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Gregg Wrisley hooking and then landing a
Yucatán snook. Story page 4.
Photo by Kraig Smith.

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President's Message By Penelope Gadd-Coster

Wow, where does the time go, is it really August? July was packed with events, from the Women's Fly-Fishers' Program and casting clinics to THE SUMMER PICNIC!

Our Summer Picnic was the pinnacle of the month for me, and I hope it was high on your list of great events for the month as well. The Board and as well as several volunteers – Joerg Olson, Michael Aja, Jane Stone, Greg Jacobs, John Meserve, Catherine Miller, Brenden Galten, and a few others that pitched in at the end. I would like to acknowledge those hard-working members, named or not. What a great team! Gregg Wrisley gathered some amazing raffle and

auction items so picnic guests and RRFF members could enjoy buying raffle tickets and bidding on silent auction items too. I should have purchased more raffle tickets—next year! I heard there were many summer picnic highlights for attendees, but my big moment was announcing our newest RRFF Lifetime Members: Don Shaw and Paul Matzen!

Just a little about this honor as this question requires each one of us on the Board to determine the qualifications that precede the awarding of this honor. Per our By-Laws (excerpt):

a. Lifetime Members: Persons whose actions are consistent with the aims and purposes of the corporation and who are deemed by the Board of

Directors to be worthy of such distinction may receive a Lifetime Membership in this corporation.

Recommendations come to the Board and the Board reviews and votes. I want to share what Steve Tubbs wrote to me about this award as it gave me further insight: *"To me, the RRFF Life Membership Award is bestowed on an individual for **Outstanding Service** **"above and beyond" the call – to the Organization that is the Russian River Fly Fishers. Furthermore, it represents a long-term commitment as an **Ambassador for the Russian River Fly Fishers** - a dedication toward the support and promotion of our fly-fishing club and its continued prosperity. I view this award as a tremendous honor and as an indicator of a certain level of commitment to our organization."***

This truly moved me. Then talking to Don Shaw and Paul Matzen lifted my spirits even more. So, please join me in congratulating them both. I know this will not be the end to their contributions to our club. I will present them with plaques at our next RRFF General Meeting in September 2023.

Catherine Miller, Co-Coordinator of the Women's Fly-Fishers' Program, is putting together an amazing schedule of classes and trips. Do not miss out on these up-and-coming activities. It made my heart sing to see this important component to our club taking off!

As a reminder, there isn't a general meeting this month. We are ready to offer you a General Meeting in September with a live speaker. We are continuing our *mixed meeting* format, in-house at the Vets Hall and a zoom presentation, so that everyone can be a part of our General Meetings wherever you are.

Also, I will be sending out a ballot to see how you all feel about having a winter dinner (February 17th) or another summer picnic dinner during 2024. The Board is also talking about the possibility of some smaller events at the pond next year too. Please let us know what you would prefer!

That's all for now—get out there and fish, Penelope.

Yuba Shad/Feather Steelhead in July

By Ed Barich

Months ago, Matt Cardle had arranged with Brian Clemens of Nor Cal Fly Guides to fish the Yuba River for shad in May and asked me if I was interested. I had not fished for shad in years and the Yuba is known to be a hot spot for the "poor man's tarpon" that run up from the Pacific to spawn, so I quickly agreed to join them. But this being a flood year, our outing was delayed multiple times due to high river flows, with the weekend of July 1-2 being the final available date. Normally that would be the tail end of the run, but since everything else was running late this year, it seemed possible we could still get some action.

Matt arranged for us to share a campsite at Sycamore Ranch campground just 12 miles east of Marysville. It was Independence Day weekend, and the campground was packed with campers, adults, and



Brian at the tiller & Matt below Daguerre Dam.

kids of all ages, who made plenty of chatter and music till after 10PM (ever heard the song "Proud Mary" by Creedence Clearwater Revival in Spanish?). But everyone there was in a good mood, and I find it encouraging to see people enjoying the outdoors, even when their tents are pitched closer together than the homes that they came from.

