

# The Barbless Hook

July 2020

Edited by Mark Spruiell



## President's Message

by Albert Mansky

Hi Guys and Gals:

Well things are getting back to normal, to some extent, depending on where you live. I still can't get a haircut in Alameda County, so I've decided to cut my own hair. I look the worse for wear, but at least I don't have a ponytail. The economy is slowly reopening, but as expected they're experiencing a spike in the Covid-19 cases. It looks like it's going to be a little while longer before we can restart our monthly club meetings. The Livermore Rod and Gun Club's clubhouse facility is still closed down. I don't know, at this time, what I can do about our annual August BBQ meeting. I'll have to get back to all of you, whether or not it is feasible to have the BBQ or where we can hold it. Hopefully by this fall, things will be a little better and we can again start having our monthly meetings. As your President, I feel like I have let the club down with regards to my responsibilities. I really feel bad about this whole situation, which is out of my control. On the bright side, I'm looking forward to a new beginning in 2021.

In case you didn't know, some of our local fishing spots have started to reopen. Los Vaqueros Watershed reopened two weeks ago. This is one of my favorite spots to fish for trout and stripers. Some of you, I know, have been able to get out and do a little fishing, with some success. Remember, we're not out of the woods yet in regard to the virus, so please take the appropriate precautions to keep yourself safe and healthy.

In the meantime, stay safe and if you get the chance to get out and do a little fishing, remember "an ounce of precaution is worth a pound of cure".

*Al*



An East Walker brown trout caught by Chris Anderson

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## July Meeting – Ryan Williams

Ryan will be doing a presentation on summer bass fly fishing on Lake Oroville. The talk will focus on topwater techniques for bass on Oroville and other California lakes and reservoirs. Information on alternate approaches and techniques will be touched on as well.

This meeting will be conducted online via Zoom with security precautions. Please [click here to RSVP](#) and register for this event so that we can reserve meeting capacity. Those that register will receive an email later with the Zoom link to allow you to participate in the meeting.



## Outings and Activities

Many of our outings are described below. Please visit the [Event Calendar](#) on the TVFF website for a complete list of all upcoming meetings, outings and activities.

### Truckee Watershed – July 24-27

This is a three-night, four-day [camping trip](#) at Logger Campground on Stampede Reservoir, with four days of fishing the Big Truckee, Little Truckee, and Milton Lake for rainbow and brown trout. It coincides with the peak of multiple aquatic hatches in the area and will include river wading opportunities and a day of either float tube or bank fishing at Milton Lake. Fishing techniques to be used include traditional indicator nymphing, Euro nymphing, streamers, and dry fly techniques. On the first evening, we are planning to have local guide Jon Baiocchi join us over dinner to discuss



where to fish, how to fish, and the current flies that are working in the areas at that particular time. It should be a great kickoff for 3-4 full days of fishing in the area since we won't be going in "blind" to the conditions.

## Member Reports

### Chris Anderson – East Walker

Just got back from fishing the East Walker and it is fishing amazing. Fished both below the dam and into the Nevada side. Flows could be a little bit lower below the dam but once it hit the Nevada side the flows were perfect. Just thought I would share as it is only a 4-hour drive to Bridgeport for great fishing.





## Todd Hyrn – A Crooked Drive to the Crooked River

With wife and daughter in tow, I recently took a road trip to Central Oregon. Although fishing was always in my plan as part of scouting plans to fishmeister a trip to the area in September, the goal was to look at property for the next chapter in life.

One of the destinations included in the road trip was Prineville, Oregon, home to the Crooked River. Unsure of what to expect and led by advice from a fellow fly-fishing friend, we headed towards Big Bend Campground with not even a non-resident license purchased and only available electronically.

Once arriving the realization that I was indeed going to fish took hold. Also taking hold was the fact I had no cell service to purchase the license. Back in the truck for 15 or so miles towards Prineville we went until I was able to pull over and buy my daily license at the sale price of \$23 for the day.

If you have not been to this area, the drive along the river is beautiful. There is nice campground after nice campground and a couple of day use areas, all with great access to the river. All were open including restrooms. After arriving back at Big Bend, we were able to secure a nice camp site on the river for \$8 a night. After setting up the camp site for my family for the day, into my waders and then the river I went.

I fished about 2.5 hours and landed a couple of beautiful rainbows and three whitefish, five fish to the net total. Lost another 4 or 5 fish. The river's access is abundant as are the fish numbers and bug life.

They say this is a great river for all levels of fly fishing but especially for those new to the sport because of access and numbers of fish. That is all true and if you're ever in Central Oregon it's worth the one-hour Crooked Drive to the Crooked River from Bend.



