

The Cast



Russian River Fly Fishers

Sonoma County, California
Volume 50, Number 9
October 2023

Crowley Lake Rainbow. Story by
Greg Jacobs, page 4.

Since June 1977
Visit our website at
www.rrflyfisher.org

President's Message By Penelope Gadd-Coster

Welcome Members to another edition of The Cast!

First, I want to say congratulations to Catherine Miller, the Women's Fly-Fishers' Program Coordinator, who has been selected to serve on the Board. The Board is excited to see the growth within the Women's Program. She is working tirelessly to expand the group as well as creating fly-fishing educational opportunities and trips for the group. Please check out her article on page 7 of this issue to find out what is going on lately with our Women's Program.

I hope everyone is getting ready for fall and winter fishing. I have to say it is my favorite time of the year to fish. This month there is a club trip to Lewiston Lake which is a popular RRFF trip, organized by Ed Barich, VP, who knows the area inside and out. Ed is also busy putting together fishing excursions for next year and is looking for ideas from our members about where you would like to go. There has been talk that it would be nice to find some areas close to home, maybe day trips or weekend trips. Please let us know where, how long, and what type of fishing trips you'd like to see offered. Also, if interested, we would appreciate your help to put together the details and coordination of proposed outings.

To hone your fly-casting skills, don't forget the casting pond on Thursday afternoons 4-7pm at Galvin Park. The time will change to Saturdays in November after daylight savings ends. We have fly-casting instructors at the pond to help with your questions and technique. September saw a return of the Youth Program and membership growth in the Women's Program. It has been too long since we have had a RRFF Youth Program and Gregg Wrisley has stepped up and restarted the Program. See my article on page 6 of this issue.

On September 16th there was a Russian River watershed cleanup day organized by the *Russian Riverkeepers*. Ed Barich organized our RRFF team that joined the Riverkeepers for the task of helping keep Russian River and our ocean healthy. This is an annual event and I hope more of us can attend this important event next year.

September was also the return of our club's General Meetings after the summer break we observe every year. We experienced a good turnout, and the online attendance was good too. We had an informative presentation by Patrick McKenzie on striper fishing. He is a local guide who knows where to fish. It was great to discover what is in our backyard. Checkout the video of the presentation sent out by Ed last month. The presentation was very informative about something I can't wait to try—fishing for a striper.

The Board is working on putting together events for the coming year, like return of a RRFF winter dinner and possibly a summer picnic too. We purchased a portable speaker system that has been very useful for the clinics at the pond. We are looking at creating additional focused clinics to improve your fly-fishing skills, but we need your input—this is your club!

Our next General Meeting is October 11th at the Veterans Hall in Santa Rosa. I look forward to seeing you there.

Penelope

RRFF General Meeting

Wednesday, October 11, 2023, 6:30 PM
Lodge Room, SR Vets Memorial Building

By Mike Borba

This month we welcome back Lance Gray to our club. Lance started fly fishing at age 7 and was tying commercially in his teens. He's guided at Northern California fisheries for decades. "Steelheading the Feather" is the title of his presentation. This fishery changes from year to year and Lance's presentation gives updated information on how, when, and where to fish.

Tribute to a Friend

By Mike Day

Editor's note—Mike is a RRFF member living in Montana.

It is time I introduce myself with the following words. I want you to know I value fellowship and memories of fishing with friends and those trips getting out on the water more than any fish I will land in my lifetime. I hope someday I can meet up with the Russian River Fly Fishers club members and I invite you to come to Montana. I can show you my home fisheries and wilderness.

I wrote to the family of my good friend, Trey, who had unexpectedly passed away. This article has been modified from the original letter.

Trey gave me the motivation to get back to the Montana wilderness and rivers to enjoy something I have done my whole life— fly fishing. Trey also helped me rekindle my joy of exploring, which was a gift I will take with me as long as my legs are able. I can only hope you all find the joy I have found with fishing and experiencing being in the moment.

