

Newsletter



November 2009

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Up to date news:

Want the latest and most up to date information? Don't forget the club's web site. <http://www.ecpowellflyfishers.com/> Just copy the address and insert it into your address block and you're on the way. It's filled with the latest of what's going on and when and where to go along with lots of good and timely information.

Calendar of Events

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| Oct 25-1 Nov | Eagle Lake Fish Out |
| Nov 3 | Board Meeting, Yuba City, 7:30 PM |
| Nov 7 | Striper Fish Out |
| Nov 10 | General Meeting, Lincrest School, MP Room, 7:30 PM
Program: Tony Buzolich |
| Nov 13 | Annual Banquet, Yuba City Moose Lodge, Social Hour 6:00 PM, Dinner 7:00 PM |
| Nov 17 | Fly Tying, Lincrest School, MP Room, 7:30 PM |
| Dec 8 | General Meeting, Lincrest School, MP Room, 7:30 PM |



CALIFORNIA TROUT



President's Corner

Just a reminder to all that the annual banquet is almost upon us. We already have a lot of great stuff for the raffle with more coming in daily. If you are still planning to donate something, let Larry, Tim or I know soon, so we can get it listed in the program. The deadline for the Early Bird drawing is Nov. 1st. For those of you who don't yet have your tickets, they can be purchased at Johnson's Bait, Tackle and Fly Shop in Yuba City. Board members also have tickets for sale.

The other area of focus around this time is the election of officers and board members for the upcoming year. Accompanying this newsletter is ballot form listing the nominees for each position. Please fill it out and bring it to the general meeting on November 10th. If you can't make the meeting, it can be mailed to ECPFF P.O. Box 1135 Yuba City, Ca. 95991. Ballots will also be available at the meeting. Results of the voting will be announced at the next meeting. I look forward to seeing everyone at the banquet.

Jeff

November Program

The November program will be by Tony Buzolich and be will on last summer's fly fishing trip to La Paz, Baja, and Isla Cerralvo on the East Cape. Several of our members were along on the trip and Tony has plenty of action pictures showing them fighting all kinds of fish from Dorado to Yellowfin Tuna and Roosterfish.

30th Annual Banquet

That's right, the 30th. We've come a long way since Jim Fujii, Ed Hobbs and some others first got the club up and running. Lots of things have happened and much has changed about fly fishing but one thing has remained constant- the annual banquet.

Throughout the year we spend money to keep you informed, interested and active in the club's doings. When you stop and think about it, the club spends most of its yearly income on you, the member. Well, now it's time for you to give back some of what you have received.

The banquet this year is November 13th. Yeah, yeah, yeah, it's a Friday but don't let that dissuade you. Quite the contrary; let it be a positive sign for the year. For the cost of a dinner ticket (\$35) you stand a really good chance of winning one of the 11 fly rods that are available. In addition, there are lots of other items ranging from reels to other fishing items to weekends at Ft. Bragg to guided trips and lots more. Where else can you possibly win a \$1000 bamboo fly rod for a mere \$35? Additionally, many of the club members have donated items that come from their soul. Walt Alexander, for example, has donated two boxes of flies. Normally not a biggy, right? Well, in one of those boxes he has 75 flies that he himself has tied. They are truly a work of art and anyone who fishes can certainly improve their chance of catching more with these flies. This is just one small reason that this club flourishes as it does. And, there are lots of items for the non-fishing folks that attend.

Tickets for the event can be purchased from Johnson's Bait, Tackle and Fly Shop or from any of the club officers. So, get out there and support the club. You'll enjoy the dinner, friendships and the camaraderie of the evening. If you get your tickets prior to November 1st you will be eligible to win and additional \$40 worth of raffle tickets.

Remember Friday, November 13th, **and bring a friend!**

2009 Proposed Fish Outs

Date	Location	Fishmeister	Phone
Oct 25-Nov 1	Eagle Lake	Bob Harik	671-7805
Nov 7	Delta Stripers	Tony Buzolich	790-7180
Nov 29-Dec 5	Trinity River Steelhead	Larry Ingram	673-4965

Summer Steelhead Trip

Well, the 3rd Annual Summer Steelhead is trip is over. It was well attended, as were the trips the last two years, by generally the same folks along with a couple of fresh faces. As always, we had a good time. It would have been nice to have had some overcast with a light drizzle but at least we didn't have any serious wind to go along with the bluebird weather.

