

# 2005 • Desert Fly Casters FORWARD CASTS

DESERT FLY CASTERS A BARBLESS CLUB



### JUNE MEETING:

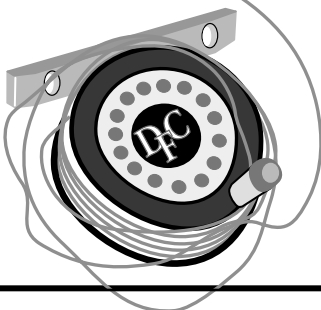
Wednesday,  
JUNE 8, 2005  
Dinner- 6:00 PM  
Meeting- 7:00 PM

American Legion Post #2  
2125 S. Industrial Park Ave.  
in Tempe



2005 DFC Pins  
on sale at  
monthly club  
meetings.

Not one shred of evidence  
supports the notion that life  
is serious.



## First Time Catch...Priceless!

**C**asting For Recovery is an annual event that has been sponsored by the Desert Fly Casters the last two years. On Sunday, May 15th, I met with Jim Frye, Jay Figley, Wendy Gunn and several members of the White Mountain Flyfishing and AZ Flyfishing clubs to assist the Casting For Recovery group. We met with the CFR staff and 14 gals who are breast cancer survivors at the Sierra Springs Ranch in Pinetop, Arizona. Each of the gals had a 'river helper' or 'pond pal' to assist and teach them fishing skills and techniques on the water. Most had never fly fished before, so it was a lot of fun, and they all managed to catch at least one fish and the looks, laughs and screams were priceless. Osylin, the gal I was helping, did quite well in hooking up and landing 6 or 7 fish in our 3 hours of fishing, including a 13"-14" small mouth bass. Quite a catch for a first-time fly fisher.



DFC club member (r) Gerry Wiemelt served as "River Helper" for Osylin for a day.

Gerry Wiemelt

### About Casting For Recovery

The way CFR works is that anyone from Arizona that is a breast cancer survivor may go to the web site, [www-castingforrecovery.org](http://www-castingforrecovery.org), and fill out an application. Then in February of each year there are 14 names drawn at random and 20 alternates. We do all the fund raising and they only have to get themselves up to the retreat, which Nancy Vance coordinates their travel.

This is only open to Arizona women and in 2005 women came from Mesa, Tempe, Eagar, Willcox, Chandler, Scottsdale, Alpine, Tucson, Peoria, Phoenix, and Glendale. Every year, we try to get the word out to the entire state through support groups, American Cancer Society, and the oncology offices. They come from all walks of life, some are just finishing treatment, some have had treatment 20 years ago. They come to the retreat mostly not knowing one another and leaving the retreat having bonded with 13 other women for a lifetime. What an incredible journey these women have come through and, thanks to the wonderful vision and compassion of CFR, what a wonderful journey they will embark upon entering the serene sport of Fly Fishing.

Having been started as a non-profit organization in 1996, at the end of 2004, CFR had nationally served 1600 women in 32 retreats in 22 states and one in Canada. Orvis is a huge supporter of the events and gives us a \$25,000 matching grant each year. Thanks to the Arizona fly fishing clubs and many individuals who have given of their time, talent and finances-2005 completed another successful retreat. We could never have done it without you!!

Adeline Wiemelt

### Presidents Report....

*The fishing season is upon us and that means some great DFC trips in the near future.* The White Mountain Extravaganza is this month so if you haven't paid for your campsite you should do so at the meeting. The cost is \$15 per campsite. This is a great outing and usually turns out to be one of the biggest of the year. There will be people arriving Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Don't miss the annual chili dinner on Saturday night where we all get together and talk about the day's fishing. This is a spectacular event and one that you should really think about attending.

