

November Speaker

Western Fly Fishing with Eric Schubert

Last spring I had the opportunity to spend a brief time in Idaho fishing the South Fork of the Snake River. It did not take long for me to fall in love with the river as I shared it with a grazing Moose and Eagles. There is no doubt in my mind why Idaho, Wyoming and Montana are considered the fly fisher's paradise. Most of us are lucky if we fish these locations once or twice in our lifetime.

Our November speaker is **Eric Schubert**. Eric is a good friend of **Tom Smith**. They were members of the Idaho Trout Fishers and shared good times together fishing and fly tying when Tom lived there. Eric, a retired law enforcement officer from LA, has spent his retirement time wisely, fishing not only Idaho, but also all the famous waters of Montana and Wyoming. He is not only an accomplished fly fisher but also, according to Tom Smith who handles a vise with the best of them, an extremely accomplished fly tyer.

Eric will share his knowledge of trout paradise with us and also update us on all the current issues that are impacting the environment and the fishing in the area that was the original foothold of western fly fishing.

Come join us and meet Eric. Any friend of Tom's is a friend of ours!

REMINDER

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

**Lloyd Jefferies &
Robert Miller**

Thank you, Mona Morebello

Report From The Sierras

By Bob Rubel

A "Six Pack" of the Club's finest Float tubers and Pontoon boaters made their fifth annual junket to the High Sierras in quest of some Trout, both "Mighty and Mini".

A caravan of vehicles, which included **Lee Anderson, John Beckstrand, Paul Britting, Floyd Lee, Bob Rubel and Tom Smith**, departed early and, after three gas, food and pit stops, arrived at Lake Crowley to finalize the logistics for the next day's outing.

We had decided to try a new approach to fishing this home of the "Big Uns". By renting a 20 foot Pontoon boat, plus using a skiff, we felt that we might avoid the long "washboard" drive through the cow pastures to get to the choice spots. It would also give us more flexibility to move to other areas. After inspection of the boats, it appeared that all the gear plus six fishermen would fit on the two vessels. This methodology worked out quite well, except for the un-cooperative weather.



The old maestro Tom Smith on Lake Mamie.

MEETING NOTICE

Monday, November 5th, 2001
7:30 PM
Sequoia Elementary School
4690 Limerick Ave.
(See map on back page)

Bright and early we were on the "Big" lake en route to the Green Banks. Upon arrival, we put on our gear and launched our tubes for a great day's fishing. Bob Rubel had a huge fish on, before the other guys even got into the water. However

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE: NOVEMBER 2001

An Alaskan Tale When we first booked our trip to Alaska, my son, **Justin** and I, were eagerly looking forward to a five-day float. As the weeks passed and the trip drew closer each e-mail from the lodge owner in Alaska came with a snippet of news. At first it looked like that it would be only **Bill Howarth**,

one of my best friends, and the guide, on the float, and us. Then the lodge owner informed us that another trio would be joining us, a 72-year old man, his 40-something year-old son, and his 11-year old grandson. The last message asked if we were up to the challenge of rowing our own raft, which would include all the gear for the group. Justin was stoked, a great adventure and he and his old man manning the oars, what could better?

By the time we bumped down the rough runway cut into the woods behind the lodge the world had changed. A late snowfall followed by nearly tropical weather had blown out the river. The lodge owner had spent the previous week rescuing rafters on the river and had the unpleasant duty of retrieving the body of a French rafter.

No float trip.

That was the bad news. The good news was that we would instead move up and down the river by jet boat and helicopter. We still would camp out, with our "digs" a bit more hospitable and we'd never be more than an hour's boat ride away from the lodge and any supplies we might need.

The father-son-grandson trio had grown to include a fourth. The patriarch was the owner of a family business and he brought the foreman of the company on the trip. They had been out fishing for a few hours when the other guide, a young guy named Matt, ran us up river.

As we passed along the gravel bar we passed two of our new sporting "mates", both of whom fixed us with a rather unfriendly snarl. No waves, no hellos, not even a hint of effort to introduce themselves. This, I thought, was going to be work. Matt ran the boat up on

the gravel bar and we jumped up. "I have never been happier to see you!" Bill said as he gave me a big hug. "These guys are a bunch of..." and he then described the them using a rather indelicate portion of all of our anatomies. Apparently this pejorative included the 11-year old.

The family

trio all had the same name, first and last, so let's call them Clyde I, Clyde II and Clyde III. Clyde III had landed a salmon, an eight or nine pounder that would become that night's dinner. Clyde II and Clyde I continued to fish in silence, and the foreman did as well, doing their level best to ignore the new arrivals.

The first order of business was lunch. We all piled into the boats and headed further upriver to the camp where we gnawed on sandwiches. The trio and their hired gun sat on one side of the camp and we sat on the other.

Very strange.

I went to work. Determined to break through the stony silence I started asking our companions about themselves. Where were they from, what did they do for a living, had they ever fished Alaska, etc. Slowly the stone walls crumbled and they made a few attempts at civility.