## Jim McCabe – Bass Fishing on Camanche Reservoir

I took my brother on a fishing trip to the Camanche Reservoir in mid-June. We contracted with Josh Parris to guide us for a half a day to chase down largemouth bass. Josh did not disappoint. (Thanks to Dave Fontaine for the recommendation!)

Day was bright & sunny with just enough breeze to make it a beautiful day on the water. Since it was midweek, we did not have to compete with many other boats to get to the hotspots for fish.

We fished primarily in the area where the Mokelumne River flows into the lake and around the pillars of the bridge over the water nearer to the middle of the lake.

We started throwing crankbaits scoring a couple nice bass and switched to rubber minnows fishing deeper and hit a run of about 12 nice size bass in the 2-4lb range.



## Klamath News

### Klamath Marsh National Wildlife Refuge Expanded

In southern Oregon, Western Rivers Conservancy has successfully conserved three miles of the famed Williamson River and expanded the globally important Klamath Marsh National Wildlife Refuge.

Thanks to our supporters, WRC conveyed the 2,200-acre Timmerman Ranch along the upper Williamson to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, protecting it forever and ensuring the ranch's water is used for the benefit of fish, wildlife and the Klamath River system as a whole. The Williamson provides critical cold water to the Klamath Marsh and eventually Upper Klamath Lake, the headwaters of the Klamath River.



The property's rich wetlands, and the outstanding reach of the Williamson that flows through it, lie at the heart of some of the finest migratory bird habitat in the West. Tens of thousands of birds rely on the ranch each year during their migrations north and south along the Pacific Flyway. The Williamson is also famed for its scale-tipping rainbow trout, which will benefit from the improved water conditions this effort delivers.

Now that we've conveyed the ranch to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the agency can begin restoring the stretch of the Williamson that runs through the property, sending more and better water into the marsh. This will help heal the Klamath system from the top down—at the crucial moment that dams are poised to come out on the lower river.

## Supreme Court Refuses to Hear Klamath Basin ‘Takings’ Case, Upholding Tribes’ Senior Water Rights

The U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear the case of Baley vs. United States, an 18-year-old case regarding water rights on the Klamath Basin, agreeing with the Court of Appeals that Basin irrigators’ water rights were subordinate to the Tribes’ federal reserved water rights.

Klamath River Tribes, fishing groups and environmental organizations praised the Supreme Court’s decision to not hear the case.

“We are pleased that the Supreme Court has declined to hear this case, and upheld the Federal Circuit’s decision,” said attorney Stefanie Tsosie of Earthjustice, a nonprofit environmental law firm that has been involved in this case for 18 years. “This decision affirms sound and settled principles of Tribal reserved water rights. Earthjustice has long worked to protect and restore the Klamath River and its salmon, which hold significant cultural value for Tribes in the Klamath Basin and are essential to sustaining the West Coast commercial salmon fishing industry.”

Likewise, Tom Schosser, Attorney for the Hoopa Valley Tribe, said in a statement, “The U.S. Supreme Court today upheld the senior water rights of the Hoopa Valley Tribe and other tribes in Baley v. United States. Baley and other Klamath Irrigation District farmers argued that the federal government took their water without compensation in 2001 when water deliveries were delayed in order to satisfy the needs of endangered fish in Upper Klamath Lake and salmon in the Klamath River.”

“The appeals court disagreed, reasoning that because the Tribes’ water rights were reserved in the 19th Century, they were entitled to be satisfied first before the farmers were entitled to any water. The court said that because the tribes had a priority right to enough water to support fisheries, the Bureau of Reclamation’s compliance with water flows required by the Endangered Species Act did not harm junior water rights holders. Today, the Supreme Court refused to review or overturn the lower court decisions,” Schosser stated.

The Pacific Coast Federation of Fishermen’s Association (PCFFA), the largest and most active trade association of commercial fishermen on the West Coast, was also pleased with the Court’s decision.

“By not hearing the case, the Court affirmed that the Yurok Tribe (and as co-equal with those rights, salmon under the ESA) have the most senior federal water rights to Klamath water as opposed to junior water right and contract holders irrigators getting water from the Klamath Federal Irrigation Project,” the group said in a statement. “PCFFA intervened in that US Court of Claims original “takings” case by the Klamath Irrigation District and other irrigation water users that was spun off from the 2001 federal water project cutbacks our related Court victory required to provide sufficient water flows in the river to save ESA-listed SONCC coho in the Klamath from extinction.”

