong (Lyle's tackle and travel service) and Emil Lewis, former Golden Gate Casting Club instructor.

More coaches are needed and will be most welcome. If you feel you can teach casting and wish to participate please contact me.

Video taping will continue to be offered. All you need is a standard VHS tape with your name on it.

Each of the clinics will be detailed in the "CAST" of the month before the date of the event or by special meeting notice.

We are hopeful that the finishing touches on the landscaping around the pond will be under way this spring. If this takes place as planned some changes in the clinic schedule may be necessary.

Everyone can benefit from a little serious practice. It is much easier to work out a casting problem at the pond with a coach than to try to correct it on the water you are fishing when you want to concentrate on your quarry.

Bob Sisson Casting pool captain



Conclave '88

The Northern California Council of the Federation Of Fly Fishers held their annual meeting in Redding on September 16,17. & 18. Programs included informative presentations on the Deschutes, Klamath, Williamson, Trinity and Truckee areas, and our own Dave Inks speaking on some lesser known waters in Argentina. Cathy Klinestker gave a very refreshing and enthusiastic report on her activities in the public school system which they call Adopt A Stream. What better way to instill the essence of conservation than to use youngsters infectious enquisitiveness about their natural environment?

The fly tying was particularly enjoyable with a selection of local and national figures such as Polly Rosbrough and Jack Dennis. Jack was the featured speaker and was also available to autograph his recent books and speak with participants on an informal basis. Jack also conducted a casting clinic in which the 35 knot winds were used for some tips on how to effectively cast into the wind. Several rod makers had new lightweight rods (#2 weights available for casting) (Yes, Virginia, you can cast a #2 weight into the wind).

I met some new friends and renewed some acquaintenances from last year. Mark your calendars early for next year's Conclave. I know you'll enjoy it.

Russ Lockner





Quick, hit the pocket over there with your Muddler!

Russian River Fly Fishers, Inc. P. O. Box 2673 Santa Rosa, CA 95405 BULK RATE U.S. POSTAGE PAID Santa Rosa,CA Permit No.349



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Grant King's funeral service was certainly a fitting tribute to an "all-giving" man. The overflow crowd was in direct proportion to this man's contribution to the fishing fraternity. Grant, we will miss you!

October's meeting had a pleasant surprise for the attendees. Our scheduled speaker was forced to cancel, but we were fortunate to have Leon Pimentel volunteer to report to us on his very recent trip to Rio Chico in Venezuela where he and a group from Fishing International explored a new area for small tarpon and snook. His glowing and very descriptive report makes us all want to participate in such a trip at least once. Thanks Leon, for sharing!

We must be careful not to schedule these meetings during the World Series. Attendance was understandably down but the enthusiasm was not. Hope to see more of you at our next meeting on November 16th when Carlo Bongio will share with us on "Fishing Putah Creek".

We are currently without the services of a secretary and a membership chairperson. Both of these vital committee posts need to be filled. This is a good opportunity to participate actively in our organization. I would appreciate hearing from any volunteers.

By the time this cast is mailed, I hope we have had some rains to give the waiting steelhead some "sweet water" to begin their migratory run. This is always a special time of the year for the fishermen who have been waiting since last winter. The Russian River fishery has been progressively improving. Use it! Enjoy it!

Catch + release! Bob Moratto

GENERAL MEETING:

Wednesday, November 16, - 7:00 p.m. Recreation & Parks Bldg. 415 Steele Lane

Speaker: Carlo Bongio will speak about "Fishing Putah Creek" (A winter fishery).

Board of Directors Meeting: Monday, November 14th - 7 p.m. Warrach Hospital Board Room 4788 Hoen Ave.

COMING EVENTS

Christmas Dinner Meeting:
December 7- 6:30 p.m.
Holiday Inn
Greg Voight noted guide will speak
about "Fly Fishing The Seasons of Alaska"

GRANT KING

by Bob Nauheim

Summer lingered on. It was mid-October, yet the vine maple beside the river showed only a tinge of color. Tomatoes ripened, the grape vines along the Sonoma foothills kept much of their summer vestment. In the garden, the marigolds bloomed radiantly. It was hot. During those last lovely days of summer, just before the weather turned grey, we lost Grant King to cancer.

