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Edition

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From our President

Let's Talk Winners



Wil Huett, Rocky Mountain Flycasters
President and Lifetime Member of TU

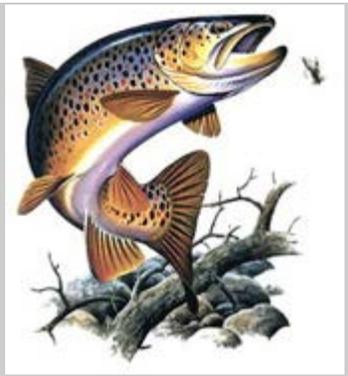
We've probably all heard the old bromide "You are known by the company you keep". If you give any credence at all to that statement it's another reason to be sure you attend the November meeting of our RMF chapter. And if you bring a guest or two they will be impressed by the company you keep.

Why is that? Because your chapter is a winning team made up of winning individuals. Example is our immediate past president Dick Jefferies. In the photo below you see Dick receiving the Colorado Trout Unlimited Outstanding Volunteer Award for 2015. David Nickum, Executive Director of CTU, is presenting the certificate. It's also worth noting that Dick was elected last spring to the CTU Board of Directors.



David Nickum presents certificate to Dick Jefferies

In 2011 our chapter was honored by CTU for Outstanding Youth Education Programs and our Youth Coordinator, Dennis Cook, was



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named the Outstanding Chapter Volunteer. In 2012 our Conservation chair, Dave Piske was named CTU's Outstanding Chapter Volunteer and the chapter was honored as the most improved in the state.

In 2014 RMF was again honored by CTU with its Exemplary Chapter honor for "outstanding programs across the spectrum - strong community engagement, outstanding communications, vibrant youth programs including a summer day camp, and meaningful conservation projects.

In particular, the chapter was recognized for its leadership in promoting watershed health in the aftermath of two natural disasters effecting its home waters on the Poudre and Big Thompson Rivers - the 2012 High Park fire and the 2013 floods." Another winner you'll see at RMF meetings and on our fishing trips is Lee Evans a three-term past president who was recognized in February 2014 by Field and Stream

magazine for his ongoing dedication to conservation. Being honored by a magazine which has been an influential outdoor voice since its founding in 1895 is no small achievement and reflects well on all of us who value Lee's friendship and leadership. And as the true conservationist Lee is, he immediately donated the \$500 award for that honor to our chapter!

That's not all the individual awards I could name, just all I have space for, so when you see other folks like Paul Wehr, Jerry Pelis, Dennis and Amy Galyardt and Jake Ruthven, know you are in the presence of winners as well.

Finally, there is no denying that the members of RMF as a group are also winners. Back in May 2012, shortly after hearing about the efforts to eradicate invasive Lake Trout, which were decimating the native cutthroat fishery in Yellowstone Lake, your Board of Trustees proposed a matching grant challenge. The Board vowed to match up to \$1,000 of donations from members and public sources. The goal was to raise enough funds to provide radio-tracking gear in the battle against the lakers. That goal was not only met, it was exceeded - in just ten days! That's evidence RMF members believe the TU maxim "Take care of the fish and the fishing will take care of itself."

So, come mingle with winners on Nov 18th... and bring along a guest you want to impress. See you then.

Wil Huett, President
Rocky Mountain Flycasters

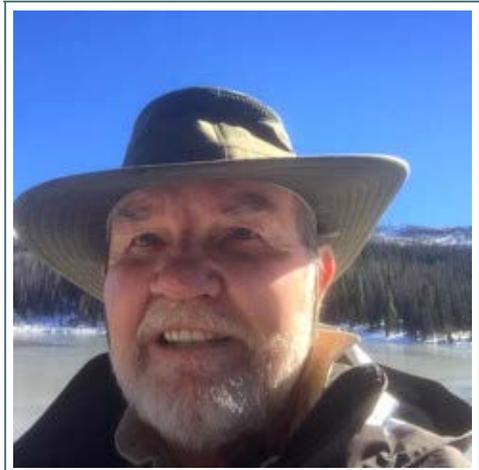
Chapter Event Calendar

From Our Editor

The November 2016 Volunteer Survey

Later in this issue of The Flypaper Dave Piske, our Conservation Chair, summarizes and thanks everyone for help with the 2015 volunteer season. It was a memorable year with lots of projects, lots of satisfaction and lots of fun. Thanks to Dave for continuing his legendary leadership to our conservation mission.