*(Click [here](#) for full article)*

# Paiute Cutthroat Trout Reintroduction

## California Department of Fish & Wildlife

California's native Paiute cutthroat trout, the rarest trout in North America, swims once again in its high Sierra home waters for the first time in more than 100 years.

California Natural Resources Secretary Wade Crowfoot, California Department of Fish and Wildlife (CDFW) Director Charlton H. Bonham and representatives from the USDA Forest Service, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service



(USFWS), Golden Gate Chapter of Trout Unlimited and Little Antelope Pack Station joined biologists to release 30 Paiute cutthroat trout of varying sizes into Silver King Creek in Alpine County, Calif., Sept. 18, 2019.

"You've got to celebrate good times. That's what we're doing here today," said CDFW's Bonham from the banks of Silver King Creek within the remote Carson-Iceberg Wilderness area of the Humboldt-Toiyabe National Forest. "If you forget to celebrate, you're overlooking a remarkable success story – bringing these fish back home and celebrating a better California."

Not since the early 1900s have genetically pure Paiute cutthroat trout occupied the 11-mile stretch of Silver King Creek between Llewellyn Falls and Snodgrass Creek that represents almost the entirety of the fish's historic range.

"This is a lifetime achievement for those working to recover the rarest trout in North America," said Lee Ann Carranza, acting field supervisor for the USFWS Reno office. "This remarkable partnership has allowed Paiute cutthroat trout to be returned to their entire native range without threat from non-natives."

The Paiute cutthroat trout was one of the first animals in the nation listed as endangered in 1967 under the federal Endangered Species Preservation Act of 1966, now known as the Endangered Species Act. In 1975, the species was downlisted to federally threatened to allow for a special rule that would facilitate management of the species by the State of California.



A small native range, habitat degraded by historic sheep and cattle grazing, and competition from and hybridization with non-native trout introduced into Silver King Creek threatened the species with extinction.

Only a fortuitous turn of events saved the species from disappearing altogether. In the early 1900s, Basque shepherders moved some of the fish outside of their native

range, upstream of Llewellyn Falls. The waterfalls served as a barrier to the non-native trout below and safeguarded a genetically pure population of Paiute cutthroat trout above the falls, providing government agencies and advocates the chance to recover the species in the future.

Efforts to save and restore the species have spanned several decades and involved removing non-native fish and restocking Paiute cutthroat trout from source populations. Recreational fishing was closed within the Silver King Creek drainage in 1934. Later, grazing allotments were administratively closed so habitat could be restored.

At one time, only two small tributaries above Llewellyn Falls held genetically pure Paiute cutthroat trout. CDFW, the Forest Service and USFWS transferred some of these fish to other fishless, protected streams within the Silver King Creek watershed as well as four watersheds outside of the basin to create additional refuge populations to stave off extinction.

The effort to reintroduce Paiute cutthroat trout back into their historic home – the 11-mile main reach of Silver King Creek – began in 1994 when CDFW biologists explored Silver King Canyon and identified a series of waterfalls that served as historic barriers to upstream fish migration, isolating the Paiute cutthroat trout. The barriers could once again insulate Paiute cutthroat trout from encroachment from non-native trout if the non-native trout in Silver King Creek could be removed.

Wildlife officials prevailed over a decade of legal challenges to treat Silver King Creek and its tributaries with rotenone, a natural fish poison, to eliminate non-native trout and prepare Silver King Creek for the eventual return of Paiute cutthroats.

Silver King Creek and its tributaries were chemically treated from 2013 to 2015. State and federal partners monitored the creek for three years following the treatment to make sure all non-native fish were removed. Wildfires, floods and drought over the decades further complicated recovery efforts.

“The commitment of Forest Service, CDFW, USFWS, Lahontan Regional Water Quality Control Board, Trout Unlimited Golden Gate Chapter and Little Antelope Pack Station to move this project forward in the face of numerous challenges has been incredible,” said Bill Dunkelberger, Humboldt-Toiyabe National Forest supervisor. “A project of this magnitude that took over several decades could not have been completed without state, federal and other partners working tirelessly together.”

The fish reintroduced into Silver King Creek on the afternoon of Sept. 18 were collected that morning from a source population in Coyote Valley Creek about 2 miles away and transported by mules to the banks of Silver King Creek. The fish were deposited into buckets filled with water from Silver King Creek to acclimate for several minutes before being released among cheers and applause



– and a few tears – by biologists and others, some of whom have spent decades working toward the historic homecoming.

Restoring Paiute cutthroat trout to their native Silver King Creek nearly doubles the amount of habitat available to the fish and is considered key to their long-term survival and potential delisting.

