

# FINNY FACTS

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DECEMBER 2013

San Diego



Fly Fishers

Cleaner Water. Brighter Streams. Better Fishing.

Volume 18, No. 11

## Monthly Meeting

### Fly Tying, Swap Meet and a RAFFLE!

December's meeting has something for everybody. There is the fly tying congress that appeals to all tiers out there, a swap meet to sell those items that you do not use or need, and new this year, **A RAFFLE !**

You have a chance to win prizes in an unusual raffle format. There have been some large donations from Mr. Jim Eggerton, Mr. Don Rutherford, and the estate of Mr. Mike Bemis that takes up too much space at home. I have over 40 bags of fly-tying supplies, several new and used fly rods including some bamboo, used fly reels, two float tubes with fins, books, tools, waders, boots, and other assorted items. The format will feature 4

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#### MEETING NOTICE

Monday, December 2, 2013  
7:30 PM

Sequoia Elementary School  
4690 Limerick Avenue  
(See map on back page)

#### REMINDER

Volunteer hosts  
for this meeting  
(report at 6:15 PM)

**Alan Thompson  
and Lew Walsh**

*Thank You from Lew Walsh*

## THE WEDNESDAY BUNCH

by Gretchen Yearous



**This lookout gazebo has a plaque that reads: San Diego Flyfishers Wednesday Club.**

I recently took this picture graced with all the fall colors and found myself reliving my past. The Wednesday Gang, Bunch, Club, was the club's first unofficial mentor group specializing in impoundments. I joined up with the Wednesday group in 1986.

**Ned Sewell**, the originator of the Wednesday bunch, gathered funds together from various attendees and gave the money to the lake to build this safe place to sit, rather than setting up camp in the parking lot. The lake got it built around 3 years ago, too late for **John Kasten** to be able to step up onto the platform. The group stayed in the parking lot so John wouldn't feel left out.

In the early days, the group would sometimes swell to 15. The Wednesday gang met at Lake Cuyamaca late spring through late fall, answering the call of the lure of the mountain, and then relocated to Lake Morena during the winter answering the lure of large planted trout. Those who worked, occasionally sneaked off work and joined the retirees.

Some appreciated the camaraderie, some say

for the fishing, some say for the nature creatures, some say for the mentoring, some say for the reports of where the fishing is hot or where it's not, but most importantly, all were welcomed. Good news was celebrated and bad news was commiserated. We discovered some great story tellers. Laughter was all but guaranteed. The subjects varied from current events, fixing stuff, and fishing. But when someone brought up the subject of how awful his colonoscopy was, I took that as my cue to walk the dog for a while.

We had cook outs at both lakes. We had a lot of fun wading the

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First, another tip of the hat to **Lee McIlravey**, who pitch hit for suddenly peripatetic Mr. T. who found himself in Hartford, CT. on the Monday of our last meeting. Other than having a cigar with good friends on the rooftop of a building on Lewis Street, overlooking the lovely lit dome of the capital building, there wasn't much to recommend the Insurance Capital of the USA. Cold, raw, but warmed up by great people. So, I missed the meeting...and I heard that our speaker did a wonderful job.

If there's a first, there must be a second. Seems like we are in the voting mood here in San Diego. While the results of the upcoming mayoral race in America's Finest City are yet to be determined at the time of this writing, I can give you a mortal lock on the upcoming slate of the 2014 officers and board members for your esteemed angling club. Led by incoming President **Jack Duncan**, we will be casting our vote at the December meeting.

Our December meeting should be an interesting one. In addition to our normal door prize "opportunity drawing" we will have a truckload of other items that you might win in an opportunity drawing that will cost you a few farthings should you decide to participate. Raffle maven and new incoming 1<sup>st</sup> Vice President **Alan Thompson** will be stocking tables with donations from mem-

bers, including the estate of **Mike Bemis**. Also, there will be a silent auction table, our normal swap meet, and fly tying demonstrations by some of the club's best.

This meeting is the equivalent of a hanging out in a 1940s hardware store. All we lack is a wood burning stove, a bottle of Old Overboot, pipes, and cheap cigars. We have all the characters, curmudgeons, and flavor of the era!

Third, the banquet. We have decided on a venue, **Admiral Baker Clubhouse, 2400 Admiral Baker Road, San Diego, CA 92124**. We have also picked a date, **Monday, January 13, 2014**. In addition to a nice sit-down meal, we will have great door prizes, the presentations of the Gordon Foster Award and the Stroud Award. Tickets are **\$30.00** and they are available at the meeting. Nearly everyone on the board has purchased a pair of tickets. We promise the presentations and acceptance speeches will be brief.

