



SANTA CLARITA CASTING TIMES

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Lake Crowley: A Mixed Bag

By Kevin Larsen

“All in all, a good trip; not a lot of fish, but very good quality fish.” That’s how I would describe our recent trip to Crowley.

Hitting the lake around 6:15, my friends Adam, Mike, Ian, Chuck, and I kicked around McGege Bay and hooked and lost one nice fish in the first half hour. A bit later, Adam tied into a nice 17-inch fish. We tried dries, streamers, nymphs, and one of my favorites—the Pheasant Tail nymph. Minimal takes. Finally, I caught one on a gray olive dun and then Mike and I each caught one on Pheasant Tail nymphs, both of which promptly broke off. However, things were beginning to look up.



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After four and one-half hours, everybody started for the trucks to avoid the wind. Me, the consummate diehard in the group, stayed out awhile longer. My reward for being persistent: four fish between 17 and 19 inches. I hooked and lost four more sizeable fish before packing it in. On the way in, I hooked into another fish while casting up the river mouth and had to hand-line the fish because my cell phone started ringing—carrying my mobile office around on fishing trips has its drawbacks.

President's Message

By Connie Bullock

Where Has the Summer Gone?

It's hard to believe that summer has slipped away this quickly and that it's almost time for the weenies to go back to school—there goes the traffic for us commuters.

Summer has been a relatively quiet time for the club, as it usually is, what with kids and grandkids home and everyone going on vacation. But now we are ready to start up with some presentations, classes, and events—all designed to peak our fly fishing

interests and desires.

At the September meeting, Mike Allen will discuss how to fish from a kayak. Then at the October meeting, we will have a demonstration, by our very own John Parmenter, on how to build bamboo rods. Also in October is the rod building class followed by the fly tying class.

November ushers in the Bob Marriott Annual Fly Fair held November 21-22; on December 12, the SCCC Christmas dinner will take place at the Valencia Racquet Club.

In between all these happenings, the casting clinics continue every other Sunday under the direction of our very talented casters Ray Bianco and Mike Smith. So check out those new club rosters that were recently mailed for the dates and locations for all of these great upcoming events. <<

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Lake Crowley: A Mixed Bag



Not wanting to let a nice evening go to waste, we fished the Owens River at sunset and caught a handful of small browns and rainbows.

The next day, Mike, Ian, and I fished Convict Creek and did well. After that, Chuck, Adam, and I went to McGee Creek and then around the lake, but without our tubes. We didn't catch any fish at first, but we did catch Tom Loe fishing with one of his clients. Appropriately, Adam slammed a nice



18-inch fish using a Loeburg—one of Tom Loe's patterns. Within the next few hours, Adam caught and landed five fish over 19 inches using multiple fly patterns.

In the same location, Chuck landed two huge fish—one looked to be over 21 inches—on a black woolly buggler. On small dries, I hooked several large fish but without bringing them to the net.

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Remember that cell phone? Well, right after hooking those large fish, I stepped off a ledge while wading and gave that phone--not to mention my camera, video camera, keys, and wallet—a good dunking. After a few hours I dried off just in time for the wind to come up. After a stop in camp, we all went back to the Owens where we landed a handful of smaller fish on dries and nymphs.

On our drive home, Adam and I went to Big Pine Creek where the water was running around 200 cubic feet per second. As a result, we only landed two fish: a brown and a rainbow on a hug fly purchased at the new Trout Magnet fly shop in Bishop (a highly recommended stop for all fly fishermen).

All in all, a good trip. I just wish a few of the Casting Club members could have been there—no doubt you would have enjoyed the sight of a soaked fellow club member trying to dry off his cell phone, wallet, keys, and two cameras while wading through the weed beds dragging his fly rod and vest back to shore. <<

CONSERVATION NEWS:

From our associates at Friends of the River comes important conservation news for California fishermen:

Dredge Mining Suspended – Senate Bill 670, which halted the practice of suction dredge mining until the State Department of Fish and Game develops and implements regulations to protect endangered species, water quality, and human health was signed into law by Governor Schwarzenegger recently.

American River Music Festival – The American River Music Festival, deemed “A celebration of music and moving water,” is scheduled for September 18 to 20 on the banks of the South Fork of the American River just one hour east of Sacramento in gold country. The event is held annually to support and celebrate the most popular white water rafting river in the West, as well as the great fishing for rainbow and brown trout.

Great American River Cleanup – Saturday, September 19, will see thousands of volunteers remove thousands of pounds of debris from the American River Parkway—a 23-mile parkway that runs along the American River through Sacramento—thanks to the efforts of Friends of the River and the American River Parkway Foundation. Last year, over 20,000 pounds of trash was removed from this scenic river. To volunteer, contact camille@friendsoftheriver.org.