Monitoring of the reintroduced fish and additional restocking of Paiute cutthroat trout into Silver King Creek from other refuge populations is planned in future years to aid genetic diversity and introduce different age classes into the creek to help natural reproduction.

## Cutthroats

### John Gierach – Midcurrent

Among the half-dozen or so standard questions fly fishers eventually get around to asking each other is, What’s your favorite fish? Some say your answer to that will be deeply revealing — exposing you as a covert aristocrat if it’s Atlantic salmon, a closet bubba if it’s largemouth bass, or whatever — while others just think it might be interesting, but sooner or later, in one way or another, the question comes up.

For the longest time I thought I was fickle because I hardly ever gave the same answer twice in a row; it was brook trout one time, browns the next, and maybe bluegills the time after that — whatever I'd caught most recently. But then I realized I was giving the right answer to the wrong question. The fact is, it's fishing with a fly rod I'm stuck on, but I'll pretty much go after anything that doesn't have legs, and my favorite fish could be a carp if that's what's taking line off my reel at the moment.

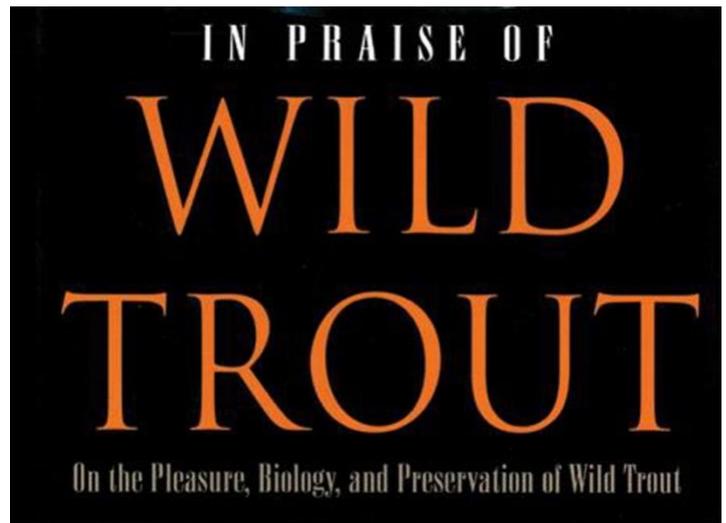
Still, like a lot of fly fishers in the Rocky Mountain West, I have a real soft spot for cutthroats because they're our only native trout. When I first started fishing for them, some people around here still called them just that, natives, and knowing only that, it was possible for me to hike miles into some pretty little alpine lake in the wilderness area, catch a few ten-inch cutts, and get downright mystical about returning to the source. On those cool, quiet summer evenings when no jets passed over on their way to the old Stapleton Airport in Denver, I could drink the few warm beers I'd packed in and have myself a borderline religious experience.

I was still fairly new to Colorado then: fresh from the Midwest, young, innocent if not plain dumb, and prone to fits of romanticism, so naturally I was disappointed when I learned that the cutthroats in those mountain lakes weren't native in the finest sense of being the direct descendants of the ancestral fish.

But then the best guess from most of the experts was that there were no ancestral fish up there. Most of the high-altitude lakes along that stretch of the East Slope, they said, were separated from the lower waters by natural barriers and were fish-less when the West was settled. The trout in them now are the results of early, haphazard stocking — official and otherwise.

A fisheries biologist once told me that in the old days anyone with a bucket or a milk can could get a load of fingerling trout and put them wherever he wanted to, and that the first plantings done by the Division of Wildlife itself weren't much more scientific than that. The result on the one hand was that a lot of already depleted native cutthroat fisheries were destroyed altogether by the introduction of brown, rainbow, and brook trout. On the other hand, some thriving fisheries were established where before there had been no fish at all.

You can apply revisionist criticism to all that if you want to — asking, Why didn't those dumb schmucks a hundred years ago know what we know now? — but the fact is, it was mostly done with a good heart and, in some cases, the kind of monumental effort you only see from people convinced they're doing the Good Work.