On the morning of the first day, we met Brian at a public boat launch in Marysville at 6AM. He has a flat-bottom jet boat with an 80 hp outboard, which is just the ticket for going up and down shallow rock-bottomed rivers like the Yuba and Feather. If you think that going down a western river in a drift boat

can be exciting, just imagine what zipping up a 4-inch-deep riffle at 40mph in a jet boat can do to your pulse rate. But because Brian makes this trip multiple times per week, we were confident that we were traveling safely - our pilot knew what he was doing.

We cruised upriver about 10 miles to fish spots below the Daguerre dam, which prevents boats and spawning shad from navigating any further up. Our plan for this trip was to wade and fish with 2-handed rods; Matt had an 11-foot Echo 3-weight, and I borrowed Brian's 12-foot 5-weight, both using floating running lines and Type 8 sink tips. Brian rigged the rods with two shad flies each, orange being the preferred color on the Yuba (American River shad like red, Sacramento River shad are partial to chartreuse and yellow). He then pointed us to likely spots where we comfortably wet-waded up to our thighs in 64F water as the air temperature rose above 105F later in the afternoon.



Matt hooks a Yuba shad.

Brian is an excellent spey casting instructor, and with his help I was soon able to cast to the far-side of the river, allowing the flies to swing over the complete width of the run. The long cast was essential in enticing shad to follow the flies and pounce on them when they stopped at the bottom of the swing. Shad are tough fighters that know how to use their wide bodies against the current, putting a respectable bend in the long rods (Matt even had two-fly hookups to double the fun). Brian taught us how to do a quick fish-release using a custom de-hooking tool, so no nets were needed despite the long rods. At times the action was as hot as the temperature – multiple hookups on consecutive casts and dozens of fish caught and released. We left the river in the heat of

the afternoon a bit wilted, but with smiles on our faces.



A Yuba shad to hand.

The next morning, we met Brian at a launch on the Feather River near Gridley. After a “quantity” day on the Yuba, we decided to try for a “quality” day on the Feather. Brian told us that at this time, steelhead were a possibility on the Feather below Oroville. There is a summer run of steelies – a smaller genetic strain but with the same challenging selectivity and hard-fighting characteristics as the winter run. The previous day's shad were fairly forgiving of poor presentations, but for steelhead we would need to bring our “A-game”.

We used the same rods and rigs as the day before, but Brian tied on a single streamer that he had selected specifically for this run of steelhead. With the shad we had positioned ourselves above a hole and stayed in the same spot to catch multiple fish, but with steelhead we needed to cast, swing and step downriver repeatedly to cover a long run that was sparsely populated with fish.

After trying several runs with no action, we had to bite our lips, apply some patience, and remember that we were after the “fish of a thousand casts”, not the “fish on every cast”. As the day went on, we started getting a few grabs, some hookups and eventually a few steelies to hand. Most of them were similar in size to coastal “half-pounders”, the biggest about 20 inches, and they all jumped and fought hard. I believe that using the two-handed rods was key to covering a lot of water and locating these elusive fish at a time of the year when they are not typically pursued.



Ed with Feather steelhead.

There is not much public access to the lower Yuba and Feather rivers, and in our two days on the water we saw only a handful of boats and even fewer fly fishers. Once you get out of Marysville, the rivers come alive with wildlife visible both below and above the clear waters. If you have an opportunity to explore them someday, I recommend you go.

Fishing the Northern Shores of Yucatán's Peninsula By Dave Stone

We all laughed a lot. I'm talking about the five RRF members I went fly fishing with for *baby* tarpon. Don Shaw, Gregg Wrisley, Kraig Smith, Mike Spurlock, Rich Hesselein, and I stayed in Rio Lagartos, an authentic



Wharf view from hotel, 5:15 AM.

fishing village, at a small, full-service six-room hotel called the Yuum Ha (meaning Sun God in a Mayan

dialect). We ate well and fished just as well with much laughter during those six days of fishing.

