

Fly Fishers of Davis<http://www.dcn.davis.ca.us/gofffd/>

Volume 33 Issue 8

The Fisherman's Line

This Month's

Meeting is Tuesday, May 31st, 7:30

pm.

Fly fishing Pyramid Lake
by Rob Anderson



This month's speaker is Rob Anderson from the Reno Fly shop where he runs the guide service and the private waters program. Rob's work with the Pyramid Lake Tribe has resulted in the Reno Fly Shop having the only fly fishing specific guide service on Pyramid.

Pyramid Lake is world renowned for its huge Lahontan Cutthroat trout. Anglers come from all over the world every year in search of these very large fish. It is not uncommon to catch or see a fish caught over 10 pounds on a trip to Pyramid Lake. Last year there were numerous fish caught over 15 pounds and one that topped out at 24 pounds.

Located only 40 minutes from Reno, Pyramid Lake is just a short drive from any of Reno's hotels and casino's. There is an RV park at the lake and a lodge for those who would like to stay a little closer.

The fishing season at Pyramid Lake is from October 1st until June 30th, with the best fishing in October, November, March and April. February is generally regarded as the "big fish month".

It is not uncommon for seasoned Pyramid anglers to catch 10 to 30 fish a day on a good day, but like anywhere else there are the days that you wonder if there are any fish in the lake at all.

The slide presentation given by Rob Anderson will cover all topics about fly fishing Pyramid Lake including rods, reels, lines, flies, leader, tippet and all accessories needed to enjoy a day of fishing at Pyramid Lake, including the reasons why anglers fish while standing on a ladder. There will also be a chance to spend some time learning to tie some of the local flies used at the lake, including the "Tadpole", the "Martini Olive" and the "Midnight Cowboy". We will also learn dropper flies and Pyramid nymph rigs.

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Prez Says

I hope that you all had some memorable fishing this summer. I spent some time in Montana and I have one particularly memorable day that I would like to share with you. I got to fish the upper Big Hole River. This is not the famous part of the river with big rainbows and browns but rather the upper reaches that contain mostly brookies. Access is difficult because the upper Big Hole flows through large ranches but I was lucky to go with the grandson-in law of one of the ranch owners. The river here is a typical meadow stream with many twists and turns and riffles and pools. Willows alternating with grass overhang undercut banks. We caught many 9-13 inch brookies, a few larger whitefish and I managed one 7-inch arctic grayling. It was great fun watching them come up and grab little blue-winged olive sparkle duns.

Catching and of course releasing a grayling was unusual. The Big Hole is the last holdout of arctic grayling in the lower 48 states. They are a threatened species but are not yet listed as an endangered species. There is a substantial effort underway to maintain adequate in-stream flows and water temperatures so that the population will increase or at least hold its own, perhaps avoiding an endangered species designation. However, the ongoing seven-year drought in Southwestern Montana and a longer period of general habitat degradation due to grazing, logging and mining have taken their toll. When Lewis and Clark passed through this country almost exactly 200 years ago, grayling were common throughout the upper Missouri River basin. Stream surveys indicate that the population has further declined in the recent drought years so the future for them is not all that bright.

It was not just the fishing but also the setting that made the trip so memorable. The valley is wide and rimmed by the Beaverhead Range to the west and the Pioneer Range to the east. They say that going to the Big Hole Valley is like going back 50 years. On many of the ranches, hay is still stacked with beaverslide stackers as done for nearly the past 100 years. Best of all there is virtually no subdivision and development in the valley of the type that is impacting so many other places in the West. Let's hope it can remain that way.

I have caught bigger fish and sometimes more fish but this days fishing will always be in my memories. It reminds me that bigger and more are not always so important. – **Bob Pearcy**

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Yuba River Outing

This year the Club is trying something different. We are structuring an outing just for the new or near new members that have very little experience fly fishing. The goal is to create an opportunity for our members that have a need, to learn the basics of fly fishing. Old timers may want to brush up on the basics as well.

The outing will be on the Yuba River at Sycamore Ranch R.V. Park and Campground. It is a one day outing starting with everyone meeting at the Big 5 parking lot in Davis at 8:00am on Saturday, October 1st, 2005. We will carpool from there to Sycamore Ranch arriving about 10am.

