

Volume 26 Number 1 January 2001

For December 2000 / January 2001

Happy Holidays to All

Major Notes: Paul Major

Well here we are in the first days of 2001, the actual beginning of the twenty-first century! I hope and trust that we all had a wonderful holiday season (or at least survived it) and are ready, perhaps even eager, to stride forth into the new year.

One of the most important tasks that we fishers of the salmonids need to attend to this month is renewing our membership in California Trout (CalTrout). What? You're not a member of CalTrout? Well, now is the perfect time to rectify that oversight and join this superbly effective and crucial organization in fighting the good fight for all of us who fish for trout, steelhead and salmon in California.

The accomplishments of CalTrout are innumerable, including the successful fight with Los Angeles to rewater Mono basin, the restoration of Yellow Creek, preventing the Upper Sacramento river from being turned into a hatchery put-and-take fishery following the Cantera spill, the establishment of the Wild Trout section of Hat Creek, providing the only public boat access to the Fall River at Island Bridge ... the list is too long to cover here, but the point to be taken is that California Trout actually accomplishes change that significantly improves salmonid fishing for all of us right here where we live and pursue our sport.

CalTrout is currently on the battle line in the fight to increase and maintain flows in the Trinity River, is the main opposition to the proposal to raise the height of

Shasta Dam, thereby inundating significant stretches of the Upper Sac and McCloud Rivers, and, very importantly, will be our most important voice in the imminent divestiture by PG&E of the many properties (e.g. Hat Creek and Baum Lake) where so many of us spend our best fishing days. To put it bluntly, if you don't want the Wild Trout section of Hat Creek to become a private fishing club you should consider getting off your butt and supporting the one organization in this state which may be able to effect a good outcome in all these battles.

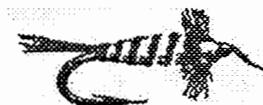
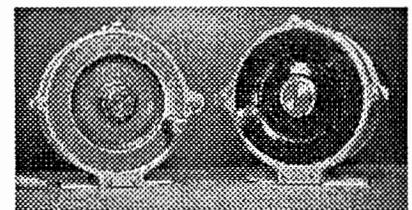
CalTrout membership will set you back thirty bucks a year, about the cost of a dozen trout flies ... I give them fifty, and if I could afford it I'd give them more ... I think it's that important. Russian River Fly Fishers endorses a Club Membership at a current level of \$250 per year and we hope to be able to increase that amount if our treasury will allow us to.

So ... that's my pitch. I would like to see every member of the RRFF also a member and supporter of California Trout. It is clearly a matter of enlightened self-interest for us to do anything we can to keep this state from being either paved over, so to speak, or privatized to the exclusion of most of us mere mortals, and it is clear to me that CalTrout is our most effective advocate in preventing this from happening.

I'll hope to see all of you at our next meeting on Wednesday, January 10th. I'm looking forward to another great evening's program arranged by our Program Chairman Chuck Cadman; Chuck has

arranged for a return visit by our old friend Don Muelrath who will share with us his great program on Rainbow fishing in Alaska. Those of you who have seen any of Don's previous programs will know that he is one of the great photographers of this sport and his slide shows are really a "don't miss" event. I have also arranged to have a good supply of CalTrout membership applications at the meeting and we'll be doing some gentle arm-twisting to get as many of you as possible on board.

See you on the tenth ...



JANUARY GENERAL MEETING

RRFF PRESENTS:

DON MUELRATH

“Alaska’s Trophy Rainbows”

Don Muelrath has made two previous presentations to Russian River Fly Fishers. Club members have been very enthusiastic about the quality of these programs and the superb photography. Here is another opportunity to start the dream machine in operation as we begin the new year. Here is Don’s description of our January program:

“The river systems from Lake Iliamna west through the Katmai National Park on the base of the Alaskan Peninsula contain what many believe to be the finest rainbow trout fishery in the world. This is the area we’ll be visiting in our slide presentation and discussion of just what causes this region to be such a special place for giant rainbows. Timing is a critical aspect of planning any Alaska adventure, and we’ll talk about the right times to be there for the best shot at the rainbows of your dreams. We’ll be joined in some of our experiences by the most effective of all of Alaska’s fishermen, the huge (up to 1,000 pounds) brown bears that fish these same waters. It’s a wild and beautiful country, and we hope to share with you the excitement and adventure of fishing Alaska for trophy rainbows.”

**BRING A FRIEND
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10
SANTA ROSA VETS’ BUILDING**

**FLYTYING AT 6:00
GENERAL MEETING AT 7:00**

The Lodge Room, Santa Rosa Vet’s Building, 1351 Maple Ave. Santa Rosa, CA

In a very sad note, by this time most of you have heard of the shooting death of Wayne Kipp. Wayne was killed in his office at the Petaluma Marina where he worked on Friday December 23rd. A great friend of the club, Wayne was always out at the pond helping with casting instructions and work details. Wayne was a great Dad to his sons Cody and Graham. The last time I was in Loreto, Wayne was there with Cody and Cody beamed with joy at being part of the fishing fraternity. Our hearts go out to the boys and Wayne’s family. We have opened a memorial fund for Wayne’s kids, the Wayne Kipp Memorial Fund. Contributions can be made at any branch of the Exchange Bank (make checks out to name of fund). We hope that the club and the fly fishing community will dig deep to support Wayne’s kids. If you have any questions, please contact Scotty Broome or Lee Soares. Thanks.



Scotty

2000/2001 Russian River Fly Fishers Board of Directors

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Secretary: Ron Gustafson (579-4280)
Membership Database: Steve Tubbs (765-1787)
Casting Pond: Scott Broome (575-5993)
Newsletter Editor: John Iding (938-4116)
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Fly Tying: Terry Faris (539-4354)
Club Outings: Open

Attention

The deadline for submission of newsletter material, classifieds, etc., is the date of the Board Meeting. Board members and interested guests note that Board Meetings are held the 3rd Wednesday at 7 pm Round Table Pizza, Montgomery Village, unless notified otherwise.



Sundays beginning at Noon

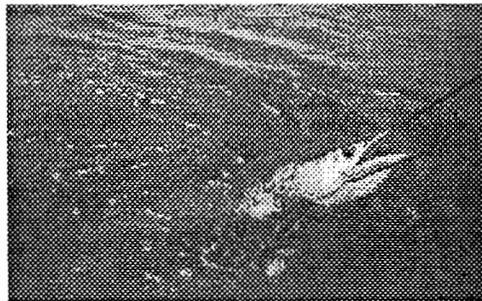
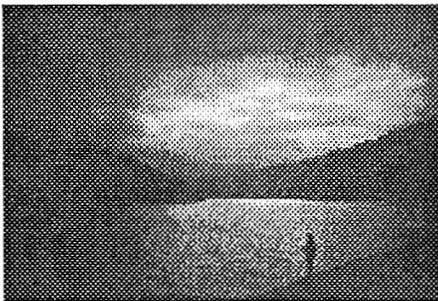
Location: Casting Pond ... Dan Galvin Park at the intersection of Bennett Valley Road and Yulupa Avenue, Santa Rosa.

If you wish to work on some aspect of your casting, come on out to the club casting pond and put the time in. You will be rewarded with expert advice and coaching.

Scotty Broome

RRFF Year 2000 Photo Contest

And the winners are! 52 entries were on display at the December dinner party and members and guests cast their ballots for the three categories of pictures. Thanks to Scott Lewis for the computer slideshow of the pictures supplementing the printed photos. Drum roll ... Best Overall Picture category winner was Lee Soares with 'Geneses 1:31 The 6th Day' Best Fish Picture category winner was Cody Kipp with 'Sailfish' ... and Most Humorous Picture category winner was M. Gasiewicz with 'Slippery Devil'. All pictures will be on display at the January membership meeting and prizes will be awarded then as well. Winners, show up at the January meeting! Congratulations! Thanks to all who participated in the photo contest this year. We had some really great photos and it was a lot of fun. If anyone is interested in coordinating a photo contest for 2001, please give me a call. Thanks.



John Iding - Contest Coordinator

Reading Waters...

Clack...

I look up from my place at the kitchen window, out at the street in front of my house. The raven picks his way through the walnut pieces, finding the meat, and then quickly taking flight as a car passes only inches from his meal. I can't help but reflect on the cleverness of the bird. Every time I see them, dropping walnuts from the telephone wires crossing the streets, I smile. I like ravens.

The air is crisp...as it has been for weeks now. The fall colors, such as they are here in California, blanket the yards and collect in the gutters of the crowned streets, flooding the corners as they negotiate passage through the storm drains carried by the early rains of winter. The last few days, clear skies and frost have greeted my mornings.

I stand at the open window, thinking of the change of seasons. The espresso machine hisses as it steams the milk for my mocha, a ritual that has become for me a sort of western "tea ceremony". I perform the ritual every morning, the steps no longer requiring thought yet performed always in the same manner. Taking comfort in the process, enjoying the present, waking to the day.

Winter is definitely here. I am typically a child of summer, preferring tee shirts and shorts to long pants and jackets. I don't fish much in the winter. An occasional striper trip, perhaps an outing for steelhead. Most of the time, my fly rods and reels stay in storage, freshly lubed and awaiting warmer days. But my mind still thinks of fish and I surround myself with reminders of my most passionate hobby.

Evenings are short now. By the time I get home most nights, the daylight has given up and a cold, dark has already settled in. I retreat to the warmth of my tiny house, cranking up the wall heater and sinking in to the leather sofa, often with a book in hand. I am an avid reader and always have been. Although not physically on the water in winter months, I am often mentally there – transported by the words of others, reading of their journeys, intermingling them with my own and living them in the pictures of my mind.

Over the years, a few of these books stand out in my mind. These are books or stories that I will read again, or have read again many times, and for whatever reason they have fueled my imagination and touched my "fishing" soul. This is the time of year to revisit them, to build a fire, to get comfortable and fish the home waters of experience and memories. Following are some of my favorite fly-fishing books and short stories. These are not "How-to" manuals. Perhaps you will find them as enjoyable as I have.

About 15 years ago, I read *The River Why*, by David James Duncan. A wonderful story set in Oregon's Willamette River valley; it follows the meandering adventures of a young man in search of self. Since that time, I have re-read the novel twice, enjoying it anew each time through the authors' vivid imagery and adept style. This work led me to his other novels, none about fishing but equally well developed and a pleasure to read.

Two (modern classic) fly fishing books that come to mind both dealt with the midlife crisis. Howell Raines' *Fly Fishing Through the Midlife Crisis* and Harry Middleton's *The Bright Country* were both "good reads" that have survived my personal test of time. Both stand out when I glance through the titles on my bookshelves and both will find their way into my hands again.

In the same vein are the novels of Thomas McGuane. *Ninety-two in the Shade* follows a young man as he tries to break into the exclusive world of flats guiding in Key West. It is one of my favorite McGuane novels. *The Sporting Club* follows the crises of an "old money" fly fisher in an exclusive fishing and hunting club in the woods of upper Michigan. Both are great stories. *Live Water* is an account of some of McGuane's personal experiences fly-fishing and is also enjoyable. Thomas McGuane was honored this year by the Federation of Fly Fishers in Livingston, MT with the Roderick Haig-Brown Award 2000, presented to the author of a book, books or a combination of books that best embody the spirit and the philosophy of Roderick Haig-Brown.

Islands in the Stream, by Ernest Hemingway, has always been one of my favorite Hemingway novels. Published posthumously and thought by some to be autobiographical in nature, it is set in the gulf and captures (for me) the essence of that part of the world. It contains some classic fishing narrative and a story that spans the loves and losses of one man's life...and it is a story whose imagery returns to me often. Another Hemingway work, *Big Two-Hearted River*, is a short story that nostalgically captures the feel of the west in the early part of this century. Fishing with live grasshoppers, camping under the stars, hopping rail cars... Again, this work touches me deeply; hitting something that feels so true and causes me to turn back to it again and again.

Perhaps the best way to explore a number of writers and writing styles quickly is through an anthology. *The Armchair Angler*, edited by Terry Brykczyński and David Reuther is an excellent compilation of fishing stories by some of the legendary names in the sport. A mixture of fact and fiction, it is a great way to experience the story-telling prowess of some of the most popular angling authors. *The Sports Afield Treasury of Fly Fishing*, edited by Tom Paugh, is another anthology worth reading and devoted exclusively to fly fishing.

There is one fly fishing short story that, for me, stands alone and above all others. *A River Runs Through It*, by Norman Maclean, is a superbly written story based on his early life in Montana. Even before Robert Redford introduced America to this story with his

movie of the same name, I had read this work probably half a dozen times. Well crafted and containing some beautiful prose, *A River Runs Through It* captures a slice of America and spices it with the art, grace and sport of fly fishing. It addresses that mystical quality of fly fishing that I think all of us sense at some time when fishing the lakes, rivers and beautiful places where we practice our art. Nostalgic, and yet so timeless in its truth, I heartily recommend this story to everyone who hasn't yet read it. Don't be content to have just seen the movie. As always, the book is so much more. Treat yourself to some of the most beautifully written passages about this wonderful sport that means so much to each of us.

Of course there are so many others, the books of John Gierach, the humorous stories of Patrick McManus...so many good books and stories. But these are the ones that still stand out for me. Many of these works I haven't read in years, but when I hear someone mention them, or see them on the shelf, their words still move me and I entertain the idea of reading them yet again. We see these stories through our own eyes and relate each of them to our own experiences. The images they evoke are unique to each of us, a product of our experience, of our own fishing trips, of our beliefs and of the things we hold dear. These stories merge with us, calling to mind our own memories, integrating themselves into our experience and coloring the landscape of our thoughts. Because of this, I can only give you the titles that have moved me. Your experiences and memories are not mine, and your reactions to these works will not be the same as mine. But there are stories out there that will touch you and will hit those areas deep inside you that resonate with your own personal truth. They will move you as these stories have moved me.

We are now poised at the edge of winter. Warm fires, a cushy chair, blankets...and books. My mind will become the fishing grounds for the winter, as it usually does. I will read more books and remember my own fly fishing memories in the process. Perhaps I will write some of them down for others to share and to spice with their own experience. My winter will be filled with sunshine, mountain streams, beaches and the leaping fish of my own memories and those of the storytellers I read. And when the warmer weather comes, and the fly rods are once again in hand, my personal world will be that much more enriched by the images I've visited this winter.

I hope that some of these stories will touch you as they have me.

Steve Tubbs

A MENDED LINE November 20, 2000

by Rodger Magill

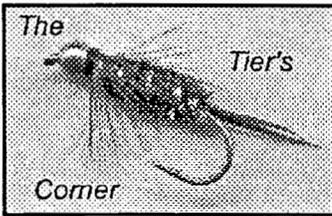
This column is one that will concern itself with conservation issues and similar items that I feel are a concern to our club members and fellow fly fishers. I will try to keep the members apprised of ecology concerns that affect our streams and rivers and therefore our fishing near and afar. I encourage anyone with this type of information or news to contact me via phone (576-3308) or email (reggiem@hotmail.com).

* Sierra Pacific Industries says that it will scale back its' plans to clearcut almost 4000 acres in and around Shingletown (in the Redding area). This will amount to about 925 acres and will serve as a visual buffer for residents in the area. As I have not seen a map of the proposed (and ok'd plan) cut it is impossible to state if this is directly related to preservation of streams or not, but it has to be good as almost all clearcuts are a disaster to the environment surrounding them. Unfortunately this means that almost 3000 acres will be clearcut! This was a voluntary move and is very unusual. (info from Press Democrat, 11/15/00).

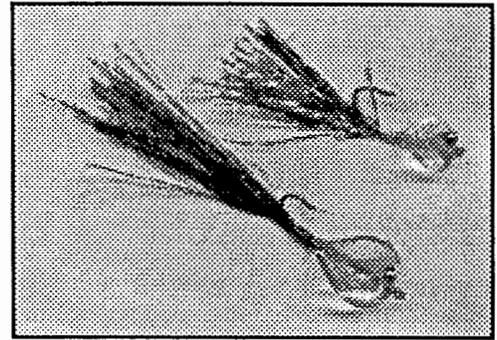
* The Northern California Council of the Federation of Fly Fishers conservation division under the leadership of Rob Ferroggiaro has organized the conservation directors of many of the fly fishing clubs in this area. Although I could not attend the first meeting I am on-line with Rob and our club will be actively involved with this process. This is a great move since numbers are important when it comes down to political activity with regards to conservation. We will have an active network to notify concerned parties when bills before the governments come up or action is needed to forward our cause.

*Grant funds are available for conservation to member clubs of the FFF. These can help to do stream clean-up and restoration. This would be something near and dear to my heart and I believe our club can do a lot locally to improve our fisheries. Comments and suggestions are welcome. We have discussed furthering the causes that I have been involved with since I first posted (suggested) catch and release signage at Salmon Creek (circa: 1996). This is a vibrant and natural system that already has a lot of community support and organizations to guarantee its continued natural survival. Working with these neighbors of mine will be an easy and comfortable endeavor.

*In the future I will post conservation alerts, bills, petitions, etc. here so that members can write appropriate parties. These types of actions are really important when issues come up as numbers really have an bearing on how things come out.



Epoxy Spoon Fly



This month's fly is the Epoxy Spoon Fly.

Materials Needed:

- Hook: #6, #4, or #2
- Thread: Mono sewing thread (Ben Franklins in Santa Rosa)
- Tinsel: Holographic flash
- Steel Wire: Nylon coated
- Eyes: Bead chain
- Epoxy: Two part epoxy (I get mine at Hanger One in Rohnert Park) Glitter

Tying Instructions:

Step 1: Use standard width needle nose pliers to grasp the hook behind the hook eye with the hook point facing you and start a smooth slight bend down the hook shank, away from the hook point, to a point 1/3 the way down the hook shank. This bend should be a smooth curve throughout it's length.

Step 2: Attach the mono behind the hook eye and advance to the bend of the hook and wind back to the hook eye.

Step 3: Cut six strands of holographic tinsel (length of hook shank) and tie in 3 pieces at the back of the hook eye. Advance the tinsel and thread to the bend of the hook, taking care to keep the tinsel on top of the hook shank. Advance the thread back to the eye. INVERT the hook shank in the vise and tie in 3 pieces on the hook shank keeping the tinsel on the top of the shank, making sure to have enough to hang out at the back (one shank length).

Step 4: Attach about 4 inches of nylon coated steel wire behind the hook eye. This is best accomplished by making figure eights with the thread around the hook shank. Wire should be perpendicular to the hook shank with equal amounts extending out each side. Tie in the bead chain eyes just behind the wire tie-in point with the eyes sideways (like the eyes of a flounder... one on top and one on bottom).

Step 5: Advance the thread to the hook point just above the barb and pull one side of the wire to this point and tie off, but do not cut the tag end. Do the same with the remaining wire on the other side and tie down. Both wires should be along the hook shank, the shape of the body is determined by pulling the wire back.

Step 6: Cut both wire tags a little long and continue winding the tags down, advancing toward the bend of the hook.

Step 7: Whip finish the thread at this point and cut excess wire, being careful not to cut tinsel.

Step 8: (Applying the epoxy) Mix enough to fill the body cavity and add the glitter. Experience will tell you when the mix is right. Generally a few drops is all that is needed. Apply the epoxy around the eyes and then to each side of the wire at the tie-in point at the hook bend. Get a large dollop of epoxy as you can pick up and pull the mixture back to the hook bend. At first this will seem like it can't be done, but it will fill in. Do this one side at a time until both sides are covered. Now use a paper clip to remove any excess around the hook shank as well as around the eyes. By removing the epoxy along the shank, you will give the appearance of having a lateral line which is formed by exposing the tinsel. Rotate the spoon via motor or vice until the epoxy begins to set (you can use you hand to turn the fly back and forth to keep the epoxy from dripping off too).

Next Months Fly: The Gurgler

Special Requests or Questions? Contact Terry Faris

CLASSIFIED

8 Ft. Fiberglass Skiff (Columbia)
New oars and dolly
\$400

Call Scott @ (707) 527-9168 or E-mail slewis95407@msn.com

Pontoon Boats

J.W. Outfitters

Model Adventurer

1- New \$400

1- Used 3 times \$350

Call Ron Gustafson @ (707) 579-4280



OUTDOOR PRO SHOP, INC

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Bus: 707/588-8033 Fax 707/588-8035



WESTERN SPORT SHOP

2790 Santa Rosa Ave. Santa Rosa
CA, 95407

Bus: 707/542-4432 Fax: 707/542-4437

WEBSITE: <http://www.members.tripod.com/~RRFlyFisher/index.html>
<http://www.rrff.tsx.org>
E-Mail: slewis@msn.com

Special thanks to Scott Lewis for his work as Editor of the CAST. He has worked very hard to maintain the CAST and the Web Page and we thank him for this work. He will continue to maintain the Web Page. We hope that he will now have more time to fish! Tight Lines Scottie!

The Editor

Coming Events

December

January

February

RRFF Dinner 12/2/00 RRFF Meeting 1/10/01 RRFF Meeting 2/14/01

Board Meeting 12/20/00 Board Meeting 1/17/01 Board Meeting 2/21/01

Casting Clinic Sundays PM Casting Clinic Sundays PM Casting Clinic Sundays PM

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



BOB SISSON
3400 HENDERSON CIRCLE
SANTA ROSA, CA 95403-

Address correction requested

Russian River Fly Fishers Membership Application

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Occupation _____

Home Phone _____ Work Phone _____

Signature _____

Please mark one of the following categories:

I apply as a new member:

- (Single membership - \$40 annual dues)
- (Family membership - \$45 annual dues)
- (Junior membership - \$25 annual dues)

Existing membership renewal:

- (Single membership - \$40 annual dues payable July 1st)
- (Family membership - \$45 annual dues payable July 1st)
- (Junior membership - \$25 annual dues payable July 1st)

Dues, paid by a new member joining the RRF after March 30th, will cover the balance of the current fiscal year and also the following fiscal year's dues.

Please mail this application and your check payable to:
Russian River Fly Fishers, P.O. Box 2673, Santa Rosa, CA 95405



Volume 26 Number 2 February 2001

For February 2001

Steelhead Time!

Major Notes: Paul Major

January ... generally about my least favorite month; dark, cold, and it seems that in January Mr. Murphy's law reigns (i.e., anything that can go wrong will go wrong). This year it was our home furnace ... sucker was only thirty-seven years old and it decided to take the big dump just as the mid-month cold spell hit. Marji and I shivered and buddled for a week before Furnace Guy got the new one installed.

But then things took an up-turn; the heat was back on and Steve Tubbs and I took off for two days steelheading on the Trinity. Neither Steve or I were familiar with the Trinity, so we hired Ernie Dennison and his magic drift boat to show us the ropes. And did he ever! Our first day was one of those miracles that we find ourselves talking about years later. The day was very cold and very clear ... seemed like steelhead weather from the get-go. We put in at Brown's Mountain and I stayed with the boat while Steve and Ernie ran the shuttle down to the Steel Bridge takeout; Ernie pointed me to a nice run just above the put-in to fish while they were gone, I knocked the ice out of my guides, waded in, and ten casts later was into my first Trinity River steelhead ... a nice 7-8 lb hen.

That was the precursor to what the rest of the day would be ... there were fish in every run, and at the end of the day

we had hooked and fought twenty-one adult steelhead and put six of them in the net, (Steve was hot, he boated four of the six, plus a half-pounder and a nice resident brown). If the hooked-to-netted ratio seems low, I should comment that we were fishing basically trout gear; size 8 and 10 hooks and 3x tippet and these were big hot fish. Some of those 15 escapees shook those little hooks, and some simply cleaned our clocks and went bye-bye along with our rigs leaving us to re-tie with cold and shaking hands. I commented to Ernie that if we were using real steelhead tackle we wouldn't be losing so many, to which his response was "No, because we wouldn't be hooking so many ...". Hard to argue with that.

Our second day we drifted the upper section from the Old Bridge at Lewiston down to Brown's Mountain, and things were a bit tougher. Nevertheless we hooked six fish and put two of them in the boat, which I call some pretty damn good winter steelhead fishing. Again, Steve had the hot rod, and his one fish to net was the largest of the trip, a beautiful ten-pound buck that put his 3x to the test.

Those of you who know me know that I'm not an avid winter steelheader. It has always seemed to me, from the time I grew up in the Skykomish Valley and caught my first steelhead, some fifty years ago, that winter

steelhead fishing is a lot of fishing, often in miserable conditions, and very little catching. In spite of that I'd been hearing about the winter season on the Trinity for years and I can assure you at this point in time that both Steve and I are SOOOO glad we decided to go ahead and do it!

For any of you who would like to go, both Ernie Dennison and Lonnie Ball from the Fly Shop guide the Trinity almost exclusively from early December through February; Ernie says January is best. Either of these guys will give you a great day and will put you on the fish if there are fish there to get on. (By the way, Ernie will be our speaker at the March meeting ... another don't miss as he is not only a great guide, but also a great character. Should be a hoot).

Well, that's my January story and I'm sticking to it. See y'all at our February meeting on Wednesday the 14th.



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Sundays Noon to 2pm

Location: Casting Pond ... Dan Galvin Park at the intersection of Bennett Valley Road and Yulupa Avenue, Santa Rosa.

The city and the RRFF club are cracking down on the dogs. If things do change out at casting clinic with the dogs, it will be closed down. All locks are going to be 1977. Please report any infractions of the rules to me (575-5993). Thanks ...Scotty

“It ain’t the catchin’...”

“We’re going to the right...Paul, you’ve got first shot.”

“Okay, get ready... see the submerged rock? Drop in just behind it and drift the current seam...”

“Okay Paul, NOW...mend your line...good...good...let it drift ...good ...good ...good drift! Okay Steve, same spot...”

“Mend your line...good...good...follow it down...good! Paul ...again ...good ...good ...let it drift ...good ...mend ...keep going... good! Steve...”

Good... good...mend... good... HIT... STRIP...STRIP... got him? You’ve got to hit them harder than *that!*”

And so it went. Winter steelhead on the Trinity River, a highly anticipated trip with my good friend, Paul Major. There aren’t many of these outings for me in the winter months. Between skiing with my son Nick, and the periods of just plain inclement weather, it seems that I don’t get on the rivers that much in the winter. And then there’s that temperature thing. I much prefer wading rivers in my shorts, with nothing but a tee shirt, fishing vest and possibly a net. Somehow the 5-mil Neoprene’s pulled over fleece sweats, with three layers of shirts, a sweatshirt, a coat and fingerless Polartec gloves don’t quite cut it for me. A little too much work getting dressed in the morning. I tend to like my fishing warm.

But don’t get me wrong. We had a great trip! The steelhead fishing was nothing short of incredible (it certainly was nothing like the steelhead fishing I was used to) and we caught a lot of nice fish. It was one of those trips that I will always remember, one of those trips that I’ll be telling Nick’s kids about one day. Beautiful weather, a fantastic river, incredible fishing, a lot of “catching” and two wonderful days of hunting for one of our most remarkable gamefish. As Paul quipped at breakfast one morning, “The worst day fishing is better than the best day at work!”

I've been thinking about our trip for a number of days now. The gear's been pretty much put away (Okay, the rods are still out and the waders are still hanging up in the garage - and there's this pile of fishing paraphernalia on the floor by my bed - but there are reasons for that! Fuel for the winter? Triggering memories...?) and I've had time to reflect on the few days last week that we were on the water. As always, I find myself reflecting on the "fishing" the most.

I realize how lucky I was to share this trip with Paul and with Ernie Denison. Ernie is a remarkable guide, a taskmaster that has only one goal - to get you into fish! At times, he barks commands like a drill instructor. If you're not "catchin'", he turns up the heat. It can make you feel like you have no idea what you're doing out there. But he also lets you know when you're doing it right, and he keeps putting you on the fish until you finally figure it all out and start getting them to the net. Floating with Ernie is never boring...and you're guaranteed to learn something new every trip.

Paul Major and I have been lucky enough to spend a number of fly fishing trips together over the years. We share some great memories. I count Paul among my best of friends, an acquaintance that began when we both were recruited into the RRFF by then president, Dwight Longuevan. Our first trip together was a five-day float of the Deschutes River, a trip where the "fishing" was great and the "catching" sparse. But that's where the memories are, in the "fishing". It's the time we spend with our friends, our guides - the laughter, those "classic moments" that give fuel to our stories, tickle our imaginations and provide the "color" that individualizes every experience and makes it our own.

We have a wonderful resource in the Russian River Fly Fishers. Not only do we have a number of extremely gifted and talented fly fishers in our group; we also have a number of true gentlemen (and ladies) that anyone would be glad to count among their friends. We share a passion, a passion for "fly fishing", and in the course of practicing this passion we get the chance to know one another and to develop those relationships that are spiced with the events of our experiences together.

I think of my trips to Loreto for dorado and sailfish. Those trips are highlighted by my experiences with another good friend, Binky Castleberry. Binky and I have fished Loreto three times together. We were introduced through our mutual friend, and former RRFF president, Tim Grogan. Binky is one of the best fly fishermen I know, and I learn something every time we share a ponga. My most exciting saltwater experiences are some of those shared with Binky, experiences that I feel fortunate to have been a part of. Those memories are revisited every time I pick up those heavy rods, more stories that I've shared with my son a million times and stories that his kids will probably hear as well.