And then there were those challenging moments in the Río Lagartos Lagoon when we tried our best at hooking those baby tarpon. They were beautifully covered in shiny silver scales that sparkled so intensely it was a must to view them through the pane of dark sunglasses. And when they defiantly launched themselves out of the lagoon saltwater trying to release themselves from our flies. That action set the stage for their Houdini act. They were crafty escape artists and much, much more. The wallop they produced when hooked was exciting and demanding and bent our rods into a shape close to a parabolic curve. That smack at the end of our fishing line brought us back each morning for more tugs, jumps, and sometimes a photo of a landed tarpon. They were not easy to hook or land but I'm telling you, fishing for baby tarpon is a *toda madre*!

For future or returning baby tarpon fly fishers, below is Mike Spurlock's well-defined **8-Point Plan to Land a Baby Tarpon**.

What the guides were telling us to do:

1. When you or the guide spot a tarpon (or a school) surfacing and moving, the guide will get you close enough to cast and direct you to cast in front of where he sees them going, but *do not* cast on top of them which will spook them.
2. Once your line and fly land on the water's surface, you can assume the guide will want you to start stripping, but he may tell you to wait for the tarpon to get closer.
3. You are expected to make approximately 2-foot strips at a steady pace, but he may say faster or longer or slower. The fly must be moving to entice the tarpon.
4. If the tarpon takes the fly, make a strip to set the hook with the rod pointed directly at the tarpon. **DO NOT RAISE THE ROD TIP.**
5. If the tarpon jumps, immediately stop stripping, and let the line go slack, even push the rod tip forward

toward the fish (where it should already be pointed). If you don't do this or if you raise the rod, it is more likely the tarpon will have the ability to spit the fly.

6. Once the tarpon falls back to the water after a jump, immediately return to stripping to tighten the line (at the speed directed) but *do not* rip the fly out of his mouth. If the tarpon wants to run—let it run.

7. Gradually bring the tarpon in as it tires by swinging the rod slowly to the right and then left (always tip pointed downward, never above horizontal), and opposite the way it was going, while reeling in line as best you can but letting the tarpon run if it wants to.

8. Once the tarpon is tired, you will be able to gradually bring it in and the guide will ask you to swing the tarpon toward the side of the boat so he can grab the fish. The guide will then ask you to give him slack in the line so he can release the tarpon (or take the fish aboard for a quick photo).

Río Lagartos' name comes from the Spanish conquistadores and means Lizard River. Those conquistadores didn't have a word for *crocodile*, so they used the closest word they had to describe crocodiles—*Lagartos* meaning *Lizards*. The Río Lagartos Lagoon was where they saw those saltwater crocodiles slither from the mangroves.

Early each morning, we motored out with our guide to fish among the mangroves. We admired the beauty of those tropical maritime trees/shrubs. They are the dominant plant growth that completely covers those narrow strips of land lining the large lagoon which has channels leading to the Gulf of Mexico.

Crocodiles are still living in the lagoon near Río Lagartos and the smaller village of San Felipe. The crocs seem to retreat into the mangrove root systems botanists have named *prop roots* that form a dense plant mass at the water's edge. The mangroves are important in those coastal land strips, as they are the foundation for that unique ecosystem. The crocs live among the prop roots in saltwater, well-hidden during the day for protection, but they will periodically come out during the day if disturbed or

hungry. Well, while fishing one day, Rich and I, and our guide Eliseo, somehow disturbed one.

Rich and Eliseo were standing up in our turquoise panga when they spotted a crocodile gliding out from the mangroves. It was heading straight for us in no more than three feet of water. It slithered to the port side of our panga where I sat. Rich called out, "Crocodile!" I quickly stood up. At that instant, the croc then began swimming parallel to our panga churning up the fine silt bottom and saltwater with its powerful tail action. The crocodile's tail swatted the saltwater and silt back and forth to gain speed. Its wake looked like a muddy contrail clouding the gin clear water.



Crocodile darting ahead of our panga.

To be a fishing guide on the Yucatán shores, you must be at least part hunter, knowledgeable of the fish you're pursuing, a safe and accurate navigator, and quick-witted. Eliseo had all those attributes. He had been quietly propelling his panga by poling us forward with his long and well-worn pole. After Eliseo eyeballed the croc, he stopped poling and let the panga glide slowly forward. I grabbed my iPhone from my pocket for multiple photos and a video as the croc boosted itself ahead of our panga. Following its

movements, the three of us went into stealth mode. The croc quickly swam ahead of us and when it was about 25 feet in front of our boat, it made a quick right angle turn and suddenly stopped. We got a good look at its long snout, 6-foot plus length, gnarly skin armor, and its open right eye staring back at us. It was a powerful creature, not one to mess with. [Click here](#) to view the crocodile video.