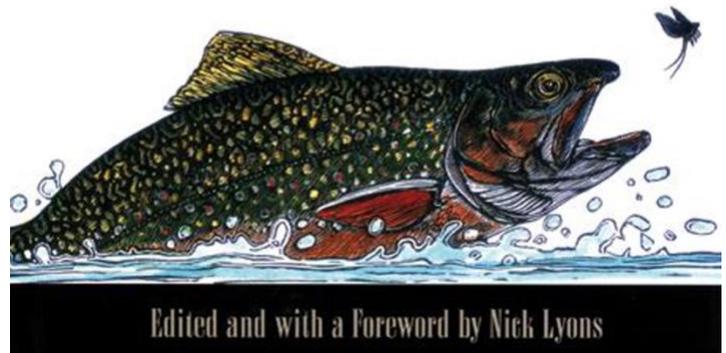


ROBERT BEHNKE · CHRISTOPHER CAMUTO

JOHN ENGELS · JOHN GIERACH

NICK LYONS · TOM PALMER

DATUS C. PROPER · W. D. WETHERELL



For instance, many of the trout in my neighborhood wilderness area were planted by an old private club that packed fingerlings in on horseback and, now and then, on the strong backs of volunteers, for no other reason than that it pained them to see pretty mountain lakes with no fish in them. They even went to the trouble of stocking cutthroats. They were Yellowstone cutts — native to the region, though not to the state — but, given the information and the hatchery stock available at the time, that's a pretty fine point.

If there had been cutts in those lakes a century ago, they'd have probably been greenbacks. Greenback cutthroats were thought to be extinct by the late 1930s, but then the legendary Dr. Behnke at Colorado State University located a small, pure-strain population in a little creek near here, in the high headwaters of what was once their native range, and now they've been introduced into a dozen or so lakes, streams, and beaver ponds in and around Rocky Mountain National Park. You can fish for them on a strict catch-and-release basis (presumably, few people now living know what a greenback tastes like) and, although they may not have existed naturally in those particular waters, they would once have been found only a few miles downslope, and that's probably close enough for government work.

I think the first pure-strain cutthroats I knowingly caught were greenbacks, and that's only because some people who really knew told me that's what they were. The same fisheries guys say some of the cutts my friends and I catch in the more remote streams in the area are wild greenback-Yellowstone hybrids (the old fish crossed with the more recently introduced ones) and that in some cases they may even be "virtually pure" or "grade B" greenbacks.

To be honest, I can't always tell the difference between a pure greenback and a closely related pure Colorado River cutthroat, or either of those from the hybrids, and, when it comes right down to it, neither can most of the fishermen I know. The different races of cutthroat do have their distinctive markings — the spots on a greenback are bigger than those on a Colorado River cutt — but the kind of ironclad identification you'd be willing to swear to is just beyond most of us.

Still, greenbacks are highly regarded around here. After all, they're a once-thought-to-be-extinct fish that you can now go and catch, which amounts to a rare environmental miracle. Another miracle is that they were brought back by a recovery team made up of several state and federal agencies that cooperated for a long time and in the end actually accomplished something worthwhile. And they're just a delightfully wild fish: surprisingly delicate in some ways and just as surprisingly tough in others. For instance, they're so unused to competition that they'll be crowded out by almost any other species of fish, which is what happened to many populations of them in the first place. But then when you look at that tiny little creek where they held out until they were rediscovered, it's hard to imagine trout making it through a single winter there, let alone countless winters.

It's just a little trickle flowing through an aspen and willow bog, and if it weren't for the Division of Wildlife NO FISHING signs you wouldn't even know it was there. But if you find a tiny pool and crawl to the lip of it on your belly, there they are: miniature, jewel-like trout with impeccable pedigrees.

And they say the recovery team had a lot of trouble raising them in a hatchery because, among other things, the greenbacks refused to eat commercial trout food. You've got to admire that.

So anyway, I had a little crisis of faith when I found out the first cutthroats I went to so much trouble to catch weren't quite what I thought they were, but I got over it. I mean, it wasn't the worst case of lost innocence I

ever had, and I did come out of it with the regulation western affection for cutthroats in general, not to mention respect for the tough old birds who humped those particular fish in on their backs in the first place.

Since then I've caught real Yellowstone cutts in the Yellowstone River a few times. (By "real" I mean pure-strain, native fish living in their historic home water.) I've usually ended up doing that around Buffalo Ford in a god-awful crowd of other fishermen, but the trout were big and lovely and they had flawless bloodlines, so it was still a rush.

Once some friends and I hiked a long way into a high mountain valley on Colorado's West Slope — on a tip from a biologist — and caught what we were told were pure-strain Colorado River cutthroats. None of the fish were very big, but they were living in the stair-step beaver ponds and connecting channels that meandered down one of the prettiest little high-mountain meadows I've ever seen. There were wildflowers, snow-capped crags, and a stand of ancient, hundred-foot-tall Engelmann spruce trees that had either been missed by the old logging crews or, more likely, left because they'd have been too hard to get out.

I remember there was a black trout in one of the pools. Not just dark, but black as a burnt stump. None of us could catch it.

I have two snapshots from that trip. One is of my old friend A.K. holding a fat, foot-long cutthroat and grinning like it was a hundred-pound tarpon. The other is of Ed, casting to a perfect little beaver pond while standing in a field of wildflowers. I guess it was classic. One of the best things about native fish is that they've often held out in places that are either magnificently wild or at least overlooked.