I have met a number of friends through the Russian River Fly Fishers. Ted Adkins and I have shared a number of fly fishing adventures together - and the best marlin story I have ever experienced. He is one of the true gentlemen in our club. We've floated the Deschutes, fished Loreto, camped in the snow at Manzanita Lake - so many great "fishing" experiences. Fishing trips shared with Scotty, Joe, Lee, Scott, Mark, Bill - the trout opener at Hat Creek where so many of our club members get together - experiences born of the "fishing": the getting there, the hiking, the campfires, the terrific food, the jokes, the laughter, the time on the water. Beautiful country, pristine waters, weather - the fuel that captures the imagination and sets the scene for those moments when the fish actually come to the net.

For me, catching a fish is not what I necessarily go "fishing" for. We spend much more time providing the background, describing the "fishing", when we tell our stories and relive our memories. Even when we're fishing alone, relishing the solitude and beauty of wherever we have chosen to practice our art, it's the journey itself that spices our memories. The "catch" is the climax, sometimes, or perhaps the fishing steals the show and there is no "catching" of anything, except something we've captured that wasn't born in a river, lake or ocean. A feeling, a connection, a wonderful memory...captured while in the pursuit of fish.

There are so many outstanding *people* in the Russian River Fly Fishers. We are fortunate to have one of the most dynamic clubs *anywhere*, and our casting pond and Lytton Springs Lake are incredible benefits. I would like to urge all RRFF members, old and new, to take advantage of this wonderful fishing resource. Come to the club outings, join the board of directors, become an active participant in the "fishing". Meet those "talents" that have helped make our club so prosperous. Make new friends, fish, get out there and share your personal and unique enjoyment of this sport with the rest of us. I'll say it one more time - this is a tremendous group of people...and of fishermen.

Sometimes it's those sayings we've heard a hundred times that state it best.

"It ain't the catchin'...it's the fishin'."

Steve Tubbs

RRFF PRESENTS:

MITCHELL BARRETT

“FLY FISHING SISKIYOU COUNTRY”

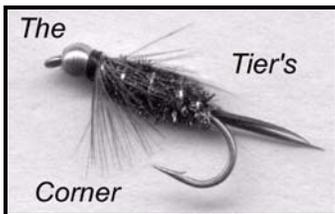
Mitchell Barrett is Head Guide for the well known Jack Trout Fly Fishing and Guide Service located in the town of Mt. Shasta. Mitchell is a long term resident of the area and will share his close ties and intimate knowledge of the McCloud River. He will discuss the art of catching the legendary, hard fighting Rainbow Trout which have been transplanted to exotic spots all over the globe including Chile, Argentina, New Zealand and Australia. This program is calculated to inflame your cabin fever with exquisite photography by Jack Trout and his guides of what many consider to be the most beautiful river anywhere. How long has it been since you wet a line in this historic river with its turquoise colored water and lovely Elephant Ears lining the bank?

Mitchell also has a unique perspective from serving as Mr. Hearst's personal advisor when he visits the Upper McCloud River at his castle and the famous retreat called Wyntoon. As a special bonus, we have also asked Mitchell to discuss the insects, fishing techniques and the best times to fish the Upper Sac and the Pit River. An evening spent with Mitchell Barrett will have you planning to visit Siskiyou County as soon as possible after April 28. Don't miss this most outstanding program.

BRING A FRIEND
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14
SANTA ROSA VETS' BUILDING

FLYTYING AT 6:00
Featuring Steelhead Flies!
GENERAL MEETING AT 7:00

The Lodge Room, Santa Rosa Vet's Building, 1351 Maple Ave. Santa Rosa, CA



Steelhead Candy



Materials Needed:

- Hook: Mustad 36890 size 6 (turned up eye)
- Thread: Black
- Tail: Deer hair black 2-3/4 inch
- Body: Glo-brite steelhead candy (Doug's)
- Head: Black hackle feather

Tying Instructions:

Sharpen and smash barb down, put hook in vise, tie in 2-1/2 inches of deer hair, letting 1 inch hang out the back slightly behind hook point. Don't cut front of tail. Tie in the Glo Brite in front of the tie-in point of the deer hair. Take one turn of the Glo Brite behind the deer hair to raise tail and wrap Glo Brite forward to 1/4 inch behind eye of hook to leave room for the hackle. Tie back the tail material to cover the top of the body. Take one hackle feather and wrap to 1/8 of eye. Tie off and cement thread wraps.

Next Months Fly: The Gurgler

Special Requests or Questions? Contact Terry Faris

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WEBSITE: <http://www.members.tripod.com/~RRFlyFisher/index.html>
<http://www.rfff.tsx.org>
E-Mail: slewis95407@email.msn.com

Petaluma Flyfishing 101 Thursday Sessions

Lee Soares has volunteered to conduct casual Thursday sessions on flyfishing techniques, gear, knot tying, bug tying, pole building, and casting. These sessions would be set up by appointment with Lee (762-7649) and could include kids age 6 and up as well as adults. This is a very generous offer of Lee's extensive experience (watching him cast big bugs is a thing of beauty!) and I hope you take advantage of it. When I start my next rod ... can I come Lee? The Editor

Coming Events

February

RRFF Meeting 2/14

Board Meeting 2/21

Casting Clinic Sundays

March

RRFF Meeting 3/14

Board Meeting 3/21

Casting Clinic Sundays

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

Address correction requested

Russian River Fly Fishers Membership Application

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Occupation _____

Home Phone _____ Work Phone _____

Signature _____

Please mark one of the following categories:

I apply as a new member:

(Single membership - \$40 annual dues)

(Family membership - \$45 annual dues)

(Junior membership - \$25 annual dues)

Existing membership renewal:

(Single membership - \$40 annual dues payable July 1st)

(Family membership - \$45 annual dues payable July 1st)

(Junior membership - \$25 annual dues payable July 1st)

Dues, paid by a new member joining the RRF after March 30th, will cover the balance of the current fiscal year and also the following fiscal year's dues.

**Please mail this application and your check payable to:
Russian River Fly Fishers, P.O. Box 2673, Santa Rosa, CA 95405**



Volume 26 Number 3 March 2001

For March 2001

Season Opener Next Month!

Major Notes: Paul Major

February is one of those months that most of us flyfishers just endure. Very often the steelhead streams, particularly the Russian River, are blown out, the warm water fisheries are dormant, and spring still seems a long way away.

That's pretty much how February has been for me, at any rate. I haven't been fishing so I don't have any fishing stories to fill the page, I've already shared all the philosophical meanderings that occur to me (for which you may be grateful) so it may be time to address some Club Business issues that are timely.

According to our bylaws, this is the time when the Board of Directors must propose a slate of candidates for election in April. As usual, our problem is finding enough people willing to pitch in and help do the work that is necessary to keep this great club alive and active. Beginning with our general meeting on March 14th we're going to be very actively recruiting some "new blood" for the BOD. As I have said in these pages before, please be sure that you don't have to be an "old-timer" to become a Director or officer of this organization. We try to find a candidate for President

who has at least a couple years tenure on the BOD in order to have gained some insight into the structure and operation of the club, but all other positions on the Board are definitely "no experience required". What is required is simply a willingness to become involved and help keep your own club cookin'.

As I have also said before, I have personally found that being a participant rather than a spectator, so to speak, has greatly enriched my experience as a member of the RFFF. Being a board member is not a hugely time consuming job; we have one fairly short board meeting a month (hour, hour-and-a-half), and beyond that your involvement will largely depend on your willingness to take on the tasks that need to be done. It's no big deal, but we do need your help. So ... enough said on the subject; we will be circulating among you at the meeting, maybe even doing a little friendly arm-twis..., er, persuasion, so give it some thought and keep an open mind.

I was out at the casting pond this past Sunday trying to figure out what to do with my recently acquired spey rod (it's a whole new ball game I'm here to tell

you) and I had the place all to myself, (look Ma, no dogs), until a fellow member showed up needing some help with double-hauling which I was glad to provide in my limited way. I just happened to be there and was glad to help, but be aware that during the winter and early spring our casting clinic on Sunday is by appointment.

If you need help with any aspect of your casting you need only give our Casting Pond Captain, Scotty Broome, or myself a call and we'll be happy to see that someone is available to give you any help we can. Remember that any pond activity is "weather allowing" ... we'll fish in the rain, but we don't give lessons in foul weather. At any rate, the pond and free instruction are there for the asking, so please don't hesitate to ask.

Looking forward to seeing all of you at our March meeting on the 14th ... our speaker will be my friend and fishing mentor Ernie Dennison, senior guide for the Redding Fly Shop and, in my opinion, the most knowledgeable guide working our Northern California waters. Don't miss it!

MARCH GENERAL MEETING

RRFF PRESENTS:

ERNIE DENNISON

“FLY FISHING THE ERNIE DENNISON DOMAIN”

Many club members have fished with “Dirty Ernie” who is the top guide for The Fly Shop in Redding. All club members have heard the stories (some true, some apocryphal), of fishing adventures with this unique and outstanding fish hawk. Most recently, club members have read and heard from Paul and Steve about their incredible days with Ernie catching Steelhead on the Trinity.

This is a program you will not want to miss. Among other benefits, it will whet your appetite to book a date to fish with Ernie Dennison. We have all been around the block enough times to know that fishing is not always productive. However, if there are fish to be had, Ernie will put you into them. We’re not sure if it is due to local knowledge, fish radar or his unremitting work ethic. Whatever the reason, it happens.

Our program with Ernie will center on Steelhead, however, he will also touch on resident trout in a variety of locations. Come and make friends with Ernie Dennison.

**BRING A FRIEND
WEDNESDAY, March 14
SANTA ROSA VETS’ BUILDING**

**FLYTYING AT 6:00
GENERAL MEETING AT 7:00**

The Lodge Room, Santa Rosa Vet’s Building, 1351 Maple Ave. Santa Rosa, CA

Grebe

Like most fathers who spend a pleasurable part of each year in the pursuit of fish, the introduction of the sport to a son or daughter is an undertaking spiced with promise. It is an opportunity to view our passion through our children’s eyes, guiding them as they enter the world of water and fish, sympathetically feeling their frustrations with the mechanics while vying for a moment of their wandering attention. These are experiences that can fuel the fondest memories and yet require a cautious care as to not spoil their potential for the long run. That “long run”, rivers of water not yet fished but that one will eventually look back on, runs patiently before me. Some of those waters I hope will be shared with my son. So, in anticipation of those days when I foresee Nick taking my hand and leading me to waters and fish, I cautiously monitor and try only to positively affect his emergence as a fisherman.

We (he and I) have taken his tutelage slowly, my own fears of hitting him with “too much, too fast” tempering my instruction. At times, we have concentrated more on the non-fishing benefits of beautiful rivers, mountains, lakes, hiking, camping and wondrous nature - all so inseparable from fish. As I choose to fly fish, my hope is to influence a fly fisherman, and to encourage the art, appreciation and conservation long associated with this practice. But the coordination, attention and wonder of a young child often necessitate an adjustment to desire and an approach in teaching that is as unique and malleable as the student. I don’t believe it’s an understatement to say that, when you’re fishing with children, “kid’s want to catch fish!” Beyond that, it isn’t long before the eyes gloss over and the easily gathered pieces of terra firma begin landing in the water.

I began Nicholas’ fishing instruction in cautious earnest when he was seven years old. Before that, our fishing trips

were mostly outings of exploration, with more time spent scouring the banks for bugs, playing with crawdads, and generally immersing ourselves in the riparian habitats we visited. We caught a few fish, but they were always incidental. The summer after his seventh birthday, we would be spending 12 days in Yellowstone National Park, an outing that would find us at the annual summer home of my parents. Since their retirement in the early 80’s, my parents have spent nearly every summer in YNP, first working as campground hosts and for the last five years as back country volunteers, enabling them to backpack, hike and fish the less inhabited areas of the park. I figured that Nicholas, at seven years old, was ready for a fuller immersion in our preferred park activity.

My early days in Yellowstone, as a teenager, bring memories of spin-fishing Sand Point on Yellowstone Lake. In those days, it wasn’t unusual to catch upwards of 30 fish per angler in a four-hour stretch, beautiful cutthroats

averaging 16” in length. Although my father fly fishes some now, both he and my mother prefer the spinning rod, so it was a certainty that Sand Point would be a fishing destination while we were visiting. In order to avoid the nuances and subtleties of teaching fly-casting to a lively mind, I chose an ultra-light spinning rod to initiate our casting instruction.

We began at the casting pond, Nicholas casting floating Rapala’s with the hooks removed. After a few sessions, he worked out the timing somewhat and began delivering the lure forward rather than straight up, left or right. We moved on to weighted lures, which required some adjustments on his part but they too were eventually flying forward. During this time, I tried to leave him to it, offering pointers now and then while I tweaked my fly-casting and imagined rising fish. He didn’t have the distance I knew he needed, but at least he could participate in the fishing if he wanted to. I felt we were ready for Yellowstone Lake.

We fished Sand Point nearly every morning that early July, and Nicholas punctuated repeatedly the adage “kids want to catch fish”. He participated in the fishing for brief amounts of time, but unable to cast the necessary 100 feet to get into the productive water, he soon took to patrolling the sand bar and throwing things into the brown waters lapping its other side. That would last until one of us hooked a fish; at which point Nicholas would sprint from his preoccupation to fight and land the fish for us, relieving each of us of that tedious job. Nicholas was catching fish! Between my Mom, Dad and I there weren’t a lot of dry spells, and the only time we were able to actually see a fish all the way to its release was when Nicholas was occupied with landing another fish somewhere else. He had the “catching” part nailed!

That led us to Grebe Lake. My parents had made their first excursion into Grebe Lake at the end of the previous summer; an overnigher designed to help break them back into the skills of backpacking and backcountry living. Located between Norris and Canyon Village, Grebe Lake is the headwaters of the Gibbon River, which flows through numerous canyons and valleys before meeting the Firehole and Madison

Rivers near Madison Junction. Grebe is a small lake, accessible via a three-mile trail from an inconspicuous trailhead along the road from Norris to Canyon. At the time, it was not pressured heavily and one could expect to see few other people on the trail, an early start virtually guaranteeing first shot at the best fishing spot.

The best spot on Grebe Lake is opposite the point where the trail ends. This necessitates a hike of about three-quarters of a mile around the lakeshore, through waist-high grasses that barely conceal often spongy and damp footing. A small stream spills in at the preferred point, dropping off a gravel promontory and forming the deepest portion of the lake. Here, my parents felt that Nicholas could actually participate in the fishing, and also have a good chance of hooking fish, as casting for distance was not critical. The only foreseeable problem was the length of the hike.

We’d had a number of trips to Sand Point by this time, a trek that called for a half mile hike through the woods to a sand bar followed by another three-quarters mile walking soft sand to our fishing spot. I’d seen Nicholas roll his eyes a few times when faced with the prospect of either hiking out to the point or back to the car when the fishing was done. Heavy sighs and frequent stops usually accompanied these hikes. Noting this, my parents and I decided to refer to the hike for our “Grebe Lake Adventure” as “a little bit farther than Sand Point” while pointedly playing up the fishing and how much prettier it was going to be back in the woods away from everyone else. As well as a fishing adventure, this outing would be an education in trickery as well.

We got the early start, and by 8:00 AM were signing in at the trailhead. The first half-mile of the hike is along an old service road that was not unaffected by the fires of 1988. The fire moved through this area quickly, taking a lot of the undergrowth but leaving many of the trees still standing. The road follows a ridgeline and the winds have toppled many of the trees into “pick-up sticks” piles that make cross-country trekking difficult. It is a mostly straight shot, and by the time the “trail” begins it is a welcome change from the burn area.

The walk in was fairly uneventful, Nicholas holding hands with grandma,

the two of them discussing life and whatever appeared on the trail in front of them (usually scat of some type). My Dad and I, with our longer strides, would steal off ahead and periodically wait for them to catch up. We all stopped a few times for water, crossed a stream, chased a garter snake and made a game of spotting the USFS trail markers, those florescent orange tabs mounted high on the trailside trees. About the time “Are we there yet” became a litany, we could see the lake through the trees. After a few more sighs (once Nicholas realized that our actual destination was the other side of it) we began to skirt the shoreline.

The insect life was incredible. Damselflies clung to the weeds, and to our pants legs, as we slogged our way around the lake. We pointed out our destination to Nicholas, as a visual marker by which he could measure our progress. That kind of backfired on us, as it then seemed to him that we just weren’t getting there fast enough. When we finally spread our ponchos out on the gravel beach and in the grass next to the stream, Nicholas was exhausted. “Do I have to fish right now, or can I take a nap?” he asked. We assured him that a nap was definitely in order, and that he would catch plenty of fish when he woke up, whereupon he curled up on his poncho next to the stream and left the fishing to us. We had about three hours before we would have to start back to the car.

I had never fished Grebe Lake and began rigging up, watching a large cluster of dainty rises about twenty feet off the bank over a thick weed bed. My parents stationed themselves with their spinning rods on either side of the stream, plying its outlet with their flashing lures. It wasn’t long before my mother was into a nice rainbow.

There were a lot of bugs hatching, a couple of different mayflies fluttering over the surface and damselflies along the bank. In those days, I held little interest in scientifically “matching the hatch” other than to look at what was before me, open the fly box and find the closest thing to it. In fact, insect identification by name has never interested me, whereas color and size have always seemed to be the actual measure of success. I tied on a #18 parachute Adams, my “go to” fly

whenever I'm unsure of what to use and, coincidentally, a pattern that suggests a lot of different flies anyway. I dropped it into the midst of the spreading circles over the weed bed and instantly hooked up.

The fight was spirited, but not long, and as the fish came near the bank I had a brief moment of uncertainty. What was this? The fish rolled on its side and the large dorsal splayed briefly against the water's surface. An arctic grayling of about 10" lay in the water at my feet. I had never caught a grayling, having only read about them in literary adventures related to me while in the comfort of an armchair. This was great! I carefully released the fish and cast again into spreading circles. A dimple touched my fly, and as the rings spread outward, the Adams was gone. I tightened up and again, after a short spirited fight, another grayling slid into my hand.

This hadn't gone unnoticed. My dad showed up with spinner dangling. "Nice grayling," he commented, stationing himself about twenty feet to my left and shooting a cast eighty feet out into the lake. I released my fish, and cast again, the dimpled rises continuing unabated. My fly again disappeared, but this time when I struck the fly shot back at me. I cast again. Waited...waited...a slight disturbance as my fly sucked under, rings spreading. I came up on another grayling. "Think I'll try my fly rod," my father said. "What are you using for a fly?"

"Hey Dad!" a singsong voice called out. I looked over to the gravel bar where Nicholas had relieved his grandma of her spinning rod and was busy landing a little rainbow. He was smiling at me, reeling like a madman. I'd never even noticed that he'd got up.

In an article published in the Press Democrat on the twentieth of December reprinted from the LA Times it was reported that four-fifths of the female Chinook salmon returning to the Columbia River began life as males. These transsexuals raise some perplexing questions regarding the effect of environment on animal species. Since these fish are raised in a system that travels through the Hanford Reach with its nuclear reactors one wonders if this has played a role in the sex change. We

Then we were back to it. Nicholas tried fishing a little bit, casting his lure at the outlet of the stream. But after a few casts, his natural curiosity got the better of him and he began exploring his surroundings. It wasn't long before wildflower petals, "boats", began coursing down the stream, accompanied by non-stop commentary by Nicholas, where they collected into a miniature armada at the stream's mouth. The grayling kept feeding, interspersed with an occasional rainbow, and soon Nicholas was landing fish on both fly rods and my mom's spinning rod.

The afternoon thunderstorms began drifting in, flashes of lightning touching the distant horizon. As time approached to hike out, the sky darkened. Fishing had been great and, as with every day this vacation, Nicholas had caught most of the fish. But as we began breaking down the rods and re-packing the daypacks, I could see Nicholas' energy level begin to fall as he contemplated the walk ahead.

By the time we reached the trail, Nicholas was not happy. He was continually scratching his head and complaining about how itchy his "hair" was. Upon closer inspection, we found that a few black flies had feasted on his scalp, beneath his baseball cap, while he had slept. Now that we were walking, the bites had become irritated and begun to itch, a process that would only get worse in ensuing days when the bites began to fester as the black fly eggs hatched.

We walked. Now we were all taking seven year-old steps as we rooted Nicholas on, complimenting him on the distance he'd walked, telling him that it wasn't much further. It began to sprinkle, and thunder rolled over the

A Mended Line

know that after bombarding humans with radioactivity for years to effect some supposed cure on cancer patients, genetic changes of an undesirable nature also occur. Since nuclear power generation requires lots of water to cool and contain the heat generated, these facilities are often located near large bodies of water. The fish traveling through this relatively unbridled section of the Columbia are the healthiest in a region where many are on the brink of collapse.

treetops. We began dangling carrots; ice cream at Canyon Village on the way back to camp, a special gift from the gift shop as a memento of his first backcountry hike. He wasn't buying it, too tired at this point to care much about anything. But he kept going, with many rest stops, and we finally hit the service road after about two hours on the trail.

That last three-quarters mile was one of the longest I've ever walked. Thankfully it was level and straight. When we could see the car in the parking area, Nicholas summed it all up with a grateful "Finally!" His pace quickened as he headed for the backseat.

The drive to Canyon Village was about ten miles. The thunderstorms had held off most of the afternoon, but had grown weary of restraint and now were rinsing off the dust that had accumulated from the parking area. As I drove, we talked about what a great job Nicholas had done; how not many seven year-olds could boast of having been on a 7 1/2 mile hike, how he had caught so many fish and seen so many things, how it had been such a great day. I was proud of him. Despite the complaints, he had stuck it out and walked it all himself. He had performed outstandingly on his first backcountry hike.

We pulled into the parking lot at Canyon Village. "We're here," I said. "Time for ice cream!"

I turned to the backseat, catching the smile from my mom as I saw Nicholas.

He was sound asleep, his head on her lap.

Steve Tubbs

One of the suspects of this gender change may be the environmental estrogens. These may be from chemical byproducts: potentially traceable to pesticides and industrial runoff, that have been linked to early puberty and infant mortality in human beings. We know but do not publicize that these estrogenic properties in meat and added to other food products have continued to lower the onset of puberty in humans. The second factor is the hydroelectric dams. The temperature fluctuations are

of the kind known to cause gender modifications in fish. The studies report that the radioactivity released into the water is too small to be considered the cause. The article concluded that it is too early to draw conclusions.

On the twenty-first of February (this year), the P.D. reports (in an article by Marla Cone, taken from the LA Times) of the effects of residential and commercial construction as a significant risk factor in the decline of endangered species. She reports: Urbanization imperils 188 of the 286 species in California protected under the U.S. Endangered Species Act (ESA). This is fuel for the national anti-sprawl movement. David Smith, of the Building Industry Association of Southern California was not happy with the report.

He does not like the discussion of species conservation mixed with the housing crisis.

The article concludes: Officials at the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, which enforces the ESA, have long noted that destruction of natural habitat is the prime force behind California's endangered-species listings. And specifically, they say, the main cause is habitat fragmentation from urban sprawl. Global warming, the green-house effect, depletion of natural resources including the all-important rain forests, loss of habitat, and the decline of many species in part owe their cause to the uncontrolled spread of humans. It is this authors belief that to control these degradations we must in some way control our populations and what is sold

to them by way of advertising (of life styles) so as to guarantee a reasonable future for all life on Earth. I will save my soap-box discussion of what the Republican presidency under George (shrub) Bush and his conservative legislature have in store for us and our environment, including our fisheries in a future article. I have fears the the progress Bill Clinton and Bruce Babbitt have made for our environment will be quickly undone by the conservatives. The energy crisis (if there is really one) will certainly be their best friend in reversing the direction taken by conservation minded politicians.

Rodger Magill

2000/2001 Russian River Fly Fishers Board of Directors

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Youth Activities: Open

Special Events: Scott Broome (575-5993)

Conservation: Roger Magill (876-3308)

Raffle Chairperson: Lee Smith (538-0706)

Acting President: Paul Major (539-5437)

Vice President: Lee Smith (538-0706)

Program Director: Chuck Cadman (539-2676)

Events Chairperson: Marji Major

Lake Captain: Tom Lynn (538-4366)

Webmaster: Scott Lewis (527-9168)

NCC/FFF Representative: Open

Membership Coordinator: Rick Baker (545-8860)

Fly Tying: Terry Faris (539-4354)

Club Outings: Open

Attention

The deadline for submission of newsletter material, classifieds, etc., is 5 days after the date of the Board Meeting. Board members and interested guests note that the Board Meetings are held the 3rd Wednesday each month at 7 pm, Round Table Pizza, Montgomery Village, unless notified otherwise.

RRFF Club Outings

Opening of the trout season is a time for joy, and it is coming soon. Mark your calendars for the RRFF Season Opener to be held at the Cassel PG&E Campground near Hat Creek on April 27-29. Several club members usually show up on Thursday to reserve a few camp spots for the group and get a little time in on Baum Lake before the season officially opens on that Saturday. This is a great time for new members to meet your fellow club members and enjoy the great outdoors. You will also find at this event that 'camp food' takes on a whole new meaning! Also mark your calendars for the Season Closer event which will be held on Oct 12-14th in the Upper Sacramento River area. Last year's event at Lewiston Lake was a lot of fun with shirtsleeve weather and some large cooperating trout on the upper Trinity.

Members who use e-mail!

We are compiling a list of members with e-mail addresses to be used for club announcements. If you would like to be included on this list ... send an e-mail message to Scott Lewis (slewis95407@email.msn.com).

Casting Pond Clinic

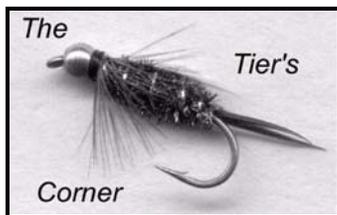


Sundays Noon to 2 pm

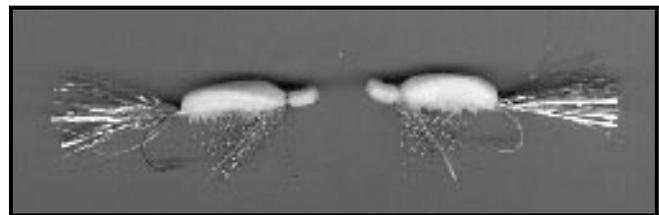
The City has come to the realization that dogs and the casting pond will not work. The City will close the park to dogs. I want to thank all those members for their input and for all the help. Scotty

P.S Thank you for all your concerns through my Mother's illness and death.

Location: Casting Pond ... Dan Galvin Park at the intersection of Bennett Valley Road and Yulupa Avenue, Santa Rosa.



The Gurgler



Materials Needed:

- Hook: Mustad 34011 OW size 1, 1/0
- Thread: White and red 3/0 uni-thread
- Tail: Silver Flashabou
- Underbody: Medium Pearl Crystal Chenille
- Foam Overbody: White or yellow Evazote foam
- Collar Support: 18 lb hard mason leader using red thread
- Throat: Red Flashabou

Tying Instructions:

1. Attach 30-40 strands of silver Flashabou at bend to form tail. Cut blunt. Approx. 1/2 to 1/3 the shank length.
2. Attach Medium Crystal Chenille at rear end of shank, over tail wrap.
3. Wrap chenille forward, covering tail wraps.
4. Cut Foam: 1/2" x 2 6/8". Cut a strip 1/8" on each side, to be tapered from the point where it is attached at the rear end of the shank.
5. Attach foam to shank at chenille tie-off point.
6. Tie in small clump of red Flashabou.
7. Clip thread and retie thread at rear end of shank/chenille.
8. Pull Foam back and tie off at rear end of shank/chenille. Secure wrap, finish and clip.
9. Tie in Red Thread. Pull foam forward and tie down in front of previous ties, just behind the eye. Make sure that both layers of foam are centered over hook shank. There should be approx. 1/4"-3/8" of foam extending over the eye. Tie down foam to hook.
10. Tie in a small loop of 18 lb. mono, to support foam head, so that it lays on the back of the head.

Jack Gartside is the originator of the Gurgler. The gurgler is a good surface fly, makes lots of commotion in the water. I tied it with a rattle and can be used for small and large mouth bass and of course, striper, in larger sizes. Lots of action.

Next Months Fly: The Boss

Special Requests or Questions? Contact Terry Faris

RRFF Website

www.members.tripod.com/~RRFlyFisher/index.html or www.rrff.tsx.org

E-Mail: slewis95407@email.msn.com

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CA 94928-2404
Bus: 707/588-8033 Fax 707/588-8035

Tying Meeting!

Mark your calendar for the July 11th fly tying meeting. This tying only meeting will have over 10 tiers crafting their favorites and providing instruction to anyone interested in learning to tie flies.



WESTERN SPORT SHOP
2790 Santa Rosa Ave. Santa Rosa
CA, 95407
Bus: 707/542-4432 Fax: 707/542-4437

Learn to Fly Fish for Bass

The Club is considering a fly fishing clinic at the Club Lake this spring. This event would be an excellent opportunity for club members to learn to fly fish for bass. The clinic would be for beginners as well as advanced fly fisherman. An evening lecture will be presented followed by a day on the lake. Topics covered will include tackle and fly selection, techniques, strategies, etc. Interested parties should contact Tom Lynn, Lake Captain, at 538-4366 (please no calls after 8 pm). A sign-up sheet will also be available at the next two meetings.

If you are interested in participating as a lecturer, demonstrator or instructor, please contact Tom Lynn.

Petaluma Flyfishing 101 Thursday Sessions

Lee Soares has volunteered to conduct casual Thursday sessions on flyfishing techniques, gear, knot tying, bug tying, pole building, and casting. These sessions would be set up by appointment with Lee (762-7649) and could include kids age 6 and up as well as adults. This is a very generous offer of Lee's time to share his significant experience. If you know of a child who needs some guidance to get started with flyfishing ... this is the ticket!