Eliseo dug into the lagoon bottom with his pole and stopped too. We were originally heading for a fishing area past this mangroves' narrow inlet where Eliseo wanted us to fish, but the croc was now blocking the narrow passage. We all looked at each other wondering, *what is that croc trying to do?* I spoke up, "It doesn't want us to go any farther." I was guessing but thought it was a logical and cogent *good guess*.

Eliseo made a quick decision. He immediately turned around and began poling us backward between the mangroves' tight quarters to let the croc have *its way*. Just then the crocodile, eyeing our retreat, thrust its tail back and forth in a way that allowed it to turn 180-degrees and from its position swam back to the mangroves and disappeared. We got the hell-out-of-there. We headed for deeper water and moved on. Whew! The interaction was just as interesting as it was intense.

The six of us were having enormous fun catching tarpon during the early mornings and late afternoons. We also enjoyed ribbing each other and busting chops, especially when we came back at the end of the day from fishing to talk about our catches or the disappointments of the day while swigging cold Mexican beer at the hotel's outdoor bar-shack.

We would get up by 4:30 AM each morning, to drink coffee at around 4:45. Then we'd eat a delicious breakfast served by 5:00 AM as we watched the sun rise through the dining room's large windows from our breakfast table made from a beautiful local wood. We were usually the only ones in the breakfast dining area. It was a wonderful moment—eating a variety of enjoyable food with friends, watching a flock of pink flamingos fly by in search of drinking water. Also, we

anticipated fly fishing for aggressive baby tarpon as the day revealed itself. There would be either a slight onshore wind or our favorite—no wind and glassy water. There were puffy white clouds to gaze upon each day. Sometimes huge vertical white/gray cumulonimbus formed looking like they were ready to drop moisture. On those glassy days, as our guide motored us out over the smooth Río Lagartos Lagoon, Rich and I would smile as we recalled our surfing days when we rode glassy waves at our favorite surf breaks south of San Francisco.

We'd gather our fishing gear and by 5:30 AM we were out at the wharf locating our fishing guide for that day. I enjoyed those rituals each morning.

During our six days of fishing, we rotated through the three guides, Rafael, Eliseo, and Martín, twice. Each guide was different, and each had their own style of helping us locate and land fish. I tried to glean a piece of helpful fly-fishing information from each guide. I have been building my own fly-fishing brain trust from various fly fishers I have met since joining Russian River Fly Fishers, a club of helpful men and women passionate about fly fishing.



Guide Martín and Gregg with his spirited snook.

Don and Mike, the planners of this fly-fishing adventure, had experience fishing the Yucatán's shores for baby tarpon. Don was at Holbox, Yucatán, a month prior and Mike and Don's original experience was in Campeche, Yucatán learning the essentials on how to fish for baby tarpon. We enjoyed hearing

about their fishing experiences in the Yucatán and appreciated the time and effort they put into organizing this wonderful fishing excursion for the rest of us. Muchas gracias Don and Mike!



Don's tarpon.

Kraig had the most questions about what type of flies were best for those aggressive Yucatán baby tarpons, but he couldn't find anyone (guides or local merchants) that had the answers to satisfy his insatiable curiosity.



Dave's tarpon caught using a Binky hand tied fly.

At the beginning of our first fishing day, I was curious to see how Rafael would regard a Ziplock bag of flies tied by long-term RRFF member Binky Castleberry. After much deliberation, he selected a brown mouse pattern from the Binky bag. I caught my first baby tarpon on that Binky fly. Each guide seemed to be dissatisfied with the fly selection we brought on the trip, then to our surprise, the guide would finally pick

one and tie it onto the end of our 50 lb. mono *bite leader* created for us by Don Shaw. However, the *right* flies for those baby tarpon was still a total mystery to all of us.

