

THE LEADER

VOICE OF THE

GRANITE BAY
Glycasters

JUNE 1988
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GRANITE BAY FLYCASTERS

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President	Jim Victorine	652-0408
Vice President	Frank Stolten	725-6894
Secretary	Marge Vingom	645-1742
Treasurer	Dave Davy	885-0289

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Brad Boustead	through 1990	961-6094
Marie Stull	through 1990	663-2414
Warren Schoenmann	through 1989	725-2542
Ken Winkleblack	through 1989	988-7129
Terry Eggleston	through 1988	721-5350
Jim Pratt	through 1988	966-0136
Mike Durand	at large	782-3877
Morris Schlesinger	Past President	782-5277

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Annual Dinner	Brad Boustead	961-6094
Conservation	Jim Pratt	966-0136
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Programs	Ken Winkleblack	988-7129
Public Relations	Brad Boustead	961-6094
Raffle	Tom Ritchie	645-9450
Technical Services	Terry Eggleston	721-5350

GENERAL MEETING

MAY 12, 1988

The meeting was called to order by our President Jim Victorine.

Jim started the meeting by reminding everyone of the club's annual picnic that was held on Saturday, May 21, at the Activity Center.

Also, upcoming is the flea market (being held at Denio's Auction) that the club will be holding in August. The exact date will be set soon. He wanted to remind everyone that if you have any items (dishes, clothes, old fishing gear etc.) that you would like to donate, to bring them to the next meeting. If anyone would like to help out that day or would like more information contact Jim at 652-0408.

Jim also mentioned that the Delta club is asking for our help in the way of donations etc. to help save the Mokelumne River. This may be one of the most important drives and has been instrumental in promoting fishing. Let's show that we care even a \$1.00 donation would help. Contact Jim for more information or address.

Frank Stolten reported that name tags can still be ordered from him. The cost is \$3.00 for 2 lines and \$3.50 for 3 lines. These must be prepaid and should be ready by the next meeting. If you would like to order one of these contact Frank at 725-6894.

Terry Eggleston will be heading up a new interaction program being started. This is the Golden Trout Program. It will consist of having many different activities to complete during the year. (Example: tying flies, casting, collecting and identifying insects, etc.) Special emphasis will be made that this will not be a competition, but rather a way to get more members together. Special awards will be given to those completing these tasks, at the Annual Dinner. If you would like to volunteer to be a helper or would just like to participate be sure to contact Terry.

Brad Boustead reported on the upcoming fish out to be held at Fannon Res. the weekend of June 11-12. The cost is \$5.00 for the weekend by the car load. This outing has always proved to be a lot of fun for the whole family. For more information contact Brad. Play on loading up your car and joining us!

Frank Stolten introduced our guest speaker for the evening. Lily Wong is well known throughout the area. Her presentation for the evening was on how to locate the lesser known lakes and streams using slides and topographic maps. She emphasized the importance of each type of map in providing the information needed for any outing. For a free catalog on topographic maps and where to purchase the maps for the maps you may be interested in, write to:

Department of Interior
US Geological Survey
(National Mapping Program)
Western Mapping Center NC/C
345 Middlefield Rd.
Menlo Park, Ca. 94025

Remember the catalog is free, but the maps have a nominal fee.

Hope to see you at our next meeting Thursday, June 9, at 7:30 P.M.

JUNE CLUB MEETING PROGRAM
Ken Winkleblack

Bob Giannoni will be our June 9th speaker with his program on leader dynamics and matching fly size to leader tippets. Bob is widely recognized as one of this country's foremost fly fishing instructors. Bob has served as National Director of the Fenwick Fly Fishing School Programs, Director and Headmaster of Fenwick's National Headquarter's Fly Fishing School in West Yellowstone, Director of Fenwick's Canadian Fly Fishing School Program on the famous Bow River, and has lead various other schools for the past fourteen years. In addition Bob has guided fly fishers in Alaska, Montana, Idaho, and Yellowstone National Park.

Bob has appeared on the cover of Fly Fisherman magazine and has been featured in Field and Stream along with numerous other outdoors publications and major newspapers. Locally Bob is currently Director of Kiene's Fly Fishing Schools and is also Commander of the Psychological Screening and Selection Research Section of the California Highway Patrol.

