



April Speaker

Classic Fly Fishing Locations of Northern California

Our speaker for the August Fly Fishers meeting will be **Shane Kohlbeck**. He is the Director of Guide Services for *The Fly Shop* in Redding California. He has been guiding and working for The Fly Shop for 4 years. Fishing the local waters for over 15 years, he learned to cast a fly line at the age of 9. He spends his spare time guiding for the shop or pursuing wild rainbows on the Pit and the Lower Sacramento. He will be talking about fishing around Redding and Northern California.

Redding is an incredible place to live. It's within easy striking distance of half a dozen world-famous rivers, dozens of streams and lakes, three wilderness areas, three National Forests, and five California State Parks. There is excellent fishing virtually everyday of the year in this area, and most of it is within one hour of *The Fly Shop*.

All veteran flyfishers have fished this area at one time or another. Join us for an interesting evening.

REMINDER

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

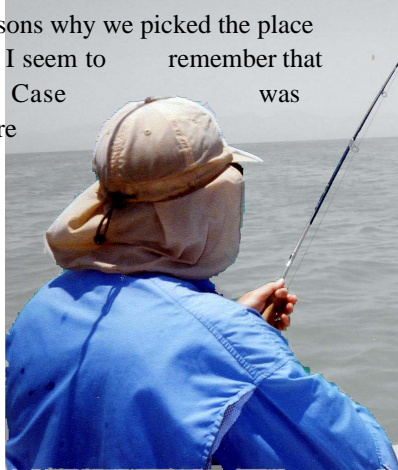
**Jack Bentley, Bob Miller
and Willie Randel**

Thank you, Mona Morebello

Tom and Ted's Fantastic Adventure

by Tom Lucas

This is the third year in a row that Tom, Ted 'n Stan have ventured south of the border.....down Mexico way. We've been to Loreto on the Sea of Cortez side of Baja a few times and have brought home some decent dorado, but this year we all decided to go for variety vs. size. We picked Las Arenas Resort, which is about an hour's ride south of La Paz; still on the Sea of Cortez side of Baja. I can't remember the exact reasons why we picked the place but I seem to remember that Pat Case was there



and caught a few different fish a year or two ago. At any rate, we booked fare for

June 1-5, 2002 and had a smooth ride down via Aero California. The Mexican officials we encountered were polite, efficient and quick to process us (both ways) and even when I forgot about the pocketknife in my carry-on luggage, nobody drew guns or got alarmed. I was simply told to take the knife to check-in and get a receipt for it. I'd later be handed back the knife just prior to leaving the terminal at LAX with no fanfare and a pleasant smile. Very nice!

We were met at La Paz terminal by a 10-seater bus and the ride south to the resort was pleasant but a little bumpy in some places. The road was 50% paved and the rest was dirt road/track. The driver offered cold cervesas as compensation; cool indeed! Our room at the resort and all rooms for that matter, overlook the sea. Ours was enormous and clean. They do not have air-conditioning but fans are plentiful. All water is trucked to the resort as often as twice per day and yet they had a nice pool and we found the water to be better tasting than that which we get in North County! However, there is a good trade in bottled water. The weather was supposed to be in the 90's but we found it to be a little cooler and a pleasant breeze seemed to be around each afternoon. The nice weather didn't bother the mosquitoes one little bit. They found me each and every night; the one down-side to this trip!

MEETING NOTICE

Monday, August 5th, 2002

7:30 PM

Sequoia Elementary School

4690 Limerick Ave.

(See map on back page)

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South Fork of the Kern River... Dave Collins told me so. With my wife and daughter off visiting Colorado University, I loaded up my camping and fishing gear and decided to visit the Kern River area. I had buttonholed the Webmaster at our last board meeting, and told him that my first planned stop was the

South Fork of the Kern. And that's when Dave told me about the Jeep Road. He also questioned my sanity about making this a solo adventure.

I checked in at the Blackrock Ranger Station, bought some maps, secured my wilderness campfire

permit, a fishing report, and got pointed in the right direction, but not before I was asked the seminal question. "You do have 4-wheel drive, right?"