The outing will cover topics like: Equipment, Nomenclature, Knots & Leaders, Basic Casting, Entomology, Fly Selection, Reading the Water, Fly Presentation, Strategy & Tactics, Wading Safety, How to Play Fish and How to Release Fish.

The outing will end about 3pm for those that need to return however, the best dry fly fishing starts just before dark.

If there is any interest a stop for dinner may be in the works as well.

If you have not yet signed up for this premier outing you will have a final chance at the September general meeting on Tuesday the 27th. Hope to see you on the Yuba. - **Tom Burton**

New and Old Waters



Here is **Brian Brothers** with a nice Bass in Georgia

Carson River above Markleeville

Here is a fishing tale you will not believe. I stayed an extra day and night in the Carson River area after the Old Fogies 2005 trip. Despite there being a fisherman about every 50 yards of stream, fishing was very good above Markleeville. After a half day of fishing, I thought I would drop in on my buddies at the Carson River Resort. Both Todd and Brad were in and boy did they have some stories.

It appears that while the Old Fogies were camping out, some gents from the "Orinda Fly Fishing Club", named Gil Neff and Hall Hill, upstream from bridge after the 89 to Minden/Topaz Lake turnoff, landed two 11 pound rainbows...yes, you heard me....11 pounders and they have pictures of them at the Carson River Resort. Now the Carson River Resort has email and a website...the website is carsonriverresort.com and the email is carsonriver@gbis.com...to verify all of this, or go see the pictures next to the cash register.

According to the reports, Hall Hill used a "Beaded Head Red Zebra Midge", size 16 and Gil Neff used an "Olive Matuka" size 18...both caught on August 4, 2005. The flies and pictures are all at the Resort in a binder.

While I did not catch anything near these giant lunkers, back in May I did latch onto two trout that I could not land and one that broke my line. This time I must have had at least 30 hook ups, 18 landed and released. Most were 10 to 14 inches and really nice fighting fish all within a few 100 yards of the river over a period of four short hours.

If you go there is a campground that is cheap. Lodging runs anywhere from \$65 to \$80 per night. The breakfasts and dinners are great at the Cutthroat Saloon...and breakfast starts at 5 AM. Brad and Todd know flies, where to go, and are at the Carson River Resort and Markleeville has some really friendly merchants and folks. - **John Imsdahl**

Fly fishing for Tarpon in Costa Rica



Ever since I picked up a fly rod at the age of 14, I have wanted to take a Tarpon on a fly. Recently while vacationing in Costa Rica I had an opportunity to satisfy that wish. I was staying at Tortuga Lodge which is on the North East side of the country, approximately 1 hour south of the Nicaraguan border. This lodge is owned and operated by Costa Rica Expeditions (<http://www.costaricaexpeditions.com/>). I had no prior experience with "big game" fishing. Biggest fish I had ever caught was something like a 30 lb. shark on spinning gear. I guess I should have been a little concerned when the guide had a funny little smirk on his face when I answered no to having had caught a Tarpon on any kind of tackle before. Heck, I had a pretty good idea it would be a long shot hooking, let alone landing one. I expected to hook something in the 30 lb. range at best, and most likely it would come off. I wasn't worried at all. So the next morning after breakfast we set out in an 18-20 foot boat for the 10 minute ride to the mouth of the river and into the Caribbean. This time of year (Sept/Oct), are the two driest months for the area and the sea is surprisingly calm. We had about a three foot swell at best. The Rod I was loaned was a 14 wt. Sage w/fighting butt and a Tarpon model reel by Bill somebody (double action) and an Ultra Hi-D sinking shooting head with 8 foot leader of 30 lb test or so, topped with a white 3 inch streamer. Just about what I figured would be used. All-in-all the rod was a beast in its own right. I did a mental calculation of estimated cost since it was loaned as "you-break-you-buy" deal and guessed I had about \$1500+ in my hands. So out we motor to about ½ mile off shore and drift in 60 feet of water. Technique was simple; strip off about 75-100 feet of line and backing let it sink. Strip retrieve until the shooting head starts to come out of the water then work it back out, let it sink back down again and start retrieving again. This went on for about an hour with no results. I asked the guide if the fish often follow to which he replied yes, very often. So I figured it was time put a pause in my retrieve occasionally. About ten minutes later I had a tug back which I set up on. All of the sudden a 5 foot Tarpon came blasting out of the water. It easily was 4 feet clear of the water! It made a quick run of 75 yards or more to which I could just lean back, hang on, and yell!!! Damn, these fish are fast. It dove deep after that. I started to make up some line as it headed for the surface once again. This routine repeated itself for about 40 minutes; it strips 50-60 yards of line out in about 10 seconds, and I spend the next 10-15 minutes working