....continued on page 5

### DFC JUNE MEETING....

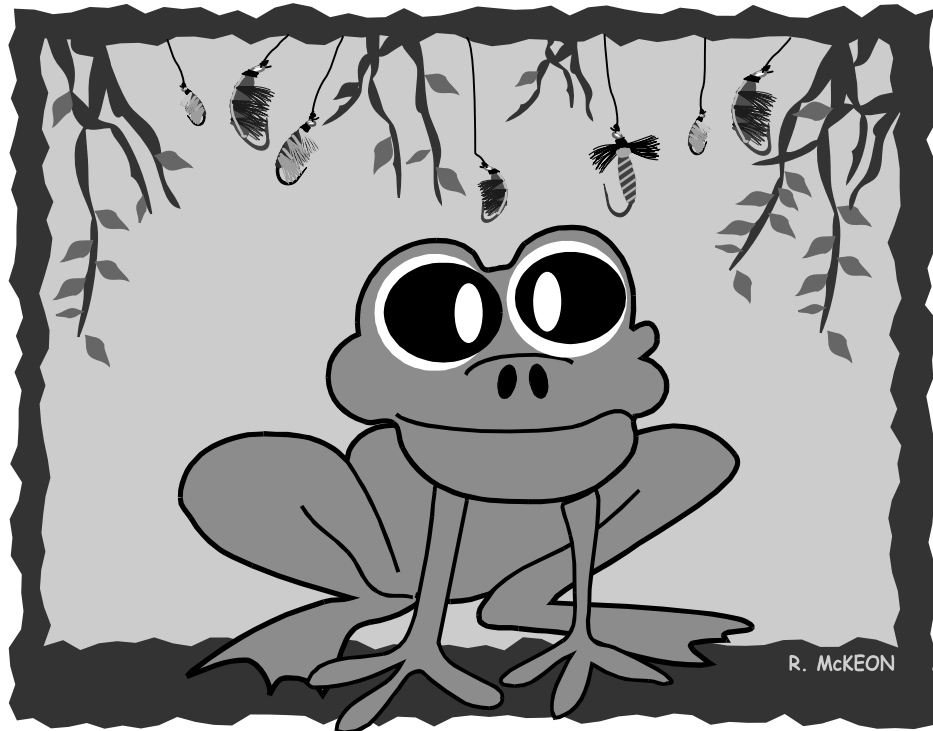
Come get in on the action as **Manny Chee** who is a *guide for Hook Up Outfitters* here in the Valley and works part time for Don's Sport Shop will give a presentation on Bass fishing on our desert lakes and fly patterns he uses.

### June Dinner Meeting Menu

DFC pays for the rent of the meeting hall by selling dinners before each meeting. By buying a dinner at the meeting, you can help the club pay for the meeting hall. The price of each Dinner is \$8.00, which includes gratuity. This month's menu will be: **Fajitas and refried beans**. Come early and enjoy dinner with your DFC friends! Dinner is served from 6pm to 7pm.

## Gone Fishin' on Oak Creek

By Robert McKeon



**A quick trip on a Tuesday worked for me;** avoided the crowds; got away before school let out and beat the heat, it ordained me as a fishing bum, a true sportsman. My schedule on weekends really falls into limbo at times being a musician. Hanging with club members or a fishing buddy doesn't always work near the end of the week. I promised myself I'd close down the studio, forget the commercial design jobs and stop staring at the phone with anticipation of the job interview last week that held all sorts of promises. On a whim I loaded my gear in the car and headed up Highway-17 to spots chartered on a map of Oak Creek.

Just "grabbing my gear," and throwing it in the car presented a dilemma. What rod should I fish? It boiled down to my 7-foot and 8-foot, both 4wt. And, as a back up I tucked my 6 1/2 foot 3wt in the trunk as well. Then for security I packed my trusty IM6 4wt 9-footer figuring I could put it together, hold it next to my cell phone as an antenna for any emergency calls. During the drive to Sedona I'd sort things out regarding which rod to fish.

Another concern was Duke our 11 year old laid back cocker. Duke is so well laid back that when he was younger he'd watch an ice cube melt in the summer so he could lap it up as a cool drink of water. Duke now has cataracts- so he really didn't see me leave in the morning. I filled his water dish

with cold water- told him I'd be back in a little while then left. Duke can't tell time by the chiming of the grandfather clock in the living room- so I knew he'd sleep near my chair in the studio. I figured everything would be okay my son was going to stop by during the day.