Trey and I started working together around 2012 as engineers. At that time, I was a Project Manager, still heavily involved with rugby, and only fishing by myself as my longtime fishing partner had to move away from Missoula. During those early workdays, Trey and I

found that we had a similar passion, fly-fishing. Well, I had had my fill of waking up on Mondays barely able to move from rugby matches and I finally found a like-soul to share healing days on the river. So, I can thank Trey for helping to reignite my lifelong passion with fly fishing.

If you ever come to Missoula, grab my drift boat, and take a launch from the Kelly Island Fishing Access Boat Ramp. Every time I launch from there, I think of Trey and the fun we had taking on the dilapidated ramp site and reconstructing it into a solid and functioning boat ramp.

So, after a couple of years of us hitting the riverbanks, I was ready to get another boat and start fly fishing with gusto like prior years. Trey was more than happy to encourage my newfound motivation! My best guess is we planned four trips a week on my new drift boat, *The Mistress*, that first year. After work, neither blizzard nor rain could hold us back from fishing the Madison, Missouri, Blackfoot, Clark Fork, or Rock Creek. If the rivers and creeks were open, we went. If it was icy and cold, we went anyway. I have so many great memories and stories to share; I'll pick one that is unique and makes me smile.

First thing to understand is, I don't take photographs. There is a feeling of freedom not having to take photos while fishing. I find getting away from technology is a pleasure and creates a stressless feeling.

So, Trey and I had been taking trips over to Idaho to chase Steelhead. In our endeavor, we froze, spent a lot of cash, and we had been skunked a couple years running. Well, that wasn't working for us. The next time we took off from Missoula in a November blizzard and drove to Challis, Idaho. It's a couple hundred miles, but at 25 mph on a two-lane road we rolled in at dusk on a Friday.

We found a campsite, got in the back of the truck, traded a few more laughs, and tried not to freeze.

The next morning, we got up, full of excitement, with a whole new stretch of the Salmon River to explore. After stringing up our rods, packing our packs, downing a couple cups of coffee we were ready to hit the BLM roads to check out the potential spots to swing and strip. Our first stop was about three hundred feet above the river five miles downstream from our camp. That area is beautiful with a lot of sage with its grayish-green color contrasting the warm hued sandstone cliffs. We spotted a nice run to swing with a couple of side eddies to strip junk through. We navigated down a cliff band and through some of a thicket of willows on that river stretch. Finally, down at the water's edge, we were prepared to get skunked again.

Trey took the downstream glide to swing, and I took an upstream eddy to strip junk. After about a half hour, I looked downstream and saw Trey's rod loaded and dancing! If you have ever tried to sprint on bowling ball size free stones, you can appreciate that I didn't break an ankle over the 100 yards I had to cover to reach Trey. It was like I was in the open field on a rugby pitch. Upon my arrival, we both started laughing, smiling, and glad that the curse was over. The glare from the sun prevented us from getting a good look at the monster that was hooked on Trey's fly. It was taking a few feet of line and giving it back—over and over and over. I figured it was time to get downstream and in a good position to net this hog, so I carefully worked my way out midstream. Once out there, I donned my sunglasses and took a deep look in the water, and there she was—an old, downed cottonwood limb flexing back and forth in the current. Disappointment, you bet, but the day was young, and it got the nerves out of the way. We were ready to give it another try.

So, after regrouping we traded places on the stretch. Trey switched up his rig to a size 4 girdle bug and pegged an egg for the dropper. The eddy didn't fish well for me using a streamer so we agreed the new setup would be our best bet. Another hour later I get a "whoop, whoop" from Trey. Not wanting to test my

ankles for another run over the free stones, I took a slower pace; for all I knew he was hooked on a rock, or possibly a dead cow, given our luck. Upon arrival it was apparent that he had a nice buck on, sporting a crimson red stripe with a dark green back digging down deep in the hole. Trey contemplated his challenge and pulled out his expert moves to play that boy with finesse. When the time came to the haul in that steely, it barely fit in our net. Finally, success for us! After congratulating each other and admiring the fish, it was time to get back to business. It was a hatchery fish, so like cavemen we bonked it on the bank. My best guess was it was 27 inches and about 7 lb. After traveling approximately 800 miles upriver you would be a little skinny too!