When you run out of paved road in Montana, it's called "leaving the oil." I left the oil for 9 ½ miles of the Jeep Road and for the next hour and a half (that's right, hour and a half), I teetered between thinking that this couldn't be the right road and I'm never going to make it to wherever I thought I was supposed to make it. Let's put it this way: my Explorer lived up to its name, in an odd number of acute angles and strange approaches to what some joker has euphemistically dubbed a "road."

In the end it was hard to get lost on a road with only a few alternatives and I finally faced my last hurdle, fording the South Fork of the Kern to reach the campsite. By this time I was convinced I was in the middle of a commercial. The only thing missing was the background music.

I set up camp, made dinner, left the dishes for the next morning and finally



JIM TENUTO

put up my rod and heading downstream toward the dam to do a little fishing. Instead, I don't think I made it a quarter of a mile away, finding a number of pools and pockets to cast a line and keep me occupied.

The Golden Trout in the South Fork of the Kern are hybrids, a

magical bit of trout miscegenation. They are beautiful, vibrantly colored little fish. Think numbers, not size. I also caught what I thought was a brook trout; a fish that hit the fly like a freight train and actually packed a bit of girth.

As the sun set and the sky darkened, I walked back to my campsite, stopping to chat with a father and his eleven-year old son who were setting up their own camp. The father was in the process of firing up a chainsaw. They were expecting a crowd, friends and family who had planned to arrive late that evening. "They got GPS," the father said, as if that would magically pave the Jeep Road.

Ended with a campfire and a cigar. Well, almost ended the day that way. At 2:30 AM, a convoy of Jeep Wranglers rumbled through the campground. GPS, it's a beautiful thing.

The next day I fished upstream and did very well. Again, numbers and not size. All on small dry flies, and the best of the bunch a #16 Bivisible. Repeating the previous evening's plan, I decided to find

the dam. Once again I walked through the campsite of the father and his son, now populated with about 20 people. Chainsaws had reduced fallen trees into a pile of firewood and they had circled the Wranglers in a modern day tribute to a wagon train.

The eleven-year old, now surrounded by a half dozen other children, asked me if I was going to the dam. I said that I was. "Well, you'll need GPS to find it," he said. Here's a kid who believes in technology. A wiser, older young girl gave him that withering look that only wiser, older girls can muster, and straightened him out. "All he has to do is follow the river!" she snorted.

Follow the river, indeed.

I found the dam, lobbed a fly into one of the dark recesses and managed to hook a fish that probably was well over a pound, a monster for this skinny water. In the constant battle between tippet and just how much you want to horse a trout away from snags and obstacles the score ended Trout 1, Fisherman 0.

Met three guys from the Sierra Pacific Fly Fishers, who had taken up residence in the campsite next to mine during the day. They gave me some additional information about the Kern River, moaned about how crowded the campground was and invited me to dinner. I had eaten before my evening's fishing, so I thanked them and returned to my modest campsite.

Hell, I still had a cigar to smoke.



Tom and Ted's Fantastic Adventure

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Food was well prepared and we had a good variety including a T-bone steak buffet one night. All meals are 3 courses except lunch.....two or more if you count the cold beers after you've come in! One word of caution however; your liquor bill can be huge as prices are a bit steep for beer, wines and liquor. Take it easy on the "sauce" and you won't bother your "hip pocket nerve".