We fished the rest of the day and sat down that evening to eat that salmon. Justin was put to work pulling bones from the filets with a pair of hemostats. I got the fire going. Bill wrapped the salmon filets in aluminum foil, and laid slices of lemon, onions and oranges on the pink flesh. He seasoned the filets and placed them skin side down on the fire. He never turned them. When he opened the foil the smell was incredible. The salmon tasted just as good.

The foreman ate a dry peanut butter sandwich.

Clyde III had one bite of the fish.

When we headed out after dinner to fish into the wee hours of the evening Clyde I remained in camp. Clydes II and III, who pointedly ignored any advice or help offered by Bill, bailed out after an hour and returned to camp. After a couple hours working a run Bill dropped me off to fish at our camp while he ran Justin and the foreman downstream in search of salmon.

Justin found one. A salmon that went nearly three feet and twenty pounds. That day he caught grayling on a dry fly, a couple of fat rainbow trout and a salmon. Later in the tent he told me that if the trip ended the next day he'd be happy. Best day of fishing ever. The kid understands the concept of quality.

The next morning, following the Blasphemous Breakfast (really! And it was a huge hit!) the troika of Clydes and the foreman called it quits. They wanted out, a return to the lodge and a flight back to Anchorage. They had come to Alaska with the impression that your hook barely got wet before something attacked it. And though four days later Justin, Bill and I would have exactly one of those kind of days, they were unwilling to put the time on the water.

Perplexing.

We had a great trip. More like three friends than guide and a pair of sports. Superb food, cigars every evening, a most bizarre 4th of July celebration, telling stories and jokes, even weathering the two days of rain, eagles, bears, salmon, trout, grayling, Dolly Varden, beaver and breathtaking country.

There must be a moral to this story, though for the life of me I can't come up with one. Maybe it's this. The greatest fishing can be spoiled by who you are fishing with while the worst fishing can be transformed into a wonderful experience...also by those you're fishing with.

We all have our own list of "the usual suspects". So I'll dedicate this column to all of our favorite fishing friends. 🍷



JUSTIN TENUTO



GLOBAL WARMING—EFFECTS ON FISHES AND US—Homeostasis - a

condition of physical and mental well being in a state of contentment with surroundings and life in general. In other words, you're happy, healthy (if not wealthy or wise). Any condition changing that state of being can cause problems, possibly severe, to the lives affected by the change. Global warming can and probably will drastically change many homeostatic conditions. Not if but when and for how long is an increasing worry and concern for us and our sportfishes today. As fish and fishing are important to us, in this issue I'll deal with some of the more important effects of global warming on fishes. But, unfortunately too few studies have been made to enable broad conclusions for most species.

Our trouts and spiny rayed sport fishes differ in that in general trout are homeostatic in colder waters than are the spiny rayed ones. So, if the world's waters warm too much, the trouts will die out or occupy a much smaller niche than now. They may need to migrate (if possible) to much higher elevations and perhaps occupy only tiny streams. This could mean a reduction in fishing space and a constant opening day sort of thing. If trouts cannot reach sufficiently cooled waters to achieve homeostasis we'll need to fish for spiny-rays or carp and catfishes (a psychological hardship on most trout fishermen.

A very important item involving elevated temperatures is that of reproduction and

development of hatchlings. Fish eggs have rather narrow limits of temperature for maximum hatching - and for survival of hatchlings -both vital in the lives of fishes.



BOB WISNER

Optimum growth of fishes depend on temperature, of course, but also on an adequate food supply. If the water is too warm, the food plants and animals may not reproduce or grow normally, and change in kind or supply and may act to the detriment of fishes. Few studies of such cases have been made and the results are inconclusive.

Unfortunately, most studies of temperature and development have been confined to hatchery fishes. Even more unfortunately is what we can do to alleviate the effects of global warming on affected fishes (or us) - lack of money being the greatest hindrance. It is quite probable that mankind will be so occupied with personal problems that sportfishing will be a quite secondary concern.

It is not at all too early to concern ourselves over the effects of global warming. Leading science and news magazines often feature articles reporting researches on the subject. It is apparent that we and our fishes (and other animals) must suffer the warming. We couldn't afford to undo all the bad effects.

Fly casting contests and practice on nice lawns or in fishless waters can be fun.

GMO'S IN THE NEWS AGAIN—This time it's catfish - big and fast-growing. A

genetically modified hybrid (GMO) - a female channel and a male blue catfish - were bred for what the engineers believed to be the best characteristics of both parented which are: disease resistance and fast growth; they swim higher in the water column and thus are easier for fish farmers to harvest; a very major item is that they seem to be twice as easy for anglers to catch (nothing is said about a preference for taking dry flies, or streamers and hardware); and not least, they should be of great aid in feeding the world's hungry while taking pressure off the native species.

All this sounds good, but nothing is known of their reaction with native fishes and what and how much they will eat. Their large size would indicate a large appetite, with resulting reduction in any fish species, or any natural foods they may choose. There just isn't enough information or experimentation on such matters to enable firm conclusions.