Unbeknownst to us, someone else was also excited about our elation. As we looked downstream to determine the next run to fish, we saw a small black bear on its hind legs about 50 yards from us. The bear was about 200 lb. We were wearing the scent of fish blood with a pile of guts at our feet. We quickly evaluated the choices for retreat: swim across the river, play tag with the bear, or scramble up a near vertical sandstone cliff for about 40 feet with our gear. The cliff worked out just fine.

Like a couple of kids with a big trout on a stick we took the roundabout hike back to the truck. Smiles ear to ear on both of our faces. Two more days of fishing; a few hook ups that we couldn't land, but with a lot of laughter easing the disappointment of not landing those fish. We hit the road late Sunday night for home.

For some reason we always got the worst weather when driving during one of our fishing trips. Like a couple of zombies on cruise control we hit the road at a blistering 25 to 40 MPH pace. About midway through one of us had to slam on the breaks to keep from hitting this French bulldog in the middle of the road. It must have come from one of the ranch houses along the way. It had a depressed look. Trey, as always, can liven the mood. I remember him looking at me and saying, like he was the dog, "I can't take it anymore,

please, no more peanut butter." Trey was never one to pass up the opportunity for a good joke.



Mike's truck heater thawing windshield, wader boots & reels.

We shared many adventures, and we shared a love for the water. Trey, I will miss you greatly, but I will always remember this trip we shared with great fondness. Tight lines my good friend. PS don't forget that truck heaters are not only good for heating up hot pockets, but also good for thawing out waders that stand on their own and reels that won't work in the morning because they're frozen. Your other brother, Mike Day.

Pack Trip into Sabrina Lakes Region 2023 By Gregg Jacobs

The month of August 2023 revolved around water, mostly fishing. First, on July 30, my wife and I took our daughter, her husband, and our two grandkids to the Hawaiian Big Island. "Dad, would you please take us to Hawaii," my daughter requested. We said yes before we pinned down any details. That was a mistake, because then she said, "Great. Let's go for two weeks, because it is big and lots to see." We weakly said, "Okay you find places to stay and figure out what we can do." Well, that was not cheap. Kathi and I had not been to Hawaii for 12 years since travelling to Maui. Oh well, we figured we would not do something like this again.

At any rate, it was a great trip. No need to go into non-water stories. I saw many fish snorkeling but did not lay a hand on any of them. Except on the very last

evening of the trip, when 11 Manta Rays took turns brushing up against us while we snorkeled and hung on to a floating platform in the dark. The ocean was lit up by our boat to attract plankton and the Mantas. I kid you not, I looked Manta Rays in the eye. They seem to come within inches of my face, and I enjoyed it.

Now for fishing. My friend Gene and I made our annual trek to Silver Lake on the June Lake Loop. We started out with 4 guys over 20 years ago, but now it is just two of us. We stay in a cabin at the Silver Lake Resort, which is across the street from the lake. You must sign up years in advance to secure a cabin. Unfortunately, we were there while Hurricane Hilary was flooding Death Valley, Los Angeles, and other southern CA counties. We got rain, but the main problem was that we had planned to fish Crowley Lake, and the wind came up in the mornings, instead of its usual time in the afternoon. All the small creeks, like Rush Creek, and Lee Vining Creek were high and flowing too fast. Not even the power bait folks could get anything out of Silver Lake. Finally, for the last two days, we got into some fish on Crowley, and the big ones came out on our last afternoon. Gene got a 6 lb. Rainbow and some beautiful Cutthroats, and Browns, and I came close to his efforts.

