

# The Leader

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE GRANITE BAY FLYCASTERS

October 2018

<http://gbflycasters.org>

## Leader's Line

by Wendell Edwards, GBF President

Greetings everyone,

Our attendance has been outstanding this year. Thank you for supporting your club's activities. Every month someone is introducing a friend to fly fishing. Our membership is now approximately 254. We have 43 new members in the past 12 months.

**Dan LeCount**, a guide with Matt Heron Outfitters, will be our October speaker. This will be one more opportunity this year on how to fish the Truckee River.

Just a little glimpse into November; we are planning a little something special for our Veterans. We can't make our November general meeting fall on Veteran's Day, but we will be close.



It's been a busy summer—lots of events have taken place. I truly hope that you participated in many of these functions. We have had functions that taught Fly Tying 101, net building, rod building, how to tie fishing knots, build leaders, beginner float tubing and Tenkara clinics. Thank you to the leaders of these events.

Fishouts are near the end of the season, we have four remaining. These fishouts will cover the species, like steelhead, trout, bass, strippers, crappie and blue gill fishing. Something for everyone! Check our website for the [fishout schedule](#).

*Continued on Page 2*

## Monthly Program



*Dan with a Truckee River Brown*

Our speaker this month is **Dan LeCount**, a fly fishing guide from the Truckee area. He's been guiding for over ten years, and has been in the industry for almost twenty. He's a contract fly designer for Umpqua Feather Merchants, and formerly a commercial fly tyer. He's also a custom rod builder.

His presentation, "Seasons of the Truckee," will offer a seasonal breakdown of the Truckee River and its tributaries, covering the major hatches, appropriate flies and where to find fish throughout the year.

### IN THIS ISSUE

Annual Dinner Flyer	5
Calendar of Events	2
Classified Ads	9
Flyfishing Backcountry	
Sierra Streams	9 - 11
Fly Tyer's Corner	11 - 13
Fishing Yellowstone	3 - 4
Gate Closure Time change	3
Leader's Line	1 - 2
Monthly Program	1
Officers	14
One Fly Fishout Report	3
Upper Sac Canyon Trail in 1862	6 - 9
Upper Sac Time is Here	2 - 3
Welcome to Our Newest Members	6

OCTOBER 2018						
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6. Spey Casting Clinic
7.	8.	9. Board Meeting 7:00 PM	10.	11. Monthly Meeting	12.	13. Little Truckee Fishout
14.	15.	16. Conservation Committee Meeting Fly Tying Jam	17.	18.	19.	20.
21.	22.	23.	24.	25.	26.	27.
28.	29.	30.	31.			

Leader's Line - Continued from page 1

Granite Bay Flycasters annual One Fly Contest was enjoyed by twenty-plus members. **Jack Ramos**, thank you for your an outstanding effort. See Jack's report elsewhere in this month's *Leader*.

Our monthly fly tying with **Jim Holmes**, October 16, starts at 6:30PM at the Folsom Lake Activity Center. Check the message board for the type of fly to be tied, and for materials that you need to bring.

Kiene's annual vender event will be October 27<sup>th</sup>. Our lead for this will be Jim Holmes. Check with Jim if you would like to assist. [jwholmesjr@aol.com](mailto:jwholmesjr@aol.com)

Get your partner and go fishing!

### Upper Sac Time is Here!

The 18<sup>th</sup> annual fall Upper Sac Fishout will be taking place from **November 1st to November 4<sup>th</sup>** (Thur-Sun). The Upper Sac boasts 30 miles of river access, with the center being the town of Dunsmuir.

Due to abundant pocket water, short-line nymphing is the method of choice on this stream. If new to the river, or new to fly fishing, you will be partnered with someone who knows the ropes, and everyone who signs-up will receive information on lodging, an agenda, and directions for river access points. If you are new to short-line nymphing, you will be shown how to tie the leader and obtain instruction on the technique. In the evening, we all gather for dinner at a local restaurant to appease our hunger and tell tales of the day. Plan on joining us for 4 days, or as many days as you can make it for fun, fishing, great camaraderie, and a chance to get to know this beautiful fishing water. Sign up at the October meeting, or email Tony Jelinek at [jelinea@me.com](mailto:jelinea@me.com). Eric Palmer and Tony Jelinek will lead the fish-out.

Continued on Page 3

*Upper Sac Time is Here! - Continued from page 2*

Need lodging? Home-base for the fishout will be the [Dunsmuir Lodge](#), which is offering GBF members attending the fishout a discount on lodging, but in order to get it, you must contact the motel directly, not through a booking service.

More details of this event are posted on our Message Board [here](#), where you can post any questions, request bunk-mates, ride sharing, etc.