The engineers say that if the catfishes become a problem, they could alter their chromosomes to render them sterile, or they could make them dependent on certain enzymes to be placed in their feed; without that enzyme they'd die. What isn't known is what will happen if escape to the wild occurs. There are few to no laws governing such an event. Laws may soon be needed as within 10-12 years at least a billion fingerlings may be released.

What with the very real threat of global warming and the potential harm to our trout, why don't these engineers try breeding trouts and salmons to thrive in waters of at least 80°? (And, of course still take a fly). 🦋





JACK BENTLEY

**Any Questions?
Call Jack Bentley at**

It's Time to Plan for the Green River May 13-18, 2002

Sign up now for the annual trip to the Green River, Utah. This is one of our favorite trips with beautiful scenery, clean water, and lots of dry fly fishing. This is one trip you won't want to miss.

For those of you who may want to drive instead of fly, contact Jack well in advance to discuss this option.

Jack Bentley--

Silvers on the Tsiu

By Wayne Harmon

Jack Bentley strikes again! Fourteen San Diego Fly Fishers fished for eight days in early September out of the Driftwood Lodge on the Tsiu (pronounced sigh-you) River, located 250 miles southeast of Anchorage, halfway between Cordova and Yakutat. The Tsiu River appears to be of glacial origin, coming right off the Bering Glacier (largest glacier in Alaska), but in fact it's a spring-fed river smack in the middle of the Yakataga State Game Refuge. Many glacial rivers are milky and muddy and the salmon can't see the fly, but the spring-fed Tsiu has clear water, and it's only about ten miles long with lots of braided channels. As Bentley says, "It's as close to a slam dunk for Silver Salmon as you'll find in Alaska."



Here's a 31" silver taken on the last day of the trip in the "Honey Hole". The Chugach Mountains in the background.

floes. Unfortunately we didn't see any bears. On several mornings, however, we did see huge bear tracks in the soft sand along the banks of the Tsiu River.

Charles and Jody Allen founded the Alaska Expedition Company. Charles, a trained wildlife biologist, said he checked biological and Fish and Game records going back twenty-five years before building the lodge. He found that there was never a year in the twenty-five when the silvers failed to run in

We flew into Anchorage on Friday, September 7th, spent the night in Anchorage and were flown by a turboprop Twin Otter to the Alaska Expedition Company's Driftwood Lodge, enjoying spectacular clear views of grazing pure white Dall Sheep, rugged mountains, glaciers, and ice

the Tsiu. He started operation in 1991 in tents and built the appropriately named Driftwood Lodge in 1993 out of driftwood logs dragged in from the river and beach and cut with a two-man chain saw. It's a classic log building with an attached log kitchen. Several of our members had

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Silvers on the Tsiu

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Keep that rod at a 45° angle and carefully back up onto the sandy beach area to “land” them.

fished the Tsiu on previous trips, and slept in tents, but we stayed in seven cozy two-person cabins. I asked Charles if he planned to build more cabins, but he said fourteen persons was all he could accommodate and provide personal service.

We had five beautifully clear days affording us excellent views of the snowy Chugach Mountains, 18,008' Mt. St. Elias, and the Bering Glacier. More about the three windy, rainy days later. When we arrived in the afternoon of the first Saturday, we had lunch, and quickly suited up in our waders and boots. The three guides loaded us in two wagons, towed by Honda ATV's, and took us to the “honey hole” on the river about a mile away, where we fished for several hours. Fishing was outstanding from the very beginning. One could look up and down the river and see double, triple, and quadruple hookups. That first afternoon most of us caught seven to ten silvers ranging from ten to sixteen pounds beautiful, hard-striking, somersaulting salmon fresh from the ocean.

The Tsiu is an easy wading river with a sand and gravel bottom. You'll rarely get

flashaboo combined with blue and or lime green flashaboo. The silver flashaboo, it

above mid-thigh while fishing, and the current is not strong. We used 8/9 weight rods with floating line and no more than six feet of 10 to 15 pound tippet. These fish aren't leader shy, so it wasn't necessary to use a tapered leader just a tippet. Our flies were Tsiu Killers, Northern Lights, Flash Flies and other streamers tied on size 4 salmon hooks. We used lots silver



seemed, was the big attraction on everything we used. After each cast you had to quickly make certain that your fly line was not wrapped around your reel, rod butt, or fingers because a hook-up could rip the rod out of your hand, break the tippet, or do serious finger damage. I was almost tipped over once when my line got tangled around the fighting butt, and more than one of us had his knuckles knocked by a screaming reel. Heaven help the San Diego Fly Fisher who foul hooks one of these jet fighters near the

tail. They take off, usually upstream, and all you can do is hope to slow them down before your backing is gone. Several times I heard others scream “Oh no, he's foul hooked” and watched as the fish sped away.

Our first three days were so clear that we started taking them for granted. Charles Allen, however, guaranteed us that we would have some wind and rain. He was right. On the fateful Tuesday, it was rainy and windy. We had very little news of the terrorist attacks because the satellite television was not working even though our Fly Fisher engineers and scientists did their best to get it working. Most of our news arrived by satellite telephone when members called home. We were isolated and felt there was nothing else we could do, so we went fishing.

