



CFFU NEWSLETTER

**"Dedicated to Education,
Conservation and the Art of Fly
Fishing" Established 1962.**

January 2020

Monthly Newsletter

Mary Ellen Mueller, Editor

Announcements

February 4 General Meeting Will feature **Ken Hanley** who will talk to us about fishing the surf zone. This will be a new topic to many of us so don't miss it. We will also have raffle tickets for sale, to win the rod and reel that we had on display at our ISE booth, in case you were unable to visit the show. It is a Reddington 5 Wt with reel, line and case. Tickets are 1 for \$1, 8 for \$5 and 20 for \$10. Good luck everyone!

February 12 New Member's Orientation at Northminster Church at 6:30 pm. This meeting familiarizes new members with all the amenities and activities the club provides. In addition each member gets a voucher for 6 flies from each of 3 different fly shops (Kiene's, Fly Fishing Specialities, and Orvis)!

February 18 and 25 Fly fishing 101 class. For new members and others wanting to learn how to get started in fly fishing or for those who have been away from it for a while. This class will provide a great foundation and have you on the water in no time. This class is followed by a **Mentor's Outing (February 29)** which will put you on the water and help you rig your equipment, learn to cast and land a fish, should the opportunity arise.

February 26 Social. Topic to be announced.

Membership Dues If you have not yet paid your dues for 2020 CFFU Membership, remember that you

cannot participate in CFFU Activities in 2020 until your dues are paid.

Please mail your check to:

CFFU

PO Box 162997

Sacramento, CA 95816

Write on the memo line: CFFU 2020 Dues

Individual Membership: \$40 a year

Family Membership: \$55 a year

Lifetime Membership: \$300.

Annual Dinner

Hi Everyone! The Annual Dinner is soon approaching. (Sunday, March 15th) This is the major fundraiser for CFFU. There are three ways that you can help us raise the money we need to support our club.

- **Buy your tickets to the dinner** (The price is \$45. You can buy them online <http://www.cffu.org/annual-dinner.html> or see Jim Berdan at the February or March General Meeting)
- **Donate an item for our raffle or auction** (Bring it to the February or March Meeting or call me if you need it picked up. If you would like to solicit an establishment, the donation request form is available to print at <http://www.cffu.org/annual-dinner.html>)
- **At the dinner, buy raffle tickets and bid on our silent and live auction items.**

I hope everyone attends. Remember the dinner is open to nonmembers too so bring a friend, family member or colleague. Admission to the auto museum is included in the price. Come early and browse the exhibits. The buffet dinner is catered by Winter's famous Buckhorn Steakhouse. You will find fantastic deals on all types of fishing-related items and much more! Don't miss out on a fun time at our major social event.

Laurie

ANNUAL DINNER PROGRAM

Sunday, March 15th, 2020
California Auto Museum
2200 Front Street
Sacramento, CA

3:30- Pick up name tags at the Welcome Table

No-host bar is open

Complimentary appetizers

4:30 Phase one of silent auction closes

5:30 Phase two of silent auction closes

6:00 Dinner is served

6:45 Coffee and dessert

7:00 Phase three of silent auction and raffle tables close

7:30 Live Auction

8:15 Maxi raffle buckets

8:30 Pay and pick up all silent auction and live auction items

Recent Events

January General Meeting

James Haufler spoke to us about projects being conducted by Friends of Auburn Ravine. These were of particular interest to us because our club has donated funds to one of their projects. The following projects were highlighted by James:

The Salmon Camera Project using Fish Spotter Technology, which is one our club donated funds to support. As part of their efforts to protect and grow populations of wild Chinook Salmon, Friends of Auburn Ravine (FOAR) operate cameras in Auburn Ravine that record video of salmon as they migrate upstream to spawn every fall and winter. The data they collect from this project helps garner support to improve habitat and facilitate natural migration of adult and juvenile salmon.