## One Fly Fishout Report

*by Jack Ramos*

It was a great day for fishing. We could not have asked for better weather. We were a little late getting started, but by 9:30, 17 members were on the water. At 12 o'clock I called a halt to the fishing, and the troops came in for their bratwurst and sauerkraut. The brats turned out pretty good. On the fishing, **Scott Vaughn** came in first with 8 fish, followed closely by **Dave Jones** with 7. In third was **Wendell Edwards** with 5 fish. **Dave Fujiyama** also won a prize for catching the ugliest fish. All in all, it was a great day.

## Gate Closure Time change

Effective November 4<sup>th</sup>, the Granite Bay State Park will close and lock its entrance gate at 7:00 PM.

Our general meeting on November 8<sup>th</sup> will be affected by this policy, so please be sure to be inside the park before 7:00 PM, or you will miss the meeting.

## Fishing Yellowstone

*by Don Whitecar*

From August 12 through August 15, **Cyndi** and I fished the Yellowstone area for 4 days. We had a wonderful time fishing the Madison, Henry's Fork, and Lamar Valley.

Our first guide was Brendan Powell from [Madison River Fishing Company](#) in Ennis, Montana. We drifted the lower Madison from Ruby to Varney. We fished mostly using dry stone flies, and had a successful float, with a large German Brown being the fish of the day. Besides catching about 15 rainbows, German Browns and white fish, the float did not go without incident. As we floated, we watched 3 forest fires take off from their early stages of burn. As the day progressed, the smoke and ash thickened. By the end of the day, the weather was clouding up, and we experienced a worrisome experience. The smoke was thick, and then a

*Continued on Page 4*



**ORVIS**  
SPORTING TRADITIONS  
Since 1856

**ROSEVILLE**

Before you get on the water, gear up at Sacramento's only full-service Orvis fly shop and lifestyle store. Here, you'll find the newest Helios fly rods, reels, waders, and more fly-fishing gear; plus a full line of luggage and men's and ladies apparel. Stop in and say hello today, and find exactly what you need.

1009 Galleria Blvd. | The Fountains | Roseville, CA 95678 | 916 783 9400 | [orvis.com/roseville](http://orvis.com/roseville)



*Fishing Yellowstone - Continued from page 3*

down burst with winds around 40 mph started. River water was being thrown around, ash was falling, the sky got dark, and our guide had difficulty controlling the boat. Birds that typically fly at dusk were flying around us. Insects from the mountain pine trees were flying around us, driven from the fires in the winds. It was a few minutes of complete chaos; nothing can describe the feelings of this doomsday like moment.

Next, Cyndi and I visited the [Firehole Ranch](#) in West Yellowstone and fished for 3 days. Firehole Ranch was the Orvis Fly Fishing Lodge-of-the-Year in 2013, and also listed on the Forbes Top 10 Fly Fishing Lodges in the World. All lodging, food, drink, transportation and guides are included.

Check out this [list of rivers](#) Firehole is licensed to guide; no wonder they have such credentials.

Our guide, Brady, provided 3 days of exciting and memorable fly fishing.

Day 1 at Firehole we fished Henry's Fork from Warm River to Ashton; this was by far the best fish day of the four. Using size 10 stone fly nymphs with size 16 pheasant tails and frenchies, we caught over 40 trout and white fish, and hooked up, then lost, many others. The big fish of the day was a 20" or so sucker fish that took line down to the backing line; a hopeful thrill at first. Fish ranged from 5" to 15". We had 4 double-hook-ups where Cyndi and I each landed a fish. As we fished, a tug occurred every few minutes, the action was constant and exciting.



*Don with a nice German Brown*



*Where the buffalo roam!*

Day 2 at Firehole, on Cyndi's birthday, Brady took us to Lamar Valley in the northeast corner of Yellowstone Park. Lamar is one of two valleys in Yellowstone where the animals gather. It's common to see all the park's animals; but on this day, we only saw buffalo. This was a fabulous and exciting experience as we hiked and fished amongst the buffalo; listening to the male mating noises and snorts. We tried size 12 and 14 grasshoppers, ants, beetles and royal cripples; nothing worked, but we did get a few rises. Quite strange to be a few hundred feet away from buffalo while they cross the river.

Day 3 at Firehole, we fished the upper Madison from Lyons to Ruby. Using 16-18 nymphs and emergers, we caught about 30 fish, and lost many with one nice brown getting loose. Most of the bigger fish were white fish.

Overall, the trip was rewarding, productive, exciting and thrilling. Catching more than 60 fish, losing many others, while fishing amongst the buffalo was one of the best fish days and vacations we have ever had.

Other trip highlights include watching two large male buffalo fight each other on the edge of a 100' cliff, seeing one buffalo get pushed down the cliff, and then watching the dominant male chase the fallen buffalo well across the field.