Welcome New Members!

We wanted to take a moment to welcome the following new members to the club: Steve Bleasdel, Peter Crossman, Jim Johnson, Nick Morello, Margaret Merchat, Patrick Herfel, Micheal Colberg, Tom Provost, Philip Groat, Rick Jorgensen, Dennis Amato, and Steve Will. Whether you are a newcomer to fly fishing or a seasoned angler, the RRF has numerous activities and opportunities for you to take advantage of as a new member, and we welcome you.

Each new member receives a membership packet, which includes a welcome letter, club bylaws, membership card, and a RRF patch that can be sewn on your vest or tackle bag (additional patches are available to all members for \$3 each). If you are a new member and have not received a packet, please contact me and I'll be glad to make sure you get one.

Membership cards are also available to all members who's membership is current. Instead of mass mailing membership cards to all our members, they are available upon request for those who require one. Pat Gibbard will also be available at the meetings to laminate your cards ... thanks for your help Pat! Welcome to the club and tight lines!
Rick Baker

Coming Events

March

Membership Meeting 3/14
Board Meeting 3/21
Casting Clinic Sundays noon to 2 pm

April

Membership Meeting 4/11
Board Meeting 4/18
Casting Clinic Sundays noon to 2 pm
Season Opener 4/27-29

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



Address correction requested

Russian River Fly Fishers Membership Application

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Occupation _____

Home Phone _____ Work Phone _____

E-mail Address _____ Signature _____



Please mark one of the following categories:

I apply as a new member:

(Single membership - \$40 annual dues)

(Family membership - \$45 annual dues)

(Junior membership - \$25 annual dues)

Existing membership renewal:

(Single membership - \$40 annual dues payable July 1st)

(Family membership - \$45 annual dues payable July 1st)

(Junior membership - \$25 annual dues payable July 1st)

Dues, paid by a new member joining the RRF after March 30th, will cover the balance of the current fiscal year and also the following fiscal year's dues.

**Please mail this application and your check payable to:
Russian River Fly Fishers, P.O. Box 2673, Santa Rosa, CA 95405**

The CAST

Russian River Fly Fishers

Volume 26 Number 4 April 2001

For April 2001

Season Opener This Month!

Major Notes: Paul Major

Well gang, it's here at last! Spring, that is, officially and actually ... let the good times roll!

That magic last weekend in April will be on us before we know it, and that's the RRFF SEASON OPENER OUTING! I'm sure more details will be provided elsewhere in this issue, but let me just say that this event is the one many of us look forward to all year long. Even though the early season fishing in the Hat Creek area can sometimes be a bit tough, certainly not as productive as it will be a month later when the hatches are more prolific, we still seem to have a great time every year.

For those of you who haven't been to the opener before, we do actually go fishing, and we do actually catch fish. But perhaps more importantly, we also spend a lot of time around the campfire and the kitchen area getting to know each other better, and generally having a hell of a good time with our fellow Club

members. I particularly recommend the opener for new members and/or newcomers to flyfishing. You will come away with new friends as well as flyfishing knowledge and skills that you didn't have before you got there. I have never seen a bunch of people who are more open to sharing what they know about our sport, and if you're new to the sport, or just new to the area, let someone know you'd like some guidance and I guarantee you'll get it.

Also coming up is our first-ever bass fishing clinic, organized and hosted by our Lake Captain Tom Lynn with a little help from his friends. There should be more on that elsewhere in these pages. Our bass lake at Lytton Springs should be really coming on right about now with the onset of warmer weather and will hit its peak in the next few weeks, so sign up for the clinic and get out there and rip some lips! (That's a bass fishing term I picked up on Saturday morning TV).

Coming up soon, we also look forward to our annual Club picnic and barbecue held at Galvan Park casting pond. The picnic seems to be the real beginning of summer, so look for the date in this issue and plan on being there with family and kids. It's a don't miss event.

Last, but certainly not least, I'm delighted to tell you that five members have come forward as new candidates for the Board of Directors. Many thanks to Shawn Montoya, Ray Grijalba, Rick Jorgensen, Joe Banovich, and Andy Mazzanti; we'll all look forward to working with you.

God, I love this time of year! See you all at our April Club Meeting on the 11th.



Attention

The deadline for submission of newsletter material, classifieds, etc., is 5 days after the date of the Board Meeting. Board members and interested guests note that the Board Meetings are held the 3rd Wednesday each month at 7 pm, Round Table Pizza, Montgomery Village, unless notified otherwise.

APRIL GENERAL MEETING

RRFF PRESENTS:

MIKE KAUL

“FLY FISHING WESTERN WYOMING”

The Bridger Wilderness encompasses nearly 400,000 acres of pristine forest, lakes, streams and mountains, including the Wind River Mountain Range. This vast area of unparalleled beauty is sometime referred to as the “forgotten wilderness” because, to date, it is lightly traveled. The area contains 1300 lakes, several hundred miles of connecting streams, and 15 of the 16 highest peaks in Wyoming. It also features 27 active glaciers and over 600 miles of trails. The Wind River Mountains, the largest continuous maintain chain in the lower 48 states, contains the headwaters of a multitude of outstanding fishing streams including great trout havens such as the Green and New Fork. The many lakes also produce excellent stillwater fishing opportunities.

In his 50-minute slide presentation, Mike Kaul will provide a visual experience and commentary on the Bridger Wilderness and the streams flowing from the Wind River Mountains. In addition to fishing, Mike will discuss other recreational activities featured in the area, comment on the rich history of the region and provide information on accommodations and services.

Mike’s program has been well received by a number of other fly fishing clubs. Don’t miss this presentation about a venue that offers a chance to get away from the crowd and pursue rainbow, brown, brook cutthroat, golden and lake trout as well as grayling. This evening could change your vacation plans.

BRING A FRIEND

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11

SANTA ROSA VETS’ BUILDING

FLYTYING AT 6:00

GENERAL MEETING AT 7:00

The Lodge Room, Santa Rosa Vet’s Building, 1351 Maple Ave. Santa Rosa, CA

The “Opener”

I can’t help but feel we cheated it a little this year.

Usually by this time, my restlessness with the gray, rainy days of winter has me hoping for just a few days of respite, while the clouds dodge across the sky in what seems a concerted effort to hide the sun. But the weather has been pleasant, a mild winter season that has offered uncharacteristic sunshine and balmy days that rival those of any of our warm southern resorts. I find myself wondering whether it will hold, or whether if, in a fit of retribution, the ceiling will crack and the elusive rains will finally show themselves, spilling from gray April skies in an effort to make up the difference.

Normally it wouldn’t matter much – as long as the winter has a few bright, crisp days of sparkling sunshine to take the edge off. I can deal with the weeks of

rain up to a point; that point arriving the last weekend of April when I no longer am indifferent and suddenly have a stake in the new year. The rains are welcome until then, but as May looms before me, I can’t help but feel the stirrings of a new season, a tantalizing promise beckoning me to the nourishment of rivers, lakes and streams...and to wild and beautiful places to play with trout.

My anticipation is insistent. I’ve been thinking “opener” for weeks already - watching beautiful days slip by, as the world turns green in an early spring. “We haven’t paid our dues”, I worry, “this weather can’t hold!” And yet the days turn to weeks and we hold our breath in hopes that it does. The rivers call to us, the sunshine suggests shorts, tee shirts - hints of summer already tasted as the days lengthen. In other parts of the country, winter still struggles in defiance, unwilling to relinquish its hold. I feel for those fishermen, damping their fever with snow and ice,

still dreaming and waiting for even the first promise of spring. I’m thankful that I’m left with only the dreaming. I hope that I am not foolish.

There are trade-offs. This mild winter will have its effects. Those effects play in the corners of my mind, little warning bells of concern that compete with my desires. If this really is all the rain we’re going to get...well, things could get a little ugly. I find part of myself hoping for a little bit more, a few wet storms to fill the reservoirs and top off the lakes. Some quick rains (during the week...while I’m at work) with clearing for the weekends and not beginning until a week or so after the season opens. I don’t want much. I’m antsy...ready to get on the water.

Each year it seems that I get a little more anxious to return to trout. As I get older, I look forward to those “still places”, to the quiet, to the immersion in the elements and the game of fly-fishing. I

relish the escape to nature and I find its balms deeply refreshing, a draught to spirit and soul that reconnects vital things that are misplaced when I am among the constructs of man. There is something I find with a fly rod that I am sure would elude me otherwise: an interaction...a connection...a joyous communion between my everyday world and a world of liquid magic.

Other “openers” play themselves in my mind, times of fellowship with friends of “like mind” and similar torment. Some are damp affairs, characterized by interwoven tarps canted at crazy angles, water dripping from tented edges to fall down open collars. Most, however, are not, more often providing mild days with cold nights, the campfire leaping into the night sky as we all move back a few steps from its heat. All are remembered for their terrific food, for the exceptional camaraderie of friends united under a common love of sport and nature. The tales, the debates, the jokes, the laughter...born of starlight, various libations, eager anticipation and the promise of another new year. We are blessed in that our winters are mild. But they are still winters...

I remember the first casts of each new season, that first elated foray for trout. There was a time that Lee Smith and I pitched our opening salvos on Lost Creek, the rainbows exploding across that small spring creek having lost all caution to an elk hair caddis floated through the riffles. And another opener, where Paul Major and I spent the day with a reporter and a photographer from the Press Democrat, exploring the lower

reaches of Hat Creek above Lake Briton, and finally, as the day wore on, finding some satisfaction at Teal Island with a difficult rainbow on a mayfly cripple. Memories, too, of that same evening, fishing the hatch at Carbon Bridge, taking good fish on rusty spinners and caddis imitations, the line-up of club members painting poetry in the evening sky with their snaking fly lines while providing what would be an award-winning photo for our neophyte guests.

Each trip is always characterized by fantastic meals; Cornish hens slow-roasted over coals, barbecued pizza, smoked trout, beef tri-tip, smoked turkey, spaghetti, salads, cobblers (fresh from the Dutch oven), chorizo and eggs, pancakes, steaming coffee for those chilly mornings – each year the food seeming to get better until there was finally not much left to be done for improvement. Word got around, then. Soon, our outings of a dozen or so became twenty, and then thirty. In recent years, our campfires have had closer to forty members and guests, of all skill levels, celebrating together in homage of trout. There is no one that leaves hungry - except maybe for their next outing or their next trout adventure. Those new to our sport become the students of those more experienced, finding themselves guided by fellow members eager to share the splendor of another dawning season. We are all friends here. Opening day binds us all in its simple magic.

Other years come to mind. Opening days spent visiting waters with Shawn Kempkes, Mark Parker, Brian Vignati,

with my parents and finally with my son, Nick. Each outing is a poignant memory of a new season. There were times when the fish were plentiful, seemingly as eager as we were to get back to the game. Other years the fishing was hard, with maybe only a few of us actually feeling that thrilling connection to a trout on the fly. But the fishing was always good, and the memories always plentiful. Hat Creek is a blue-ribbon trout stream with classic water and some phenomenal hatches. It can be quite demanding. Those occasional requirements of excellence lead often to the most satisfying and remembered fishing. Yet even when we do not raise a fish, we have still shared a unique few moments on a remarkable river.

I watch the skies and the weather patterns as we move only a few weeks from another “opener”. I hear the plans, the quiet talk from other club members. Others are in the same place I am - eager to get on with it, eager to begin another season. I sense that we are all holding our breath...waiting for that last weekend of April to dawn under fair skies. The “kick-off”. The “Opener”. If the weather holds, it could be very good this year...

Join us at the Cassel PG&E Campground, April 28th and 29th for the Russian River Fly Fishers 2001 trout opener.

Steve Tubbs

2000/2001 Russian River Fly Fishers Board of Directors

President: Bob Neill

Secretary: Ron Gustafson (579-4280)

Membership Database: Steve Tubbs (765-1787)

Casting Pond: Scott Broome (575-5993)

Newsletter Editor: John Iding (938-4116) (jfinet@vom.com)

Treasurer: Marji Major

Youth Activities: Open

Special Events: Scott Broome (575-5993)

Conservation: Rodger Magill (876-3308)

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Program Director: Chuck Cadman (539-2676)

Events Chairperson: Marji Major

Lake Captain: Tom Lynn (538-4366)

Webmaster: Scott Lewis (527-9168)

NCC/FFF Representative: Open

Membership Coordinator: Rick Baker (545-8860)

Fly Tying: Terry Faris (539-4354)

Club Outings: Open

HAT CREEK OPENER

Ok gang, it's April and that means trout, food and fun at Hat Creek! With both work and a death in the family, I'm really looking forward to this! R&R at Cassel is just what the doctor ordered So bring your camping gear, your winter and summer stuff and let's go fishing. This year I'm going up on Thursday the 26th and staying through the 1st. I'll be cooking and the Club will have dinner on Saturday. For those who want to share meals, I'll be shopping for the rest of the meals at a cost of twenty dollars per person through Monday with no breakfast on Saturday, the opener, because we all go to the Fireman's Pancake Breakfast in Cassel. I need a head count so please sign up at the next meeting or call Scott Broome at 575-5993. Hat Creek can be tough fishing, but bring dries and wolley buggers in red, black and brown. If you have a float tube or pram, we will be fishing Baum Lake on Thursday and Friday with fishing tourney on Friday. For those new to the Club or new to Hat Creek, this is an excellent time to tune up your trout fishing. Lots of large fish are caught around the camp fire. Directions: take Highway 299 east out of Redding and go through Burney and about four miles east of Burney on Highway 299, you will see the sign for Cassel. Across the street from the Cassel post office is the gate for the PG&E campground. Follow the road until you see us! See ya there ... Scooter

RUSSIAN RIVER FLY FISHERS

PRESENTS

FLY FISHING FOR LARGEMOUTH BASS CLINIC

Guest Speakers: Noel Plumb, Rodger Magill & Tom Lynn

Fly Tying Demonstration: Terry Faris

Learn to fly fish for Largemouth Bass. This event would be an excellent opportunity for club members to learn to fly fish for bass. The clinic would be for beginners as well as advanced fly fisherman. An evening lecture will be presented followed by a day on the lake. Topics covered will include tackle and fly selection, techniques, strategies, etc. Interested parties should contact Tom Lynn, Lake Captain, at 538-4366 (please no calls after 8:00 PM) A sign-up sheet will be available at the next meeting.

Lecture: Tuesday, May 1st 7:00-8:30 PM (location to be announced)

Day on the Lake: Sunday, May 6th Lytton Springs (Just north of Healsburg)

RRFF Annual Picnic

Saturday, June 16, 2001

Galvin Park by the Casting Pond - 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

BBQ - Friendly Casting Competitions - Family Fun

Free! Free! Free!

BBQ served between noon and 1 p.m.

Bring your own lawn chair - Helpers gladly accepted - Call me

Marji Major, Events Chairperson

Fly Tying Meeting!

Don't Miss the Fun



The July 11th meeting this year will be a fly tying meeting with 10 tiers creating all kinds of great bugs! Have you ever seen a size 32 fly tied? Charlie may be up for it! If you or someone you know are interested in learning to tie, come out for this meeting. Instruction will be available. If you have some tying materials you never use, and want to share, bring them! This should be great fun!

Terry Faris



The Boss



Materials Needed:

- Hook: 36890 Size 6
- Thread: Black Uni-thread
- Tail: Long black, red or orange bucktail or calftail
- Rib: Silver oval tinsel
- Body: Black chenille
- Collar: Bright red or orange hackle
- Eyes: Silver bead chain

Tying Instructions:

1. Tie bead chain on front of hook eye length back.
2. Tie in tail, chenille and rib.
3. Wrap chenille stopping a bead chain width back from eye.
4. Rib chenille leaving about 1/8th " gaps.
5. Tie in collar of red or orange hackle behind the bead chain eyes.

This fly was popularized by Grant King, owner of Western Angler Fly Shop in Santa Rosa for many years. It is reported that he named this pattern for his wife - The Boss! The style of this fly was adapted from the original Comet.

Next Months Fly: Surf Candy

Special Requests or Questions? Contact Terry Faris

Casting Pond Clinic



Sundays Noon to 2 pm

Location: Casting Pond Dan Galvin Park at the intersection of Bennett Valley Road and Yulupa.

The City has come to the realization that dogs and the casting pond will not work. The City will close the park to dogs. Don't forget that beginning in May ... the Casting Pond Clinics will be held each Thursday afternoon ... 4 pm to 6 or 7 pm. Scottie

2001 Spring

Fly Fishing Fair

Saturday • May 5th

from 10 to 4 and it's free!

Workshops & Demonstrations

Full casting ponds and instruction for every level. All day exhibitions on tactics, techniques and fly tying! Seminars and slide shows with your favorite celebrities!

The Latest Technology

Meet the factory representatives from Sage, Loomis, Scott, Winston, Scientific Anglers, Ross, Lamson, Simms, Tibor and more. All the latest in rods, reels, waders, boots, materials, clothing, books and accessories.



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RRFF Website

www.members.tripod.com/~RRFlyFisher/index.html or
www.rrff.tsx.org

E-Mail: slewis95407@email.msn.com

Members who use e-mail!

We are compiling a list of members with e-mail addresses to be used for club announcements. If you would like to be included on this list, send an e-mail message to Scott Lewis (slewis95407@email.msn.com). Scott will periodically send out an updated list to the group ... save the message and use it to 'reply to all' ... when you have an announcement for membership ... Editor

Petaluma Flyfishing 101 Thursday Sessions

Lee Soares has volunteered to conduct casual Thursday sessions on flyfishing techniques, gear, knot tying, bug tying, pole building, and casting. These sessions, are set up by appointment with Lee (762-7649) and could include kids age 6 and up as well as adults. This is a very generous offer of Lee's time to share his significant experience. If you want to improve some aspect of your fly fishing experience ... contact Lee and he will share his experience!

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FLY FISHING ETC.

#7 Petaluma Blvd. North
Petaluma, CA 94952
707.762.3073 Fax-762-0739

e-mail-ftabor7657@aol.com • web-FlyFishingEtc.Com

Fernando and Elizabeth Jabor. (owners)

Coming Events

April

Membership Meeting 4/11
Board Meeting 4/18
Casting Clinic Sundays noon to 2 pm
Season Opener 4/27-29

May

Membership Meeting 5/9
Board Meeting 5/16
Casting Clinic Thursdays 4-6pm

June Picnic - June 16th

July Fly Tying Meeting - July 11th

Season Closer - Oct 12-14th - Upper Sac

Welcome New Members!

I want to introduce the following new members to the club: Dennis Duckett, Gary Kettlewell, and Charlie Schillinsky. Welcome, and I hope to get a chance to meet you all out on the water to do what we all do best....stand in the water and wave a stick.

I would also like to encourage all members to let the Board of Directors know if there are any special programs you would like to participate in; or speakers that you would like to see. The board has been working hard to put on some great activities and we would like to continue with the momentum that we've got going. Feel free to give me a call and we'll see what we can do.

Tight Lines!

Rick Baker
Membership Coordinator

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



Address correction requested

Russian River Fly Fishers Membership Application

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Occupation _____

Home Phone _____ Work Phone _____

E-mail Address _____ Signature _____



Please mark one of the following categories:

I apply as a new member:

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- (Junior membership - \$25 annual dues)

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**Please mail this application and your check payable to:
Russian River Fly Fishers, P.O. Box 2673, Santa Rosa, CA 95405**

The CAST

Russian River Fly Fishers

Volume 26 Number 5 May 2001

For May 2001

Bass Clinic this month!

Major Notes: Paul Major

As I write this, the Season Opener at Hat Creek is just past, trout season is officially here again, and I'm back at work ... so it goes.

We've been referring to the Opening Day Outing as a "don't miss" event ... and a whole bunch of us didn't miss it, for sure. There is a complete report on the event elsewhere in these pages, so I won't belabor it further than to say it was our best attended outing ever, and if I'm any judge, everyone had a terrific time ... I know I did.

I don't have the space (or adequate recall) to thank everyone who made the Opener such a success, but without doubt there is one man who deserves thanks from every one of us.

Scotty Broome makes this thing happen every year ... not single-handedly, but damn near it. Scotty plans the menu, buys the food, organizes the gear, and then is sous chef for the weekend. It is a job of a magnitude that is, for me, hard to comprehend, and he does it flawlessly. Scotty, your service to the RRFF Club is above and beyond the call of duty ... thank you!

Looking ahead, we'll have our regular monthly meeting on Wednesday, May 9th, then in June we'll look forward to the annual Club Picnic at the casting pond, and the July meeting will be dedicated to fly tying, organized by our fly tying chairman Terry Faris, ably assisted by Tom Lynn. It sounds like it's going to be a great event, so plan now on being there.

As a final thought, this past weekend at the PG&E campground was, for me, a reaffirmation that the Russian River Fly Fishers is easily the best bunch of sportspersons and the nicest group of people with whom I've been privileged to be associated with. The people I've met during my eight years in the Club have become my very best friends and fondest companions. Thank you all for being there.



Attention

The deadline for submission of newsletter material, classifieds, etc., is 5 days after the date of the Board Meeting. Board members and interested guests note that the Board Meetings are held the 3rd Wednesday each month at 7 pm, Round Table Pizza, Montgomery Village, unless notified otherwise.

A Feast of Fellowship

Well...it finally arrived; our trout fisherman's "Thanksgiving" (as Scotty put it)...ushered in ceremoniously by a few days of cloudless skies and temperatures pushing 80 degrees.

By the time the unsettled weather (that characterized much of April) had blown through, I'd gone a little stir crazy - ready to drop everything, load the car and leave town a few days earlier just to get on with it. Some RRFF friends fueled that fire...their web-page

musings sending me bouncing further off the walls. They were anxious too. Before us, a weekend of promise...a gathering of good friends on sparkling waters...sharing fellowship, good food, experience...opening a new season of fly fishing in pursuit of trout. We all sensed it would be a big one this year. We had seen others, at the club meeting, who shared our anticipation; their ardor reflected through dancing eyes and animated conversations of past trout adventures and remembered season openers. I saw them...and their enthusiasm added to my own.

Every year we wait for it...but this year seemed harder for me than most. Perhaps because our winter was so mild, it seemed as if we were already late, already past the time when we should be on the water. To antagonize my impatience, I eagerly joined in the remembering (of past year's) and the planning for this year's opener. I shared my restlessness with others equally excited. I encouraged that fire inside me to burn brighter, hotter - fanning it as the last weekend of April approached...until I was giddy with

the promise of another season and, at the same time, gleefully aware of the certainty that only a river could quench what I had encouraged to consume me. As the last days slowly passed, my eagerness grew. Finally, on Wednesday, I received the following message from Rick Baker on the Yahoo RRF Club Page, "Man...just go home! You're a worthless employee...." He knew exactly where I was coming from.

This year's annual RRF Trout Opener at Hat Creek was an outstanding success! Following John and Charlie (who went up on Wednesday to secure the campground and to fish Bidwell Ranch), my son Nick and I raced up I-5 and Highway 299 on Thursday to claim our spots by the campfire. The weather was holding beautifully...clear skies, comfortable temperatures and a slight breeze. Arriving at the Cassel PG&E campground early in the afternoon, we were greeted by a welcoming committee of Scott, Scotty, Dale, "Cowboy", Bill, Phil and a bottle of Corona (with a lime wedge). Historically, Thursday night has always been rather sparsely attended - with maybe 6-12 of us securing the campsites and setting up for the weekend. This year, by dinnertime Thursday evening, we had 31 RRF members and guests in line for a spectacular meal of barbecued chicken and pork ribs (slathered with Lee Smith's homemade cookin' sauce - an opener tradition), baked beans and a green salad. Just before dinner, Tim Reuling arrived bearing a case of wine to add to the mix of libations that were priming the pumps. A couple of members sneaked off to Baum afterwards...but most of us were content to enjoy the revelry and companionship around the campfire (seeing that we were unfit to drive by that point anyway).

Friday morning the cooks were at it again, providing sustenance for the grueling action that would mark the "Baum Lake Fishing Tourney". Eggs, bacon, sausage, biscuits, sweet rolls, muffins and "stand a spoon up in it" coffee greeted our growing contingent. By 11:00 AM, Baum Lake was dotted with a variety of RRF watercraft. Fishing was tough...sporadic rises made dry fly fishing a "crap shoot" and nymphing and streamer fishing were only somewhat more successful. Of those "floaters" who caught fish, the general consensus was "one" per boat. Nick and I (roaming the lake in our canoe) headed out to the grass island, dropped anchor and (as I proceeded to demonstrate how he was going to fish the awkward indicator and split-shot laden, two-nymph rig he was going to use) caught and landed a nice, fat 14" rainbow on the first cast. There was no lack of optimism in our boat! But, as the afternoon progressed, at final tally we fared no better than the others who landed fish. Our big bang came early and was not repeated.

The Baum Lake Tourney traditionally finds it's ultimate resolution around the Friday evening campfire. As more RRF members arrived to set-up camp and join the festivities, the stories of spectacular "misses" and "monster trout" cast the true light on the day's events. With the real prowess of all good fishermen in full evidence, the line between truth and fiction blurred as we feasted on yet another wonderful meal - this one consisting of antipasti salad, lasagna, roasted beef, barbecued chicken and cucumber salad. With the sunset came the wind, and although not uncomfortable, a few sprinkles prompted a large fire where our (now 42) revelers enjoyed themselves with amusing fishing stories and the (encore) joke presentations of Scotty Broome (as well as a few new ones from other happy contributors). The weather was changing. By the time the last of the fire crew staggered off to bed (chased by the calls of a giant snipe), the clear, star-filled sky and pleasant temperatures of the night before had departed.

I awoke, at some point early Saturday morning, and lay listening to the wind as it rattled through the trees. The distant barking of coyotes reminded me that I had heard them the previous night as well, their yapping bringing memories of previous trips and other places. As I lay on my cot, the first drops of rain began lightly sprinkling the tent and I remembered that the weather forecast had called for rain on Saturday. With some concern, I drifted back to sleep.

As predicted, Opening Day dawned under stormy skies. Grey, rain-laden clouds raced above us, driven by a gusting wind that hadn't subsided with morning. The good news was that it was only partly cloudy, and as the rain cells moved across the campground the resulting showers were short-lived and followed by periods of broken sunshine. As we all headed off to enjoy the Cassel Volunteer Fire Department's annual Opening Day breakfast, the rain wetted the campground and those of us on foot. However, as the morning progressed, the larger rain cells were blown through, and by the time we were ready to fish the weather conditions had improved considerably.

With the size of our group, it was necessary to split up and cover a wide variety of waters to avoid overcrowding and becoming (thanks Arch...for this quip) a "bio-hazard". By 11:00 AM, group members had departed for the Pit River, Burney Creek and various points along Hat Creek including the lower section above Lake Briton, Teal Island, Carbon Bridge, Powerhouse 2 and a multitude of points in-between. Rick Baker, his cousin Clement, Nick and I headed off for Lost Creek, where we found a fishery devoid of fish. Evidently (according to the other fly fishermen we talked to) all of the weed growth had been killed in Lost Creek about three years ago, and the

fishery hasn't been the same since. We, and the other fishermen present, saw absolutely no evidence of any fish of any size. That was a little disheartening for me, as Lost Creek had provided some memorable opening day action in past years and I was hoping to introduce Nick, Rick and Clement to some of that fun. That afternoon, as the groups returned for an early dinner, we heard numerous stories of success, especially on the Pit River and in the areas above and below Carbon Bridge on Hat Creek.

The RRF Saturday Night Feed (provided by the club) was a "Thanksgiving" barbecue featuring a 22 pound barbecued turkey, spiral cut hams, mashed potatoes, yams, sautéed vegetables and an assortment of desserts purchased from the Volunteer Fire Department Bake Sale (provided by new members, Preston and Casey). Afterwards, a few groups of anglers dispersed once again, this time to pursue the evening hatch, with a rather large group of us finding our way to the Cassel forebay (an easy "stagger" from camp) to tempt the sometimes picky trout that live there and seem only to rise in those last couple hours before dark. Others tagged along not to fish but to watch and enjoy the antics of a bunch of "relaxed" fly fishermen. By evening's end, the unsettled weather conditions had dispersed and the skies were once again fairly clear. The wind had also died. Once the sun set, the evening campfire got even bigger as stories of the evening forays filtered around the circle, followed by more jokes and discussion. It had been an eventful opening day, with varied levels of success, and the campfire died early as, one by one, we all drifted off to bed.

I awoke again that early morning...this time hearing nothing but the stillness. No wind. It was cold. "Good," I thought to myself. "That means that it's absolutely clear outside. It ought to be a great Sunday!" I could dimly see the top of Nick's head sticking out from the top of his mummy bag.

Sunday morning dawned clear, beautiful and around 30 degrees. Already, some of the early risers had departed either for home, or to get in some last minute fishing, as the final breakfast sizzled in the skillets and the coffee took the edge off the previous night. Carlos Tamayo (once again...and becoming another tradition) donated fresh tortillas and salsa for our morning meal as chorizo mixed with eggs and potatoes, ham and potatoes and scrambled eggs were prepared for breakfast burritos. It was a "build your own" breakfast and would be our last group meal together. Afterwards, some of us would fish a little more before breaking camp while others would take this last group meal as an opportunity to say their goodbyes.