We got home on Thursday, August 24. I was supposed to meet up with old buddies from the DA's office that Saturday. We planned to go to Idaho and pack in 5-6 miles and camp for 5 days. Well, the packer decided he could not take us to the trailhead he had first agreed to do. We would have had to walk 10 miles, which would have defeated the purposed of packing in! So, our trip boss, Bud, found a packer out of Sabrina Lakes, in the Sierra west of Bishop. We left on Sunday, spent a night at the trail head, and then walked 1400 feet to our camp at an elevation of 10,400 feet to Dingleberry Lake. After a day of very, very hard work, I felt like, well, a Dingleberry. The site was incredibly beautiful, but it was still like spring up there with water everywhere on the ground and rushing creeks. We never faced so many mosquitoes in our lives. I had repellent, but it was not strong enough. Fortunately,

Bud had 99% Deet, but that only keep the bugs a few inches from our faces. That was the earliest I ever retreated into my tent on any trip.



Lake Dingleberry, Sabina Lake Region, 10,400 ft.

As usual the four other guys went hiking cross country to some lakes, and I walked up to Midnight Lake at 10,800. Tons of Brookies and some Rainbows. Lots of hungry fish. And very hungry mosquitoes. Not much relief at night, and we were in an area where no fires were allowed. It was open season on humans. Even consuming alcohol to encourage some alcohol coming out of our pores did not discourage the bugs. Oh yes, a confession. I had walked up to Midnight Lake with my rod broken down into sections. I had carried the rod in my daypack. When I got back to camp, I discovered the tip-section of my rod was missing. My buddies discouraged me from going back up to Midnight Lake in the dark. Sigh, another rod will be sent back to Sage, or whatever they call themselves now. Bishop Creek flowed by our camp, and I caught a ton more fish there. Love fishing a dry fly on a small stream.

One more confession, I took a "backpacking float tube" up there with me. I had tubed on our last 3 trips,

and all went well. This time, I decided to go out in the evening. Soon I had inflated the tube and put it in the water. The very cold water, along with the cold air temp shrank the tube's air compartments. And everything else. I made a short, unsuccessful trip. Getting out of the lake at the end opposite end of the lake was very, very steep. I got back to the camp, and everyone asked where my tube was. I told them, "Back on the bank between the lake and the trail". "Well, go get it!" they demanded. I had to slip and slide through some snow along the edge of the lake. The others banned my taking a tube on any future trips. Well, we came out Sept 1, a lot more easily, but chased by bugs all the way out—and that was my month of water and fish.

RRFF Youth Program 2023

By Penelope Gadd-Coster

After a Covid-19 pandemic break, the RRFF Youth Program is back thanks to the determination and organization skills of Gregg Wrisley!



Gregg, Spencer, Steve, & Doug helping kids at our casting pond.

Six kids and their parents attended both days of the class on September 16 and 17, 2023. The first day was working at the casting pond to learn how to set up a rod, how to tie the knots needed to put a line together, and how to tie on a fly. Then the kids were ready to learn how to cast. In addition, Karl Joost went out to a local creek and brought bugs, fish, frogs, and crayfish back for a biology and entomology lesson. I didn't realize how diverse our local creeks are! Steve Tubbs taught the casting and rod setup with assistance from the team of Spencer Bader, Karl Joost Doug Mackay, Mike Spurlock, Joe Hiney, Gregg Wrisley, and me.

Day number two was held at Howarth Park to learn about fly tying from Mike Borba and how to tie a basic fly. They got a lesson on why we tie flies and what they represent in the bug world. Then a fishing safety and technique lesson followed, given by Gregg. After that lesson the kids went to try out their new skills and fish at Lake Ralphine. The coaches from Saturday showed up again (Ed stepped in for Spencer) and that allowed each student to have an individual mentor.



Mike Borba leading class of six at tie-flying table.

