There will not be a speaker at the meeting but, in keeping with the holiday spirit, there will be a special table set up, and Tim Au-Young will demonstrate how to make a holiday ornament with a fly suspended in it. If you’ve ever scratched your head and wondered how it’s done, Tim will share his technique, and just in time to make your own.

Tim is an expert fly tyer, and has worked at Kiene’s Fly Shop since 2010, where he conducts fly tying classes from novice to advanced level.

Be sure to come out to the annual Swap Meet/Chili Cook-off on Saturday, December 4th. The chili is great, and I have heard there will be tons of great items for sale at extremely discounted prices.

The annual dinner is set for Saturday, March 19th. The dinner committee is working diligently to make it a grand event, so mark your calendars. Be sure to mark your calendars for Saturday, March 19th. Tickets go on sale soon.

Due to the holidays, there will not be a “Leave No Trace” article until the February Leader. I want some of the principles to be fresh in your mind when starting the year, and when most of us are planning out the trips for the year. Feel free to give the previous three articles another read through. Here is a link in case you need help finding them on our webpage.
Mark your calendars for the Granite Bay Flycasters 2022 Annual Dinner on March 19, 2022! This will be our biggest get-together in over two years, so be sure to get this date in your planner, your phone, your new 2022 TU calendar...or just scratched on the fridge somewhere!

You get the point..this is a ‘must-attend’ event. And, it’s even more important in 2022 as we play a little catch-up after postponing the last two dinners due to COVID. Rest assured; health safety will be our #1 priority at this event...but having FUN is a very close second!

This otherwise annual affair is crucial to the club because it raises the funds we need to operate. PLUS...it gives all attendees the opportunity to win a range of great prizes—and share food, friendship, and fishing stories with fellow club members...and their families!

As always, this evening will have a HUGE RAFFLE with incredible prizes—typically including rods, reels, flies, gear, and other great items. And, our famous silent auction at the dinner has always supplied amazing deals on gear, wines, artwork, trips, and much more!

The festivities are being held at the spacious Rocklin Event Center again...with the doors opening at 4:00 PM. The food and entertainment details are still being finalized, but you can plan on a wonderful evening with the club—wrapping up by around 8:00 PM.

Lastly, we still need a few more folks to help bring this event to life (it’s one of our club’s most rewarding volunteer opportunities). If you want to be part of the team that’s making this special evening a reality, please contact Brett McKague at Brett@mckaguerosasco.com.
2022 ANNUAL DINNER
AUCTION & RAFFLE
MARCH 19, 2022

Meet SANDY KAUL...

...she helps people win big baskets of $$ $$ $$ $$
...at the Annual Dinner

Be Like Sandy!!! Spread the Joy!!!!

Join the GBF ANNUAL DINNER VOLUNTEER TEAM
to help on the night of the dinner
e-mail me, Ron Davidson at ronaldd1947@gmail.com
just say..."Put me on the list!"
Twelve intrepid anglers participated in the 28th Annual Upper Sacramento Fishout. Mother Nature had changed her tune from the more recent years, and greeted us with liquid sunshine. The river also had a new look—water where there were usually rocky beaches, rushing streams entering the river, deeper pools and larger riffles. The river flows were significantly higher than previous years, and changing throughout the fishout. Looking back over the last three years, the river flows were as follows: 2018 - 200 cfs (cubic feet per second), 2019 - 260 cfs, and 2020 - 190 cfs. This year we started on Thursday at 1400 cfs, and ended the fishout on Sunday at 682 cfs.

What this all ended up meaning was some tough fishing, working hard for every grab, bite, and fish; along with exploring a river that had taken on a much different look from years past, searching deeper pools, finding soft seams, back eddies, and the productive pocket. A few fish could be seen rising, but for the most part they stayed hidden under rocks, waiting to grab a well-drifted Jimmy Legs, Prince-Nymph, Sweet Pea, or Dark Lord. A few caddis and blue-winged olives could also be seen, but very few, and not enough to excite a consistent rise of trout.