Once in Sedona, I was told to stop and check with On The Creek Sedona Outfitters. They'd fill me in on the hot spots and what insect activity to expect. The young gentleman behind the counter gave me details of what patterns to use and of course what rod to stalk all those monsters I'd heard about. I sprung for some flies, Yellow Humpy's, just to keep the Sedona economy on an upturn. The clerk reminded me to "clip" the tails on the Humpy's, "It's supposed to represent a beetle pattern," he enthusiastically chimed. I never knew I was to clip the tails on any Humpy pattern. I'd seen them in fly shops for over 25 years and no one ever told me I "gotta clip the tails." *Hah... local knowledge... could be beneficial to me.* The clerk also told me where to fish and that I'd come at the right time during the week before the crowds ascended.

Anything north of Slide Rock... Best place to fish is up near Call-of-the-Canyon... Start at the footbridge and work either way... all echoed in my mind from the conversation before leaving the little fly shop on the hill. Forget Grasshopper Point was

also a bit of wisdom imbedded in my mind as I snaked my way north on Arizona 89. As I rode past Slide Rock I noticed tour busses and school busses parked as if there was a rock concert some place. People were lined up on all levels of rock formation gazing at the Arizona wonders, happy people with smiling faces and cameras draped around their necks. *What did I buy into while working the fly shop for local knowledge?*

I pulled into the Call-of-the-Canyon park, paid my day pass and was told this was a "catch-and-release" area then given a sales pitch on a "Gold Card" entitling me to get in for half price. I could purchase one back at the Ranger Station. *Great! I wished I would have known about that at the fly shop.*

The park area had a few hikers but no fishermen. I was familiar with this part of the creek after visiting the area a few times since moving to Arizona. Zane Grey wrote his romantic novel (*The Call of the Canyon-1924*) set in the surrounding area and the now dilapidated lodge ruins where the West Fork feeds into Oak Creek. It's always a kick nosing around back there and imagining how the structure was as a vacation spot for movie stars, presidents and corporate names during the 20's and 30's.

I lazily got my rod set up with flies that were to bring me record trophy trout that I'd capture with camera, ready to show off at the next club meeting. The temperature was ideal along with a slight breeze at 11:00 AM. I started up stream from the footbridge working the little riffles, feeding one of my first casts into an overhang spooking small fish just in front of me in gin clear waters. The overhang had caught a few other flies so I didn't feel too bad. I did have some thoughts here about overhangs, twigs and sticks that get in the way of a fisherman's privileged right in selected sections of a stream. After so many casts or evidence of a small collection of flies, in an overhang, one should make note where these quirks of nature are. Volunteer for a stream clean up then cut and trim these parts of nature back. If one has some imagination the collection of flies, from overhangs, is then presented in a nice fly box as a donation during the Annual Banquet. Even claim the donation for tax purposes. This is something that should be brought up at a board meeting.

I noticed the Oak Creek waters a bit low as I kept on the path from the footbridge putting in several times fishing the riffles as I made my way down stream to the West Fork. I hammered all the riffles with imagination and fury. Let the fly drift down past the foaming waters of each rock. And, of course changed flies as I kept editing my leader. I picked up one nice small fish near a little pool by the old ruins, but never got him in camera view. A few cuss words, only I could understand, above the sounds of the washing stream and I decided to take a lunch break.

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I figured lunch was a time to reflect the opportunity I had for the day as I sat in my camp chair alone, viewing the spectacular mountains about me and listening to the breezes move the grasses in front of me. I was now devouring a sandwich and contemplated going with my Orvis Western, an 8 footer that works well in the winds that seemed to have picked up.

I was relaxed thinking how lucky to have the stream all to my self as I was about 5 minutes into an unplanned nap when two gentlemen approached me. One gentleman looked like a professor of some sorts with a full white closely cut white beard, with his floppy hat cocked chaotically on the back of his head. The other man reminded me of an assistant or student as he tucked pad and pencil in his shirt pocket and adjusted the binoculars dangling from his neck. For the sake of what transpired next, the bearded one we'll name: Professor Unobrick B. Short. And, his assistant we'll name him Norm, Norman Numbskull.

