



DESERT FLY CASTERS Forward Casts

DESERT FLY CASTERS A BARBLESS CLUB



MAY MEETING:

Wednesday, May 8, 2002
Dinner- 6:00 PM
Meeting- 7:00 PM
American Legion Post #2
2125 S. Industrial Park Ave.
in Tempe

"What a shame and pity is then, that such a river should be destroyed by the basest sort of people."

Charles Cotton (1676)



President's Report-May 2002

Bob Harrison

Another month and the reports are coming in. White Mountains are providing good fishing. Apache Lake and lower lakes are doing well for Crappie and Bass. Reports from the Seneca Lake outing sound like everyone had a good time. The bad news is that the forests are closed for campfires outside of the established campgrounds. (This was defined as those with Camp Hosts in the campground on a phone call to the forest service). May activities have a full month planned. Details are elsewhere in the newsletter but highlights are:

✓ The program for May in on the San Juan. The fishery is known world wide and is only a short drive (8 hours) from Phoenix. The fishing is a bit technical and a guide is recommended for the first time you visit. An outing planned for Chevelon Lake. The fire restrictions and schedule conflicts make this less than originally planned. Peter is unavailable for the outing. Someone that has been there before and will be able get up a little early to set up signs to show the turns is needed. Drop an email to the website outings link if you are interested.

✓ White Mountain Extravaganza will be upon us at the end of May. We have the campsite reserved. We might have to resort to a virtual campfire (Coleman lantern) as has been done before but it should be a great time either way. Remember to contact Jeff and get your payment to him. He will be cranky if he has to spend all day chasing down campers to collect fees instead of fishing.

✓ **One last note.** Because of the reports of slow to very slow fishing at Lee's Ferry, we decided to move the October outing to San Juan River, New Mexico. It is a couple of hours longer drive but fishing should be much better. The cost is a little higher (\$300 compared to \$275). Cinda will have more details.

I hope everyone is having a good spring of fishing and will see you at the next meeting.

Bob Harrison

Chevelon Lake Outing

Chevelon is in the Apache Sitgreaves National Forest above the Mogollon rim. Roy is providing a map to show how to get there- see our website for latest map. Basically, head out of town on the Beeline Highway to Payson. Take the 260 out of Payson towards Heber. Take the turn off to Woods Canyon Lake after reaching the top of the Rim. Go past Woods Canyon to the intersection with Forest Road 300 and turn North (right) towards Chevelon. Check the map and look for signs for the turn off to Telegraph Ridge. This is the south end of the lake where Chevelon Creek flows into the lake.

You will need a float tube to fish the lake or you can head upstream. Both are a good walk from the campground. As some say the hike to the lake with your tube isn't too bad. However the hike back out after finning for the day will challenge the most fit. If you get into some nice browns it is well worth it.

As for equipment, a 4 weight to 6 weight rod should suffice. Expect a bit of wind so a little heavier than usual may be preferred. A sinking line would be the preference. You will be fishing subsurface unless there is a hatch. A floating line and Cicada pattern may be the ticket for dry fly fishing. For subsurface, Muddler minnows and brown woolly buggers would be good patterns to start with. A dropper of a Hare's Ear, Peacock lady or PT Nymph would be a great complement to the previous. Remember these flies will need to work close to the bottom to be effective. There is a little channel where the stream flows in under low water conditions. Working the flies back and forth over this channel is an ideal way to attract the attention of a trout or two.

May Guest Speaker

Chris Guikema on the San Juan River and the Animas River

Our guest speaker for May will be **Chris Guikema, owner of Resolution Guide Service and the Rainbow Lodge on the Fabulous San Juan River in New Mexico.** Resolution Guide service is one of the best on the San Juan with top professional guides who can help experienced anglers with new techniques or beginning anglers who are new to the fly rod, and the Rainbow Lodge is a first rate place to stay at a reasonable price. I made my first visit to Rainbow Lodge in January of this year and couldn't have been more pleased with the accommodations. Chris will have a slide show and presentation on fishing the Juan as well as the Animas River in Colorado and some lesser known small streams. Come get tips on flies, rigging, and techniques for this great tail water that is only a 7 hour drive from the East Valley. Hope to see you at the May 8th meeting.