*Cyndi with a nice brown*

We didn't see any bears, foxes, or wolves; but we did see coyotes, buffalo, and a few elk. We drove almost the entire park's main roads over 5 days after the 4 fish days.

**Mark Your Calendars**



**Granite Bay Flycasters 33<sup>rd</sup> Annual  
Dinner**

**Sunday March 24<sup>th</sup>, 2019**



**Huge Selection of Raffle and Auction Prizes**  
(Specifics to be announced)

DINNER LOCATION:  
Rocklin Event Center  
2650 Sunset Boulevard  
Rocklin, California

Doors open at 4:30 PM



## Welcome to Our Newest Members!

*by Eric Palmer, VP Membership*

Please join me in welcoming new members who have joined us recently. Make sure you keep an eye out for them at our meetings and events so that we can make them feel that they are an important part of our club.

Nicolas Delyon

Pat Fay

Rick Duffy

Jay Solomon

## The Upper Sac Canyon Trail in 1862: From the Pit/McCloud Confluence to Mt. Shasta City

*by Eric Palmer*

Those of us who frequent the Upper Sac at Dunsmuir hold a strong affinity for that special, if not sacred land and its crystal clear Mt. Shasta spring-fed water that supports the trout we seek. But what, we have to wonder, did that area look like in the 1860s? While at that time it certainly had felt the crush of heavy placer mining and settler activity, compared to today, it was still relatively as virgin as a thousand years ago.

How cool would it be to see that area through the eyes of an early adventurer with the passion *and* talent for documenting everything he saw in his journal and letters to a brother in the East. William H. Brewer did just that, as the lead member ("Principal Assistant...") of the first California Geological Survey team, which, from 1860 to 1864 traveled fourteen-thousand miles by mule and boot leather from below Los Angeles to the Oregon border, with many zigs and zags in between. The full trip is thoroughly documented in *Up and Down*

*Continued on Page 7*



**WE ARE SERIOUS ABOUT FLY TYING...**

**OUR FLY TYING STAFF**

**BRETT DRURY**  
Fly Tying Instructor  
Renowned Fly Tyer, Sacramento Area

**RICK ANDERSON**  
Contract Fly Tyer  
Montana Fly Company

**RON SPERONI**  
Contract Fly Tyer  
Pacific Fly Group

**MORGAN THALKEN**  
Contract Fly Tyer  
Umpqua Feather Merchants

**CONNECT WITH US ON:**

[f](#) [e](#) [g+](#) [YouTube](#)

**WWW.FLYFISHINGSPECIALTIES.COM**

**...COME IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF - IF YOU NEED IT, WE HAVE IT!**

"They have the largest selection of fly tying materials in California!" - Andy Burk

*The Upper Sac Canyon Trail - Continued from page 6*

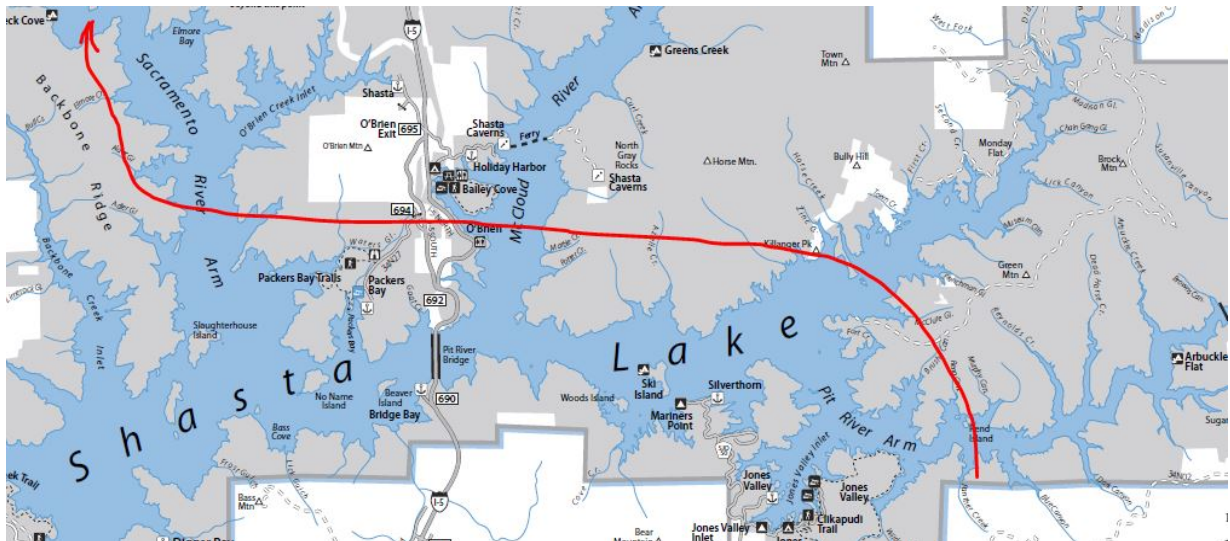
*California: The Journal of William H. Brewer*<sup>1</sup>. I highly recommend the book. For background on the origins of this geological survey and other members involved, click [here](#).