Also, please note that the meeting in the second Monday of the month...we didn't want to compete the BCS National Championship Bowl Game featuring Alabama and somebody else.

This is my penultimate missive. The next...and last...column will be an extended thank you to some great volunteers and a call



to others to take up the mantle.

Tight lines!



## **Monthly Meeting**

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ways to participate: 1<sup>st</sup>, a traditional raffle using the same tickets for door prizes with each ticket priced at \$1.00 dollar each or 25 tickets for \$20.00 all drawn from one bucket: 2<sup>nd</sup>, a silent auction with no minimum: 3<sup>rd</sup>, a grab bag with each bag priced at \$2.00 with some nice prizes in some bags and questionable "prizes" in other bags: 4<sup>th</sup>, there will be odd items on a donation table, if you think you can use it, then place some cash in the can (no acceptamos Pesos).

The purpose of this raffle is NOT the death threats I am receiving from my wife for all the fishin' stuff, rather another opportunity to support the unique programs we offer to our community.

Think of all the neat things that "Santa" will bring you this Christmas season (gift wrapping is not included). After all, the best presents you receive are the ones you buy for yourself and cash. All kidding aside, this will be a great time and I hope to see you there.



# Stroud Banquet

## January 13, 2014

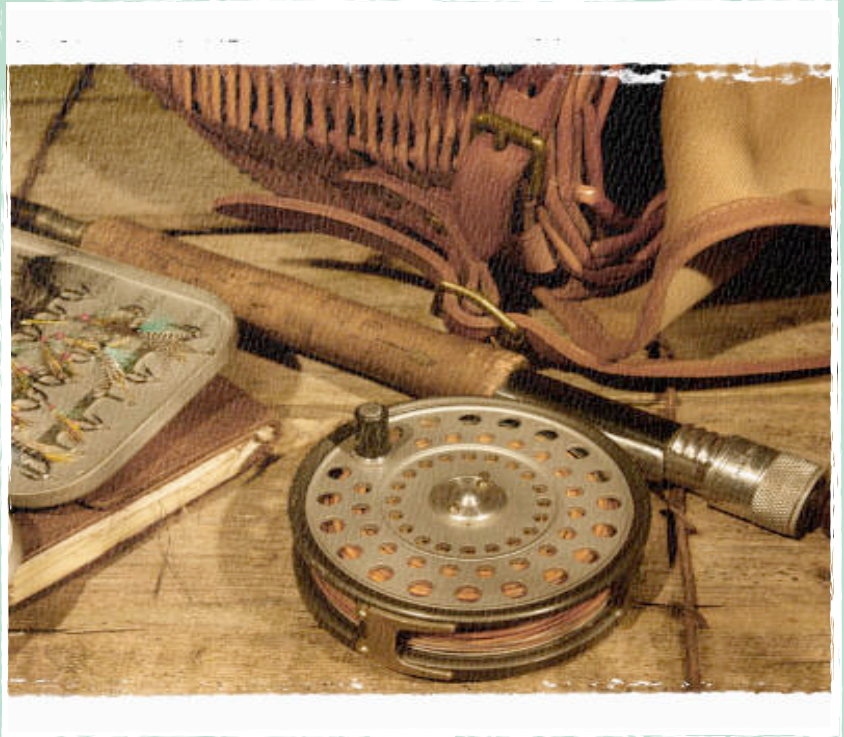
### 6:30 to 9:00 pm.

#### Italian Buffet.

Garden Greens salad with Grape Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Red Onions, Kalamata Olives and marinated Artichokes

3 Entrees, Chicken Parmesan, Sweet Italian Sausage with Sautéed Peppers, and Eggplant Parmesan.

Penne Pasta with Bolognese Sauce, Creamy Garlic Alfredo Sauce, Tuscan Blend Vegetables and Garlic Bread.



#### Admiral Baker Clubhouse, U.S. Navy Recreation Center

Navy Recreation Center just off Friars Road  
approximately 1 mile east of Qualcomm Stadium.

\$30 per person for a great buffet dinner in a beautiful and convenient setting.  
Price included a door prize ticket!

Sign-up at a club meeting, Stroud's Tackle or mail check to:

**San Diego Fly Fishers, Attn. Stroud Banquet**  
10601-G Tierrasanta Blvd., #327  
San Diego, CA 92124

Please make your reservations prior to January 6.