After landing that tarpon, I now had newfound confidence. I had landed my first tarpon and had a photo of it too. Mike would say, "Remember, if you don't get a photo, it never happened." 😊

The first morning, Rich and I were paired with Rafael. He taught us many things about landing baby tarpon. First was the importance of creating a rhythm to our casting so we could reach the tarpon or school of tarpon within our casting range. Rafael asked to use Rich's 9-foot, 9 wt. saltwater Sage rod coupled with his Tibor Riptide reel to demonstrate what he was looking for when we attempted to cast. He first stripped plenty of line from the reel—enough to include six or seven long strips of fly line backing. That stripped fishing line and backing landed on the bow and to his left of where he was standing. The excess line was clear of his bare feet and the chrome stanchion (which we called a "lean bar"). We learned to lean into that double vertical bar secured to the bow's deck with our lower body (butt and thighs) to stabilize our stance especially when we were stripping line.



Watching Rafael casting.

Next, I noticed Rafael humming a tune as he began his *false* casts. “Hum or sing a song to yourself,” he recommended. When he used this method to cast, that fly at the end of Rich’s S.A. saltwater topical line ended up lightly touching down on the water like a butterfly delicately landing on a beautiful flower. He got that fly to reach 80 feet or more from the bow. His casting was poetry in motion. I felt like clapping, but I didn’t want to disturb his demonstration or concentration. It was a good show.

I took special notice because his humming was music to my ears. I applied that method of casting to my developing fly-casting repertoire. I became a metronome and hummed a melody in time with my casting motion. My casting wasn’t perfect (*is it ever?*), but I was on to something which I had not experienced prior to that day with Rafael and Rich. Practicing this new casting method, right then and there, drove my fly and line out further, straight, and with more accuracy than any other time as a new fly fisher. That alone was worth the price of admission. As Rich watched during my turn to fish, from time to time, speaking sotto voce, “Nice cast.” I now had a tool that made me more confident as a fly caster.

Second, Rafael taught us the importance of stripping line after casting a fly to baby tarpon as outlined above in Mike’s **8-Point Plan to Land a Baby Tarpon**. Those tarpons liked to jump, and they do jump high (so can the Yucatán snook as exhibited by the photo on the front page).



Rich’s tarpon with guide Eliseo.

Also, tarpon seem to enjoy chasing the fly. One hopes the quick moving fly will invite a tarpon to strike it. If you are skilled or lucky enough to set the hook, then you’ll have one of the more challenging fish fights of your life. Rod tip positioned high above the water combined with slack line in the water is a certain path to losing a tarpon. Remember those feisty fish are part-Houdini—they’re escape artists.

Rich and I made plenty of mistakes, but those mistakes were consciously corralled into a portion of our brain stamped, “Do Not Execute Again.” Easier said than done, but we were quick learners, and, in that process, we were landing tarpon. For that reason alone, we were happy at the end of each day. It doesn’t get any better than that.

We fished for six days straight. However, the six of us observed that during the afternoons the tides were getting unusually lower each day. The three guides were having difficulty motoring out into most sections of the large lagoon in the late afternoon because the propellers of the panga motors were getting tangled with shallow sea grasses and close to dragging the bottom. Our three guides and Chesp, the individual our guides reported to, had a hypothesis that the two hurricanes traveling west into the Caribbean Sea from the Atlantic at that time were creating enough weather turbulence to cause unusually low tides in our part of the Yucatán’s coast. Their premise was interesting, but I was unclear about its basis and accuracy. It sounded to me like a huge stretch but I’m not a weather or tide cycle expert.



Kraig’s king-size baby tarpon with guide Rafael.

In any sport, sometimes things happen unexpectedly that can make things a bit more difficult. It's like the sport of track and field, trying a new pair of shoes that don't fit or grip well, or in our case, fishing difficult tide changes. So, we adapted. We modified the times we would be fishing for the last three days. We all went along with our guides recommendation, to fish the entire morning and a bit into the early afternoon and we would exclude our late afternoon fishing time from 4 PM to sundown. Unfortunately, landing baby tarpon for each of those last three days drastically dropped off. However, Kraig, Gregg, and Rafael motored out to fish the deeper waters of the Gulf near Punta Yulcubul. That is where Kraig landed one of the largest, if not the largest, of all the baby tarpon we caught during our six days of fishing.