(note: WORKING) it back in, all the while the fish is walking me around the boat several times. I was starting to get tired. The fish, who knows? It then decided going deep was its best option, the runs were shorter, but my take up time was longer. By now I was soaked in sweat. Holding the rod was tougher because my hands were slippery from sweating so much. There was nothing about finesse in this, it was all grunt work. I was wondering who would win this one, me or the fish. This went on for another 30+ minutes until somehow I managed to swing the fish in and the guide slipped the gaff just under its jaw. We took a few pics, estimated it at 75-80 lbs then slipped it back down into the water and watched it swim away. I decided I would call it a draw, as I had nothing left either. Looking back, I would put more pressure early on. I was worried I was going to break the rod, but I was told it could take more. Make sure all connection knots are clean. I could see a rod guide or two easily ripped off or a rod break if a knot hangs. Also, if at all possible keep the fight up top. Tough to do when they have 60 feet of water below, but try anyway. The more jumping the faster they tire. This time of year is the Green Sea Turtle egg laying/hatching season in the Tortuguero area. I have been told by locals that the Tarpon feed a lot on the baby turtles. That might explain why we saw a lot of fish. Something to consider... All in all it was one incredible experience, everything I thought it would be and more.



Fish on and on and on...



Finally, close to the boat



Who looks more tired?



Bet it would take a #2 chicken pattern

Fogies Fables

Could it be Love, or just another Big.....?

Webster's Dictionary describes "fellowship" as "companionship; friendly association... mutual sharing, as of experience, activity, interest....a group of people with the same interests; company; brotherhood"...

Up to the age of 18, I was dragged to countless weekly Methodist meetings, and during the summer, to almost four miserable weeks of youth camp and conferences in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Almost all of these events were described with the word "fellowship". I grew up to dislike these stogy, strict and unfunny Methodist and their over used word "fellowship". About 37 years later I heard someone, I think it was Lowell, refer to one of our club events as "enjoying the fellowship", a word I had not heard in as many years. Obviously, my first reflex was to recoil at this word "fellowship", but, like many things, we learn to grow and accept.

I cannot think of a more appropriate theme for the 2005 Old Fogies Trip than the word "fellowship". If fellowship means the countless fireside chats with fellow members, the sharing of ideas on just about any subject under the sun, the discussion of strategies and tactics for trout fishing, the discussion and sharing of ideas on flies, fly patterns, of rods, reels, line types...then I cannot think of a more appropriate term to describe our brotherhood than the term fellowship.

So, from August 4th to 7th, fifteen Old Fogies, and Spot "our" black Lab, enjoyed 3 days of spectacular fishing, great stories, jokes and tales, and our spirit was not dampened by the "Southeastern Monsoons". While the cloudy nights would cause us to miss out on the endless trail of satellites, we more than made up for it with comedy around the campfire. New guy Donn Erickson turned out to be a very proficient "Ole, Lena and Sven" story jokester and he landed the largest fish that we selected to eat. Ron Rabun, Allen and John Reynolds were also comedic hits for the trip. Reynolds will also take the blame for the title of this story. We did, however, and unfortunately, forget to sing the "traditional" Cal fight song as sung by Adney and Jim White last year, and hence, broke a "tradition".

Adney and Bob arrived on Thursday morning and I arrived on Thursday afternoon. So Thursday night was just the three of us. Most came into the camp late Friday morning and John and Lowell came in Friday late afternoon. By Friday night we were 15 plus "our dog", Spot. Still there was plenty of room on the streams for everyone to fish.

Fishing was exceptional this year in the area near the campsite, but only spotty in the upper area toward Dumont Meadows. Ron reported catching ten trout just in one five foot portion of the stream. Gene Gantt and Tom Burton caught fish within just a few minutes of arriving in camp. Bob Beverlin caught several across the meadow in a long deep trench on the Silver King. I caught fish in places I had no luck last year and none in the spots that were really hot last year....go figure.