What follows is an excerpt describing the small party's arduous trek across the Pit River, the McCloud, and then the Sacramento, and up the west side of the Upper Sacramento River canyon and past our favorite fishing holes, through today's Dunsmuir, and finally to Strawberry Valley, or as we know it today: Mt. Shasta City. Their starting point would seem about five miles below the Pit River arm of Lake Shasta. The areas where they crossed the three rivers to reach the west side of the canyon are today all under water, as you can see in the map below.

In the words of William H. Brewer to his brother in the East:

*"Sunday, September 7 [1862], we were all up at dawn and started before seven. We had hoped to be at Mount Shasta at full moon, but the detentions had so delayed us that we must travel Sunday and were yet three days behind time. Five miles over a hilly road brought us to Pit River. Here let me say that the upper Sacramento, above where it turns from the east to south, is here known altogether as Pit River, while the name Sacramento is retained for the branch that runs nearly straight south from the west base of Mount Shasta.*

*We Crossed the ferry, crossed some hills to McCloud's Fork, a swift stream of pure, cold water, green as the Niagara and cold from the snows of the mountains beyond. We followed up that a few miles then crossed the ridges to the Sacramento Fork [today's Upper Sac, see red line below] where we camped for the night. Such a hilly road—all up and down—now winding along a mere shelf hundreds-of-feet above the river, then descending into ravines. The country between these forks is dry, while the hills mostly covered with bushes and scattered trees, but after this day we had very different scenery, for we were in a wilderness of mountains and continually rising. We were glad enough to get into camp, for all were tired. We had had a hard day's drive, although we had come but twenty-one miles.*



**Approximate path of Brewer's company from below the Pit R. to the Upper Sacramento canyon. In 1862 the McCloud was a tributary to the Pit which then fed the Sacramento River.**

*We had seen a number of Indians, and at the ferry where we camped that night there were a number more. We heard that many had recently died. There were some graves on a knoll near camp, and a number of squaws kept up an incessant howling, moaning, screeching and thumping on something until dark. Their noise was positively hideous, but then this is their way of showing respect for the dead. They ceased when it got dark, but commenced again soon after dawn.*

<sup>1</sup> *Up and Down California...*, was first published in 1930 and again in 1949 with a third and final printing in 1974 by the U.C. California Regents. It is readily available used on Amazon and eBay.



*The Upper Sac Canyon Trail - Continued from page 7*

Monday, September 8, we were up again at dawn. We crossed the Sacramento Fork by ferry [see red line to the left.], and all day followed up that stream, making twenty-one miles. It was certainly, together with the next day's ride, the most picturesque road I have traveled in this state—in fact, I think that I ever traveled [Note that Brewer was well traveled in Europe including the Swiss Alps]. Sometimes down to the level of the river—then crossing ridges, sinking into ravines—sometimes a narrow way where two wagons cannot pass for half a mile at a stretch, the steep mountain on one side and the swift stream hundreds of feet below on the other. None of your magnificent roads, such as one sees in Switzerland, where at such places a parapet guards from all danger; but rough, sidling, the outer wheel uncomfortably near the soft shelving edge—bridges, without rail, made by laying poles or split timber on the beams, spanning deep ravines, where the mules went over trembling with fear. The road is pretty well engineered. The fifty miles that we passed over, rough as it is, cost, we were told, \$40,000 [\$970,800 in today's dollars], and our tolls up and back were \$25.50 [\$607 today].

The valley ran nearly straight toward Mount Shasta, and at times we got most glorious views of that peak. Its snow-covered head rose magnificently far above everything else—with what wonder and awe we regarded it, the goal of our trip! The many stories we heard of the terrors of ascending it—many declaring that no man ever had succeeded in reaching the highest summit, although many had nearly succeeded—were fiction, as we shall see farther on. [Skipping a paragraph where Brewer, a botanist by education, collects samples of a rare plant, the [darlingtonia](#). He lagged behind while the others continued.].

We had a beautiful camp that night among the pines and firs at **Sim Southern's** [a large ranch, and the site of today's [Sims Flat](#) USFS Camp Ground]. He entertained us with some most marvelous stories of his attempted ascent of Mount Shasta—marvelous indeed to hear, but received with some allowance, and more so after we had been on the ground. In fact, popular testimony was that with him "truth is stranger than fiction."

