

Santa Cruz
Fly Fishermen
Est. 1977



To promote,
educate, and
enjoy the sport
of fly fishing

APRIL

2019

CLUB MEETING

Date: Wednesday, April 3rd
Time: Open - 6:45 PM
Meeting - 7:00 PM
Place: Aptos Grange, 2555 Mar Vista Dr., Aptos

Fly Fishing the Mokelumne River
Guest Speaker: Bill Ferrero



Bill comes to us from Lodi, California, is a graduate of Lodi High School, and, as he puts it, the school of life. Bill is employed by Cal Waste Recovery Systems in Lodi. He's a multi-talented ecologist, fly fishing guide and musician, having just wrapped up a 19-year tour and two CDs with a Bluegrass band called "Stringin' Along".

He has been fishing the Lower Mokelumne River for some 50 years, having grown up on the lower reaches of the Moke. He is a bonded and licensed Fishing Guide and River Captain for the past 15 years, who operates Mokelumne River Outfitters.

The Mokelumne is a tail water fishery with cold, clear water flowing out of Camanche Reservoir, just a few miles east of Lodi. Season dates on the Moke are usually Jan 1 to March 31 for Steelhead and Trout and then May 15 through Oct 15 for Trout, Steelhead and Salmon. There also is a limited population of Smallmouth Bass. When scheduling a trip with Bill, he will have all the available fishing dates for you.

Since 1976, he has participated in efforts to keep the Lower Mokelumne River as clean and natural as possible. The past five years this annual cleanup has been coordinated by EBMUD and Mokelumne River Outfitters, his fishing guide service in concert with the California Coastal Cleanup and the Great Sierra River Cleanup. He is a staunch supporter of the environment, both in his capacity in sales for a recycling company, and as a fishing guide.

Bill was the recipient of the 2017 Frank Beeler Watershed Stewardship Award for his many years of conservation efforts, organizing river cleanups, and his work that was instrumental in the startup of the Kid's Don't Float Program that provides free life vests to the public to use on the Mokelumne River.

Bill brings us both his passion for fishing and the environment, and his presentation is sure to be interesting and informative, so be sure to come prepared to listen and learn. Bring a friend, come early and practice your casting in the parking lot before the meeting!

FLY TYING CLASSES

Date: Wednesday, April 10th, 2019
Time: Open - 6:45 PM
Class - 7:00 PM
Place: Aptos Grange, 2555 Mar Vista Dr., Aptos

Twin Tail Bunny
Instructor: Elaine Cook



Are you getting ready for largemouth bass fishing? Well, try this one on your line. It was particularly good last spring. Let it sink, give it a short pull, then let it sink again. **Bring:** Your vise, tools, and light as well as sturdy black thread. Flat waxed nylon works well. Black sharpie pens will be available to change white to black. **Beginners:** Beginners are always welcome and all the above will be provided. **Sign Ups:** Signups are at the club meeting or by calling Elaine at 688-1561. If you sign up and later find you are unable to attend, cancellations with at least 24 hrs. notice are appreciated.

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President's Line

My Pyramid Lake Debut

By President Tom Hogue

Well, at this writing, I'm packed and ready to head out on my very first Pyramid Lake Lahontan Cutthroat Trout Fishout. After hearing so much about this and many of the other fishouts your club members organize year after year, I finally bit on this one.

I am super grateful for Kevin Murdock, Paul Schraeder and the rest of you for your encouragement and help in making this the best start to a new fly fishing adventure. Which reminds me to encourage the rest of you to consider the same. Latch onto one or more of the folks going and don't be afraid to say you don't know exactly what to do.

I didn't really need to say I didn't know much about Pyramid. When Paul asked me if I had a ladder, I said, "no, it's my first trip." He said to come over and borrow his ladder. But it's like the give a mouse a cookie thing. I went over to Paul and Bonnie's to get a ladder, but came home with a ladder, a big net, gloves, hats, literature, very specific and explicit instructions, where to stop on the way to get gas, food and...where to get my license online, and a well-organized assortment of other items-some of them, you'd never think of unless you'd been to Pyramid more than a few times. All the while hearing what an excellent, fun time I was going to have-no matter how miserable the weather might be-which, by the way, is supposed to make the fishing better there.

So, latch onto someone who's going on a trip you might be interested in and let them know it's your first time, and if they

have any advice.

Before packing for the trip today, Michael McGannon and I spent the morning at the 5th annual San Lorenzo River Symposium. It was really a nice event and I would encourage all of you to mark your calendars for the same event next year. It's a great way to find out more than you could research in a morning, about our San Lorenzo River and the watershed. There were a lot of really great people and agencies committed to restoring the river, the Steelhead, Coho and the water it deserves. Michael and I met a lot of people, and a few more who can't wait to get involved with SCFF and become members.

Speaking of members, PLEASE, if you haven't paid your membership dues, catch up with Bob Peterson right away, as he's going to print the roster and I don't want you to miss having you in it!

Thanks to you, our members, we have \$3100 for our Conservation Funding and, for a first time, a \$1200 scholarship fund for six of our local schools, one young man and one young woman in each of the schools, who are going to begin environmental studies. That's pretty exciting!

With Spring now here, come to the club meetings early, 6:30 PM or before, as the club rods and casting instructors will be out in the parking lot so you can practice your casting.

Thanks, everybody!



MONTHLY RAFFLE

April - No Fooling!

By Monthly Raffle Director Jeff Goyert

DOOR PRIZE--EVERYBODY GETS A FREE TICKET--DOOR PRIZE

Remember the old fly fisher's adage, "hope for the best, plan for the worse". (Think Pyramid Lake). You can be a step ahead of the game when the unexpected happens if you win this neat Roadside Rescue kit. This compact bag stashes away easily in your car, boat, or airplane but is full of breakdown emergency stuff; jumper cables, space blanket, rain poncho, flashlight, road reflectors, gloves, tow strap, and first aid kit. This is even room, but not included, for an emergency flask of your favorite beverage.