After breakfast, Scotty decided to take a few of the new members and some of the less experienced fly fishermen to "The Toilet

Bowl” below the Powerhouse 2 generating station. Here he hoped to get them onto some of the fish that can be seen in that deep pool below the Powerhouse outlet. I decided to take Nick there as well, as he was discouraged that he hadn’t hooked a fish yet for the weekend. Once we finally hit the right combination of split shot to get those nymphs deep enough to invade the feeding lanes, Nick hooked into a beautiful brown trout that was quite large and very thick. After fighting it for about 15 minutes, he finally got it up to the wall where I was lying prone with the net. I attempted to head the brown into the net, but as the fish approached it turned sideways and hit the length of my net broadside. Its head easily extended 3” over the front of the net and it’s tail another 3” over the rear. I heard the line snap as it rolled off the net and back in to the water. What a feeling...I had wanted to see Nick with a picture of that 20-inch plus trophy in his hands! He’d certainly done his part. He seemed okay with it though, happy to have caught a fish (much bigger than his dad’s) and to have it witnessed by so many others...even though he didn’t get the picture.

To sum it all up...it was a fantastic weekend and one of the best “Openers” I have ever been a part of. Rarely will you find a group of individuals who come together and make things work as smoothly as they went this weekend. It seemed as if someone was always stepping up to take care of whatever needed to be done...whether it was cooking meals, washing dishes, emptying garbage, mentoring new members or providing information. The faces kept changing, and the jobs kept getting done!

A few individuals contributed in special capacities. Big thanks to Scotty Broome for organizing all of the meals, purchasing all of the food and supplies and carting all of the necessities up to the campground (with the help of Scott Lewis and a rented trailer). Also, special thanks to Life Member Bill Archuleta for acting as treasurer and collecting the \$20.00 per person fee to cover all of the camping sites, extra parking and meals for the weekend (an absolutely tremendous bargain). Bill also took care of all of the fee payments. Scotty and Bill likewise spearheaded the mentoring program and either took it upon themselves, or introduced new members to

other club members who could assist them in becoming more familiar with the area or with specific fishing techniques. Rick “Cowboy” Norris provided “all the wood we could burn”, something he has done for us the last couple of years. A special thanks to you as well, Rick.

And finally, the “Opener” would not have been the same if all of you hadn’t attended. We saw faces we hadn’t seen for a year or so...and a lot of new faces that are the true testament to the dynamic direction our club has taken in recent years. We missed a few members who usually make this event (Dick Betts – hope you’re feeling better soon...and Mark, where were you?). A special thanks to all the cooks, all the dishwashers, all the wood gatherers, coffee makers, garbage emptiers...to everyone who contributed something of themselves this weekend to ensure that things went a little bit easier for the rest of us. What a great group of people...and how fortunate we are to have such a quality membership, and great group of friends, to share in the benefits of this wonderful sport.

Steve Tubbs

RFFF Annual Picnic Saturday, June 16, 2001

Galvin Park by the Casting Pond - 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.
BBQ - Friendly Casting Competitions - Family Fun
Mark your calendars!
BBQ served between noon and 1 p.m.
Bring your own lawn chair - Helpers gladly accepted - Call me

Marji Major, Events Chairperson

2000/2001 Russian River Fly Fishers Board of Directors

President: Bob Neill

Secretary: Ron Gustafson (579-4280)

Membership Database: Steve Tubbs (765-1787)

Casting Pond: Scott Broome (575-5993)

Newsletter Editor: John Iding (938-4116) (jfinet@vom.com)

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Youth Activities: Open

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Program Director: Chuck Cadman (539-2676)

Events Chairperson: Marji Major

Lake Captain: Tom Lynn (538-4366)

Webmaster: Scott Lewis (527-9168)

NCC/FFF Representative: Open

Membership Coordinator: Rick Baker (545-8860)

Fly Tying: Terry Faris (539-4354)

Club Outings: Open

MAY GENERAL MEETING

RRFF PRESENTS:

CHIP O'BRIEN

“THE LAKES OF THE TRINITY DIVIDE”

Chip O'Brien is well known to California anglers as a guide, author, teacher and all around good guy. Last year, he presented an outstanding program to our club on fly fishing the Yellowstone County. This year, we asked him to bring us his special expertise on an area closer to home. Many of you have probably read Chip's article on the Trinity Divide Lakes which was published in the December, 2000 issue of *California Fly Fisher*. The following is taken from that article:

“Dominated by deep-blue skies, granite peaks, and views of Mount Shasta, the picturesque Trinity Divide lakes are garnished with stands of fir, spruce, cedar and pine. Some are as small as half an acre and others as large as 47 acres.”...“The setting and the crystal-clear water contribute to the illusion you are a million miles away from anywhere. The nice thing is, you aren't.”...“You can make a relatively short drive to a fair number of the lakes, and fly fishers willing to sling a float tube over their shoulders and hike have even greater opportunities.”

Most agree that still water fly fishing destinations will become more and more important resources for all of us in the years to come. Here is your opportunity to come and learn about a unique wilderness which is close enough for a weekend trip.

BRING A FRIEND
WEDNESDAY, MAY 9
SANTA ROSA VETS' BUILDING
FLYTYING AT 6:00
GENERAL MEETING AT 7:00

The Lodge Room, Santa Rosa Vet's Building, 1351 Maple Ave. Santa Rosa, CA

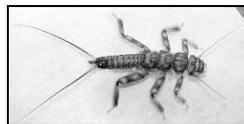
Fly Tying Meeting!



Don's Miss the Fun

The July 11th meeting this year will be a fly tying meeting with 10 tiers creating all kinds of great bugs! Knot tying will also be demonstrated at this meeting. If you or someone you know are interested in learning to tie, come out for this meeting. Instruction will be available. If you have some tying materials you never use, and want to share, bring them! This should be great fun!

Terry Faris



OFFICIAL BALLOT

2001 Russian River Fly Fishers Club Officers and Board of Directors

Please choose to accept the entire ballot as presented,
or circle your individual selections below:

President

1. Steve Tubbs
2. _____

Vice-President

1. Rick Baker
2. _____

New Board Members & Expiring 2-Term Members

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Steve Tubbs | 2. Rick Baker |
| 3. Tom Lynn | 4. Paul Major |
| 5. Margi Major | 6. Joe Banovich |
| 7. Ray Grijalva | 8. Andy Mazzanti |
| 9. Rick Jorgensen | 10. Shawn Montoya |
| 11. Tim Reuling | 12. _____ |
| 13. _____ | 14. _____ |

_____ I accept this ballot as presented and choose to elect all nominees.

You may either mail in the ballot or bring it to our next monthly meeting.

Welcome New Members!

I wanted to extend a warm welcome to the following new members:

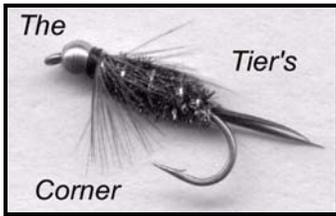
John Adams
Henry Heintz
Dave Holt
Alan Rich
Roger Stuhlmuller
Mark Walters
Preston Smith

By the time you have read this, hopefully I will have had a chance to fish with you up at Hat Creek. Myself, as well as the Board of Directors, are always open to answer any questions you may have about the club, casting, and fishing. Feel free to ask away or join us on the RRFF website message board. There is a lot of experienced people posting on the board, and it's a great opportunity to pick their brains on any questions you may have, or reflections on trips that you've taken.

Tight Lines!

Rick Baker

Membership Coordinator



Surf Candy



Materials Needed:

- Hook: Mustad 34007 or equivalent
- Wing: Ultra or super hair (light color), silver flash-a-bou, darker ultra hair or super hair
- Topping: Peacock hurl
- Body: 5-minute epoxy
- Eyes: Stick-on prismatic eyes

Tying Instructions:

1. Place the hook in the vice and attach the tying thread, starting about mid-shank
2. Tie in white flash-a-bou
3. Tie in silver flash
4. Tie in topping, this fly has chartreuse but you can substitute any dark color such as peacock hurl
5. Whip finish and take a piece of holographic tubing, which comes in different colors. In this case I've used a green tinted color, slide the material over the body up past the hook bend ¼ inch.
6. Retie your thread 1/8 inch behind the eye of hook, and tie off
7. Mix up some epoxy and coat the tubing a little past the bend of hook
8. When the first coat is completely dry, apply the gill slit with a fine red marker and place the eyes in position
9. Apply a second coat of epoxy

Bob Popovics is the originator of this fly. It is easy to tie, easy to cast, imitates bait fish perfectly, and holds up very well. This is the basic pattern for the Rubber Candy, Schoolie, and Spread Fly. The fly can be tied in small sizes for trout.

Next Months Fly: **Fluff Butt**

Special Requests or Questions? **Contact Terry Faris**

Rules for Club Lake #1

1. Must be a member with current membership dues paid.
2. Must have a valid California fishing license and abide by current regulations.
3. **Check in policy at lake:**
 - a. Check in at the front desk first. (At this time some members and new members do not have club cards. We recommend that you check the membership roster currently provided to front desk or if a new member, provide a newsletter containing a mailing label with their name and address on it with a drivers license.)
 - b. Ask for a lake badge.
 - c. Sign in.
4. **Check out policy at the lake:**
 - a. Return badge and sign out upon leaving. (If no badges are available, sign in and out only)
5. No parking on C.D.F. (California Department of Forestry) access road or property at any given time.
6. Use proper access roads only, shut all gates and park in areas off the road. No parking at the dam at any time.
7. No 4-wheel driving off of access roads.
8. No alcohol.
9. No smoking.
10. No swimming.
11. No firearms.
12. No littering.
13. No fishing at night.
14. Catch and release fishing only (artificial flies).
15. Small children, the handicapped, and the elderly may use worms for bait, catch and release only.
16. **Guests:** One per member only, more than one guest per member must be approved by the Board. All guests must abide by all the lake rules.

17. Float tubes and pontoon boats may be used. Only one occupant per tube or pontoon boat. Tubers and pontooners must wear coast guard approved life jackets and waders at all times.
18. No boats, prams or canoes.
19. No electric or gas motors.
20. No wading without waders.
21. Upon leaving the lake, please be sure to toss any trash in the receptacles provided. Please leave the lake cleaner than you found it.
22. **Remember**, we are guests and please do not disturb the business or occupants of the "ranch".

CLASSIFIED

8 Ft. Fiberglass Skiff (Columbia)

New oars and dolly

\$400

Call Scott @ (707) 527-9168

or E-mail slewis95407@email.msn.com

12' Aluminum Boat

Complete with trailer

Lowe's

\$450

Call John @ (707) 938-4116

or E-mail jfinet@vom.com



OUTDOOR PRO SHOP, INC

6315 Commerce Blvd. Rohnert Park

CA 94928-2404

Bus: 707/588-8033 Fax 707/588-8035



WESTERN SPORT SHOP

2790 Santa Rosa Ave. Santa Rosa

CA, 95407

Bus: 707/542-4432 Fax: 707/542-4437

FLY FISHING ETC.

#7 Petaluma Blvd. North

Petaluma, CA 94952

707.762.3073 Fax-762-0739

e-mail-ftabor7657@aol.com • web-FlyFishingEtc.Com

Fernando and Elizabeth Jabor. (owners)

Petaluma Flyfishing 101 Thursday Sessions

Lee Soares has volunteered to conduct casual Thursday sessions on flyfishing techniques, gear, knot tying, bug tying, pole building, and casting. These sessions, are set up by appointment with Lee (762-7649) and could include kids age 6 and up as well as adults. This is a very generous offer of Lee's time to share his significant experience. If you want to improve some aspect of your fly fishing experience ... contact Lee and he will share his experience!

Coming Events

May

Membership Meeting 5/9

Board Meeting 5/16

Casting Clinic Thursdays 4-6 pm

Bass Clinic Class 5/1

Bass Clinic at Lake 5/6

June

Membership Meeting 6/13

Board Meeting 6/20

Casting Clinic Thursdays 4-6pm

June Picnic - 6/16

July Fly Tying Meeting - 7/11

Season Closer - Oct 12-14th - Upper Sac

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



Address correction requested

Russian River Fly Fishers Membership Application

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Occupation _____

Home Phone _____ Work Phone _____

E-mail Address _____ Signature _____



Please mark one of the following categories:

I apply as a new member: ___(Single membership - \$40 annual dues)
 ___(Family membership - \$45 annual dues)
 ___(Junior membership - \$25 annual dues)

Existing membership renewal: ___(Single membership - \$40 annual dues payable July 1st)
 ___(Family membership - \$45 annual dues payable July 1st)
 ___(Junior membership - \$25 annual dues payable July 1st)

Dues, paid by a new member joining the RRF after March 30th, will cover the balance of the current fiscal year and also the following fiscal year's dues.

**Please mail this application and your check payable to:
Russian River Fly Fishers, P.O. Box 2673, Santa Rosa, CA 95405**



Volume 26 Number 6 June 2001

For June 2001

Club Picnic this month!

Major Notes: Paul Major

Well, I know that we've all been on pins and needles awaiting the results of our annual election of members of our Board of Directors ... I'm delighted to announce that all candidates running for election or re-election to two-year terms were unanimously approved by you, the voters.

Steve Tubbs will be our new President, serving his second term in that office, and Rick Baker will be our Vice President which position, by tradition, will lead to a term as President following Steve's tenure. I particularly want to congratulate and welcome incoming new board members Ray Grijalva, Rick Jorgensen, Tim Reuling, Joe Banovich, Andy Mazzanti, and Shawn Montoya. We'll look forward to working with all of you in the coming two

years. These six new Board Members represent the largest infusion of "new blood" to the BOD in several years, and I expect that to be the source of lots of good energy and ideas to help our club to continue to grow and improve.

I hope we've all marked our calendars for Saturday, June 16th, the always anticipated date of our annual Club Picnic and Barbeque. Check elsewhere in these pages for details, but be sure to be there with kids, dogs, wives and/or girlfriends (boyfriends), and remember to bring your rods and folding chairs. Casting instruction will be available for casters of any skill level, we'll probably have a couple of spey rods there for those who would like to try spey casting, and we'll probably end up with our usual informal distance-casting contests. The

food is always terrific, due in large to our special events chairperson Marji Major, the raffle tends to be one of the best of the year, and sitting around on the lawn getting to know our fellow members and their families makes the picnic a special event for all of us. (Volunteers to help with cooking and other tasks ... please contact Margi)

In case we haven't mentioned this elsewhere, the Picnic takes the place of our regular Wednesday meeting in June, so don't show up at the Vet's on the second Wednesday ... there'll be nobody there.

See you all at the casting pond on the 16th.



Attention

The deadline for submission of newsletter material, classifieds, etc., is 5 days after the date of the Board Meeting. Board members and interested guests note that the Board Meetings are held the 3rd Wednesday each month at 7 pm, Round Table Pizza, Montgomery Village, unless notified otherwise.

Fume Doom

I was tying up some Gary LaFontaine Mohawks when I realized my coffee cup was empty. I went upstairs and was pouring a fresh cup when I realized my head was aching for want of a couple of aspirins. I swallowed them along with some fresh coffee and went back to finish my self-imposed quota of flies. When I opened the door to the stairs the glue smell hit me. It was kinda like getting out of an air conditioned car in the Sacramento Valley on a hot August day. Being the perceptive individual that I am, the need for the aspirins I had just swallowed became even more obvious as I got closer to my vise. I opened the window over my bench so the room could air out and decided I had enough Mohawks for the time being.

The next day I was driving by HSC Electronics in Rohnert Park. \$9.95

bought me a flat, shrouded, 110 volt fan. \$.75 paid for an electric chord with a molded plug to fit the fan. Just up the street was Home Depot and for about \$15, I got a clothes drying vent, 8 feet of aluminized, semi-rigid, 4" pipe and a roof jack.

Back home I cut a piece of 1/2" plywood 12" wide and sized it to fit the frame of the sliding window. I installed the vent in the plywood and slipped the pipe onto the vent. Since the pipe was semi-rigid it was self supporting and I simply routed it to the fly-tying vice. I knocked together a plywood box about 6" on each side with a 4" hole cut in one wall. One side of the box was left open. I mounted the fan over the hole in the box wall. The flanges on the roof jack were cut and bent to fit over the fan hole. Duct tape was used to make all the connections air tight. An old lamp chord was wired to the fan and the job was done. No more glue fume headaches

provided I remember to plug the fan in when I start tying. (I put an open bottle of glue in the box and left for a couple hours. I could not smell any fumes in the room when I came back but I have often said the only thing my nose is good for is to hold up my glasses.)

If I were to build this contraption again I would mount the fan directly on the drying vent. That way the fan noise is some distance removed. I also think the wooden box could be eliminated if the roof jack was cut and bent to provide a base to house the glue. It might even be possible to cut the flex pipe itself so as to eliminate the roof jack and the box. The dryer vent could also be installed through the wall eliminating the need for the plywood filler for the window.

Chuck Perry

RRFF Annual Picnic

Saturday, June 16, 2001

Galvin Park by the Casting Pond - 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

BBQ - Friendly Casting Competitions - Family Fun

Mark your calendars!

BBQ served between noon and 1 p.m.

Bring your own lawn chair - Helpers gladly accepted - Call me

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Webmaster: Scott Lewis (527-9168)

NCC/FFF Representative: Open

Membership Coordinator: Rick Baker (545-8860)

Fly Tying: Terry Faris (539-4354)

Club Outings: Open

The Escape

Yes ... I needed to fish. That is the bottom line. So I picked an area and said go. Owens Valley it is and early in the season with runoff possibilities and weather issues. I had a 3 wt rod recently built by jfinet and I was really ready to test it out. Over Sonora Pass on a lovely afternoon and down into the valley with the first night's stay at Sonora Bridge Campground. Warm ... summerlike weather ... sitting out in the evening and watching the stars ... smoking a little Pipe. This was going to be a trip where each day would find me in a different spot ... so no tent ... simple ... the mattress in the Subaru ... screen for a window ... easy. Next morning I visited Bridgeport for breakfast and then over to the East Walker for a little fun. And fun was the key word ... the fish were there ... taking nymphs but also taking hoppers (good memories) and flying ants ... 10 fish day with fish ranging from 14 to 20" ... 6x tippet ... 3 wt rod ... dry fly ... 20" brown ... now does it get better than this? Next day I drove down to Hot Creek area ... and spent a lovely day fishing Hot Creek with the high water (runoff) and big crowds

... but the fish were there ... and the cripple callibaetis was the ticket in the am ... and san juan worm in the pm. I was a little surprised at the crowds ... campgrounds full! Invasion of the Southern California fisherfolks! Yet the weather was perfect ... and the scenery was spectacular as always. Next day I found myself back at East Walker where the action was fast and furious. Big crowds this day (Sun) and I had thoughts of bait fishermen shoulder to shoulder. Yet the fish were there ... and they responded to drag free drifts and 8x tippets ... well ... heehee ... actually 6x was fine and the flying ant both on the surface and drowned did the trick! Spent the night at Paha Campground near Twin Lakes and had a great hike up to the lake and enjoyed the evening siting on a rock on the lakeshore watching the sippers sip ... lovely. When the weather and the fishing is good ... go for it! So the next day I returned to E Walker and had a blast with dries and nymphs ... with the 18" cut providing the biggest battle ... along with several other browns and a fat rainbow. Water levels were perfect for wading and the water was clear. You could see the fish inspecting your offerings ... and often rejecting ... for what

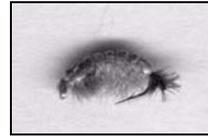
reason I don't know ... perfectly tied bugs! Yes ... anyway ... another lovely day in the high desert and lots of fish around. Fewer people as it was Monday ... quiet. After a great day of fishing ... it was time to move on and I drove to Carson City before fading into dreamland. Next morning it was up and over the pass to Tahoe and over to the Little Truckee ... one of my favorite spots. This early I was expecting runoff to be high and fishing difficult ... but the river level was almost at summer levels and the fishing was great. My favorite spot produced a few 15" rainbows as always ... caddis pupas ... and then it was off on a hike in this beautiful valley looking for more action. And the next riffle downstream I landed an 18" rainbow who was not pleased to be disturbed ... and was grateful for the gentle release at the end of the fight. 6 hours of fun and the sky started signaling the end of a day's fishing .. with billowing clouds and lightening ... and a gentle rain. Good trip. 3 hour drive home and back to the ranch for more labor ... while dreaming of the next trip. Fall? Hat? Upper Sac? BC? Well ... somewhere!

The Editor



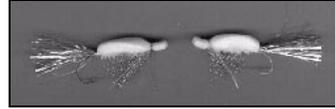
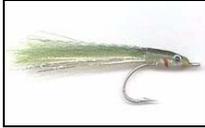
Fly Tying Meeting!

Don's Miss the Fun



The July 11th meeting this year will be a fly tying meeting with 10 tiers creating all kinds of great bugs! Knot tying will also be demonstrated at this meeting. If you or someone you know are interested in learning to tie, come out for this meeting. Instruction will be available. If you have some tying materials you never use, and want to share, bring them! There will be a swap table manned (peopled?) by Margi Major. Bring your donations for the swap table. This will be great fun!

Terry Faris



Welcome New Members!

I wanted to extend a warm welcome to the following new members:

Tom Bertolli

Bill Matthews

Bill & Jennifer Crabtree

I hope to get a chance to meet each of you at the Picnic on the 16th! Myself, as well as the Board of Directors, are always open to answer any questions you may have about the club, casting, and fishing. Feel free to ask away or join us on the RRF website message board.

Tight Lines!

Rick Baker

Membership Coordinator

CLASSIFIED

8 Ft. Fiberglass Skiff (Columbia)

New oars and dolly

\$400

Call Scott @ (707) 527-9168

or E-mail slewis95407@email.msn.com

12' Aluminum Boat

Complete with trailer

Lowe's

\$450

Call John @ (707) 938-4116

or E-mail jfinet@vom.com

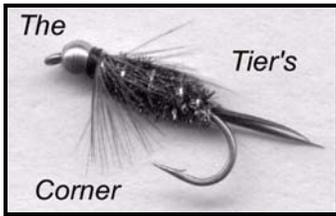
Orvis Impregnated Split Bamboo Fly Rod

SN #341XX, Built 1962

7.5 ft, 6 wt, 2 tips, tube and sock

Very good condition \$550 ... Selling for local widow

Jim Cramer @ 875-2912 or jimc@monitor.net



Fluff Butt

Materials Needed:

- Hook: Mustad 9672 size 10 or 12
- Bead: 4 mm silver
- Wing: Ultra or super hair (light color), silver flash-a-bou, darker ultra hair or super hair
- Tail: Marabou
- Thread: Color of body
- Body: Metallic braid

Tying Instructions:

Best color combinations of metallic braid/marabou are: Pearl/chartreuse, Black/Black, and Black/Chartreuse.

1. Bend the front of the hook (about two eye lengths) 45 degrees up toward the point. Smash barb and slide the bead up onto the bent part, gravity will hold it in place for now.
2. Tie in the marabou tail, length equal to the length of the hook shank.
3. Tie in braid and wrap toward tail, giving it a slightly increasing tapered look.
4. Tie off braid behind bead. Apply several drops of flexament, epoxy, or nail polish to the body for a great look. Don't glue the marabou tail.

Part of the success of the fly stems from the 90 degree bend in the hook. It maintains a horizontal plane. While Fishing under a strike indicator, look for the slightest movement for the bite.

Special Requests or Questions? Contact Terry Faris



OUTDOOR PRO SHOP, INC
6315 Commerce Blvd. Rohnert Park
CA 94928-2404

Phone: 707/598-8032 Fax: 707/598-8035



WESTERN SPORT SHOP
2790 Santa Rosa Ave. Santa Rosa
CA, 95407
Bus: 707/542-4432 Fax: 707/542-4437

FLY FISHING ETC.

#7 Petaluma Blvd. North
Petaluma, CA 94952
707.762.3073 Fax-762-0739

e-mail-ftabor7657@aol.com • web-FlyFishingEtc.Com

Fernando and Elizabeth Jabor, (owners)

Petaluma Flyfishing 101 Thursday Sessions

Lee Soares has volunteered to conduct casual Thursday sessions on flyfishing techniques, gear, knot tying, bug tying, pole building, and casting. These sessions are set up by appointment with Lee (762-7649) and could include kids age 6 and up as well as adults. This is a very generous offer of Lee's time to share his significant experience. If you want to improve some aspect of your fly fishing experience ... contact Lee and he will share his experience!

ers who use e-mail

esses to be used for club announcements. If you would like to be t Lewis (slewis95407@email.msn.com), Scott will periodically sage and use it to 'reply to all' when you have an announcement

Coming Events

June

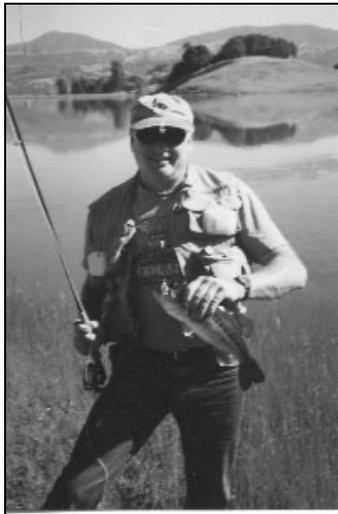
Membership Meeting None
Board Meeting 6/20
Casting Clinic Thursdays 4-6 pm
June Picnic 6/16 - Save your appetite!

July

Membership Meeting 7/11 - Tying Meeting!
Board Meeting 7/18
Casting Clinic Thursdays 4-6pm
Season Closer - Oct 12-14th - Upper Sac

BASS CLINIC IS A SUCCESS!

The club held its first Bass Clinic in May of this year. There were 35 members who attended the seminar and 18 came out to try their techniques at the Club Lake. Just about everyone caught bass or bluegill. The club would like to thank all who attended and a special thanks to Noel Plum for speaking, Terry Faris for tying flies, Rick Baker for allowing us to use his club house and the folks at the Club Lake for allowing us to fish (and special thanks to Tom Lynn for organizing this great event ... Editor). We all had a good time and hope we will be able to put on another clinic in the future. So ... if you have any ideas for a clinic ... please contact the Board of Directors. Thanks ... Tom Lynn



Casting Pond Clinic

Thursdays ... 4 to 6 pm



Location: Casting Pond Dan Galvin Park at the intersection of Bennett Valley Road and Yulupa. The City has come to the realization that dogs and the casting pond will not work. The City will close the park to dogs. Don't forget that the Casting Pond Clinics will be held each Thursday afternoon now through the rest of the summer ... 4 pm to 6 or 7 pm. Scottie

RRFF Website

www.members.tripod.com/~RRFlyFisher/index.html or www.rrff.tsx.org

E-Mail: slewis95407@email.msn.com

Raffle Donations!

Our Raffle Chairperson has requested that anyone with some extra equipment/gear who would like to donate such for one of the club raffles ... please contact Lee Smith. All donations are welcome and will help generate revenue for the club to help fund events like the Opener ... Bass Clinic ... etc. Now ... I must have something in that closet that someone would like! Editor

Remember the Opener!



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



Address correction requested

Russian River Fly Fishers Membership Application

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Occupation _____

Home Phone _____ Work Phone _____

E-mail Address _____ Signature _____



Please mark one of the following categories:

I apply as a new member: _____(Single membership - \$40 annual dues)

_____(Family membership - \$45 annual dues)

_____(Junior membership - \$25 annual dues)

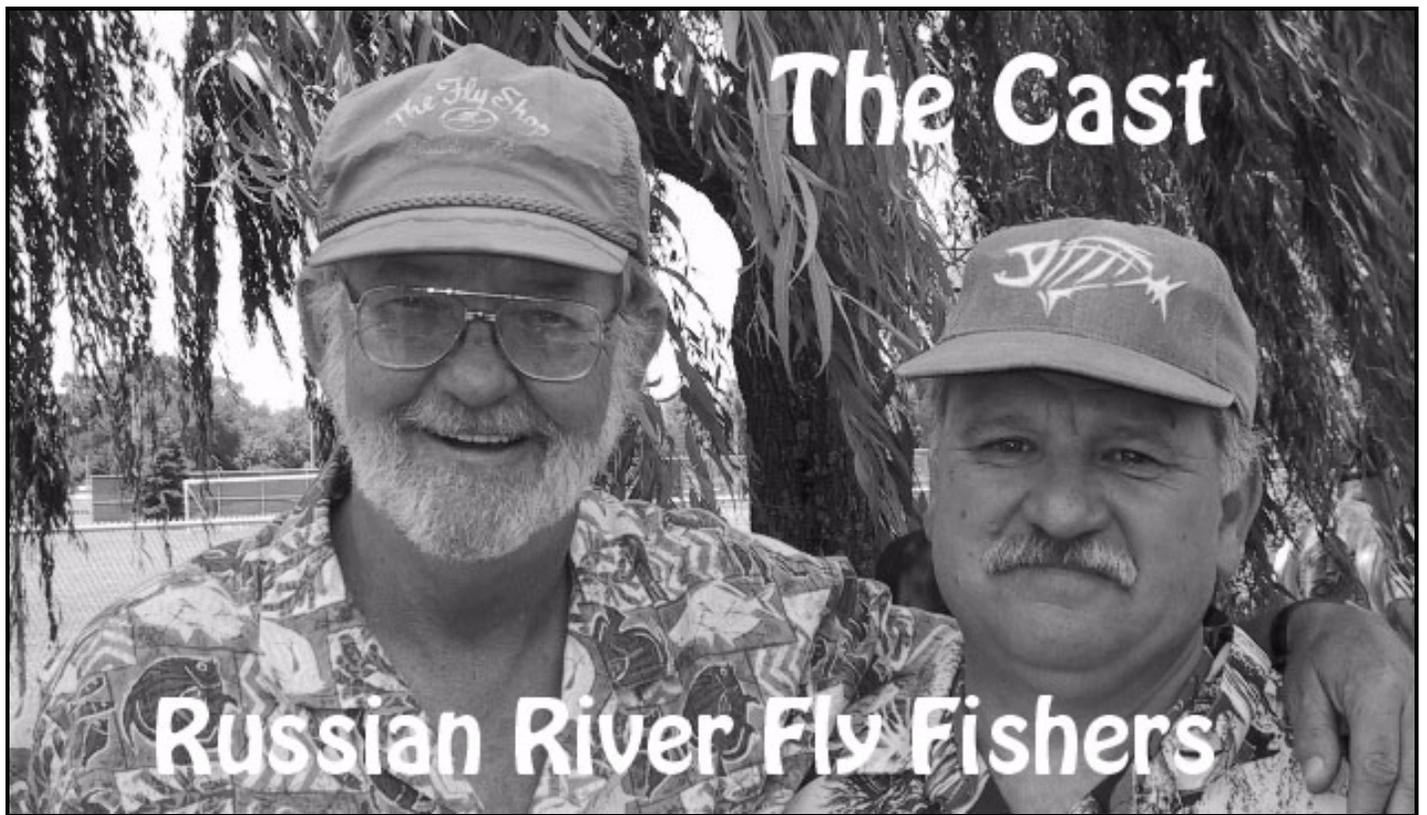
Existing membership renewal: _____(Single membership - \$40 annual dues payable July 1st)

_____(Family membership - \$45 annual dues payable July 1st)

_____(Junior membership - \$25 annual dues payable July 1st)

Dues, paid by a new member joining the RRF after March 30th, will cover the balance of the current fiscal year and also the following fiscal year's dues.

