

FINNY FACTS

Archived version

NOVEMBER 2013

San Diego



Fly Fishers

Cleaner Water. Brighter Streams. Better Fishing.

Volume 18, No. 10

Monthly Meeting

Striper Fishing in the Sacramento Delta

John Sherman will be our speaker for the November members meeting on the subject of fly fishing the Sacramento Delta. As well as being an experienced fly fisherman (fishing since he was 8 years old) and guide, John is unique in that he is also a professional photographer, having been published in fishing periodicals such as *Field and Stream*, *Fly Fisherman*, *California Fly Fisher*, *North West and South West Fly Fishing*, *Fly Fishing in Saltwaters*, and *The Drake*, as well as many product catalogs.

So we would expect some spectacular photos of his fishing adventures.

MEETING NOTICE

Monday, November 4, 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)

**Bob Pharoah and
Barry Perchersky**

Thank You from Lew Walsh

Federation of Fly Fishers Fly Fishing Faire - A Weekend of Giving Back

by Roger Yamasaki



Here are a group of volunteers helping with the eradication of non-native brook trout in Silver Creek.

Wow! I never thought I would ever say this but I spent an entire fall weekend in Mammoth *WITHOUT* fishing. That's insane.

But I have to admit that it was probably one of the best weekends I have spent there. I attended the Southwest Council Federation of Fly Fishers 2013 Fly Fishing Faire in Mammoth Lakes the weekend of September 20-22.

It was three days of educational enlightenment and volunteerism

the likes of which I had never experienced.

DAY 1 was a day of conservation seminars. I joined the staff from the Mono Lake Committee and Mark Drew of Cal Trout for a tour of Rush Creek in the Mono basin. It was a 3-hour field trip where we learned of the restoration efforts to transform the dry creek bed into a system that is recovering. This stream is now feeding Mono Lake and there is a

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Peter Piconi pitch-hit with a terrific presentation on trout...yup...trout in the Deschutes River. Great photographs, wonderful commentary, and a strong desire to make the trip with Peter in 2014. Peter is the owner of So Cal Fly Fishing, a shop in Liberty Station, and he has been a great friend to the club. Known as a salt-water maven, Peter demonstrated serious fresh and moving water chops in his presentation. His shop is also located quite near to Stone Brewing World Bistro and Garden...if you need another excuse.

A tip of the hat to **Lee McElravey**, our most recent past-President (a title I am hoping to aspire to in a few months time), who has put together the slate for the 2014 board of directors. Frankly, it's a bit like the movie *The Usual Suspects*. Everyone on the current board has expressed a desire to remain and we have a couple of new nominees who will be joining us. As this is Lee's thunder I will not steal it. This board has done great work for the club and is truly collaborative.

At our last board meeting we discussed the upcoming Annual Banquet. We have selected a date, **Monday, January 13, 2014**. We are exploring the venue, a

choice between Admiral Baker and the Southwestern Yacht Club. The reason we chose January 13th is so that it doesn't conflict with the BCS Championship Game, scheduled to air on Monday, January 6th.

We would like to event more spouse friendly. A few of us are conspiring to bring our better halves, mainly by assuring that others will be intending...yeah, it is sort of group confidence game. We would like to have 100-125 attend the event. Who knows, there might even be a little bluegrass music. If you have any other ideas to make the event a bit better, let us know.

As always we will have amazing door prizes, food, and the awarding of the Gordon Foster Award and the Stroud Award. Last year's Gordon Foster winner, the aforementioned Mr. McElravey, will relinquish to fish and pass the baton. Ah, if it were only so easy to get last year's Stroud Award winners back to do the same, but the award was given posthumously to Bill and Eileen Stroud.

We only have a couple of meetings left in 2013 and we'd like to see old and new friends. Please make it a point to attend the last two meetings of the year. The



December meeting will be our fly tying demonstrations and swap meet, always a fun and relaxed way to finish the year.

Tight lines!



Ned S. Sewell

2/19/1924 - 9/1/2013

Memorial Service

November 7, 2013

1:00 PM

Liberty Station

North Chapel

2881 Roosevelt Road

San Diego, 92106



**Note of Thanks from the US Forest Service
on Club Volunteers Conservation Work**

SDFF volunteers have worked the the past seven years taking care of the "Cattle Exclusion" fence in this sensitive meadow. The following note of appreciation was received from the U.S. Forest Service.