**Spouses and guests are welcome.**

*It's that time of the year to renew Club membership and to push for new members. Let's grow the Club. Here is some information for prospective new members.*

## Benefits of Joining the San Diego Fly Fishers

By Lucky Ketcham,

The San Diego Fly Fishers is primarily a fly fishing club. We hope you find your membership in our club both rewarding and valuable. Our goals are to provide you with many opportunities to further your knowledge of our sport as well as opportunities to put this knowledge into practice. We also want to create lasting friendships with others who share our interest. Below is a list of activities available to you as club members.

Although we are not a conservation or environmental political action organization, many of our members are very interested in preserving the clean cold waters that our trout live in or our saltwater fishery and individually participate in conservation and environmental causes. As a service, we will make our members aware of these causes. In addition, our club has a Conservation Chair who coordinates club volunteer conservation activities and support of local/regional conservation efforts (e.g. California Trout). **"Brighter Water, Cleaner Streams and Better Fishing"** is our club motto.

The membership includes individuals and families that are interested in many aspects of fly-fishing, fly tying, rod building and conservation activities. The number of members has ranged from 350 to 420 in the past 5 years. There are usually 50 to 60 women that either support fly-fishing or are active in the support. We encourage a new generation of fly fishers with our activities supporting youths. The club is a great place to meet new people that have common experience levels and people with more experience that are willing to teach or share their experiences.

The **"Paul Woolery Summary"** for those busy members that like their information in a concise format and to the point.

Monthly Meetings  
Fly Casting Lessons  
Video Library  
Fly Fishing Books in local libraries  
Trips - local and distant  
Raffles - monthly, annual and silent auctions  
Fly Tying - Beginning, Intermediate and Flies of Interest  
Rod Building  
Newsletter - The *FINNY FACTS*  
Conservation Activities.  
Informational Website  
E-mail Fishing Reports  
Mentor Program  
Chollas Lake Lend a Rod - Youth Fishing  
Community Participation  
Insurance  
Make new friends.  
Information Sharing



## THE WEDNESDAY BUNCH

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south end at Lake Cuyamaca. John Kasten taught me a lot about wading that area because I didn't have a float tube. He didn't want me fishing down there alone. They got me into fish that I never would have caught. They all looked out for me (shorty). We also waded Lake Morena's North Shore with everybody catching fat trout. That shoreline is now unavailable to the public. Hints became fact when we discovered that some were dipping their flies in trout gravy. The excuse....."Hey- we drive all the way out here and fish in the cold so we want better chances of action". Fishing solely with flies got fickle results. Someone would invent a new fly and catch all the fish. You can bet that every vise was smokin' and others came back the next week with that new magic fly. We shared information.

**Jack Bently** wasn't much for im-poundments but even he joined us at Morena when the lake was very full and the carp were holding by the inlet. We had celebrities stop by - **Ed Zierawski** came to Cuyamaca and got info for an article on the group. **Marty Milner** fished with us a few times.

I saw **Don Nelson** hook a flying bird on his back cast. That took 20 minutes of desperation for Don to tame that situation. I heard **Mas Itano** take quite a teasing. He was taking 15 minutes to land his fish. The guys were teasing him about just showing off and playing the fish to make it look good. Mas had the last word when he pulled in a 6 lb trout. Don Nelson pulled out a 6 pounder 2 years later. Someone, who will remain nameless, fell in the South end and blew his whistle. Kids were at the lake that day so none of us paid any attention. Finally someone looked up and ran

down there to pull him out. He was suffering hypothermia so bad that a couple of the guys had to strip him down and redress him with dry clothes in the parking lot.

Come rain or shine or nasty winds, we still came. We spent a little time in Ned's motor home when it was too cold to sit outside or someone else's van. It felt like an adventure. We became attached to some of the folks managing the lakes and hand-ling the permits and boats. They were our friends.

One of the restaurants we frequented in Alpine (Bread Basket) closed, another one burned down by Cuyamaca Lake. Other changes were becoming obvious. Our jokes came in the form of jokes printed out from emails. Gas prices soared and the information super highway was all the rage. E-mails flew around about the huge trout being stocked at Miramar and Poway during the winter. Some of the newer members opted to stay closer to home. Miramar indeed had huge trout and Poway likewise. Now I was seeing 9 flyfishers fish close to home and having versions of cookouts. Saltwater focus increased when Miramar stopped stocking the tail walker trout from Nebraska.

There are still a few original Wednesday bunch who go up to Cuyamaca and will soon switch to Morena. Sometimes they wade when fishing conditions are reasonable. It is hard to resist the lure of the mountain. The last couple of weeks have had near gale force winds and white caps early in the



morning. It is worth it to hang with the group and see the fall colors and go to the dark side by trailing a power worm for that take home trout dinner.