RAFFLE TIME! BUY A TICKET! RAFFLE TIME

We've got a nicer pair of Crocs that are perfect for summertime wet wading, stashed in the float tube, or being comfy around fish camp. The straps are fully adjustable and best of all, they float!

Springtime can sometimes mean high water, so we have a nice Maxcatch "FrogPond" style shorty vest. The short length will help keep all your gear dry but it still has plenty of room to stash all your stuff. The vented back keeps you cool when things warm up.

Two items for your "to do" list: first book a day on the Mokelumne River with famed guide Bill Ferrero and second, buy enough raffle tickets to win this super nice Blackstar high carbon 9-foot 5 weight fly rod and an Avid CNC machined T6 aluminum reel. This is a great combination for all around trout fishing; included is a rod sack, reel pouch, rod tube, and two floating lines.



2019 Board of Directors

They Work 4U

Officers:

President Tom Hogue 214-7578
 Vice President: Kevin Murdock 688-4518
 Treasurer: Jim Tolonen 475-8859
 Secretary: Angela Johnson (530) 320-

Committees:

Monthly Raffle: Jeff Goyert 462-3785
 Fishouts: John Cook 688-1561
 Newsletter Editor: Kirk Mathew 724-6811
 Webmaster/Newsletter: Pat Steele 476-0648
 Programs: Jim Black 688-8174
 Conservation: Steve Rudzinski 462-4532
 Membership: Bob Peterson 251-8655
 Fly Tying Master: Elaine Cook 688-1561
 Annual Raffle/Silent Auction: [POSITION UNFILLED]
 Annual Fund Raiser Coordinator: Mark Traugott 338-6056
 Marketing/Publicity: Michael McGannon 688-3025
 Facilities Coordinator: Stephen Rawson 588-9370

Ex Officio:

Fly Casting Master: Sam Bishop 476-6451

Member At Large:

Kathy Powers 728-4130

Board Meeting: The board meeting is usually held on the third Wednesday of the month at the home of John and Pat Steele, 331 Cabrillo Ave., Santa Cruz, at 7 PM. Club members will be notified of any changes of meeting dates and locations. Club members are all welcome and need to submit any agenda items to the President ahead of time.

Governor Gavin Newsom

1303 10th St., Ste. 1173
 Sacramento, CA 95814-<https://www.gov.ca.gov>
 (916) 445-2841



Department of the Interior

Washington, D.C. 20240
<http://www.doi.gov/index.html>

Senator Dianne Feinstein

1 Post St., #2450; <http://feinstein.senate.gov/public>
 San Francisco, CA 94104

Senator Kamala Harris

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 Phone (202) 224-3553

Anna Eschoo, 14th District Congresswoman

698 Emerson St.; annagram@mail.house.gov
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228 Cannon House Office Building
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Senator Bill Monning, Assembly Dist. 17

701 Ocean St., #318-A, Santa Cruz, CA 95060
 (831) 425-0401; <http://sd17.senate.ca.gov>

Assemblyman Mark Stone (D-Monterey Bay)

701 Ocean St, #318b, Santa Cruz, CA - (831) 425-1503
<http://asmdc.org/members/a29/>
 (Assemblyman Stone is Chair of the California Environmental Caucus)



Fishout Schedule

Date	Location	Target Species	Fishmaster
Apr. 19-21	Roostercomb Ranch	Bass	Cecilia Stipes - 335-5727
Apr. 27	Los Padres Reservoir	Trout	Roy Gunter - 809-0316
May 3-5	Roostercomb Ranch	Bass	Cecilia Stipes - 335-5727
May 11	Rio Del Mar Beach	Surf Fishing	Sam Bishop - 476-6451
June 8 or 15 (TBD)	Manresa Beach	Surf Fishing	Sam Bishop - 476-6451
July 6	Sunset Beach	Surf Fishing	Sam Bishop - 476-6451
July 13-19	Green River, UT	Trout	John Steele - 476-0648
July 14-18	Loreto, Baja Sur	Salt Water Fishing	Rich Hughett - 757-5709
Aug. 10	Rio Del Mar Beach	Surf Fishing	Sam Bishop - 476-6451
Sept. 7	Manresa Beach	Surf Fishing	Sam Bishop - 476-6451
Sept. 21-28 (#1)	Mammoth Lakes	Trout	John Cook - 688-1561
Sept. 28-Oct. 5 (#2)	Mammoth Lakes	Trout	John Cook - 688-1561
Oct. 5	Sunset Beach	Surf Fishing	Sam Bishop - 476-6451
Oct. TBA	O'Neill Forebay	Striped Bass	Steve Rudzinski - 462-4532
TBA	Central Valley	Bass	Dan Eaton - 336-2933

Fishouts are one of the most enjoyed activities our club offers. I highly recommend club members to attend and possibly organize one. If you are thinking of sponsoring a club fishout, please give me a call. Club fishouts can be structured in many ways, from simple to involved. I will be glad to help you put one together. Call me, John Cook, at 688-1561.

Catchy Releases

2019 Recreational Ocean Salmon Fishery to Open Off Much of the California Coast in April

From <https://cdfgnews.wordpress.com>

MARCH 15, 2019

California's recreational salmon fishery will open in ocean waters on Saturday, April 6 in the Monterey management area, between Pigeon Point (37° 11' 00" N. latitude) south to the U.S.-Mexico border. In the Fort Bragg and San Francisco management areas, between Horse Mountain (40° 05' 00" N. latitude) and Pigeon Point, the recreational salmon fishery will open on Saturday, April 13.

