



DESERT FLY CASTERS *Forward Casts*

DESERT FLY CASTERS A BARBLESS CLUB

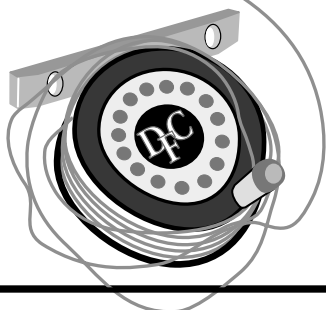
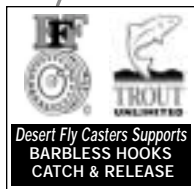


JULY MEETING:

Wednesday, July 10, 2002
 Dinner- 6:00 PM
 Meeting- 7:00 PM
 American Legion Post #2
 2125 S. Industrial Park Ave.
 in Tempe

"Somebody just back of you while you are fishing is as bad as someone looking over your shoulder while you write a letter to your girl."

Ernest Hemingway- 1923



President's Report-June 2002

Bob Harrison

July is upon us and as things go, there are a few changes in the plans for meetings and outings. It is a normal part of the club to set up a calendar at the beginning of the year and by mid year find that there are conflicts. As I announced at the June meeting, we will have a number of members that will set up their tying benches at the July meeting to show how to tie their favorite patterns. It would be a great time to get a few instructions on techniques you haven't quite mastered. We should, also, have a few extra vises and some members that can give beginners their first lesson as well. Doc advises that the dinner menu will be Swiss steak. We will be following a similar venue in August but won't have dinner.

There are changes in our July outing as well. The camping restrictions had us looking for alternatives. The past week has made those plans a requirement. We decided to have an evening at the Salt River instead. It has also been delayed a week to Saturday, July 20th. If you would like to join us, meet at Pebble Beach recreation area at around 5 p.m.

As I am writing this, the Rodeo and Chediski fire are still uncontained. If you are like most of the members in the club, you are asking what we can do to help. Shouldn't we get a renovation project planned to help with the forest recovery? We will be in contact with the Forest Service and Game and Fish as soon as they have a chance to take a deep breath. If memory serves me, they advise that little could be done after the Dude fire. I think they did some air seeding but otherwise let nature work it out. There was to be a work outing last weekend but I am sure it was canceled due to other priorities. There are two more workdays scheduled later in the year. Cinda has more information on them elsewhere in the newsletter. We will see if they are able to hold them and let you know as soon as we do.

Let's all hope for the fires to be controlled.

Bob Harrison

July 10th

Desert Fly Casters meeting agenda: Lie and Tie

The July meeting of the Desert Fly Casters will not have a guest speaker. **Instead** we will have several experienced fly tiers doing tying demonstrations and giving one on one instruction on how to tie and fish some of their favorite patterns. Bring your vice and tools and a note pad to write down recipes and get some personal instruction on how to tie some proven patterns for your favorite waters. Hope to see everyone at the July 10th meeting, and keep all our friends in the White Mountains in your thoughts and prayers as they try and cope with the devastating fires.

See map on back of DFC newsletter
for details on JULY 20th Outing

Big Fish and Fun Canadian Style

By Ted Bounds

If you take eight good friends, add some great trout water, a super nice log house, a pleasant airplane ride followed by a few hours drive through some breath taking beautiful country, throw in some large Kamloops Rainbow Trout, you have fun Canadian style.

Ann and I had the good fortune to share this experience with some friends May 22nd through May 26th this year. Our destination was Douglas Lake Ranch in British Columbia, Canada. John Rohmer had run a similar trip out of his shop several times, but this was the first time he had arranged a couple's trip.

We started our adventure by arriving at Sky Harbor Airport at 4:30 am on Wednesday, May 22nd to meet John and Linda Rohmer and catch our flight to Seattle, Washington. When we arrived in Seattle, we made contact with the other two couples who were already in Seattle, rented vans, and started out on the four and one half-hour drive to Douglas Lake Ranch. We stopped in the small town of Merrit, BC picked up groceries for our stay and arrived at the ranch at about 4:30 pm, got settled into the house we had rented and watched it rain as we anticipated the next days fishing. The people at the ranch were wondering if it was ever going to quit raining. They said it was the wettest month of May they had had in a couple of decades. We told them we could sure use some of the rain in Arizona.

The morning of the 23rd found us all up early eating breakfast and getting our rain gear together. It rained most of the day on the 23rd, but the fish didn't seem to mind. I guess if you live in the water, a little more doesn't matter too much. Without the sunshine we didn't get the hatches of huge midge flies (size 12 and 14) for which this area is famous, but everyone did well on leech patterns and caught a few of these big trout that seem to think they are part Polaris missile when you hook them. I don't know if it is something genetic or just because they practice a lot, but these trout jump higher and more often than any trout that I have ever fished for anywhere. There are fresh water lice in the lakes, and its common to see big trout jumping all over the lake trying to rid themselves of these pests. What ever the reason is, it makes them challenging and a lot of fun to catch. We all fished out of float tubes, but aluminum johnboats were available at no charge at all the lakes. And if you didn't want to bother bringing your own float tubes, they were available for rent at the lodge.