Fishing with the Wednesday Bunch provides lots of wildlife sightings: moles, snakes on the water (rarely), low flying herons over your head, woodpeckers, ducks, raccoons, deer, horses - to name just a few.

The Wednesday Bunch attracted all walks of life with one thing in common. We are flyfishers. We are family. Our club has been enriched by the love of flyfishing and shared skills of our original Wednesday Bunch. Enjoy the lookout gazebo. The Wednesday Bunch would be honored.



*Gretchen Yearous*



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## Members Fishing Reports

Lucky, Sam & Bob's Big  
Adventure 2013--A Travelogue  
Revised September 21, 2013

### The Incredible Caddis Hatch July 8, 2013

I look forward to the evening hatch and congregation of breeding swarms of Caddisflies on the Green River in Utah. When the Fish and Game Department begins to blend the 70 degree top water with the 40 degree bottom water of the Flaming Gorge Dam, the trout and insects respond by increasing their activity and starting their life cycle. The Green River is a managed habitat. They blend the water to produce 55 to 58 degree water. Memorize those numbers. If you find 55 degree water you will most likely find trout. If the water along the bank is 68 to 70 the trout will have moved to deep shaded pools and fast oxygenated water. If you see long wispy strands of Blue Green Algae in the back eddies, you can almost guarantee the water does not have enough oxygen for trout to be comfortable. That's the time I want to be fishing the fast riffles of the Caddis Cliffs on the Green. The time of day should be the "magic hours" between 7 PM and 9:30 PM.

Bob Pharoah and I are rarely off the river by 9 PM when the caddis hatch is on. The Salt Lake City Firemen will sit on the bank or BBQ dinner to kill time before they enter the Mother-in-Law Rapids. We will wait until 7 PM and the beginning of the Caddisfly Breeding Swarms before heading down river. We all carry head lamps – just in case the fishing is so good

that we refuse to leave. There is a special risk involved with waiting too long and running the Rock Garden and the boiler rocks in complete darkness. I like trout fishing but I do want to stay alive to fish another day.

You should really experience some heavy caddis hatches like we had last night. There were so many reddish brown caddisflies buzzing around about a foot off the surface of the riffles that it looked like a filmy loose layer of brown foam or netting. Caddisflies do not die within three days of emerging like the mayflies. They will live, breed and lay eggs for several weeks. Everyday thousands of new bugs are breaking through the fast water surface and they continue to add to the numbers. Brown trout and rainbows migrate to this area for the better oxygen; but also for the food supply. Caddisflies must taste good. I can't tell you how many times the trout will pick my tiny size 16 partridge wing caddis adult over a cicada, hopper or Fat Albert. It amazes me. This is fast water, how can the trout pick out that little brown dry fly in the almost dark evening.

It seems the biggest trout we are catching are hitting on the smallest of patterns. Last night I thought the Boomer's Cicada was reducing my hits on the tan caddis. I took it off and presented only the single tiny fly. At 9 PM it was so dark that I could not see the fly on the water. I just knew the general area it was supposed to be drifting and I set the hook on any splashy hit within 3 feet.

When you read that trout make splashy, noisy hits on caddisflies ... it is the truth. This caddis fly hatch is special. You're running down this riffle of fast water and the heads are popping all around you. Sometimes the whole body of the trout comes out of the water, sometimes it looks like little humpback whales are Spy Hopping and sticking their heads straight up 6 inches. It is really exciting when fish are hitting the flying insects just above the water. I thought it sounded like someone was shooting 22 shorts into the water or at least a pellet gun. The water would explode up like a bullet hit it.

You wonder why the trout would pick your little dry fly when they have millions of bugs to choose from. The secret is that most of the fluttering caddis are not touching the water. They are hovering two to 12 inches above the water. The fish are looking up and trying to catch a fly that is only near the water. I used Norb's little Delta Wing Caddis and John William's Partridge and Antron flat wing caddis. I think John's name for it was the H&M Caddis. See the Archives of SDFF Fly of the Month. The trout liked these sparse brown flies over the Elk Hair Caddis patterns I tried.

The swarms of caddis flies like the shade and wind protection of the Caddis Cliffs. They will concentrate in the small caves in the undercut bottom. I like to cast and run my flies within inches of the cliffs. In late June and July, the brown trout will move into these

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areas and hunt for caddis. That is where I catch the big ones. I look forward to "The Thumpers" 20 to 22 inch brown trout that make the rod tip THUMP and Throb instead of just a short wiggle dance.