So, enough about the resort already, how was the fishing? Ted and I brought 9 and 12 wt. fly rods as well as conventional light-to-medium tackle. I brought intermediate lines but would recommend shooting heads most of the time. In any event, we rented a super panga for three days and did a little of both types of fishing. A typical day is up at 5am, breakfast and on the water by 6am. You return at around 1pm and the "full-bore" run at the sand to beach the panga each afternoon is a great rush.....for both anglers and any tackle that's not properly stowed!! You get live bait at Cerralvo Is., which is 30 min. away,

and I'd say the best fishing we found is directly off shore from where the pangas launch at Punta Arenas (lighthouse). Ted managed to land 7 different species including two types of jacks, dorado, roosterfish and bonito. I managed 6 species and I think the highlight were the jack crevilles which were 20 lbs. and which kept us busy for long periods. Stan was the standout with 1hr. 40min. of his time devoted to a 20 lb. fish on 20lb. spinning gear. The jack creville is called "el toro" for good reason and I'd rate it the best fighting fish on a per-pound basis that I've ever caught.....mind you, I've never caught a tuna on a fly, however!

Day one was a little thin as far as fish went but days two and three were much better. We were 'peppered' by 30-40 in. needlefish and managed to land a few.

Their sharp teeth did sever a few lines and took a couple of my best flies as well. Ted had lots of hookups and LDR's (long distance releases) and both he and Stan landed a pelican apiece near the launch site. Shallow water, baitfish and diving pelicans make for unintended hookups. Both birds were released.....a little wiser (we hope) for their ordeals. We got our fair share of large ladyfish, jacks and roosters right off (and I mean really close to shore) a beach on Cerralvo Is. I read a fly fishing article recently that said some fellow was on his 9th trip to Mexico to catch the "elusive" roosterfish but we had no trouble hooking them up at this beach. The secret was to chum the water and simply watch the roosters 'crash' the bait. Ted and I actually watched a roosterfish swim up a beach after baitfish, just like orcas do when after seals. Ted snapped his rod in half several casts later so that ended our interest in casting to them in the surf. All our dorado were on the smaller side when compared to Loreto but we got the variety we wanted. I particularly wanted to catch roosterfish and jacks and my wishes were fulfilled. We all had a great time and no doubt next year around June will find us way south of Loreto in search of different (and maybe larger) fish. 🐟



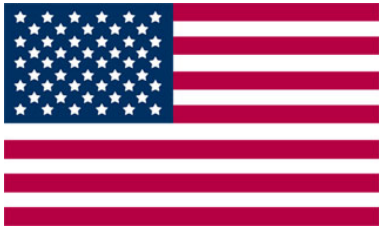
I'm going to try and have David Collins post these two photos on the website. The colors are amazing. --Ed.





JACK BENTLEY

**Any Questions?
Call Jack Bentley at**



San Juan River Trip Slated for October 13-18, 2002

The dates selected for this annual trip are **October 13- 18**, which includes four solid days of fishing on this terrific "Blue Ribbon" river! This tailwater river is particularly good for those just getting into fly fishing because it is very accessible, and offers a wide variety of water, from flats and riffles to holes and runs...not to speak of plenty of big rainbow trout!

THE CUTOFF DATE TO SIGN UP FOR THIS TRIP IS THE AUGUST 5TH CLUB MEETING.

Pat Case is organizing this trip. E-mail him at [or call during the](#) day at . Tell him (1) who you want or don't want to bunk with, (2) what type of accommodation you want, (3) what days (if any) you want a guide, and (4) if you want a wading or float guide.

Trip to Alaska on the Fall 2003 Schedule

Due to excellent reviews, we are planning a trip to Alaska for the September 2003 timeframe. Start making plans for this exciting trip. Call Jack for more info.

Steelheading at Home

by Gretchen Yearous

Weekend Flyfishing Trip

The Club is planning a trip to the Eastern Sierras the week-end of August 16th to 18th.

Streams, rivers, and lakes are all available.

Guides if desired.

Contact **George Gates** at:

The phone rang at 8:30 a.m. and I reached to the nightstand hoping I wouldn't drop the phone before the caller gave up on me. An unrecognized voice said, "Do you want to go to Cuyamaca and try the dry- fly -bite late afternoon?" I instinctively said, "Call me back in 2 hours." What was I thinking? A sleepless night hasn't stopped me from fishing in the past. We're talking steelhead here! Warren Lew is a patient man and by mid afternoon we were off for a memorable adventure.