Through all the tough and moist days, every angler stayed positive, relying on the next cast being the one, and continually searching for productive water. The group gathered at the Dunsmuir Brewery on Thursday evening to kick-off the fishout. Two new members to the club, but not to fly-fishing, Greg Nyland and David Andrades, had a chance to meet the, and immediately fit in, matching everybody tale-for-tale about fishing escapades. Long-time Upper Sac fishout attendees were on the trip—Eric Palmer, John Hessl, John Pellegrin, Kim Lloyd, Leaman Houston, Don Hansen, and Michael Biggs. It was also good to see Ron Fay and Gordon Tornberg back on the fishout. Friday evening, we all gathered at the Soda Creek Farmhouse for a barbecue tri-tip dinner. Everyone gathered around the woodstove in the living room, enjoying the warmth and many-a-deep tale.

Kim, looking for sympathy from his wife, Wendy, who was also able to make the dinner, lamented about the travels of streamer fishing and how sore one’s arm gets, so one must constantly switch from left-handed to right-handed strips. Ah yes, the tough-life we anglers lead. By the way, the attempt at sympathy failed. No sympathy was evident. We concluded the fishout with dinner at Casa Ramos in Mt. Shasta City, reliving the days of fishing, doing our own psychoanalysis of the fish, trying to better understand their behavior. We found no answers, but had many theories.

We awoke Sunday to blue skies, beautiful vistas of Castle Crags, Mt. Shasta, the fall colors, and the promise of more fishing and catching, as we got a few final hours on the river, then headed home—back to reality.
The Woolly Bugger

by Eric Palmer

This article first appeared in the November 2015 edition of The Leader as the beginning of what was to be a series on the origin and history of the “Essential Flies” we should never leave home without. Well, somehow the series did not make it past fly #3; so, now resolved to finally add a few more to the list, and for the benefit of our many new club members, let’s revisit the first three featured flies before moving on.

It seems fitting that this series of articles would begin with the Woolly Bugger, not just because chronologically it’s probably the oldest documented fly known to fly fishing as we know it today, but because in ancient times it was known as the “Palmer-Worm.”

In 1653 Thomas Barker wrote:

“Let us begin to Angle in March with the Flie: If the weather prove Windie, or Cloudie, there are severall kindes of Palmers that are good for that time.”

Thomas Barker was a contemporary of Izaak Walton, who also spoke of the fly in his “The Compleat Angler,” co-authored with Joseph Cotton and first published that same year.

The creator’s name and the exact date in the 15th century are lost in the fog of time. The original was tied on a handmade hook fashioned on a bent and tempered needle with a hand cut barb, since this was the era of DIY fishing tackle, no fly shops, nor sporting goods stores in the Middle Ages. It was dressed in red silk thread, a body of deep red mohair and a hackle of brown-red cock. The optional ribbing was gold wire or tinsel finished off with a head of black silk.

Continued on Page 6

The Palmer Worm, ca. 1651
The Woolly Bugger - Continued from Page 5

And, as you will soon read, this fly can be one of the most productive and versatile in our arsenal because it’s a very convincing proxy for so much of what fish eat. In fact, some might argue that suitably tied, weighted, and fished, one could have a very successful year on lake or stream using nothing but a Woolly Bugger.

But where did that odd name “Palmer-Worm” come from in the first place, you might ask? During the great crusades of the Middle Ages, 1095 to 1291, when religious pilgrims returned from the Holy Land, many did so carrying palm fronds, or with palm fragments pinned to their clothing as a token of their journey. Over time, they became known as “Palmers,” and as the centuries wore on, the many pilgrims seen meandering across Europe and Britain from one holy site or shrine to another, were similarly called “Palmers.”