*I had never seen these two before.*

"Hi there. Are you the gentleman that's been asking questions," Professor Short said?

"No what questions am I supposed to be asking," I answered?

"About frogs..." I think Professor Short looked confused then quickly added, "You know fishing seems to go with frogs and I'm wondering if you've seen any...ah, sorry you must be the wrong person who's been asking."

"Don't know about frogs. I'm having some difficulty locating fish," I said.

"Hah, sorry we bothered you," Norm said.

"No problem. Have a nice day," I said. I waved to them as they headed for the footbridge.

I rigged my Orvis and took off for parts north of the commode accommodations to fish the deep pool and the small runs for the rest of my sojourn

figuring I'd work towards the footbridge then hop down near the area where I picked up the camera shy tiddler. I pounded the small riffles with new enthusiasm as I climbed over rocks and waded gingerly each step of the way. I took time to change flies. And, while I had my head buried eyeing my handy knot work on an itty-bitty Baetis fly pattern John Rohmer sold me I heard a big splash. There was Norm, you know Norman Numbskull, steadying him self in the middle of the hole I was going fish. Norm concentrated on the surrounding trees then made his way upstream towards me, making polite excuses, as he splashed past me. I waited. And I waited and just as I was about to make a cast to the pool once again Norm emerged from behind me and splashed in from my left side. This time I sat down on the nearest rock and took a break. Norm wasn't mean- I just don't think he knew why I was there fishing.

I've had guys walk into my fishing before back on some of the streams in Michigan. Guys with crossed eyes, tobacco dripping from the sides of their mouth- never wanted to argue with them but I was more amused at Norm. He seemed unsteady as he waded around looking for frogs and looking at trees. Besides I needed to sit for a while. I discovered I'm not as nimble as I once was climbing over boulders in a stream. It was a good time to take a breather.

I continued to fish once I had my legs back and whaled away in all directions as I guided my tied morsels through the stream working my way to the footbridge. I wanted one more effort in the pursuit of a fish near the old ruins before I'd call it a day and head home.

It was close to 4:00 PM as I crossed the footbridge and ran into Dr. Short. I then asked in a stern rather irritating voice, "May I ask you, what kind of frog you're looking for?"

"Ah, yes. It's the Canyon Tree Frog...very common here in this area. They're small and the color of a rock," he said as he held up his hand indicating the size of a golf ball. "Have you had any luck fishing," Professor Short added.

"Too many distractions," was my retort.

Professor Short looked down and yelled at Norm, who was standing in a nice fishing hole south of the footbridge, "I'm headed back, see you at the car." Ignoring me he then turned and made his retreat.

I ended my day near the West Fork without much luck. Walked back to the car, packed my gear and sat to reflect my experiences, knowing I'd make another trip here again in the fall. I timed the trip back to Phoenix perfectly as I missed the rush hour traffic. I eagerly used my cell phone as I made my way out of Sun Set Point after a pit stop wanting to phone ahead and be able to have dinner with my family.

My family welcomed me and had the table set. Duke found my voice as I strolled through the door greeting me with his usual unconditional love. We all sat down for dinner and shared conversations of our day.

And, as I started to fall asleep with sore muscles I realized I didn't have the trout stream to myself, but did have the day to myself. And, I couldn't help wondering about the passions of Professor Unobrick B. Short and Norm and their Canyon Tree Frog.

*Oak Creek trip Tuesday, May 17, 2005*

## Lee's Ferry Outing

***The Lee's Ferry outing on the weekend of July 15th-17th is coming up soon.*** Remember the date changed from the end of July to the current time. The trip will consist of lodging on the nights of July 15th and 16th and one day with a guide on July 16th. The fishing reports from the Ferry have been improving for several years. This will be a great opportunity to check out the river if you have not been there in a few years. In addition, the summer fishing pattern on the river is significantly different than the spring, fall, and winter fishing. There should be a lot of dry/dropper fishing using big attractor or cicada patterns.

