

The Hook



Lower Umpqua Flycasters
Member, Federation of Fly Fishers

OCTOBER 2009

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Meeting times

- General Club meetings held at Reedsport High School at 7:00 p.m. the 3rd Wednesday of each month. (except when they're not)
- Executive Board Meetings will be held on demand. They can be requested by any club member at a regular meeting to be held on a date printed in the next published newsletter (The Hook).

The lucky winners of the September Meeting : NOBODY... the drawing wasn't held due to lack of attendance...everybody was still out fishing!

Next Meeting

Wednesday, October 21 ,
2009
Reedsport Elementary
School , 7:00 p.m.

Ramblings



There's a fine line between fishing and just standing on the shore like an idiot.
~Steven Wright

The September meeting was cancelled due to only 8 members showing up. It seems that September is the time for club members to get out and enjoy the fine weather. We could not find any minutes or a treasurer's report for last September, so maybe the club should meet in November instead. We will bring this up at the next meeting.

According to reports, the Rogue River outing was a great success. At the last minute, I had to change my plans. Maybe next year I'll have some first hand information.

I just returned from a very good trip to Lake Owyhee. Lots of nice small-mouth bass and my first ever largemouth, which was worth the time and expense in itself. It was really quiet at the state campground with just my fishing buddy and myself, until Thursday night when the place exploded with campers. Deer season opened on Saturday and the place really filled up. When a 45 foot motor home towing a 25 foot enclosed trailer showed up and 4 guys fell out of the thing without spilling a drop of their beer, we figured it might be time to go. Next they tried to unload their ATVs from the trailer. That was a really good show. Only one tipped over without too much injury to the driver or machine. Now, neither one of us are against beer or hunting, but there is just something wrong with the combination of ATVs, loaded guns, and lots of beer. I stopped at the Crooked River on the way home and there was a tremendous Blue Wing Olive hatch and about a million 6 inch trout later, it was time to head for the house. Had a great trip.

I talked to a young guy camped on the river. He had caught some 12 to 14 inch fish the week before. We should get a group together and go chase those tiny little fish before winter closes in.

Until the next meeting...TIGHT LINES to all, Tommy Carlson

My Oregon Peach

By Tom Timothy

I almost spilled my second cup of coffee as the truck came to an abrupt stop just past the Illahe-Agness junction on the Powers By-Way. Next thing I knew, Patti put the truck in reverse and said "If we take the Illahe short cut, we can still make Fosters Bar at daylight." What had started out as an early morning scouting trip, to see if we could take our trailer over to the Rogue by way of Powers, was about to turn into a half pounder recon mission. Patti and I left home at four in the morning. That left plenty of time to reach Fosters Bar by way of Agness but, we ran into a thirty minute delay where the Forest Service was putting a new culvert across the road.

We took the shortcut and the timing could not have been better. Light was beginning to show above the mountains on the East side of the river as Patti pulled into the parking lot at Fosters. We put on our waders and headed for the river. I was pleasantly surprised when Patti suggested we walk up to the ripples above Fosters. Most of the water up river is long casting water and not her cup of tea. Patti insisted I swing through the first run in the lead. I protested lightly, even though this was the only upper run that lent itself to a moderate casting range. I failed to get even the slightest tug. Patti, however, got an encouraging bite and a small trout in the first run. Not a great start, but our luck was about to change.

The second run of the day was what I've always called Al's Hole. Al and I had our best fishing there the first year that we fished the Rouge together. It's a run that requires a long cast to reach the fish. This time I held my ground on "ladies first". Patti worked her way twenty feet down the run with no action. Then, I entered the water and began to swing my fly through the run. After a few mid range casts with no action, I started to press for distance. A cast or two later, I felt the gentle tug of what I thought was a smolt. Instinct took hold and I set the hook. My rod bent with the weight of the fish; however, the fish showed no signs of wanting to jump which struck me as strange for a half pounder. When I finally brought the fish to hand, to my surprise, it was a cutthroat of about fourteen inches... the first cutthroat I can ever remember hooking on the Rogue. On my next cast, I felt the unmistakable jerk of a half pounder taking the Matt's Fur. The drag on my Ross reel screamed as the fish took some line. After a few short runs, I brought a nice half pounder to hand. At that point, I fell into the zone... it was just me and the next half pounder.