Trout, Timber, and Solitude

By Ted Bounds

Forty three percent of the time I love my job. I work for the City of Chandler at the Surface Water Treatment plant. We take water out of the Salt River Project Consolidated Canal, add a few chemicals, do a little voo doo, and presto-you have water that is safe to drink and doesn't even taste too bad most of the time. This is what I do for fifty seven percent of the time-It's not a bad gig, is somewhat satisfying, and makes me feel like I might be doing something that is worthwhile, as well as having some social redemption-also keeps the bills paid. But this isn't the forty three percent of the time that I truly love. That forty three percent is the six days in a row that I get off from work twice a month when I get to go fishing and do whatever I want-now that's worthwhile, and if not socially redeeming, at least I like and enjoy it. And once I'm happy I can start working on making everyone else happy-or take them off the list if they are too much trouble. One of the great things about having six days off twice a month is that four of those days are week days-Thursdays-Friday, and Monday-Tuesday. If you can get to your favorite stream or lake during the week, your chances of seeing several dozen of your closest friends greatly diminishes. This is a good thing in my opinion. Friends have a place in everyone's life, but can be better enjoyed in small numbers and at the local pub than in large numbers on your favorite trout stream. I don't mean to imply that I have anti-social tendencies- I like to fish with one or two of my friends as much as the next person- but one or two is plenty and sometimes all by yourself is the most enjoyable of all.



I had the time and inclination to do some early season small stream fishing on April 8th and 9th, and seeing as how it was hard to find any of my fishing buddies who could get away on a Monday and Tuesday, I did the only logical thing and decided to go by myself.

Monday morning found me up and on the road to the West Fork of the Black River at 4am. The four and one half-hour drive went by quick enough as my mind drifted to days in the past that I had spent on the West Fork. Fish caught, fish missed, the incredibly slow ascent of an Apache trout as it rises from the bottom of a pool under your grasshopper, the equally incredible but oh so fast move of a Brown when it takes your hopper, and the time Vince Deadmond and I saw the wolf-and probably most memorable of all-what a beautiful place it is, especially when the stream isn't crowded.

When I arrived at the parking lot there was already a truck there with two anglers that were already rigged up and ready to go. I thought if they go up in the meadow, I'll go down stream, and if they go down, I'll fish the meadow. As it turned out, I didn't need to worry, as they were just leaving. They stopped and said hi, and that they had fished

from the fish barriers back up to the road that morning without any luck-not exactly what I wanted to hear. It was breezy and cool, so I put my coat on and decided to take a hike downstream and give it a shot. By the time I had walked down the three or so miles to where stinky creek runs into the West Fork, I was wishing that I had left the coat in my truck.

I started fishing back upstream with a dry and a dropper, and was having very limited success. I was fishing a great looking pool and wasn't getting any action. 10 or 12 drifts through the pool and nothing. My Stimulator got water logged and sank down a foot or so under the water. I could still see the Stimulator even though it was under water. Suddenly it moved sideways several inches, and when I lifted my rod there was a nice Brown on the dropper. If a good cartoonist could have drawn a picture of me then, he would have put a light bulb over my head. I switched from a dry dropper rig to a strike indicator with a woolly bugger and a pheasant tail and took two more browns out of the pool that I had been fishing for ten minutes with the dry dropper. Rule #1-get the fly down to where the fish are. I fished the rest of the day with the nymph rig and caught lots of browns on the woolly bugger and plenty of Apaches on the pheasant tail.

When I got back to my truck, it was about 5pm. I had the coat tied around my waist and thought that I need to modify my chest pack so that I could carry more water. I got re-hydrated, ate the lunch that I had missed and headed for the room in Pinetop. This is another good thing about going by yourself-you can make or change plans and no one gripes.

The next morning found me at Ditch Camp on the White River at about 8am. It didn't look like any one had been on the catch and release section for a while-no car tracks in the campground, no man tracks in the snow and mud along the stream. I fished the nymph rig again only with a Bitch Creek nymph and a Caddis larvae. The Browns and Apaches seemed to like them both. Ditch Camp had a little more water than the West Fork, so I had to fish a little deeper. Not as many fish as the West Fork, but all of them were fat and nice sized-looked like holdovers from last year. As I was getting ready to head back home about 2pm I met two other anglers on the stream. These were the only anglers I had seen since the two guys who were leaving the West Fork the day before. There's a lot to be said for solitude. If you enjoy fishing these small streams as I do, I would suggest that you get out as soon as you can. Most of the snow is gone and it looks like there won't be much water later in the summer. So call a friend or two and plan a trip. Or don't call anyone and go by yourself and enjoy.

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MONO-MID Midge Pupa

This one is my own creation. It utilizes our left over monofilament from our spin fishing days. It's a great way to re-cycle - turning old mono into a trout catching fly, don't you think?