**Please mail this application and your check payable to:
Russian River Fly Fishers, P.O. Box 2673, Santa Rosa, CA 95405**



Volume 26 Number 7 July 2001

For July 2001

Fly Tying Meeting This Month!

Major Notes: Paul Major

Well gang, this will be my last opportunity to address you as Prez of the RRFF, (I'm writing this on June 26th so technically I'm still President). Steve Tubbs takes over the job on July 1st and I go back to serving on the BOD and being Treasurer.

I've enjoyed being your Acting President this past year and I want to thank all of you for the enthusiasm, cooperation and helpfulness you have shown during my unexpected term of office. We've all missed Bob Neill, our President Elect, and have wished so very much that he was here with us still. His death last May left a void in our club and in our lives that is incalculable.

Meanderings: Steve Tubbs

Hey...I'm back (by popular default)! Thanks to all who "cast their ballots", punctuated by tight loops, with only minimal coercion on my part as you were ambushed while entering our May General Meeting. I'm happy to see that over 25% of the membership voted...a

For those of you who missed being at the Club Picnic on June 16th, in addition to the great food, casting activities, sitting in the shade with good friends, and a great raffle, you missed one of the rare moments in our Club life. As one of my last acts as President, I had the great privilege of presenting the award of Life Membership in the RRFF, (decided unanimously by the Board of Directors), to Scotty Broome. Life Membership is the highest honor and expression of gratitude we can give a Club member for extraordinary service and dedication, and I can think of no one who deserves it more than Scotty. Congratulations Scooter, and thanks again for all you have done for all of us over the years!

new record. Could say something for "sign-up sheet" as ballot...?

I would like to extend a heartfelt "Thanks" to Paul Major, who graciously volunteered to guide us as President this past year, after the unexpected passing of our elected President, and Life Member, Bob Neill. Paul did a great job

Although the subject may be covered in detail elsewhere in this issue, we should all be aware that the "Dog People" are continuing their campaign to get a portion of the Casting Pond for a doggy park. They are extremely well organized, as those of you who saw the Press Democrat coverage 6/25 of their fundraiser held at the Pond on 6/24 will be aware. Be assured that the BOD is very much on top of this; I sent a letter to Dan Neff at Parks and Rec to the effect that we do not agree to any shared use of the Casting Facility ... that's our position and we're sticking to it. This could shape up to be a fight, but if it does we're prepared for it.

See you at the Fly Tying meeting on July 11th!

of keeping the Board of Directors on track. Once again the presidency, as a two-year term, has been realized - with Paul completing his second term and with me starting mine. At least we were fortunate enough to sneak in a few fishing trips in the meantime.

Congratulations are in order for new Life Member, Scotty Broome. Scott was awarded Life Membership, at our Club Picnic, for his outstanding contributions to our club over the last 6 years.

Although these are far too numerous to fully recount in this short space, he was responsible for obtaining our initial fishing access at Lytton Springs and is currently our liaison with the City Parks & Recreation Department for all matters pertaining to the Casting Pond. Anyone who has attended our club outings knows Scotty for his culinary expertise, jokes and quality good fellowship. His inclusion into the company of our Life Members is a well-deserved honor.

Special "Thanks" to our departing BOD members...and a hearty "Welcome" to our new board members. Chuck Cadman served us admirably in the demanding role of Program Director, and will be followed by new board member Joe Banovich. Ron Gustafson served this past year as Secretary, and is now retiring and moving to the Redding area. (Hope you're progressing well with your recovery, Ron. We've missed you!) Ron has turned his recording duties over to new board member, Andy Mazzanti. Mike Nyholm is

relinquishing his award-winning Youth Program to new board member, Shawn Montoya. Bob Sisson has turned the Casting Pond Chair over to Scotty (although you're still likely to see Bob out there...offering instruction and encouragement) assisted by new board member, Rick Jorgensen, who will direct our casting instruction. In addition, new board members Ray Grijalva and Tim Reuling will serve as "Directors at Large" – meaning that they will lend assistance wherever and whenever it is needed.

We have been fortunate. Our Board of Directors has been very strong for a number of years now. As a result, we are a dynamic and growing club that reflects the energies of those individuals. I extend my deepest thanks to all of you who are leaving the board for your *many* years of service to our club. I'm looking forward to working with our new board members, our returning board members and with our club membership for the next year.

Finally, the Club Picnic was an outstanding success...due largely to the efforts of Events Chairperson, Marji Major. Marji cooked the food and

organized everything, so "hat's off" to her for all of her efforts and thanks to everyone else who pitched in as well. I know Nick had a good time!

It's summer...let's go fishing! July's general meeting is our Fly-tying Meeting, organized by Fly-tying Chairman Terry Faris (with the help of Tom Lynn). This is traditionally a very informative evening and there will be a number of talented fly-tiers presenting some of their favorite flies. If you're not off fishing somewhere, don't miss this event! At that time, I'll be plying the waters of Yellowstone National Park, but our new Vice President, Rick Baker, will lead everyone into summer. Remember that there is no meeting in August...so I look forward to comparing notes (and "fish stories") with all of you in September.

Have a great summer!

Steve Tubbs



Attention

The deadline for submission of newsletter material, classifieds, etc., is 5 days after the date of the Board Meeting. Board members and interested guests note that the Board Meetings are held the 3rd Wednesday each month at 7 pm, Round Table Pizza, Montgomery Village, unless notified otherwise.

2001/2002 Russian River Fly Fishers Board of Directors

President: Steve Tubbs

Secretary: Andy Mazzanti

Membership Database: Steve Tubbs (765-1787)

Casting Pond: Scott Broome (575-5993)

Newsletter Editor: John Iding (938-4116) (jfinet@vom.com)

Treasurer: Paul Major

Youth Activities: Shawn Montoya

Outings: Scott Broome (575-5993)

Conservation: Rodger Magill (876-3308)

Raffle Chairperson: Lee Smith (538-0706)

Casting Instruction: Rick Jorgensen

Vice President: Rick Baker

Program Director: Joe Banovich

Special Events Chairperson: Marji Major

Lake Captain: Tom Lynn (538-4366)

Webmaster: Scott Lewis (527-9168)

Membership Coordinator: Rick Baker (545-8860)

Fly Tying: Terry Faris (539-4354)

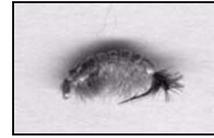
Director at Large: Ray Grijalva

Director at Large: Tim Reuling

Fly Tying Meeting!

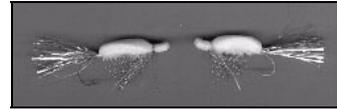


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Terry Faris



In a Nutshell

There are times when I wish to compress my world, to lay everything out before me and condense it to a manageable festival of nature, complete in itself but of sufficient "smallness" so as not to leave me sore, drained and bereft of energy. These times don't involve big rivers, oceans, lakes; waters where the very act of engaging them requires a commitment to a level of involvement that revisits one at day's end, stamping its mark on weary muscles and battered fortitude. Instead, they invite one to repose, to gentle enjoyment and participation in simple pastime. They are times that encourage the voyage of thought, the tranquil appreciation of beauty, a lazy immersion into habitat and action that sparks creativity, imagination and subtle interaction.

This compressed world surely engages, yet leaves only enjoyment...highlighting with pleasant appreciation the many wonders it affords while minimizing physical discomfort. It is a wonderful environment, a microcosm of larger worlds that offers as much in benefit and fulfillment - yet whose very smallness tempers the negative and renders it small as well. I am drawn to these enjoyments, occasionally, to touch a peaceful afternoon of simple pleasure. I find restful solace in hiking through waist-high grasses, wading through bogs, standing quietly on streamside bluffs watching the meandering of small waters winding their way across secluded valleys. I find engagement in watching the rises of small

trout as they dart from beneath overhanging banks, feed in dark, swirling eddies and abandon caution in small runs barely two feet deep.

The Yellowstone country offers both: these "compressed realities" as well as the more demanding and physically taxing "big waters". Many years ago, when my family's summer stays were situated at the Bridge Bay Campground on Yellowstone Lake, there was an old-timer who spoke affectionately of the small water. He despised crowds and would often tell us, "Stay away from those big rivers where everyone goes...the Yellowstone, the Firehole, the Madison, the Lamar! Instead, seek out the small feeder creeks and the little streams. There, you will get away from everyone else and find an enjoyment that you cannot find fishing in crowds. The fish are there...go find them!" Although paraphrased, that was the gist of it. "Get off the beaten path". He took a liking to my sister and he often shared his experience; this man of nearly eighty years who lived summers in an army surplus tent, tying flies when he wasn't off in search of small waters himself. He was a gentleman...a utilitarian fly tier...and a man who had spent many years in the Yellowstone backcountry. After his wife's death..."Pokey" preferred spending his summers in the Park above anywhere else. His age, and the harshness of the winter, were the only reasons he didn't stay year round, these both forcing him to warmer climates and an annual migration south.

My sister and I were just learning the nuances of fly-fishing, having been raised in a spin-fishing family. I had made the defection first - and in my early zeal to learn all I could about my new passion, had built fly rods for myself and for my sister and father. While my father was slow to give up the spinning rod, my sister eagerly accepted the nudging and immersed herself in learning to fly fish. She sought out Pokey's campfire counsel and shared it with all of us...and she and I began to go in search of small waters ourselves.

We enjoyed the seclusion of Tower Creek, hiking over deadfall and through the rich, pine forest as we plied glistening pools and riffles with small nymphs and dry flies. We coerced beautiful brookies to our nets, the large fish running 7-8 inches, true monsters in the little pools and pocket water of that tumbling creek. Closer to camp, we hiked the upper Gibbon River and its headwaters below Grebe Lake, marked by a barely discernible trail departing from roadside at what appeared to be nothing more than a drainage culvert. Yet once away from the asphalt, slipping down into the little valley just north of it, one could see the first aspirations of the Gibbon River snaking it's way through spongy meadow and islands of grass. It was nothing more than a stream at this point...only a few feet wide at most. If you were to blink, as you whisked by on the road above, you'd miss it!

In the years since then, this has become one of my favorite small streams. I have

fished it many times with my sister and more recently with my son. Rarely do we encounter other anglers, usually finding a private, circuitous route through high meadow for as far as we care to walk. The trail itself does not converge with the water until a point just above the meadow, maybe a mile from the nearest car. There the trail splits, and the lesser branch moves streamside into a small canyon, following the rushing water as it scrambles over a stone-littered bottom and around fallen trees, moving upstream through the forest until its end at a beautiful, shaded pool curtained by a splendid waterfall. The main trail continues up the ridgeline of the canyon, affording a birds-eye view of the falls and access to the stream section and ultimately Grebe Lake, above.

This entire landscape appears as if in three-quarters scale, like the crafted closeness of Main Street in Disneyland, offering a personal and more intimate glimpse of what can be found on a much grander scale further downstream. It has the immediacy of a Japanese garden; a miniature river complete with falls, pools, riffles and runs, cutting back on itself in winds and turns...carving miniature canyons...cascading impressively over 20 foot ledges into miniature pools...meandering through narrow, shallow valleys rimmed with lodgepole pine. Within only a mile and a half of distance, the entire river is captured in a nutshell.

Reflecting this, a few miles away the full-size river enters the Gibbon Meadows, a large, wide valley with miles of open grasses usually speckled with herds of elk. Still further down, it cuts through the canyon section, spilling dramatically beside roadside spectators over the Gibbon Falls. After the "ooohs" and "aaahs", it splashes wildly between constrictive walls of rock, moves swiftly over shallow runs, until it finds itself, once again, in a last section of meadow reverie before its final confluence with the Firehole and Madison Rivers at Madison Junction. At this point, the Gibbon River is at its largest, a much bigger and more difficult water than the tiny stream above the culvert. Yet, captured within that intimate headwater section miles above, those very same attributes that define the big river exist in reduced scale, to be enjoyed in the leisure of an afternoon on foot.

Despite its diminutive size, the upper reaches of the Gibbon offer challenging fishing – oftentimes the challenge being simply to catch something over 5" long. In these waters, the kamikaze frenzy of brilliantly spotted 4" insect-torpedoes is a lot of fun...especially for those fly fishers new to the sport or young enough that "catching" takes precedence over all else. These voracious "small-fry" have a proclivity (and propensity) to become airborne (if one "sets-up" on them a little too vigorously), transforming themselves, with a simple tug, into a surface-to-air trout missile...at which point one is required to do a little gardening while searching the bank for "moving grass". The tougher trick...the real game...is to place the fly where the bigger fish have a sporting shot at it... perhaps nestled tight against the overhanging bank...even dropping off the grass at water's edge...to alight delicately in the shadows barely inches from shore...drag free, of course. This is where the challenge comes for the experienced fisherman...testing knowledge of where the bigger fish hold and exercising demanding techniques to take those fish, before the fly can be molested by the foolhardiness and reckless abandon of the brazen young.

With skill, the 7"-10" fish can be sometimes fooled...and with a little luck, the rare 11" trophy. Although mostly brookies, there are equally beautiful rainbows in this water and at one time (during one of my first visits, years ago) a 6" grayling found my fly (surely vacationing in the small waters before returning to Grebe Lake). In recent years, however, the grayling have been absent and, noting their proclivity for pure water and their sensitivity to imbalances in the river ecosystem, it may be that they are no longer in the headwater section at all and are now limited only to the lake itself.

This is bear country...as well as elk, bison and deer. The entire Canyon Village area, and the mountain ridges around it, is prime grizzly bear and black bear habitat. In June and July, small groups of bull bison (outcasts from the large herds in Hayden Valley) also bivouac in this area...venting their wild-eyed frustrations, and obviously itchy noggins, on young trees and creating dust bowls as they violently roll to dislodge their matted winter coats. The presence of a bison (or two) makes the secluded upper Gibbon valley considerably smaller...and can often limit just how far into the meadows

one may be willing to go. While there is something picturesque about fishing a small stream while a great bull elk (or bison) rests only 100 yards away...it becomes something closer to frightening when that "Kodak moment" decides you're too close, gets up and wants to talk to you about it. Some days you just have to leave the wild to the wild.

In recent years, I've introduced my son, Nick, to this picturesque stream. We've spent hours on its twists and turns, only to look up and find that we're no more than a quarter-mile from the car. A few years ago, when Nick was at the first stage of learning to fly cast, we used a short line and a size 18 dry fly. We found that fly patterns didn't matter much, but size determined whether you would catch more fish than you could count...or just as many fish as you could barely count. In quick time, Nick learned to keep his back-casts high and out of the weeds (eventually) and how to make a short line cast. He learned how to dry his fly by false casting (much easier than applying floatant every ten minutes) and he learned to roll-cast his line upstream at the end of a drift. He learned to track his fly while it drifted and he learned to mend line (also discovering that a thoroughly effective technique was to just drag the fly across the surface or, better yet, just let it skate on the surface at the end of the drift...nothing easier! Of course, that technique limited his chances of hooking the larger fish). After that first visit, the upper Gibbon became one of Nick's favorite spots too...and we make a point of visiting it a few times every year that we're in the Park.

Nick's fly-fishing skills are now much improved over his first visits to these waters. Last year, we fished the lower Gibbon meadow section, just above Madison Junction. The intimacy was missing, the water being much bigger than the headwaters, and the fishing was slow. This area gets pressured heavily as it is only a short distance (a few miles at most) from campgrounds at Madison Junction and from the Madison and Firehole Rivers. After an hour or so of walking and casting, raising only a few fish, we loaded our fly rods into the truck and headed once again for the upper headwater's meadow.

We parked near the trailhead, barely glimpsing the small valley as it opened to the north. This time, however, we

ventured south of the “half-round” section of pipe (that passes the flow beneath the road) into a longer, wider valley where the stream spreads out a little more and grows in size, with the addition of numerous feeder creeks draining from the surrounding ridges. There are picnic areas along the roadway, and vehicle turnouts for fisherman, so it receives a little more pressure than the hidden section above – due largely to the fact that the water is glistening never far from the road and always in full view of motorists. We had a great afternoon. The fish were not as ridiculously carefree...and their wariness required more stealth and technique on our part. We split up and “hop-scotched” each other for about a mile, spending about 3 hours on the water. Occasionally, we had to share space with other fisherman, but they were mainly just “wetting a line” after lunch or taking a fishing break for a few minutes while the rest of the family waited at roadside. We caught plenty of trout, the largest a 9” rainbow, in the winding course of an easy streamside hike...and leisurely enjoyed the pristine high-mountain meadow country on a mid-summer afternoon.

I find it absolutely amazing how many perfectly healthy people visit our natural parks and never leave the asphalt or “wheelchair accessible” highly maintained boardwalks. If one is willing to hike a little, one can leave 95% of the park’s “goggle-eyed” human population...that percentage increasing with each mile walked off-road. The few people that one might encounter in the backcountry are, for the most part, a different breed than the asphalt-bound car-tour types, having traded in their

wide-eyed wonderment for an educated experience that appreciates the truly priceless and unusual gifts of nature. Their appreciation is one born of knowledge, one that knows a raccoon is not “a giant squirrel”, a marmot is not “a ground squirrel” and that the animals in the park are not there “for one to pet” (or for “photo opportunities” encircled by the entire family). They are often trail wise, considerate and are as interested as you are in seclusion and privacy, a trait that often makes them easy to share an area with when total solitude is simply not an option.

It is not hard to find relative, or complete, seclusion if you’re willing to “go mobile”. As Pokey used to say, “Get away from all those people...get into the backcountry.” It is simply an incongruity to me that so many people tour our wilderness sanctuaries annually, yet never venture from the areas most heavily influenced and dominated by man. I’m not complaining...actually, I couldn’t be happier. The fact that most visitors never venture into the backcountry affords the rest of us the opportunity to “lose the crowds” with minimal effort. It also preserves these areas from the blind trampling of the uncaring curious who, if given the opportunity, would just as soon view these wonders on a video screen, from the comfort of an armchair immersed in the audio barrage of surround sound. Their disinterest enables us to find those places, those “compressed realities” like the upper Gibbon headwaters, where we can relax and tap into a semblance of what it might have been like when Lewis and Clark first explored these valleys and mountains almost 200 years ago.

They are out there, “off the beaten path” and “far from the madding crowd”...sanctuaries where we can escape the industrial and technological “betterment” that we seem to inflict, as a species, on our environments. Secluded valleys, winding streams, mountain lakes, small creeks and ponds tucked away from the casual observer and awaiting discovery. They offer solitude, spark quiet appreciation, encourage reflection and provide solace...touching a primal part of each of us that is less removed from our natural world. The balm of these places is one of the reasons I fly fish; an art that, at its finest, demands participation in this environment...awareness of nuance...attention to the interactions of water, sunlight, stone and soothingly beautiful riparian habitat. It fosters immersion in nature’s rhythm...respect for its interactive dance. For me, the finest gems are right there under our noses, hidden from common view but only a footstep away. We don’t wear ourselves out to find them, they don’t demand much once found. They offer only simple beauty, relaxation and enjoyment. They bring escape and release from the jumble of egocentric creation that hides these simple wonders from so much of our daily lives. I find that to spend a day...or an hour...in these secluded gardens refreshes my soul. It helps to peel away the external layers of self-importance, and to reconnect me briefly to an unspoiled world that exists beyond our control.

Steve Tubbs

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New oars and dolly
\$400

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or E-mail slewis95407@email.msn.com

12’ Aluminum Boat

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Orvis Impregnated Split Bamboo Fly Rod

SN#341XX, Built 1962 - 7.5’, 6 wt - 2 tips - tube and sock
Very good condition \$550 ... Selling for local widow
Jim Cramer @ 875-2912 or jimc@monitor.net

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Shad Fly



Materials Needed:

- Hook: Mustad size 6
- Beadchain: Sized for hook
- Wing: Ultra or super hair (light color), silver flash-a-bou, darker ultra hair or super hair
- Tail: Any kind of flash material
- Thread: Color of body
- Body: Nylon needle craft yarn
- Wing: Same as body

Tying Instructions:

1. Start thread 1/8 inch back of eye of hook, wrap to hook bend back to tie in.
2. Place beadchain at tie in point and crosswrap eyes in place.
3. Wrap thread back, stopping above hook point. Tie in tail material, extending shank length out back of hook.
4. Tie off at hook bend. If you get bites and are not hooking up, cut tail shorter.
5. Tie in body material starting at hook point, tie back to hook bend and wrap thread up to eye. Wrap Nylon body material in close wraps to eye and figure eight body material around eyes, ending up in front of eyes, put in two half hitches or whips, leaving about 1/2 in of material extending out over the eye, for the wing. Bring material back between the eyes and tie off with whip finish or half hitches.
6. Tie down wing in front of eyes. Whip finish, and tie off thread. The Nylon material should be extending up, between eyes 1/2 inch.
7. Coat back of eye with head cement or clear fingernail polish. end the front of the hook (about two eye lengths) 45 degrees up toward the point.

Special Requests or Questions? Contact Terry Faris



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e-mail-ftabor7657@aol.com • web-FlyFishingEtc.Com
Fernando and Elizabeth Jabor, (owners)

Petaluma Flyfishing 101 Thursday Sessions
Lee Soares has volunteered to conduct casual Thursday sessions on flyfishing techniques, gear, knot tying, bug tying, pole building, and casting. These sessions, are set up by appointment with Lee (762-7649) and could include kids age 6 and up as well as adults. This is a very generous offer of Lee's time to share his significant experience. If you want to improve some aspect of your fly fishing experience ... contact Lee and he will share his experience!

Coming Events

<p>July Membership Meeting 7/11 - Tying Meeting! Board Meeting 7/18 Casting Clinic Thursdays 4-6 pm</p>	<p>August Membership Meeting None Board Meeting 8/15 Casting Clinic Thursdays 4-6pm</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Season Closer - Oct 12-14th - Upper Sac</p>
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RRFF Website

www.members.tripod.com/~RRFlyFisher/index.html
or www.rrff.tsx.org

E-Mail: slewis95407@email.msn.com

Members who use e-mail!

We are compiling a list of members with e-mail addresses to be used for club announcements. If you would like to be included on this list, send an e-mail message to Scott Lewis (slewis95407@email.msn.com). Scott will periodically send out an updated list to the group ... save the message and use it to 'reply to all' ... when you have an announcement for membership ... Editor

The Picnic was great fun!













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



Address correction requested

Russian River Fly Fishers Membership Application

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Occupation _____

Home Phone _____ Work Phone _____

E-mail Address _____ Signature _____



Please mark one of the following categories:

I apply as a new member:

- ___(Single membership - \$40 annual dues)
- ___(Family membership - \$45 annual dues)
- ___(Junior membership - \$25 annual dues)

Existing membership renewal:

- ___(Single membership - \$40 annual dues payable July 1st)
- ___(Family membership - \$45 annual dues payable July 1st)
- ___(Junior membership - \$25 annual dues payable July 1st)

Dues, paid by a new member joining the RRF after March 30th, will cover the balance of the current fiscal year and also the following fiscal year's dues.

Dues run from July 1st to June 30th

**Please mail this application and your check payable to:
Russian River Fly Fishers, P.O. Box 2673, Santa Rosa, CA 95405**



Volume 26 Number 8 August 2001

For August 2001

Dues are due!

Meanderings: Steve Tubbs

Already August, and we're well into it...both summer and another trout season. This is a down month for the RRFF; no general meeting although the BOD will meet at Scotty Broome's for a barbecue and Russian River access tour. This will be held on a Sunday afternoon...exact date and time not determined as I write this, but hopefully posted elsewhere in this issue.

Otherwise, I will be phone-calling the board members once again...

It has been an interesting summer so far. Last month, the Board of Directors was approached at our monthly meeting by Dan Neff (SR Parks & Recreation Superintendent) and Bob Dumas (representing the dog park interests). They presented a proposal to build a new dog park in the (soccer field sidelines) area

adjacent to our Casting Facility, with a portion of it extending into the northwest corner of the casting area (the area by the north gate and under the trees). The board reviewed this proposed site at the following Thursday's Casting session...made some alterations to the area involved...and presented our counter-offer to Dan and Bob last week, resulting in an agreement between all parties.

A portion of the existing casting area fence will be altered to allow the dogs to use the northwest corner (the area under the trees). At its closest point to the pond, the fence will be approx. 100 feet from the water (at the northwest corner) but moves substantially away from the pond after that to join with the fence along the golf course. As this area is unusable for casting purposes anyway, the

board felt that this compromise would be in the best interests of all parties and will hopefully help secure the future of our Casting Facility for many years to come. As a result of this change, there will now be no north gate entrance into the casting area and signs will be posted directing all fly casters to the south entrance near our storage shed and parking area.

Also at the Casting Facility, Boy Scout Scott Allen delivered 5 redwood picnic tables as part of a merit badge project. Scott coordinated the construction and design of the tables and presented them to us at last Thursday's casting session. We would like to thank Scott for all of his efforts and have invited him, and other interested Scouts, to join us at our Thursday casting sessions as well as at our next general meeting in

September. The RRFF Casting Facility (at the southeast corner of Dan Galvin Park) is open to the public and the RRFF conducts free casting instruction every Thursday evening during daylight savings time. If anyone is interested in obtaining instruction, please contact RRFF Pond Captain, Scott Broome, to make sure someone is available to work with you.

I understand that the July Fly-tying meeting was once again a success, thanks to the efforts of Fly Tying Chairman Terry Faris, to Tom Lynn and to the many tiers who donated their time and considerable skills to give demonstrations. As this is an event, which traditionally presents the talents of our own club members, it is always inspiring to see the level of talent that exists among our membership. Thanks to all of you who participated.

On a personal note, my Yellowstone adventure this year was a little more “adventuresome” than in years past. On the 4th of July (actually the dawning of the 5th – it was around midnight)...as we were returning from 4th festivities in

Jackson, WY...my parents, Nick and I struck and killed a bison as it ran across the road below Grand Teton National Park. Luckily, we were in my Expedition and there were no injuries to any of the human participants (other than a few scrapes and bruises). We were following another car at just over 50 MPH when the bison ran across the road between us from the opposite side of the highway. He almost made it...I saw him for only a second before impact, not enough time to do anything except guide the Expedition off the road after propelling the 2,000 lbs. bison into the ditch alongside. At present, the Expedition is under repair in Jackson (almost \$15,000.00 damage) and I hope to claim it sometime later this month. Perhaps I can turn that exchange into some mid-summer fishing in the YNP area...?

Once the transportation problems were handled...the remainder of our YNP stay was more pleurably eventful. Nick and I fished for eight days and found some spectacular action for browns, brookies, rainbows, cutthroats and grayling. I’m sure some of those forays will find their way into future *Cast* articles, so I won’t belabor them

now. All in all, it was a great trip...we canoed...hiked (“off the beaten path” – Nick counted 35 miles in all)...and fished areas where we were, for the most part, the only ones there. Lewis River Channel, Slough Creek, the Madison River, Nez Perce Creek, the upper Gibbon River, Grebe Lake...we visited some old favorites and discovered some new waters as well.

This is August, our fishing month. There will be no RRFF general meeting. Instead, schedule those fishing trips...get away to sparkling waters, beautiful lakes and rivers...capture for yourselves some of those moments that will provide you sustenance around next winter’s fires. When we see each other again in September, I look forward to sharing those adventures with you. Have a safe summer and enjoy those beautiful places.

Steve Tubbs



Attention

The deadline for submission of newsletter material, classifieds, etc., is **5 days** after the date of the Board Meeting. Board members and interested guests note that the Board Meetings are held the 3rd Wednesday each month at 7 pm, Round Table Pizza, Montgomery Village, unless notified otherwise.

August Board Meeting

The August Board meeting will be held at Scott and Debbie Broome’s home (call for directions) on August 19th at 4 pm. Tentative plans are to meet up at the new River access at 2 pm for a quick tour. Details of the River meeting location are still being worked out (call Scott for details).