Mike's tarpon with guide Rafael.

Most of us were catching at least one tarpon apiece, sometimes more, during the morning shift and during the late afternoon shift too. However, my last three days of fishing I didn't catch a single tarpon. I caught small barracuda or jack fish here and there, but no tarpon. Disappointing—yes, but tolerable because we were in a beautiful and interesting part of the world which allowed us to observe the boundless ecological marvels while we fished.

I already mentioned the early morning pink flamingos flying in search of drinking water and the crocodile. Rich and I had a wonderful time birding in between fishing. We saw a rookery of pure white egrets taking off from the top of the mangroves which flashed the deep blue-sky backdrop with white reflective light as they swooped right then left. Herons were plentiful,

especially the smaller green herons darting in and out of the mangroves as they squawked at us coming around a bend in our panga. We observed the sharp and pointy bill of the anhinga flying solo in search of fish, and the large and masterful soaring frigatebird, rarely flapping but always airborne. There were flying white ibis in groups of threes and fours with their attractive black markings and showing off their distinctive down-curved bill. There were brown pelicans bobbing on the water's surface and flying overhead. We heard doves among the mangroves each morning as we fished, but never saw one. We even saw the great-tailed grackle's daily ritual at our hotel looking for food crumbs under the outdoor tables near the pool.

On our last morning, Rich and I and our guide Martín motored out into the Gulf and to our amazement, we observed colored butterflies flapping over our heads and just above the water's surface. There were hundreds, maybe thousands of those delicate beauties. It was a sight I'll never forget. According to pre-Hispanic folklore, the migrating butterflies carried the souls of ancestors visiting from the afterlife. For centuries, Mexico's monarchs have served as a powerful cultural symbol connecting the living to the dead. That spectacle healed our disappointment of not landing a single fish that day.

I did miss those rituals of the morning fishing followed by a trip back to hotel for a swim, then sharing a prepared sit-down lunch with friends, a siesta, and then back on the water at 4 PM to continue fishing until sundown. That experience was, in my opinion, the definition of a perfect day. Would I go back to Río Lagartos? Absolutely. Yes!

Notellum Tributary

By Daniel Powers

In my exploration to find scenic but remote fishing locations to fish in the Sierras, I stumbled upon Notellum Tributary. After reading one article written a long time ago on the internet and talking to a local, whom I thought was blowing smoke, I wasn't sure what to think. Notellum Tributary is a place where

you'd imagine only 10 inch or smaller fish would live. It's a narrow, steep canyon with a fast-moving creek. Except for the Big Truckee and Little Truckee, large fish are hard to come by in that area.

Because of how I heard about this tributary, I felt this special place may be a ghost story, exaggerated or it just may be the hidden gem I've been looking for. The location is so well hidden but also in plain sight, you'd overlook it 99 out of 100 times which unfortunately, I had done until a couple weeks ago.



Daniel exploring and fishing the Sierra creek.

I set out with my 10'6" euro rod and a size 16 jig fly to test the waters. Second cast, I hooked into a *monster* 5-inch fish, and I said to myself, "Yup, I was right. Small fish. It's a ghost story." I then moved farther up to a deeper run and first cast, I hooked into a 15-inch fish. "Now we're talking!" I said to myself. Next 4 casts I caught fish and to my surprise each fish was bigger. I couldn't believe what was happening; how is it possible? Why is the fishing so good?



Daniel's next Sierra creek trout.

I highly recommend pursuing one of the many exciting components of fly fishing—exploration.



Daniel working up to his double-digit trout take.

I ended up with 20+ fish in a couple hours and concluded I had found that hidden gem that I've been looking for. Until next time Notellum, until next time.