Arlen decided to walk "off the map" all the way to Poison Flat, lost the trail due to washouts, and apparently with two additional maps will try it again next year. This was no small accomplishment as it takes almost all day to hike.

I would say in all, we must have caught at least 75 to 100 trout, we kept about 8 to eat, and for a group of 15, that was of little impact to this special area.

What I guess I appreciate most about the Old Fogies trip is to get to know these guys that I speak to briefly at the meetings. It helps to build this brotherhood with the last year's Old Fogies: Tom, Gene, Lowell, Jack, Adney, Arlen, Jim, Rollie and to get to know Bobber, John, Bill, Ron, Allen, and Donn on this years Old Fogies trip. "Life is a coin, you can spend it any way you wish, but you can only spend it once". – **Story by John Imsdahl - Title by John Reynolds**

OLD FOGIE BACKING TRIP

Once upon a time (August 2005) 15 old fogies went back packing. Splinterville, California located in the Carson Iceberg Wilderness Area was the destination. Those that checked in to the Grand Splinterville Hotel were Lowell Ashbaugh, Adney Bowker, Gene Gantt, Jim White, Rollie Simons, John Imsdahl, Arlen Feldman, Jack Norlyn, John Reynolds, Ron Rabun Donn Erickson, Allan Peterson, Bill Rains, Bob Beverlin and Tom Burton.

Accommodations were comfortable with almost everyone having a tent. Jim White and Allan Peterson decided to rough it and sleep under the stars. The weather was warm and nights were perfect for sleeping. We had beautiful daytime weather except for the awesome thunder and lightening storms both Friday and Saturday afternoon. A tarp was quickly stretched between two trees to provide rain shelter on while lightening was making ground strikes all around. The thunder was deafening and scared the hell out of all of us. Half of the group came into camp late that afternoon completely soaked. They reported catching lots of fish though.

The fishing was great again this year with Adney and Ron competing for high rod. Wilma Jean did not perform very well for Jim this year and he was overheard complaining that it was probably because everyone was using her now.

When we woke on Sunday morning it looked like it would rain at any minute so camp was struck in record time. However, the hike out was very warm. None-the-less, everyone reached our cars at the trailhead in fine shape and cold libations were enjoyed to toast the trip. Again we made the obligatory stop at Hope Valley Resort for lunch and some of Joyce's homemade pie with vanilla ice cream. It was one of the highlights of the outing.

The Old Fogie's backpacking trip will be on the first weekend in August 2006. Look for a sign-up sheet in the spring. - **Tom Burton**

Fly Of the Month Fox's Poopah

"The Poopah came about in the early 90's (I think 1990) when I was out fishing the Sacramento River and had caddis pupa crawling on my waders and emerging, leaving their shucks on my old neoprenes. The color of the pupas was amber and that's when the wheels started churning in my mind. The only material that looked right (a tapered body) was vernille. Looking at San Juan Worms and another caddis pattern from a friend, I started trying different things and came up with the early poopah (I didn't call it that yet). Finding the right shade of amber required Doug Brutocau to dye it for me. I tried different materials for the head, underbody and antennae, but found that ostrich worked best for the head and wood duck for the antennae. Pearl tinsel seemed great for the underbody, it added flash like an air bubble but was covered up by the vernille and the legs as to not be too flashy. It worked well. It obliterated fish. I've caught trout, steelhead, salmon, bass and bluegill on it.

Sometimes I tie it on a heavier wire hook for bigger fish. I've had reports from customers all over saying how it is the "crack cocaine" for trout. Wonderful! I've tried different colors and sizes and found size 14 in the amber (tan) and olive to be the best colors. Coming up with a name was just trying to find something that people could remember and if humor helped out, so be it. Pupa is pronounced 'pewpa' as far as I know, but a lot of people call them 'poopa', hence the name, easy to remember. Having the poopah in The Fly Shop's catalog helps with people's familiarity with the fly and when fishermen try it, there's no going back to other caddis imitations."

~ Tim Fox, creator of the Poopah.



Hook: TMC 2312, 2302, 12-14-16 **Thread:** 8/0 to match body.
Body: Vernille, olive, tan, ribbed over. **Legs:** Partridge.
Thorax/head: Ostrich herl. **Antennae:** Wood duck.



