

The Leader

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE GRANITE BAY FLYCASTERS

September 2020

<http://gbflycasters.org>

Leader's Line

by TinaLyn Sell, GBF President



Hello Members,

Please be sure to read *The Leader* thoroughly; we have some great articles from members who have gone on some exciting trips, and articles on special topics club members have requested. We will continue to update you by email on club activities and events. As of now, all events have been canceled. This does not mean fishouts are canceled, be sure to watch the calendar for which of those are coming up.

If you are like me, you have been driven indoors by the hot weather, which I found frustrating. But when I took a minute to think about it, I was driven indoors months ago by Covid. So now, not only are we dealing with a pandemic, but scorching hot weather as well. Who is with me in saying, "Enough is enough?" I hear people asking, "When will my life get back to normal?" I

believe I have discussed this in a past article. Maybe this is the "new" normal. Should it even matter? Who is to say we cannot shake things up a bit? Let's just embrace it and live life to the fullest.

So, you had to learn how to use a new program on your computer in order to talk with your family. At least you get to see and talk, or argue; I mean, it is family after all. And best of all, we get to do fly tying with **Jim Holmes** from the comfort of our own homes while in our jammies; okay, so maybe I am the only one in jammies. You have the opportunity to grow closer and bond with your family. Remember, we have to take the good with the bad; it will only help us grow. Bottom line is, we need to remain positive. You never know when Mother Nature will decide to revoke our geological permission to live on this planet. So take care, be happy, healthy, and most importantly, FISH ON!!

Sly Park/Jenkinson Lake Fishout October 21st

by Doug Kytonen, Fishout Leader

Jenkinson Lake is located on Sly Park Creek, a tributary of the North Fork of the Cosumnes River. Jenkinson Lake is a 640-acre lake at 3,500 feet elevation in the Sly Park Recreation Area of El Dorado County, and is the lowest elevation reservoir in California to hold a viable population of **mackinaw**, with fish up to 18 pounds.

The lake also has a decent population of brown trout; the lake record for a brown trout is 21 pounds. The lake is stocked with catchable rainbow trout from the late winter or early spring. Most of the planted trout are 12-14 inches, with some holdovers 2-3 pounds. Smallmouth bass, largemouth bass, and bluegill are also found in Jenkinson Lake, but smallmouth bass are the predominate species because the lake offers the rocky points, ledges and flats that smallmouth prefer. Every

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SEPTEMBER 2020

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1.	2.	3.	4.	5.
6.	7.	8. Board of Directors Meeting via ZOOM	9.	10.	11. Monthly Meeting via ZOOM	12.
13.	14.	15. Fly Tying Jam via ZOOM	16. Let's talk Fishing via ZOOM Tenkara Fishout E. Carson River	17.	18.	19.
20.	21.	22.	23.	24.	25.	26. Truckee River Fishout
27.	28.	29.	30. Let's talk Fishing via ZOOM			

Sly Park/Jenkinson Lake Fishout - Continued from page 1

year I hook a couple of smallmouths between 17-19 inches, 3 to 4 pounds of hard fighting fish.

A 5 or 6-weight rod, clear or camo intermediate line will keep you into the fish this time of the year, 10 ft. leader with 8 lb. tippet, a size 4-10 woolly buggers, wiggle tails, streamers, leeches pattern. My favorite way to fish is to cast to the shoreline and rip back a gold olive streamer, or slowly troll a leech in 10 ft. of water along the rocky points or rocky shoreline. The Grassy Noel where it drops off to deep water is a great place to troll a woolly bugger or wiggle tail to entice smallies to strike. A watercraft is the best way to fish this lake, something you can pick up and move to a new spot if fishing is slow in that spot. A float tube is best for this type of fishing where you can fish 3 or 4 places in a day.

We will meet at Chimney Camp day picnic parking lot at 9:00 AM. Bring a lunch and chair, but there is a bench on the beach. You can fish the inlets for trout at the far end or across the bay from the chimneys. This is one of my favorite places to fish. The whole channel is a 5 MPH no-wake zone, so no worries about jet or water-skier's.