But, its also time to begin planning for 2016. As you know our TU chapter has grown tremendously over the past few years; and, as President Wil Huett wrote in his monthly Flypaper letter (above) we received ample individuation chapter recognition and awards for that growth. However, we've also committed ourselves to new and important projects on the Front Range in 2016.



RMF Flypaper Editor Bob Green

That's where you come in. We want to know the types of volunteer activities in which you'd like to help, the times you are available to help, what we can do to help you volunteer, etc. Although you share some characteristics with TU volunteers nation-wide, you are also unique Front Rangers!

So, in the next few weeks please look for a **Volunteer Survey Invitation** from RMF in your email. We want to hear from everyone with an interest in volunteering and we want to match your interests with the chapters needs before 2016 is upon us. Because we think everyone can use a few bucks around the Holidays, **we will be awarding three \$100 cash cards to people, selected at random from all those who respond to our survey.** So look for the survey in the next few weeks and please complete it to help RMF—and, to win some Christmas cash.

From our Membership Chair



Linda Jefferies, RMF Membership Chair

This month's meeting, November 18, is our annual Guest Night! Members are invited to bring a friend interested in joining or learning more about Trout Unlimited and our local chapter - Rocky Mountain Flycasters.

For \$20.00 new members can get a one year membership with Trout Unlimited/Rocky Mountain Flycasters, a Rocky Mountain Flycasters patch, a Trout Unlimited decal and five raffle tickets for the monthly raffle. Members who bring a guest who joins on Guest Night will also receive 5 raffle tickets!

The Guest Night program also features nationally known author, fisherman and guide Pat Dorsey, and special guests Katie Beamon and Peggy Sue Meininger from Colorado Women Flyfishers -Northern Chapter. Domingo

Rodriguez, RMF Program Chair, provides more information about the program below. Just scroll down.

So come out, bring a guest, meet new people, help us expand our membership and learn more about Trout Unlimited while enjoying a great evening of presentations! For more information contact **Linda Jefferies**, Membership Chair.

From Our Program Chair



Domingo Rodriguez, RMF Program Chair

We have a special treat for Guest Night, November 18, 2015. There will be two great presentations. **Pat Dorsey**, author of *Fly Fishing Colorado's Best Fly Streams*, will give us a brief tour of precisely that. In addition **Katie Beamon**, a veteran angler and guide and **Peggy Sue Meininger**, fairly new to the sport, will talk about their fly fishing perspectives and about Colorado Women's Fly Fishers, an organization active in Fort Collins and Northern Colorado since 2012.



Pat Dorsey

Pat Dorsey is Guide Director and a partner in the Blue Quill Angler fly shop. He oversees and trains more than 20 guides and helps to set the standard for integrity and professionalism in the Blue Quill Angler guide operation. Pat, also, writes the central Rocky Mountain stream report that monitors stream flows and conditions on the Blue, Colorado, South Platte (Cheesman, Deckers, Spinney Mountain Ranch, and Elevenmile Canyon), North Fork of the South Platte, and Williams Fork rivers.

His latest book *Colorado Guide Flies: Patterns, Rigs, and Advice from the States Best Anglers and Guides* will be available at the meeting. It features approximately 600 Colorado guide flies with tying recipes and is jam packed with information and tips from the best anglers and guides in Colorado.