Late, the evening after Grant's funeral, I poured a glass of bourbon and memories came flooding through the glass.

It is the early 70s. There is no wind, yet the breakers are high and crashing. There are our three small boats circling in the wash of the sea at the river's mouth. Five miles beyond the surf lies Canos Island close on the Panamanian border. Our boats dodge behind two house-size rocks where we wait, riding the sea swells until one mighty wash spends itself and there is not another hard on its back.

We dash. Birds flush screaming from the rocks. The stinging spray in our faces is near blinding. The outboards are winding at full throttle. In front of us another huge wave is building, and with a final thrust we crest the incoming titan. Suddenly we are free, laughing and cheering and streaking across an open cobalt sea.

I see the reefs of Canos, with its idyllic palm-shaded lagoons, its jungled hillsides, and above all the fantastic fishing in the Pacific around it. There's Grant, his fly rod straining into the deep run of a 30 pound tuna. Through the curvature of his rod I see Bill Schaadt in one of our other boats doing battle with a large jack. Frank Bertaina and Bill Collins are also with us, in action as well. Our flies take barracuda, roosterfish, and snapper, and we try for sailfish with the long rods but fail this time. That night, at Grant's suggestion, we leave fish with new friends in thatched houses along the river. I can see us there so clearly.

The scene changes, we are in Costa Rica at the mouth of the Rio Colorado fishing tarpon. I can see clearly Grant into his first tarpon ever. The fish is tearing up the river and going places. Later, I see us in the restaurant of the Hotel Europa in San Jose. Dinner is over and we don't know how to ask for the check. To our relief Grant says he'll handle it saying something confidently to the waiter in Spanish. We sit stuffed and waiting. Twenty minutes later in comes another full dinner order.

He redeems himself a week later, however, saving our necks. We've got a flat tire in the midst of the huge United Fruit banana farm at Palmar. Would you believe it, the spare is flat too! We attempt to flag down United Fruit pickups but they won't stop.

It's beginning to look like a long walk to town. Then Grant spots a pickup with a Lions Club emblem on the rear window. He approaches the driver pointing at himself saying, "Presidente, Guerneville, California, Estatos Unitos Lions Club."

The driver is wide eyed, "Presidente Club de Lions de Estatos Unitos!" he exclaims, obviously thinking Grant the head shed of Lions U.S.A. He can't do enough for us. He drives Grant and me to town, introduces us to all his friends, buys lunch, and most important, gets both flats fixed. I can see us there so clearly.

I see the tiny Evergreen Glade Trailer Park on the Smith River. We all used to hang out there during salmon season, before the State of California, in its wisdom, decided to make it a dump for road gravel. There is Bill Schaadt's trailer, Merve Hoberg's, Glen Martin's, Grant's and mine all in a row. Helena has salmon in the smoke house. Each night we gather and compare notes. There's no shortage of visitors, lots of drinks, and plenty to eat. Grant is always the master of ceremonies. The noise and excitement grows to high decibels as each angler tries to outdo the other with tales of his day on the river. I have a tape on one of these sessions which I play now and again. It's a classic. I can see us all there together so clearly.

I see Grant over his vise in the old store in Guerneville. He taught many of us most of what we know about fly tying. The Boss, The Flaming Betty, and many of our great salmon flies are Grant King patterns. Those visits were always filled with fly tying and fishing talk. Yes, Grant liked an audience and liked to talk. He was wise and knowledgeable about so many things, though sometimes we emerged from a sea of conversation dripping with words. We sometimes squirmed, but listened to him and loved him. It's all so clear.

The bourbon is warm. The sky grayed to an overcast dawn. I see a river. One I haven't fished before though it looks familiar. The valley stands darkly in redwood and laurel. The compost of the earth smells damp and heady. A gravel bar, stiff with winter frost, holds a long green pool overhung with fern and huckleberry. In the tailout a new school of steelhead rolls and flashes, moving in with the dropping tide. "What a great school," I think. "Where is this river?"