There’s another creature that meanders about in the same fashion, Pyrrharctia Isabella, the larva for the Isabella tiger moth (and there are many, many variants). They roam the land in large groups devouring all in their path, and they also happen to be excellent fish food, should they fall into the water from an overhanging branch or bank, or blown in on the wind. By the 1500s, this little fellow became known as the Palmer-Worm due to his meandering habit, much like the religious pilgrims.

And, it should be clear by now why the fly tying technique of using hackle feathers to imitate the insect’s defensive spikes became known as “palmering.” So, there you have it in a nutshell.

Thomas Barker, apparently partial to black, continued to write:

“First, a black Palmer ribbed with silver: the second, a black Palmer with an Orange-tauny body: thirdly, a black Palmer with the body made all black: fourthly, a red Palmer ribbed with gold, and a red hackle mixed with Orange cruel; these Flies serve all the yearlong morning and evening, windie and cloudie.”

And, as further evidence that modern anglers in the 20th and 21st Centuries did not invent the concept of tying this fly in a wide variety of sizes and colors, in 1848, Edward Fitzgibbon in his Hand book of Angling quoted a prominent London angler as follows:

“As they are meant to represent the larvae of caterpillars of flies, as well as some of the insects themselves, it is very evident that their size and colours may be varied to infinity.”

When the fly migrated to the U.S. in the early 20th century, it underwent a metamorphous. The hackle became shorter, with a wool or chenille body, and it sprouted a short, stubby red wool tail to match the Woolly Worm caterpillar of the southern states, and thus the fly of that name that we see today. In 1967, Russell Blessing of central Pennsylvania tied the first Woolly Bugger that we see today with its long flowing marabou tail to imitate the hellgrammite or Dobson Fly larva. His 7-year-old daughter came up with the cute name, and it stuck.

Now, here’s the fascinating thing about the Woolly Bugger: Depending upon how it’s tied, weighted, sized, and fished, this humble and easy beginning fly tier’s first fly, can imitate a huge number of terrestrial and aquatic creatures that both trout and even large and small mouth bass feed on.

Ralph Cutter, in his book, Fish Food, states that the Woolly Bugger is an excellent candidate for the sculpin and crawdad, along with a leach and many bait fish. It also makes an excellent tadpole, and even a stonefly. It’s a steelhead fly, it works for
The Woolly Bugger - Continued from Page 6

salmon, and shad, and the huge cutthroats in Pyramid Lake love them. A properly tied bugger can imitate a damsel or dragonfly nymph on Lake Davis and Rancho Seco, and it’s deadly on the huge largemouth bass at Cameron Park. It’s hard to find a more versatile must-have fly for our fly boxes.

How do you fish a woolly bugger? Any way you want, depending on what you’re trying to imitate. You can short-line nymph them, swing them, or drift them with or without an indicator. Strip them like a streamer, or just let them just tumble downstream with the current. Strip them fast or painfully slow. Fish them heavily weighted, or unweighted. There is no wrong way to fish a Woolly Bugger, and the details on how to do so are just a Google away.

It’s hard to go wrong with taking a John Gierach quote to heart, so try this one on for size:

“If you’re stumped and wonder aloud what do to do next, at least half of the fly fishers in North America will say, ‘I don’t know, I’ll try a bugger’.”

Original Palmer Worm illustration along with the fly’s origin story from The History of Fly-Fishing in Fifty Flies, by Ian Whitelaw, sketch reproduced with author’s permission.

Bill Carnazzo Fly Tyer’s Corner
(Taken from the Article Written in December 2012)

Fly Patterns - Bill’s Gray Meme

**Materials:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hook</th>
<th>Any standard nymph hook, such as Tiemco 3761, size 14-18</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thread</td>
<td>Black or grey 8/0, or 70 denier flat nylon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bead</td>
<td>None</td>
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<tr>
<td>Weight</td>
<td>None</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tail</td>
<td>Wood duck flank feather barbules</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rib</td>
<td>Fine gold wire</td>
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<tr>
<td>Abdomen</td>
<td>Natural (not synthetic) spiky dubbing (muskrat, cut from the skin, works fine)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wing case</td>
<td>Mottled turkey tail strip</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thorax</td>
<td>Same as abdomen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Legs</td>
<td>Same as tail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Head</td>
<td>Thread</td>
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**Description**