The Klamath Management Zone (Horse Mountain to the Oregon state line) will remain closed for the month of April. The remaining 2019 season dates will be finalized next month.

At its meeting this week in Vancouver, Wash., the Pacific Fishery Management Council (PFMC) made the decision to open limited sections of the California coast on April 6 and April 13. Returns of Sacramento River fall Chinook and Klamath River fall Chinook in 2018 were insufficient to overcome their "overfished" status this year.

"Continued concerns over the overfished status of Sacramento and Klamath River fall Chinook, as well as protections for threatened and endangered stocks, are expected to limit salmon seasons in certain times and areas this year," said Kandice Morgenstern, an environmental scientist with the California Department of Fish and Wildlife (CDFW). "Despite these constraints, we expect California sport anglers to see a greater amount of fishing opportunity overall compared to last year."

Traditionally, fishing in the Monterey area is better early

in the season. Recreational fishing representatives prioritized opening this area ahead of others on the California coast, though it may lead to decisions to close the season earlier in Monterey than in other areas. Delaying the opener in areas to the north should allow for more fishing opportunity there later in the year, when catch rates are typically better.

Final season dates will be decided during the April 9-16 PFMC meeting in Rohnert Park. The public is invited to comment on the PFMC's season proposals at that meeting, at a hearing scheduled for 7 p.m. on Tuesday, March 26 at the Hampton Inn (1160 Airport Park Blvd.) in Ukiah, or through the PFMC website at www.pcouncil.org

In April, the minimum size limit in the Fort Bragg management area is 20 inches total length. In the San Francisco and Monterey management areas, the

minimum size limit is 24 inches total length.

Anglers are advised to check for updated information when planning a salmon fishing trip. Season dates, bag/possession limit information, and gear restrictions can be found on CDFW's ocean salmon webpage at www.wildlife.ca.gov/oceansalmon. Public notification of any in-season change to conform state regulations to federal regulations is made through the NMFS ocean salmon hotline at (800) 662-9825.

Media Contacts:

Kandice Morgenstern, CDFW Marine Region, (707) 576-2879
Harry Morse, CDFW Communications, (208) 220-1169



VOLUNTEERS NEEDED!

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

April 19th Fly Fishing Youth Training at Gault Elementary

- * April 19th: 3:00-4:30.
- * Training at San Lorenzo River, or on school campus
- * 14 students on field trip, 20 students if on school campus. Youth are in 1st, 2nd, 4th and 5th grade.
- * Minimum number of Volunteers: 3, Ideal number of volunteers 5

- * Two stations with half of the students learning fly fishing; half of the group learning about benthic macroinvertebrates. Then the two groups would switch stations; twenty minutes per station
- * Briefly demonstrate how to fly cast (5 minutes), watch the youth fly cast and give tips (5) minutes and then give students 10 minutes to enjoy the experience of being a fly fisherperson.

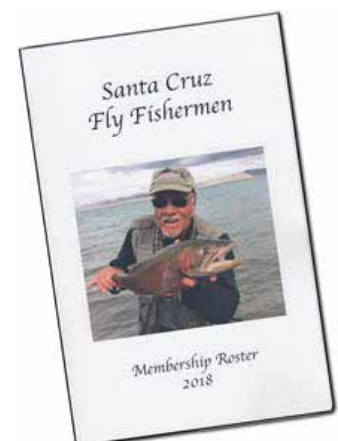
MEMBERSHIP NOTE

The Membership Roster

By Membership Director Bob Peterson

We are finalizing our roster and are going to print the first week in April and will have available at the April meeting. We are presently at 125 members and hoping for twenty more members who have not renewed for 2019.

Welcome new members: Judith Johnson, Mark and Laura Coor, John Bohn, Aaron Diciano, Noel Deguzman, Grant Dow, Matt Fidiam, Steven Pappas, and Jeff Rosendale.



Catchy Releases

When the River Took John Squires From <https://www.outsideonline.com>

This story is lengthy, but even though this event took place over a year ago, it is still relevant, as the SCFF includes a contribution in our budget to the Alaska Trout Unlimited, to prevent the Pebble Mine from resuming operation that damages Alaskan habitat, donated in John Squire's name. It also serves as a warning to us all to pay attention to our gut feelings about the dangers of rafting in waters when conditions are hazardous.

For years, three old friends from California had been making an annual pilgrimage to fish Alaska's wild and pristine waterways. But in 2018, only two came home.

Devyn Powell's De Havilland Beaver bumped across the whitecapped surface of Hammersly Lake, in Alaska's Katmai National Park and Preserve, for 200 yards before the aircraft settled to an uneasy stop. The veteran bush pilot cut the engine, and the propeller went silent, leaving only the roar of American Creek, a short distance away across the tundra. It was June 19, 2018, and the river was louder than John Squires, August Smith, and Randy Viglienzzone had expected at this distance, but the excitement of being back in Alaska drowned out any alarm bells in their heads.

The men unloaded their gear, then watched as Powell's floatplane took off, leaving them more than 50 miles from the nearest road. They set to work organizing their gear and inflating their NRS raft, which belonged to Squires, a mostly-retired court reporter from Lodi, California. Though all three men had experience on big Alaskan rivers, Squires had the most - which made him the de facto leader of this six-day float. He was 71 years old. Smith was 76, and Viglienzzone was 68. The men, all from California, had been friends for many years.

Each man wore Gore-Tex waders and a puffy jacket - Smith's a bright blue, which Squires gave him hell for, grouching that gaudy colors interfered with the beauty of the wilderness. Smith also wore a knit hat with puff balls dangling from the earflaps, earning him more hell. Smith and Viglienzzone each carried a .44-caliber Ruger Alaskan pistol holstered at the chest, a precaution against bears.