We always accept new volunteers to join in the fun each June and October. Watch *FINNY FACTS* and the E Forum for announcements or contact Gary at conservation@sdff.com



Greetings Everyone,

I want to take a moment to thank the San Diego Fly Fishers who have assisted us with our Wilderness duties for several years. Gary Strawn has organized and sponsored biannual work trips into the Golden Trout Wilderness to maintain and improve the pasture fences at Casa Vieja meadow. The fences are put up in June and taken down in October. In 2011 his group donated fence posts to replace old, rotten ones. The eight inch diameter, stout posts, were packed in by our talented Forest Service packers led by Lee Roeser (see the attached photo).

The San Diego Fly Fishers always bring their determination, tied flies and great personalities with them to work in the Wilderness. I've had dinner with them and I can attest to the fact that they can cook too!

Thank you Gary for your leadership and to all your members for helping us keep the fences in working order. In this area of high use, many users benefit from your upkeep of the pastures.

Check out their website to see photos of past trips. Go to photo gallery on the left side of the screen and then Golden Trout Wilderness June 2011 and 2012. Here is the link: www.sandiegoflyfishers.com

*Please feel free to contact Gary Strawn if you would like to help out on future projects:
conservation@sandiegoflyfishers.com*



Calder Reid
Wilderness Manager
Inyo National Forest
phone: 760-876-6218
cmreid@fs.fed.us

Mt. Whitney Ranger District
P.O. Box 8
Lone Pine, CA 93545
www.fs.usda.gov/inyo

Caring for the land and serving people





Ken and Kurt at the new "H" brace.



Forest Service packers bring in the new fence posts.

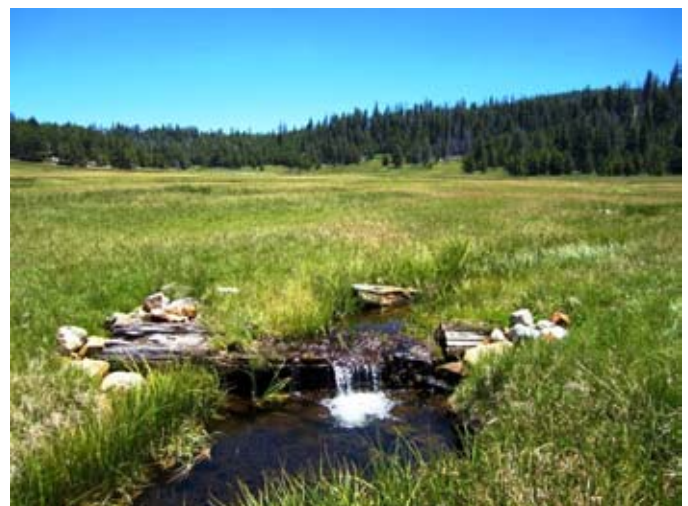
Gary's volunteers doing the work to save the golden trout habitat.



Pretty Golden trout.



Nine Mile Creek under the mid-fence.



Nine Mile Creek in Casa Vieja meadow.



FFF Faire

continued from page 1

considerable increase in the lake level. The hope is that one day this zero limit creek will be turned into a vibrant and healthy riparian system.



Rush Creek—recovering.

For the afternoon it was off to some classroom seminars. The Walker River Basin Recovery Plan, the USFS Forest Planning in the Inyo National Forest, and CA Department of Fish and Wildlife Native Trout Recovery.

It was interesting to note all of the behind the scenes efforts made by all of these departments to make recreational fishing viable for all of us.

DAY 2 it was off to Silver Creek in the Walker River Basin. We joined Dawne Emery of the CA Department of Fish and Wildlife (CDFW) who heads up the Silver Lahontan Project.

In 2004, Silver Creek, a Lahontan Cutthroat trout recovery water was discovered to have been illegally stocked with brook trout. Numerous grants have been proposed to address this situation, but funding remains limited.

I, along with about nine others, volunteered to help with the electroshocking effort that has been going on to eradicate the brook trout. I had heard about electroshocking and seen photos but I had never participated before. It was quite an experience.



One rookie fish netter—reporting for duty.