MONO-MID Midge Pupa
By Shirley Johnson

INGREDIENTS

Hook: Scud / Pupa hook #20 to #12

Thread: 6/0 Color to set body color (suggestions: red, black, brown, gray, beige, olive)

Tail: Optional (suggestions: 2 Krystal Flash fibers, pheasant tail fibers, or similar)

Bead head: metal bead

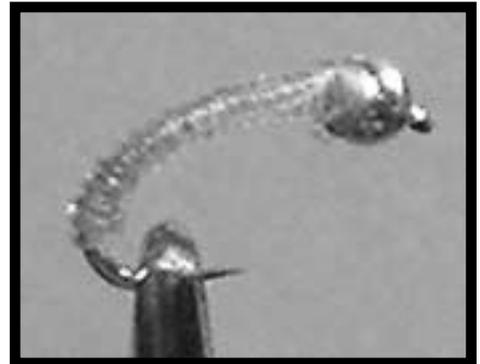
Underbody: Thread - in desired body color

Body Segmentation: Monofilament fishing line, proportioned for hook size [tinted monofilament works well also](Use 4# or 6# mono for size 16 and under hooks, and 8# or 10# mono for size 14 + hooks.)

Optional Collar for emerger version: Soft hackle, Poly fibers, ostrich or peacock herl.

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Place beads on hook, small hole toward the eye.
2. Optional Weight: add several wraps of small lead wire, push into the back of the bead.
3. Insert the tip of a six-inch length of mono just inside bead and wrap back to hook bend.
4. Optional Tail: advance the thread to the halfway point on the hook shank. Tie in tail material from halfway point back to the hook bend. (Tail should be 1/2 of the body length. Clip off the excess.
5. Advance the thread to just behind the bead.
6. Wrap the mono in tight, close coils to the back of the bead. Hold tightly to the mono!
7. Tie off the mono tightly. Snug the wraps down and clip the mono close with nail clippers or fine scissors. Wrap over the clipped end several times. Add a drop of Super Glue and let dry, if you like.
8. Options - Collar: Tie in soft hackle, poly



...from Bob Harrison's fly box

Muddler Minnow

Hook size: 4 to 10

Thread : Black, Brown

Tail : Mottled brown Turkey Quill.

Body: Silver or gold tinsel

Wings: Grey squirrel under Turkey quill sections
Extend Wing to bend of hook.

Hackle: Spin on Deer hair

Head: Spin on deer hair and clip to shape

Alternatives are to use different colors of hair under the turkey quill. Make a bullet head by tying the deer hair in and folding it back over into a ball shape. Or spin on wool just like you would deer hair and clip to shape.

Wooly Bugger

Hook: 4 to 12

Thread: Black or Brown

Tail: Marabou - brown, black or olive

Hackle: Grizzly, brown or black

Body: Black, brown or olive chenille.

Tradition. Golf has the Masters, The Kentucky Derby and mint juleps ushers in horse racing, and DFC's White Mountain Outing officially says, "Let trout season begin in Arizona!" Every year the DFC reserves Winn Campground perched at 9100 feet as its central location to explore the dozens of lakes and streams for browns, brookies, cutthroat and apache trout as well as grayling. May 31, 2002 through June 2, 2002 is this year's event and I could not be more excited.

Low winter precipitation means a short fishing season this year so you better get out early and the White Mountain extravaganza is the perfect excuse. Dozens of anglers come together for a weekend of sharing stories, technique, food, beverage, and fun. Small stream gurus, lake slayers, novices, and your average hack like myself share the same goal of getting outdoors and catching a few fish. Ok you're saying, enough of the sales job tell me how to get there and what to bring!