Tuesday, September 9, we continued on our way. In a few miles we passed the Castle Rocks (Devil's Castle of the map) [referencing a map he provided to his brother], most picturesque objects to behold [This of course is today's Castle Crags State Park]. A granite ridge rises very abruptly from the valley, its crest worn into the most fantastic forms—pinnacles, minarets, battlements, domes, and peaks. Some of these rise perhaps three thousand feet above the valley, and the chain of Castle Mountains is much higher beyond. We were in sight of them a long time and each turn of the road disclosed a new view of them. In crossing a spur from this chain that runs down to the river we had the most magnificent view of Mount Shasta that we have yet had [this could be our Soda Creek fishing access area]. It appeared up the valley, the foreground of mountains opening to show it, the great cone rising high, its upper six thousand feet streaked with glistening snow, its outlines sharply cut against the intensely blue sky, its sides steep beyond belief.

Next we came to the Soda Springs. These are close by the river, here merely a large mill stream in size, its waters green and cold, and traces everywhere of what a torrent it must be during the winter rains [hard to know if this was today's Tauhindauli Park in Dunsmuir, aka Upper Soda Springs, or one of several other soda springs farther up-stream within today's Dunsmuir. If the former, odd he did not mention Ross and Mary McCloud's inn which would later become a well-known resort]. The waters of the spring are highly charged with carbonic acid—so are called "soda" springs, for they sparkle like soda water—and hold iron in solution [Brewer was educated in chemistry]. They have a considerable reputation for curative powers [today we know this to be false]. Here we left the immediate side of the stream and struck up an inclined table-land [this would be the long steep I-5 grade as you leave Dunsmuir], rising a thousand feet more in the next nine miles to Strawberry Valley Ranch, where we camped. This is the base of the mountain [Strawberry Valley is today's Mt. Shasta City].

On the last two days' ride we had met much lava. It seemed to have run over the country after it had its present general features but not the present details. The streams have, in many places, cut through the bed of lava into the softer slates beneath. These slates were for the most part very hard, for they had all been baked and altered by heat. The last nine miles from the Soda Springs was entirely

Continued on Page 9



*The Upper Sac Canyon Trail - Continued from page 8*

*over lava. Much of the last two days had been through fine forests—pine, fir, cedar, and spruce, with various other trees. Many of the cone-bearing trees were large and grand beyond anything the eastern states know of. Trees six or eight feet in diameter and 200 to 250 feet high were not rare."*

At noon on Friday, September 12, 1862, Brewer and his team would summit Mount Shasta, in spite of considerable local scuttlebutt that it was impossible. On reaching the top, miscellaneous household items were found proving that they were not the first. Led by an experienced guide, the path they chose is the one most commonly used today.

William Henry Brewer, following this four-year herculean effort, immediately accepted an offer of the position of *Chair of Agriculture* at the *Scheffield Scientific School at Yale University*, a position he held until retirement in 1903. Born on September 14, 1828, William Brewer died November 2, 1910.

An expanded version of this article, including narrative of the return trip south back down the canyon road, will be on the GBF website articles page by the end of the month.

## Flyfishing Backcountry Sierra Streams

*by Royal B. Pocketwater*

### Part V

The soft warmth of the early fall afternoon found Royal and ATC gingerly picking their way down the 300 yards of the face of the rocky cliff which formed one of the box sides of the Ice Box Hole. Although not sheer, the cliff was steep enough that ATC avoided looking down, and never once took a step without something firm to hold onto with his left hand—a limb of the occasionally scraggly conifer clinging to the wall, a stalk of brush or a rock.

Royal, as usual, led the way with ATC silently tracing his steps. ATC refused to talk at times like these. Royal, of course, knew this and so, in keeping with his rather perverse sense of humor, would ask inane questions at just the right (wrong) moment.

This day was no exception. Having just hopped nimbly across a steep, narrow, avalanche path, Royal watched as ATC hesitated nervously calculating where his feet (he hoped) would be landing and looking for something to grab onto once he hit the other side. "C'mon ATC, we've done this a dozen times. Old Hookjaw waits. Remember that day last year when you hooked him?" Royal asked with a mischievous glint in his eye. He chuckled, knowing that ATC was cursing him under his breath. "Looks rather like a kid trying to decide whether to dive into the icy lake," he said to himself just as ATC jumped—safely—as always—to the ledge, instantly grabbing the wind-gnarled dwarf pine to his left. The blue-eyed look of sheer terror left him as he examined the rod in his right hand. Satisfied that all was well, he grumbled unintelligibly, which Royal took for "Get going, #@&\$\*...."