Dues are Due

Just a reminder that dues are due as the new fiscal year starts July 1st ... mail those checks now and save the club some postage for billings... renewal forms are on last page of CAST. Editor

2001/2002 Russian River Fly Fishers Board of Directors

President: Steve Tubbs

Secretary: Andy Mazzanti

Membership Database: Steve Tubbs (765-1787)

Casting Pond: Scott Broome (575-5993)

Newsletter Editor: John Iding (938-4116) (jfinet@vom.com)

Treasurer: Paul Major

Youth Activities: Shawn Montoya

Outings: Scott Broome (575-5993)

Conservation: Rodger Magill (876-3308)

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Lake Captain: Tom Lynn (538-4366)

Webmaster: Scott Lewis (527-9168)

Membership Coordinator: Rick Baker (545-8860)

Fly Tying: Terry Faris (539-4354)

Director at Large: Ray Grijalva

Director at Large: Tim Reuling

Fly Tying Meeting! It was a great success!

The July 11th meeting this year was great fun with 10 folks tying flies of all descriptions! Thanks to the work by Terry Faris and Tom Lynn, all went well. Knot tying was also included and lots was learned. The swap table was a little sparse ... may have to try that again in the future. Editor

Rediscovered Waters

The sun was hours past its zenith as we drove through the canyon, shadows playing across the new asphalt, both sides of the road lined with the bleached, almost skeletal remains of scorched lodgepole pines - still standing after the massive fires of thirteen years ago. As we dropped down alongside the Firehole River, the evidence of those fires spread before us in a vast expanse of leafless trees, a winter scene superimposed over green meadow grasses rather than fields of snow. Scanning the landscape, there were only a few areas that had retained their pre-fire majesty, appearing almost as small island strongholds awash in a gray sea of standing deadfall, areas that had somehow managed to escape the firestorm and were now even more pronounced in their beauty.

There were a few fisherman, an occasional car in a roadside pullout marking a wader-clad angler standing nearby in the river, fly-line snaking through the late afternoon light. In these waters, the "fishing" is always superb, the beauty of even the fire-ravaged, reborn landscape providing peaceful

escape, but experience suggested that "the catching" was probably something less. In July, as the waters of the Firehole River warm with the summer season and with the constant influx of often scalding waters from the upstream geyser basins, the trout begin to move into the cooler waters of the tributary streams. This year, the weather had already been unseasonably warm and, as a result, the area waters were low and the insect hatches considerably ahead of their normal schedule. We saw fishermen, but no evidence of fish.

We moved away from the river at an area of heavy thermal activity, geysers erupting and spilling steaming waters into its flow, onlookers crowding the boardwalks that provide passage through the barren and boiling landscape. The roadway veered off into a wide meadow, with areas of steam still billowing at points along its perimeter. The Firehole River is aptly named. Passing through a stand of (living) trees, we came to a bridge crossing a shallow stream. We turned the car into the pullout that followed.

The first time I fished this tributary stream is now many years ago. I had overheard then, around an evening

campfire, that this creek was worth investigating - especially if one were willing to hike a little. I had taken that advice and explored it soon afterward; finding the fishing to be tough, the fish wary but sizeable and the challenge of "catching" complimented by the beautiful scenery and backcountry thermal areas. We still had a couple of hours until dinner, and I now wanted to reacquaint my son Nick with this remembered gem.

We quickly rigged up, realizing that we only had about an hour to fish. Crossing the bridge, we walked the north bank of the creek, moving into the meadow that opened from the trees east of the road. It had been a warm day, and the afternoon mountain breezes were only now beginning to take the edge off. Using Stimulators, we both plied the waters along the banks - hoping to trick a brookie, a rainbow or even a brown trout with our chosen approximation of a grasshopper. After one slashing refusal, off the opposite bank and just downstream from a small feeder creek, we moved into what looked like a very promising stretch of water.

We fished hard for that hour, changing flies; I even tried nymphing at one point.

I could see the fish as they moved through the pool along the bank...a dozen trout of good size...realizing full well that they could also see me. They weren't playing, evidently used to this game and the wiles of fly fishermen. As evening approached, and the deer flies homed in on our location, we surrendered and hurried back to the car. My objective had been completed. We had sufficiently "primed the pump" for another visit to this water.

Later that evening, after dinner with my parents in their motorhome, I did a little research on this particular tributary...finding that the creek extended much further into the backcountry than I previously had thought. I also found that, as is so often the case, the fishing (and especially the "catching") improves with each mile walked into the wilderness. Additionally, I found that there are two other streams that feed into this creek, a number of miles upstream from where we'd fished, and that both of these have excellent fishing (for sizeable fish) as well. To Nick's dismay (he often balks at the promise of physical exertion), I decided we'd hike into some of this area the following day. We'd explore some new country...and rediscover this water from a different perspective. I knew that he'd warm to the idea once we were on the trail.

The next morning we parked at the suggested trailhead and again rigged up, this time packing a lunch and the necessities for a day in the backcountry. This is prime grizzly bear country, often closed during heavy bear activity, the trail connecting the geyser basin area north of Old Faithful with the Hayden Valley, 25 miles away. Oftentimes the trail itself disappears, midway between the trailheads, a victim of the large herds of bison that wander through this area and often obliterate the man-made path. Reports of hikers getting lost off this trail are plentiful and a yearly occurrence. We wouldn't be heading that far back in...but it was something to consider and, along with the bear warnings, added a little "spice" to our intentions.

We hiked for 2 ½ miles before the trail converged with the creek at a crude "horse bridge", much further upstream than any of my previous forays. We passed a few fishermen (the creek was

never far off although often out of sight), a trio of bison and a number of beautiful thermal areas; some with hot springs steaming at the waters edge. But by the time we rejoined the water, the thermal areas were well behind – as were all other signs of human life except for one fisherman (on his way out) who assured us that he'd seen no one else all morning...and that the fishing was superb. "Grasshoppers", he said. "You'll clobber 'em".

I dug through my fly box, opting again for the Stimulator, and tied one on to each of our leaders. Above the bridge, we began fishing...Nick getting the first hole while I worked upstream to the head of the next small pool. I cast once (on my way upstream) into the tail-out, just above Nick's location, and was rewarded with a splashy rise that left my fly at my feet as I came up empty. I moved upstream, dropping my fly in the last riffle at the head of the pool. As it moved into the slower water, and drifted over a trough maybe four feet deep, a fish rose from the shadows and inhaled.

After a spirited fight, my 3-weight bucking as the fish moved downstream, I landed a nice, fat 11" rainbow, a surprising fish for this small water. Nick was understandably miffed. "You've already got one?" he queried, having watched me release it. "Man!" A few casts later, I was rewarded with another rise and a brief hook-up...the fish, a twin of my previous success, finally throwing the hook as it jumped near the opposite bank. I called Nick over and showed him what to do, relinquishing the hole to his fly rod. Within a few minutes, Nick hooked and landed another fat rainbow, this one only slightly smaller than mine. It, too, made several spirited jumps before being brought to hand and released, a beautifully colored fish that was again surprising in both its size and thickness.

After a few more casts, we moved on, making our way upstream and into a heavily wooded area where the windfall made hiking difficult. We followed the water, trying the pools and the cover presented by fallen trees that littered the stream. This was tough fishing, with snags present at every opportunity – both in the air and in the water. I managed to take a large brookie from beneath a fallen tree, another thick fish of about 10" that seemed sluggish after

the wild antics of the rainbow, but beautifully marked and very healthy. Soon, however, we were worn out with all the climbing over fallen timber and opted to cut through the swaying pines in search of the trail and some easier meadow fishing.

The trail was easy to find, and we continued through the wooded section for another quarter mile, skirting the base of a rocky cliff that conjured images of Indian ambushes (in keeping with the history of the area). Finally, as thunder rolled above and rumbled against the cliffs, we came upon another meadow, much smaller than the previous yet equally inviting. We took cover under the edge of the trees, snacking and taking water, as the thunderheads passed above us. After a few minutes, the rain subsided, the sky lightened and we moved once again into the open.

The rest of the afternoon passed in the same manner as suggested by our first casts above the "horse bridge". We both caught fish, mostly rainbows, only one fish less than 10" (an 8" brookie) and the biggest nearly 12", another beautiful rainbow. We stuck to the open meadow areas, fishing first through the small meadow beyond the cliff, and then hiking a little further through the pines to another narrow meadow that paralleled the trail. We fished the banks, floated our offerings through the pools and skirted them around the cover. Big elk hair flies were the ticket – and, when splashed down on the water's surface, they were close enough to the natural terrestrials that the trout never even paused. Oftentimes, the strike was instantaneous.

When I regretfully broke down my rod, I had landed eight nice fish, lost two more (breaking one off) and missed a number of rises. By late afternoon, Nick had landed four and lost a number of others. Our new perspective of this small creek had been gloriously strengthened...well beyond my pleasant memories of years past.

The cliffs were in shadow as we prepared to hike out, the sun low against the trees far above us. We angled away from the water in search of the trail, planning to walk quickly back to the trailhead while timing our progress...a simple game to help pass time and to take the focus off of our weary muscles. Neither of us had seen anyone since the

prophetic fisherman we had encountered upon our morning arrival. Having no certain idea just how far upstream we'd come, I wanted to make sure that we had plenty of time to hike out before dark. As it turned out, we were only a mile or so from the "horse bridge" (by trail), and we reached our car by 6:00 PM, to witness the evening sun reflecting off the thermal areas and silhouetting the clouds of steam rising across the meadow.

As we approached the car, we walked past the open window of a mini-van that had pulled into the turnout to enjoy the view. "Any fish?" the driver asked, noting our attire.

"Oh, yeah!" we both smiled.

Some of you may know the creek waters reflected in this narrative. If you do, then you will recognize the areas I am

referring to. If you do not, there should be sufficient clues in the text to help you find it if you so wish. As with all special waters, there comes a time when you have to decide whether to name names, or to let others discover for themselves.

Steve Tubbs

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8 Ft. Fiberglass Skiff (Columbia)

New oars and dolly

\$400

Call Scott @ (707) 527-9168

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Orvis Impregnated Split Bamboo Fly Rod

SN#341XX, Built 1962 - 7.5', 6 wt - 2 tips - tube and sock

Very good condition \$550 ... Selling for local widow

Jim Cramer @ 875-2912 or jimc@monitor.net



Green Thingie



Materials Needed:

- Hook: Mustad 94840 size 16
- Hackle: Light Dun
- Wing: Light Coastal Deer
- Rib: Pearl Flashabou
- Thread: Olive
- Body: Olive Antron

Tying Instructions:

1. Tie on rib and dub body
2. Wrap rib and tie off
3. Tie in wing leaving room in front for hackle
4. Dub a little more ahead of wing and tie in and wrap hackle

This is a favorite prospecting fly of mine, and I almost always start with this fly even when no bugs are coming off. It's size and color allow it to pass for a variety of critters. Usually best in fast water. Editor

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Members who use e-mail!

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Save the Club some \$... Receive your CAST by e-mail

We are going to offer the CAST by e-mail beginning in September ... for anyone who would like to receive their CAST early and in color ... and if we get only 20 folks to receive their CAST by e-mail ... we will save the Club \$240+ each year ... to receive your CAST by e-mail ... just send an e-mail message to me (jfinet@vom.com) and I will put you on the list ... and you will receive your CAST in a ZIP file at the beginning of each month ... if you don't like the format or have any troubles ... we can switch you back to regular mail delivery ... so give it a try and save the Club some \$ The Editor

New Members

I would like to take the time to extend a warm welcome to the following new (and returning) members: Brian Harris, Peter Simon, Creed Wood, Clark Johnson, Pat Hogan, Joe Rivera, and Fernando & Liz Tabor. Welcome, and I hope to get a chance to meet you all out on the water to do what we all try to do best ... stand in the water and wave a stick.

I would also like to encourage all members to let the Board of Directors know if there are any special programs you would like to participate in; speakers that you would like to see, or opinions you may have. The Board has been working hard to put on some great programs, and we would like to continue with the momentum that we've got going. Feel free to give me a call and we'll see what we can do.

Tight Lines!

Rick Baker

Membership Coordinator



Sneak preview of new river access to be discussed at the September Membership Meeting ... don't miss it!

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



Address correction requested

Russian River Fly Fishers Membership Application

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Occupation _____

Home Phone _____ Work Phone _____

E-mail Address _____ Signature _____



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Dues, paid by a new member joining the RRF after March 30th, will cover the balance of the current fiscal year and also the following fiscal year's dues.

Dues run from July 1st to June 30th

**Please mail this application and your check payable to:
Russian River Fly Fishers, P.O. Box 2673, Santa Rosa, CA 95405**



Volume 26 Number 9 September 2001

For September 2001

Dues are due and the Closer is coming up!

Meanderings: Steve Tubbs

Wow...it seems like the Opener can't have been four months ago...but as Labor Day approaches, and Nick complains of the prospect of resuming school in another week, I deal with my own loss of yet another summer. There were so many places I wanted to go this year, so many waters I wanted to visit. I look ahead to the next 2 ½ months, realizing that time is running short and feeling that sense of sadness at already being two thirds into another trout season and having spent only insufficient time on the water.

For me, it's been an interesting summer. There were some memorable trips, but since July I've found myself borrowing transportation while waiting for repairs to be completed on my Expedition back in Jackson, WY.

Unfortunately, transportation problems don't readily lend themselves to weekend trips to the Sierra's, or spur of the moment treks to just about anywhere. I've been fortunate to have friends willing to lend me wheels...but feel reluctance about taking those vehicles on weekend journeys to dirt roads and distant waters. Instead, I've stayed close to home, choosing to train my attentions on fall fishing prospects, hoping that soon the call will come and I may find myself airborne for Jackson Hole, fall trout and a road trip back to Petaluma.

Locally, we've had some happenings on the RRFF front this summer. In July, we dealt with the Dog Park issues and came to an agreement with both the City Parks & Rec. Department and with the Dog Park proponents concerning placement of a new

Dog Park adjacent to (and extending into the northwest corner of) our Casting Facility. In August, we toured the new Russian River fishing access near Healdsburg, obtained for the RRFF through the hard work of our Lake Captain, Tom Lynn. Tom will be presenting the river access to the membership at our September 12th General Meeting, at which time he will cover all of the "rules and access information" that you will need to know to fish this property. This is an impressive accomplishment and gives our club access to literally miles of private Russian River water. I would like to commend Tom for his initiative and for doing all of the legwork this summer to make this water available for our use.

I would also like to thank two other RRFF members who have donated much of their time over

the past few years and receive very little recognition for their efforts. Susan Bennett graciously agreed to act as our book and video librarian and has performed that role at pretty much every meeting for the last couple of years. She has hauled those boxes of books, magazines and videos to each meeting – and then, during the rest of the month, spends her time tracking down those members who may have forgotten to return what they've borrowed. Likewise, Dave Franzman has provided the refreshments at each of our General Meetings - making sure that the coffee water was hot, the cookies were out on plates, the cooler stocked with sodas - and then also taken care of replenishing those supplies before our next meeting. Both Susan and Dave have both done

excellent jobs, and on behalf of the club I would like to again thank them both for their efforts.

The September General Meeting really marks the beginning of our new fiscal year, as many of us are away and tend to miss the July meeting and we all take August off from club activities. For those of you who haven't paid, bills for dues will be mailed by the first week of September and are due by September 30. Thanks to those of you who paid early and saved the club some postage. In October, I will update the database and remove all unpaid members from the mailing list. If you stop receiving the Cast after October, that's a pretty good indication that you are delinquent with your dues. I will not bill members who have already renewed their membership, so if you receive a bill but believe

you've already paid, please contact me with a copy of your check so that I can credit you for the oversight.

And that's about it for now. I hope to see everyone on September 12 and I'm really looking forward to the stories and living vicariously through all of your many summer exploits. Come hear about the new Russian River access, catch up with other members, meet your new Board of Directors and see another great show. It seems we always bring Fall in with a bang...

See you all soon,

Steve Tubbs



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Dues are Due

Just a reminder that dues are due as the new fiscal year started July 1st ... mail those checks now and save the club some postage for billings... renewal forms are on last page of CAST. Editor

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Webmaster: Scott Lewis (527-9168)

Membership Coordinator: Rick Baker (545-8860)

Fly Tying: Terry Faris (539-4354)

Director at Large: Tim Reuling

SEPTEMBER GENERAL MEETING

RRFF PRESENTS:

DON MUELARTH

“FLY FISHING FOR STRIPERS ON THE DELTA”

Don Muelrath has become one of our favorite speakers over the past three years. “What’s not to like?” He is an outstanding photographer, a superb angler, he always delivers a top-flight program, and he is a terrific guy.

The September 12 program will include specifics on fishing the Delta including the equipment and flies to use. We will also learn about how the Striper migration works and the best time to fish. Finally, Don will share his experiences with some of the best guides available in this very special fishery, and his slide show will illustrate some of the fish you can plan to catch during your trip.

The Delta is close, and it is a special place, which we do not fully utilize. This program was planned for September because this is the very time you should be planning your trip. Don’t miss this wonderful opportunity to widen your fly-fishing horizons.

BRING A FRIEND

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12
SANTA ROSA VETS’ BUILDING

FLYTYING AT 6:00
GENERAL MEETING AT 7:00

The Lodge Room, Santa Rosa Vet’s Building, 1351 Maple Ave. Santa Rosa, CA

Season Closer

This year the **RRFF Season Closer** event will be held at the Lake Siskiyou Campground on **October 12-14th**. The Upper Sacramento will be one of several spots to fish during the Closer. Last year’s event at Lewiston Lake was a blast, so mark your calendars and start making those piles of camping gear so you are ready to go. Additional details about the campground and fishing locations will be discussed at the next general meeting and in the next CAST. Editor

Coming Events

September

Membership Meeting - 9/12
Board Meeting 9/19
Casting Clinic Thursdays 4-6 pm

October

Membership Meeting 10/10
Board Meeting 10/17
Casting Clinic Thursdays 4-6pm

Season Closer - Oct 12-14th - Upper Sac
Dinner Meeting - Feb 2nd

Another Day on the Chilko

It was another fine day, where the pleasant routine was now well established. Up by 7:00 am to sit by the fire and have some coffee and say the 'good mornings' to the other guests and staff, breakfast on the table by 8 am. There were still stories left from the day before that needed telling, and breakfast provided the opportunity to share these experiences. After breakfast everyone scattered to their rooms and got suited up for the day and headed down to the dock. The guides had been busy with the preparations and were ready for us by 9 am. What a collection of waders, rods, reels, vests, widgeons, polartec everything; a selection from flyshops all over the world. We commented this morning on the lack of Gortex rain jackets in the group. It was the first really sunny day since our arrival and we were being optimistic! Off in the jet boats, two by two, for the first morning drift down the upper section of the beautiful Chilko River. British Columbia has some wonderful wilderness areas, and this area is one of the best. The gentlemen from London had been busy the night before tying up some new critters, one of which was a very large Chernobyl Ant with a sequin at the eye of the hook. Now there's a wake maker! It was like fishing poppers for bass. I for one continued to fish with large #6 orange stimulators and sofa pillows, which had worked well in the previous days. These were tried and true flies which were given to me by a friend who had been to the Chilko more than once, and knew what could happen in July.

A few clouds passed providing enough mystery about what was to come, we knew we must be prepared for anything. My companion for the day, the gentleman from London, and I were picking up a few fish with our dries, enough to keep it exciting. While on a particularly fast piece of water, drifting in the jet boat and casting to the best water, I spotted a rock jutting out from shore just enough to make a lovely spot for a fish or two to hang out. The cast was swift of necessity, and the take was equally quick and splashy! This rainbow decided to dive, and my reel began to make that wonderful sound, more, and yet still more. However, the fish was not moving and the boat was moving fast! I was convinced that the fish had wrapped the line around a snag and that was it. The boat was really moving in spite of the best efforts of the guide who was rowing hard upstream. I saw the backing on my reel almost gone and had to do something, so I cranked down on the drag and waited for the snap. Just as the backing was almost gone, there was a give and I was able to begin retrieving line. The boat rounded a corner into slower water and I still had a fish on, a very strong and stubborn 22" rainbow. But the fun had just begun!

We pulling into onto shore at a lovely spot and had lunch and a quick rest. Then off to a favorite stretch of the river as the sky cleared and the temperature climbed. It was not long before the stoneflies started coming off, just a few at first. They were very large, and seemed to enjoy

landing in the boat so we could properly inspect them. I casually mentioned to my boat mate that the Chernobyl Ants might be a little off in the likeness category! The fish started to rise in a serious manner now and we had some great hookups. These were rainbows that had waited several days while the rain stalled the hatch, and they were hungry now. Within an hour, the hatch was so heavy that it looked like snow, thousands of stoneflies everywhere. The rises were comical now with both of us laughing continuously. Every 3rd cast produced a splashy rise and many were landed, keeping the guide very busy rowing and taking pictures. The really big fish were now entering the feeding frenzy, and we started catching the 20-26" rainbows. It got to the point where catching the 19" fish felt like a distraction (dinks), we wanted to be casting to the big guys! We would drift through the same long run over and over again, there was no reason to leave on this particular afternoon. After three or four hours, the hatch slowed down considerably, but the fishing was still hot. We were tired, both from fighting so many strong fish, but also from laughing so much too. Almost like it was planned, when it was time to head back to the lodge, the hatch had stopped and the fishing slowed. We met the other boats at the dock and expected to hear similar stories about the great hatch, but all we got in response was "what hatch?". Apparently we were in the right place that day, and we sure had a blast.

Back to the routine; a drink before dinner, 6:30 dinner was ready with time to share the stories, an after dinner smoke on the back deck, and then it finally hit me. The routine was over, as luck

would have it, this had been the last day of fishing and the flight out would be in the morning. I'll always remember the day of the big stonefly hatch on the Chilko River, the day I discovered that

19" rainbows can seem like dinks!

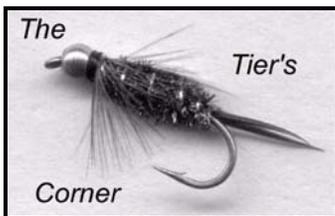
John Iding

CLASSIFIED

8 Ft. Fiberglass Skiff (Columbia)

New oars and dolly
\$400

Call Scott @ (707) 527-9168
or E-mail slewis95407@email.msn.com



Do you have a favorite fly One you would like to share with other members? Then send in your recipe, description and photo and we will try to feature your creation in future editions of the CAST. E-mail information to the Editor (jfinet@vom.com).



OUTDOOR PRO SHOP, INC
6315 Commerce Blvd. Rohnert Park
CA 94928-2404
Bus: 707/588-8033 Fax 707/588-8035



WESTERN SPORT SHOP
2790 Santa Rosa Ave. Santa Rosa
CA, 95407
Bus: 707/542-4432 Fax: 707/542-4437

FLY FISHING ETC.

#7 Petaluma Blvd. North
Petaluma, CA 94952
707.762.3073 Fax-762-0739
e-mail-ftabor7657@aol.com • web-FlyFishingEtc.Com
Fernando and Elizabeth Jabor, (owners)

Photos Used in CAST

I want to personally thank those of you who have contributed to the CAST with your photos ... some from the Year 2000 Photo Contest ... and others from members who were in the right place at the right time ... taking great photos and sharing them ... the Editor has taken the liberty of not identifying the photographer for each photo used in the CAST and hope that this does not cause anyone any discontent ... thanks ... and keep snapping!

CAST Contributions

Say ... did you know that you can submit your articles for the CAST ... and most likely ... they will appear sometime soon in the CAST ... so what is keeping you ... tell us about your best adventure for the year ... share the pain ... the fun ... your favorite fly ... this is a group effort ... the CAST ... and you are part of the group ... so ... **CONTRIBUTE!!!!** The Editor jfinet@vom.com



Thursdays ... 4 to 6 pm

Location: Casting Pond Dan Galvin Park at the intersection of Bennett Valley Road and Yulupa. Come on out and get a little practice time in casting your favorite rod ... 4 pm to 6 or 7 pm. Scottie

Save the Club some \$... Receive your CAST by e-mail

We are now offering the CAST by e-mail ... for anyone who would like to receive their CAST early ... and if we get only 20 folks to receive their CAST by e-mail ... we will save the Club \$240+ each year ... to receive your CAST by e-mail ... just send an e-mail message to me (jfinet@vom.com) and I will put you on the list ... and you will receive your CAST in a ZIP file at the beginning of each month ... if you don't like the format or have any troubles ... we can switch you back to regular mail delivery ... so give it a try and save the Club some \$ We have 14 sign-ups so far! The Editor

Year 2002 Photo Contest!

Rumor has it that there will be a Year 2002 Photo Contest ... pictures will need to be taken in the year 2002 ... so get ready ... and you know that some of those pictures will end up in the CAST ... can you take a cover picture? Sure you can ... rules and other info in the Jan CAST ... Editor



**Northern California Council, Federation of Fly Fisher
"Conclave 2001" - "A Festival of Fly Fishing"
September 28th, 29th, and 30th
North Tahoe Conference Center, Kings Beach, CA.**

Jim Teeny will be featured along with more than sixty of the best tyers from Nevada, California, Oregon and other western states. Learn to tie your favorite patterns with plenty of one-on-one instruction for beginners as well as advanced tyers. Programs will include fly casting instruction, with classes on fishing techniques, travel opportunities and many other topics. Guides, artists, manufacturers and fly shop reps will be on hand to help you with your wants and needs.

This is a great opportunity to meet and mix with some of the true greats of fly fishing. There will be legendary fly fishing experts and tyers at the conclave along with those who are destined to become legends.

For more information contact Tom Smith, 1040 El Rancho Drive, Sparks, NV 89431 or call 775-685-2383

RRFF Website

www.members.tripod.com/~RRFlyFisher/index.html
or www.rfff.tsx.org

E-Mail: slewis95407@msn.com

Members who use e-mail!

We are continuing to compile a list of members with e-mail addresses to be used for club announcements. If you would like to be included on this list, send an e-mail message to Scott Lewis (slewis95407@msn.com). Scott will periodically send out an updated list to the group ... save the message and use it to 'reply to all' ... when you have an announcement for membership ... Editor

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



Address correction requested

Russian River Fly Fishers Membership Application

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Occupation _____

Home Phone _____ Work Phone _____

E-mail Address _____ Signature _____



Please mark one of the following categories:

I apply as a new member:

- (Single membership - \$40 annual dues)
 (Family membership - \$45 annual dues)
 (Junior membership - \$25 annual dues)

Existing membership renewal:

- (Single membership - \$40 annual dues payable July 1st)
 (Family membership - \$45 annual dues payable July 1st)
 (Junior membership - \$25 annual dues payable July 1st)

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Russian River Fly Fishers

The CAST

Volume 26 Number 10 October 2001

For October 2001

Dues are due and the Closer is coming up!

Meanderings: Steve Tubbs

It is almost trite to say that the events of September 11, 2001 have affected each of us.

As we deal with our sorrow, our anger and our fears...as we watch our country pull together to confront the terror we have all witnessed...we can't help but be caught up in the events of our nation, our society and our people. Our hearts go out to those who have suffered and are suffering. Our thoughts are with those involved with the recovery and clean up. We find ourselves, everyday, reflecting on those who have lost so much and on those who are giving so much with their efforts to return our world to normalcy. Unfortunately, that "normalcy" is now changed.

Each of us searches for some way to help...something that we can do to share the burden. We are united in our common emotions. In our concern, we look for ways to help others...our selfless acts demonstrated in the tremendous response of donated time and money to those who have been so tragically affected.

I think it is just as important in these times not to neglect ourselves...to seek

out and take those opportunities for peace and solitude where we can put aside the events of the day for a few moments and recharge our spirit...find our balance...cultivate our perspective. Granted, it can be hard to find that separation in these momentous times. To find it within us to simply sit outside, perhaps in a quiet park...to walk in a forest...to stand in a stream and lose ourselves, briefly, to the beauty and balance of nature...to pursue tranquility, peace and a sense of oneness through our natural world. These are the means by which many of us escape our daily problems and connect to our innermost being. We must continue to pursue these moments, to find that balance. Especially now that our actions are literally global in effect and demand such impeccability in their intent.

For many of us, fly-fishing is an escape from daily problems. It affords us a window into nature, an excuse to spend time in beautiful places, an opportunity to reflect and to enjoy a simple immersion into environments that help to cleanse and rejuvenate our spirit. We lose our "selves" in its world and instead connect to everything around us. We find this essential to our being. It is part of our freedom to pursue happiness.

On October 12 – 14, the Russian River Fly Fishers will hold its annual trout season closer, this year on the upper Sacramento River. We will be staying at the Lake Siskiyou Campground, providing easy access to the many rivers and lakes in the area. I would like to invite all of you to take a few days to relax with us and enjoy this wonderful part of our country. Directions and further information can be obtained by contacting our Outings Director, Scotty Broome.

Mountains, lakes, rivers,
streams...forests of redwood, fir,
pine...reminders of permanence not
reflected in the
hurried sense of
time that affects our
human lives.
Things move so
much quicker for us. We need to
suspend that quickness...to take a
breath...to act impeccably.



Best wishes to all of you and your families.

Dues are Due

Just a reminder that dues are due as the new fiscal year started July 1st ... mail those checks now ... renewal forms are on last page of CAST. Editor

Attention

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Membership Coordinator: Rick Baker (545-8860)

Fly Tying: Terry Faris (539-4354)

Director at Large: Tim Reuling

Season Closer

Place: Lake Siskiyou Campground

Dates: Oct 11,12,13 and 14

Directions: Take HWY 5 north past Lake Shasta to Mt. Shasta City. The campground is on Lake Siskiyou about 3 miles west of HWY 5

Camping: The Club has paid for a group campground. Ask for the RRFF spot at the gate. The cost will be \$2 per person and \$4 per car. Any questions ... call Scotty Broome at 575-5993.