[Editor: Daniel shared; he is willing to take RRFF member(s) interested in fishing this well-hidden tributary. He doesn't want to spell out its specific name or location in his article because he wants to keep pressure off the fish in that creek. He pointed out that The Cast can be read by anyone outside of our club, hence the Notellum Tributary title for his article. [Click](#) to reach Daniel Powers if you'd like to hike to and fish this creek.]

Important Message from the RRFF ***Women's Fly-Fishers' Program*** **AUGUST 19, SATURDAY**

FLY CASTING INSTRUCTOR'S PROGRAM, Santa Rosa Casting Pond, 9 A.M. This program will be provided by Steve Tubbs and is available to women who would like to become instructors.

The women's program has created many more casting clinics, fly-fishing outings, a get-together luncheon, and they are planning a weekend fishing trip in 2024. [Click](#) to view these future opportunities and [click](#) to see them scheduled on our website's activity calendar starting in August 2023.

Catherine Miller, Women's Fly-Fishers' Program

Support Our Local Fly Fishing Businesses!

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Calendar of Events

The RRFF Thursday Evening Fly Casting Clinics began on Thursday, March 16th, from 4:30 until 7:00 PM. Those days and hours will continue to be held every Thursday evening (weather permitting) until the end of Daylight Savings Time in November.

We are OPEN TO THE PUBLIC!

Beginners are welcome...

We have RRFF outings coming up during 2023. To view the signup sheets for those RRFF Fly-fishing outings click below.

[Click](#) here for a complete list of upcoming RRFF fly-fishing outings for 2023

How to Contact Board of Directors & Coordinators

If you want to contact one or more of the Board of Directors and/or Coordinators below, then click on this link, which will bring you to our website.

[Click here.](#)

The names of our Board of Directors and Coordinators will appear. You may click on a name and leave a message for any person below and our website will send it to their personal email address, and they will respond to your message.



RRFF Board of Directors

President: **Penelope Gadd-Coster**

Vice President & Outings Coordinator: **Ed Barich**

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Women's Northern So. Co. Outreach Group: **Leafa Fiore**

Fly Rod Building: **Rick Baker**

Russian River Fly Fishers

c/o Spencer Bader

3310 Conifer Drive

Santa Rosa, CA 95404



Russian River Fly Fishers Membership Application

I acknowledge in this agreement, and fully understand, that it is a release of liability. I further acknowledge that I am waiving any right that I may have to bring legal action or to assert a claim against Russian River Fly Fishers (RRFF) for its negligence. Any member who invites a non-member (including member's spouse and family) agrees that such guest is bound by the same conditions and agrees to so advise the guest. I have read this statement and agree to its terms as a condition of my membership in the Russian River Fly Fishers. This agreement is valid for all RRFF sanctioned events, (fishing outings, picnics, meetings).

*Indicates required field.

*Name _____ *Date _____ *How did you hear about us? Referred by? _____

*Address _____ *City/State/Zip _____

*Preferred Phone: Home _____ or Cell _____ *E-mail _____

Occupation _____ *Signature _____

*Circle a (Yes or No): I'm applying as a new member Yes / No or I'm renewing my existing membership: Yes / No

Single membership - \$50 annual dues Junior membership (live >75 miles from Santa Rosa or age 16-18 - \$25 annual dues.)

Gold membership - \$1,000 (one-time) Family Membership - \$55 annual dues—List family members: _____

The club would like to help you meet your needs. How many years have you been fly fishing? _____

Circle any areas you want help with: I would like help learning or improving my cast. I would like advice on fishing equipment.

I would like a lesson in tying knots I would like a lesson in tying flies I would like to have an experienced member mentor me

on local waters or on a club outing. Any other areas not mentioned above? _____

*How are you planning to pay? _____

Note: Dues paid by a new member joining the RRFF after March 1st of any year will cover the balance of that year and the membership dues for the following fiscal year. The RRFF fiscal year runs from July 1st to June 30th. IF YOU PREFER, YOU MAY JOIN OR RENEW ONLINE at www.rrflyfisher.org OR NEW MEMBERS, MAY MAIL THIS APPLICATION TO:

RUSSIAN RIVER FLY FISHERS, C/O SPENCER BADER, 3310 CONIFER DRIVE, SANTA ROSA, CA 95404