Only fools fished on that kind of day but most of us flyfishers wear that label from time to time. You pay for the boat, (twilight rates) you cast the fly. Windy was an understatement. Even the wildlife was acting weird. Swallows were swarm-

ing all over the lake hovering over every whitecap. I saw a pelican flying into the headwind and wished it could take my fly anywhere out there (YES, A PELICAN). And oh, after we left the dike where sizable waves were crashing into the dike and some into the boat, we went to fish the seam where the wind meets the calmer South finger.

Warren immediately hooked into his first sizable Cuyamaca steelhead and I was very amused waiting for him to discover that the fish wouldn't willingly come to the boat. It was a nice 18" hard- pulling, leaping, not-going-to-get-into-the-boat, kind of fish. That fish made a complete circle around the boat. You know the type – the sucker fish – brings you back for the next one. Be prepared for no fewer than 2

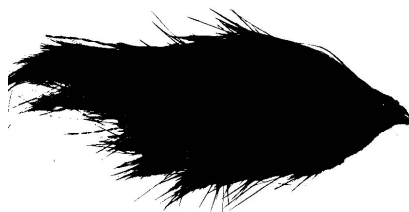
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FLY OF THE MONTH

BUNNY LEECH

Hook:	Tiemco 5263 or 300, sizes 4-8
Thread:	6/0 or 3/0 color to match body & tail
Tail:	Thin strip of straight cut "rabbit on the skin"-Black, brown, olive, tan, white purple- we are doing it in dark brown, with few strands of krystal flash
Body:	Same color as tail - cross cut strip of "rabbit on the skin"



As you can see the fly is tied entirely with "rabbit on the skin" except for a few strands of krystal flash.

1. Using a thin strip of straight cut black "rabbit on the skin" taper the tip to a point. After wrapping a layer of thread on the hook shank tie on the tail by the tip with the rabbit strip hanging back over the hook bend. Secure this with tight wraps of thread. Make the thread wraps over the rabbit strip as smooth as possible. The length of the tail should be about the length of the hook shank. Trim accordingly. If you are using a small hook the tail is optional.
2. Tie in a few strands of krystal flash on each side of the tail. With a black tail I would use black, red, pearl or maybe blue or green. Mix them up a little - I am going to use four pieces on each side - 2 black and 2 red.
3. Taper the tip of a cross-cut strip of "rabbit on the skin" and tie it on just in front of the tail. This should be tied in so the fur lays back over the bend. Cross-cut strips are cut so the fur angles off the skin at 45 degrees. Tie the strip in on the far side of the hook with the fur side towards you. When you make your first wrap(counter clock wise) the fur will be facing out.
4. Continue wrapping the fur strip around the shank towards the hook eye. Wrap tight as you go and each wrap should slightly overlap the front edge of the previous wrap. As you wrap stroke the fibers back towards the hook bend.
5. Wrap tight working to just behind the eye leaving room for a head. Tie off taking a few extra turns. Stretch the rabbit strip and trim the material as close as possible. This material is bulky so you will want to tie down as close as possible and trim the material as close as you can. You will have a large head but using thread wraps make it as neat as you can. Whip finish and coat with head cement.

This is one fly which can be tied with kevlar thread, a thread I rarely use or suggest. As the name suggests this fly is usually fished as a representation of a leech. Tan colors are used in flesh flies, which are popular in Alaska. If you have the right materials it is not difficult to tie.

Tom Smith



Steelheading at Home

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headstrong runs away from the tube even the 13" steelhead. That was short lived when the wind literally devoured the South bay as well.

Just as we thought our adrenaline was at a high, we had to fend for our lives. Or so we thought at the time. Coming toward us (almost in the middle of the lake) was a black and white striped four foot snake battling the white caps. It would have crawled into the boat had Warren not beat the water alongside it with his flyrod. It went under the boat. Paranoia set in. We danced a noisy war dance to discourage entry. Finally, when we mustered some courage, we pulled anchors and took off for the Dam Bay with spraying water covering our clothes. We later found out it was a water snake which physically wasn't built with the traction type of scales to get up into the boat. I have fished that lake repeatedly for 15 years and had never even seen a snake. Hugh assured me this was the first story he has ever heard in his 15 years there also. "It just wanted to get out of the rough water."