Sometimes the fish must be those big 24" or 28" browns; but we never seem to land those. The combination of small flies, light tippets and fast water usually ends in a lost fish for Bob and me. The last 6 fish I caught were on the little caddis patterns. I tried to take some photos but my camera battery was acting up and would not flash. It was so dark I could not mess with the settings. You will just have to believe me when I tell you the last two were 20 inch fish. The fish in the riffles or the Black Lagoon are fat and healthy. The extra excitement of the Black Lagoon is a family of 4 or 5 big beavers. They are always out swimming when we run through and they pound their tails on the surface making the sound of a bowling ball being thrown into the water.

If you are not expecting it, the sudden splash near your pontoon boat can raise the hair on the back of your head. We tell the new anglers that beavers can bite you with those big teeth. You should have seen how fast some of the guys can paddle.

You would love the caddis cliffs if you fish it at the right time of night. Friends that want to get off the river by 5 PM, never get to see the rising heads and splashy takes. I hope you can see them through my eyes.

Tip: Buy the battery head lights that have a red filter for late night fishing. The red filter will help you with your night vision and you will have fewer clouds of midges and caddis to get into your eyes, ears and mouth. I hate breathing in midges.

### **Kokanee Salmon 2013**

I learned to understand why anglers enjoy chasing Kokanee Salmon on the Flaming Gorge Reservoir in WY and Utah. They are "tail walkers" and much more active than either rainbow trout or lake trout. They jump and run on the surface when they feel the weight of a fishing line and the sting of a hook. This year I learned to appreciate them more and now crave to catch more. They are addicting.

Thanks to my friends: Sam Gilbert and Bob Pharoah I got the chance to chase "Kokes" for a week at the Buckboard Marina on the West side of the giant reservoir. Sam brought his 18 foot Lund motor boat down from Sheridan, filled it with \$200 worth of gas, lent me his conventional spinning rods and was my fishing guide to put me onto some great "The Tug is the Drug Fish."

I will try to pass on some of the information that I learned about these silver bullets. The first few weeks of June always seem to be a great time to chase Kokes on this lake. The Buckboard Marina has a shallow bay that warms up quickly and starts producing large amounts of plankton for the salmon to feed on. Kokanee Salmon are filter feeders, like shad, they

don't really want to eat the three inch colored fly patterns used to catch them. The bright reds, oranges and chartreuse green lures or plastic skirt squid patterns are bit out of aggravation or territorial protection. The Fish and Game Departments of both WY and Utah share the management of this fishery. In order to feed the Kokes, the agencies stocked the lake with fresh water shrimp. The shrimp have survived and prospered as filter feeders of the phytoplankton. The sun beats down on this clear nutrient rich lake and makes it a food factory.

Bob and Sam have been chasing Kokes since 2000. This year it will have been 13 years. (You would think they would learn a few tricks over all that time.) This year I met another salmon fanatic: Randy Beavis. Randy ties Custom Trolling Flies in a large variety of colors and configurations to increase angler's chances of luring in these big fish. Randy and his wife were camping across the road from us in the Buckboard Campground. Randy was catching 30 Kokes a day while we were just catching 12. He has caught 40 fish per day in past years. He fishes for Kokes in June and then again in August. Contact him if you need some flies that will work and if you have questions. He was very interesting to talk to.

Randy Beavis

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## **Lucky, Sam & Bob's Big Adventure 2013--A Travelogue**

Sam has a large selection of trolling lures that have worked over the years. Most of the lures have willow leaf spinning blades, the bodies are made of bright colored plastic beads, or soft plastic of some type. This week the flies that were being sold out of the tackle shop in Manila were red, pink, bright orange or pink/UV plastic shrimp or squid skirts. The anglers will troll them behind flashers like Dodgers, Cow Bells, Baby Bells, and Ford Fenders. Most of the boats are geared to troll with down riggers. Fish finders are used to find the level of the schools of fish and the lures or trolling flies are best trolled at the proper depths. The filter feeding salmon move up and down in the water column to be at the water temperature they want 55 to 58 and to be with the layers of Zooplankton (Freshwater Shrimp). We also think they feed on emerging midges. This year we seemed to associate the small schools of Kokes in the areas where there were lots of midge shucks on the surface of the lake. If I didn't have a fish finder, I think I would troll around looking for midge breeding areas. Midge = Food = Fish — where ever you are in the world.