That's when a figure appears. He was sitting all along by the fire streamside. Rod in hand he walks to the river turning and looking directly at me. The figure points to the showing fish and beckons. "I'm coming Grant... wait a bit!" I hear myself shout aloud. The vestige has told me that life is a short, quick flowing river. That all of Grant's friends would be fishing with him soon again a couple of more bends downstream. Bring your ear plugs.

"THE KINGFISHER"

By Arch Richardson

I wish I could remember all my longest casts, my largest fish, most hook-ups in one day or my favorite fly, but I don't. What I do remember is a great man, the man who taught me how to tie a fly. The big man who told me that fly fishing was just as much fun if not more than bait fishing. The Russian River in northern California will never again have the reflection of this smiling face on its water. Grant F. King, a master fly tyer, and a master in the promotion of fly fishing, was laid to rest October 18, 1988 at the age of 68.

Grant "The Kingfisher" King, a large man with a large heart and large hands; how could he tie those tiny flies? Over 25 years ago I walked into King's News & Tackle in Guerneville, sat down across the table from Grant and watched him tie. The table was full of colors: feathers, chenille, thread and tinsel. I watched the master at work. Never in all my settings with Grant did I ever stand behind him; now I'm a right-hander tying left. Although I never mastered his uniformity, I do catch a fish once in a while. As Grant's lovely wife Betty has stated, "Each fly was like a soldier, each looking identical to the next."

Twelve to thirteen years ago when I first started fishing for King salmon in the Smith River near the Oregon/California border, Grant was there. His travel trailer tucked away under the redwoods next to the river was the after-fishing-hours meeting place. A small trailer jam packed with fishermen comparing notes: where was the bite, what was the secret fly, which way did Bill Schaadt go? Why did everybody end up in Grant's trailer? Because he wanted us there. He loved people, young and old. He enjoyed telling fish stories and liked listening to others.

My second year (attempt) to catch a Smith River king was highlited by my friend capsizing his pram at the Bailey. I rowed my pram to shore with my friend hanging onto the stern in the cold cold water. I then salvaged all his gear that I could. That night my friend told Grant of our adventure. What came as a natural act to me, became a story which was discussed through a half-gallon of bourbon. Grant tried to make me some kind of a hero. Why? He always gave credit to those who deserved it. What I ended up with was a headache.

That same year, Grant landed a large fish below the Bailey Riffle. I walked into the weigh station at Saxon's Tackle to take a picture of this fish hanging on the scale. Grant was there standing and smiling beside a 46# silver bright King. I took a couple of pictures, then noticed it - my fly and two feet of leader hanging out of this beauties mouth. "That's my fish!" Grant laughed and told me that it was his fish, caught on his fly, yes that was my fly, here it is back, come over tonight for dinner and I'll cook our fish. Yes, Grant loved to cook. Along with being the meeting place, Grant's trailer was also a restaurant and bar. He loved to entertain. In the years to follow, Grant would leave the river in the early afternoon. You guessed it - he would go back to the trailer park, clean his fish then get ready for dinner. He made everything including appetizers, soup, salad, a main course and

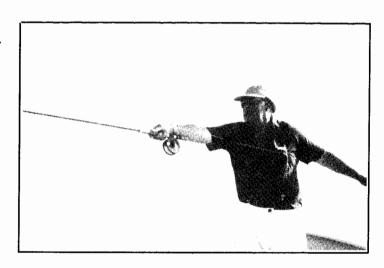
dessert, then we'd all sit around for an after dinner drink. We would gladly do the dishes even after a "dark thirty to dark thirty" day of fishing. Then the good old fish stories would cast on into the night.

After Grant and Betty took over the Western Angler shop in Santa Rosa, Grant didn't take as many trips to the Smith. I think he's fished more places than most of us have read about. He could still be found behind one of his fly tying vises, tying those little soldiers. Even if Grant wasn't fishing his conversations were always related to fish, the river or old vs. new tackle. He always had the river conditions. If he didn't he would call long distance and get them for you, no charge. A thank you was all he needed.