The first fall weather is generally the period that writers mean when they hype "fast fall fishing." Water temperatures are still relatively warm (above 57 degrees), but food sources are declining, and the smallmouth bass's energy requirements are high because of developing gonad production. Plus, lower light intensity makes fish less wary. This can all add up to those "died-and-gone-to-heaven" days that smallies fans fondly



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Sly Park/Jenkinson Lake Fishout - Continued from page 2

recall years later. I've had plenty of days with exceptionally high number of fish, and I have also seen many big fish caught during the early fall period.

Depending on the latitude and that year's weather, this early fall period can occur anywhere from early September to early October. One big change from summer is the smallies' switch from crayfish to a minnow diet. They will still eat some craws, but on most waters cooler temps make crayfish less active and available. Plus, crayfish quit molting, so they're hard-shelled and less appealing. But minnows, including shiners and chubs (and even shad in some rivers) are now good eating size and readily available, so smallmouth bass increasingly focus on them. Especially when the water is still 60 degrees or more, these minnow-chasing bronze backs sometimes nail top waters with gusto. However, early fall surface fishing isn't as sure a bet as it is in summer. Instead, fish often want you to mimic the motion of darting minnows.

For more details, go to the fishout template [here](#) on the club website.

Upper Sacramento River Time is Here!

by Tony Jelinek

The 27th annual fall Upper Sacramento River Fishout will be taking place from **October 29th to November 1st** (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, depending on the Coronavirus guidelines, we plan to 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.

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 [here](#) on the GBF web-site. If you are interested in participating in the fish-out, or have any questions, please contact Tony at jelinea@me.com.

Discovery Bay Fishout, Veteran's Day November 11th

by Doug Kytonen, Fishout Leader

We will again travel to Discovery Bay for a day of fishing for Stripers, Largemouth Bass, Crappie, and Blue Gills On Veterans Day, Nov. 11th. Discovery Bay is located on the south side of Stockton off of Highway 4, and is a protected residential development on the water with huge houses with private docks. There is a long rock jetty that goes out to the delta entrance of the community, all great for bass fishing. This is all a 5 MPH zone, so it is great for float tube and pontoon boats to fish from. There is a tide, but little to no current, unless you go out to the entrance and right side of the little light house, and then you will fight the current.

Fishing can be great because you have a variety of species to target, with all being great little fighters. There is also a chance of hooking a large striper or LMB over 5 pounds. The days will be shorter, nights will be cooler, hopefully the fishing will be hotter than the weather. Gear will be 5-8 wt. rods, sinking line (intermediate will also work), streamers, sliders and divers or baitfish patterns. With high tide, fish close to the rockwall and structure. On the low tide, work out in deeper waters by the 5 MPH buoys. Dress for cool morning and mild day weather.

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Discovery Bay Fishout, Veteran's Day - Continued from page 3

Send me an email if interested at travelmaster@surewest.net. Sign-ups will start in September. I will send out more information at a later date, like weather and wind forecast, along with a tide table. Also, there is additional info [here](#) on the club website. This will be open to float tube, pontoons, kayaks or regular fishing boats. We keep connected by walkie-talkie on Ch. 6 as always. This has been a regular outing for the past few years, so please join us for some fun fishing.



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So You Need a Wading Staff?

by Eric Palmer

Some newer members have asked for guidance on a wading staff. There are many ways to go, depending on your spending proclivity, and whether or not you are handy and enjoy tinkering with wood in the garage, as I do. **Vic Maiello** and I had planned a clubhouse clinic on this, but Covid-19 had other plans, so here we have plan "B." There are many things in fly fishing way more complicated than wading staffs, so just how hard can this be? Not hard at all. No rocket science here.

The Expensive Solution:

Here we have the high-end BMW or Mercedes staffs—brands like Simms, Folstaf and a few others. They have a nice holster, sometimes leather, and when removed with a quick wrist-flick, automatically open ready for action—very convenient. Your staff is in hand only when needed, and not bouncing along the trail behind you tethered to your belt or a lanyard draped over a shoulder.

Consider these if you are a strong wader infrequently needing a staff in the water, and as nimble and agile afoot as an athletic 25-year-old when working your way up and down steep, slippery river trails. For balance and grip on the trail, a rigid wooden stick will provide greater security.

The downside? Cost of course, as all the big names are well north of \$100, and some even approaching \$200. There are some pretenders for \$99, but I'd be wary of quality, since these do have fragile moving parts.