For the next two days we had strong wind and rain. On Wednesday the wind kicked up white caps on the river and waves smacked against our waders. Casting was downwind creative. All we had to do was get the line in the air and the wind did the rest. The silvers hit regardless of the weather. Some members kept a daily fish count and announced they caught 15 or 20 or more every day. After catching ten fish during a morning, I just stopped counting for the day. By the end of each day, my

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Wille Randel & son Ken relaxing after a hard



Silvers on the Tsiu

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arm was so tired that I hoped I would not get a strike right away, or if I had a fish on, hoped it would get off. But each morning when the guides knocked on our doors and handed us a cup of coffee, we all eagerly got up, had breakfast, climbed in the wagons and headed for the river, knowing the fish wouldn't disappoint us. They never did. The last Friday and Saturday were beautiful clear days, and because our return plane on Saturday wasn't due to arrive until three in the afternoon, we fished on Saturday too. The scenery on the return flight was just as spectacular as on the flight coming in.

The food at the Driftwood Lodge is truly memorable. The Allens have brought in two fine chefs, Achim and Philip, from Texas. Philip owns three restaurants in Austin and Achim works for him, but in Alaska, Achim, who is a culinary art school graduate, is head honcho. Achim was a showman every evening when he presented his dinner. Each hors d'oeuvre and meal was an adventure, but the dinners were outstanding. Excellent beef filets,

duck sautéed in blueberries, moist halibut, fresh salmon, fine pork and ahh the sauces and veggies. Freshly baked breads, brownies, cookies and irresistible flaming puddings with meringues, caused all of us to pick up a few pounds.

It's a great experience to sit in an isolated log lodge in Alaska, sing songs, tie flies, and get to know fellow club members better. Willie Randel's son Ken, from the San Francisco Bay Area, was along to share this adventure with his dad. I understand Jack plans a club trip to Kodiak Island, Alaska next year, but will return to the Tsiu in 2003. If you are interested in this fishing adventure



Some silvers that went home with us. (Left to right): Ken Randel, Wayne Harmon, Willie Randel, Lynn Atnip.

and want to know more, contact Jack Bentley or talk to any of the following club members who joined Jack on the Tsiu trip this year: Lynn Atnip, David Bolles, David Collins, Chip Goodwin, Wayne Harmon, Steve McGowen, Dick Mount, Bob Miller, Lane Pearson, Willie Randel, Don Russell, and Jack Russ. 🐟

Here is a BOOK REPORT on one of the books donated by the Club to the county library system. See the complete list of books on the next page.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER

A Connecticut Yankee follows the footsteps of Walton, James Prosek

The New York Times calls James Prosek the "Audubon of the fishing world". A passionate fisherman and a talented artist from a young age, he published two illustrated books on fish and fishing while still an undergraduate at Yale. After winning a travel fellowship to follow in the footsteps of Isaac Walton, a humble man who won the friendship of kings, and was intrigued by the book's philosophies concerning the timeliness and immortality that could be achieved by fishing. Although Walton was sixty when *The Compleat Angler* was published, and Prosek only twenty when he set off to visit

England, they each had traits in common: a love of fishing and an extraordinary ability to make friends.

This is the story of a young man's pilgrimage through England, fishing the waters that Walton fished three centuries ago. It is also the story of friends made along the way. The English of all social classes opened their homes to Prosek and made it possible to fish waters that are now privately held. Along with the wonderful stories about good times, great fishing and fine eating, this trip becomes an exploration of Waltonian ideals: how to live with

humor, wisdom, contentment, and simplicity.

James Prosek is the author of Trout and Joe and Me. In preparation for his next book, he is currently fishing the 41st parallel - a trip that will start and end on Easton, and also take him straight around the world.



Our club books will be in the county library system in a few weeks. We already have books in the city system. You can phone your local branch and they will order books for you and notify you when they're in. You can also order on line at www.sdcl.org. Your local library can help with this if you have trouble or call me, Bob Miller