Hook: Any standard wet or dry fly hook **Thread:** Black **Under body:** Silver tinsel **Rib:** Copper or gold wire to hold the chenille on top of the hook. **Body:** Ultra chenille, singe the tip with a flame to prevent unraveling. Tie in on top of the hook with tip extending slightly beyond the bend. **Legs:** Grouse **Horns:** Two strands of duck flank **Head:** Brown or olive Ostrich

A relatively new caddis pattern, this fly is having great success on the Sacramento River in northern California. It was originated by Tim Fox a guide in Redding Calif.

Originator: Tim Fox, Fly: Jim Cramer, Photographs: Hans Weilenmann

Next month's FOM will be the **October Caddis**

----- **EVENTS / SPEAKERS CALENDAR for 2005** -----

July	Annual Club Picnic	In the Park	August	No One	No Meeting
September	Rob Anderson	Pyramid	October	Andy Burke	Big Fish Techniques
November	John Sherman	Stripers	December	Home Grown	Slide Show

----- **OUTINGS CALENDAR for 2005** -----

Klamath: VERY SLOW, although all caught a few and several adults were taken.

Signups at the meeting will include Stripper trip, perhaps a Pyramid venture and the annual Amador grease fest.

For those going to the Sac on October 15, please make sure to send in the check if not previously done. Hopefully each of you who signed up will have been previously contacted and will have already sent their check in. Again, the indications are that this will be a great salmon Fall which means that there should be both significant numbers of trout and steelies behind the spawners. The last time a run like that which is projected occurred, the four of us who fished below Red Bluff with the Fly Shop guides landed in excess of 15 adults and about thirty half pounders/trout. Those who floated near Balls Ferry had close to or similar results.

The October fly shop trip currently has 2 openings. If they are not filled by the 1st of August I plan to release the 6th boat, and we will go with 10 members. The projections are for a large salmon run, which means likely great steelhead and trout fishing behind spawning salmon. This should be a great trip!

At the September meeting there will be signups for the stripper trip, Pyramid (presumably) and the first Amador trip (i.e. breakfast lovers Nirvana). – **Cary Boyden**

Outings Update

TRIP	FISH	DATES	FISHMEISTER	Comments/Fees
Yuba River - Tutorial	Trout	Oct 1 st	Tom Burton 707-678-3850	
Payne Ranch	Smallmouth	Oct 8 th	John Reynolds 530-753-2682	
Lower Sac / Redding	Trout	Oct 15 th	Cary Boyden 530-753-3826	\$150.00 plus tip
Delta	Stripers	Oct/Nov	Jim Humphrey 707-678-2149	
Klamath @ Iron Gate	Half Pounders	Dec 9 th - 10 th	Cary Boyden 530-753-3826	\$150.00 plus tip



We packed our bags pre-flight at Tom Fogies house



Adney at the crest



Dry to the Bone



Fellowship



Margaritas



and Martinis



Getting ready to move out



The main building at Vaquero Camp
This is Alan and Jim in what was the well house.



John Imsdahl with his first catch



This was a bunk house. The only creatures sleeping here now
are a large colony of rats.



Fellowship



Jack and Alan from the east of the main building



The main building at Vaquero Camp



A hard days work



Bellows



Flame On!



2005 Old Fogies (Minus John Imsdahl who was in the shower)

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The Fly Fishers of Davis (FFD) is a non-Profit 501.C.3 charitable organization dedicated to the education, participation, conservation and enhancement of fly fishing. Annual associate membership is \$25 beginning with each calendar year. FFD meets monthly except for the month of August. Regular monthly meetings are held the last Tuesday of each month except for December and January. December meetings are held the second Tuesday to accommodate holiday schedules. January hosts the Annual Dinner meeting which is scheduled in the latter part of the month based upon facility arrangements.

FFD is an affiliate club of the Federation of Fly Fishers (FFF), an international nonprofit organization, and its Northern California Council (NCCFFF) affiliate.

Meetings and membership are opened to the public.

The Fly Fishers of Davis provide equal opportunity membership without discrimination on sex, race, origin, age or religious orientation.

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 Be sure if you signed up for the \$25 annual membership that you get your email address to [Bob Beverlin](mailto:rbeverlin@ucdavis.edu) at <mailto:rbeverlin@ucdavis.edu>. This will assure that you get an email notification of the newsletter. Each month, except August, the e-newsletter will be

Newsletter	Bob Beverlin	530-753-6805
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