The Mid Range:

These will be well-crafted hardwood staffs, often made or designed by area guides and sold in fly shops or directly from the maker in the \$25-\$40 range. Some available in extra-long length for taller anglers. For a more rustic look, consider the excellent walking sticks found in many ACE Hardware stores. Priced at the high end of the fly shop offerings, with addition of a tether and optional grip or rubber tip, these make an excellent choice for wading with a bit of panache. Get the thinnest one you see for lower water resistance. A conversation starter perhaps. Anything in this category would be an excellent choice.

The DIY Economy Route:

Now we're talking my language, since I love making stuff, especially on the cheap, even if a bit labor intensive (see staff at top of photo).

For these staffs, you visit your local Lowes or Home Depot for a suitable \$7-\$8 stick, which will run you in the \$15 area once completed. The way grips and tips are packaged two-to-four per package, you will have material for an extra staff or two, so consider average cost once you've made one for your brother-in-law, plus a spare as a loaner.

The bottom staff in the photo is California Alder, a 1980s gift to an uncle from a fishing buddy who made staffs as a hobby. The cord wrapped grip is a practical option I plan to try next.



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Many options available for the grip.

So You Need a Wading Staff? - Continued from page 5

I won't belabor the construction process here, since if you have a DIY inclination in the first place, simply glancing at these photos tells you all you need to know. No dimensioned engineering drawings needed for a wading staff. Besides, give it your own creative spin to make it your own. If there are questions on details, just shoot me an email at gbf-info@gbflycasters.org.

You've guessed by now that wood is my favorite staff material, and here's why: It's low cost and quiet in the water. No metallic banging on rocks as you make your way to casting position. It's forgiving, yet firm when inadvertently wedged hard between two rocks, becoming a long yet stout lever, and maybe the only thing between staying dry and taking a nose dive into the boiling froth. And, on steep river trails, a stout stick can be an invaluable climbing aid for the non-athletic among us. Finally, it can look kinda nice if you make the extra effort for a periodic coating of Tung oil or spar varnish every year or two.



Rubber tips work best for me.

The downside with these, along with the mid-range option, of course, is you drag it along everywhere you go, and this can be a nuisance. Moreover, if it's not well tethered to your person, it's quickly gone downstream, leaving you stranded in the middle of the river wondering how the heck you're going to safely get back to terra-firma. You cannot fish and grip your staff at the same time.

Some Construction Tips:

1. You want a relatively thin stick around 5/8" diameter. Some are 7/8", which I find too thick, creating excessive resistance to a fast current flow. It should be stout hardwood too, no pine or fir.
2. You will be looking for a replacement rake, broom or paint roller handle for under \$10.
3. How long should it be? Depends on your height. Stand erect as if wading, and position a forearm out horizontally as if you're gripping a staff. That's how long you want it. Add one or two inches to allow for an uneven river bottom.
4. Black rubber cane tips are found most everywhere in four-packs. However, I find that usually only ACE has the 5/8" or 1/2" size I use. But, you may feel no tip is required, just let the bare wood wear down to a broad mushroom-like stub. "Different strokes." But, a rubber tip will be quieter and provide better grip.

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 An advertisement for Orvis Roseville. The top half shows a fly fishing scene with two people in a small boat on a river. The bottom half features the Orvis logo with the text "SPORTING TRADITIONS Since 1856" and "ROSEVILLE". Below the logo, there is a paragraph of text and a line of contact information.

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So You Need a Wading Staff? - Continued from page 6

5. Handle grips: Anything goes here, your call. Bicycle grips, tennis racket handle wraps, cord or string wraps, or just rough it up with a half-round file. The photo illustrates some options.
6. Where to attach the tether to the staff? After many years of using the staffs shown, I've concluded the best spot is on the very end, or as close to the end as possible. Why? As the staff floats beside me in the river, the loose fly line, as I retrieve, wants to wrap itself around the grip severely compromising my next cast. This does not happen with the cord secured above the grip.

Now that you have your staff, let's talk safety: In fishing rivers, do not leave home without your staff, and make sure your partner(s) have one. This is why I travel with a spare or two. When about to make a risky move, listen to your inner voice if it's asking, "Do I really want to do this? How will I get back?" Is the potential ROI (return on investment) worth the risk? Often the answer is "no!" Click [here](#) for more on wading safety.