The morning of May 24th found us all up enjoying coffee and watching the sun shine through the glass doors on the East end of the Minnie Lake Ranch house. John had told me that they had a sun in BC but I don't think I really believed him until I saw it for myself-you know how fishermen exaggerate. Today we would fish Stoney Lake and we hoped to have a shot at some of the big trout on chronimid's. When we got to Stoney Lake we got out to check one of the inlet streams that John knew about. Everyone's jaws dropped (except John, he knew what we would find) when we saw the size and num-

ber of trout that were stacked up around this small inlet stream. We forgot about the float tubes and spent the morning catching large trout on chronimids and leeches sight casting from shore. While we were eating lunch, the clouds rolled back in and it started to sprinkle again. That afternoon we got out the float tubes and rain gear and headed back to Stoney Lake. Fishing was slow in the drizzle and we quit early to go to the house for a nice dinner and to tie a few flies.

May 25th was to be our last day of fishing. The morning brought cloudy skies but no rain. We started out on Minnie Lake but in a different spot than we had fished the first day. One of the guides that worked out of the lodge told us that if we walked around the lake for a mile or so that we would find a cove that had lots of fish in tight to the shore that we could sight cast to. We took his advice and found lots of big trout in the cove. We wandered our way back to the vans and finished the morning float tubing. The sun was coming out and we decided to try the back side of Stoney Lake after lunch. John had wanted to show us this part of the lake earlier in the trip, but we were afraid we would get stuck. Now that the roads had dried out somewhat, we decided to try it. The cove on the back of Stoney Lake is very beautiful, with timber down to the edge of the lake and an outlet stream flowing out of the lake, with lots of big spawners in the stream. The end of the lake is flooded trees with very clear water and lots of fish. We fished chronimids and leeches and did well on both. I hooked one fish close to my tube and he jumped high out of the water as most of the fish here do, then ran at my tube faster than I could strip line. I thought the fish was going to swim under my tube, but when he was right in front of me he jumped again-kamikaze trout- and landed in my lap in the tube. I have never had a fish do this before and let out a pretty good yelp of surprise. The fish spit the fly out, gave me the one fin sign, flopped out of the tube and swam off. Ann, Linda and John who were fishing close to me got a big laugh out of this.

The morning of the 26th found us doing our trip in reverse-driving to Seattle, catching the plane and flying back to Phoenix. We've already booked again for next year. This is a very affordable trip with the favorable exchange rate on the Canadian dollar. The accommodations were first rate and the people at the ranch were as pleasant and helpful as they could be. If you think you might be interested in doing a trip here check it out at www.douglaslake.com or contact John Rohmer at 480-730-6808 for details.



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by Shirley Johnson

This dry fly is an imitation of a small cluster of adult midges mating on the surface. Add a little floatant to this fly and fish it with a nice drag-free drift, especially in backwaters and eddies, where midges mate. By clipping the hackle along the bottom this fly is convertible to semi-wet style, fished in the surface film.

GRIFFITH'S GNAT

INGREDIENTS

Hook: Dry Fly Hook #16 - #24
Thread: 8/0 Black (*6/0 will work on larger sizes*)
Body: Peacock herl
Hackle: Grizzly

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Tie in thread at halfway point.
2. Tie in hackle at hook bend.
3. Tie in three strands of peacock herl at hook bend.
4. Twist herl strand gently, then wrap them forward to 2 eye's widths back from eye.
5. Tie off herl and clip ends
6. Wrap hackle forward over herl body in the opposite direction as herl was wrapped.
7. Tie off hackle and trim.
8. Make nice thread head and whip finish with 3 or 4 wraps. [end]



Mexico Again, or a Guy has to do, what a Guy has to do!

by Vince Deadmond

I had high expectations for San Carlos, Mexico, after all, we all judge a place by the best day of fishing we have ever had, and I have had some dandies in San Carlos. Bob Tod a DFC'er who spends much more time in Mexico than me, was playing host to my wife Debi, and I, and two of my daughters, Stefani, and Suzanne. We made the 8 hour drive down with no problems. The road is good and it is an interesting drive.

