



July 2016  
send articles-  
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BY BOB SEMERAU

### Western Outdoor News Staff Writer

AUBURN—The pristine middle fork waters of the American River, below the class five rapids, are accessed at the put-in just below the location of the old Greenwood Bridge. This amazingly unspoiled stretch of water for seven-miles down-river holds a large population of wild rainbow trout that rarely sees a boat, angler, or artificial fly for days.



Our goal on this trip, which was part of the recent Outdoor Writers Association of California (OWAC) 2016 Spring Conference hosted by Placer County and the Auburn, California Chamber of Commerce, was to get a sense of the area and the fishing opportunities available in local waters, and to get fish. Former OWAC president Ray Rychnovsky and this reporter loaded into the inflatable drift boat for a day-long adventure with Rise Up River Trips guide service, guided by local river-runner Grady Garlough. Garlough has been working the oars along this stretch of river for many years and knows each and every rock and honey-hole like it was his own.

“We don’t get a lot of pressure on these fish and there are usually just a few rafters each day along this section,” explained Garlough while fending off within a particularly steep drop. At least it seemed steep to us fly-guys. Above this zone are the “class fives,” a series of rapids that goes beyond what most anglers would have come out to experience while fly fishing; rapids that have names like Panic Alley, Carl’s Crash, and Tunnel Chute. Better to save that for another day.

With Ray seated in the bow, the stern pulpit gave me clear water from the boat’s midsection back for easy drifts. The big, rubber legged stone fly hung about 8-feet below the strike indicator with a bead head pheasant tail nymph about 12-inches further down. Keeping pace with the flow of the river’s current, Garlough instructed we anglers to keep a free drift and continued at...

<https://1drv.ms/f/s!AoRrJH0mm0A1h4djLWZ3jdWa9AMivg>

**WON Staffer, photographer, outdoor writer and overall good guy, Bob Moore passes on**

BY BILL KARR

WON Staff Writer

PLACERVILLE—Bob Moore, Staff Writer for Western Outdoor News for over a decade, passed away Dec. 4, 2015 at home in Placerville. His wife, Barbara, was there, and he died peacefully in her arms at 81 years old.

Robert C. Moore, known by everyone as “Bob”, was far more than just a writer for Western Outdoor News. He started in Torrance, California, at the Daily Breeze, and then transferred in 1965 to the Sacramento Union, where he worked as the Chief Photographer and outdoor writer, retiring after 38 years. After that, the Associated Press hired him when they could to cover photography assignments that needed a top-notch professional.

Moore was born in Temple, Texas, near Fort Worth on July 17, 1933, which probably accounted for his soft southern accent. He married his high school sweetheart, Barbara, while still in high school. They would have celebrated their 66th anniversary on July 24 of this year. Moore graduated from Poly Tech in Fort Worth Texas.

Bob and Barbara had four children, and they have 8 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren. They both have volunteered at Snowline Hospice in Placerville for the past 3 years, where Bob checked cameras to see if they could be sold. Barbara still volunteers there.

Bob had suffered from heart problems for the past few years, and he collapsed at home Dec. 4. Barbara asked if he wanted to get up, and he said he wanted to “rest for just a minute.” He died in her arms. Barbara is 83, and her family has surrounded her in support since Bob’s passing.

Personally, Bob Moore was far more than an employee for over a decade—he was a good friend, and someone I could always go to for help when something needed doing for Western Outdoor News. He was hired by the Associated Press for years for covering important photography assignments, and some of the best photos WON has ever printed were compliments of Bob Moore.

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**Bob Moore, from pg. 1**

Thousands of the photos printed in Western Outdoor News are from him, and the cameras that I bought from Bob Moore, as he sold his used ones for the newest and best models. I always went to him for problems—he knew cameras inside and out. We at Western Outdoor News will miss him, and we hope Barbara finds happiness in her family and the memories of over 6 decades with Bob.