There was much to do, and everything takes longer on the tundra. They'd caught a window between storm fronts, but more bad weather was blowing in. The same winds that stirred the surface of the lake now lashed them as they pulled together their gear. It took all three men to lug the raft several hundred yards to the river. Finally, with fly rods assembled and camping gear tied down tight, they shoved off. A swift current grabbed hold of the raft, and Squires confidently leaned into the oars.

Locals refer to the river simply as the American. Famous for the abundance and size of its rainbow and Dolly Varden trout, the river winds through the tundra for 40 miles, dropping more than 1,000 feet from its headwaters at Hammersly Lake to the braided inlets of Lake Coville. American Creek is larger than its name suggests, and its character changes dramatically with the seasons and the weather. In August, it can be too low to float. But now, in June, it was still very much spring in Katmai. Local guides know that running the American that early brings all kinds of hazards. Snowmelt from the Aleutian Range and storms blowing in from the Bering Sea can quickly swell the river to dangerous levels. Channels that had been open the season before can be clogged with logs and other debris.

Squires' group was only the second to float the American that season. They were three days behind a professional guide with two clients, camped somewhere on the river below.

It was midmorning when they finally pushed off. The plan

was to average around six river miles per day. The first day would be the shortest; they intended to float just a few miles, stopping along the way to fish, before making their first camp. But what Squires's group encountered that morning was not the river they'd expected.

John Squires had first set boots in the Alaska wilderness 15 years earlier, on a backpacking trip in Lake Clark National Park. Since then the Last Frontier had never been far from his mind. He stored his rafting equipment in a lockbox at the floatplane launch in the sparsely populated Alaskan village of Iliamna and returned each summer to fish. In recent years, Viglienzzone and Smith were regulars in his raft.

Together they'd floated hundreds of miles of whitewater, doing things in their retirement years that the average 30-year-old would think twice about. They'd lowered their gear down a 30-foot waterfall on the Copper and fired warning shots over a charging bear on the Koktuli.

"Not everybody is wired for it," said Joe Hauner, Squires's 38-year-old stepson and, most years, his right-hand man on the Alaska trips. Without a guide, the trips were often brutally exhausting. But, as Hauner explained, that was part of the fun. "You want it to suck 90 percent of the time, because that other 10 percent is what no one else gets. If everybody liked it, then it wouldn't be great."

For these men, doing everything themselves was important. The months of planning were as much a part of the adventure as the trip itself. To go through a lodge or hire a guide would have been to miss the point.

"The closeness and friendship is what it's all about," said Viglienzzone. "For six months before the Alaska trips, we would get together to plan and to tie flies. It was a whole romance."

Do-it-yourself trips are not uncommon on Alaska's remote rivers, but a group with an average age above 70 is nearly unheard-of. "Not many people can handle it," said Chad Hewitt, owner of Rainbow River Aviation - the air taxi service in Iliamna - and the Rainbow River Lodge. "And the ones who do, it's definitely a younger crowd."

Still, slowing down was never a consideration for Viglienzzone, Smith, and Squires. They would begin planning their next Alaska trip almost as soon as the last one ended.

Based on research online and conversations with locals, they had expected to encounter moderate flows this far up, at the headwaters of the American. They were told they'd likely even need to drag their raft through some shallow sections. But it had been storming in Katmai for nearly a week; the river was unusually high, even for June, and still rising. As soon as they launched, they knew something wasn't right.

We do not belong on this river, Smith thought. But he kept it to himself.

There were none of the exposed gravel bars they'd expected to find. None of the softer current seams or slower eddies. Mile after mile, for 50 feet from bank to bank, the current was relentless. They'd been warned about a few massive midriver boulders, which normally

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...*Catchy Releases-Cont'd. from p. 5*

stood several feet above the surface. The ones they saw were almost completely submerged.

It was nearly impossible to stop and rest. Twice they pulled off the river and searched for a spot to camp and wait for the river to come down to a manageable level. But the banks had been overrun, and both areas were swamped with water. They had no choice but to continue.

Squires was on the oars for five hours, in a constant battle with water and rock, his arms growing increasingly fatigued. Holding the heavy oars up out of the water was strenuous, but whenever a blade dipped below the surface it caught the top of a boulder, jamming the handle into his face or ribs.

With the water at this level, arguably more dangerous than the boulders was the wood. Jagged logjams and overhanging tangles of branches known as sweepers awaited them around every bend. Sometime after 4 p.m., the raft washed into a sharp left-hand turn. The river narrowed and the water accelerated, funneling them toward a twisted mass of downed wood.

"Sweeper!" they yelled in unison. Squires quickly angled the raft away from the hazard, back-rowing as hard as he could, but there was no avoiding it. He was a skilled oarsman, but he was exhausted, and the current was too strong.

That's it, Smith thought. We're going under.

On backcountry trips, John Squires would let his beard grow in to match his mustache. Both were now white, as was his closely trimmed hair. He had a tattoo on his left forearm: a river, mountains, and a raven in flight. The wilderness was literally a part of him.

Squires grew up exploring the mountains near his hometown of Lodi, in California's Central Valley, when the Sierra Nevada was still truly wild. Together with his wife, Vicki, he brought up three children and two stepchildren the same way he was raised - backpacking and fishing. Squires was always in search of the most remote destinations. When California's Desolation Wilderness no longer lived up to its name, he moved farther afield: Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and, eventually, Alaska.

His goal was solitude, but Squires enjoyed sharing the experience. He met Smith, then a high school teacher in Lodi, in the early 1980s, through mutual friends. Eventually, Smith introduced him to Viglienze, a successful commercial insurance broker from Morada, California.