San Diego Fly Fishers Book List

1. Krieger, Mel:	Essence Of Fly Fishing \$20
2. Kreh, Lefty:	Fishing Dry Flies: Surface Techniques \$19
3. Koch, Ed:	Fishing The Midge \$20
4. Limesenman & Dennis:	Modern Streams Fortrophy Trout \$35
5. Morris & Chan:	Morris & Chan On Fly Fishing Trout Lakes \$40
6. Borger, Gary:	Presentation \$35
7. Swisher & Richards:	Selective Trout \$20
8. Whitlock, Dave:	L.L.Bean Fly Fishing For Bass \$19
9. Hanley, Ken:	Fly Fishing The Pacific Shore \$40
10. Hafele & Roedever:	An Angler's Guide To Aquatic Insects \$16
11. Mccafferty:	Aquatc Entomology \$50
12. Lafontain, Gary:	Caddisflies \$40
13. Knopp, Malcolm:	Mayflies \$50
14. Hughes & Hafele:	Western Hatches, The Complete Book \$28
15. Best, A. K.:	Dyeing And Bleaching Natural Fly Tying Materials \$35
16. Beatty, Al & Gretchen:	Federation Of Fly Fishers Fly Pattern Encyclopedia \$50
17. Route, Anthony:	Flies For Alaska \$22
18. Leeson & Schollmeyer:	Fly Tyer's Benchside Referance \$100
19. Finch, Robert:	Primal Place
20. Travers, Robert:	Trout Magic
21. Travers, Robert:	Trout Madness \$22
22. Leitz, David:	Casting In Dead Waters
23. Leitz, David:	Fly Fishing Corpse
24. Leitz, David:	Hooked On Death
25. Heywood, Joseph:	The Snowfly \$25
26. Cutter, Ralph:	Sierra Trout Guide
27. Prosek, James:	The Complete Angler
28. Prosek, James:	Trout: An Illustrated History
29. Prosek, James:	Joe And Me In Fishing And Friendship
30. Wetherell, W.D.:	Upland Stream
31. Middleton, Harry:	The Earth Is Enough
32. Babb, James:	Crosscurrents
33. Seybold, David:	Seasons Of The Angler
34. Duncan, David James:	The River Why
35. Leeson, Ted:	The Habit Of Rivers



Report from the Sierras

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Here's the crew loading up for Crowley.

after three long distance jumps, it became history. A broken leader, would you believe? We then had an hour and a half of excellent fishing. The fish ran between 15 and 18 inches and were very scrappy. Looked like it would be a great morning, however the infamous "Crowley Wind" struck very early. We paddled vigorously to get ashore and then had an extremely bumpy 30 minute boat ride to get our vessels back to the Marina.

We were tremendously impressed with the operators of the Lake Crowley Marina and Fish Camp. Jeff Conaway, the lake manager, as well as his staff, Dan Fisher and Mickey Baron were warm and friendly and couldn't have been more helpful in every way possible. They are very well informed on the lake's special spots and also put us onto the "hot flies". Additionally, they went "above and beyond" and "comped" us another days use of the boats, due to the prior days early winds. When you are up there, be sure to pay them a visit, they were great guys and we highly recommend their services. Next day, we moved to little Lake Mamie, in the Mammoth group.

We had a fine bite on this lovely lake and caught a goodly number of Rainbows and Brookies. Beckstrand had the "hottest hand" and we all had a nice day. Rubel

caught a "brookie" near the spillway into Upper Twin Lake and unbeknownst to him a Tour Bus had deposited a large crowd on the bridge and there was much hooting and hollering as Bob landed his eleven inch fish.

Crowley quieted down, the next day and a good morning's fishing was had by all. You had to work some for them but the results were worth it. Several eighteen inchers were caught and released and Paul Britting landed a beautiful 21 inch "bow"

The next day, Bob Rubel and Floyd Lee went to Lundy Lake and the rest of the gang went back to Crowley and took the



Lake Crowley can be mean and ugly.

Party Boat. They went to McGee Creek Bay to try their luck at chironomid fishing. This unique technique uses small flies and strike indicators and can be very effective. Later that day, Lee Anderson nailed a 20 incher on a "perch Fry" fly in very shallow water for the "catch of the day."

Lundy Lake was very productive, as usual. Rubel seemed to be "hooked up all morning" and Floyd Lee said "it was the best fishing he had ever seen".

For our last day fishing, the four "bozos" went to Lake Ellery, which is located, off the Tioga

Pass, and feasted on mixed Rainbows and Brookies. The fishing was excellent and conditions were perfect.

After another superb morning of fishing Lundy again, Rubel and Lee joined the others and they all gathered for a joint luncheon at Lake Ellery, which is a truly beautiful spot.

Tom Smith favored us with a nightly fly tying seminar. His mixed Angora dubbing produced a great fly, the Green Angora Goat Damsel Fly, which everyone is now emulating. This fly previously appeared as the *FINNY FACTS* fly of the month. Try It you'll like it.

Our final night featured a superb Bar-B-Que of Steak, White Corn and Hash Browns that were appropriately washed down with Wine and Beer. Britting, Smith, and Anderson were the "Chefs of the evening".

It was a great trip and a fine time was had by all. We're already thinking about "Same Time Next Year". 🍷



Cameraderie, food, and good fish talk.



Trout, Spurs, and Hailstones...

Sam & Mona Morebello's Fall Trip to Wyoming

The wonderful monthly programs presented to San Diego Fly Fishers teach, tantalize, and give us countless hours of armchair travel! One such program, presented by our very own club member, Mike Kaul, on fishing the area around Pinedale, Wyoming captured our attention.

Mike is a Wyoming native, a FFF certified casting instructor, author, and trip planner. He and his lovely wife Jamie live part time in Pinedale and part time in Carlsbad, CA. Through his expertise, we were lucky enough to spend a week at the remote Darwin Ranch where

cowboys, ranch guests, and fly fishermen share the experience of ranch life and miles and miles of the pristine Gros Ventre River. Due to the remoteness of the ranch, the Gros Ventre has little fishing pressure. The cutthroat, rainbow, brookies, and whitefish are plentiful.