The Salmon Survey project in Auburn Ravine occurs during the fall and winter of each year. That is when dozens or hundreds of Chinook Salmon migrate up Auburn Ravine to spawn in the Lincoln area and upstream. Volunteers count the salmon and their nests. They also collect DNA samples from salmon carcasses. With the DNA samples, FOAR will be able to accurately estimate lineage percentages for Chinook salmon in Auburn Ravine. (How many are the offspring of salmon that spawned in Auburn Ravine, and how many are from hatcheries or other streams?)

The Auburn Ravine Fish Passage Project aims to create a nature-like fishway with a series of riffles and pools sculpted into the streambed. Concrete walls designed to stem erosion were buried up to 13 feet deep into the streambed. Native plants were added to the newly-reconfigured banks. Surrounding areas were restored to pre-construction conditions. This project has many local and state partners such as Placer County, CALFED and Nevada Irrigation District. For more information about these worthy projects visit their website friendsofauburnravine.org.

Youth Fair 2020 Gary Howard

Each year California Fly Fishers Unlimited has a booth at the Youth Fair. This year we tied over 200 Woolly Bugger flies with the youth! I would like to thank the tiers that helped us this year: Rich Wilson, Tim Au-Young, Sam Yee, Ken Nordeste, Andy Penn, John Coldiron, Sandy Moore, Jeff Howard, Robert Rountree, Mic McPherson, Stan Stolt, Gary Eastman, Tim Landrus, Michael Roberts Christie Roberts, and Lanny Garman. We all had a great time, and the youth each took home a fly they tied.



CFFU Booth at ISE



Betty and Keith Pfeifer and Mary Ellen Mueller at ISE. We had many interested people stop by our booth. We hope to see them all soon!

What you Missed! Movie Night on January Tech Thursday

This was a new experience for us. We viewed the excellent movie called Modern Nymphing: European Inspired Techniques featuring Devin Olson and Lance Egan. It was fantastic. So much information and amazing fishing, our heads were spinning. If you see us on the river with new rods and some hand tied flies don't be surprised. And the free popcorn made for a perfect evening. Don't miss the next one coming later this year.

Article

For our New Members: We have all been there!

Confessions of a Fledgling Fly-Fisherman By James Williams

Dawn. The stillness of the early morning is fractured by the sound of fish breaking water in search of their morning meal. On this fine, clear Montana morning, I am about to join the ranks of the purists, the great fraternity of true sport fishermen, the fly-fisherman. I assemble the rod, admiring its balance and careful construction which makes it feel like an extension of my arm. I thread the fly line through the ferrules, reach into my pocket and remove a tapered leader and a copy of the booklet, "Knots for the Fly-Fisherman." After carefully studying the instructions, I attempt to join line and leader with the famous sucker stick knot. This knot is more commonly known as the nail knot, but I rarely carry nails while fishing. I do, however, have three children and my care seldom suffers from a lack of sucker sticks.

After 20 minutes, my line and leader remain separate entities, the reward for my efforts being amputation of 2 ½ yards of my fly line. I finally succeed in tying the perfect sucker stick knot - only to discover I have tied the wrong end of the tapered leader to the fly line. The morning sun is rising rapidly now, so I am forced to use the around-the-finger loop knot in order to conserve time.

The remaining obstacle in my quest for a morning's fishing is selection of the proper fly. I study the water's surface for a moment, then open the fly book and extricate a #16 bivisible blue dun. I hold the fly in my palm, awed by the fact I am able to purchase such an artistic piece for only 75 cents. At this moment, Mother Nature sees fit to deliver a sudden gust of wind which renders my bivisible invisible. A hasty search of the nearby weeds proves fruitless, but I do not panic. As a precaution, I carry two of each fly pattern in my fly book.

Again referring to "Knots for the Fly-Fisherman," I decide to secure fly to leader with the turtle knot. This knot was named for the speed with which the novice is able to tie it. After completing this project, I glance at my watch. An hour has passed since my arrival and I have yet to wet a line.