That's about it, and not rocket science, as promised. Have fun out there, wade wisely, and keep that staff within easy reach.

Virginia Lakes Fishout Report

by Michael Kaul, Fishout Leader

Twenty-one Granite Bay members attended the annual fishout at Virginia Lakes, July 14-19. The weather was much better than the fishing, even though we again had rain and hail (light) for the chili dinner. Apparently, the hatcheries on the eastern side have been having trouble with a bacterial infection, and have had to dispose of millions of fish that they could not plant. Too sad! As a result, the fishing at the lakes was very slow.

Sandy and **Heather** were able to take advantage of a beautiful morning, and took a hike up to Cooney Lake. Several members ventured out to alternative locations with varying results. Some nice fish were caught in the East Walker by Paul Estridge, and **Mike Bone** caught a 20" plus brown on his way home from the West Walker. Several of us also ventured down to Crowley where **Bill (Lester) Grigsby** was crowned the perch king, as he caught quite a few. **Dave Fujiyama** caught a good sized crappie, but no one caught a trout.

A highlight for Sandy and I (besides the wonderful people), was going down to the cell phone turnout and seeing the Comet and a spectacular Milky Way featuring very bright Saturn and Jupiter. **David Sterling** was able to identify a bird for Sandy and I, with markings on its head similar to the local chipmunks (a White-Crowned Sparrow), and as he finished packing up the last day, he heard a Ruffed Grouse calling, then spotted it as it flew through the campground.

Fishing with Dave and Paul

by Michael Biggs

The other day, I drove up to Pilot Hill to go fishing in a pond with **Dave** and **Paul**. I climbed up out of the 100° heat along the death-defying twists of Salmon Falls Road. I suppose I had a couple of locals piled up behind me that would have dearly loved to pass, but I did not want to surrender the joy of the road. Eventually, I hung a left onto Rattlesnake Bar and sussed out our fishing hole. Fortunately, none of them followed me. It felt like I was heading into shotgun country. Dave had invited me up because he heard I was getting furloughed from my job that same weekend, an incredibly thoughtful generous gesture! He was waiting with cold beer and sodas, and a 2-acre pond full of bluegill and bass.

We pushed out into our tubes with 4 and 6 weight lines, 1x leaders and an assortment of flies. Dave swears it doesn't matter what you throw at them, and he offered up a most adorable mouse pattern that was the size of my thumb. That couldn't possibly work, could it? I had a couple of elk hair caddis and some wooly buggers, while Paul put on a popper. I don't know what Dave used, probably an acorn. Like the man said, sometimes it just don't matter.

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Fishing with Dave and Paul - Continued from page 7

At first, we worked our way along the bull rushes casting toward the shore, but I was looking directly into the sun. I didn't care for this very much, both because of the sun in my eyes, and because I kept picking up algae on the line. Meanwhile, behind us and out towards the middle of the lake, you could look over and see the bluegill congregating near the surface in roiling the water. There were some impressive sounding splashes behind my back, and I could not resist the temptation to turn around and face the other way. Of course, that was a bit of a dilemma, because the easiest way to paddle a float tube is to go backwards. So, I had to turn around again, work my way out twenty yards towards the center of the lake, and reposition myself. Sure enough, that worked like a charm, and on about the third cast there was a tremendous yank at the end of my line. I figured I had landed the Loch Ness monster, and held on for dear life. I crossed myself, checked my will, and went out to fight the beast for a good ten seconds until it pulled up right beside me and I unhooked a 5" bluegill. So..., not the Loch Ness monster, and maybe even a little embarrassing, but boy those bluegills hit like a ton of bricks!

I continued my reverse-doggie-paddle across the middle of the lake, hooking up a couple more times on the bluegills, and working my way over toward the pond's intake. My book learning told me that ought to be a good place to tender my wares. The sun was beginning to drop to the tree tops, and I was keeping myself positioned near the shadow line. It was quiet, and I wasn't getting much action, so I began to look around. Up on the bank, I noticed a young buck foraging in the brush. To the left, alongside the stream and just out of sight back among the shadows, something on four legs was rummaging about. A racoon? Opossum? An Old Hound Dog? Just then, there was a joyful racket, and I looked back towards the sun to see a gaggle of geese sweep across the pond and execute a long loop before settling along the southern shore. This was just heaven. The temperature was dropping, the sky beginning to light up with the colors of the golden hour, and you could hear sounds carrying across the miles.