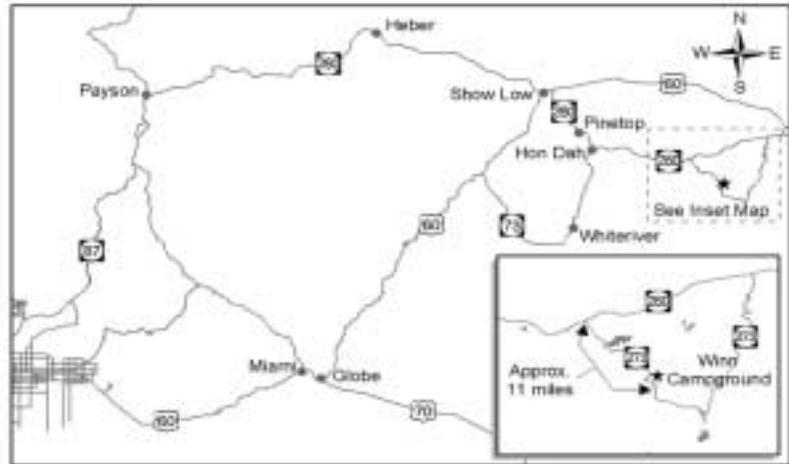
Fishing Gear

Fishing equipment means 3wt to 5 wt rods with floating lines for streams and dry fly fishing and sink or sink tip lines for lakes. Don't forget the polarized sunglasses and sunscreen. Flies....bring them all. There are so many lakes and streams it is better to have a good variety. If you need specifics contact me at the May meeting or stop in one of our local fly shops. Bring a float tube for lakes and waders and boots for the streams and lakes.

Outdoors Gear

Layers. The weather in the mountains is fickle and can range from sunny and 70 degrees to 25 and snow, therefore thermal

White Mountain Extravaganza • May 31, June 1 & 2



Map by: Roy Baker

and fleece undergarments, rainproof jacket as well as gloves and hats for the evening campfire BS session. Rain proof tent or camper, cot or sleeping pad, and a 20-degree or lower sleeping bag (although some of the tender foots fish during the day and stay in a lodge in Greer at night). Don't forget those little extras that make camping more relaxing such as camp chairs, beverage huggies, favorite book, binoculars and camera for wildlife watching, etc.

Food

Saturday night is chili night. We ask that everyone bring up a Tupperware bowl of chili that we add to the community pot. The club will provide bread, beverages, chips, etc. Friday and Sunday you are on your own. Because of the drought we probably won't be able to have campfires so bring

that Coleman stove, or some extra cash, and grab a burger in the nearby town of Greer. How do you get there?

Winn Campground is almost directly across Lee Valley Reservoir past Sunrise Lake on the way to Big Lake. Take 260 east out of Show Low, past Hondah Casino to the Sunrise Lake turnoff. After about 6 or 7 miles the pavement turns into a well-graded dirt road to heaven. Stay on FR for about another 10 miles and Winn Campground will be on your left. Check in with the camp host upon arrival and start having fun. We should have a great turnout and I look forward to making some new friends.

Jeff Fox

Also, see me at the May meeting for further details and sign-up sheet....



"Did I really do that"?

Homme Du Poisson

The pain was not unbearable, but I could see unbearable from where I was. More on this later I have spent the time since the Port Lobos trip seeking someone to spare expenses for a trip to Mexico and fish the new moon tide, April 12-13. Vince Deaden was going to be in Rocky Point that weekend and solo. I planned to meet Vince at Playa Del Oro Park Friday night.

I left Gilbert at 7p with the family sedan in lieu of my BUV (Big Utility Vehicle), since I was bunkin' with Vince I did not need all the usual gear.

Saturday morning found us well rested and anxious to fish this trailing moon tide. I had excellent results the last trip to La Pinta; Roberto our new friend, boat owner and sheriff of La Pinta majido took us to the far side of the estuary where we were hot on the Pompano every cast. Vince and I decided to fish the far point by taking the casino road and driving on the Cortez beach side to the honey hole.

What a beautiful site, the azure water, the birds and not many people. When we turned the corner-YIPES-La Pinta was dry, completely drained, so much for the honey hole. What the heck, the Cortez side looked inviting so we just turned around and headed up the beach.

The estuary water was still draining into the Cortez and looked like a hot spot. Vince and I were rigged up and shot across the sand, why take time to put on wading boots, the fish were calling our names.

In our giddy excitement we yukked it up about Doc getting stung by a Stingray, we are real men, we only need thongs. Keyword here-thongs- (yes Cinda, the ones on our feet). Not only did we know better than to wear open toe sandals, but also as we entered the water, Stingrays were everywhere. Did we stop even for a moment and think, "Hey Darrell, should we change our shoes?" Hell no! We be men of the salt, not those pasty city boys.

Well let's get right to it, I walked right into the back of a big ol' stingray. We are talking of some serious pain, but it gets better. I am hoppin' around like a snake dancer on Easter. Finally I couldn't hop anymore and had to put my foot down and head for the beach. Not so fast, Mr. Stingray



isn't done with me yet. Whamo! This time I am stung so hard the !@#\$ thing is stuck in my foot. I am thinking about crying and calling for my mother, but I don't want Vince to see me. Now I am thinking, I hope I can get to the beach before I get stung again. It's not really that funny, I have quite a hike through Stingray infested water just to get to wet sand. Those Stingrays were having so much fun, they must have got together to see who could get me one more time. You betcha Red Rider, sting number three.