Randy said it was not too hard to find Kokes at Buckboard Marina, this week. Just launch the boat and make a right or left turn just past the buoys at the entrance. The salmon were in about 30 or 40 feet of water and about 28 ft. down when the sun was up. Remember zooplankton are at the surface at night and then migrate to deeper water when the sun is up. (Negatively Phototrophic —

they are like cockroaches and do not like the light. Phytoplankton love and need the light — they are near the surface and do not normally have swimming or floating mechanisms.)

### **Whacka, Whacka, Whacka — The Green River Experience July 8, 2013**

Yesterday was our last day to run the top 7 miles of the Flaming Gorge and the A section of the Green River. The Fish Gods decided that Bob and I have been good little boys and let us have "The Green River Experience — Big Fish Rising to Big Dry Flies." My brother, Frank, felt the experience two years ago when our drift boat guide Ryan Spencer starting saying: "Whacka, Whacka — You guys are really whacking them." Yesterday was like that for Bob Pharoah, Lucky Ketcham and our Salt Lake City Paramedic long time fishing partner, Rob Huffman. Rob as usual had a much better day than Bob or I but we shared the joy of watching each other cast and miss, cast and LDR, cast and release the classic Green River Browns and Rainbows. In the course of the day I caught 17 trout over 15 inches. I could have said that all were over 17 inches if it were not for two 15 and 16 inch rainbows that took my caddisfly early in the morning. The best part was that all the fish rose to the surface for big dry flies. I did not have to even think about nymphs and indicators or even woolly buggers.

The day started with Bob Pharoah eager to get on the water. His fish watch said that it had four out of five fish for the prediction of the

solar-lunar calendar. He usually likes to sleep in, but this day he was in his truck and honking the horn for me to speed up the process by 10 AM. To be fair I thought he said we would leave camp at 10:30. He reminded me it was between 10 and 10:30. If someone says fishing, I usually say Go. Grab and Go is easier on a stream. When you will be on the river for 11 or 12 hours you need water, food, sun protection, and on this day Rain/Wind Protection. I was glad I packed my little rain poncho — for baby it poured, baby it poured.

It was the Green River Experience — we caught fish on 3 inch Cica-das and everything down to size 16 Delta Caddis. Jim Castellan caught a fish on the size 26 Grey Scud and caught his hand on the size 16 Yong's Special. You have to have at least one hook in your hand if you go on this trip. The experience includes heavy driving rain, hail, winds that make you row down the river or winds that blow you down the river so fast you are driven into the rocky shore or cliffs. You have hot sun and a half hour later you can be chilled to the bone with 58 degree winds and hail. The rain drops can be so big that they plop on the water and form 1 inch air bubbles on the surface. Part of the day you spend hunkered down along the bank trying to stay dry and avoid the lightning strikes. You debate if sitting under a tall pine tree is a good idea. I usually radio over to Bob to hold his graphite fly rod a bit higher, at least higher than mine. Graphite fly rods are good lightning conductors. Bob always puts the tip of his fly rod in the water when the thunder starts

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## Lucky, Sam & Bob's Big Adventure 2013--A Travelogue

echoing through those deep canyons. I was very glad I decided to wear my chest waders and did not try to run the river wet yesterday. I put on every vest and shirt that I had in my dry bag and was still chilled.

Rob Huffman told us that Saturday was a great day for him on the river and that we missed out by making our normal run to Vernal for shopping, laundry and gas. There were 750 floaters and at least 150 rafts, boats and pontoon boats on the river on the July 4th weekend Saturday. That keeps us doing something else. Rob said that the floaters did not hurt the fishing. One person told him that he had success by casting behind the rubber rafts as they passed. Evidently the tourists drop so much food, that the trout start following the rafts looking for snacks. I'll have to try that someday. By Sunday afternoon most of the working people are packing up to head back to Salt Lake City, Ogden or Provo and we have the river to ourselves. I like to fish Sundays. I say a lot of prayers and the steep cliffs of the Flaming Gorge make the best church you could imagine.

Fishing really big Cicada patterns can be challenging. We have been fishing the relatively large Boomer's Cicada for the past 3 weeks. It is designed for the smaller black and yellow cicada species that comes out early in June or late in May. The fish have almost stopped rising to that small 1 1/2 inch pattern. Now they are looking for the giant black and orange Magnificent

Cicada. It is as big as my thumb. There are a number of big 3 or 4 inch foam monster flies that are designed for this fish treat. Some light foam patterns are difficult to cast, especially in the wind. We find we like the patterns with a Deer Hair or Black Elk "bullet head." The bullet head hoppers and cicadas fly through the air better and turn over better than the square cut foam headed flies. We like the folded foam bullet head on Boomer's and similar patterns. Rob had a giant black and tan cicada pattern that he designed. It must have been 4 inches long and had an unusual wing. About 40 strands of Flashabou in silver, crytalflash and blue extended just past the tip of the abdomen. The ventral of the body was a banana shaped wedge of tan foam covered by the dominant black foam. It had black rubber legs, not orange. It had little wing of white deer hair or calf tail like Boomer's and it had the folded foam head like Boomer's. Rob claims the fish loved the big fly on Saturday and he caught four trout that were 24 inches long on it. That information gave Bob and me the encouragement to stay with the really big cicada patterns on this float.