Fishing Info: Lake Siskiyou has boats to rent and the fishing can be good early mornings and evenings. Bring a pram or float tube. The Upper Sac is 5 minutes from the campground. The Club will do something for dinner on Sat.

Scotty

Coming Events

October

Membership Meeting - 10/10

Board Meeting - 10/17

Casting Clinic - Thursdays 4-6 pm

Season Closer- 10/12-14

November

Membership Meeting - 11/14

Board Meeting - 11/21

Casting Clinic Sundays 12-2 pm

Dinner Meeting - Feb 2nd

RRFF Christmas Dinner

There will not be a Christmas Dinner for the RRFF this year. Your Board has decided to try something different. Scott Broome and I are planning a family-style dinner meeting, tentatively scheduled for February 2. We will have a speaker and all the usual good things we do at the Christmas Dinner without the extraordinary costs and hassles of holding an event in Decemeber. As of now, there will be a regular meeting in December at the Vets Building. Marji Major, Events Chairperson

CAST by e-mail

The CAST is now available by e-mail which will save the Club some \$. If you would like to receive the CAST by e-mail, send me a message at jfinet@vom.com and I will put you on the distribution list. You will receive a compressed ZIP file with the CAST in Word format. The Editor

OCTOBER GENERAL MEETING

RRFF PRESENTS:

FERNANDO TABOR

“IMPROVING YOUR FLY FISHING KNOWLEDGE AND SKILL”

Many of us already know Fernando Tabor who owns and operates “Fly Fishing Etc.” in Petaluma. Less well known is the fact that Fernando was trained in Mechanical Engineering. After four years in the U.S. Air Force and nineteen years in the corporate world, he opened his fly shop. The first shop was in Glen Ellen. Four years later, it relocated to downtown Petaluma. “Fly Fishing Etc.” is known, not only as a friendly and well stocked shop, but it also offers classes in fly tying and rod building, as well as weekend seminars on beginning fly casting.

Fernando has fished for Steelhead in all the North Coast streams since the early 70’s. He started guiding ten years ago and prefers walk-in trips to small streams and private ponds. When he is with us, Fernando will share his experiences in trout fishing, the importance of proper presentation and some of the latest innovations in the Fly-Fishing World. He will also offer tips for specific waters including Hat Creek, the Upper Sac, Gumboot and Manzanita Lakes.

Here is an opportunity to get better acquainted with one of our local authorities. You will also come away from this meeting with some new ideas for your fall and winter fly fishing plans.

BRING A FRIEND

Wednesday October 10th at the Santa Rosa Vets’ Building
Flytying at 6 pm and General Meeting at 7 pm

The Lodge Room, Santa Rosa Vet’s Building, 1351 Maple Ave. Santa Rosa, CA

New Club River Access

At the September meeting our club announced our new river access. If you missed the meeting, the club will set up an information table at every meeting. Vehicle placards, maps and information will be available at all meetings.

This new access is on the Russian River and will allow us as a club to have access to some great fishing. This will allow us to fish for at least two types of fish on the Russian River (smallmouth and steelhead). Over the past summer several members took advantage of the new access to try their luck at smallmouth fishing. Almost all the members had successful trips with several catching up to 20 fish per day. Several smallmouth in the 2-pound class were also caught.

With steelhead season fast approaching, next month’s information table will focus on steelhead fishing. We will have several flies on display.

Look forward to seeing you at the October meeting.

Tom Lynn



The Channel

Each of us has a few places that we hold within ourselves - places that return to us in our thoughts, selectively called forth as we toil behind a desk or with the tasks of daily existence. They provide escape, reminding us of something we hold dear, a vision that recharges us with its memory and provides spice for the inevitable routine of most of our lives. For me, some of these memories provide sustenance in winter months - recollections of sun-filled days, mountain breezes, forests, sparkling waters, rising fish. Others provide temporary respite from hours spent behind a desk or in front of a computer screen, those times when I find myself confined by walls and surrounded by the material trappings they contain. Once away from those trappings, it's amazing how quickly their value loses importance, demonstrating their illusory worth when taken from the context of our daily lives.

One such place has sustained me well in recent years, its memory and power growing with each of my physical visitations as I further build our acquaintance and discover more of its secrets. It is not an easy place to get to. It demands effort, although the means of arrival is pleasant and often rewarding in its own right. I have traveled there on foot, both by a long, circuitous trail and by a more direct cross-country route, each requiring a commitment of energy of at least 6 miles of arduous walking. I have also taken an easier access, via water, in a small outboard and, later, in a canoe - now my preferred method of arrival as the peacefulness of transport further adds to my enjoyment of the experience.

It had been a two-year absence that provided the impetus for my latest trek into this personal treasure. Not that I hadn't attempted the journey; the previous year my son, Nick, and I had tried to canoe into the area only to be blown off the lake by a sudden mountain windstorm that spawned two-foot whitecaps and a tense reversal of course. As a few people manage to lose their lives each year on these waters (many of them in canoes caught in sudden rough water conditions), we thought it best to abort our attempt as it was early morning

and conditions were already quite unfavorable. Mountain weather is often unpredictable, and mountain winds often get stronger as the day progresses. We returned to the car, surfing the breaking whitecaps, never more than 50 feet from shore in case of a spill in the frigid water.

A previous trip to this destination had provided one of those classic moments of fly fishing...when fishing with a fly, presented via a shooting head and the "steelhead swing" in this case, proved to be the most effective means of taking fish. It had been a trip where most of the fishermen were spin-fishing; some with lures and others dragging flies behind water-filled bubbles to get them down into the weed beds. We had hiked in cross-country, eight of us in all, and I was one of two anglers (my sister, Kristi, the other) using a fly rod. She sported a sink-tip fly line while I used a fast-sinking shooting head. The fly of choice was the bead-head wooly bugger, size 8 in black or olive, for everyone fishing with flies - whether spin-fishing or fly fishing. At the time, the lake trout were in the river, and in my first five casts, I brought four fish to net and lost the fifth at my feet...all of them better than 17". When we broke down the rods and prepared to hike out (after about three hours of fishing) I had caught and released 18 lake trout, 1 brown trout of 21 1/2" and lost 10 other fish. No one else was getting quite deep enough or presenting the fly as effectively. Although everyone caught fish, no one else had been quite as productive.

Those times don't happen that often, at least in my experience, so to savor them and to find those memories fondly refueling future visits is no surprise to me. Besides, the natural beauty of the area, and its nearly complete seclusion, were reasons enough for wanting to return.

We planned this year's excursion early in our stay, leaving plenty of time to reschedule another attempt if the conditions were against us or if the fishing proved remarkable enough to warrant another visit. Our first foray was via the lakeside trail, a long hike that, for the most part, moved along the lakeshore and easily added 4 miles distance over the shorter cross-country route. The hike is fairly easy, however,

and the four of us (my sister, her friend, Nick and I) reached our meadow destination in less than two hours.

The first two-thirds of the hike is never far from the lake - through lodgepole pine forest and marshy meadows that offer good opportunities for viewing elk, moose and sandhill cranes. Occasionally there are reports of bear in the area as well, although these are relatively rare as there is much better bear habitat in fairly close proximity to this area. We heard the bugling of elk, and observed a sandhill crane in a boggy area near the lake, as we made our way along the well-marked trail. The last third of the trail parallels the river, from its outlet into the lake all the way to our fishing access, a distance of nearly two miles. This portion is, at times, well above the river, skirting the high, steep sides of the canyon before plunging back down to river level to cross the marshy seepage of small tributary streams that drain the surrounding bluffs.

The river is beautiful; crystal clear water that covers a sandy bottom interspersed with a proliferation of weed beds. Large brown trout can be seen in these waters, cruising along the edges of the weeds and feeding on the surface to hatching insects. Lake trout move into the river to spawn and lie hidden in the vegetation...waiting to ambush a variety of subsurface foodstuffs. The banks are steep and littered with fallen trees, many extending out into the river to snag the offerings of most shore anglers. In many places, the only successful fishing must be performed from canoe, float tube or small boat, as the shoreline offers no room for casting and little opportunity to land anything even if one managed to make a presentation well enough to dupe a fish.

Our destination was a sweeping bend of the river - on both sides bordered by an open meadow - where the water averages about 3 to 6 feet in depth and constricts to a bottleneck about 50 feet across at a rocky point, before widening out to nearly three times that size upstream. Just before reaching the meadow, we stopped at "Point of Rocks", a protrusion of stone that marks a left-hand bend in the river and overlooks a deep hole in which the large brown trout taunt all interested observers. We shared the point for a few

minutes with two marmots, whose fear of us was non-existent and suggested that they were used to being fed by human visitors, especially when they started to beg. From this point we could see the beginnings of the meadow section and were anxious to get to the water. The splashy rises of sizeable trout fanned our eagerness (we could see fish rising sporadically all the way up to where the river disappeared around the corner). After a couple sips from our water bottles, we backed away from the marmots (they were becoming quite aggressive in their quest for a treat) and returned to the trail.

The water was much lower than in previous visits. It had been a warm summer following a mild winter and a few feet of exposed mud lined the banks between the meadow grasses and the river. Dark colored algae flourished in the shallows near a few small thermal areas, the warmer water providing perfect conditions for its growth. I began with a shooting head, hoping to repeat my success of two years earlier by dragging a black wooly bugger through the weed beds. My sister did the same, using a full-sinking line as her friend worked the surface with a floating line and a small parachute Adams. Nick grabbed his ultra-light spinning rod and started flipping gold "Spin-a-Lures" across the river. Fishing was slow. My sister hooked and landed a 17" "laker", a skinny "snake" of a fish that was not our normal fare. Nick nabbed another on his spinning rod...a likewise under-nourished fish that provided only a sluggish fight. I moved downstream, away from the point where the river narrowed, to where the water spread out a little more and appeared as if it were only four or five feet deep across the width of the river. A gray pile of windfall littered the opposite bank, silver trunks plunging into the river from their uprooted bases on the edge of the meadow. The weed beds extended from my feet until they were lost beneath the tangle of limbs almost 100 feet away. I saw a large fish rise in front of the tangle. Within moments, another swirled slightly upstream.

I switched to a floating line and tied on a #16 parachute Adams; my "go to" fly when I can't see anything in particular going on but am still being taunted by rising fish. The good thing was that I had packed in my 6-weight, so the fact

that these rises were 60' to 80' away wasn't going to present a problem as far as getting the fly there. I tied on a 13', 7X tapered leader to give some distance between the fly and fly line, and made my presentation slightly upstream of the rises I had witnessed.

For the next hour and a half, up until the time that we departed for the hike back to the trailhead, I played with sizeable brown trout. The rises were consistent...and it wasn't long before their pattern was somewhat recognizable and I could place my fly where it would most likely be noticed. I hooked 6 fish, bringing two to my feet (both nice fish) before they threw the hook and "waved their tails" as they returned to the weed beds. Two others provided a good scrap before coming "unbuttoned" a bit further out and the remaining two "broke me off"...the last of which was a heavy fish with a noticeably different "feel" than I had experienced with his fellows. I didn't land a fish...never unsnapped the net from my back...but the fishing was such that a second trip, later in the week, would definitely be in the offing.

It was almost a week later when Nick and I launched the canoe at the boat ramp on the lake. My sister and her friend had left days earlier to return to work, so it would be just the two of us trying yet again to access this fishery successfully by water. The morning was beautiful and cloudless, the chill giving way to shirtsleeves by the time we were on the water. We paddled the shoreline, needing to cover about 5 miles before we would find the outlet of the river. The water was extremely clear, with visibility of at least 20 feet, and we spotted a number of very large fish cruising the bottom. Whether lake trout, or large browns, we couldn't tell...although very large fish of both types are taken regularly from this lake. At one point, as we silently moved along a sandy beach that edged a wide, secluded valley, Nick pointed into the trees along the shoreline. Two bald eagles sat in the bleached branches of a snag, their nest visible behind them atop another skeletal pine further away from the water. We stopped the canoe and just watched, snapping a few pictures as we drifted below them.

After about an hour, we moved into the river. A number of canoes were making their way out into the lake; the river a

popular thoroughfare for canoeists traveling between the lakes that it connects in its seven-mile course. The winds were picking up a little, but once in the river the tree-lined canyon walls minimized its affect and, other than an occasional gust, the air and water remained fairly undisturbed. As we reached "Point of Rocks", the rises and swirls of large fish were again evident. We passed another canoe whose occupants were busily stalking those rises...fly line snaking overhead while they maneuvered into position. We hurried by them and paddled around the bend to the meadow.

We beached the canoe on the rocky point and disembarked. As we were gearing up, this time both of us selecting floating lines and dry flies, a large mayfly alit on the gunwale of the canoe. Nick pointed it out to me, as I was intent on tying on some new Seguar 7X flouro-carbon tippet to my already lengthy tapered leader. I had heard good endorsements for this rather pricey product and felt that there would be no better time than the present to give it a try. I transferred the mayfly to my finger and we both studied it for a moment before it flitted off...at which point I decided that my fly of choice would today be a #16 mayfly cripple, fished with only the elk hair above water and the body of the fly below the surface. I tied one on for Nick as well.

Nick took up position on the point, drifting his fly in the narrow stretch of water between the banks. I moved back downstream to the point across from the deadfall that I had fished the previous week. In the course of taking up my position, I noticed a number of substantial rises in the same water I had fished days earlier. Laying the fly line out about 80 feet, I located my fly and watched it drift into the feeding lane. The water dimpled, and I watched the elk hair disappear beneath the surface at it was sucked under, at the same time seeing a gold flash as the sun reflected off the side of the turning fish. I struck.

The water exploded as the brown trout jumped. "Hey Nick," I yelled. "Got one!"

My 6-weight bucked as the fish pulled, first moving upstream before turning and racing back down. It jumped again...a good size brown...and I let it have its way, remembering the others I had lost

on my last visit and purposely not pushing the matter of its capture. After a few minutes, I unhooked my net and slid it beneath the fish.

What a beauty! Easily 18" and extremely thick, this was a very healthy brown trout with my fly nestled neatly in the corner of his jaw. I backed out the hook and carefully released him, nursing him gently in the slow water until he finally swam from my hand.

I redressed the elk hair and once again laid out the fly line. The feeding lanes were a little closer to the opposite bank today, requiring fairly consistent casting of 70 to 85 feet. At this distance, it was essential for the water to be calm in order to track the forward swept elk hair tuft that marked the position of the fly. As the afternoon progressed, the fish continued to slip up from underneath and simply suck down my fly, oftentimes barely disturbing the surface. It would appear as if the elk hair wing had suddenly dropped into a hole. It would suddenly disappear. Sometimes there would be a flash of the trout's side as it turned, sometimes just a sense that something was there underneath – the conscious awareness of actually having seen something non-existent. Each time, I came up against the solid pull of a good fish. In the 2 ½ hours that I fished that afternoon, I netted eight browns...the smallest approximately 17"...the largest maybe 20". All were thick, fat fish and probably half of them put on an aerial display worthy of a rainbow trout. Out of those taken, only two were given away by a splashy rise that left no doubt as to what was going on. The rest were ambush

Giant Brookies of the Minipi

I enjoyed being with you at your September meeting and sharing the photos and information I have gathered during the last two years about striper fishing in the delta.

Some of you asked for more information about an area that I'd referenced during my presentation, Cooper's Camps on the Minipi River system in Labrador. This is a destination that my son and I have visited three times during the last five years. This is simply the best dry fly

artists...challenging me to see their thievery.

Nick wasn't faring as well. Unfortunately, the feeding lanes were well out of his casting range, so I finally broke down my rod and we returned to the canoe. I hoped to move out into the river and to then let Nick drift his fly downstream as I held our position over the feeding lanes. We attempted this for about forty-five minutes, but the fish quit rising near the canoe and only continued again when they were at least 70 feet away. The clear water and the canoe were not a good combination for stalking fish, unless a long cast could be made as well.

Thunderheads were moving across the sky with the wind gusts becoming stronger and more frequent as we paddled downstream. When we reached the lake we could see whitecaps out in its center, but the western shore looked fairly calm and somewhat protected. Once in the lake, I lowered the "Power Paddle" and we silently moved along the sheltered shoreline, watching the thunderclouds move off into the valleys east of us. Traveling under power, the steady hum of the electric motor mixed with the gurgle of water breaking past the bow, we sat in silence as we paralleled the beach. We again saw the eagles, this time in separate trees, two sentinels standing guard over their nest. The waves became bigger as we rounded a sand bar that marked the outlet of a small stream and moved into the cove on its other side. A coyote ran along the beach for a moment, before hopping over the high grass and disappearing into the valley. There was no trail or road access to this side of the lake, and as we

fishing for large brook trout in the world. It's a special environment which produces hatches that defy the imagination and is home to a special strain of brook trout.

Some of you are old enough to remember the old outdoor adventure TV series, The American Sportsman. Probably the most famous of their TV shows was the one in which Lee Wulff flew Curt Gowdy into an isolated river system in Labrador. They would take video of Lee and Curt catching these big, beautiful brookies on dry flies. Several times during the series, they featured this river system and it's tremendous

moved along the beaches and the tree-littered bluffs, it was no stretch to feel as if there were no one around for miles.

At the boat ramp, we stowed our gear and returned the canoe to the rack above the Explorer. The sun was setting behind the mountain ridges of the western shoreline, the breeze now steady and cool as night approached. Gold light played across the parking area, long shadows from the pines slowly gaining ground as other canoes and boats returned to the dock.

We sat for a moment, watching and listening as the boats came in...stories of varying luck spilling forth from smiling faces, others simply savoring their experiences. We noticed the relaxed expressions, the quiet recounting of days events - almost a sense of reverence brought forth in the waning light, the solitude and the simple beauty of our natural surroundings. All of us had shared that day on the water. All of us had, at one time or another that day, felt as if we were the only people within miles of our locations. We had all seen and experienced things that were unique to each of us...wildlife spilling forth as we found ourselves "in the right place, at the right time"...personal impressions of the beauty of the area. These things were even now affecting our manner...urging us to quiet all we had left behind when we first ventured here.

It was a beautiful sunset...streaming in through the rear window...as we left the parking lot.

Steve Tubbs

brookies. What made this particular series so fascinating was Curt Gowdy and the entire show staff were sworn to secrecy and not allowed to divulge the location of this river. Lee Wulff had vowed not to let the location be known until the Canadian government had set up a method of protecting the uniqueness of these fish and their habitat. Today, this is one of those special places that fishes "the way it used to" because of the protections that have been established and enforced by Lorraine and Jack Cooper, who operate three lodges on the system.

Our most recent trip was last July 5. We experienced brown drake hatches daily that were so intense that they covered the water as far as we could see. It was an incredible experience! They started around 11:00 each morning and built until peaking about 2:00. One time I attempted to count the number of drakes sitting on my fly line and got to 27 before losing track of where I was! There were other mayfly and caddis hatches also, but on this trip, the brown drakes totally overwhelmed everything else.

On our first trip to this special area, we went a little later in the summer and caught a green drake hatch that was similar in scope, but different in some ways. However, just like the brown drakes this year, it really got the big fish moving. Basically, this is sight casting to

large cruising, sipping fish. A wonderful experience!!

The catch/release totals of our (two fishermen fishing together) last three trips may be the best way to illustrate just how unique this fishery is:

Total pounds (all fish over three pounds are weighed before release) of fish caught: 572

Number of fish over five pounds released: 61

Number of fish over seven pounds released: 19 with two topping 8 pounds

The great majority of these fish were taken on dry flies.

This is a "Jack London type" experience in an area that is isolated and only fished by the clients of Cooper's Camps. The

primary challenge is getting space during the "prime hatch season" and we are currently holding some of this space for '02.

Minipi Lodge: July 4-11
Minonipi Lodge: July 5-12

Price: \$3,550pp from Goose Bay, Labrador (includes float plane into lodge, but not air fare to GB)

Reservations must be confirmed no later than this October.

If you'd like to discuss this trip (or any of the destinations we specialize in such as Belize, Mexican Yucatan, and Chile), give me a call at 888-347-4896 **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

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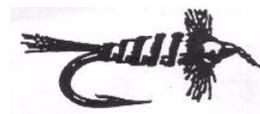
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Dues, paid by a new member joining the RRF after March 30th, will cover the balance of the current fiscal year and also the following fiscal year's dues.

Dues run from July 1st to June 30th

**Please mail this application and your check payable to:
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Russian River Fly Fishers

The CAST

Volume 26 Number 11 November 2001

For November 2001

Steelhead Time!

Meanderings: Steve Tubbs

Okay, I've got to keep this extremely brief. Unfortunately for John, I get to "telling a story" (this time concerning our North Umpqua trip) and the pages just seem to fill up. John then has to figure out how to get it all in *The Cast*.

The "Closer", held at Lake Siskiyou this year, was an outstanding success with between 20 and 30 RRFF members attending, making it one of our most successful trout season "Closer's" ever. Much thanks to our food guru and Outings Chairman, Scotty Broome, for his usual hard work and wonderful meal. There were fish caught, so hopefully some of those accounts will find their way into these pages.

The North Umpqua trip was also fantastic...a more complete account to

follow. Personal thanks to Paul Major (and Molly) for getting me up there and doing all the driving, and to John Iding and Joe Craig for ferrying me to the fishing spots when Paul wasn't doing it. We had a great trip, lots of good camaraderie and some great campfire meals. Also, thanks to Nick Morello and his wife, Lynn, and to Kaipo for all of your contributions. I had a great time! (I hope I spelled all of your names correctly!)

If you haven't paid already, send your dues in now! I have removed all non-paid members from the mailing list, so if you haven't paid you won't be reading this. We had a slight problem with the Post Office giving away our P.O. Box last week, but they are working to rectify their oversight. If you had membership dues returned to you by the Post Office, please put them back in the mail (with

new postage) and the Post Office will get it to us.

That's about it. Steelhead and stripers are coming up, so get the heavy rods ready and hit the casting pond to get back in shape. I look forward to seeing all of you at our November 14 General Meeting. I believe the next show is on steelhead fishing...check the program notes in this issue.

Also, check out the RRFF website and the Yahoo Clubs RRFF Chat board, for all of you computer literate web surfers.

Tight lines...(there you go John, I think we picked up some space here...)



Attention

The deadline for submission of newsletter material, classifieds, etc., is **5 days** after the date of the Board Meeting. Board members and interested guests note that the Board Meetings are held the 3rd Wednesday each month at 7 pm, Round Table Pizza, Montgomery Village, unless notified otherwise.

CAST by e-mail

The CAST is now available by e-mail which will save the Club some \$. If you would like to receive the CAST by e-mail (and in color!), send me a message at jfinet@vom.com and I will put you on the distribution list. You will receive a compressed ZIP file with the CAST in Word format. The e-mail version is in color ... join now! ... The Editor

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Coming Events

November

Membership Meeting - 11/14
Board Meeting - 11/21
Casting Clinic Sundays - 12-2 pm

December

Membership Meeting - 12/12
Board Meeting - 12/19
Casting Clinic Sundays 12-2 pm

Dinner Meeting - Feb 2nd

RRFF Christmas Dinner

There will not be a Christmas Dinner for the RRFF this year. Your Board has decided to try something different. Scott Broome and I are planning a family-style dinner meeting, scheduled for February 2. We will have a speaker and all the usual good things we do at the Christmas Dinner without the extraordinary costs and hassles of holding an event in December. As of now, there will be a regular meeting in December at the Vets Building.

Marji Major, Events Chairperson

" I would like to say thanks to the member who returned my fishing license from the banks of Soda Creek. I didn't get your name, and probably did not thank you appropriately. Thank you very much. Grant"

November General Meeting

RRFF Presents:

Andrew Harris Fly Fishing

Andrew's interest in fly fishing has taken him to the Bahamas, New Zealand, and to countless destinations in North America. He currently guides full-time for Clearwater House on Hat Creek during the trout season and independently during the winter months.

Andrew's 'Plumas National Forest Trout Fishing Guide' was published in 1999 by Frank Amato Publications. The Plumas National Forest is a relatively undiscovered area for California fly fishers. The Plumas is home to the North and Middle Fork of the Feather River, Lake Davis, Frenchman Lake, the Lakes Basin, Butt Valley Reservoir, and the Bucks Lake area.

Andrew's presentation features the two main rivers in the Plumas area: the Middle Fork and North Fork of the Feather River. These are two very outstanding and very different trout streams. He discusses each river in detail, including access points, techniques, and flies. His slide presentation includes excellent maps and pictures of the area. Andrew will split the presentation between the trout in the headwaters and steelies on the lower Feather River.

Andrew currently lives in the Sacramento Valley in Northern California.

Wednesday, November 14th

Bring a Friend

Fly Tying at 6 pm (Andrew will be tying too!) General Meeting at 7 pm
The Lodge Room, Santa Rosa Vet's Building, 1351 Maple Ave. Santa Rosa, CA

“The best stretch of summer steelhead river...”

“Are you going to go with us up to the North Umpqua this year?” Paul Major smiled at me as he walked up to the edge of the casting pond, spey rod in hand.

“I’d like to,” I answered. “It kind of depends on what’s happening with my car though. It should be about ready to pick up by that time. I may find myself on my way to Jackson Hole and a little fall fishing on the Firehole.”

“If you get the chance, you should really try to make it up there,” Lee Smith advised. “It’s *really* a beautiful river. You won’t regret it.”

I had been asked before. I thought back to those times, and how I had always offered some excuse as to why it wasn’t feasible for me to get away in early October. Actually, the truth of the matter was that I usually had no more vacation time available; often having spent a few weeks up in Yellowstone and another week down in Loreto, Baja only a month or so before. By the time Scotty, Paul, Lee and Joe started talking North Umpqua; I was usually fully entrenched back at work and resigned to the occasional long weekend now and then before the holidays.

“I’d really like to get up there,” I told Paul. “I’ll just put it into my schedule at work right now and we’ll see how it all pans out.”

As the weeks progressed toward October, the repairs on my Expedition moved slowly. After the extensive body repair had been completed (following my midnight 52 MPH collision with a nearly one-ton bison near Jackson, Wyoming this summer), engine problems forced the vehicle back into the shop for further reconstruction. Finally, in early September, I made the decision to quit planning my fishing trips around the eventual retrieval of my Expedition and to accompany Paul to Oregon and the North Umpqua. I learned that John Iding, Joe Craig and Kaipō Villanueva had all made similar commitments, and that new RRF member Nick Morello had also hinted that he would attend. Personally, I

hadn’t been fishing since my return from Yellowstone nearly 2 ½ months before.

The first Friday of the month found us on scenic Highway 138, the North Umpqua Highway, heading east out of Roseburg and through the towns of Glide and Idleyld on our way to Susan Creek Campground. The evening before, while “over-nighting” at the Castle Crags Picnic Area off of Interstate 5 near Dunsmuir, Paul loaned me his copy of *A River Seen Right*, by Michael Baughman. “This book will give you some background on the North Umpqua and its history,” he said. “Since you’ve never been up there, this will give you an idea of the fishing access and what to expect.”

I found myself engrossed in the historical accounts of Major Mott’s and Zane Grey’s fish camps, the early years of the North Umpqua Lodge and the Steamboat Inn and the exploits of Clarence Gordon, Frank Moore, Jack Hemingway and Col. Jim Hayden. I discovered the more recent history of Jim and Sharon Van Loan, Stan Knouse, Joe Howell, Michael Baughman and Dan Callaghan (whose photography accompanies the text so beautifully and effectively captures the magnificence of this legendary water). I read about the “Camp Water”, the “Upper River”, the “Lower River” and learned of legendary fishing spots with names like “Surveyor”, “Sawtooth”, “Station”, “Hayden’s Run”, the “Boat Pool”, “Kitchen” and “The Glory Hole”. I entered the world of the North Umpqua; ignorant and completely unaware of what Jack Hemingway had repeatedly called “the best stretch of summer steelhead river in America.”

“Umpqua” is a local Indian term meaning “thunder water”, and as we approached the campground, I marveled at the wild beauty tumbling and churning through the ledge rock and moss covered boulders, a final punctuation to the old growth Douglas fir and sugar pine forest that spilled down the steep hillsides into the river canyon that parallels the highway. The streamside maples displayed fall colors, splashing gold, yellow, orange and red in striking contrast to the green cliffs and black bedrock that rimmed the blue-green waters of the river. The Susan Creek Campground was equally impressive -

giant Douglas firs and pines that reminded me of the coast redwoods of northern California; a green rainforest of massive trees and lush ferns creating a soft stillness...broken only by the sounds of rushing water and the occasional screech of a blue jay.

The campground was nearly full when we arrived, evidently unusual for this time of year, but we managed to find two adjacent sites that would serve our purposes for the week. John arrived within the hour and we compared notes as we set up camp. We wouldn’t see Joe and Kaipō until sometime on Saturday.

According to Joe Howell (fly tier and owner of the Blue Heron Fly Shop), more than 9,000 steelhead were holding in the 30-mile “fly-fishing only” section of the North Umpqua between Rock Creek and Soda Spring Dam, with probably 70% of those fish holding in water below Steamboat Creek. The water level was low and the fish were “holed up” and waiting for the rains to raise water levels in the tributary creeks so they could move up to spawn. Fishing had been quite good at times, especially following weather changes and rain, both of which were forecast in the next few days. We were definitely optimistic!