Fort Collins is the home to the Colorado Women Flyfishers Northern Chapter which supports a fun and lively group of women. **Katie Beamon** and **Peggy Sue Meininger** will be joining us and letting us in on why women flyfishers are so much fun to be around.

Katie Beamon started fishing the Gunnison Valley in her



Katie Beamon

youth and caught the bug, at age 20, she begged her grandpa to let her "try one of those rods that hangs on the wall." Her first job in a fly shop was in Pinetop, AZ and then to the Orvis in Boulder. She there began teaching FF101 and 201 classes and started guiding for Orvis Endorsed-Sunrise Angler. She now guides in the summer and teaches kids' camps with Sunrise and finds every opportunity to evangelize the fly experience. She has been with the Northern Chapter of Colorado Women's Fly Fishing since its inception in 2012.

Peggy Sue Meininger is fairly new to the sport of Flyfishing and was delighted to join the Colorado Women's Flyfishers Northern Chapter in 2013 and meet other women with the same passion and the willingness to put up with her pesky questions while chuckling at her enthusiastic tree climbing. Peggy Sue combines her love of working with the combat veteran population and fly-fishing and helping them find a new way to transition home by volunteering with Project Healing Waters-Platte Rivers Chapter based out of Cheyenne, WY.

The General Meeting is free and open to the public. Social hour (and fly tying demo) begins at 6:30 pm **November 18** at the Fort Collins Senior Center, and the program follows at 7:00 pm. We will have local fly tiers at the meeting and an equipment raffle. The Fort Collins Senior Center is located at 1200 Raintree Drive off Shields Avenue between Prospect and Drake.

From Past President Lee Evans

Hi everyone! There are two important, fun and forthcoming RMF winter events. Please mark your calendars in advance:

1. **Rocky Mountain Flycasters Annual Holiday Party**

Friday, **December 11**, 2015 6:30 pm
C.B. & Potts Clubhouse on West Elizabeth

Socialize, eat, enjoy the White Elephant gift exchange, hope to win a fly rod, or one of two fly trees in our raffle. Celebrate our chapter's accomplishments!

\$15.00 per person buys food, and raffle tickets. We hope to see you there! More details in future newsletters.

2. **Rocky Mountain Flycasters Fly Fishing Expo**

February 17, 2016.

If you have new or slightly used items that you no longer use, please consider donating them to us for raffles and for the Expo's silent auction.

The Expo is our yearly fundraiser, and donated items really help increase our funds.

More to come on the Expo, but if you can help out, we would really appreciate it. Let me know

David's Lines: A Flypaper Column



David Cunningham, *The FlyPaper* Columnist

"I am an Englishman who is very happy to live in Colorado. I am semi-retired from the business world and have renewed my interest in writing. Some of my pieces will relate to actual events, others will be fiction. (My friends tell me I have trouble knowing the difference.) The "David's Line" column will feature the mysteries of our sport, restoration, and the pleasures of good company. Let me know whether or not these stories are worth reading. Life is short—go fishing first "

—David Cunningham.

Catch and Kill in Norway

(Author's note: This story relates to events that occurred forty years ago. At the time Norwegians were avid fishermen but their focus was on fishing to bring home a tasty meal. Catch and release was not a concept that they embraced, or even thought to be sane. Starting in 2012 the Norwegian salmon fishery has suffered a noticeable loss of returning juvenile fish and there has been a belated embrace of catch and release, particularly for hens. Many rivers have been closed to fishing. We hope that their conservation effort pays off.)

My wife is Norwegian and when we were courting she arranged a visit to Norway. Norway is beautiful, a lot like Colorado with pine trees, granite rocks, rushing streams full of fish – just delete 250 days of sunshine. In addition, Norwegians are a charming people. At dinner parties they take frequent opportunities to hoist a toast in which the glass is raised, "Skaal" is declared, and each man nods and smiles to his partner. Innocently I enquired about the origin of the toast. My wife informed me that the toast was a warrior tradition, where they decapitated the vanquished enemy's leader and drank wine from his skull. Really nice for an Englishman to hear when his own traditions included running like hell to a Viking Tower to avoid the plundering invaders.