For whatever reasons, Sunday the big trout were looking for Magnificent Cicadas. Big fish rose and looked at our patterns all day long. The big meal must taste good. The big flies are not easy for all the fish to take in their mouths and still find the hook. We always have many more bumps or swings and misses when you fish these patterns — but it is

exciting. I can still hear the "cussing" now as I recall Bob's frustrations of missing another big fish.

Bob and I are not really in competition on these trips ... but he does like to actually catch more fish than I do. It is sort of a measure or a scientific experiment. Will barbless hooks catch and hold as many fish as the barbed hooks that Bob always uses. He laughs at me when I radio that a really big brown jumped and threw my barbless hook pattern. He shakes his head and says "I'm not going say anything." Every time I break down and forget to take the barb off a "store bought fly" the fish gods punish me by having it stuck in my finger or some nice nylon shirt or jacket. Barbed hooks do not like me. The pontoon boat has nylon straps everywhere and those hooks "find nylon." Also I like the ease of removing the hook from the fish. Catch and release is much easier with barbless hooks. Many times yesterday the hook came out in the net and I did not have to touch the fish — except for pictures. We don't really need any more pictures of 17 or 18 inch brown trout in a net or in my hand. I can just pull up 20 or 30 from last week or last year.

Bob is not even bringing a camera down the river, just his phone camera. The days of me calling over "Bring the Camera, Bring the Net" are apparently over. Bob expects me to be the cameraman or video man. I would have more photos from yesterday but most of the fish were the cookie cutter

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## Lucky, Sam & Bob's Big Adventure 2013--A Travelogue

17 inch browns and the bigger fish seemed to jump out of the net or my hand before I could get a picture off. Big strong 20 inch fish are hard to photograph if you don't want a shot of it in an ugly black net. Somehow my flash photos did not work for the fish caught after dark.

I loved the fish hitting big cicadas up against the bank and behind rocks. The game was back to hitting the targets three inches from the rocks. Sitting out 40 feet and hitting that seam with a dry fly is great fun for me. I like the target practice. I only had to kick in and retrieve a fly stuck on a small willow or a rock twice in 500 casts. I remember my first year on the river, I was always casting too far and losing \$2.10 cicada flies in the weeds. Most of the time when you are floating in moving water you cannot go back up stream to get a stuck fly. You just keep floating and break it off. You wonder why I practice casting to targets so much in the winter. I am frugal – I hate to lose a fly even if it only cost me ten cents to tie it. Bob and I bring 8 or 9 thousand flies each on this trip — but we still try to help the local fly shops by buying 3 or 4 dozen of whatever is working. A dozen big terrestrial flies costs about \$25. The fly shops like a little of our "California Money." We sit for hours in the cafeteria using their Internet Connection. We pay them back in ice cream sales, burgers, cokes and flies. I did buy my annual new Creekside Trout Fishers blue shirt. Paul Britting taught me to always buy at least one fancy fishing shirt (\$55.) from special fishing locations. The

shirts help preserve the memories.

The three of us, fished the river at about the same speed and we were able to joke back and forth about the fishing over the past seven years. We love to fish with Rob and his firemen friends. They know the river and can give us tips. Rob was complimentary and told how much fun he had telling his wife and friends about these Crazy Old Men from San Diego that are the last anglers off the river every night. Tim Connelly the Ranger keeps the big lights on at the Little Hole boat ramps until he knows we are off the water. If we missed the ramps on a dark moonless night, we would be traveling another 7 miles to the next boat ramps.

Whacka, whacka, whacka — I caught six nice fish in a row without a missed strike. I even caught one while I was trying to take a picture of the first fish. I just tossed the Cicada out into the current and it drifted about 30 feet down stream. Bam a big rainbow hit it like a freight train. I had to quickly release the brown trout and play with the rainbow. I had thirteen trout by the time we got to the lunch stop, half way down the river section. Then the curse began and I missed at least six hits in a row. I thought – "I am going to be stuck on Un-Lucky 13 again." Rob kept slamming the fish and reported the same section that I was not getting rises, he was seeing the most fish he has seen in a week. The big fly made the difference. My biggest cicada was beat up. It no longer had rubber legs, half the deer hair wing was missing. The foam and

black deer hair were so loose that they spun on the hook. The little square of orange foam might be on the bottom or on the top. It had been fishing much better now than it did not look like a new fly. I stopped putting silicon fly float, Gink on it. The fly barely floated and that seemed to make the trout like it all the more. Sometimes sparse beat up flies work better than new ones.