This year Darwin Ranch established its first ever fish camp about six miles upstream from the Ranch. This enables fishermen to spend the night and fish the upper reaches of the river. We "urban cowboys" rode horses in and hiked out. What a wonderful camp experience complete with hailstones, thunder, lightning, and candlelight dinner. The storm conveniently waited to start until

days end enabling us to fish the upper section of this great river.

Pinedale offers countless recreational opportunities ... golf, hiking, lake and stream fishing, and float trips to name a few. Despite unseasonably low water, we were able to float the Green River and hook a few good fish.

Anyone interested in this unique experience should contact Mike. He will make all your arrangements, send you a written itinerary, and extend his personal hospitality throughout your stay. ➡



Gros Ventre River--average sized cutthroat.



Green River float--catching is even more fun than fishing!



Mike.. thanks for your hospitality.



City Slicker picks her mount.



Feathers, steel, or something real

WHAT'S THE POINT AT THE END OF YOUR HOOK?

by David Vaughan

Fishermen throughout the ages have spent as much or more time pursuing the various tactics of fishing as they have in pursuing the almighty fish itself.

Like any sport, fishing has a wide variety of fanatics, who at some point must decide what method and approach best suits their taste.

Some "master" only bait; some smile at spinners and spoons alone; some hurl lures made of rubber or plastic; while others pluck only hooks clad with feathers and fur out of their vest. Of course, there are those who refuse to be "pigeon holed" in any sense of the word and use all of the above because to them, it ain't about what you use, but why you wish to fish in the first place.

Some of those who become adamant about their methods might even choose not to associate with anyone who "pounds" the water with anything other than their own bag of tricks and prefer the exclusivity of clubs end mottoes.

The politics, ethics and belief systems found floating around the minds of fishermen world wide are as diverse as found in any religious realm, yet one thing is clear it's an activity that's universally adored.

It's a sport that has netted as much mystique as the mighty musky, and as many gadgets as there are snags to lose'em on, making this thing called "fishing" ever more alluring.

Who can really say for sure what is really the right, best or most effective method of fishing?

I have found that the game of fishing is more about the romance of fishing -the chase- not so much the net results.

Some fishermen like to believe this

activity is an art form, a religion, an excuse to skip work, or (as this article may suggest) a reason to work. The moment a "sane" man begins to discuss what he feels "best" compels a fish to bite and why, however, is the time you know that the "bug" has likely already bitten him and there will be no cure anytime soon.

The rest is just a formality of deciding what to wear, where to go, what type of rod to use, how to rig it, and whether the weather will allow a trip in the first place.

You have your cane, bamboo, graphite, boron and garage-sale fiber glass rods from which to choose from. All of these are either fast or slow, noodled or stiff and hopefully matched to the particular needs of the bank or boat where you're casting.

Usually, fast rods help you cast further, while soft rods don't do as well in the wind, yet make them smaller fry feel a bit more feisty. For the fellow who loves to meander at the local sport shop with a pocket full of plastic, there's more than enough reasons to avoid looking for one "all-purpose" rod. Men or women hooked at this level of the game will never tell you they have "enough" tools to tackle their waters with. One more rod, even of the same size and purpose, is never one too many.

Of course, reels are in no short supply of design either - spin, bait cast, level wind, closed face, open face, or fly all provide plenty of excuses for improving one's motor skills while spooling up or detangling the endless miles of line these devices will consume.

Okay, let's assume for the sake of discussion, you've never fished before and have just decided to "get into the sport."

You've chosen your method, picked out a pole, bought a batch of bait, lures, or flies, and are now searching a map for the best

place to plunk your offerings.

It's at this precise point in the "evolution" of a fisherman or fisherwoman (I despise the word "fisherperson") that can be the most crucial towards his or hers ultimate development. A negative first time outing can be devastating. Whereas heeding good advice from someone you trust or stumbling onto a rewarding experience serendipitously could make for the beginning of a long and loving life-time of angling memories.

To illustrate this, I can remember about 20 years ago finding what seemed like the most glorious fishing spot I could have imagined.

It was while I was attending Sacramento State University that I discovered the mighty salmon, which the city's famous river at that time had in abundance.

I was hooked on the notion that this was the fish for me, and I set out on a quest to bag this mystical migratory fish.

Up to this point in my "evolution," I had only experienced bait and spin fishing. Blue gill, trout, catfish and bass had been good enough to find their way to shore for me, and I had even taken the occasional rock fish trip off the north coast of California to bag a salty sack of sunken ling cod - still the tastiest fish I've ever had.

But I had yet to fly fish, and the thought of landing a 20-pound salmon with an orange, red, or Dupont dayglow green fly seemed irresistible to me.

I discovered a number in my phone book called "The Fish Phone." It gave a recorded message which would update fishermen to the hot spots in the northern part of the state and suggest the best times to make a pilgrimage to these locations.

continued on page 11



Feathers, steel, or something real continued from page 6

On this occasion, the message stated that salmon were on the move in the Klamath River, and if you had to pick a spot, it would be where the Klamath and the Trinity met at a place called Weitchpec. This was a dot on the map about 70 miles from the mouth of the river where it fed into the ocean, just below Crescent City.