I heard the clip clop of a horse running through a meadow up on the side of the hill. I listened to the call and response of cattle lowing. I reckoned they were making sure Farmer Brown knew it was getting long about dinner time. You could hear kids goofing off somewhere in the distance, not worried about coming in for dinner or getting homework done. Neither was I. I began to drift back to my own first fishing experiences.

From my past:

I grew up near a little country golf course, with more up and down and thickets than long fairways and pampered greens. When I was in elementary school, my brothers and I could leave home after 5 o'clock dinner on a summer afternoon, and sneak out on the golf course in the warm evening with our plastic Zebco fishing poles. We would dig up worms in the creek that ran under the road, hook 'em up, drop them in the pond and watch our bobbers disappear as we pulled up perch and sunnies. We would hang out there enjoying every moment of the fading light and the sounds of the town down the valley settling in for the evening, listening to the church bells letting us know it was 8 and then 9 o'clock. The fact that we were not supposed to be there was balanced nicely with by knowing that mom wasn't going to worry about us coming home until... BAM!

Just as I had disappeared into my reverie I got another hit. No, wait, maybe that wasn't a strike at all. I think I got stuck on a log down there because whatever I was hung up on was stationary. I started to take up line, and I dragged my float tube 15 yards over until I was straight above whatever I had hooked into. I reached over to try to shake my hook off the log, and at that point the log started running and nearly pulled me in. My heart switched from frustration to pure adrenaline. I knew I had latched onto something worth remembering, and I definitely didn't want to lose it. For the next 2 or 3 minutes I let out line and gathered it in until I'd finally tuckered out my Leviathan. Something was just below the dark surface now, and brushed up against my leg. I reached over and pulled up a 15-inch bass from the pond. It had been a long time since I caught anything that big, and my somewhat skewed recollection of it was that it was more work than landing a striper in the bay. I let out a whoop of ecstasy! The funny thing was that after he had fought with me, he just finally gave up all at once. He let me hold him, get a picture and remove the hook without any argument. I guess I had plumb tuckered him out. He certainly wore me out. I released him back into the pond and, as I breathed out, a month's worth of tension rolled off my shoulders. Wave after wave of worries disappeared into the summer evening. Everything after this was going to be gravy and potatoes. What a terrific night!

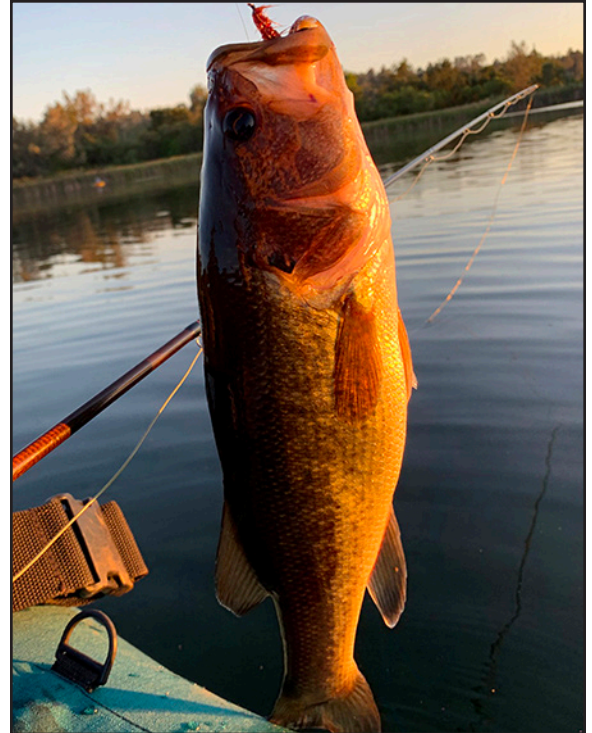
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Fishing with Dave and Paul - Continued from page 8

I started working a system where I'd cast out the line and use my flippers to sort of troll parallel to the shore about 20 feet out. Bam! Another bass! I turned and came back for another pass along the same stretch and caught a 3rd and then a 4th. These were smaller bass, but still a lot of fun. I didn't think bass traveled in schools, and I suppose they don't. It's just that one big fellow was living down there and a bunch of juveniles must have been out riding their underwater dirt bikes in the same stretch. Still, I was feeling like I had just settled down atop the Gold Country Largemouth Bass Motherlode.