There was a Celebration of Life for Bob Moore at 1 p.m, May 20, at the Green Valley Community Church, 3500 Missouri Flat Road, in Placerville. His friends were invited to attend.

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## The Dish on Placer County Small Towns

**Small Towns are Too Much Fun, Too Little Time by Are You That Woman Barbara Steinberg**

I am so blessed to live in northern California. My dilemma always, “Where to go, what to eat?” Less than 50 from California’s state capital, Sacramento, in any direction, farm and wine trails offer tours, festivals, music, flowers, art, and baskets brimming with edible delights. Day trips or overnight, bucolic communities wait with open arms.



### Historic Highway 40 Loomis 2016

Credit Are You That Woman

This time, I choose to head out of Sacramento via I-80 east to the pastoral foothills of Placer County's famed Gold Country. At Rocklin, I turn onto Taylor Road/Pacific Street—also known as historic Highway 40—to travel back road routes towards my chosen destinations. I have a long-time love affair with this great American road, and slowing down is the best part of this journey.

Story continued at:

<http://tinyurl.com/jqhr433>

## Embarrassing Moments

The Placer County Conference was a resounding success: well organized by Karen Killebrew and her local committee, spacious accommodations at the newly remodeled Holiday Inn Motel, excellent food, good member turnout, and stimulating speakers and activities. Everything was going well until Monday afternoon when I was caught up in an embarrassing situation for me and for OWAC.

I was one of five people who had signed up for the afternoon bicycling tour sponsored by the Sierra Foothills Cycling Club. When I arrived at the bicycle shop where five bicycles had been prepared for our group, I was met by about 15 members of the club dressed in their colorful club riding shirts waiting to accompany the journalists on a ride showcasing the attractions of the area. They had taken extended lunch breaks from work and planned to tour us past vineyards and farmland, obviously hoping we would take pictures of them to include with our articles.

But sadly, I was the only one of the five who showed up. Three had decided there were more important options and had asked Karen if they could be excused, which she did. But when I spoke with her later, she said that she had no other option since her job was to provide whatever the journalists requested. She expressed disappointment that the three had canceled because extensive preparations had been made to accommodate their original request to join the cycling group. The fourth member showed up at the bike shop, but when she saw the elite-level bikes and hardcore riders waiting for us, she confessed she was a leisurely recreational rider and could not perform at this level.

The upshot was most of the bicycle club members canceled the ride and returned to work, and four of the prepared bikes were returned to the shop. Three of the club officers joined me on what became one of the best rides of my life—cruising meandering roads past horse farms, mandarin-orange orchards,

olive groves, vineyards, and classic homesteads. The sky was clear and the air was cool—perfect for a 30-mile ride in the foothills.

When we returned I saw that they had prepared five gift packages, each including a rider’s cap, water bottle, and other goodies. I took one for myself, thanked them profusely, and apologized again for the members who did not attend. They were courteous enough to say it didn’t matter, but I saw in their expressions that they felt hurt.

Sadly, there were other instances of members not showing up. Earlier that Monday, I participated in the Big Hill Preserve Hike guided by two docents from the Placer Land Trust. Our group waited for the last two people to show up. Finally, it was clear they weren’t coming, so we set off on a wonderful hike without them. Later we learned that the two absentees had, at the last minute, decided to spend the morning in the motel making preparations for a future event.

And so, my fellow OWAC members, let’s remember what it means to be a professional journalist. Our hosts go to great trouble to prepare for us, and they ask only that we show up for the activities that we have selected. Unless there’s a medical emergency or a family crisis, there is no excuse not to attend. But we all know this, don’t we? Please take this note graciously as a gentle reminder.

Peter Schroeder

OWAC Board Member

### Editor’s Note: Meade Fischer

I have to admit that I was one of the people Peter referred to. I probably should have thought more about it when I signed up. However, once there, I realized that the ride was too ambitious for someone who hadn’t ridden more than a couple of miles in months. I knew I couldn’t keep up, and I saw that another activity would lead to a published story. I’m sorry if I disappointed anyone or caused extra work for our hosts.