Every person I have talked to that has seen Bob's program has said it is great! So come learn from a real professional the art of choosing the right leader and knowing what it can do for you.

Future speakers include Terry Eggleston on back country trout fishing, Dave Howard on Steelhead and Mikem McIntyre on Rainbows in Alaska.

FLY FISHING SPECIALTIES



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THE ANNUAL PICNIC

A great big thank you to those of you who attended the annual picnic. We hope you had a good time enjoying the delicious food, good company, and the cool clubhouse. To those of you who didn't come to the picnic the following were glad that you couldn't make it there:

SMALL WINNERS

Dave Terrill, Lisa Caldwell
Dave Vingom, Warren Schoenmann
Joe Phelan, Roy Desmangles
Chris Impens, Brad Boustead
Tom Randall

BIG WINNERS

Ron English, son & friend
Tom & Mrs. Ritchie

BIGGEST WINNER

Jon Gonzales

BIGGER WINNER

Terry Eggleston

Congratulations to you all. To Jon, we have just one question; with all your luck at the raffle we wonder have you tried the LOTTERY yet?

We want to express a special thanks to those of you who helped make the day a fun one for all of us. Thanks for all the hard work that went into making it the fun time it was. It is appreciated.

To Terry Eggleston for your tireless energy in preparing for and handling of the picnic, and to the guys who cut-up the night before (chicken), a big thank you, Don't feel to disappointed by the no-shows, its' their loss (we'll drown our sorrow for them in suds).

To Jim & Lea Chandler who helped Tom acquire all of the prizes for the picnic raffle, thanks for the leg work, and to John Hardin for the flies he donated to the raffle a Purple Heart thanks, (John was wounded while setting up his display).

To Roy Desmangles, Ann Litteri, and Jim Chandler for doubling their contributions by fighting the heat of the day and the heat of the barbecue pit while they did all of the cooking. A finger-lickin thanks.

We also wish to thank Frank Stolten, his daughter Cheryl, and Warren Schoenmann, for their work in setting up the fly casting arena. Just wish there had been a better turn out to test the competition and Hula Hoops.

A special thank you to Tom Ritchie for being Raffle chairman, although it wasn't work for him. We put a microphone in his hand and he didn't stop talking until all of the prizes were gone. He loved it and so did we. A big Blue & Gray thanks to you Tom.

Last, but not least the little people surely thank Brad Boustead for keeping them entertained... and cooled off. A big water filled thanks Brad.

I hope everyone had a good time, there certainly was enough fun and food to go around. The one disappointment would have to be for all those people who called in or signed up to be here and then didn't make it. There was a lot of food and drinks left over, so for you we have this:

May your hook be eternally empty;
May your creel remain forever bare;
Never make a promise to attend;
If you don't plan to be there...

OPENING TROUT DAY 1988
John Hardin

Opening trout day, 1988, was on Sunday for me this year. I have a ritual I go through every year on opening day, DITCH FISHING. Plans were made for Strawberry Creek (not the real creek name of course). Chris Impens approached me at the club meeting in March to see if we could get a trip together. He likes to ditch fish also. He and I have fished Rock Creek for years, but never together. (yes, Rock Creek is the real name but which one?). I invited Mike Boas, a friend who had only flyfished a couple of times. As it turned out, Chris was able to fish Rock Creek on Saturday. He reported small fish and low water. We had to change our plans for Strawberry Creek. Chris said "I know this special place on the North Fork of the North Fork of the American River. EUCHRE BAR." I will never forget it! He said it was a small hike into the place, but very good fishing. I often wonder why fishermen BELIEVE other fishermen??? Well, after we went a mile and a half downhill we lost 1800 feet elevation. It only took us a half hour to get down. Boy, it was beautiful in the canyon that morning! It didn't take us long to get our waders and boots from our packs onto our bodies and start fishing. Chris was the first to get his line wet. I helped Mike get his rod rigged properly with a nymph. I put on a dry fly. I had my snake gun, a .22 with shot shells. Heh, thats my protection. I have never seen a snake in the mountains when I carry it. We crawled up the canyon, hopscotching the others the others up and up and up. Chris is in pretty good shape. Mike and I prepared for this trip. We ran for 3 miles and drank 3 beers each about a week before. Yes siree we were ready! Fishing the pocket water of creeks is like hunting. You have to pick places to cast very carefully, preferably out of sight and hearing. These fish aren't stupid; they live here all year. In the dead of winter and most of spring they are here alone. Then trout season opens and here we come up the stream hooting and hollering. Trout scurry for cover and we wonder why? So up here you have to sneak up on these critters. I believe I have overcome my fear of heights. I just love to hear my heart beat real LOUD while I am standing on a 3 inch piece of rock, 30 feet above a spring-swollen creek looking for a hand hold where I can't see. It is at moments like these when you wonder "What the hell am I doing here?" It is no wonder fishing is good here; man hasn't been here yet.