Do you remember Hugh telling us during his program to the Club that only the state hatchery trout come up to dries early evening? I have been down there with various club members and we got into popcorn style rising by an entire school of state hatchery trout and fished ourselves into a frenzy. It's true the state hatchery

trout love dries but we are finding that it ain't necessarily so that ONLY the little guys eat dries.

We tested his theory. I had not been successful in the last 2 attempts to roust out a Steelhead last 2 weeks early-evening on a dry. The wind never had calmed down enough but I piled a dry fly out there after seeing a sizable rise and wham! Big noise and then the hookup. That fish bent my 5 weight rod nearly into a u-shape and went under the boat. We saw it several times and Warren was kind enough to say he thought it was as big as the one he caught, maybe bigger. My 5 weight bent like that one other time (tip under the water) when I caught a 4 pounder about 6 years ago. Some 3 and 4 pounders had been caught earlier that day. One can hope. Well, it is still there. He was a little too foxy for me.

We kept every fish we caught (3 steelhead and a couple of crappie) but couldn't get this one to join the stringer. But I am glad I wasn't in a float tube being pulled around like a Rottweiler pulling a wagon. No telling how far I would have been pulled while glancing over my shoulder looking longingly over white caps at the shore. Two teenagers were towed in because they were too exhausted to tube back to the shore. Of course they were burdened with a string of 30 crappie.

Word of advice. Be sure you take out the boat with the square anchor during the gale force winds because the round ones don't hold very well. We had to give up on the round ones and change the boat so we could hold position. We came in wet and cold but What an Adventure in our own backyard. We only saw about 5 rises total so you need to be there rigged with a dry, ready for the limited time slot. What fly was I using? I can't remember!

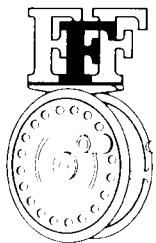
Everytime I come to Cuyamaca I see something new from deer grazing by the dam, a couple of new animal carvings in the yards of the houses just passed the fruit stand near Descanso, as you turn off to Cuyamaca State Park. I am positive I saw a ringed tail bobcat a month ago competing for roadkill munchies at night. Hugh told me that it wasn't a bobcat but another type of ring-tail wild cat. It did not move like a domestic cat. The blue heron is a sight to behold. Sitting in my float tube listening to horses talk to each other living on the hill is pleasant. I am told by the dam keeper that the six foot sturgeon can be seen sunning itself on warm topwater early mornings. One hillside resident said she saw a mountain lion roaming through her back yard. I think Cuyamaca State Park and Lake Cuyamaca are the jewels of our county. The lake rangers and all others who work there are so friendly and knowledgeable. It is truly a vacation experience. KEEP THOSE STEELHEAD COMING. 🐟

QUOTES

"If fishing interferes with your business, give up your business. The fish do not rise in Greenwood Cemetery."
-- Sparse Grey Hackle; quoted in The Quotable Fisherman, Nick Lyons, ed.

"Rivers and the inhabitants of the watery elements are made for wise men to contemplate and for fools to pass by without consideration."
-- Izaak Walton





From the FFF Clubwire News

by Ed Estlow of the Minnesota Fly Fishers

WHY I FISH

I was just doing some e-mail administration and cleanup and I came across some stuff from an e-mail listserve discussion thread of a while back about why we fish with bamboo rods. I thought I'd pass on this little bit of flotsam.

This happened one evening when I was fishing in western Wisconsin in the spring of 1998. It was one of those beautiful May evenings we get too few of around here. I pulled up to one of my favorite spots and noted only one car parked there. I thought myself lucky, as this place is also one of everybody else's favorite spots. I got out of my car and walked onto the bridge, as is my wont, just to check out the stream. It was running well if a bit cloudy. Downstream about 200 yards I could see the owner of the other car, slowly casting across and downstream. I didn't think much about it and turned to gear up.