The last hundred yards of the descent to the head of Ice Box Hole followed a narrow, faintly discernible deer trail. While the loose rock made it a bit tricky, still the hardest part was behind them and they picked up the pace in their anticipation. Reaching the base of the cliff ahead of ATC, Royal dropped his day pack on the pebbly beach above the six foot waterfall which dropped into the Hole, and dug out his windshirt. The

*Continued on Page 10*

## Granite Bay Flycasters Classifieds

*To place a classified ad, you must be a member in good standing of the Granite Bay Flycasters. Classified ads will run for only one issue of The Leader, unless the seller requests it to run longer. Submit your listing to: [editor@gbflycasters.org](mailto:editor@gbflycasters.org). All ads must be submitted by the 15<sup>th</sup> of the month to be included in the following month's Leader.*

*Flyfishing Backcountry Sierra Streams - Continued from page 9*

fall sun didn't penetrate to the bottom of the box canyon, and a steady breeze flowed downstream, as if to urge and hurry the creek's reluctant waters over the awaiting precipice. ATC arrived to find Royal staring straight up at the raptor circling steadily on the updraft welling out of the canyon, its wings outstretched, unmoving. "Not good," commented ATC as the big bird emitted its haunting, piercing call. "He'll spook every doggone fish in the Hole, including old Hookjaw." "I don't think so," replied Royal, "he's too high. Besides, we're not going to fish dry, and these weighted bugs will hit him right on his old snout." Turning over rocks, ATC exclaimed, "October Caddis. We're in luck." "OK," said Royal, "why don't you drop that peeking caddis at the edge of the scum line at the head of the pool, and let it sweep down into the Hole. I'll climb up here above you and hide behind that big overhanging rock, so I can spot for you. Keep your eye on that indicator."

"Sure, boss," said ATC with mock irritation, pleased that Royal had yielded the first shot to him. As he examined rod, reel, line, and fly one last time before moving into position, his thoughts drifted back to the day last year when he'd hooked the monster Brown that was king of Ice Box Hole. The steep canyon walls which formed the hole forced the creek into a ten foot flow rife with conflicting currents and eddies born of huge rocks and cobble strewn randomly on the bottom—the result, no doubt, of rock falling over eons of time from the cliffs into the pool. Large boulders at the tail of the pool trapped and slowed the flow within, also causing unusual depth for a small stream. Access to all but the head of the pool was, of course, impossible, due to sheer, forbidding twin cliffs.

At the head of the Hole, the water cascaded noisily into the froth, causing a constant ambient cool mist to surround the pool. ATC recalled how last year on that midsummer afternoon, when he'd stood at the base of the falls on a slippery rock ledge, dropped his size 6 Ida May in the foamy bubble line across the current, and mended upstream as the weighted fly quickly sank and the indicator bobbed through the drift. Its sudden stop startled him as he instinctively, but firmly, raised the rod tip. The taut line quivered in the current, transmitting its vibration through the rod to ATC's hand tightly grasping the cork. "A snag," he complained dejectedly to himself. As if to answer and belie this thought, the line began to move downstream, slowly at first, towards the boulders which formed the barrier at the pool's tail. ATC recognized the deliberate, brute strength and authority with which the fish moved, as that of a battle-scarred, stream-bred monster. "It's Attila the Trout," he shouted unavailingly to Royal, who was perched on the rock outcropping opposite him and above the falls, tying on a fly. He may as well have been barking at the moon, for the deafening roar of the falls and Royal's concentration. He loosened the Ross's drag a little as the fish inexorably, slowly swam toward the tail, and firmly set the hook once more.

As if angered by this impudent gesture, and determined to have a look at this intruder, the big trout bolted to the surface in a splashy leap.

"Who said Browns don't jump?" Royal shouted excitedly from his perch as ATC skillfully gave slack to the brute who by now had taken to the air again, his broad golden back throwing a 360 degree spray, backlit against the rays of the midday sun. The third leap saw the muscular fish near the barrier rocks and still taking line effortlessly against the Ross' now tightened drag. "Impossible," thought ATC as called the 5X tippet he tied on as a hedge against the crystal clarity of the Hole. Holding his rod as high as his arms would allow in an effort to keep his line off the water, ATC saw the backing ominously slip through the snake guides and out the tiptop. "Can't even begin to turn him," he muttered as he watched the line disappear around

*Continued on Page 11*

**WHY SHOP ANYWHERE ELSE?**  
 MORE ROOM • MORE INVENTORY • MASSIVE FLY SELECTION

**KIENE'S FLY SHOP**  
 SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

2752 MARCONI AVE. SACRAMENTO, CA 95821 • 800-4000-FLY • WWW.KIENE.COM

*Flyfishing Backcountry Sierra Streams - Continued from page 10*

the barrier rocks. Prevented from following the golden warrior by the impossible cliff walls, he dejectedly put the pressure on, whereupon the wispy 5X parted company with Ida May and, ultimately, with Old Hookjaw.