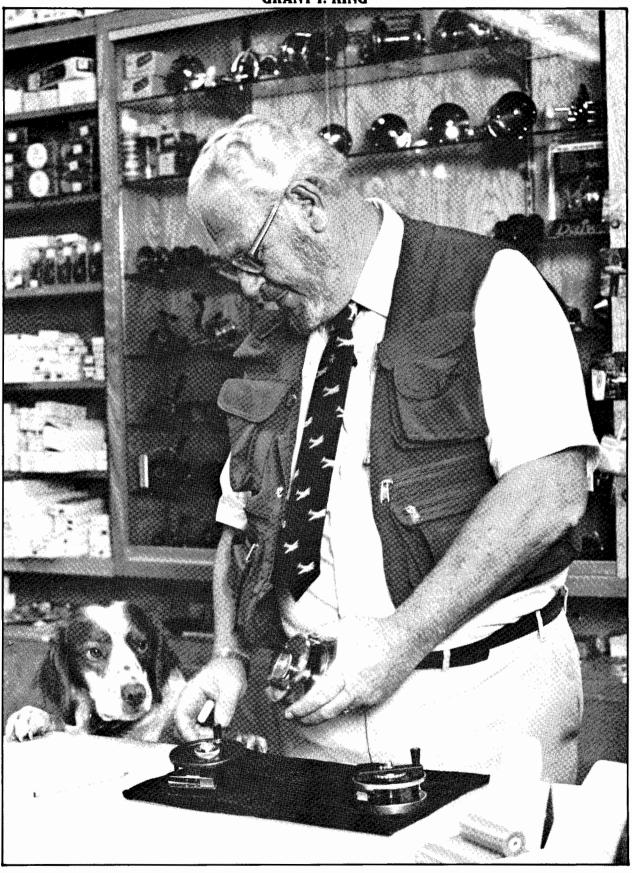
Two years ago, my wife and I went to Mexico. I asked Grant about flies, lines and reels. Well, I have a heavy rod so Grant loaned me one of his reels, a couple of lines and a large box of flies. Upon my return, I returned the gear, told my stories, had a laugh or two. There was no charge. The big man would give you the shirt off his back in the middle of the winter and still be happy and smiling (even though the shirt would be too big for most of us).

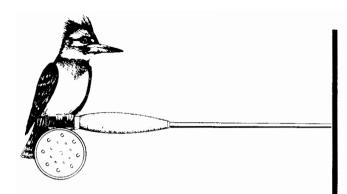
One of the last times I was in the Western Angler, Grant intoduced me to a friend of his. Not your normal introduction - he said to the gentleman, "I'd like you to meet one of the two fishermen I know that will always tell you they hooked less than they did. The other is Bill Schaadt." I took this as a big compliment. You know as well as I do that all fishermen stretch their stories as well as their backing.

Well, the stories will still be told on the river, in travel trailers and in tackle shops. Now, rather than listening to Grant tell stories . . . we'll be telling stories about Grant. He loved it . . . the outdoors, the cold morinings and warm sunny afternoons, the bright lights of the Sportsman's Expos. If you knew him, you will never forget him . . . If you didn't, you missed out. Listen, someone will tell a story.









NEXT SEASON

I sat in silence, Like the break of dawn on a river

Looking at a single fly in an open fly box, Unlike the reality of the river.

Then my eyes look downward, Like staring at the bottom of my pram.

Friends lined up in pews, Like flies lined up in my fly box,

Listening to words of life and death, Like listening to a river run to its end.

A longtime friend is remembered, Like a long cast is cherished.

Thoughts of past years are remembered, Now there is one less of us.

As I follow others, we walk by our friend, Placing a single fly in the fly box.

Our thoughts, memories, loss and love for this man are now all together...full of colors and overflowing, the fly box is closed. We'll miss you Grant...Good fishing in the next season.

Arch Richardson



POOL CAPTAINS CORNER

CASTING POND CLINIC REMINDER

DATE: SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4TH.

TIME: 11 A.M. - 2 P.M.

PLACE: Casting pond. Dan Galvin Park at the intersection of Bennett Valley Road and Yulupa Ave., Santa Rosa.