A few seasons ago I caught some pure Snake River cutthroats from a big reservoir in southern Colorado. That was also a beautiful spot, though in a different way. It was flat, brown, treeless, windblown, and, on that particular trip, cold as hell and downright lonely: the kind of place where one good, drunken country-western tune on the car radio could permanently break your heart.

Once again, I know they were pure-strain fish because a fisheries expert with whom I would never argue told me they were. What struck me was that they were damned big trout, and I noticed that on a real pig of, say, five or six pounds, the normally fine, tightly packed pepper spots sort of spread out, as if they'd been painted on a balloon that had then been blown up.

Just in the last couple of years I've gone several times to a drainage in British Columbia that holds native westslope cutthroats. One of the rivers we fished last summer is glacial in origin, with glass-clear, bluish-green-tinted water and a clean, light gray, bare rock bottom. The cutts there weren't pale exactly, but they were subtly colored, muted, well camouflaged.

But then one of the little tributaries to that river apparently had a completely different kind of water chemistry. The water was still clear, but the bottom was thick with dark aquatic vegetation and so slippery you could lose your footing in an ankle-deep riffle. The fish — still pure westslope cutts from the same drainage — were deep green on the back with greenish pewter sides, jet-black spots and brilliant orange gill covers and cutthroat slashes on their chins. The three of us had split up for a few hours to try out the little creek — even our guide had never fished it — and when we met back at the truck we all said in unison, "God! Did you see those fish?"

I don't think this gut affection for cutthroats is any great mystery. It's just that for some of us who live and fish in the Rockies and who appreciate wildness, these are the trout that actually belong here the way we'd like to

belong here: comfortably and thoughtlessly. The same can be said of brook trout in parts of Labrador, Guadalupe bass in parts of Texas, and so on. Native fish look, smell, and taste of a place just as, to a fisherman, that place looks, smells, and tastes of the fish.

Okay, fine, but if the trout at the end of a long uphill hike turn out to be a grade B strain or the wrong race for the drainage, well, I'm a mutt from somewhere else, too, so maybe I shouldn't be too critical. I mean, my hometown hybrid cutts have a kind of romance all their own. Maybe less than a tepee ring, but every bit as much as an old abandoned trapper's cabin. After all, things are seldom perfect and perfection itself may be overrated, but life can still be good.

Cutthroats are just a kick to catch, especially when they turn up unexpectedly, as they still do now and then. Even a cutbow — the cutthroat-rainbow hybrid — can give you hope that there's still a little wild juice left in the old river system. And if the cross happened in a hatchery before the fish were stocked, okay, but I don't want to hear about it. We're talking about symbolism now.

Just about everyone I fish with gets inordinately excited about catching cutthroats, and they'll mention a surprise cutt in detail in the first few sentences of the report on a new stream: "We caught browns and rainbows to about fourteen inches, and one cutthroat. He was eleven inches and had that red belly stripe like a greenback. Took a size sixteen Elk Hair Caddis.

Sometimes news like that will make you want to go back to the same stream and go higher yet, looking for that secluded meadow stretch or headwater lake past the place where the rainbows or the brookies give out and it's either all cutthroats or no trout at all.

I still do things like that — though not quite as often as I used to — and, although I admire almost any fish that will eat a fly and I have a new favorite after every trip, catching a cutthroat still gives me that mindless don't-confuse-me-with-facts buzz I got as a kid.

It's not a matter of symptomatic relief. Some of my favorite writers who have talked about trout fishing sometimes imply that it saves them from the big-time, high-pressure craziness of their lives — like a good, strong sedative. I sort of know what they mean and, although this ain't exactly the big time, I do know what craziness is. But I have to take one more step back from that. I'd say fishing saves me from needing to be saved — sometimes just barely.

And it's not that I'm out to recapture my past, either. In fact, there are some episodes from those days I wouldn't mind forgetting altogether. And anyway, what was it Tom McGuane said? Something about how it's bad enough for a writer to "visit" something in the first place, let alone to "revisit."

I think the same goes for recapturing. Over the years I've held on to that old simpleminded enthusiasm, knowing that once it's gone, it's a waste of time trying to get it back. I don't know how I know that, I just do.