All three men were cut from the same cloth. Viglienze was more likely to sleep in the back of his 4Runner next to a trout stream than be pampered by a lodge. Though his hair and broad mustache had both gone white too, he had a youthful energy. A real "drop-of-the-hat kind of guy," Smith said. Viglienze raced sprint cars and street rods, freedived for abalone, and made his own wine and grappa.

After Smith retired from teaching in 2003, he took up farming full-time on a 13-acre parcel near town. He stayed lean and athletic well into his seventies by doing most of the labor himself and by going to the gym three days a week. "Doing the wilderness stuff, you've got to be in halfway decent shape," he said.

He'd spent much of his retirement in the Sierra, fly-fishing remote mountain lakes and horse-packing dozens of miles into the backcountry. Smith's golden years were never going to be sedentary.

The three men became fast friends, thanks to a shared appreciation for wild places and the hard work it took to reach them. "I don't hire anybody to do this stuff," Viglienze would say. "Life's too short."

Smith was the first to go overboard. He was seated in the

bow, and the momentum of the raft pushed him into the alders, where a large branch swept him out of his seat and into the rushing water. Squires went next. His left oar became wedged in the tangle of wood. The oar swung violently in its oarlock, knocking him into the river and crumpling the raft's aluminum frame.

Smith's waders started to fill with water, and the pistol strapped to his chest felt like a weight pulling him under. Bouncing along the river bottom eight feet under, he took a sharp blow from a rock above his right eye. He grasped for any handhold within reach, finally wrapping his arms around a boulder and pulling himself to shore.

Alone in the raft, Viglienze lunged for the oars, trying to regain control. He shouted back and forth with Squires, who was fighting the current and trying to swim to shore, but neither could hear the other over the water's roar. Viglienze didn't see the boulder until it was too late. The raft hit broadside and flipped, tossing him into the rapids. Before it rocketed away, he managed to grab hold of the overturned boat. At the mercy of the current, he ricocheted from boulder to boulder for nearly a mile before the raft finally drifted into a side channel. There, a tree limb jutted above the water. He released his grip on the raft and lunged for the branch. Hand over hand, he pulled himself to shore.

Smith and Viglienze were both out of the American, but on opposite sides of the river, separated by nearly a mile. They were exhausted, beat up, and in the early stages of hypothermia, in an area with one of the highest concentrations of brown bears in Alaska. It was raining steadily, and neither had any way to start a fire.

You're screwed, Viglienze thought.

It had been six hours since they'd launched their raft. Neither had seen each other - or Squires - since the boat flipped. They were less than ten miles from where they'd launched and 30 miles from the takeout. Still, both men intuitively made the decision to head downstream. After all, their raft, gear, food, and - they hoped - friends were all somewhere below.

Smith walked for hours, stopping once to fire a round from his .44 into the air. All he heard in response was the constant droning rush of the American. After a while he spotted the overturned raft tangled in a logjam. There was no sign of his friends.

Viglienze didn't hear the shot. Downstream, on the opposite side of the river, he kept walking. You've got to move, he thought. He followed a bear trail along the shoreline, shouting "Hey, bear!" every third step, glancing often over his shoulder.

Amazingly - after setting off from different starting points and walking for several hours - the two men suddenly spotted each other across the river.

"Where's John?" Smith mouthed over the roar of the river.

Viglienze shrugged.

The American was still too high to cross, so the men walked downstream on opposite banks, trying to stay within sight of each other. Soon, Smith's path veered into the woods, and they lost sight. Night fell after midnight. The temperature dipped into the forties, but to Smith, who was still soaking wet, it felt colder. Exhausted, he curled up beneath a pine tree just off the bear trail and pulled his puff-balled hat down over his face.

If a bear gets me, a bear gets me, he thought.

He couldn't sleep, and after waiting out the darkness under the tree, he hit the trail again just before 6 a.m. Shortly after setting out, he caught a glimpse of something bright red through the trees. When he investigated, he found a drybag propped against a tree. And beyond it, a campsite.

On June 20, Mike Goeser was three days into an eight-

...*Catchy Releases-Cont'd. from p. 6*

day float with his clients John Drawbert, an orthopedic surgeon from Wisconsin, and Drawbert's son Hans. The river had been high when they put in, and it had only got worse. There's no gauge on the American, so it's impossible to know for sure, but by Goeser's reckoning the river was now at twice its average June flow.

Soft-spoken, with a faint Wisconsin accent, Goeser was a former college football player from the University of Minnesota Duluth. At 36, he was still built like a defensive end.

Not much could surprise the veteran guide. But that morning he and the Drawberts emerged from their tents to find an elderly man, soaking wet and badly bruised, collapsed in a camp chair.

It was Smith. Barely able to speak, he pointed toward the far bank. There, shivering in a cloud of mosquitoes, sat Viglienze.

"Load everything up - now!" Goeser barked. "We'll go down about 300 yards. There's a little rocky outcropping there." Goeser gave Smith some dry layers and then used his satellite phone to call the National Park Service and his boss, Chad Hewitt, at Rainbow River Lodge in Iliamna. The men quickly broke camp. Although Viglienze was directly across the river, reaching him wasn't going to be easy. They were separated by a wave train of whitewater six feet high. Goeser put everything he had into the oars.

"Get downstream!" he shouted to Viglienze.

For every yard they gained across the river, they were pushed three yards downstream. Finally, the raft bumped up against the rocks on the far bank. With the help of Hans, Goeser was able to pull Viglienze in.

Now everyone was in danger. The weather was worsening, and there were five large men in a fully loaded raft designed for three.

Communication with Hewitt was spotty; Goeser had a better connection with Bill Betts, the owner of the Iliamna River Lodge, who relayed messages to Hewitt. Still, Hewitt had heard enough to know that a friend was in trouble. Squires had been using Rainbow River Aviation for years, and he and Hewitt had become close.