My plan was to catch big Dorado, and maybe nail a Sailfish or Marlin. With this in mind I checked out my saltwater fly fishing gear. I put 600 yards of new backing on my Gulfstream reel. I checked knots, sharpened hooks, tied new patterns. Since Suzi my youngest was going to fish with me we practiced hook setting, and letting a fish run. To simulate a big fish run, Stefani rode her bike down hill as fast as she could, I handed the line to her, and let her take the line 200 yards down hill. This gave Suzi some idea of the speed and power of a big fish. It also taught her to clear the line and keep your knuckles out of the way.

Suzi and I went out the next morning. The Sea of Cortez was a little roly-polly, Suzi handled it like a pro. We saw a Sailfish about 3 miles out of port, but no hook up. We saw a whale spout, no hook up. We were surrounded by dolphin, they wanted to play, they stayed with Bob's new boat, a 21 ft Bayliner Trophy, with a 150 HP Mercury outboard. The dolphin were putting on a show like they were on Star Search for Sea World. It was a tough day of catching, but a good day of fishing. Listening to the radio it sounded like other fishermen were shut out that day, also. Must have been the coming solar eclipse. Debi and Stefani swam at the beach and pool, and got plenty of sun. We enjoyed a big dinner at a local favorite, El Bronco. We managed to save just enough room to stop at Thrifty Ice Cream, life is good.

Saltwater fishing is different than casting a dry fly to a trout. Big flies, big rods, (Bob had a 16 weight rod, with a Billy Pate Blue Fin Reel that looked like a brake drum off a truck), chumming, and trolling, if you are a trout purest, get over it. After getting shut out the day before we wanted to give ourselves the best shot at hooking a fish, and that seemed to be trolling with conventional gear. We were about 12 miles out when the first Dorado slammed the lure. I think fish are attracted to the boat, they see the white water and think it is a feeding frenzy. When they go to the lure or fly they are in a hurry, so they don't miss out. A large male Dorado can reach speeds of 65 miles per hour, and it is quite an explosion when you get a hook up!



more large males, that were just as big as the first one.

Well I was finally hooked up with a BIG Dorado. This guy was at least 40 pounds, and took about 25 minutes to land with heavy duty gear. These fish are quite frisky and I have not figured a way to land them, and release them. To subdue them, so you don't get hurt, your partner has to use a gaff hook. You kill all of the fish that you land with this method, but Dorado are quite tasty table fare. We made up for the shut out from the day before, we hooked and landed two

We got the fish iced down, and headed back to port. We started about 8:00 AM and we hooked the last fish at 12:30 PM, it was a full day. My arms were jelloed, I am glad I didn't run into a Marlin on the way home. With three 40 pound Dorado to filet, Bob had to sharpen his knife, and we soon had the fish cut up and put in small freezer bags. That was more meat than Bob or I needed, so we gave some to several Mexican families.

The next day of fishing was almost as productive. I caught a smaller, (35 lbs.) female Dorado, and while I was fighting her, I noticed another fish was following closely. It almost looked like one large fish. Bob made a perfect cast to the large male, again a 40 pound Dorado was hooked up. My quest for large Dorado had been met, now if I could only catch something on anyone of those 5 fly rod set-ups I had prepared to fish with.

The house that we were staying at was right on the surf, and I had noticed fish activity all week, but had not pursued it. The tide was out, so I could wade out and get a back cast into the surf. It didn't take long, I was hooked up again. Not nearly as big this time, but the Snapper and Rock Bass, (bigger than I usually catch in Rocky Point) were putting a bend in the new Thomas and Thomas rod that I won at the TU Banquet. A guy has to do, what a guy has to do, don't be surprised if you hear that I have left town to fish Mexico again.

Combat fishin' on the White'

Homme du Poisson

"I must have hooked 40 fish," Gordon hooted through the phone. Gordon McHardy and several other DFC'rs fished the North Fork of the White with some success.

When I heard this I knew I had to get back there, and 'Pronto'. I harassed Gordon to go back. I have been frothing to fish that section for over a year. We both checked with our social directors and 'YAHOO', no commitments, at least ones we couldn't break.

Gordon had agreed to drive, I think he is still a little concerned about my BUV (Big Utility Vehicle) since the transmission went out coming' back from Old Mexico. Gordon picked me up Friday evening and we rolled toward Ditch Camp. I asked if I should bring some CD's, and was answered with a chuckling "I think I have enough". Gordon has two binders of CD's that are mostly old western music, my favorite. We had a wonderful time singing along and appreciating the sunset.

After getting our permits, we rolled into Ditch Camp around 10p. Through together a camp, grabbed a book, read a little and the next thing I knew it was another stunning sunrise in the White Mountains.

While enjoying of coffee, a yogurt and some fruit, we got the 4wts. strung up snappier than two Stradivarius's at a hootenanny.

We were on the water at approximately 9:30a with the water temp at 54F. I had already tied on a Jakester, but without a dropper. I guess I got lazy because the fish were not active until after 10p + and 60f water. We worked the plunges, both sides of any noticeable rocks and anything else that may hold *Salmo Trutta*.

