

The Hook



Lower Umpqua Fly casters
Member, Federation of Fly Fishers

JUNE 2011

Volume 22, Number 6

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Meeting times

- General Club meetings held at the **Reedsport Elementary 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 last meeting :

Chuck Traver won the rod/reel and Russ Wright won the members drawing of \$25.

Next Meeting

**Wednesday, June 15, 2011
7:00 p.m.**

A Message from the President

Hello again fellow Lower Umpqua Fly Casters! Things are a bit subdued this month what with the loss of our friend Al George. I didn't know Al really well but, he was a fly-fisherman. I don't remember meeting one of those that I didn't like. Some, I have heard, may be a bit snooty and tell a guy that he isn't fly-fishing if he isn't using a dry fly. I have heard it said that you really aren't into the sport if you don't cast with cane. It may not be considered correct by some of the uppity folks if you tie your flies with anything that is synthetic rather than natural fibers. Well.....I believe that if you like to catch fish and you want to catch fish you use what works. When I go to the sporting goods store and go to the fly fishing section of said store, I find floating lines for the purists, along with dry flies for the stubborn fellows as well. Oh, by the way! Just how many casts does he get with his all natural fiber dry fly before he starts digging for his floatant? What is so natural about spraying or rubbing some left over dinosaur byproduct on a fly to keep it on the surface? If he would just let it sink he would probably start catching fish. How many times have you been on a river or a lake and seen no rises? Might we assume that the fish spend most of their time feeding below the surface? Hey! It is my contention that if you want to catch fish, fish where they are feeding! Maybe that is why we see a few brightly colored floating lines on the wall at the sporting goods store and next to them are racks of sinking lines. You have 5 foot mini-tips. You have 10 foot sinking tips. You have 30 foot sinking tips of varying grains to get you down slowly or very fast. You have clear sinking lines. You have camo sinking lines. You have weighted flies. You have full sink lines. You have little plastic lazysusan containers full of different size split-shot. There just doesn't seem to be an end to the items that are designed to get your offering below the surface where the objects of our piscatorial pursuits are awaiting.

I like fishing alone because I don't have some purist breathing down my neck and belittling me because I'm not fishing on the surface with my natural fiber fly that is tied to a,,uh-oh, tied to a monofilament tippet!! What is so natural about monofilament? Where is the cat gut? Where is the silk? My oh my!! It must be quite hard trying to be a purist. Now, I have to say that I also like fishing with others who are crude like me and like to use the new rods made with those space age fibers, sinking lines and maybe even a weighted fly. Hey!! I might even tie on a dropper fly, if it is legal, and really make the purist roll his eyes. Well, if I haven't completely blown my standing with you why don't you call up your Prez and invite him to go fishing with you sometime? We might show each other something we didn't know before!

Keep a box of dries and a floating line in your satchel just in case!!!
Russ

“I’ll See You On The Umpqua!”

The words “I’ll see you on the Umpqua” snapped me out of the fishing zone I’d fallen into during the last half hour on Empire Lake. I turned to watch those long slow strokes of Al’s oars, that I must have witnessed a thousand times before, as he headed back to his truck. I yelled, “See you on the Umpqua!”. Al had found the time for one more morning of trout fishing with Don and me just two days before his annual spring fishing fling. The morning’s fishing had started off on the slow side giving Al and I time to recall fishing outings past and places yet to come.

The first time I saw Al George was on a float down the Umpqua River for smallmouth bass at the Big K Ranch. Even for a club guest like me, it was easy to see the respect that the other members of the club had for this man. Maybe the yin and yang thing that was going to pull us together as fishing bud’s started that day. As humorous as this may seem to newer members, on that day, I fished a floating line with a small white popper and Al was the man with the number four sinking line and a weighted fly. It didn’t take me long to figure out that Al George was a fish catching machine. Although, I did manage to land a couple of large smallmouth that had more than one club member searching their fly box for a white popper.

The next spring, I joined the Lower Umpqua Flycasters Club. Al was the treasurer of the club at the time and was to continue as such for the next several years. At one of the first meetings I attended, the club decided to change the then annual panfish outing from Siltcoos Lake to Ben Irving Reservoir. Five of us made the trip to the reservoir, Phil, Lyode, Dennis, me and, of course, Al. Three things stand out in my mind from that outing: One was seeing Dennis Fenton in a float tube; The second being the large size of the crappie we hooked; But the thing I remember the most was the huge volume of crappie Al was hooking on a white popper. And there I was, stuck with a sinking line.