Hewitt wasted no time. He had his most experienced guide, Jon Streeter, quickly gear up for a search and rescue run of American Creek. Streeter stood six-foot-one, but his powerful frame - the result of 20 years rowing Alaskan rivers - made him look taller. His facial hair changed with his moods, but he always wore a blue Michigan Wolverines baseball hat. Streeter asked Zach Nemelka, a young camp hand, to join him. They met Hewitt at the float plane and flew a low, searching pass over the American before landing at Hammersly Lake. Streeter and Nemelka were on the river by 10:30 that morning.

Hewitt continued to search from the air, relaying coordinates for areas of interest to Streeter on the raft below. Two helicopters were also now en route - a Park Service search and rescue chopper, and a Coast Guard Apache equipped with infrared thermal scanning.

The park rangers instructed Goeser to find a spot where they could land their helicopter, but his group was just above a long canyon whose cliff walls rose several hundred feet above the river.

"There's no way you'll be able to bring a helicopter in there," Goeser told them.

They'd need to find a spot above the canyon. The only option was a narrow boulder bar, overgrown with alders. Goeser put the entire group to work clearing brush, including Smith and Viglienze, hoping it might warm them up. Once the site was cleared, they built a fire and waited.

When the helicopter arrived, the pilot studied the makeshift landing zone for several minutes, clearly concerned about the safety of putting the bird down on such sketchy terrain. Finally he landed.

The Park Service ranger assessed the situation and determined that Smith and Viglienze were stable enough to float the 30 miles to the takeout with the in-bound Streeter and Nemelka. There they'd catch a ride from Hewitt. The Park Service helicopter would stay and search for Squires.

A nervous silence fell over the group. Smith and Viglienze didn't want to get back on the American, not after what they'd been through. Finally, Viglienze spoke up.

"I'm alive, he said to the ranger. "Go get John." Smith nodded.

Streeter arrived at the boulder bar at 1:30 p.m. He'd floated past the point where Squires was last spotted but saw nothing but alders and river rocks. Smit and Viglienze loaded into Streeter's raft. Eight hours later, when Hewitt's floatplane touched down on the flooded braids of the lower river to pick them up, Streeter's group was waiting. Streeter had rowed the entire length of American Creek - normally a six-day float - in a single day, an unheard-of feat of oarsmanship and endurance. The guides were exhausted. Smith and Viglienze were hypothermic. It was late, and a weather system was closing in.

"Get in now, we're getting out of here!" Hewitt shouted. Minutes later they were airborne, headed to Iliamna.

For the next five days, Hewitt had his planes in the air constantly, funding the search effort out of his own pocket. Vicki Squires and her sons - Joe Hauner and Joe's brother, Dan - flew to Iliamna on Monday, June 25. Goeser, who had finished out his trip guiding the Drawberts down some of the hairiest water he'd ever encountered on the American, picked them up from the airstrip and drove them to the lodge.

"We're going back," Goeser told the family. "We're going to do everything we can to bring him home." What he didn't say was that at this point, they were likely searching for a body.

On Tuesday morning, Hewitt flew the family members and Goeser and Nemelka up to Hammersly Lake. It had been one week since the accident. The two guides launched their raft for another search. The family wandered the tundra near the American's headwaters. Hope had faded.

"We wanted to see the river," said Hauner. "We hung out for an hour. We took a rock. Things you do."

In the weeks following the accident Hewitt and his guides recovered almost all the group's gear, including their raft. They found no sign of John Squires. Smith and Viglienze flew home to their families in California. Their bruises healed, but the pain remained. Still, the disaster on American Creek won't keep them out of the wilderness. John wouldn't want that.

"A lot of people will never do things like this," Smith said. "They'll never know what it's all about. I want to keep doing it as long as I can"

"I want to finish it," said Viglienze, who plans to return to the American next summer, guided by the men who saved his life. "But I feel like I don't deserve to enjoy it, because John didn't get to."

His friends and family will tell you that John Squires's legacy is larger than the length and width of one river.

"His heart was in Alaska," said Hewitt. "He was the real deal."

The Santa Cruz Fly Fishermen has donated to the Alaska Trout Unlimited in Jon Squires' name. If you wish to donate as well, please send your contribution, marked in his name, to:

Trout Unlimited Alaska Fund

3105 Lakeshore DR #102B

Anchorage AK 99517

(earmark your contribution for the "Save Bristol Bay- Stop the Pebble Mine" fund)

GEARING UP

Roostercomb Ranch Fishouts - April 19-21 and May 3-5, 2019

Fishmaster: Cecilia Stipes - (831) 335-5727; flyfishgal3@aol.com

This is our club's 19th annual fishout to the Roostercomb Ranch, owned and operated by Scott Wilkinson.

This private ranch is located adjacent to Henry Coe State Park, 22 miles off Hwy 152 from the entrance which is five miles from Casa de Fruta Restaurant in Hollister. It is a three-day fun-filled weekend with fishing and boating nine bass ponds, hiking, birding and photography on nearly 6,000 acres.

The ponds are primarily fished from float tubes or from the bank using woolly buggers and poppers. You can also bring conventional spin rods and gear. Accommodations are the 1928 ranch house and a cowboy bunk house, or if you prefer, your own tent or vehicle. Breakfasts and dinner meals/barbecues are organized by teams. Lunches, snacks and beverages are individuals' responsibilities.



For more details, please feel free to call me. Last I spoke with Scott, the roads were rough and the river high (Jan. 30). The terrain is rough, rocky and sometimes steep, so all vehicles MUST be 4-WD driving in/out and around the ranch! If you do not have a 4-WD vehicle, I can make arrangements to carpool you with other members or with Scott. Non-fishers are always welcome. Each fishout is limited to 15 fishers and 4 non-fishers.