Of Fathers and Fishing

By Bill Creitz

Fathers and fishing just seem to go together. I can still remember my first spinning rod, a nifty little black and white fiberglass Garcia with an equally nifty silver thumb lever-activated closed-face Zebco spinning reel loaded with Stren six-pound monofilament, purchased by my dad with Blue Chip stamps at the local stamp redemption store. A beige canvas creel, a nylon stringer, a plastic-handled net, and a set of needle-nose pliers completed my tackle collection. Was I ever proud of that setup. I think my dad was just proud of my being proud and the fact that, as his oldest son, I was following in his footsteps as a fisherman.

With that rudimentary fishing rig, my dad would take me out to the cul-de-sac in front of our home, place his hand over mine on the handle, and teach me how to cast and how to release the line at just the right moment to achieve the greatest distance.

From the beginning, I was only interested in trout. Bass, crappie, bluegill, catfish; none of them held any interest for me. My dad had grown up fishing the farm ponds of Iowa so he had the warm-water bug; me, I only fished for trout and, more specifically, trout found in creeks, streams, and rivers. That was a minor difference to my dad. He just liked the fact that I fished. He would take me and my brothers to the Kern River, Yosemite's Merced River, Big Pine and Rock Creeks, and the Owens River in Mammoth to tempt pan-size rainbows with earthworms and salmon eggs; and we caught lots of fish in those days.

I still remember pouring through my dad's issues of *Sports Afield* and *Outdoor Life* and, later, my own copies of *Boys Life* looking for articles about trout fishing. My annual summer ritual—encouraged by

my dad—was to take everything out of his green metal three-tiered tackle box to admire each lure, fly, and gadget, and dream about having such a treasure trove myself someday. Every so often, my dad would spy me looking through his tackle box, walk over, and ask if there was one item that I would like to have. Christmas in July!

As I got older, my dad encouraged me to experiment with lures and open-face reels for some variation and, perhaps, the chance to catch bigger fish. That combination lasted me for years.



My dad and I would often stand a pool apart on the Kern River seeing who could outfish the other. Me, with my new Daiwa open-face reel, and my dad with his old spinning rod with the guides dulled with age, his trusty Garcia Mitchell reel, and the ever-present box of Velveeta cheese. We didn't say much, but we were in our element. We didn't need words; we knew we enjoyed being in each other's company, indulging in a common passion, and

that was enough.

Later in life, those father and son fishing trips became less frequent dwindling to a trip every few years. In the meantime, my own son was born and, after a few years, I began to teach him to fish. He took to trout fishing like a brookie to a Sierra Bright Dot. The two of us loved to stand hip-deep in the Upper Owens fishing for--what else?--trout. Now I was passing on to my son the love of a sport, an appreciation for nature, and the satisfaction of stalking a worthy opponent on his own terms that I had learned. We didn't say much on those trips, but we knew we enjoyed each other's company and we were satisfied to just fish and be together on the river.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Board Meeting	Sept. 1
Casting Clinic	Sept. 6
Monthly Club Meeting	Sept. 16
Double Haul at Lake Crowley	Sept. 18
Casting Clinic	Sept. 20
Heenan Lake Trip	Oct. 2
Casting Clinic	Oct. 4
Board Meeting	Oct. 6
Casting Clinic	Oct. 18
Monthly Meeting	Oct. 21

>>> *from page 4*

A few years later, I was introduced to fly fishing and my passion for dunking a worm and drifting salmon eggs waned in favor of the challenge of matching a dry fly hatch or high-sticking a nymph combination through a foam seam. While my son hasn't yet caught the fly fishing bug, my dad has. One successful trip on Lake Crowley—which produced a seven-pound Alpers rainbow—with a guide friend of mine did the trick. Now my dad is a committed fly fisherman—he even has the framed photos in his den to prove it.

While in the condo, before heading out to the lake or stream for the day, my dad and I enjoy sifting through my extensive fly fishing tackle collection looking at the latest fly patterns and gadgets. During those times, I'll make a mental note of anything that peaks his interest so that I can make sure it appears in his stocking the following Christmas; my dad, in fact, has a pretty good collection of fly fishing gear in his own right—a fitting supplement to the original collection still housed in its green metal three-tiered tackle box.

And, so, every spring and fall, my dad and I plan our excursions to Mammoth to continue the family tradition of father and son fishing trips. I hope to lure my own son along one of these days to pass the tradition (this time, of fly fishing), and the benefits, of fishing trips to the next generation.

Yes. Fathers and fishing do, indeed, go together.

“Famous Fishermen’s Favorite Flies”

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Charles Jardine

“I know the grasshopper pattern has saved the day for me on Colorado’s Arkansas River and its tributaries. If you see the terrestrial on or near the stream, try an imitation of it.”

Charles Meck



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The Lower Owens River, just outside of Bishop, CA offers world-class fly fishing for wild trout during the winter and spring! Join us for a 2-day educational experience to improve your success in nymph, dry fly, steamer and wet fly fishing. You will be introduced to entomology, stream structure, casting applications, short and long line presentation, reading the water, fly selection and basic knots. **NEW** this year will be a clinic dedicated to ladies only conducted by Kathy Kim and Joe Libeu. In addition, Advanced Nymphing Clinic will be offered in November. Joe Libeu, your instructor, is a certified Federation of Fly Fishers "Master" Instructor and Guide and brings with him years of experience on his home water.