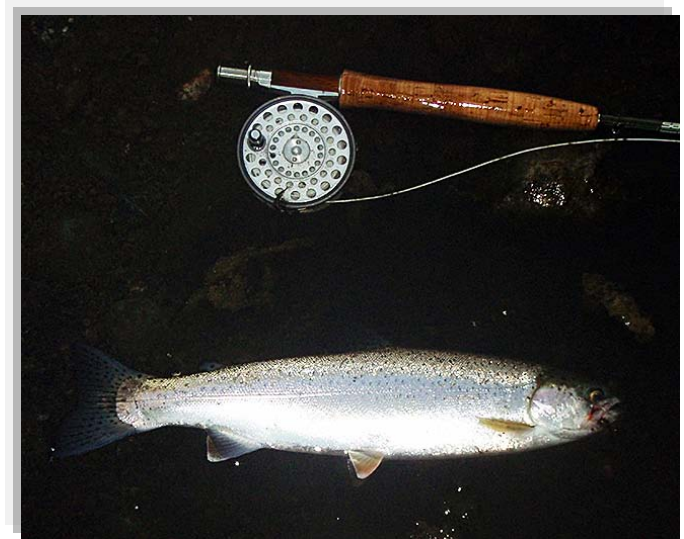
I'd like to say we hit the Hoopa just right and found a school of adults spread throughout the valley but that wasn't the case. We did find, however, that there was a school of very bright half-pounders in the lower Hoopa Valley. The secret to taking them consistently was the same as in other years – be the first person down an unfished run in a low light situation. Adults in the lower Klamath proved just as elusive but, again, there seemed to be a fair number of half-pounders which were somewhat larger than those we found in the Trinity. Additionally, they also appeared to have been in the river system longer.



The flies that worked for me were the Brindle Bug, Mossback and an under-tied caddis. Over-all, as far as the whole group was concerned, I believe that the Brindle Bug took the most fish but I know for a fact that we had folks fishing them that hadn't bothered to do so in the past. I had one evening before the crowd got there when there was a heck of a caddis hatch and I took seven or eight fish on the caddis in an hour or so. While the low light periods of the day were definitely the best, John O'Shea and I had two different occasions on the lower Klamath where we took a fair number of fish in bright light conditions and I think that the real difference was that the water had not been trashed before we fished it. As far as I know everyone fished a floating line and while I carried a sinktip with me, I never felt the need to use it.

Unlike the trips in the past years, this year more folks got out and tried different runs. Since most runs will fish only one or two rods at a time, particularly on the Trinity, you've got to be able to fish a run and then move on to another piece of water. Very little is worse than getting on a popular run at 6 AM only to find that it's already taken and you don't have a Plan B to fall back upon. Therefore, you've simply got to pay your dues and go looking for other spots ahead of time.

Like all of our outings, this one was filled with the little things that make a trip a trip – Larry Ingram taking on a skunk with his truck and losing; and if you can believe it, John O'Shea catching the largest fish of the trip; and if you can believe that, Jim Tanner not catching the largest fish of the trip; renewing your father-in-law's interest in fly fishing and having him be successful at it after a 30-plus year break away from the sport; my taking a dunking after a 35-40 year break since the last one (way long over-due) considering how I wade; Larry Ingram accidentally



swapping one wading boot with Jack Mcfarlane and then having to drive 3 miles or so to return it along with profuse apologies (I think that I have that correct); Mike Ream getting sick and having to leave early; swapping flies, lies and cold beer each evening after (or before) dinner at one of the fine 3 or 4-star eating establishments in Hoopa.

It was nice to have some folks taking photos this time and I'd like to thank Jack Mcfarlane, Denis Davis, John O'Shea and Bob Harik for their contributions.
Bob Long



Delta Striper Fish Out

The striper fish out is on with Tony Buzolich once again the Fishmeister. We will be meeting at the Taste of China in front of Sears in Yuba City at 5:00 AM on 7 November. If anyone would like to go that has a boat, we need more boats. Please call Tony (530-790-7180) if you can help and/or are interested in learning more about striper fishing in the delta.



Bigger Isn't Always Better

By Pat Damico – Taken from the Tampa Bay Fly Fishing Club Newsletter

Summer's oppressive heat makes fishing an early morning or evening event, provided late day thunder storms are not on the horizon. Why not do some fly fishing in a cooler, more comfortable setting? Can you leave giant tarpon and lunker snook to pursue trout in a size that some Floridians refer to as bait? Will a 12 inch trout that slaps a tiny dry fly give you the same thrill as larger saltwater prey?