It was magical. The seven-hour drive took me through the most scenic ride of my life to that point, and my little Pinto coupe rattled its four cylinders over several hundred miles without fail.

Upon arriving in Weitchpec late in the afternoon, I discovered this Hoopa Indian town consisted of no more than one small grocery store with a single gas pump out front. Inside, one could buy the essentials and load up on an ample supply of lures, bait and flies tailored to the area.

I brought my newly acquired first ever fly rod - a modest 7/8 weight fiberglass monstrosity (by today's standards) but still, it was suitable enough for the chinook I was after.

Call it fate, karma, bad luck, or just my luck, but somehow my fly rod had been resting in the crack at the base of my bucket seat where the seat hinges (I know, I know. I now own several tubes and cases for all my rods). It had been snapped in two like a bread-stick probably while I was loading my gear in the darkness of the early morning before I had even set out on this trip.

At this point, one could either cuss, make a scene, and drive home or do what I did, which was cuss, make a scene, and grab my little ultra light spinning rod which I had taken for back-up.

Although I had to say it with clenched teeth, I reiterated the old bumper sticker that said, "Any kind of fishing is better than no fishing at all," and I made my way down to the river humming this mantra.

Mind you, my anger at having to now bait fish was not because I was a snob about fly fishing. Remember, this was to be my first

attempt at flinging a fly after spending all my former experience with various bait and spin tactics. It was more that I would look like a fool trying to fish for these mighty chinook, which ran upwards of 40 pounds, with this feeble little pole.

Being a starving student, I couldn't afford a new rod at this out-of-the-way little place either. So, I bought some fresh salmon roe instead and packed myself down the hillside to the river with my five-foot ultra light spin-cast outfit, which housed its two-pound test line.

There were only a few fisherman there before me. Across the river were several Hoopa checking their nets, which were strewn across the current where the Trinity melded with the Klamath.

Just as the Fish Phone had predicted, the chinook were here too, arcing their dorsal fins up and out of the water, splashing and making their presence known as if cannon balls were plopping out of the sky.

The river at this section was easily 40 feet across, and the amount of fish rising and falling in the heavy, olive-green current was amazing.

I quickly rigged a thick glob of the cherry-red roe onto my number 2.0 hook and heaved it with my little fiberglass twig.

It was then that I learned a slight variation to the term "catch and release." You see, I really had no choice in the matter. Once a 20-odd pounder inhaled my roe ball, I wasn't sure who had whom. I was able to play the fish a while, watch my pole contort to the shape of a horse shoe, and then witness my line snapping like a wound up E-string on a banjo.

One older man upriver from me who was reeling in and netting a fair number of fish, would look over at me with the corners of his mouth turned slightly up. I wasn't sure if he was just happy for himself or silently amused at the parody I provided for him.

At one point, I was able to get what probably was a 15-pounder up close enough to net. Then the hastily tied hook I had botched came undone before my eyes,

and the great fish sank back into the current, mocking me with the slap of its tale.

For some, this experience might have been the turning point which would cause one to give up the sport. But for me I was hooked more than ever. I knew someday I'd replace my broken fly rod and chase the great salmon again.


Since then, I have returned, caught my share of salmon with a fly, and accomplished a stringer full of goals that I had set for myself. I've purchased enough fishing tackle, rods, reels and paraphernalia to stock any local store. I've tied flies for a living, managed fly shops, and guided people down the same rivers I learned to fish on myself.

All in all, fishing for me has been as changing as the river's flow, as varied as the weather, and as rewarding and disappointing as I have chosen to make it. It's really not about the gear, the gadgets, the material your pole is made of, or the number of hooks in your hat that make fish cooperate or fishing trips a success.

For me, it's the journey that keeps me interested. I can always buy my fish at the market or watch someone else have fun catching lunkers on ESPN, but that's not getting "my" feet wet.

For those who make the act of fishing a life-long pursuit, the road will have many stops along the way. There will be friends to show you knots, hold the net and share your scotch; crumpled maps and tattered hats that will trace your tracks; and yes, the fish will be there too. You'll have them in photos, maybe in your memory, or sometimes in a fry pan, but they will comply when the time is right. Fishing is not about methods, materials, techniques or styles - everything works at sometime, somewhere.

Regardless of the lure at the end of your line, whether it is made of feathers, steel or something real, the memories you catch along the way will outlast everything else.

I say the trip is more important than the destination, and the ride more memorable than what you're driving. 



Call for Return of Videos

Buck Parker, the new keeper of the Club's video library, notes that there are approximately 22 videos that are way overdue for return. The Club has approximately 141 videos with 67 presently checked out for viewing. To those who are holding the most overdue 22, please get them back to the Club for others to enjoy. Thanks!

Rod Building Class to Begin in January 2002

The next rod building class will begin in mid-January 2002. However before that time a meeting will be held to discuss the type of rod to be built by each individual. The class will be limited to 10 students. Contact Tom Smith for further details.