In preparation for the Easter visit, Merete had described the family's cross country skiing proficiency. I was a poor downhill skier and feared ridicule – and decapitation. So I talked a friend into entering a 5 mile cross-country race at Yosemite. We trained for a couple of weeks with the goal of finishing in the top 100 of a 250 entrant field. We spent the week before the race in the mountains slogging through slush or face-planting whenever the snow allowed any speed. Peter finished in the 70s and I finished

99th. On arrival in Norway I pretended total ignorance of the activity, asked why the front tip was curved, put the skis on over my street shoes, - then powered up the 5 mile trail to their cabin. Merete could not keep my secret and burst out laughing. My mother-in-law to be was not amused.

Revenge came the following year when we returned in the late summer. Merete reminded her father that I was a fisherman and he showed me his 30 year old bamboo salmon rod and the ancient flies that he had used in his youth. I asked if there would be a chance to fish for salmon and he replied "Certainly". Two days later the family assembled on the banks of the Skauja River and I was given waders, rod, flies, plus a rusty box of assorted tackle, and directed to an oxbow section of the river at the foot of a hilly field where the family would sit to watch.

The 10 ft 9 wt. rod weighed about ten pounds. The flies resembled well-chewed slippers and the waders were a size too small. But valiantly I trudged down to the river, cast and retrieved, waded, cast, stumbled, and bumbled along a half mile of the river, thigh deep in the fast stream. I thrashed the water for hours with never a movement from fish or fowl. Dejected, I dragged myself back up the hill to where the family were just finishing a fine picnic lunch of gravlax and wine. I made a valiant show of gratitude for the fruitless opportunity that they had given me.

"I am afraid that I just could not read this river."

My father-in-law nodded sympathetically without taking his pipe from his mouth. At this point my new wife enquired, "Are there ever any fish in this river?" And, with a repressed smile, my mother-in-law replied. "Not as this time of year."

There were people catching salmon in the region and later in the visit we drove to the Gaula River where an acre pool sat below a waterfall and salmon were making heroic leaps to forge their way to the spawning grounds. In the years between robbing Englishmen and owning all the world's oil, Norway had been a poor country. Like Scotland, it suffered the ignominy of visitations from England's lords and ladies, known as the "Salmon Lords", who built lodges at the best fishing spots, reducing the locals to the status of net-wielding serfs. In 1846 Lords Beresford and Duferin reported hauls of 300 fish. The pool we were at retained one of the casting decks that the royals had installed and I was treated to the awesome sight of one lucky man casting beautiful loops at amazing fish. We watched as a salmon took a fly at the end of a retrieve and burst through the surface in a fury.

The fish powered deep into the pool, ripping line, emerging at the bottom of the pool in a series of bowling ball eruptions. The angler must have been using 20 lb. line because there was no finesse in the fight, just strength against strength. The rod bowed to a half circle and the line left a bubble trail as it cut through the water. After five arm-wrenching minutes a beautiful fish was in the net. I had to get some of this!

I knew that my in-laws were not going to set me up, but I did have an ally in Norway, Terje, a seventeen year old nephew that I had spent time with, bait fishing in the Trondheim harbor. At the time I was a penniless partner in a California startup and I could not afford to buy a place on a casting deck. We talked about our limited options and he lamented that many streams were private and already booked. However, two days later he called me, bursting with excitement. "David, David, I have two tickets for a day on the Norddasaelva River and there is a huge atlantic salmon run in progress. A farmer owns the stretch and the tickets only cost \$50. We have to be there at 6 am. The fishing will stop from noon to 6 pm and we will fish again after that. The salmon in this arm of the river are quite small but there are tons of them. This is soo great!" I danced at the other end of the line, cancelled a scheduled bog hike, and begged for transport to the farm the following morning.