Shaking off the reverie of last year's experience, ATC positioned himself once again on the slippery rock ledge, took one last look at the big Peeking Caddis, and placed it perfectly at the edge of the scum line where it promptly sank as the indicator began its twisting drift. He fleetingly glanced up at his "spotter," and shook his head as Royal stared straight up, still fixated on the circling raptor. ATC mended his line....

*Next on the adventures of Royal and ATC:*

*"Royal takes a swim" or, more to the point, "How Ice Box Hole got its name."*

### Bill Carnazzo Fly Tyer's Corner (Taken from the Article Written in October 2009)

## Fly Patterns - October Bird's Nest Nymph



*October Birds Nest Nymph*

### Materials:

<b>Hook:</b>	2x or 3x long curved shank nymph hook such as 1260, Targus 200HBN
<b>Thread:</b>	Tan 8/0
<b>Head:</b>	Gold or copper bead, size to match hook
<b>Tail:</b>	Wood duck flank feather barbles
<b>Abdomen:</b>	Fine tan synthetic dubbing
<b>Hackle:</b>	Wood duck flank feather barbles
<b>Thorax:</b>	Same as abdomen
<b>Rib:</b>	Copper wire, fine
<b>Weight:</b>	Lead or substitute

## Description

This month's pattern—Cal Bird's "Bird's Nest Nymph"—is an old favorite that should lurk in every fly angler's nymph box. There have been variations on the original pattern, but in my opinion none of them achieve any degree of "improvement" over Cal Bird's original design. I have added a bead to the hook—but only to show that it can be tied either with or without a bead.

GBF was fortunate to have had Cal Bird conduct a day of fly tying at the club house many years ago. As I recall, we have that session on video tape—and should probably consider having it re-mastered and transferred to a DVD format for our library.



The hackle on this fly is located at the juncture of the abdomen and the thorax, contrary to other nymph designs where the hackle is placed behind the eye and in front of the thorax. The procedure for applying the hackle is called the "distribution wrap," which is Cal Bird's own description of the procedure. It is a bit tricky to do properly, but

*Continued on Page 12*



*Fly Tyer's Corner - Continued from page 11*

does result in an even distribution of the hackle around the shank. There is an excellent example of how to do this and wrap soft hackles in general at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nr4t4908PnA>

Finally, this is one of those flies that are "tied in the round," meaning that the fly looks the same no matter how it is rotated. Compare this to a standard nymph that has a wing case on the top of the fly. In his famous book titled "Nymphing For Larger Trout", Charlie Brooks stated that he tied his flies "in the round" because a swimming nymph always rights itself before swimming away, and in order to mimic this habit a fly should appear the same from any angle. Thus, for his patterns that include a wing case, the wing case surrounds the fly. This simple idea revolutionized, so some extent, the world of fly tying. For example, think about how standard soft hackle patterns are tied: The hackle is wrapped around the hook and the body is uniform in appearance—a perfect example of tying in the round. The Bird's Nest Nymph is a type of soft hackle fly, in my view. I am partial to soft hackle patterns because of the motion of the fly in the water, attributable to the hackle's movement in the current. Sneaky, eh?

## Tying Instructions

For best viewing: (1) Maximize your Computer Screen Window. (2) Type "Ctrl + or -" to enlarge or contract the photograph display. (3) Use the Horizontal and Vertical Scroll Bars to scroll right and up/down to display larger photos on your screen.



*Steps 1 & 2*

1. Smash the barb, place a bead on the hook, and secure it by placing a few wraps of lead of proper size behind the bead. Jam the lead into the large bevel of the bead, which should be facing rearward. I tend to use small beads—probably smaller than manufacturers' recommendation.
2. Secure the lead with thread wraps and advance the thread to the rear of the hook.

3. At a point just above the back end of the barb, tie on a tail consisting of a small bunch of wood duck or teal flank feather fibers. It should be about 2/3 of length of the hook shank. Take a well-marked flank feather and cut out the "heart," located at the top of the feather (see Harry Mason's video clip showing this technique). Roll the fibers and tie them in as indicated above.
4. Tie in the copper wire which will serve as the ribbing, at the same point (see hint #1 below).



*Steps 3 & 4*

*Continued on Page 13*

Fly Tyer's Corner - Continued from page 12



Step 5

6. Using the remaining (bottom) portion of your flank feather, with the tips facing rearward, measure the barbles to shank length. Take a loose wrap around the entire piece right at the front of the dubbed abdomen, drawing the thread tight with a second wrap. The effect will be to distribute the barbles evenly around the abdomen if done properly (hence the name "distribution wrap"). Again, see Harry Mason's video for a good visual presentation of this technique: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nr4t4908PnA>



Step 6



Step 7

7. Dub a robust thorax in front of the hackle, up to the back of the bead; the thorax should be a bit fuller than the abdomen. Whip finish behind the bead.