We fished for almost three hours, nothing. I was in the lead up the creek when I spotted a nice pool. I saw several trout upstream. I crawled to the edge of the creek, raised up on one knee and made a perfect cast to the trout. My total concentration was on that trout. I made another perfect cast, the fly was floating drift free, the trout was finning upstream very slowly, they were headed for a collision course. Suddenly out of the corner of my eye, who do I see? Mike, just as happy as he could be. He didn't know what I was doing, so I motioned to him to be quiet. I heard a slurp. I focused on where my fly had been and it wasn't there. I set the hook and played the fish in full view of Mike. It was picture perfect. We had the ritual of a fresh caught trout cooked on an open fire. Mike had packed in a salad, dressing, and BBQed chicken. What a feast; all we needed was white wine. Chris caught fish while lunch was being prepared. We watched the pool as we rested and saw fish starting to move again. Mike rigged up a #16 Renegade. Chris and I were in the shadows coaching him along. We saw a fish come over to look at Mike's fly but rejected it, and then another fish took it. Mike did a great job with his first trout on a fly rod. Congratulations, Mike.

We hiked in a little further. Chris caught two trout, about 11-inches on Nymphs. We started back about 4:30 in the afternoon, changed back into tennis shoes, and put our wet gear in the packs. We started UP the EUCHRE BAR TRAIL at 6:00 p.m. Did I mention the switchbacks? All 15 of them were counted on the up. I could not believe how easily Chris walked up the mountain. I was sweating it out. I knew Mike was in shape cause we had worked out the week before. We stopped every 60 to 70 feet up the mountain, out of breath and getting more tired by the minute. But, up and up we had to go. Mike kept complaining about how heavy his pack was and how he was going to burn it when he got home. Chris was in the lead, I was struggling in second and Mike was in the rear. We all stated that we would never do this again. I tried to help Mike adjust his pack and realized how heavy it was. I switched packs with him. He could not believe the difference in weight, neither could I. I finally asked what he had in the pack. He had steel toe hip waders, a 35mm camera, empty salad container and salad dressing bottle, and a fishing vest. I couldn't believe the difference. I was going to help him burn it. Mike went delirious on us, saying ditch fishing isn't for everyone. He started talking about his ice cold coke back at the truck and how good it was going to taste. I couldn't talk. I was concentrating on getting my behind and his pack up the hill. I noticed Chris walking slower and breathing hard. What was wrong with him? We were almost to the top of the mountain and he finally started breathing hard. Chris told Mike he had a couple of cold cokes at the truck also. Great, just great; I am breathing real hard, sweating in 45 or 50 degree weather and I have two fishing buddies talking about cold cokes... We finally made it to the 3600 foot elevation. Mike ran the last two hundred yards to the truck, he couldn't get to his cokes fast enough. I laughed to myself because his cokes were locked in the truck and I had the keys. We all drank a coke and drove out.

The ritual was complete, ditch fishing, the great outdoors, and a fresh trout cooked on an open fire. Good friendships and memories are made on days like these. While we were driving back, we all started talking about our next trip and where we wanted to go. Ditch fishing gets in your blood I guess. Chris said "I know this place that....". jh

GRANITE BAY FLYCASTERS
P.O. BOX 1107
ROSEVILLE, CA 95661

**BULK RATE
PERMIT
NO. 101
ROSEVILLE, CA**

FRANK R. STOLTEN 89R
8290 COUNTRY LAKE DRIVE
ORANGEVALE, CA 95662