We arrived at the farm at 5:15 am in order to get a good location on the river. That plan did not work out. A designated forty-car parking lot was filled and a line of burly fisher-folk were already traipsing down the river to a gorge below a waterfall. When we caught up with them I could not believe what I was seeing. The river was about the size of the Poudre in June and the section below the falls was a thirty-foot deep canyon, about fifty yards long. The sides of the canyon were remarkable for tiers of ledges cutting into the steep sides of the canyon wall. As the early arrivers filled the fishing spots at the water's edge on the northern wall, others positioned themselves on the ledge above them – and then the latecomers took spots above them! Vertical locations! Wide-eyed I watched as sturdy 8 to 10 ft spin-cast rods were rigged with heavy spoons, and tips clashed, hips bumped, tackle boxes tumbled. There was a growling babble of Norwegian that I guessed was not, "Luv'ly day. How are the kids?" At 6 am the carnival began and to my amazement the assembled throng orchestrated casts and retrieves through a maze of rods. Within a minute, "Fiske Pa", Norwegian for "Fish on!" bellowed out and the wall of bodies leaned back to give the angler a minute to land his fish, before they closed ranks and the hunt resumed.

The river was running at more than 2,000 cfm and as a result the small salmon were not able to get up the falls. They were jammed up in the canyon, thousands of them. Before long successful fishermen were navigating their way out to store their catch, clomping along in heavy knee-high boots with a fish in each hand, then returning to reclaim their spot. The most entertaining moments came when a fisherman on the top tier hooked a fish, yelled for right of way, and elbowed his way down to tier two, and then down to the bank to crank his fish out of the water. Crossed line foul-ups were monumental.

The crowd recognized Terje and he was quickly given a spot and absorbed into the morass. I had arrived with the now famous Father-in Law fly rod but this time I had borrowed hip boots and I had bought some 20th Century salmon flies. I retreated to a lower

stretch of the river that few anglers were working. The stream opened up over several sand bars and I had the chance to get familiar with the gear and the water. Just before noon Terje came to find me, proudly hoisting a 5 lb. fish. We took it to the cooler in the car and stayed for a lunch break. A minute after the noon whistle blew, the horde of fishermen came streaming to the parking lot. Nets and stringers were loaded. Some struggled to carry four or five fish. This was catch and kill to an extreme. They piled into their cars and rumbled off. One Volkswagen Beetle was so full of fish that it got bogged down in the mix of farm mud and cow patties. Fellow Vikings quickly put their shoulders to the rescue and propelled him to the road.

The six hour break allowed us to take a look at the river right up to the falls. The paths that lined the canyon wall were strewn with fishing gear and small tackle boxes, but no beer cans or litter. The inaccessible South wall of the canyon was pristine and we could see the depth of the pools that accommodated so many fish. The flow of the stream was so high that very few fish were making more than a halfhearted effort to get past the falls. They rolled and flashed, breaking the surface as they competed for positions. Lower down we saw more contenders arriving for the fray. Terje promised that the evening would be even better than the morning.

We slept in the car as a light rain drifted over the farm. We woke when the fishing gang returned at 5:30 and prepared for the second session. I would guess that every ticket holder came back, even the guy in the Volkswagen. Again, Terje went to the canyon and I fished the lower stretch that I now had to myself. The rain was heavy for a while and the river took on a sullen grey color. I succeeded in getting a couple of hook ups but I was not handling the rod well and they shook me off. I rested in the car a few times to munch on cheese sandwiches and to warm up. By 10:30 I was bushed.

Norway is the land of the midnight sun and I knew that there would be some light to 11 pm and again

starting at 1 am. Our ticket was for a full 24 hours so I imagined a warm bed for a few hours and a pre-dawn return. I went to find Terje and suggested that we call it a day. He gave me a pained frown. "We have eighteen hours to fish. Why would we go home?" The young man's logic was compelling and so we fished through midnight and into the wee hours of the morning.