Many of our members are transplants from northern states where trout streams were in their back yard. Traveling to fly fish is also very common, either with a group, or individually, as when we visit family members that live in good fishing locations. Southern anglers are always looking for different venues and seem willing to expand their fly fishing

experiences. There are some great freshwater retreats within a day's drive for most Florida residents. The lush mountains, especially further north, are a refreshing change from the constant heat and sun. Many streams enjoy a canopy of green foliage that not only keep water temperature cold, but will maintain a very comfortable air temperature for visiting fly fisherman.

It may be necessary to do a little research if traveling to an area for the first time. The internet makes this a snap. Begin a search with the state website, then click on their department of fisheries. License and regional information is easily accessed. If not at all familiar with an area, search the nearest community for a sporting goods/fly shop. Your favorite rod or reel manufacturer will have locations, phone numbers, and websites for stores that sell their products. Contact them and ask questions about places to fish. What are current stream conditions, where to stay, what to bring, supplies they have available, and if they have a guide service. Use them as your local contact while in the area. One friend of mine and his wife, who had very little fly fishing experience, found a full service fly shop that gave them a package that included equipment, instruction and fishing in their private, well stocked stream. They felt it was very cost effective and really enjoyed the day. They were then able to take what they learned and fish a few days on their own with much better results than if they went unprepared. Rigging your rod, type of leaders to use, current fly patterns that are working, where to look for the fish, and how to approach and cast to be most effective are all things that will be new to someone who is not familiar with freshwater trout. Many streams are on private land and access areas may be limited. Public streams that hold fish and are in good condition may be difficult to reach. USGS websites will have monitors on many streams that give stream and river conditions in real time. This information has saved me from driving a distance to discover that my destination stream would have been high and muddy or low with very high water temperatures.

If you are experienced in fishing for freshwater trout, you probably have most of what is required to have a successful outing. In summer mayfly hatches are waning and the trout will be less selective. Terrestrials, hoppers, ants, and beetles are just the ticket for finesse fishing. Streamers and woolly buggers, weighted or unweighted will take larger fish especially when fishing large streams. Some dams have cold water releases that keep streams and rivers below them in the perfect temperature range for trout feeding activity. Knowing which species of trout are in a stream is also helpful. Brook trout prefer colder water, browns can tolerate warmer temperatures while rainbow trout fall in between.

I've given a number of seminars about the transition from freshwater to saltwater, but it just occurred to me that I never did the reverse. Freshwater rivers and streams have definite areas that hold fish on a seasonal basis. Dissolved oxygen, available food, safety from predators, water clarity and temperature, and time of day are just a few of the parameters that must be considered.

I have to admit, I love to explore small streams. A topographical map and a compass will allow you to take a hike with your fly rod and spend a very relaxing day in a mystical wilderness. Boots, or waders, are usually not needed as you boulder hop from one clear pool to the next seeking native trout that have rarely seen an artificial. Stealth is the order of the day because these trout are very accustomed to their environment and are always looking for intruders. I like to use a three, or four weight, seven foot rod with a leader as long as the rod tapered to 5X. Study each riffle and holding area before making your cast to eliminate drag and make a careful natural presentation. Almost all this fishing is accomplished by casting upstream. Practice your roll cast for accuracy, because in close quarters this will be a necessity for success.

One of the advantages of this sport is that it allows you to continually expand and delve into aspects that make this a constant learning experience. Those of you that have never tried this will be pleasantly surprised at how enjoyable it will be. If it has been some time since you fished sweetwater for trout, you will get in touch with your youth. Streams that I fished with my father and friends many years ago offer a trip down memory lane that is unbeatable.

Tying Materials: From Animal To Hook

By Leslie Wrixon – Taken from the FFF Northeast Council Newsletter

Awhile ago I had the good fortune to visit Mountain Home, Arkansas, the home of WAPSI. As you already know, WAPSI is a major supplier of fly tying materials. I drove up to a nondescript gray building on the edge of town. I'm not sure what I was expecting. No search lights, no glowing neon signs celebrating the business that has supplied gobs of tying materials for many decades. There was nothing on the outside to suggest greatness except a slightly rusted mail box

with the letters “WAPSI” stuck on the side.

Upon entering the building, I was greeted by a pleasant woman who told me that someone would be with me soon to direct the tour. I had a seat in the waiting area. Nothing to report here. Eric Schmucker, son of owner Tom Schmucker, appeared at the door and ushered me into the inner sanctum. Once inside, I saw a warehouse with cement floors and endless rows of steel shelves. Quickly I noted that WAPSI is a distributor of beads, hooks, threads, wires and most of the non-animal related tying supplies. Now I was in business. I was like a kid in a candy store; as far as the eye could see there were all things fly tying.