## Hi Carol! Yes, of course. You teach women to fish, right? I could probably use some lessons

I have to tell you, I was totally prepared for a quiet, relaxing day of floating around and casting – that was the image I had in my mind about fly fishing, as I'd never done it a day in my life. And the night before, I told my husband – who is a chef in training – that it was cool to think I could bring home a fish for him to cook, that he actually knows how to make the most efficient use of every aspect of the fish now, and he said to me, "I just think it's so cute that you actually think you're going to catch a fish." Ha!

So after the Orvis rep gave me a 15 minute lesson in how to cast, Supervisor Robert Weygandt, who was hosting the tour, helped me get suited up in his waders, boots and fins, dropped me into his floaty chair (I'm sure there's a more official name for it than that), and gave me a push to get me beyond the weeds. I had literally been in the water for about 2 minutes, had cast three times when everything just went crazy. I thought it was just stuck on a weed at first, but everyone on the shore was hollering to me that it was, in fact, a fish. I started trying to pull the line in by hand, as I'd been shown (and still don't really understand why they have reels if you need to pull by hand). All of a sudden the pole snapped, and in addition to the panic of trying not to lose this fish, I remember panicking that the Orvis rep was going to kill me for breaking his pole. I grabbed the broken part of the pole and the line up there, and started pulling it in by hand from the top. While all of this is going on, I'm also kicking away, trying to myself closer to the shore so my fishing mates could help me. Next thing I knew, I was holding a three pound largemouth bass in my hand – I could feel the teeth. I had no idea that fish had teeth. After posing for a picture or two, the pros around me removed the hook and told me to let the little guy go. I was a little disappointed that after all that work, I wasn't going to get to take him home to my husband, but it also felt really sweet to apologize to him and set him free.

It was a wild and crazy – anything but relaxing – first ten minutes of my life as a fisherwoman. But once I got back out there, I didn't get a single nibble, so I finally did get the R&R experience I was expecting. I was instantly hooked, and will definitely do it again!  
All my best,

**DeDe Cordell**  
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Photos by Janet Fullwood



## Bucket list macks at Lake Tahoe

BY PAT YOUNG  
WON Staff Writer

CARNELIAN BAY--One of my best friends, Rich Ambrosino, got ahold of me a few months back and told me his bucket list included catching a Mackinaw and asked if I'd help him check that item off his list. Since I talk to a few guides on Lake Tahoe every week, I told him I could easily grant his wish and set up a trip to North Shore for the day after the Outdoor Writers Association of California Spring Conference sponsored by Placer County. With North Shore Tahoe located in Placer County, this trip would do double duty for me by highlighting activities available to sportsmen in this beautiful part of California.

I told the Placer County Visitors' Bureau I was planning a trip to Tahoe and they graciously arranged for a room at Ferrari's Crown Motel in Kings Beach for Tuesday and Rich and I were set to fish with Chuck Self at Chuck's Charter Fishing in Carnelian Bay on Wednesday morning. We checked into Ferrari's in the rain and hoped the weather would improve enough for us to make it out on the lake. We had a great dinner at Lanza's, a fantastic Italian restaurant and local institution, and headed back to our lake front room for a good night's sleep. We were up early and packed to meet Self at the Sierra Boat Company docks at 5:00 a.m. We loaded up in Self's 28-foot Baja Cruiser and headed