As I finished pulling on my waders, an older gentleman came walking out of the woods - the fisherman from downstream. We shyly greeted each other. Shyly, because in this day and age you aren't ever sure if you're welcome at the stream, even

though the law and fishing regulations may be on your side. When we both figured out we were "friendly," he came over and we started to chat. He was fishing with his son, he said. He was visiting from Florida and they had a rare chance this evening to wet a line.

The old gentleman mentioned that he hadn't fished in ten years. First the move to Florida, and more recently cancer had cut into his fishing. The disease had ravaged his casting arm to the point where it looked like he'd taken a grenade in Korea. His elbow was covered with a bandage from his most recent surgery. He said he'd been in and out of the hospital eight or nine times in the last three years, but he felt he was holding his own. I allowed as how perhaps the fishing was the best therapy he could find at this point and he heartily agreed. I tried but I couldn't take my eyes off his arm, wondering at the courage I felt it took to fish when he wasn't even healed from the knife. It made the scratches I'd gotten earlier in the evening from a patch of thistles look pretty silly.

We talked some more about how big the fish were - or weren't - in this stream, and whether it mattered. We decided it didn't. Just to have the opportunity to catch them was all either of us needed. Seven inches or twenty-two, the privilege was the same.

I waded in and started to fish while he watched. As I moved upstream, he started chatting with a couple of farm kids who came down with their worms to try their luck. I got involved with my tangled line and then a fish or two and lost sight of him. The next time I turned around, he was still talking to the kids. When I finally got back to the car a few hours later, he was gone. He and his son had that evening of fishing that they wanted and that he needed. I hope it makes the difference for him.

Oh yeah - he fished with a 35 year old Shakespeare fiberglass rod and a shiny green automatic reel. You see, it's not about what the rods are made of. It's not about the toys. It's about wearing them out with people you love.

That's why I fish. 🎣

Fishing With Father

As my father has proven to me time and time again, there is a big difference between fishing and catching fish. "Fishing" is the soul-numbing act of sitting for hours and watching a thin cobweb of nylon trail out of sight into the black depths of the lake behind the boat while nothing happens. This is best accomplished in a light rain,

the boat yawing back and forth in tsunamis, your breakfast hearing voices telling it to "come on back up."

"Catching fish" is what the other boats do.

"Yo! Doin' any good?" my father bellows at passing watercraft. The fishermen hold up stringers laden with white-bellied trout.

"How 'bout you, doin' any good?" they bellow back. When you're fishing you have to talk like you never got out of third grade; I'm pretty sure it's a rule.

"Naw," my father admits. Then he points to me, like, how can I catch any fish with such a worthless son?

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Fishing With Father

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"Whatcha usin'?" my father hollers. I once thought this meant, "What are you taking to keep from throwing up?", like, what drugs are you using? Now I understand it to mean, "what bait have you affixed to the end of your line?"

"A Burt Reynolds!" it sounds like they yell back. I blink, wondering what in the world would possess a fish to try to swallow such a thing. Is that with the toupee, or without?

My dad smiles and nods, like, "okay, but you're pretty damn stupid to use that kind of bait when obviously you'd be better off fishing with whatever I'm using," and waits until they are out of sight before diving into his tackle box. "Aha! I knew I had one!" he shouts, holding up what looks like my retainer from high school. "Quick, let's put this on!"

You have to wonder what the fish are thinking as our lures troll past them underwater.

Fish: "Hey look, Ralph, isn't that Burt Reynolds' retainer swimming by at a constant speed attached to monofilament, there?"

Ralph Fish: "Hey, I think you're right! I'm gonna go bite it!"

Two hours later we are still fishing. My father keeps consulting his fish finder, which is blinking and beeping as if it has detected a fleet of Soviet submarines. "You think we're going too fast?" he asks me for the hundredth time. I shrug. I've decided the only way we're going to catch a fish is if our hooks collide with one, so if anything it seems logical to me to speed up.