There are open slots remaining for this outing. I would like to get as many of them filled as possible by the next meeting. I need a \$150.00 deposit check made out the Desert Fly Casters in order to reserve a space and the estimated cost for the trip is about \$240. This may shift slightly depending on the number of people attending. If you are planning on attending please contact me either at home or at the next meeting. I will need to put down a deposit to Marble Canyon lodge and guide service next month.

George Geoghegan [ggeogheg@yahoo.com](mailto:ggeogheg@yahoo.com)

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## MEET DFC MEMBER- Rocky Minster



I thought during the next few issues of our DFC newsletter I'd take time, when space prevails, and drop in on a club member. What with all the years I've fished and tramped around various parts of the country in pursuit of trout, I've met wonderful people along the way. As I think back I only wish for those moments again when I could jot down something about them- in their own words. So at this juncture of life I decided to follow through and take time to "smell the new mown grass" around me and get to know people along the way.

I hope you'll enjoy meeting **Rocky Minster** in this issue.

Robert McKeon, DFC Editor and Graphic Guru

**Desert Fly Casters:** Tell us- how many years have you been a DFC club member?

**Rocky:** My son Todd & I joined in 84 or 85.

**DFC:** How did you get introduced to fly fishing?

**Rocky:** We signed up for flyfishing classes at a Sportsman's Show in Phoenix.

**DFC:** You've lived here in Phoenix all your life- What can you tell us about the fishing now compared to say 25 years ago?

**Rocky:** Actually, I grew up on cow outfits in Yavapai County. I started college at ASU in 57 and moved to the Valley full time in 59. I think fishing is much better now. When I started Trout fishing, it was all put and take. We used to bait fish (as I think everyone did) at Lynz Lake, Whitehorse and others where you fished from the bank. Now we have all these great lakes and streams with lots of people practicing catch and release.

**DFC:** Where is your favorite place to fish?

**Rocky:** In Arizona, Canyon Creek has been my favorite. since I went there on my first outing with the DFC. I prefer streams and rivers to lakes. We also enjoy the Little Colorado around Greer. But a favorite place is hard as I really like the San Juan and Flaming Gorge for the big fishing, My wife and I spent time in Montana last summer and we hope to spend 6 to 8 weeks there this summer, a lot of it fishing in the south-west part.

**DFC:** I noticed you've had your grandson at a couple of club meetings- How important is it to you to get the youth of tomorrow interested in fly fishing?

**Rocky:** It is a great way to connect with your kids or grandkids. Todd and I started flyfishing when he was about 13. My daughters 2 boys showed an interest so I started taking them with us. We need to have the youth understand the importance of our western heritage. The outdoors, wildlife, even the ranching and mining aspects need to be understood so the next generation will help appreciate and preserve our Western American heritage.

**DFC:** When did your grandson gain interest in fly fishing? And, what advice would you pass along to other parents (and grandparents) who want to share the out-of-doors with young people?

**Rocky:** Both grandsons expressed interest at about 6, so I set up my vise permanently in my shop. Over the years, both have spent a lot of time with us because of our daughter's work schedule. I started showing them how to tie flies - I'm not very good, but taught them simple ones like woolyworms, etc. But the great thing is to see a young boy catch his first fish on a fly he tied. The thrill and good feelings are remembered forever.

**DFC:** If you could take a fly fishing trip, all expenses paid, where would you go and who would you take along?

**Rocky:** It would be a hard choice between the Argentine Patagonia rivers and Alaska, but I've wanted to go to Argentina since I was a kid, so I guess that would be the place

**DFC:** What's you and your wife's favorite hang-out when you want to get away for an evening or a long weekend?

**Rocky:** For a long weekend, Greer in the summer, Sedona in the fall.

**DFC:** What's your favorite restaurant you like to take the family to?

**Rocky:** We eat at Serrano's several times a week.

**DFC:** Your life has been full- You're a saddle maker by trade, and you've had time to fish and reflect on life- What "tid-bits" of information or thoughts about life would you like to pass on?

**Rocky:** Try to do the right thing, do your best. Be forgiving, don't hold grudges. And slow down, life goes by quick enough.

## Green River Outing

by George Geoghegan

On April 28th eleven DFC members arrived at Red Canyon Lodge outside the town of Dutch John, Utah. The much anticipated Green river outing had finally arrived. Most of us were on our first trip to the area, and were all excited to finally get our chance to fish this famous tail water.