I finally got to Vince's Ford and grabbed the thermos of coffee. Remembering Doc had us a pee on his foot, cuz the hot water soothes the pain. I poured the coffee on my foot and all it did was run off, no relief. God bless Vince, when he saw me rolling on the sand he thought he better check on his truck. Ha Ha!!

Back to town, heat some water, put my foot in it and instant relief. Hooray! I'm saved!!!

We went over to Roberto's to see if he would be at la Pinta that afternoon, sure enough, one hour till "Fish on". Vince and I throttled up for La Pinta, PUT OUR BOOTS ON and fished till Roberto arrived.

We loaded our gear into the 'Minnow' and off to the briny. We took the boat all over La Pinta and not a single fish. The current was running so fast we couldn't get our lines

anywhere near the fish. Even the pescadors were struggling. The best part was when Robert caught three Bonefish. Yes, the real thing,

Bonefish. I enjoyed the look on Vince's face; he just fished for Bone's in the Bahamas and here are a couple of subsistence fishermen catching them on hand lines. We asked if the pescadors would put them back and sure enough they did. What nice guys.

We bagged the boat adventure and decided to fish the beach. Vince picked up a couple Pompanos and I hooked a real beaut. The 6wt. Sage was at it's best, every fibre was straining to break loose. This tug of war is with a 14-16" fish, now you know why we like salt-water fishing. Nothing like it!

We decided to call it a day, albeit an eventful one. Vince and I went to The Garden for dinner, very good food. The best is yet to come, fried ice cream at Manny's. We ambled down the road trying not to look like dirty old men checkin' out all the eye candy. When we got to Manny's the place looked like a combination Frederick's of Hollywood/Victoria Secret convention. "Devil be



gone" I had to get out of there. This was no place for a new struggling Christian.

Rocky Point was packed with people. The street in front of Playa Del Oro looked a Ft. Lauderdale spring break. Fine time I decided to have change of lifestyle. I don't think our heads were on the pillow two minutes and it was night-night.

The next day Vince decided to head north and I went to Roberto's to get my 'Pez Galo' (Roosterfish) ironwood carving. Roberto's studio (?) is pretty much a hovel. I dare you name something and he has it. It may not be working but he has it. You really must admire the

Mexican ability to make something out of nothing. My respect for these people grows overtime I go to Mexico. Three o'clock and my fish is ready, 'Holy Moly' is it beautiful, you can hardly believe it was created in all that mess and junk.



I would like to finish the story with my continuing appreciation of the DFC members. When I joined DFC it was to learn to fish, I have learned more about the good in people than fishing. While we were with Roberto, he had forgotten or lost his cuchillo (knife). Catch this, they broke a beer bottle and used a piece of glass to clean their fish. While Vince was packing his trailer to leave, he handed me an unopened package with two knives in it. "Give these to Roberto" Vince said. I know Roberto has touched when I told him Vince wanted him to have these. But I was touched more; does Vince realize how unselfish that mere act of kindness was? Ol' Vince is a true Christian, just in disguise.

I can't wait to get back to Mexico.



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2002 Desert Fly Casters Events

May 18-19 Chevron Lake. *Host to be announced.* Equipment same as Apache Lake, add woolly buggers to your fly box. Chevron is a Rim lake 20 miles of dirt road past Woods Canyon Lake. Suggest you drive a high clearance vehicle. The last 20 miles takes an hour to drive in good conditions. You will want good camping equipment, and you will need to be in shape to walk to the lake, 3/4 of a mile down hill, and 5 miles back up hill.

White Mountain Extravagaza- May 31, June 1 and 2....\$10 per camp (vehicle) for two nights camping. Payment due in advance- see Jeff Fox. Details and information in this DFC newsletter issue.

July 12-14 Woods Canyon Lake. *Host to be announced.* Another good group camp sight, and if you like your camping on the plush side there are motels and lodges in the area. Several good places to eat are close to the fishing. One can fish several lakes, and small streams from here. Same equipment you would want in the White Mountains, drive time 2 hours.

August 30-Sept 2 Labor Day Outing OPTU. Good camping, good weather, fair fishing. Good time to relax, bring the kids and eat a big picnic lunch, same equipment for other White Mountain trips.

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 Sincerely, Your Hostess and Host,
 Wink and Gerald

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