## Tying & Fishing Tips

1. When tying in ribbing, it is a good idea to flatten the wire where it will be tied in. This prevents distortion of the body.
2. Try tying without using a bead, so that you can experiment on the stream with both versions.
3. Tie some in olive also. I also like to have some in black.
4. Tie in different sizes, down to #18. I even have some as large as #6 in my nymph box.

**Go crank some of these bugs, go fish them, and...**

*Enjoy, and see ya on the creek...!!!!*



**L<sup>3</sup> Rods**  
Custom Fishing Rods  
Supplies and Classes

**Larry L. Lee**  
5645 St. Claire Way  
Citrus Heights, CA 95621

web: [www.L3rods.com](http://www.L3rods.com)  
email: [LLLEE@L3rods.com](mailto:LLLEE@L3rods.com)  
(916) 962-0616 O  
(916) 601-7853 C

## Granite Bay Flycasters

**Mission:** The organization is dedicated to conservation of fish habitat, advancement of the art of Fly Fishing, and good sportsmanship.

**Meetings:** General club meetings are held on the second Thursday of each month at the Granite Bay Activities Center on the shores of Folsom Lake. For directions, check <http://gbflycasters.org>.

Doors open between 6:00 P.M. and 6:30 P.M. for socializing and fly tying demonstrations. The business portion of the meeting begins at 7:00 P.M. The main program gets underway after a short refreshment break and usually involves a guest speaker and slide show, or other presentation. All meetings are open to the public and visitors are encouraged to attend.

**Membership:** Applications are available on-line at <http://gbflycasters.org> and at general meetings. Single membership: \$30; Family memberships: \$35; and youth (under 18): \$10. There is also a \$12 name badge charge for all new members. Membership is prorated throughout the year. For membership information, contact Don Whitecar at 916-804-5384, or visit the website at <http://gbflycasters.org>.

**The Leader:** To send articles, photos, ads and other materials, please e-mail to: Frank Stolten at [editor@gbflycasters.org](mailto:editor@gbflycasters.org). Please put **GBF Leader** in the subject line. Deadline for materials is the 15th of each month.

Please notify if address change

## Officers, Directors and Committee Chairs

President - Wendell Edwards  
916-989-1442 [president@gbflycasters.org](mailto:president@gbflycasters.org)  
VP Membership - Eric Palmer  
916-987-1359 [membership@gbflycasters.org](mailto:membership@gbflycasters.org)  
VP Conservation - Dave Fujiyama  
949-212-1337 [conservation@gbflycasters.org](mailto:conservation@gbflycasters.org)  
Secretary - David Bennett  
916-645-8370 [secretary@gbflycasters.org](mailto:secretary@gbflycasters.org)  
Treasurer - Gordon Tornberg  
916-983-2953 [treasurer@gbflycasters.org](mailto:treasurer@gbflycasters.org)

**Directors:**  
Through June, 2021 - Drake Johnson  
916-791-1039  
Through June, 2021 - Ron Davidson  
530-320-3598  
Through June, 2020 - Dale Spear  
530-677-1504  
Through June, 2020 - Ron Fay  
916-791-2752  
Through June, 2019 - David Jones  
916-474-4986  
Through June, 2019 - Ed Lloyd  
916-939-0540  
Director at Large, 1 year term - TinaLyn Sell  
916-765-9265  
Director at Large, 1 year term - Victor Maiello  
916-276-9010

**Committees:**  
Annual Dinner  
David Jones 916-474-4986  
Annual Picnic  
Wendell Edwards 916-508-7000  
Casting Instruction  
John Hogg 916-709-7340  
Rick Radoff 916-870-9637  
Classroom Egg Prog.  
Frank Stolten 916-725-6894  
Education  
Ron Davidson 530-320-3598  
Fishmasters  
Tony Jelinek - streams 916-791-8412  
Doug Kytonen - stillwater 916-772-6654  
Fly Tying  
Jim Holmes 916-967-6709  
Golden Trout Program  
David Jones 916-474-4986  
Leader Editor  
Frank Stolten 916-725-6894  
Leader Layout  
Vivian Mevorah 916-408-0678  
Librarian  
Kim Lloyd 916-988-3828  
Merchandising  
Victor Maiello 916-276-9010  
Monthly Programs  
Ed Lloyd 916-939-0540  
Webmaster  
Eric Palmer 916-987-1359  
Kent Ripley 916-797-6940  
Don Whitecar 916-804-5384

<http://gbflycasters.org>