This river, with that limited amount of water is very much a challenge. I decided to double up and put a Hares ear bead head below the Jakester. The bead head made the dry fly sink. In order to get a decent drift you need an 18+ non-weighted nymph. Of course these small flies require light leader, 5-6X minimum. Now you are beginning to understand why I like saltwater fishing, big flies and big leader, some stuff I can see.



Oh, and yes the back casts, just as you are getting your false casts measured and ready to set the fly down like a "Butterfly with sore feet" quote Wes Nakata. 'Broinggggg' your back cast is hung up, get your fly out of the tree, and remeasure your casts. Now your measured cast sticks in the tree above your perfect riffle. The only way to get it is plod through the riffle where Mr. Salmonoid was feasting.

Somehow Gordon and I got separated, how you do that on a river 8 feet wide is still a mystery? I fished upstream knowing the R78 road should be around the next bend and the next bend and then the next bend. Having been in a situation similar to this with Randy Griggs on the West Fork of the Black, I decided to invest what daylight was left to getting out of the canyon. I found an elk trail and hustled up to the flats. Knowing that the road was due south, all I had to do was keep a reasonable southerly heading and I should cut the road.

The aspens were beautiful, even the bear scrapes were exhilarating. Fortunately they weren't too fresh. Sure enough I cut the road and started walking to where we started. Gordon picked me up and we had a good laugh.

The next morning, we walked in east to west. We saw 6-8 active Osprey nests and two heron rookeries. The fishing was a little better, not a 40 fish day, not even a 40 fish weekend. But would I go back? You bet! If you really want to be an all around good fishermen/fisherwoman you have to fish this water. 'Combat style!'

Hauling: Start Them Early --- Jack Sherrill

(FFF ClubWire from Jack Sherrill)

It has been my experience that the earlier I can familiarize beginning students with hauling, the quicker they understand the principles of casting physics. I like them to start hauling at the second or third lesson, provided they have developed sufficient muscle memory that they do not have to think about each casting stroke.

I once was working with a new student who was quite proficient at the casting stroke on a horizontal plane. But when I added a haul on the forward cast, simultaneous with the power stroke, he could not get the sequence correct. Sometimes he placed the haul before the power stroke and sometimes after; occasionally he pushed the fly line instead of

pulling it. This student was a doctor who had solved many problems more difficult than a single haul. I simplified the matter for him by isolating the haul motion from the movement of his casting arm.

Make the line-hand-action of the haul the only thing to think about.

I moved to the place where his back cast came to rest on the grass, picked up the line, and held it steady. Then I told him to put just enough tension on the line to bend the rod slightly, and to hold the rod in that position. Then I told him to pull the line with his line hand each time I said haul, perhaps twenty five times. This was just a short pull quickly followed by a release. This caused the rod to return to the slightly loaded position of the start. When I asked him what the rod did when he pulled the line he observed that the rod assumed an additional bend. I explained that the haul was further loading the rod while at the same time accelerating the line in the direction of the cast. This additional line speed and rod load would result in longer, more accurate casts with less effort. I then reminded him that when fishing he would have to load the rod against the inertia of the line in the air and that it would have to be done quickly before the opportunity was lost.

Find what is confusing and develop muscle memory to correct it.

By isolating the motion of the hauling hand from the rod hand, working on them separately and then putting them back together, all he had to master was the exact moment to make the haul. This was much easier than making all the decisions at once on the spur of the second. He never again pushed the line instead of pulling it, and finished the lesson with the conviction that he would be able to do it again during his practice sessions. Now that he understands the principles of hauling on the presentation cast I am sure that it will be easy to teach him to haul on the back cast as well.

Jack Sherrill serves on the Board of Governors, formerly as Chairman. He resides in Grand Junction, Colorado



October 3rd-6th. San Juan Fly Fishing Trip.

\$300 per person. Cinda Howard, *Host*. Trip includes 3 nights stay at Rizuto's Lodge, full day guide for Friday, October 4th, banquet, and 5 day fishing license. Immediate answers to your questions call Cinda at: (480) 897-8083

TRIP IS FULL
Sign up in case of cancellations

Final payments are due at the August meeting!

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2002 Desert Fly Casters Events



An Evening at the Salt River
 Saturday, July 20th.
 If you would like to join us, meet at Pebble Beach recreation area at around 5 p.m.

Map Courtesy of: Roy Baker

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.

September 11 DFC Swap Meet. Details to follow- see future newsletters.

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Al, our river keeper, is here to enhance and protect the fishery. He welcomes your questions and suggestions.
 Sincerely, Your Hostess and Host,
 Wink and Gerald

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