I saw another big splash, so I drifted a little further out and cast toward the center of the lake. I hooked up again, this time with another bluegill. They hit so hard and you think you've just caught a steelhead but, of course, when you finally reel them in, they're just these 5" or 6" blues. They are like the Manny Pacquiao of the fish world; they may be small, but they are all muscle and fight. Anyway, we were smack in the golden hour now, and you couldn't go two casts without getting a hit and, if you didn't bring it in, well that was your own fault. The next morning my wrist was still stiff and sore from those hits.

I stopped counting the bluegills, and tried to work my way back into position, hoping to land another big bass. I caught a couple more, but nothing like that first one. The sun had set and the sky was taking on an incredible shade of dark blue, with the pinks painting the sky toward the west. The geese came back around, this time black silhouettes against a pastel sky. For some reason, the clarity of light, even in the encroaching darkness, made me think of high school football games and Cape Canaveral rocket launches. As the first stars began to appear in the sky, the fishing began to slow down. Dave and Paul were still hooking up elsewhere on the pond, but I wasn't having much success anymore. I figured it was coming on 10 o'clock, and their favorite TV show just came on, or something. Do fish prefer Flipper or Sponge Bob? Maybe their Mom called them in because Uncle Joe and Aunt May just dropped by for some dessert, I don't know. Right about then I managed to foul my line on something, and even though I had a headlamp, I could not quite get it all untangled out there on the float. So, I called it a night and began to work my way back over to the shore.



Big fish from a small pond.

After I had pulled my gear out, I sat down on the park bench and opened up a cold one. I sat watching while Paul and Dave fished a little longer. The Big Dipper was vivid in the sky. The air was a perfectly balanced 70°, but a light breeze would occasionally deliver a pocket of the valley heat from the bottom land, or send a shiver of cooler air from further up the mountains. The sound of the cicadas was building, and I could still hear that horse trotting and calling out to its friends across the fields. The frogs began to pick up, and in the distance I heard a couple gunshots. "Is that you, Frank?" "Yup, a rattlesnake in my yard." "Okay, just checking." I figured that was a good time to put my shoes on and pack up. Just about the best night a boy could have, even a boy with 30 years and a gold watch.

President's Choice Awards

by TynaLyn Sell, President

As President, I had the daunting task of selecting the persons for the 2019-2020 year awards. My choices are:

Conservation goes to a gentleman who, for 20 plus years, has invested his heart and soul into a program which supports our local native fish species and elementary school teachers and their students. His passion for this program is above none other. Thank you **Frank Stolten** for your commitment to not just this club,

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President's Choice Awards - Continued from page 9

but our community and environment as well. (**Honorable mention** to **Ed Lloyd** for providing us with informational/educational speakers.)

Education goes to **Ron Davidson** for his efforts in continuously organizing an array of clinics to help enable us to expand and master our skills. **Honorable mention: John Hogg, Rick Radoff, Jim Holmes, John Peterson, Jim Degnan, Art Hawkins** and **Michael Kaul**)

Communication goes to none other than **Eric Palmer**. He has calculated and tracked membership numbers, names, and emails for so many years he will probably experience nightmares later in life.

Participation goes to a gentleman who kept some of his past president duties to assist me, and took on the lead role of the annual dinner committee. He had no idea what he was in for, on either account. His commitment to making the dinner happen went above and beyond. Thank you **Wendell Edwards**. And thank you for continuing to assist me with email blasts. **Honorable mention: Dale Spear** for heading up the ISE show. Dale, please note, no "s"...

President Award goes to someone who is always in the background working without notice (like a little mouse). He is great at anticipating what needs to be done, and just does it. I do not believe I have ever heard him say "no" when asked for volunteers. **Dave Fujiyama**, thank you for being awesome.

An **overall honorable mention** to my hubby, **Ben Sell**, for assisting with everything he has volunteered to help with.