NOTE: You are only able to call in for yourself and your partner, and children. **COST: \$250 /person** (no charge for children 12 yrs and under). The earliest sign-up for either or both fishouts, is by

phone: **Wednesday, March 27, 7:00 pm. Your confirmation is not complete until I receive your check.** Check payable to: Cecilia Stipes Mail: 328 Capelli Drive, Felton, CA 95018.

Los Padres Reservoir Fishout - Saturday, April 27th, 2019

Fishmaster: Roy Gunter - 809-0316

Los Padres Reservoir is located East of Carmel Valley Village. The best route is Carmel Valley Road East about 8 miles to a right turn on Cachagua Road to a right turn into and through Princess Camp then about .5 miles to the Reservoir parking lot. You have to carry your float tube about .5 miles into the reservoir and launch from the dam. Lake is about a mile long. Best to arrive before daybreak. Parking lot usually fills up opening day.

DO NOT LEAVE ITEMS VISIBLE WITHIN YOUR VEHICLE OR ON THE SHORE.

Fishing is very similar to Goodwin Lake: very few hits on the surface; use long sinking lines (I like Rio T-11 or Type 7); must pinch barbs (Fish and Game enforcement very active at reservoir); flies sizes 8 and 10 hooks, types black and brown woolly buggers, Denny Rikards seal buggers (orange, olive and black) and leeches (brown and black), Hale Bopp leeches (black, brown and wine) and Hornburgs. No signups necessary, anyone wishing to fish should just show up and if you can find me on the reservoir say "Hi" and ask where to fish. In general, fish in 10 to 20-foot depths. There are huge brown trout, rainbows up to 24" and a chance to catch steelhead much bigger.

Loreto Fly Fishing Trip in July 2019 - Sign Up Now!

Fishmaster: Rich Hughett - 831-757-5709

Experience a new HIGH! Fish for Dorado, and many other saltwater fish, including Bonito, Roosters, Yellowtail and Sailfish on a fly! Join the group going to Loreto in Baja from Sunday, July 14th through Thursday, July 18th. This trip includes:

- * Four nights at the beautiful Hotel La Mision, on the waterfront, next to the Loreto Harbor.
- * Three days of fishing on 24 foot Super Pangas.
- * Ground transfers and fishing licenses.

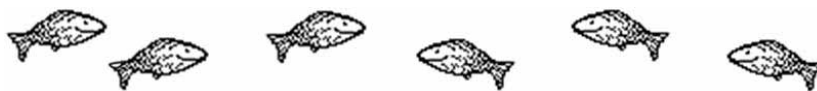
It does not include meals, because there are some nice restaurants (A lot of fresh seafood!) in town or if you prefer, eat at the hotel, where they will also cook your catch.

The fishing day starts around 6:00 a.m. and we usually

get back to the harbor between 1:30 and 2:00 p.m. Spend the rest of the afternoon fishing from the beach, having a cool drink in the pool, exploring Loreto, or just sitting around telling some tall fish stories. And, you will have many exciting moments on the Sea of Cortez to talk about.

The approximate cost for everything but meals and airfare is: \$795.00 per person (double occupancy). Interested? Please contact Rich Hughett, 831-757-5709, for all the details. We will need to book airline flights*, rooms and pangas as soon as possible.

* Southwest Airlines from San Jose and Alaska Airlines from Los Angeles to Loreto. Rich will help with your airline reservations.



GEARING UP

Green River Fishout - July 13-19, 2019

Fishmaster: John Steele - 476-0648

The Green River Fishout is scheduled for July 13th through July 19th, 2019 (Saturday through the following Friday).

The Green River has its headwaters in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming, and is the largest tributary of the Colorado River. It reemerges from Flaming Gorge Reservoir Dam, situated in the northeast corner of Utah, and the tailwaters are where our group will fish. The water released from the dam is regulated to maintain an optimum temperature and flow that has created a world-famous blue-ribbon trout fishery. It carves its way through a spectacular red rock canyon and is the home of a healthy number of large brown and rainbow trout. It is rare to catch one under 16 inches, and not uncommon to catch several over 20 inches. You can walk a well-maintained trail along the river and bank fish, and/or book a guide to drift the river. The Trout Creek Flies and On The Fly guides are all very competent, excellent teachers, and provide all



your terminal tackle, plus a delicious riverside lunch.

Lodging for some of the Santa Cruz Fly Fishermen group will be at Trout Creek Flies Lodge, which has cabins that can accommodate up to four fishers each, and have mini-fridges and microwaves, and there is an on-site restaurant. John has reserved two cabins thus far, so you wish to stay there, please call Trout Creek at 435-885-3355, and tell them you are with the Steele group. There are other lodging options in the area, namely, Flaming Gorge, (435) 889-3773, and Red Canyon Lodge, (435)

889-3759, and other dining opportunities as well. Your accommodations are up to you to reserve.

If you intend to go on this fishout, please let John know, so he can determine how to schedule guides. At this time of year, both accommodations and guide books fill up, so if your summer-time plans include the Green River, call John ASAP.

Mammoth Lakes Fishout - Sept. 21st-28th and Sept. 28th-Oct. 5th

Fishmaster: John Cook - 688-1561

This fishout will take place over two consecutive one-week periods, Sept. 21st through Sept 28th, and Sept. 28th-Oct. 5th. You may sign up for one of these two periods, or both.

Location: Mammoth Lakes is on the eastern side of the Sierras, six to seven hours drive from Santa Cruz. There are many lakes and streams in the area for us to fish. We will be staying in condominiums in the town of Mammoth Lakes. There will be two people per bedroom. If you would like to have your own bedroom, it will be \$540 per week.