"Montana, now that was an experience," my father murmurs. I carefully avoid reacting so as not to encourage another

retelling of the time my father went to a catch-and-release camp in Montana. To me, catch-and-release is like paying for food at a grocery store and then putting it back. I stare at my line and will myself not to regurgitate. I am so cold I could spend a week lying in the streets of Yuma, Arizona, and I would still be shivering. "Montana. Sure was amazing," my father chants, eyeing me carefully. I am pretty sure I'm in a coma. "Very interesting story," he remarks. "Wow, what a day. Boy. We should really talk about that one. Man. Holy smokes."

I will not talk. My brain is on catch and release. I don't even react as the tip of my father's rod bends down as sharply as a graph of the stock market, his reel making a sizzling sound in its holder. Then it occurs to me what I am seeing and I leap to my feet. "Dad! You've got a fish!"

This is such an unexpected event I feel like I've shouted something insane. Standing there, I am perfectly positioned to block my father's lunge for his rod, which means I am bodyslammed right out of the boat and into the lake, still hanging on to the fish pole in my hand.

"Hey!" I yell with an appropriate amount of surprise. I immediately begin to initiate a drowning sequence.

My father, of course, is busy pulling in his catch, and seems remarkably disinterested in the fact that his son is fast falling both behind and below his boat.

"Hey!" I announce again.

"Hold on to the rod!" he shouts encouragingly.

My clothes are filling with water and it is becoming increasingly difficult to picture myself breathing. He wants me to cling to something that feels like it is tied to the

bottom of the lake. Screw the rod, it's life I'm concentrating on holding on to. "Help!" I shriek, since "hey!" seemed to convey the wrong message. I get ready to have my whole life pass before my eyes, but all that comes to me is that I forgot to carry the trash out to the curb this morning.

Then something smacks me behind the ear. I look up, blinking, and see that my father has steered over to me and is wielding the fishnet. "Why are you hitting me in the head?" I demand peevishly.

"Grab it!" he commands earnestly. I flail out, catch the net, and am pulled over to the side of the boat. With a lot of strenuous gasping, we manage to get me aboard.

I fall to the floor and leak water, panting. "The fish?" I finally manage to choke.

He shakes his head.

"The rod?" he asks.

I make the same negative gesture. Our defeat is so profound that we don't even speak while he turns the boat toward shore. We're done for the day. We pass other fishermen and don't even ask if they're doin' any good.

Half an hour later we're approaching the docks. I've brought up all the water I swallowed and returned it to the lake, and the sun is actually getting ready to make a comeback. "Looks like we're going to have to wait a bit," my dad remarks, pointing to the long line of watercraft awaiting their turn at the boat ramp. He cuts the engine and we drift a bit, not saying anything.

"So," I say finally. "Tell me about that fishing trip you took to Montana."

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FLY CASTING AT LAKE MURRAY

Trout season is here! Summer warm water fishing is in full swing. 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.

STROUD TACKLE

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Eileen & Bill Stroud

Cutoff date for *September FINNY FACTS*
articles---Friday August 16th

Send articles to:
Rose and Roger Yamasaki,
5415 Lodi Place
San Diego, CA 92117
858-274-2712.

You can E-mail at Thanks!!

Send change of address information or
Club membership renewal to:

Helen Grundler

LIFE MEMBERS

Gordon Foster (in memoriam), Bill and Eileen Stroud, Bernie Hammes, Hugh Turner, Nancy Pitts, Bob Wisner, Ken Armer, Glen Paul, Betty Coram, Ned Sewell, John Kasten, Leo Bergevin, George Beach, Bob Camp, Marvin Darling, Gene Jerzewski, Oz Osborn, Robbie Robinson, John Gauld

HONORARY MEMBERS

Jim Brown, Louisa Kassler, Hugh Marx, Randy Ford, Allen Greenwood

Winners of the:

GORDON FOSTER MEMORIAL AWARD

For unselfish and outstanding service
to the flyfishing community

- 1991-Ned Sewell
- 1992-Bob Camp
- 1993-Bill & Eileen Stroud
- 1994-Ed Velton
- 1995-Bob Wisner
- 1996-Gary Hilbers
- 1997-Jack Bentley
- 1998-Gordie Zimm
- 1999-Gretchen Yearous
- 2000-Tom Smith
- 2001-Rose & Roger Yamasaki



**SAN DIEGO FLY FISHERS
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1st VP- Warren Lew
2nd VP- George Gates
Treasurer- Art Reifman
Secretary- Nancy Fletcher

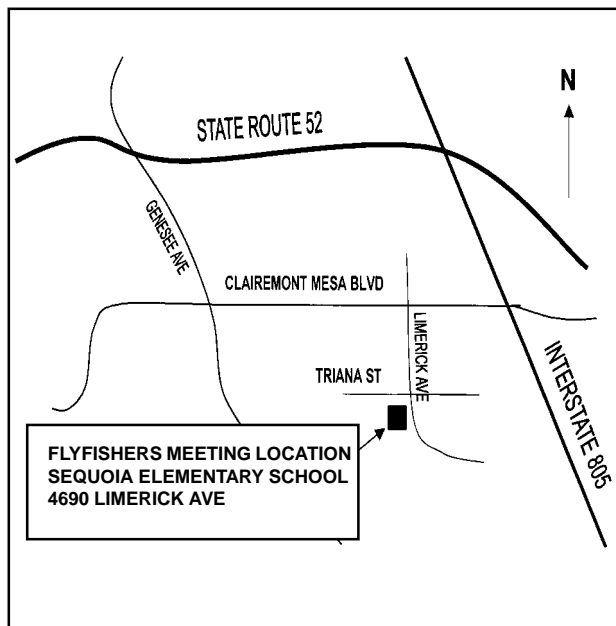
DIRECTORS

Joe Bain
 Sherry Brainerd
 David Collins
 Helen Grundler
 Marty Reed
 Jim Reeg
 Larry Sorensen
 Louie Zimm

**COMMITTEE
CHAIRPERSONS**

Advertising-Conner Cherer

Conservation- Sherry Brainerd
FFF Southwest Council-
 SDFF Rep. Al Sorensen
Fly Casting Clinic- Ned Sewell and John Kasten
Fly Tying Clinic- Gary Hilbers
Membership-
 Helen Grundler
Member of the Month-
 Warren Lew, Howard McCluan

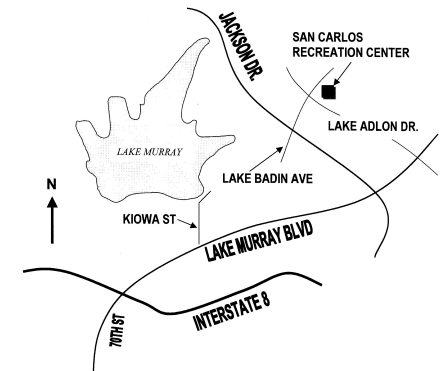


Monthly Weekend Outings-
 George Gates
Newsletter CoEditors-
 Rose & Roger Yamasaki
 5415 Lodi Place, San Diego
 92117, 858-274-2712

Programs- Jim Reeg
Publications & Club Biologist-
 Bob Wisner,

Raffles- Kevin Sophy
Refreshments-
 Vernon Wescott
Rod Building- Tom Smith
Trips-
 Jack Bentley,
Video & Library-
 Buck Parker,
Web Page- David Collins
Women's Education Focus-
 Gretchen Yearous

Meeting Place for Workshops
 San Carlos Recreation Center near Lake Murray. (We no longer meet at the Lake Murray Water Training Facility at 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.



San Diego Flyfishers Headquarters
 Stroud Tackle
 1457 Morena Blvd.
 San Diego, CA 92110
 619-276-4822



**San Diego
Fly Fishers**

SINCE 1962

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