Patti and I camped so many times with Al and Marsha. I still recall the first time we camped with them on the Crooked River. It was one of those outings set up by several members who had fished the Crooked for years. Patti and I expected the campground at Chimney Rock to be packed with trailers when we arrived as twenty to thirty people had planned to attend the outing. To our surprise, the campground would have been deserted if it hadn’t been for a one trailer. Thinking we had the wrong place, I turned around and began to leave when Al came running out from his trailer to flag us down. He had recognized us as the new club members that had planned on coming to the outing. Maybe it’s selfish but, I’m glad to this very day that it was only the four of us those next three days. That first night I landed a single five inch rainbow and Al didn’t set the world on fire either. That night over a couple of beers, Al and I decided to throw out the Crooked River playbook and go with what we knew about rainbow. You guessed it! The next morning Al showed up with his floating line and dry flies and there I was with a number two sinking line and wet flies. We had a good laugh at ourselves going in opposite directions. That good old yin and yang thing Al and I had over our fishing time together really kicked in over the next two days. He hooked the fish that were willing to come to the surface and I played with the bottom dwellers.

Somehow, the number of years I spent fishing with Al eludes my memory. What sticks with me is all the water we shared. Steelhead and salmon defined our early years of fishing together. Steelhead fishing was at the girl scout cabin and the East fork of the Coquille if we were swinging flies. Al and I had some double figure days swinging Al’s Coastal Mist on the East Fork. In our later steelhead fishing days, we slipped over to the dark side and indicator fished on the West Fork of the Coos and the North Fork of the Coquille. I remember one day on the North Fork of the Coquille taking turns with Al hooking fish. They were so thick that day that one of us would sit on the bench at the park while the other hooked and landed every other fish. Speaking of steelhead, how can I forget to add the secret hole, a special place in my heart that I only took Al. He fished it several times while I was recovering from my back surgery...I think mainly so he would have an excuse to check up on me.

For Salmon it had to be the Elk River. The first time that I fly fished the Elk with Al he insisted that I use the fly he had landed a fish on the day before. I caught the only two fish hooked that day on Al’s fly and still he insisted that I keep it. Then there was the day that several of us club members waded the Elk River and were unable to cross back over before the river blew out! That day later came to be known by the those that attended as the “Elk River Bobbing Incident”. Then there was Al’s birthday on the Elk... the fish always seemed to bite on Al’s birthday.

And there are the places that seem to define Al...places like Hosmer Lake and the Rogue River. But never think that Al was only fishing. I remember slipping away from the Rogue on a Tuesday night to take in a jazz group back at Mingus Park and if you wanted a book to read, Al always had a stack to pick from. You only had to go with Al to one game that a family member was involved in to see his family pride. When Al said he’d meet you somewhere, he was always there.

So when Al repeated back to me “I’ll see you on the Umpqua!”, he didn’t know that it would only be our memories of Al that would be floating down the river with us.

2011 OUTING SCHEDULE

Sat/Sun	June 25/26	Crane Prairie Lake	High lake adventure! Camping is available at he RV Park (541-383-3939) for full hook up; wilderness camping can be had at Rock Creek Campground. Potluck dinner Sat night 6 PM at Rock Creek Campground.
Sat/Sun	July 9/10	Tube-a-rama at the Umpqua River	Biggest event of the year...camping at the Umpqua RV Park. Sites 11-20 have been held for July 5-11. Call 541-459-2665 or email normsrv@gmail.com to make your reservations. We'll meet in the park at 9 AM each day prior to the float. Potluck dinner Sat at 6 PM!
Sat	Aug 6	Charleston	Meet 8 AM at the boat launch. Make your own arrangements for a boat and fishing partner. We'll be setting crab traps & fishing for rock fish. Start cooking crabs at noon & Pot luck.
Sat/Sun	Sept 10/11	Rogue River	We'll be fishing for half pounders. Potluck dinner Sat at 1 PM with club providing and cooking the steaks. Agnes RV Park 541-247-2813 or 866-729-9043. Make your own reservation.
Sat	Oct 1	Saunders Lake	This is the 1500 2lb. Trophy Trout plant. Let's go get 'em! Plan to bring your lunch and have a great day.

CLUB OFFICERS	
President	Russ Wright randmwright@charter.net 541-269-2638
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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 for Staples Rewards Credit toward the printing of the HOOK!

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 the editor at lufchook@gmail.com for publication.

MEMBERSHIP DUES 2011

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 _____

TO RECEIVE THE HOOK, email address please: _____

*****PLEASE TEAR OFF THIS SECTION & MAIL With YOUR DUES TO: L UFC; P.O.BOX 521, REEDSPORT 97467*****

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