Some fish were caught, and the students learned and remembered what was taught. They were able to put their rods together, tie flies on their lines, and the kids were roll casting up to 35 feet plus on Sunday. And they were smiling and having a good time.

Gregg received more than one note from parents letting him know what a great class it was. One comment said their son had enthusiastically talked about the class at dinner.... without prompting. And another parent said that their child went home and started tying flies and couldn't wait to get back out on the water to fish. Many thanks to our coaches who gave up their weekend to make this RRFF event happen. Hopefully we can do this again in the spring since it was a big success! [Click](#) and scroll down in our website to *Recent Club Photo Galleries* for more Youth Program photos.

37th Annual Russian River Watershed Cleanup By Ed Barich

Saturday September 16, 2023, was the 37th Annual Russian River Watershed Cleanup Day, sponsored by the Russian Riverkeeper organization. RRFF members Charlie Schneider, Ed Barich, John Guerra, Tim Reuling, Gary Galloway, Kathy McConnell, and Michael Samuelson participated in a morning of removing trash from our namesake river before the fall rains sweep it out to the ocean. Charlie coordinated with the Russian River Adventures company to loan us six of their SOAR inflatable canoes, giving us access to 3-mile section below the Memorial Beach dam in Healdsburg. With our 7 RRFF members and Charlie's friends from Redwood Empire Trout Unlimited and Cal Trout, we were able to launch a flotilla of 6 boats for the cleanup float. Thanks to cool, cloudy weather and ample river flows, we were able to pick up and pack out debris from beaches and spots that were not accessible by foot. From tiny bits of plastic to car tires, we removed the stuff that did not belong there and got to enjoy paddling through natural sections of the Russian that most folks never get to see. Everyone had a great time, and we highly recommend RRFF members to join us for next year's Russian River Cleanup.



Cleanup collaboration: RRFF, Trout Unlimited, & Cal Trout.

Scouting the Russian River for Wading/Fishing Clinic Location By Catherine Miller

BEGINNING OF A PERFECT DAY

Up and at 'em, bright and early, on a recent Sunday morning anticipating the arrival of Mike Spurlock and Jeff Cratty to scout the Russian River for "the best" location for our upcoming RRFF Women's Group River Wading/Fishing Clinic. I didn't know what to anticipate, but I was excited about the adventure that started at Frog Woman Rock towering above Russian River between Hopland and Cloverdale off 101 in Mendocino County.

Many of you may be familiar with Frog Woman Rock, previously named Squaw Rock. However, Squaw is considered a racist and misogynist word for Native American women. A plaque has been placed at the base of the rock, a volcanic monolith, on March 31, 2023, by the Hopland Band of Pomo Indians as a reminder of the connection native people still have with their spirituality and natural environment. Thus, our exploration of the Russian River began.

A trail led down from Frog Woman Rock to the Russian River. There was a significant elevation drop on a treacherous trail surrounded by brush and trees from the road down to the river. Jeff and Mike took off to traverse the trails with the excitement of two little boys chasing an ice cream truck. They did slow down for me and graciously offered a hand over rocks on the initial descent. It didn't take long for me to feel terrified, so I wended my way back up to the serenity of Frog Woman Rock as they continued to the riverbed. Clearly this would not work for the introduction to wading for the women's group.

With his familiarity of the Russian River, his childhood family's playground, Jeff guided us from one potential location to another. As we continued south, we stopped at a very small bridge. That location is called Cumiskey Station. It was inaccessible for fly fishing because of surrounding trees and brush. It was hard

for me to grasp that this unassuming site is where fish are released after being spawned at the Warm Springs Hatchery at Lake Sonoma, perhaps 10 river miles away. We continued to proceed south, exploring potential wading sites from Cloverdale Bridge. Cloverdale Regional River Park was closed for repair, so we moved on to Alexander Valley, Geyserville, and Healdsburg. We decided to check out one more location in Healdsburg, Fitch Mountain Road, before getting a bite to eat.