Using your online dictionary, look up the word “meme.” I’ve been using this little fly for nigh onto 30 years now, all the while trying to figure out why, despite its plain, bland appearance, it fools fish so regularly. Maybe it is a meme, a “trout whisperer” with a knack for palavering with trout: “Here I am; I am good food, come and eat me...” maybe?
Fly Tyer’s Corner - Continued from Page 7

Whatever. Along with some of the other patterns I’ve written about here and elsewhere, it is one of the secret, sneaky inhabitants of my fly box...always. When I’m pawing through the box and spot it, the darn little critter talks to me, too: “Gimme a try, dummy. No! Size 16, not 14.” And so I do, and sometimes (not always) I’m glad I did. It’s somewhat of a “retro” thing for me, I guess, when a trout eats it—a return to the days when flies were simple, unencumbered, and named for their color. The only thing newish about this little guy is the name. Still, look through modern fly pattern books, catalogs and other tying literature, and you will likely find nothing resembling my little friend, who seems to have been left far, far behind along the dusty road to the land of the new glitzy generation of flies.

So humor me and crank out some of these retro trout whisperers and house them in your fly box. They’ll talk to you, so be prepared for that—but they’ll also talk to trout if you dress them up well and don’t skimp on the materials called for.

**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.

1. De-barb the hook and place it in your vise. Beginning behind the hook eye, cover the hook shank with a smooth, single layer of thread, leaving the thread just above the back of the barb.

2. Cut approximately six barbules from a well-marked wood duck flank feather. Don’t use the fluffy stuff near the bottom of the feather shaft; rather, use the stiffer, brighter barbules near the top of the feather. Keeping them directly on top of the hook shank, tie them in securely at the spot where you left the thread hanging and trim the excess.

3. At the same point, tie in a short piece of gold wire and leave the thread there.

4. Apply small amounts of the natural fur dubbing to the thread; don’t use too much as small insects have thin, delicate bodies. To form the abdomen, wrap the dubbing forward to about the one-third point on the hook shank behind the hook eye and stop there. Try to achieve a taper from rear to front, as this is the natural insect’s shape. Using your hackle pliers, grasp the gold wire and wrap it up the abdomen in even segments—4 wraps will do. Tie the wire off at the front of the abdomen and leave the thread there.

Steps 1, 2 & 3

Step 4

Continued on Page 9
5. Cut a ¼” trip of mottled turkey quill feather and tie it in directly on top of the hook at the front of the abdomen, with the butt end sticking out to the rear past the hook bend. Be sure that there is no gap between the front of the abdomen and the tied-in turkey quill.

6. Dub the thorax, making it a bit more robust than the abdomen. End the dubbing about one hook eye length behind the hook eye. This will leave room for the remaining steps and a nice small head.

7. Using the same wood duck flank feather, cut a ½” bunch of barbules from the stem near the top of the feather. Measure them against the shank, so that they reach from the hook eye back to the hook point—no longer than that. Place them on the top of the shank and take two loose turns around them; pull the thread downward on the far side of the hook, releasing pressure on the barbules as you do so. This will enable them to distribute themselves half way around the hook shank, leaving them all on the bottom of the hook, spread 180 degrees. These barbules will represent the legs.

8. Grasp the turkey feather strip and pull it forward over the top of the thorax and legs. Tie it off just behind the eye, to form the wing case.

9. Form a small, neat head and whip finish the fly.

When you open your fly box, listen for the meme. If you don’t hear it, tie on a Copper John or some other nymph and...

Enjoy, and see ya on the creek...!!!
Granite Bay Flycasters
8757 Auburn Folsom Road, #2842
Granite Bay, CA 95746-9998

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