Cost: \$310 per person per week. This covers seven nights' lodging with three meals per day. Sign up for either week, for \$310, or both weeks for \$620.

Meal Preparation: Each person will be assigned to a group for a Kitchen Day. The group will set out breakfast and lunch foods,

store unused food, prepare the evening meal and clean up on the day assigned.



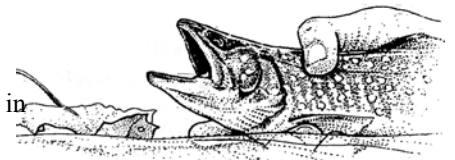
Sign Up: Starting February 15th through April 22nd the first people who send me their money will get first shot at a spot. When you send me the money, state which week you want. **Money is not refundable** unless someone takes your place. I will let everyone know after April 30th. Make plans with friends to secure a spot for each of you. I must receive your money **before April 22nd**. Mail your check, made out to **John Cook, to P.O. Box 2822, Aptos, CA, 95001-2822**.

I will maintain a waiting list for each week. If a space becomes available, you will be notified by phone.

Unused funds: Any funds received but not spent on the Fishout will be used for prizes for our annual fund raiser.

Bait for Thought Not Crazy

I think I fish, in part, because it's an anti-social, bohemian business that, when gone about properly, puts you forever outside the mainstream culture without actually landing you in an institution. - *John Gierach*

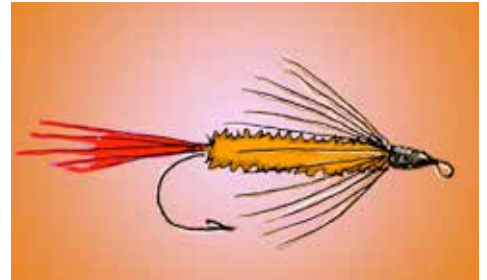


FLY OF THE MONTH

Polar Shrimp

It is time to get ready for Sam's surf fishouts. He is a big believer in flies that have orange or red incorporated in their tying materials. He also touts simple flies. This fly has both those attributes. It can also be used for steelhead and salmon in moving water.

Hook: TMC 5263 or Daiichi 1352, size 8 (for steelhead and salmon, Mustad 36890 or other upturned eye, size 6)
Thread: Orange 6/0
Tail: Scarlet red hackle
Body: Orange chenille
Hackle: Orange strung hackle
Wing: White calf tail



1. Crimp barb.
2. Attach thread behind eye, wrap to rear of shank.
3. With tips of barbs extending 1/2 hook length beyond shank, attach to top of shank.
4. Tie in chenille at rear of shank, advance thread forward to 1/4 back on shank. Wrap chenille forward in touching wraps. Tie off, cut excess. Advance thread to 1/2 way to eye.
5. Select hackle with barbs 2 to 3 times hook gap. Crew cut butts. (Cut fuzzy ends, at butt end cut 5-6 barbs short on each side of stem.) Tie crewcut in, tip to rear, shiny side toward you. Make 5-6 wraps, tie off, cut excess. Stroke barbs to rear and tie in place back to body.
6. Cut small clump of hairs from calf tail. Clean out underfur. With tips extending to mid tail, make one wrap around hairs, then 5-6 wraps around hairs and shank. Cut excess hairs. Tie in, covering butts up to hook eye. Tie off, cut thread. Apply Zap-A-Gap to thread wraps.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

Herb-Crusted Lingcod Fillets From <https://www.realgoodfish.com>

Ingredients:

Fillet of Lingcod (Cut into as many servings as you like)
2 tablespoons olive oil
Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste
1 tablespoon each (dried): oregano, basil, thyme, and rosemary
1 small yellow or brown onion, sliced
4 tablespoons butter melted

Cooking Directions:

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

1. Liberally coat Lingcod with olive oil.
2. Mix and crumble herbs then place each fillet in mixture lightly coating each side.
3. Season the fillets with salt and fresh ground pepper.
4. Melt butter in a Pyrex cup, and drizzle the melted butter evenly over the herbed fillets.
5. Place in a baking dish, with onions surrounding the fillets for essence.
6. Add the Lingcod to the oven and cook for 20 minutes.
7. Remove Lingcod and let cool 3 min. Plate Lingcod with wilted onions over the fillets.



Serve with Tartar Sauce and Fresh Lemon wedges.



APRIL 2019

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1 <i>April Fool's Day</i>	2	3 Club Meeting 7 PM Aptos Grange	4	5 NewMoon ●	6
7	8	9	10 Fly Tying Class-7 PM Aptos Grange	11	12 1st Qtr ☾	13
14 <i>Palm Sunday</i>	15	16	17 Board Mtg. 7 PM Steele home	18 After school fly fishing program- Gault Elem. 4-5:30 PM	19 FullMoon ● <i>Good Friday</i>	20 Roostercomb Fishout
21 <i>Easter Sunday</i> Roostercomb Fishout →	22 <i>Earth Day</i>	23	24	25	26 LastQtr ☾ <i>Arbor Day</i>	27 Los Padres Reservoir Fishout
28	29	30				

MAY 2019

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1 Club Meeting 7 PM Aptos Grange	2	3 Roostercomb ←	4 NewMoon ● Fishout
5 Roostercomb Fishout →	6	7	8 Fly Tying Class - 7 PM Aptos Grange	9	10	11 1st Qtr ☾ Surf Fishout RioDelMar Beach
12	13	14	15 Board Mtg. 7 PM Steele home	16	17	18 FullMoon ●
19 Intro to Fly Fishing Quail Hollow Ranch 10 AM-3 PM	20	21	22	23	24	25 LastQtr ☾
26	27	28	29	30	31	