At 2 am Terje emerged from the murk and with few words we left the gorge and moved to a spot at the lower edge of the farm that determined the range of our license. We were below the sand bars and the stream picked up speed over a cobblestone run with a trench near to our bank. Terje fished a slight bow in the stream and I fished below him. I cast down and across the stream then back into the trench. It took a dozen casts to get the fly deep enough to make the retrieve effective. As soon as I got it right I got a hit and a set. The fish came at me then lurched off into the riffle. I could see dim silver traces of him in the thin dawn light. I had mastered the big rod and reel and it handled the small salmon with ease. The river was deep enough that I did not fear snagging the line on a rock. I could turn his run and draw him back across the trench to my bank but I needed to move him upstream to shallower water as I had no net. Then I heard Terje's hoot of delight as he also hooked up. The two of us fought our fish while trying to catch glimpses of the other. We laughed and stumbled around in the dim light before beaching our fish. I cannot recall greater excitement and elation, at any moment, in any other fishing outing.

At 3 am we called it quits and took a last look at the canyon. The rain had stopped. A thin fog hung in a white layer over the lip of the falls, illuminated by a weak yellow brown glimmer of the dawn sun. The remaining fifty anglers were indistinguishable as wet, huddled, figures, caught in a diorama of rock and water. There was no more talking or calling out, just total absorption in a primal fishing ritual. They were still standing one above another on the ledges, those at the top reaching out and over their companions. I had to look way up above my head to watch a man cast. The river roared by. My hallucinating mind cast the scene as the third circle of Dante's inferno. So many fish, so few men.

I shook my nephew's hand and thanked him for an experience that I will never forget.

After sleeping until 3 pm, we grilled the salmon in a barbeque pit at the family's Trondelag cabin. Catch and eat was popular that afternoon.

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November Conservation Notes



Dave Piske, Conservation Chair

Brisk morning temperatures tell us it's about time for snow to fall on the areas in which our stream and riparian restoration projects are located. That doesn't imply all projects are completed, and some of those on the North Fork of the Big Thompson, will continue as the weather permits. So don't hesitate to touch base with Phil Wright (philwright8800@gmail.com) to learn where and when you can lend your hands and energy.

One remaining activity where you won't even leave Fort Collins, is the end-of-season Tool Fest at the new facilities of Wildlands Restoration Volunteers. It's located at 2926 East Mulberry. On Saturday, November 14, the Fest begins at 9 AM and finishes about 3 PM when all the tools that were used this past season are washed, sharpened and generally

tuned up to be ready for conservation projects during 2016. Whether or not you helped to dirty them this past season, your assistance at the Fest will be welcomed.

There is an easy job for everyone: cleaning, sharpening, painting, applying protective oils, and re-organizing the tool shed to get ready for next years' project season. The word from folks who have been to past Tool Festivals is that the work is literally a blast. Just be there!

As the 2015 project season ends, I would like to express my gratitude to all the volunteers who participated in our conservation projects and especially the joint projects with Wildlands Restoration Volunteers at Skin Gulch in May and October and at Sheep Creek in September. They vividly demonstrated the power and effectiveness of joining hands for betterment of the Front Range coldwater streams in northern Colorado.

Monofilament Line Recycling: A Note from Wil Huett

Monofilament line collecting station



Here's a great opportunity for a volunteer or volunteer team—maybe even a family—to beautify, conserve and recycle all at once! For the past five years **Bruce Rosenthal** has headed up the cooperative agreement between Rocky Mountain Flycasters and the city of Ft Collins to maintain used monofilament line collection stations along the Poudre river. There are fourteen stations in eight city Natural Areas. A photo of one of these is posted above, This is a great opportunity for someone who fishes the city reach of the river or the many warmwater ponds along it to couple conservation with getting outdoors. Bruce tells me the task takes about four hours per month, and he has laid out the procedures and contact information...and is willing to train a successor! So it's a turnkey operation for someone who wants to make a difference.