I used only one fly most of the day. Many times we like to add a small ant or caddis pattern off the bend of the big fly. I tried the caddis fly earlier but it was being ignored. It did not do anything but tangle around my rod tip and disturb the natural drag free drift. I much prefer to use a single dry fly. I like to have the single fly turn over and go where I want it to. I used an Orvis Furled or Braided Leader this day with a 3 X tippet. I gambled with the heavier tippet to reduce breaking off big fish. Sometimes you need 4X or 5X lighter tippet to get a take. This day the fish did not care. I like the story that a guide told me on the Big Horn. He said the fish were not line shy on the Big Horn. He did not even carry 5X and 6X tippet on the river. "If the trout want your nymph, they will take it off a parachute cord or your pants leg." That is the way it was on the Green yesterday.

The top half of the A Section was a lot of fun on the big Cicada Patterns..... And then we hit the real fishing excitement. Big fish on tiny size 16 caddisflies.

Caddis Cliffs, fast water, runs and riffles.

**TO BE CONTINUED.....**



## Recipients of the Stroud Award

2004-Jim Brown  
2005-Allen Greenwood  
2006- Hugh Marx  
2007- Mike Rivkin  
2008- Bill Van Wulven  
2009- Larry Botttroff  
2010- Gary Strawn  
2011- Bob Fletcher  
2012- Bill and Eileen Stroud



## EILEEN STROUD CONSERVATION FUND



Donations are gratefully  
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**All funds collected in Eileen's name will be donated to fresh water fish conservation or research programs in San Diego County.**

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For unselfish and outstanding service  
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1992-Bob Camp	2005-Jim Reeg
1993-Bill & Eileen Stroud	2006-John Kasten
1994-Ed Velton	2007-Lucky Ketcham
1995-Bob Wisner	2008-Louie Zimm
1996-Gary Hilbers	2009-Warren Lew
1997-Jack Bentley	2010- Paul Woolery
1998-Gordie Zimm	2011-Gary Strawn
1999-Gretchen Yearous	2012-Lee McElravy
2000-Tom Smith	
2001-Rose & Roger Yamasaki	
2002-Larry Sorensen	
2003-Jim Tenuto	

**Cutoff date for January FINNY FACTS  
articles---Friday December 13th.**

Send articles to:  
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**Send change of address information,  
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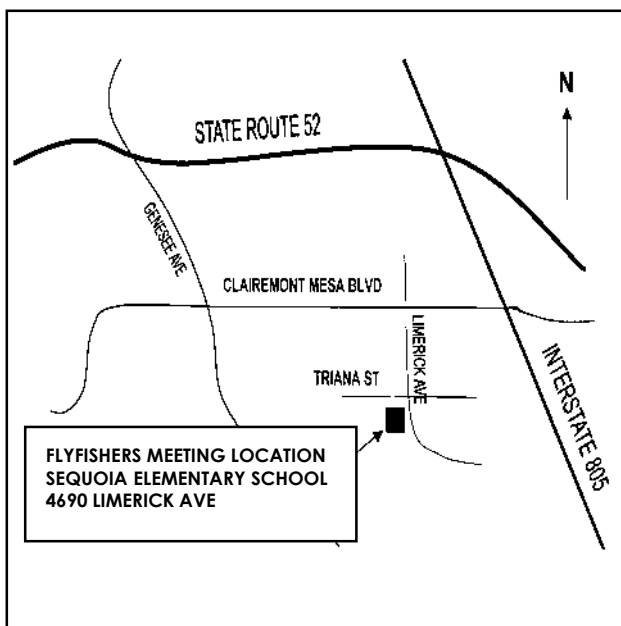


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San Carlos Recreation Center near Lake Murray. The address is 6445 Lake Badin Ave. To get there from Hwy. 8, take the Lake Murray Blvd. exit just like you were going to the lake. Instead of turning into Kiowa, keep going on Lake Murray Blvd. another 1.6 miles. When you come to Lake Adlon Drive, (first corner past Jackson Dr.) turn left. Go down three blocks and the recreation center will be on your right. It is on the corner of Lake Adlon and Lake Badin.



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