Lastly, thank you to the membership for bearing with me as your President this past year. Remember, you voted for me for another, you have no one to blame but yourselves.

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.

Marc Fechner

Lee Johnson

Chrysta Nunez

Colin Wood

Bill Carnazzo Fly Tyer's Corner (Taken from the Article Written in September 2011)

Fly Patterns - Princely Caddis Emerger



Princely Caddis Emerger

Materials:

Hook:	Daiichi 1260 or Spirit River's 312, size 14
Weight:	3 wraps of .015 lead-free weight at thorax
Thread:	Ginger or amber 8/0
Tail:	Ginger or amber marabou tuft
Abdomen:	Extra small copper wire and light turkey wing primary feather wrapped into a rope
Thorax:	Ginger or amber dubbing
Wing:	Amber goose biots
Hackle:	Partridge
Head:	Thread

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Fly Tyer's Corner - Continued from page 10

Description

Yes, I'm on a Caddis kick. In fact, next month this column will feature a reprise of my Stick Caddis, in preparation for the Upper Sacramento outing. For the time being, though, let's consider another aspect of the life cycle of the Caddisfly: the emergent stage.

Last month's fly, the Flashy Chick Caddis, represents a Caddisfly diving to the bottom to "oviposit" (entomologist's term for the egg-laying stage). Once those eggs hatch, and the insect goes through its larval and pupal stages, it will assume the form of an adult and swim to the surface, break through the surface skin, and fly away. Of course, predatory trout munch them as they swim upward, and also feast on those having trouble breaking the surface tension.

The Princely Caddis Emerger was designed to suggest an emergent Caddisfly swimming to the surface. Like the Flashy Chick, I use it as a stinger at the end of my short line rig and, where possible, swing it down when the short line drift is done. In my Upper Middle Fork "laboratory" this fly, fished in that manner, has outstripped my expectations. So, crank a few of them and give them a try.

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 and 2

1. Smash the hook barb. Wrap 3 turns of .015 weight at the thorax area, which will be about 2 eye-widths behind the hook eye.
2. Cover the shank and weight with thread, leaving it at the back of the barb.

3. Tie in a tail made with a small pinch of ginger or amber marabou; keep it sparse, and the length should be no longer than the hook shank.



Step 3

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Step 4

4. At the same spot, tie in a 3" length of extra small copper wire and a small slip of light colored turkey primary wing feather. Tie the feather in by the tip. I like to use the feathers that have a golden color to them.

5. Bring the turkey and copper wire together, and grab them with a hackle plier near their bottom. Twist them into a rope, in a counterclockwise direction. Wrap the rope up the shank to the thorax area (see above). Tie the rope off at that point.



Step 5



Step 6

6. Cut or strip two ginger or amber biots from the stem. Tie them in just ahead of the thorax just as you would the biots for a Prince Nymph, and wrap back over them to the thorax area (in other words, to about the middle of the weight area).

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Step 7

7. Dub a nice thorax over the weight area but leave a small amount of room behind the hook eye for the next step.

8. Tie in a small partridge feather by its tip and take a couple of wraps in front of the thorax; tie off the feather and smooth it rearward while wrapping a few more times in front of it. Whip finish.



Step 8

Tying Tips

1. Step 3 is important. The marabou should be relatively sparse, and the length no longer than the shank. When "trimming" the marabou to length, do it after tying it on but don't use scissors. Pop it off to the proper length using your thumbnail and forefinger. Cutting it with scissors produces too sharp of an edge.
2. Step 4 consists of a technique new to most tyers. When tying in the material to be wrapped with the copper wire, it is important to tie it in by the tip because when you twist the combined materials the portion nearest the hook will not twist properly (or even at all) if it is thicker than the portion attached to the hackle pliers.
3. The light turkey feather I use has an amber hue to it. It is a Hareline product called "Ozark Oak" turkey feathers. If you can't find that color, just substitute any light colored turkey.

This pattern is a modified form of soft hackle fly. So, as in the case of last month's fly, tie one of these gems to the end of your tippet and fish it like you would a wet fly (i.e., swing it). Alternately, tie it as a stinger to the bend of the bottom fly on a short line rig; then do a short line drift but let it swing into a wet fly swing.

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

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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. Please put **GBF Leader** in the subject line. Deadline for materials is the 15th of each month.

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