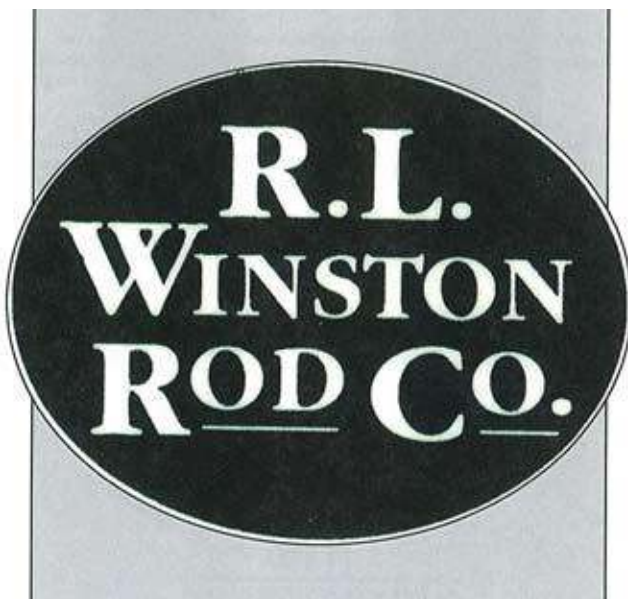


2008: October 18-19 and 24-26 (Women's Clinic)
November 1-2 and 8-9 (Advanced Nymphing class)
December 6-7 and 13-14
2009: January 10-11 and 17-18
February 1/31-2/1 and 7-8
March 6-8 (Women's Clinic) and 14-15

Classes are limited to 6 students only, so reserve your spot early! For reservation, tuition and other information call Joe Libeu 310-749-6771 (jlspla@ix.netcom.com) or Kathy Kim 714-290-6930 (kksplaf@yahoo.com)



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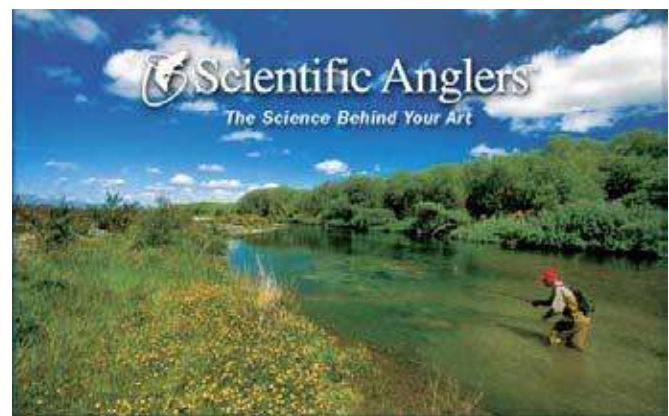
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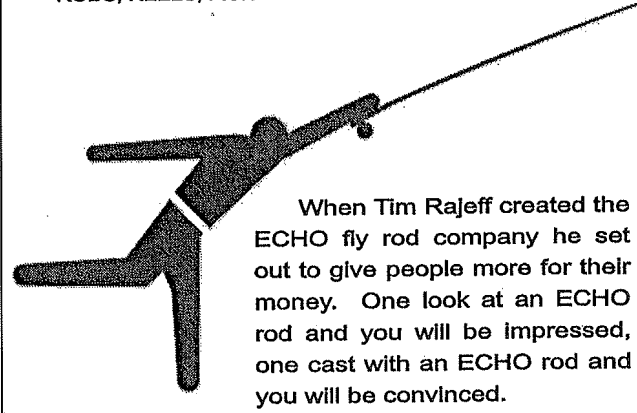
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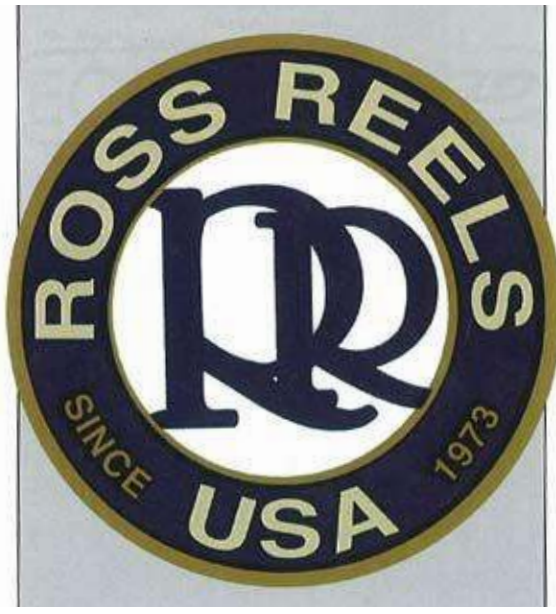




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