Utah however seemed to have other ideas about an enjoyable weekend fishing the river. There were off and on snow storms all the along way from Salt Lake City to Dutch John. On Friday morning, we were greeted with a good five inches of snow that had accumulated over night. This was supposed to prime time for dry fly fishing with strong hatches? It did not seem likely to happen in this weather.

How was the trip? When each person wandered into the lodge restaurant for diner the first question asked was not the typical one, "How was your day?" or "How was the fishing?". It was "When are we coming back next year?". I think that was the general consensus of the group on Friday night after the first day of fishing. The fishing was even better than most of the members expected! At the dinner table I gathered that everyone caught good numbers of fish with the average size being about 15-17 inches with the largest fish or two in the 22 inch range. Most people were having success nymphing with strike indicators, but the dry fly fishing was consistent, too. The fishing Saturday was a little slower, but still good. Sunday was a free day. Several members of the group left to drive back to Phoenix, others chose to fish the private lake at the lodge, and I choose to head down to the Green for some wade fishing.

I cannot describe everyone's fishing experience in detail, but I can talk a little about the fishing that I experienced on this great river.

Friday, my day started out with a bang. A fish took a midge pattern on the first drift right at the boat ramp. The guide had rigged up a standard indicator nymph rig with a midge pupa and a blue wing olive imitation. We continued nymphing for about thirty minutes until the sun popped through the clouds. It was enough to unthaw my fingers, but the best thing about this was that it triggered a massive midge hatch. From then on, it was dry fly fishing for the rest of the day. The fish were rising to midges in the back eddies all morning. We tried a variety of dry midge patterns from 16s to 26s on these rising fish. It was a very difficult and frustrating experience to fish to "educated" risers feeding in slow current, but it was very rewarding to fool a few fish out of each eddy. I also learned that 7X tippet was stronger than I previously thought!


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When the midge hatch tapered off in the afternoon, the blue wing olive hatch started right away. The BWO hatch was a light hatch for the river, but it still brought a lot of trout to the surface. We fished olive parachutes, comparaduns, and emergers in fast water until the hatch slowed down at around 3:30. Then a BWO cripple pattern was effective until we hit the take out at 5:30.

The second day was similar to the first, except the sun never made an appearance. The midge hatch was light and most of the fish we took in the morning were on a midge pupa dropped off an attractor dry. The afternoon BWO hatch was much stronger than we saw on the first day. It was not a blanket hatch, but there were an incredible amount of bugs on the water. This was the first time I have ever seen a pod of 40-50 fish on the surface. We worked the pod for a while and found the smaller fish to be taking the duns, while the larger fish preferred the emergers. The trick was to present the fly close enough to the larger fish so that a smaller

one would not slash in front of it to the fly, but far enough away to give the larger fish time to see the fly drifting for a few seconds. The late afternoon fishing with dries was nearly impossible with hundreds of duns on the water within several feet of the fly.

The wade fishing on Sunday was a much different animal than fishing out of the drift boat. The river bank was very rocky, and the fish were very spooky. I walked about a mile and a half up from Little Hole until I did not see any more wade fishermen. It was tough going while walking the bank. It was also difficult to get good a good presentation with multiple current seams right off shore, a big rock blocking the best fishing position, and bushes in the way of most backcasts. I found most of the accessible fish slowly taking BWOs in the backed-dies. These fish were generally in very shallow water, from 6 inches to 2 feet deep, and they were very easily spooked by movement or bad casting. It was difficult, but exciting fishing. Several of the

browns put on air shows when they were hooked in water barely deep enough to cover their backs. In addition, the fish in these eddies seemed to be slightly bigger on average than the fish I was catching out of the drift boat. The Green can be effectively wade fished in relative solitude even on a crowded weekend, but it does take work to do it.

The outing was great experience. Everyone was very satisfied with the trip. The organization was excellent. I would to thank Janet on behalf of everyone for coordinating this outing. I would also recommend that everyone consider attending the outing next year if possible. Whoever is planning of hosting the next Green River outing, please put me down on the list for next year.