## Knotless Line to Leader Connection

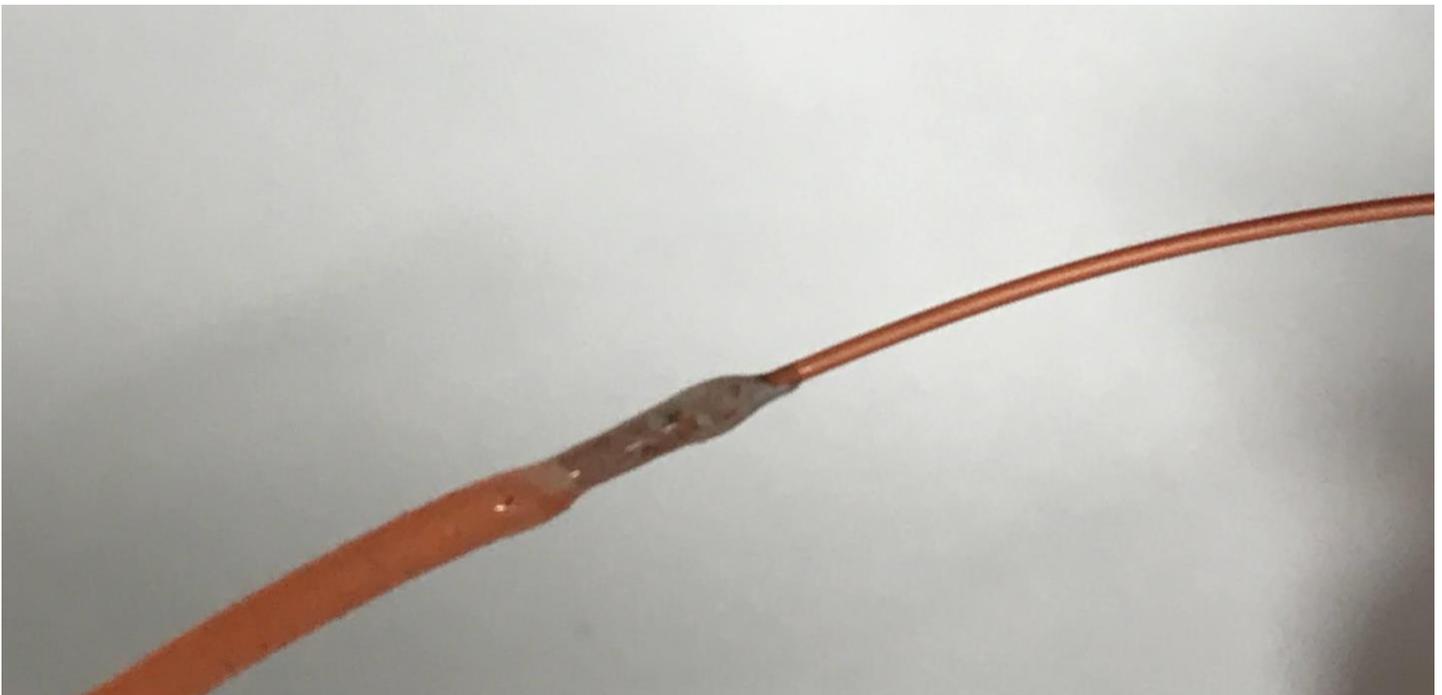
### Mark Spruiell

Using a loop-to-loop connection is a simple and convenient method of attaching a leader to a fly line. However, that connection does not travel easily through the guides on a fly rod, which can become a real problem especially when you're fishing a long leader. Situations where you might use a long leader include casting dry flies to spooky fish, deep-water indicating on lakes, and Euro-style nymphing. In order to get a fish close enough to your net, you'll often have no choice but to bring the line-to-leader connection into the guides. If the fish then happens to make a run, the connection could get hung up in the guides and cause you to lose the fish.