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Natural Wonders Forever

Pat Young cont from pg. 3



out to 250 feet of water off King’s Beach and started fishing at 5:30. Chuck Self uses light tackle to fish for macks and started trolling a UV spoon and a small Sebile minnow at 250 feet deep. The Lowrance sonar was empty so he began dropping off into deeper water searching for fish. At 5:45, Rich was reeling in his first Mackinaw and soon a 4 pounder was in the net. We missed a couple more fish because they were striking short and by 6:15 Ambrosino put a chunky 5-pound Mackinaw in the boat for his first ever Lake Tahoe limit. I noticed that we were in 400 to 420 feet of water before we had another fish on and soon I was fighting a strong laker to the boat. Self said the fish were

deep because the moon was still high in the morning sky and this had the fish near the bottom feeding on mysis shrimp. He pulled the boat out of gear once in a while and dropped the downrigger balls to the bottom to stir up the shrimp and we usually had a bite following the move. By 7:30, we had hooked 7 fish, released the smaller fish on a double hookup that ended the trip on a high note, and missed several more strikes. The 6 fish we had in the box were all 4 to 6 pounders with beautiful orange meat—wonderful table fare!!

Self took a few minutes to filet my fish and gut and gill Ambrosino’s trout, and then made a slow run back to the dock. We loaded our fish in our ice chests while Chuck cleaned the boat and put the gear away and then we were off to the Old Post Office in Carnelian Bay for a cup of hot coffee and a fantastic breakfast by 8:30. My buddy Rich was really impressed with Chuck Self and his knowledge of the lake and the techniques needed to stay on the Mackinaws. We all told a few fishing stories and as we left to head home, expressed our appreciation for such a memorable trip. If catching a mack is on your bucket list, contact Chuck Self at Chuck’s Charter Fishing at 530-448-3084.



## Placer Memories



Visitor Center Winery Visit



Hidden Falls Bike Trail



Placer Aerial view

## Notes from the Editor

### Meade Fischer

If you missed the Placer conference, you missed a wonderful time. Don't make the same mistake come October. Morro Bay was great the last time, and it will be even better this time. I believe the dates are Oct. 2-4.

There are a few places where we are not making the best use of OWAC as a professional organization. When you renew or even register for a conference, please fill in all the information requested, and list the outlets you write for. This allows us to network, with is another way of saying, "making more money." Also, it lets our corporant members know who is doing what and where. After all, if the Alligator wrestling association decides to join us, they would want to know who among us writes about grappling with this scaly creatures. Same goes with hunting, fishing, kayaking, etc. So, you do yourself, OWAC and our corporate members a favor by putting in all the info about yourself.

There's something about online stuff that somehow isn't working. Case in point is Californian of the year. Only a small percentage of us voted last time, and this is a big deal and quite an honor for the person chosen. I guess we can also include voting for the board as something we all need to do.

Spreaking of Californian of the Year, we only have this month to get those nominations in. Do you know someone who has done something outstanding for California's great outdoors, for outdoor activities, for conservation. Everyone loves a pat on the back, so nominate someone.

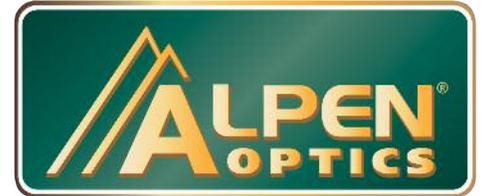
We have committees, so many I have to pull up the list to name them all. That means that there's more chores to attend to than board members to do them. Many of you don't have time to be on the board, but taking on one small job that takes just a few hours a month would help all of us and would make OWAC an even better organization. To volunteer, contact president Tom Martens: [tmartens@tommartens.net](mailto:tmartens@tommartens.net)

On the subject of contacting people, I love to read stories from our members about the great outdoor activities they love and write up for publication. Why not share some of this great writing with the rest of us and all the curious people who click on our website. It's so easy, even I can do it. Just take the word or other document you used to write your story and attach it to an email (that really should be e-mail, but we've gotten lazy with written language) and send it to me with a clever subject line, such as "for the newsletter." Send it to [info@meadefischer.com](mailto:info@meadefischer.com)

I wrote a story about my activity at Placer, and when it is published, I'll share it with you whether you want to read it or not.



MOUNTAIN LAKE ESCAPE



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