Bring the equipment you wish to work with. This is the time to sharpen up on your shooting-head distance casting.

Beginners instruction and shooting-head proficiency will be featured.

Bob Sisson Casting pool captain

GREG VOIGHT TO SPEAK AT CHRISTMAS MEETING

Greg Voight of the Merced Fly Fishing Club will speak to the club about "Flyfishing the Seasons of Alaska."

The slide show takes you from ice out to Spring Rainbows and Char, through runs of all five Pacific Salmon, Mid Summer Rainbows, Grayling, Sea Run Dolly Vardon and ending with Artic Char and fat Fall Rainbows.

Greg Voight is a guide in Alaska's Bristol Bay Region, a fly fishing, casting and rod building instructor and a creator of impressive metal sculptures.

The Christmas dinner meeting will be a good one. Liz Flynn has gotten a great deal for us at the Holiday Inn on Santa Rosa Avenue. We will be having prime rib, a great show and lots of good cheer and for only \$15.00. Be there on Dec. 7th. You won't want to miss it.



MACARTHUR BURNIE TRIP A SUCCESS

Five members of the Russian River Fly Fishers travelled to MacArthur Burney State Park to enjoy the many fishing opportunities in the area. They fished Hat Creek, Fall River, The Pit River and Burney Creek above and below the famous falls. Ken Magoon did especially well at Fall River bringing in two very nice fish. He was also seen towing Bill Laurie who was in a rubber raft without a motor. (Ask to see the pictures of Bill diving for his lost anchor and part of an oar in the cold waters of Fall River. At Burney Creek, Henry (Von) Von der Maden had the hot hand catching several nice trout on an October caddis pattern. There were several hatches on all the streams we fished. At the Pit River Don Rolph caught several large fish. The wading in the Pit really tests your skills to maintain balance and not kill yourself.

On Sunday morning at famous Hat Creek, Chuck Baker was seen catching and releasing four nice fish.

Evenings were spent around the campfire with several stories that can only be told by fishermen and great food preparred by Chuck Baker and Bill Laurie with help from everyone. The weather was beautiful- warm during the day, cold at night. It's surprising that more club members do not take advantage of club trips. Everyone on this one had a great time. We all learned some new tricks from each other and and enjoyed the company of our fellow club members.

The next scheduled trip is Dec. 17 - a drift trip on the Russian River for steelhead. We need volunteers with boats that can hold more than one fisherman.

Please call Ken Magoon-527-8376

HOW MUCH DID THAT FISH WEIGH?

A formula exists that I have used successfully for some time. The first time I saw it was in the "Tackle Talk" column of the SALT WATER SPORTSMAN which appeared in September, 1981. A more detailed article, written by Jim Martenhoff, was published in the same magazine in July, 1984. The more recent article contains a computer program which takes into account some of the variables in fish shape that throw the simple calculation off.

The simple calculation follows: Square the girth, multiply by the length and divide by 800. This is reasonably accurate for fish like steelhead, salmon and other species of similar shape. Potbellied and humpback fish tend to run about five percent heavier than on a scale and long lean fish will tend to fall about seven percent below their actual weight according to the author. Flat, Halibut

shaped fish do not lend themselves to the calculation.

I ran some tests on sockeye salmon this summer and found a close correlation. One measured 15 inches in girth and was 28 inches long. The calculation showed 7.88 pounds (7 lbs. 14 oz.). The scale said 8.0 pounds even. Two others measured 18.5 inches in girth and 32.5 inches in length, and 18 inches in girth and 32 inches in length and calculated at 13.9 and 12.96 pounds (13 lbs. 14 oz. and 12 lbs. 14 oz.) respectively. The scale said 14 lbs. and 13 lbs 2 oz. Both were over the IGFA 4.0 kg tippet class record, but the scale was not certified and the weights could not be submitted for consideration. The published IGFA 4.0 Kg tipet record is 11 lbs. 12 oz. All you need is a cloth tape and a pocket calculator.

Bob Sisson

Russian River Fly Fishers Inc P. O. Box 2673 Santa Rosa, CA 95405

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Bob Sisson 3607 Green Hill Stad Santa Enter CA 25403