It must have been a half hour before I came back to reality and noticed Patti sitting on a rock at the bottom of the run. She saw me glance her way and asked if I had noticed the light coming through the mist rising off the river. As I looked up the cliff on the far side of the river, I could see streaks of sun light cascading through the fog. What a picture the light and Patti sitting on the rock would have made. And then it hit me... I had to ask myself what was Patti doing sitting on a rock with all these half pounders in the water. I mean these were nice fish! Fourteen to eighteen inchers! You know the ones that you have to fight on the reel, no hand stripping here. She told me she hadn't had a bump and was just watching. I suggested that she go back to the top of the run and follow me down. Patti smiled and asked if I had noticed where all the fish were taking my fly. She was right. All the fish were twenty feet or more out of her range. Remembering this was only a recon mission, I began wading for shore. Before I cleared the water, Patti suggested I go back to the top and fish the whole run one more time. Okay, I know the right thing would have been to head on back to the truck right then, but come on; these were big fish! Besides, Patti was good with one more pass. And, the fishing held up well the second pass!

By the time we got back to the truck, the sun was on the water and the morning bite was over. We headed down river and pulled over for breakfast at Two Mile thinking we'd watch the boats while we ate. We dined on homemade blueberry muffins and washed them down with hot coffee. Not a single raft or drift boat came down the rapids while we set on the guard rail. We got back in the truck and headed down to Quosatana. It was near midday with full sun. We took some time to do a little agate hunting on the rock bar. I think Patti might have been holding back a little. She let me find a few more agates than she did. Since we were there, Patti suggested I make a quick pass through the run at Quosatana. The wind was screaming and I was ready to call it quits even though I did pick up a fish in just a few casts. It got me thinking, Dunkleberger riffle might not have quite as much wind. Nice try, but there was still wind at Dunkleberger. Patti suggested I go ahead and at least try the sweet spot in the run. In moments, I was in the riffle swinging my fly. I got smolt on every cast and was about ready to give it up when I felt the quick hard tug of a half pounder. In the next few casts, I landed a pair of fish. Both of them were about a foot long. There were so many smolts to contend with though, that I decided it was time to call it a day.

Patti suggested we make our day a full loop and go home by way of 101. We stopped at Humbug Mountain Park for a late lunch. She had made good old peanut butter and jam sandwiches along with cheese and apples... a perfect picnic lunch for this day. The sun was still in the sky when we arrived home. I took a stroll around our place before dinner to walk off the late lunch and to make room for the blackberry pie I knew would be waiting for me after dinner. As I neared our pond, I noticed the last nectarine of the year hanging from a branch. I plucked it from the tree thinking about the saying "there's nothing sweeter than a Georgia Peach". All I could think of is, they must have never tasted my "Oregon Peach". Ah, life is good!

The October Program will be Frank Moore on Fly Fishing presented by Stan Washington.

2009 OUTING SCHEDULE

Saturday, Nov. 7	Charleston Harbor, Rock Fish	The tides are so great on this day we just had to plan a trip going after Rock Fish again. Meet at 7:00 am at harbor. Make your own arrangements for a boat and fishing partner.
December 16	Forest Hills Country Club in Reedsport	Annual Holiday Dinner

CLUB OFFICERS	
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VISIT OUR WEB SITE AT lufc.us for all the news that's fit to print and more!

Remember to **bring your empty printer ink cartridges** to the meetings to be used for Staples Rewards Credit toward the printing of the HOOK!

FOR SALE!

Ken Joubert has a new Cabela's Fishing Rod Holder for an inflatable craft. \$30. See Ken at the meeting or call 266-0984.

Membership News

Any member of the club who writes an article for the newsletter of 500 words or more, will receive 6 free raffle tickets at the next meeting that they attend after the article is published. The article can be about anything that would interest Fly Fishers, but needs to be original (not copied from another source). Send your article to Alex at lufchook@gmail.com for publication.

MEMBERSHIP DUES 2009

Annual Dues are \$20.00 within 50 Miles of Reedsport; \$10.00 if more than 50 miles

PLEASE COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING INFO & RETURN ASAP—We need to update our roster so please send info with your dues

NAME(S) _____ H-PHONE _____ W-PHONE _____
 ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ ST _____ ZIP _____
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I WOULD LIKE TO RECEIVE THE HOOK BY: EMAIL or Regular mail (please check one)

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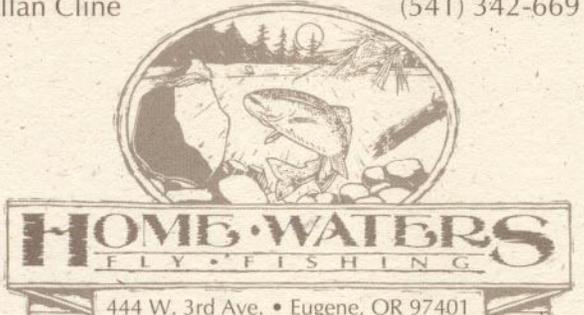
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