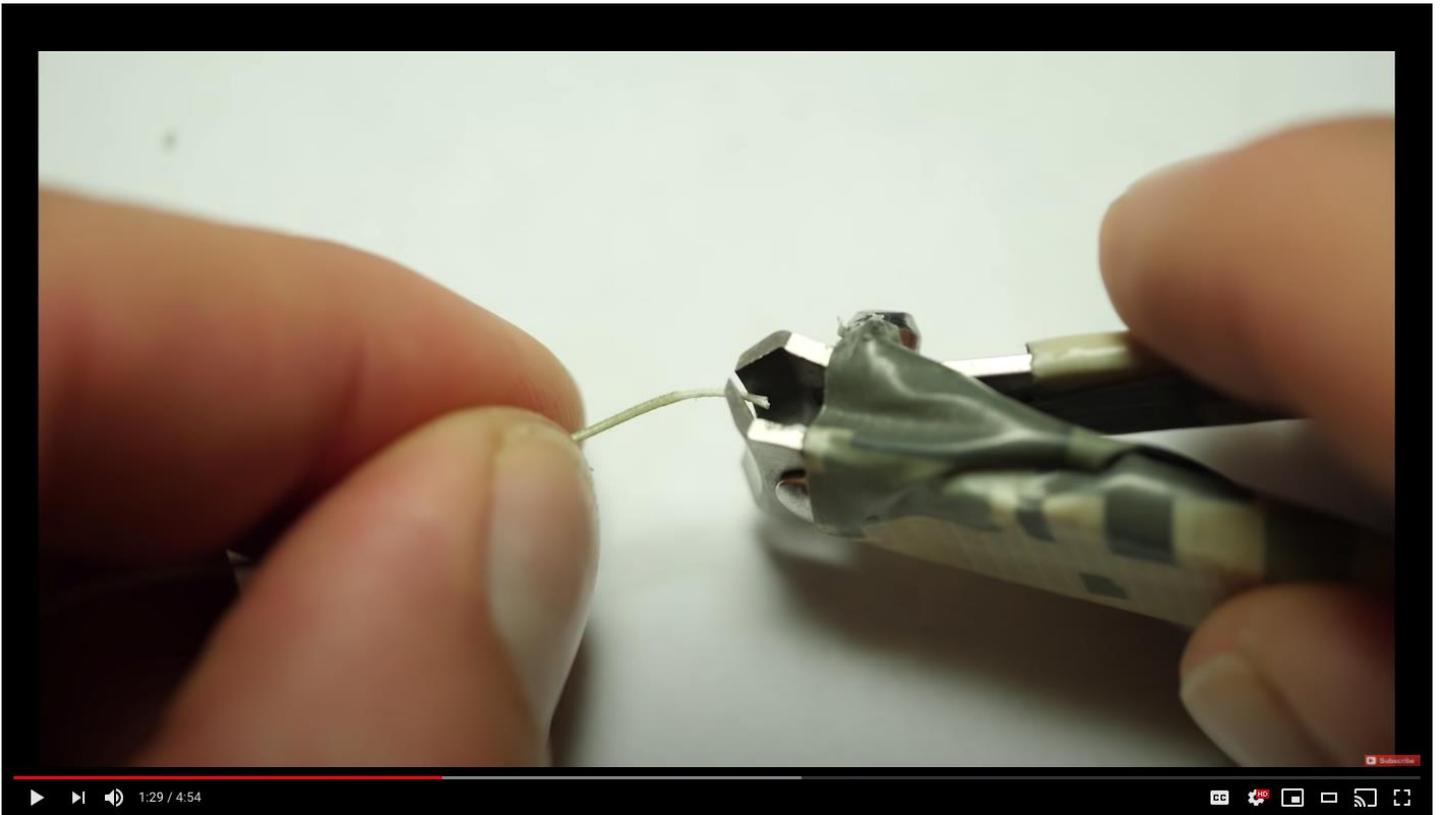
After winding a new fly line onto a reel, many anglers will immediately cut off its welded loop and then attach some butt section using a slim-profile knot such as a nail knot. These knots typically travel through the guides much easier than a loop-to-loop connection, and using products like Loon's UV Knot Sense can make the knot even smoother.

But you can go one step further and eliminate the knot altogether. This technique works for lines that have a braided core. To summarize the process, you strip off a short section of the line's outer coating, insert a needle into the braided core to enlarge it, remove the needle and insert the butt section material, then apply superglue to the exposed braid. The resulting connection is very strong and extremely slim.

For example, below is a photo showing my 6-weight floating line connected to 20-pound Maxima Chameleon. The gray section in the middle is the line's braided core, coated with superglue and then UV resin.



If you'd like to learn more, click on the image below to check out Devin Olsen's tutorial on YouTube:



## Items for Sale

### Wolff Apex Vise – Fred Lunday

I have a fly tying vise I wish to sell. It is an Apex vise from Wolff. It has a pedestal base and C clamp. It is rotary. It will fit 6/0 to 32 size hooks. Make me an offer.



Contact Fred – (510) 398-8276

### Smith top-end “Guide Choice” Sunglasses in original package, and unused

I wear prescriptions so unfortunately these won't work for me. These are high-end glass (not plastic lenses) with Matte Havana frames with stainless steel hinges. The ChromaPop lenses are polarized bronze mirror color (best for fishing) with anti-reflective and hydroeleophobic coating and with an 8 base curvature. [Smith website](#) retail is \$239 + tax & shipping. Will sell for \$175 or trade for a new Thomas & Thomas 5 weight, 10' fly rod (LOL).



Contact Rob Farris – (925) 286-5502 – RFFarris@comcast.net