As John and I were both new to the area, Paul took us sight-seeing that evening - driving east on the North Umpqua highway past the Steamboat Inn, the “Camp Water” and finally to Mott Bridge, just upstream of Steamboat Creek. There, we watched from the bridge as an angler, carefully negotiating the jagged underwater ledges of “Sawtooth” (the first pool downstream of Mott Bridge), fought and landed a steelhead that looked to be over 30 inches. We applauded his success as the sunset reflected off the river below us.

Steelhead fishing will often be a disappointment if the angler measures success by numbers of fish landed, strikes received or “fish on”. It is not unusual for time spent on the water to approach something like twenty hours before even one of these “successes” may be experienced. At times, even weeks spent on the water prove to be of no avail. Of course, making the experience as enjoyable as possible in the meantime is always the balm of

going to fight the fish. Don't let him decide for you. You have to set the terms of the fight, otherwise, you'll lose him."

"No you don't," I said as I clamped down on the reel and attempted to turn him back upstream. I had made my choice. "Come on..." I whispered as I coaxed him around, continuing to rock the rod back and forth as he turned...moving directly in front of me and again shaking his head. My fly rod bucked with each shake...but the big fish was tiring quickly, and soon I began to raise his head from the bottom, guiding it to the surface. I continued to work him, and when his head finally broke water as he rolled on his side, I slid him onto the shallow water of the ledge rock.

My knees were shaking as I quickly looked around. There was no one nearby...no one observing from Mott Bridge...no one on the trail...no one to witness my largest steelhead on a fly. I fumbled in my vest for my cloth measuring tape and held it lightly to his side. It read 31 1/2" and put the fish in the 11 1/2 to 12 pound class, a very nice steelhead buck. Quickly, I stashed the tape back in my vest, wet my hands and cradled him in the shallow water as I moved further out on the ledge. Once deeper, he rested in my hands for a moment, gills flaring rhythmically before a powerful kick shot him forward into the deeper water.

I took a breath and went off to find John, stopping briefly at "Station" to try to raise one of the many fish that were holding in that pool at the mouth of Steamboat Creek and had been teasing us all week. When I found John fishing "Upper Boat", I could only hold my hands apart and say, "31 1/2 inches, absolutely unbelievable, my largest steelhead on a fly. What a beautiful fish." I even showed him my wet measuring tape, my arms soaked up to the elbows.

We had both been successful. The rain had "turned on" at least a few of the fish we'd fished over all week, and for whatever reason, those fish wanted to play with something they'd chosen to ignore for the six days previous. But sometimes that's how it works with steelhead; you've got to be "at the right place, at the right time"...and if you are, you may be lucky enough to raise a fish.

That evening, at our last campfire, Bill told us of his success as well. He had taken a 30" hen on his last cast of the day, and despite his best efforts to lose her (all unintentional - his reel kept catching in his coat, line snagging on his zipper, all kinds of 'snake bit' stuff) he finally managed to land her in heavy water and affect the release. Our smiles had all grown a little bit bigger.

And so it went. Now I know what I've been missing these past years, and it will be hard for me to turn my back on the North Umpqua again. I'm even thinking of becoming a regular...at least for one

week a year...in the fall...when the maples splash their brilliant glory over the wild, churning waters of the blue-green river...beneath heavy forests of old-growth timber and mossy canyons of bedrock...beside fern grottos and black rock ledges that guide the course of the water and provide havens for steelhead. Having seen it once...I don't think I can stay away.

I can think of no better introduction to a river, no better baptism into its spirit, than to see it, stand in it and live on it for the time it takes to begin to seek its secrets. Those magical rivers flow through you and draw you back...teasing, soothing, promising a lifetime of worth and offering lifetimes of promise. They never grow old, but continue to grow in our hearts, their waters calling to us in our dreams and dancing with the promise of our return. I understand now why so many feel that the North Umpqua is such a river.

Lee was right. I'll never regret it.

Steve Tubbs

Michael Baughman's, *A River Seen Right, A Fly Fisherman's North Umpqua*, is an excellent introduction to this amazing river. The beauty of the river is captured within its pages by the photography of Daniel Callaghan.

STEELHEAD SEASON IS AROUND THE CORNER

I apologize for leaving the last meeting early ... but work called! I will be bringing back the same flies as displayed at the last meeting to insure everyone has an opportunity to see them. We welcome anyone who would like to display their flies to bring them to the next meeting.

I need to draw up some new maps of the new river access and I seem to have some difficulty. If anyone has any experience or time to help, please let me know.

Steelhead season is fast approaching. I would like to remind all of you to check your fly boxes and your tackle and maybe visit the casting pond and practice with your heavy equipment. Also, you might want to go to the river access to familiarize yourself with the property before the season gets in full swing. Any reports from the accesses would greatly be appreciated.

Just a polite reminder ... when the rains start the roads will be inaccessible at the club lake... but if you so desire you can walk in.

Tom Lynn

CLASSIFIED

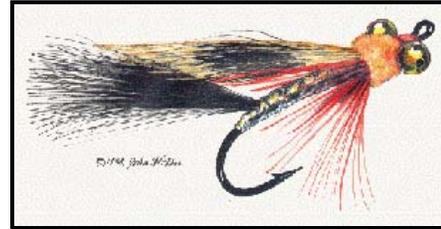
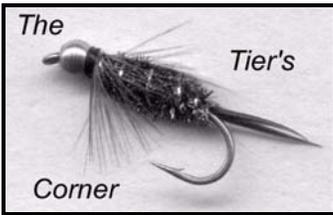
8 Ft. Fiberglass Skiff (Columbia)
New oars and dolly
\$400

Fly Tying Equipment
Vice, tools, books, hooks, yarn, capes
thread, wire and tincil \$100

Call Scott @ (707) 527-9168
or E-mail slewis95407@email.msn.com

Call Fred Pedersen @ (707) 542-5296

Sage 7'-6" DS2 4 wt 2 pc Fly Rod
Pristine Condition \$120
Call Duncan Gasiewicz @ 431-1007



Rusty Squirrel

Materials Needed:

- Hook: TMC 7999 Size 8-2
- Thread: 'A' burnt orange
- Wing: Red fox squirrel tail
- Body: Gold diamond braid
- Tag: Diamond braid
- Tail: Squirrel tail dyed black
- Hackle: Bright red-orange saddle
- Head: Tying thread
- Eyes: Gold bead chain medium to large
- Collar: Fluorescent burnt-orange chenille

Tying Instructions:

Special Requests or Questions? Contact Terry Faris

1. Start behind hook eye. Wrap to bend. Wrap 8 to 12 turns lead wire at mid-shank; secure with thread. Select clump of black squirrel tail hairs; tamp tips even. Tie in atop shank above.
2. Advance thread to 1/4 inch behind eye. Tie in diamond braid. Wrap back behind tail to form tag, then forward to starting point. Tie off, clip excess.
3. Tie in hackle butt at start of body. Spin 3 to 4 turns, tie off, clip excess. Wrap back wet style. midpoint between hook barb and point. Post at 45 degree angle.
4. Trim off medium clump red fox squirrel tail hairs; tamp tips even. Tie in as down wing, tips extending to 2/3 length of tail.
5. Tie in collar chenille behind bead eyes. Spin collar, tie off, trim excess.
6. Form small head between bead chain and hook eye. Whip finish, clip thread, cement.

Membership

I would like to extend a warm welcome to the following new members:

Walter Burandt, Warren Watkins, Janis Harwood, Carl Campbell, Kathleen Rhodes,
Marilyn Deasy, Gary Hahn, Brian Kohlman, Randy North, Greg Pope, Robert Burt, and Ron Tognozzi.

I also wanted to thank all the members who renewed their dues early. If you would like a new membership card let me know. If you're planning on up to the Club's River access or Club Lake for piscatorial pursuits, you'll need one.

Tight Lines!

Rick Baker

Members who use e-mail!

We are compiling a list of members with e-mail addresses to be used for club announcements. If you would like to be included on this list, send an e-mail message to Scott Lewis (slewis95407@msn.com). Scott will periodically send out an updated list to the group ... save the message and use it to 'reply to all' ... when you have an announcement for membership ... Editor

RRFF Website

www.members.tripod.com/~RRFlyFisher/index.html or www.rff.tsx.org



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also made a buzz up to Castle Lake to have a look. I watched Mark Parker floating around in his pram out on this superb lake.

On Sunday I was surprised to find out that I was the only one who was going to

my hands in the current, the five senses at full height, I realized that I was the

measurement but did manage to get a quick comparison against my rod. As I was letting this wild beauty rest, cradled in

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Fernando and Elizabeth Tabor, (owners)

Season Closer 10/01

I'd like to thank all those who attended the Annual Season Closer; and once again extend a big thanks to Mr. Scotty for arranging the campsites and cooking up a great dinner Sat. evening. It's always a treat to come off the river after the evening hatch and have a warm meal, fire and great company to share the day's stories.

One of the reasons I like the opener and closer is that it gives me the opportunity to get away and up to the mountains for a little bit of snooping. This Closer was no exception. I had never been to the Upper Sac. Let me tell you, I was very impressed! What a beautiful place! Oh yeah, and the fish...well, since this is just a newsletter, I can't tell you about them all but there were plenty to be had. Each hole and run I fished produced at least a strike with a couple of humorous, side splitting break off's during the evening October Caddis Hatch. Yeah, I did land a couple to about 12"-14". I

be spending an extra day and return home on Monday. I had made arrangements to head over to the McCloud River Reserve for the day. I had never been there either; and was going to make it a priority to get there since I was so close. Once again I was not disappointed! It's truly a wonderful place that I think all should make a priority to get to. I've heard that it can get crowded down there but I didn't see another soul the whole time I was on the river.

I did managed to hook into the largest Rainbow that I have ever caught on the McCloud. I had actually decided to call it quits for the day. As I was leaving the Reserve the hatch was still going off but winding down. As I passed a small pool I heard a loud splashy rise. It was one of those rises that instantly triggers that little voice in your head that says..."That is a big fish, I've got to throw to it."

Well, I did; and on the second cast that bugger came streaking out of his lair and slammed my big stimulator. What a tussle! I didn't get an accurate

Mail for RRFF (and Dues)

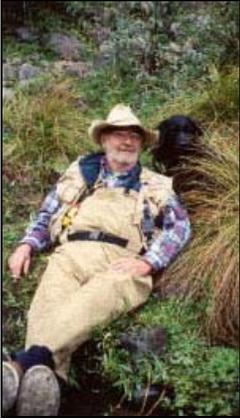
Please note that the Club P.O. Box address is not collected daily or on any regular schedule. If you have timely correspondence or information for the CAST, please mail material directly to the member in charge, not to the Club P.O. Box address. If your check for dues has been returned ... please re-submit the checks ... we had a minor problem with the P.O. Box which is being resolved ... Thanks.

only one around for miles! What a truly magical place! I would have to say that it was one of the most spiritual and poetic moments I think I have ever had!

So, this leads us to next year...a couple of years ago at my first closer, all that attended came to the decision that it was those who attended the closer would choose the location for the closer the following year. Around the campfire Sunday evening, we didn't come to any concrete conclusion to the location for the 2002 Closer. It's looking like the greater Upper Sac area again, which is just fine by me! I'm hooked, and will gladly go back and visit some of the new piscatorial friends that I made there. If you have a suggestion as to where you might like to see the closer being held, let someone on the BOD know. We will be voting on the location and making arrangements in the next couple of months.

Tight Lines! Rick Baker

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



Address correction requested

Russian River Fly Fishers Membership Application

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Occupation _____

Home Phone _____ Work Phone _____

E-mail Address _____ Signature _____



Please mark one of the following categories:

I apply as a new member:

- (Single membership - \$40 annual dues)
- (Family membership - \$45 annual dues)
- (Junior membership - \$25 annual dues)

Existing membership renewal:

- (Single membership - \$40 annual dues payable July 1st)
- (Family membership - \$45 annual dues payable July 1st)
- (Junior membership - \$25 annual dues payable July 1st)

Dues, paid by a new member joining the RRF after March 30th, will cover the balance of the current fiscal year and also the following fiscal year's dues. Dues run from July 1st to June 30th

**Please mail this application and your check payable to:
Russian River Fly Fishers, P.O. Box 2673, Santa Rosa, CA 95405**

The CAST

Russian River Fly Fishers

Volume 26 Number 12 December 2001

For December 2001

Striper & Steelhead Time!

Meanderings: Steve Tubbs

Well, here we go. As December approaches, and another steelhead season waits for rain, I can't help but wonder how our local waters will fare this winter. A few of us had tentative plans to test the waters of the Russian River this past Thanksgiving weekend, but after the storms blew through Paul called to say that the River was "brown bank to bank" and "unfishable". I had figured as much. If the past few weeks are any indication, it could be one of those years where the actual "fishable" days can be counted on one hand. But I don't want to get too pessimistic. It's early yet. Plenty of time for a high-pressure system to bump the storm door closed (for awhile) and allow our fisheries to clear.

It's a double-edged sword, actually. On the one hand, we can use the rain. Last summer saw some pretty drastic water conditions in much of the Sierra, and a good snow pack will definitely pay off for our next trout season. Refilling the reservoirs and lakes will also bode well for water flows in many of our dependant rivers, although as we know too well, that precondition doesn't always translate to the increased flows

we hope for. I find myself hoping for heavy rains interspersed with the dry spells that will allow us opportunities to get on the water and pursue our local steelhead. I had these thoughts last year as well. The "best of both worlds". Optimism that our environment, fisheries and fishermen will each get everything they need. The dreams of fishermen.

I haven't fished the Russian River for steelhead for a number of years now. My schedule hasn't been such to allow me the flexibility to be on the water when the conditions are right. Hopefully, this year, all influences will cooperate to allow a few shots at our local population. I look forward to fishing with some of the talented members of our club in the waters you would think we would know the best. I'm keeping my fingers crossed. There is time.

On the RRFF front, this year we're trying something different. Instead of our annual December Dinner Meeting, we've opted to avoid the time constraints of the holiday season and instead have our annual Dinner Meeting on February 2nd, when the RRFF will put on a family-style Crab Cioppino dinner with "all the fixin's" at the Santa Rosa

Druid's Hall. "All the fixin's" (including the Cioppino) will be prepared by our own Scotty Broome, with special assistance from Marji Major and other members of the club and our Board of Directors. Our speaker this year will be Bruce Staples, a fly-fishing author and featured speaker at this past year's FFF Conclave, who is well versed in the trout waters of Eastern Idaho and has a slide presentation that is rumored to be enjoyable for both fishing and non-fishing viewers alike. We'll have another fantastic raffle and do everything that we have done in past December Dinner Meeting's...only a couple of months later. Mark your calendars, this is the same weekend as the International Sportsmen's Exposition in San Mateo. Seating is limited to the first 125 members and guests...so register early (by contacting Marji Major) to reserve your place.

In December, we'll have a General Meeting at the Veteran's Memorial Building on the second Wednesday of the month (December 12) featuring the Russian River. Our guest speaker will be Life Member Scott Broome, who will be presenting access points, techniques and pretty much anything else you would like to know about our namesake

river. Scotty has been fishing the Russian for a number of years now, and has been holding introductory Club Outings to some of the fishing accesses for RRF members during the steelhead season. His presentation will involve "hand-outs" and will provide a "question and answer" session to enable him to more thoroughly share his knowledge. Don't miss this chance to introduce yourself to our home water!

As we close out another year, I'd like to wish everyone a safe holiday season and best wishes for a great 2002! My good friend Paul Major and I hope to open the new year with Ernie Dennison on the Trinity River (weather permitting) with plans to "float" both New Year's Day and the day following. I think those magnificent steelhead are a great way to "ring in the New Year" and there is no better way to avoid procrastinating the purchase of a new fishing license.

May all of you be as fortunate to be able to share this holiday season with your family and friends...



Attention

The deadline for submission of newsletter material, classifieds, etc., is **5 days** after the date of the Board Meeting. Board members and interested guests note that the Board Meetings are held the 3rd Wednesday each month at 7 pm, Round Table Pizza, Montgomery Village, unless notified otherwise.

CAST by e-mail

The CAST is now available by e-mail. The e-mail version is in color so those pictures really look nice. You can read the CAST online or print it out on your printer. Savings to the Club are significant as more and more members receive their CAST by e-mail. If you would like to receive the CAST by e-mail, send me a message at jfinet@vom.com and I will put you on the distribution list. You will receive a compressed ZIP file with the CAST in Word format. We currently have 16 members getting the CAST by e-mail ... it works great join the group now! ... The Editor

2001/2002 Russian River Fly Fishers Board of Directors

President: Steve Tubbs (765-1787)
Secretary: Andy Mazzanti (795-3532)
Membership Database: Steve Tubbs (765-1787)
Casting Pond: Scott Broome (575-5993)
Newsletter Editor: John Iding (938-4116 jfinet@vom.com)
Treasurer: Paul Major (539-5437)
Youth Activities: Shawn Montoya (763-1489)
Outings: Scott Broome (575-5993)
Conservation: Rodger Magill (876-3308)
Raffle Chairperson: Lee Smith (538-0706)

Casting Instruction: Rick Jorgensen (535-0331)
Vice President: Rick Baker (545-8860)
Program Director: Joe Banovich (526-6015)
Special Events Chairperson: Marji Major (539-5437)
Lake Captain: Tom Lynn (538-4366)
Webmaster: Scott Lewis (527-9168)
Membership Coordinator: Rick Baker (545-8860)
Fly Tying: Terry Faris (539-4354)
Director at Large: Tim Reuling (887-9734)

December General Meeting

RRFF Presents:

Fishing Your Home Waters

Our own Scotty Broome will present a program on the Russian River: the time to fish the places to fish and the techniques to fish! Scotty has been fishing the Russian extensively for years and will share his secrets to success. This should be a great presentation. Handouts will be provided with maps.

Wednesday, December 12th

Bring a Friend

Fly Tying at 6 pm General Meeting at 7 pm

The Lodge Room, Santa Rosa Vet's Building, 1351 Maple Ave. Santa Rosa, CA

Club Dinner - Saturday evening, February 2, 2002

As reported earlier, the RRF will not be holding a December dinner meeting this year. We are putting together a Crab Cioppino feed at the Druids Hall in Santa Rosa in February. Our space will be limited and we strongly suggest that you check your calendars now and get your reservation in. The speaker will be great, Bruce Staples, the raffle/auction will be great, and with Scott and his helpers, the dinner will be great. If you are interested in being one of those helpers or if you have an item to donate to the raffle/auction, please contact Scott Broome or me, Marji Major.

Menu: Antipasto, salad, crab cioppino, bread and dessert. Wine and coffee will be served and a no-host bar will be provided.

Price: \$35 per person

Reservations: Send your name _____

phone number _____

number of attendees _____ x \$35 _____

and your check to M. Major
1029 Jack London Ct.
Santa Rosa, CA 95409

Marji Major, Events Chairperson

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8 Ft. Fiberglass Skiff (Columbia)

New oars and dolly

\$300

Call Scott @ (707) 527-9168

or E-mail slewis95407@msn.com

Fly Tying Equipment

Vice, tools, books, hooks, yarn, capes
thread, wire and tincil \$100

Call Fred Pedersen @ (707) 542-5296

Sage 7'-6" DS2 4 wt 2 pc Fly Rod

Pristine Condition \$120

Call Duncan Gasiewicz @ 431-1007

Coming Events

December

Membership Meeting - 12/12

Board Meeting - 12/19

Casting Clinic Sundays - 12-2 pm

Merry Christmas to all!!!!

January (Happy New Years!)

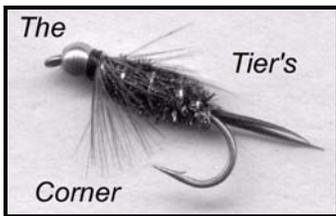
Membership Meeting - 1/9

Board Meeting - 1/16

Fly Tying Meeting - 1/23

Casting Clinic Sundays 12-2 pm

Dinner Meeting - Feb 2nd



Lady of the Night



Materials Needed:

- Hook: 37890 size 6 to 3/0
- Thread: Black 8/0 uni-thread
- Wing: White polar bear or calf tail
- Body: Purple dyed seal or substitute
- Tail: Fluorescent red hackle fibers
- Hackle: Webby fluorescent red saddle
- Head: Tying thread
- Rib: Fine flat varnished silver tinsel

Tying Instructions:

1. Insert the hook into the vise and build a two layer tying thread base over 1/2 of hook's shank for this very reduced tie. Use more or less thread base to match the size of fly desired.
2. Tail - tie in 10 to 20 fl. red hackle fibers at the rear of the thread base.
3. Body - Tie in the ribbing material so that sufficient space is allowed for one turn of the body's dubbing loop to pass between the tail and ribbing material. Form a tying thread loop. Insert an appropriate amount of purple seal for the size of body being tied and twist the loop into a tight noodle. Wrap the dubbing noodle one turn behind the tail, one turn between the front of the tail and rear of the ribbing material then forward to the rear of normal head space. Secure the noodle with tying thread and trim any excess.
4. Rib - The ribbing is as usual wrapped in the opposite direction as the body material wrap. Use a five turn ribbing.
5. Hackle - Secure the hackle at the front of the body and wrap a one or two turn collar, secure with tying thread and trim any excess hackle close.
6. Wing - The wing of this sparse tie is 30 to 40 polar bear hairs or the calf tail, stacked, and attached at the front of the hackle. Use the hair wing attachment technique that is most comfortable for you. Trim any excess wing butts close.
7. Head - Form a tapered tying thread head, whip finish and cement if you like.

This fly was tied by Wes Newman and he makes a comment: This is sort of a painted lady version of the purple peril. Light conditions or water clarity doesn't seem to affect the performance of this fly as long as the tie is sparse.

Questions or requests? Contact Terry Faris

Fly Tying Meetings!

Beginning January of 2002, the Club will be having a separate meeting for fly tiers on the fourth Wednesday of each month at the home of one of our members, Tom Campbell. The first meeting will begin at 6:00 PM, on January 23rd. Tiers should bring directional lamps as well as the usual paraphernalia. Normally this will be an informal tying session while occasionally class-like activities will be held. Any questions may be directed to Tom at 576-0284 or Terry Faris at 539-4354.

Directions

From 101 North, take the Guerneville Road-Steele Lane exit. Try to get in the center lane which makes a wide left turn (it will keep you out of the Coddington Mall traffic). Go west and eventually you will reach Fulton Road. This will be signaled by a stop light as well as the Rotten Robbie station on the far side of the road.

Continue straight ahead (west) for approximately .9 of a mile. Shortly after the sign "Willowside Meats" (right side of road), take a right turn onto Lupine Drive. The house is the second one on the left side. The address is 1475 Lupine Drive and the telephone number is 707-576-0284.

On-street parking is non-existent. There are two driveways on either side of the house. Either one is fine, but drive back as far as you can, so as to accommodate the most folks possible. Car pooling is encouraged.

Year 2002 Photo Contest

Back by popular demand, the RRF Club will sponsor a photo contest for the year 2002! Deadline for submitting photos is December 31st, 2002. So you have a full year to work on those award winning pictures!

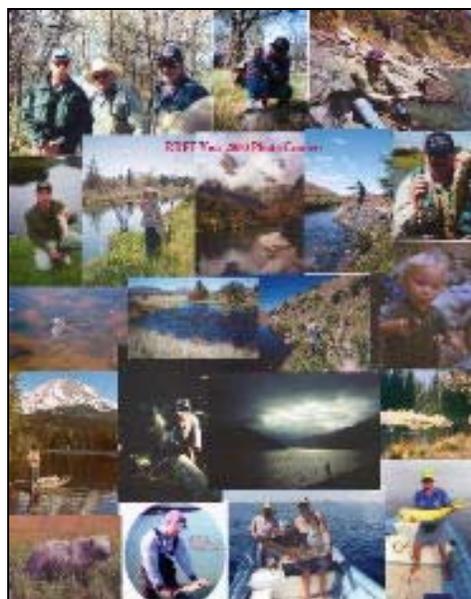


Photo Contest General Rules:

- Photos should be taken by club members or be a picture of club member taken by others
- Awards will be given for best overall picture ... most humorous picture ... and best fish picture ... with special recognition for a picture of a fish airborne
- When submitting photos ... be sure to include your name and a small caption about where the photo was taken or if for humorous category ... an appropriate comment
- For digital photos ... the jpg format is preferred
- Photos will be returned upon request
- If we end up with a lot of photos ... we may limit the number of entries per member (member can select best 6 of 10 for example)
- Winners will be selected by the membership at the Feb 2003 Dinner Meeting and announced in the March CAST
- Photos should be submitted to John Iding at club meetings or by e-mail at jfinet@vom.com
- Deadline for entries is December 31st 2002
- Photos submitted for contest may be used for the CAST at the editor's discretion (unless specifically requested otherwise)
- Most important rule Have fun



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Mail for RRFF (and Dues)

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Members who use e-mail!

We are compiling a list of members with e-mail addresses to be used for club announcements. If you would like to be included on this list, send an e-mail message to Scott Lewis (slewis95407@msn.com). Scott will periodically send out an updated list to the group ... save the message and use it to 'reply to all' ... when you have an announcement for membership ... Editor

RRFF Website

www.members.tripod.com/~RRFlyFisher/index.html or www.rrff.tsx.org
Thanks for all the hard work Scott! The site looks great.

Membership

I wanted to extend a warm welcome to the following new members:

The Jose Marroquin Family
Fred Ortmann
Garry Passarino,
and Bruce Rocco

The club has many opportunities to offer the novice to expert in the areas of fly casting, fly tying, rod building, and let's not forget fishing with all the above.

I would also like to take the time to thank Pat Gibbard for donating his time and materials to help laminate the membership cards during the monthly membership meetings. Thanks Pat!

In case you have not noticed, I have been putting out a comment book next to the names badges at the monthly meeting. This book is intended to help members communicate to the board and myself what you may be interested in or programs you would like to see; also if there is anything you need in the way of membership cards, patches, copies of the bylaws, etc. Feel free to jot me a quick note in it, and I'll see what I can do.

Till next month...Tight Lines.

Rick Baker
Membership Coordinator

A Mended Line by Roger Magill

It certainly has been good to hear of the robust returns of Chinook salmon in the northern rivers. Club members have had good stories to tell. Coho returns, however, are on the decline. In February of this year it was reported in the Press Democrat that the Fish and Game Commission was to begin a year long study on the decline. In the 1950's, 500,000 native fish returned to California to spawn. Today there are about 5,000. The cold, clean gravel needed by the fish eggs to mature into fry has become fragmented and damaged by environmental factors. Sometimes the oddest people and businesses are in "our corner". I pulled out the paper insert in my Tom's of Maine toothpaste and read a very nicely worded encouragement to take care of our local waters. Besides recommending driving less, when possible, they advised taking care when changing the oil in one's car. Repair of drips from your vehicle can also save abuse to our streams. During rains these drips and spills are washed into local streams. Storm drains in Santa Rosa drain into local creeks. A gallon of used motor oil can pollute one million gallons of fresh water. Tom's recommends washing your car on the grass instead of on the pavement, though I suspect many people are unable to do this. They made an interesting analogy that if all the world's water were to fit into a gallon jug, the freshwater would be one tablespoon! In addition, most of the things we put into the air come down again, much of it reaching the streams. As a consequence we must become more aware of what we put into the air and our use of the land as much of this will effect the water, our sport fishing, and our ability to have enough fresh water for life. Local conservation watch: January 21 of this year, the P.D. reported a logging proposal on Mill Creek road six miles west of Healdsburg. They plan to clear most of the 153 acres of trees. This area borders an important tributary to the Russian River, Mill Creek. This is one of the locations where fry are put in to imprint as their homeland. As a result, they will return here as adults to spawn. It was reported that much of the property had steep slopes and moderate to high erosion potential. The top of these ridges had already been graded for vineyards. The writer of the article reports that officials in a July inspection found erosion from the 14 acres of vineyards. Each of these types of activities has to be carefully executed. We need agriculture and the car is here to stay. The ways in which we use our soil and to some degree the type of crops we plant have an impact on the waterways. What we drive and how we use it bears a result on the environment and the fisheries.

Raffle Donations

We all enjoy the Club raffles at the monthly meetings and we thank Lee Smith for organizing the raffles. This is just a reminder that we can always use donations of equipment for these raffles. All donations are welcome. Please submit your donation items to Lee.

Cover Photo

I know of at least five club members who will recognize this spot, and one member has written about catching a 31-1/2" steelhead at the tailout of this run. Interesting idea ... maybe a mystery photo in the CAST once in awhile and a prize for those who can recognize the location ... ummm ... will work on that. Meanwhile ... yes ... it is Sawtooth on the North Umpqua ... and a beautiful spot it is just upstream of the camp water. Steve will never forgive me for not being there with the camera when he caught his beautiful steelhead (you did catch a steelhead didn't you Steve?). The Editor

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



Address correction requested

Russian River Fly Fishers Membership Application

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Occupation _____

Home Phone _____ Work Phone _____

E-mail Address _____ Signature _____



Please mark one of the following categories:

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- (Single membership - \$40 annual dues)
- (Family membership - \$45 annual dues)
- (Junior membership - \$25 annual dues)

Existing membership renewal:

- (Single membership - \$40 annual dues payable July 1st)
- (Family membership - \$45 annual dues payable July 1st)
- (Junior membership - \$25 annual dues payable July 1st)

Dues, paid by a new member joining the RRF after March 30th, will cover the balance of the current fiscal year and also the following fiscal year's dues.

Dues run from July 1st to June 30th

**Please mail this application and your check payable to:
Russian River Fly Fishers, P.O. Box 2673, Santa Rosa, CA 95405**