Floatant Philosophies

Whether you are new to fishing or an old pro, the seemingly limitless choices of floatant selection and application can make an angler's head spin. Perhaps preference for floatant type and application is not unlike preference for wine or art: it's a matter of personal taste. Nonetheless, I do believe that a few guiding principals can help clear the mind at the floatant counter. So I will try to pass on what I have gleaned from my experience with a myriad of flies and the dressings and techniques designed to keep them afloat.

First, some flies don't need floatant or dressing. These are flies that use foam body, balsa, plastic, and CDC. (You don't want to use chemicals on CDC since they break down the oils that float the fly.) Use a drying pad to squeeze moisture out of a CDC. You can find effective drying pads on the market now. One is even an organic mushroom.

Many silicon and oil-based products can be used for dressing a fly prior to fishing and for reconditioning it after a workout. A few familiar paste-like products include: Gink, Goop, Poo-Goo, and Bug Float. I like to look for a high silicon and low petroleum content. I use these products sparingly since the substance eventually traps water inside the fly material.

I do like to use these products on my

leader, however, because they help with line drift and line pickup for the next cast. For stream application, I twist a small eye screw into the bottom of the floatant container and tie it to my vest with old fly line. This way, the container hangs up side down, which keeps the paste at the mouth of the container so you don't have to shake it or squeeze hard when you're juggling things out on the water.

Other products contain a type of desiccant to soak up moisture. Desiccant products are only fair since they attempt to extract moisture, but don't add to the floatation properties. The more effective product of this type contains desiccant and silicon for redressing the fly. Familiar brands include Loon, Shimizaki, Dry-Ur-Fly, Dry Shake, and Mucilin. These combined products are an excellent alternative to paste floatants. Because they are a bit pricey-\$6-8 per container-you may want to decant a small amount into an empty film canister. That way, if you drop your floatant in the water you don't lose your whole supply.

With liquid silicon products, such as Loon, Water-Shed, Orvis spray, Cortland spray, Mucilin liquid, you dip or spray the fly and allow it to dry to achieve buoyancy. I really like these treatments, especially the clear liquids that come in a small jar or container. You can either treat flies days before fishing or while on the stream.

FLY CASTING AT LAKE MURRAY

Great fall fishing is here and the local winter season is just around the corner. Now would be a good time to learn to flycast or just improve your skills. Join the San Diego Fly Fishers every Sunday morning from 9 AM until noon.

(See map on back page for location).

These you can break up into separate containers also.

Once you've given the fly shop your thirty bucks and your floatant is either hanging on your vest or stuffed in a pocket, what happens next on the stream or lake? Especially in heavy broken water, you will find an initial treatment of liquid silicon and powder very effective. Slight pasting of the deer hair or hackle can help too. (However, pasting of the body usually results in a fly sinking sooner.)

Initially, your fly should skip or skitter on the surface before settling down a bit. If the fly sinks, lift the rod and leader to bring the fly back above the surface. When this technique begins to fail, redress with both silicon liquid and powder. After landing a fish, clean the fly in the water before redressing or you will trap the fish oils in the fly. Eventually, the fly may not accept any more floatant. Then is the time to get a fresh fly-and another fish!

(by Ron Rabun of the Granite Bay Flycasters of California)





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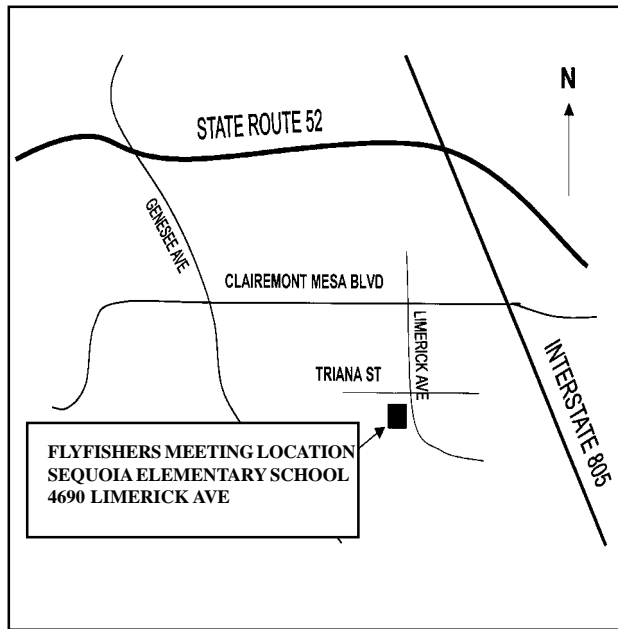
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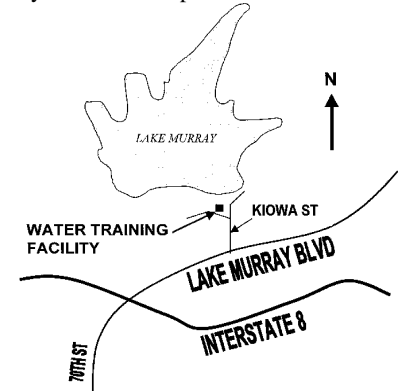
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