Ready?

—Wil Huett, Contact me at president@rockymtnflycasters.org

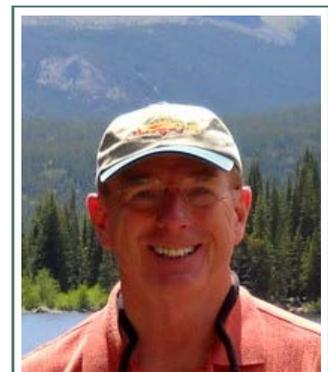
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From Our Youth Outreach Chair

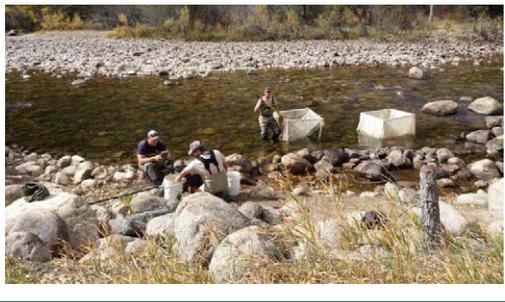
CPW Poudre Electroshocking

On Tuesday, October 20th, five RMF members assisted our NoCO Colorado Parks & Wildlife headquarters fisheries staff to electroshock two reaches of the Poudre River - Kelly Flats Campground and Fire Lane just below Indian Meadows.

The sun warmed and rain stayed away as Mother Nature provided pleasant seasonal weather for Ed McConnaughey, Scott Kemp, Bob Green, Scott Gould and Dennis Cook who



Dennis Cook,
Youth Outreach Chair



joined the crew of ten fisheries technicians and interns headed by Poudre watershed aquatic biologist Kyle Battige.

The RMF Chapter Leadership Team very much appreciates Mrs. Fine's extra effort to write her letter. We frequently commend our member volunteers for their willingness to devote personal time to help with our many youth development activities, but it's always much more noteworthy when a parent extends their recognition and appreciation.

Data hasn't been processed yet, but Kyle provided a quick summary of the full week's electroshocking activity: "We sampled 8 stations from Bliss down to Lee Martinez, we processed 1828 total fish including 12 species. Of those, 1664 salmonid species included Snake River Cutthroat, Cutbows, Rainbows, Mountain Whitefish, Browns, and Brooks. 89% of the total trout we handled were Browns and the remaining 10% were predominantly Rainbows. The largest fish we captured was a 19.5" and 2.5lb Brown Trout at Lee Martinez; and the largest Cutbow was 16.6" downstream of the hatchery. The smallest fish captured was a Longnose Dace just over 1" long."



These 2015 Poudre data, when analysis is completed, will be posted online in several months with statewide fishing data at the website below:

<http://cpw.state.co.us/thingstodo/Pages/FisherySurveySummaries.aspx>.

This link is an excellent resource for anglers wanting to become familiar with the fish species mix, biomass and sizes at multiple river reaches, reservoirs and lakes throughout Colorado. The 2014 Poudre waters data didn't get updated last year because of staff transition.

Our five friendly fishing fellas survived the day with only a few modest dunkings, and Mother Nature wasn't as cooperative for Scott Gould who returned to help again on Wednesday.

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Let's Go Fishing

2015 RMF Trips





Mark Miller, Let's Go Fishing Coordinator

Our only remaining trip, an excursion to the Poudre River (Gateway Park) is tentatively scheduled for November 7, weather permitting. If you want to join us for this trip **contact me** or call 970-744-8229 (cell). Thanks to everyone who participated this year. We had great times together—and caught some fish as well! We will be putting the 2016 schedule together over the next few months. If you have

suggestions or question let me hear from you.

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Sustaining Donors

Rocky Mountain Flycaster Sustaining Donors



St. Peter's Fly Shop



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