Eureka! We found the perfect location for the wading/fishing clinic. It is Del Rio Woods Regional Park, Fitch Mountain Road, Healdsburg. Del Rio Woods features recently developed accessible parking, portable restrooms, and a staircase to access the sandy beach with a gravel river bottom. A wide expanse of beach and traversable river current add to the desirability of this location.

By that time, Mike, Jeff, and I had worked up an appetite. Upon Mike's recommendation we stopped at Healdsburger, a delicious specialty burger restaurant. Not being quite ready to give up the exploration, after lunch we stopped at a second Healdsburg location at the mouth of Dry Creek where it enters the Russian River. Dry Creek and its waters from Lake Sonoma are Warm Springs hatchery's water source. The steelhead raised at that hatchery are supplied to the Russian River and a second site we plan to visit during our October 7th clinic.



Jeff, Catherine, and Mike scouting the Russian River.

With much gratitude to Mike and Jeff for having accomplished our goal to find the perfect location for the wading/fishing clinic, it was time to call it the....

END OF A PERFECT DAY!

Note from Mike Spurlock—The Russian River is flowing about 150 cfs (cubic ft per second) right now, well below the 300 cfs low flow fishing closure. This gives us a very safe opportunity to get to a beach, talk about the equipment and walk into the water to practice some safe techniques for those who have not had much, if any, wading experience. And, although there is no fishing because of the low river flow, we hope to introduce some ideas on reading the water and do a little practice casting (with yarn). The class is full right now, but if you want to see what is involved or add your name as a standby, check out the signup sheet for the outing on October 7 by [clicking here](#). If there is more interest, we will put on a second class in the future.

**Reminder
RRFF Women's Group
Russian River Wading & Fishing
Clinic**

**Bring your own equipment or, RRFF
will provide loaners if needed.**

October 7th, Saturday

Location – Del Rio Woods Regional Park, Fitch
Mountain Road, Healdsburg.

Time – 8:00 a.m. – 2:00 p.m.

**Fly of the Month
Jay Fair Wiggle Tail Nymph
By Mike Borba**

For our October's trip to Lewiston Lake, know that leech patterns are popular there. Add this Wiggle Tail Nymph to your leech pattern arsenal.

[Click](#) our website to view the fly and how to tie it.

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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**

Secretary: **Brendan Galten**

Treasurer, Membership: **Spencer Bader**

Webmaster: **Mike Spurlock**

Casting Instruction Chairman, Facebook: **Steve Tubbs**

Casting Instruction: **Don Shaw**

Membership Badges & Pond Steward: **Doug Mackay**

Raffle Coordinator: **Gregg Wisley**

New Member Mentoring, Casting Instruction: **Jeff Cratty**

Steelhead in the Classroom: **Karl Joost**

Member at Large: **Tim Reuling**

Program Chair: **Mike Borba**

Member at Large: **Daniel Powers**

Women's Fly-Fishers' Program: **Catherine Miller**

Coordinators

Fly Tying: **Lee Soares**

Casting Instruction: **Binky Castleberry**

Conservation Advisors: **Charlie Schneider & Tom Greer**

Women's North Sonoma County Outreach: **Leafa Fiore**

Fly Rod Building: **Rick Baker**

The Cast Newsletter Editor: **Dave Stone**

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.

This agreement is valid for all RRFF sanctioned events, (fishing outings, picnics, dinner fund raisers, meetings, pond casting clinics, etc.) some of which are open to the public and all of which are covered by RRFF insurance.

As a club member you are approved to participate in certain covered events which are not available to non-members: fishing outings and training for fly-casting certification.

Note: private activities arranged by club members (not sponsored or approved by the club) are not sanctioned and will not be covered by RRFF insurance.

I have read this statement and agree to its terms as a condition of my membership in the Russian River Fly Fishers.

*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