The moment of truth has finally come. Making sure I have my net, basket and other paraphernalia, I wade cautiously into the stream. The trout are still rising, although not with the fervor of an hour ago. A quarter of the way across the stream I stop, anchor my feet between two rocks and prepare for the magical moment in any fisherman's life: the first cast with a fly rod.

Holding the rod in the 11 o'clock position, I strip 10 yards of line from my reel. With a silent prayer and baited breath I push the rod forward and, at the crucial moment, snap the rod to the one o'clock position. Spellbound, I watch the top half of my rod sail effortlessly into the middle of the stream. Fortunately, my around-the-finger loop knot makes quite a cluster in the line and I am able to retrieve the rod tip without too much difficulty.

After reassembling the rod, I lift it skyward. With grace that belies my inexperience, I begin to work the rod back and forth in a maneuver the textbooks refer to as "false casting." My arms work furiously as I strip line from reel to endeavor to keep the rod moving. On every other backcast I am forced to bend at the waist in order to avoid being hit in the face by the erratic flight of my fly. To an untrained observer, it may appear I am fighting off an angry swarm of hornets, but I know in my heart I am part of a classic confrontation: Man against Fish. Goose pimples

course through my body from the top of my head to the tip of my toes.

The goose pimples, I soon discover, were actually caused by a combination of factors. My backcasts had been rising progressively higher, causing the fly to journey outward at a dangerously low level during the forecast -so low, in fact, the barb of the hood pierced my scalp at the crown of my head. In keeping with Newton's Law ("a body in motion tends to stay in motion..."), a two-by-four inch patch of hair was neatly excised from the top of my head. Luckily, the tonsorial operation was rapid and the pain inflicted short lived. I retreat from the stream, anxious to get my hat from the car and protect my newly acquired bald spot from sunburn.

On my return to the stream bank, I notice a spot several yards downstream ideal for the fly-fishing enthusiast. A series of rapids feeds a deep pool protected by a growth of willows and cottonwoods. As I eye the pool, the fish, their voices camouflaged by the roar of the rapids, seem to beckon with their calls, "we're here, we're here." I gather my gear and head downstream.

My first cast produces a nice brown about 24 inches long. I do not, however, consider cottonwood limbs fair game and immediately climb the tree to liberate my fly from the snare of the deadly deciduous tree. I cast again, working every spin of water in the rapids, every hidden undercurrent in the pool. As I fish, I rejoice in the glory of the golden morning, in the babbling of the cool, fresh water as it scrambles over the rocks in its race to the sea.

My euphoria is interrupted by a long, spine tingling scream, followed instantly by a splash of some large object entering the water. I was directly responsible for both sounds.

Once again, I had allowed the fly to get too low. This time the hood penetrated my left ear lobe. Not realizing what had happened and convinced a bee was stinging me, I had screamed then taken the sanctuary of the stream bottom.

Regaining my composure, I stand and gingerly remove the hook still embedded in my ear. Dropping the fly in the water, I cradle the rod in my arm as I search for a handkerchief to press against my nose which is now bleeding profusely after its brush with

the stream bottom. My hat has been carried away by the current and is probably bound for the Gulf of Mexico. Suddenly, the tip of the rod seems to bend almost in half.

A fish! A fish has taken my fly! The rod and line come alive as the fish battles the cold steel which holds it captive. The fish comes out of the water, wriggling, struggling to get free, but to no avail. The hook has been set.

Smiling, I bend over and scoop the fish into my net. A rainbow, it must be at least 12 inches long. A feeling of self-satisfaction creeps over me as I join the brotherhood (sisterhood) of the successful fly-fisherman.

Not wishing to press my luck, I decide to stop fishing for the day. As I walk back to the car, two men, both carrying bait casting outfits, approach the stream. I wipe the blood from my face, hold my fly rod high and stride past them with an air of supremacy.

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