Eric directed me to our next stop which was the dyeing room. It looked more like Uncle Fester's laboratory. There were dyeing agents in ancient glass jugs labeled with dried out masking tape, powders, liquids, you name it. The machines used for dyeing the materials are actually gigantic old gymnasium washers. Long ago the machines had washed smelly socks and rancid t-shirts, but now it's all about marabou, turkey, rabbit, deer and all the other critters that go to the tying bench. The washers made me think of an old science fiction movie with hulking gray robots coughing out pink zonkers and purple turkey flats.

Next it was through another labyrinthine path to a processing room that clearly had some internal order despite its chaotic appearance. This is where the materials are sorted, cut and prepared for packaging. There were mounds of furs and feathers, some piled 3 or 4 feet high. Bits of just about everything were on the floor and had piled into huge colorful dust bunnies. Everywhere I looked, in every corner and on every flat surface, there were materials. I must have died and gone to fly tyers heaven. It was all there and I just wanted to dive in and roll around with the pine squirrels.

Around the corner and up the stairs into the attic was a storage room. The very warm attic housed the materials that were still drying or were not yet sent downstairs to be packaged. Miles of chenille hung in great skeins. Giant bags of dubbing lolled in one section. Marabou was strung and draped out like colorful holiday decorations. More shifting rafts of feather and fur dust bunnies. It was a far cry from the neat little packages I see in fly shops. Again, order in the chaos.

Next it was off to a room in which dubbing is teased into the finished product on an elderly carding machine. The machine is used in yarn-making; fibers are pulled apart with an endless belt of metal tines and then spun into yarn. This was all going on minus the spinning. The teased material was in 33-gallon bags and labeled with the color of the contents. Eric noted that the carding machines are very old and a bit cantankerous, requiring tender care to keep them up to the task.

The final stop on the tour was a receiving area where pelts and feathers are delivered. These are the freshly purchased, raw materials. There were piles of dried deer hides, some well over 5 feet tall. Can you imagine an endless sea of buck tails (with their unique smell) and giant bags of squirrel tails and hides? Woodchuck, possum, pheasant, partridge...you name it, it was all there. That was the end of our walk through the plant. I had seen it all. Yet, still, I wanted more.



Cross on the Fly

By
Tony Buzolich

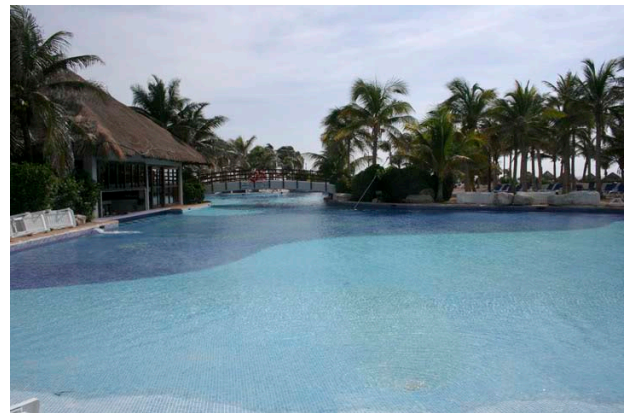
ISLA BLANCA / CANCUN and Saltwater Cross on the FLY

This past week my wife and our good friends Jim and Pat May spent the week at one of Cancun's nicest hotels, the Grand Oasis. Right on the beach, all inclusive, pretty fancy smancy for a guy like me. Jim had been here before and kept telling me about a great deal one of the travel agency's had. He had booked his trip several months before and wanted someone to tag along and fish with. I kept turning him down as this just wasn't my kind of place.



A little time goes by and Jim asks again about going down and tells me the travel company really dropped the price again if we go in mid- September. Two people, six nights in a luxury room, all the food and drink we can consume, airfare on United Airlines, and, we get an upgrade room because we're over 60 years, all for a \$1000.00.

Geez, that is a good deal. No, that's a fantastic deal. But, I'm still not jumping at the offer until Jim tells me about the fishing for baby tarpon, and permit, and bones. And there's a guide that will pick us up right at the hotel and shuttle us all the way to Isla Blanca each day while our wives sleep in and lounge around the pool all day.



Yah, this is too good of a deal to turn down, our wives will be happy, and I'll get to go explore some new parts of the Yucatan that I'd not seen before. I'd been to Isla Holbox a few years earlier for the adult tarpon but have never targeted baby tarpon in the mangroves.



The first morning on the water started out gray with a hazy overcast and a slight chop on the water. Not the best for spotting fish. We headed north and then crossed over to the mainland and into the mangroves. Beautiful scenery, lots of birds, but hard to spot fish. As we got deeper in to the jungle we began hearing and then seeing the rising baby tarpon we'd come for. They would rise and either gulp air or chase a small bait giving away their location.