#### ...Presidents Report continued

Lee's Ferry is in July and George has the house and guides booked. If you want to go on this outing be prepared to pay your deposit. This one will be going fast. The terrestrial fishing should at full swing during this outing and that is how some of the larger fish are caught. Nothing better than watching trout take large dry flies.

Also, at the April meeting I started taking sign-ups and deposits for San Juan. \$100 deposit holds your spot with the balance due by August. The total for this trip is \$320 and includes three nights lodging and a full day guide. Rizuto's holds 18 people and if we have more than that we will put some at Abe's. This trip includes 3 nights lodging, a full day guide, and a banquet dinner. This is another one of our best attended outings and something you don't want to miss. The flies are small but the fish are big!

If you are looking to go fishing now, there are several places that you might want to try. Woods Canyon has been hot for several weeks now. Don't go deep, the fish have been looking up. Try a caddis with a bead head pheasant tail dropper. There have been several holdovers taken with this technique. If you don't mind the hike, Chevelon has been doing well at the stream end. The warm temps have brought better fishing to the White Mountains. Big Lake has been on fire but they are catching them on midges. I have also been hearing some really good reports of monster fish at Earl Park. If you aren't into lakes, the streams are also fishing well. Oak Creek is still a bit high but clear and the fishing has been good. The rim streams are always a good bet and all the rain has brought a brown drake hatch. If you don't want to venture too far out of the valley, try fishing the Salt River. I have heard some good reports but fish it early before the tubers take over.

I want to take a moment and thank my board for all the hard work they put into this club. They willingly put in hours and hours of work every month on a volunteer basis. When you see them at the meeting, tell them how much you appreciate them keeping the club going!

As always, I hope to see you at the meeting!

Cinda

## BOOK REVIEWS Reviewed by Bruce F Harang

### Hoover, The Fishing President

by Hal Elliott Wert

Stackpole Books, Mechanicsburg, PA, 2005  
388 pages, hardbound, illustrated,  
B&W photographs  
suggested price \$29.95

Here is another excellent fishing book. Not a fly-fishing how to book, or an instructional tome, this is a story of one of the truly great Americans in our history. Most Americans today don't even know Hebert Hoover was president or the important issues he faced and conquered in and out of the Whitehouse let along that he was a life long avid fisherman of great skill. This well written, easy

to read, book will help to change all of that. In addition it will provide today's world with a look at a man that surmounted some of the most devastating events of the last century. Through it all, fishing was one of the glues that held this great man's life together. If you found A River Runs Through It a good read, you will find this book even better. In addition, this is the story of some of the truly pioneering fishing and fishermen of

the American fresh and saltwater scene. Hoover was one of the first anglers to fish for billfish, bonefish, tarpon, and permit. He fished for steelhead in Oregon, and trout throughout the country. He did this as a fisherman of great ability and great good humor. For those who enjoy the history of our sport this is a must have book.



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**2005 DFC OUTINGS**

June 17-19 White Mountain Spectacular

July 29-31 Lee's Ferry

Aug TBA

Sept 3-8 San Felipe Mexico

Oct 1-4 San Juan River, NM

Oct 28-31 Steelhead, MI

Nov 10-13 Puerto Penasco

Dec 14 DFC Christmas Banquet

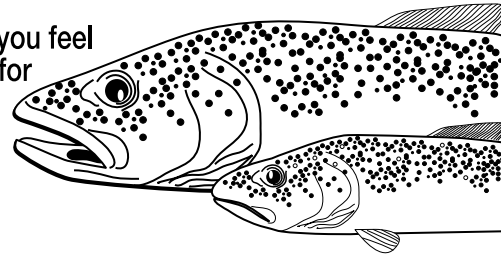
*Notice... the TBA outings with no date attached, this would be a perfect opportunity for you to pick the place and be the host. If you would like to host an outing give me a call. 480-982-7461 B or 480-984-4698 H.*

**Confucious Trout**

*on poorly tied flies....*



Kinda makes you feel  
embarrassed for  
the poor  
chicken  
doesn't it?



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