Our rods consisted of 8 w. and 9 w. size with floating lines, not so much for the size of the fish but to overcome the winds that seem ever present.



As we'd pole our way along very tight casts were needed to get anywhere near the feeding tarpon. Little pockets in the shade, lined with dead branches or mangrove roots were the place to put your fly. Blind casting was out of the question. Every shot needed to be within a foot or two of its intended target. We'd hear fish. We'd see fish moving, both tarpon and snook. But, as the day wore on, the wind continued to pick up making casting almost impossible.



The second day we decided to head the opposite direction toward the Rio Manatee and deeper into the jungle hopefully to evade the breeze that had plagued us the day before. I asked our guide Miguel, if we might see any manatee here and was quickly told no. The natives have eaten them all. 😞😞😞

As we weave our way through this small channel of a river it soon opens to a large lagoon. The wind seems to have almost completely stopped, and we're ready for action.

Miguel promises this is going to be a GOOD day. We're going to get lots of fish today he says. Just one thing though,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,, don't fall in. Why? we quickly ask. There's lots of crocodiles here he says and no sooner does he say that when a small head rises to greet us. There's one right in front of the boat, Miguel calls out.



We pass by our first small croc as we work our way along the edge of the lagoon. Soon we're see tarpon rising everywhere. Still close to the edges of the brush, but now there are lots of them. Jim gets the first grab of the morning and quickly brings in the first tarpon of the day. All right! We've broken that skunk from yesterday and the wind seems to be staying calm. It's going to be a good day.

I hook up next to another small tarpon that comes splashing and cart wheeling around the boat. Geez, it feels good to have something pulling on the end of the line.





“Get him in quick before our friend comes back”, Miguel says, but not soon enough. Another croc of about seven feet is heading full steam ahead toward our boat and my splashing fish. He wants dinner!



As I get the tarpon next to the boat the croc keys in on the fight and quickly grabs my catch. “NOW WHAT?”, I ask and all I can do is hold on as the croc tries to turn the fish for a better bite. Head shaking, snapping jaws, and scales flying everywhere!







The croc now dives with my fish in his mouth and settles to the bottom. I keep max pressure on the line but can't move this beast at all. In the next moment he releases his grip on the fish and I'm able to bring the now dead tarpon back on board. Let's get out of here!



We continue along the mangrove shore and take several more small tarpon and snook along the way. We continue to spot more crocs as we go, some up to twelve feet in length. If you ever imagined a scene out of the African Queen with Humphrey Bogart this would be it, and only a few miles from the heart of Cancun.



Our last day we went offshore again and headed north toward some outer islands looking for permit and bonefish. The wind has dropped and we begin poling a large flat being as quiet as possible. Soon, our first bonefish appears and is quickly spooked before we can place a good shot. The water is very clear and as flat as glass. We see lots of rays cruising and mudding. This is good because permit will follow the rays and feed on shrimp or crab that the ray stirs up. We have two rods set up for each of us, one with a crab pattern and one with a Crazy Charlie for the bones.

We work our way along and spot several permit and bones as we go but non will cooperate and take our offerings. We enter a small bay and spot lots of fins moving in the shallow water. As we get excited thinking we've got a bunch of bones working, we spot the dorsals of several small lemon sharks working the shallows and eating the bones WE were after. There had to be at least a half dozen of these sharks chasing and darting about spooking every fish in the area. No bones here now.



We moved from flat to flat spotting plenty of permit and schools of bonefish but always just beyond casting range. If you decide to go to this area, it'll be an adventure you won't forget. Take a 9 weight as your main rod over lined with a #11 Floater of your choice. This was the ideal set-up to counter the wind. It gave us a lot more problems than any of those crocs.

***** CLUB OFFICERS *****

Officers:

President: Jeff Lingenfelter 639-0739
V Presidents: Tim Wright 301-4869
Pete Gilb 671-3982
Secretary: Alex Reyno 923-2294
Treasurer: Doug Fujii 790-7027

Board of Directors:

Tony Buzolich(1)* 790-7180

Bob Harik (1) 671-7805

John O'Shea (1) 673-4014

Craig Renke (2) 695-1850

* Past Presidents

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Membership: Tim Wright & Pete Gilb
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Conservation: Jim Fujii* 673-2700
and Doug Fujii 790-7027
Historian: Ed Hobbs** 673-4374
Refreshments: Fred Mowrey 671-4754
Fish Outs: Tim Wright & Pete Gilb
Librarian: Don Voigt* 674-1260
Salmon/Steelhead Education Program:
Kathy and Greg Payne*