We removed about 500 non-native brook trout that day. And saved another 50 or so cutthroat. As you can see the ratio between non-native fish and the cutthroat is pretty high. Dawne Emery of the CDFW says it will take about ten years of brook trout eradication effort to bring the cutthroat back into recovery.

The day started out nice and sunny as you can see from the photo above. But soon the skies turned gray and hail was upon us. Mammoth Mountain got 2–4 inches of snow that day.



Here's a photo of a Lahontan cutthroat from Silver Creek.

DAY3 was spent at the Hot Creek Interpretive Center. It was a day of cleanup. This is something you don't normally think about (and certainly not one where you would spend your vacation day) but when you think about it someone has to keep our recreational areas cleaned up.

After spending countless hours fishing, hiking, camping, etc. in the Eastern Sierras I never thought about who keeps the area clean for us. It was time to do my part.



Time to get rid of these invasive tumbleweeds.

Well I have to admit after my weekend of good deeds I did get a chance to get some fishing in.

But you know I felt just a little bit better about what is going on in my playground.



—R. Yamasaki



FLY OF THE MONTH

J's HiTie Sally/ Triple Wing Caddis



J's HiTie Sally by Jesse Riding

Notes by Lucky Ketcham and Norb Spitzer, October 4, 2010

<http://www.theweeklyfly.com/>

This link may show a good video of the method of tying this triple wing stonefly pattern. (The link demonstrates a weekly fly. You may have to look in the archives.) The video also shows Jesse using a Thompson Whip finish tool. This fly is also my Triple Wing Caddis when tied in olive, tan or darker colors. The Hi Tie caddis with a dubbed body is also known as Mikulak Sedge with out the red tag.

I like double and triple wing caddis and stonefly patterns on larger hooks because the wing does not clump when wet and become distorted to one side as they do when you use a long single hair wing. I agree with Norb Spitzer that I would add two strands of pearl Krystal Flash to each side of the rear wing on a few of these. Jesse Riding is from North East Utah, so you know this is a pattern that will work on the Green River in June and July.

Hook: 1X Long Dry Fly Hook
(Lucky likes 2X long 1X fine TMC 2312 hooks - size 16 or TMC 200R 3X long size 18. Size 14 is often too large a hook for the Yellow Sallies we encounter).

Thread: Yellow 6/0 & Red 6/0 for Egg cluster

Body: Rainy's Yellow 1/8" Evazote sheet foam

Wing: Natural Light (Bull) Elk hair

Underwing: Pearl Krystalflash - two or three on each side of wing (optional and added by Norb.)

Hackle: Brown Dry Fly Saddle, (LK would make some with Ginger or Yellow Grizzly)



Lucky Ketcham

Places specifically used a lot: Rivers, streams, etc. Where there is a little yellow stonefly hatch or as a general attractor.



Members Fishing Reports

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

This is a collection of notes and memories written on our fishing trip to UT, WY, and MT. I posted some of them on my Face Book page. I put them in one document for ease of finding them and to correct some of the typos. Hopefully my friends will enjoy them and learn what it is to be a "Trout Bum" for a "few" (8 or 9) weeks. Many thanks to my friends Sam Gilbert and Robert Pharoah for making this annual trip possible and very enjoyable. You cannot find more generous friends. We will present this trip a little each month. Pretend you are fishing with us. --Lucky Ketcham

The Logistics

Bob Pharoah and I left San Diego early in the morning of Monday, June 10th, 2013. Bob usually likes to travel on Sundays to avoid the commuter traffic in Riverside and Las Vegas. This year we had things to do on Sunday and we had to finish packing the utility trailers. We left a few days early so packing was jammed into two days of hard work.

The trip to Cedar City, UT went quickly. We did not stop in the Bass Pro Shops in Corona or in Las Vegas this year. We felt we had most of the camping and fishing gear we needed. That saved 2 hours for travel. The day was pretty with bright blue skies. Although it was early in June, it was already hot in the Nevada and Utah deserts. The T.V. reported record high temperatures in the mid 90's. The night time temperature was a cooler 54 degrees -- good sleeping weather.

Along with the heat in the desert there is always wind. The trucks and trailers moved around in the gusts of 35 mph winds. Big trucks shielded you from the wind and then when you passed them, the hard wind would hit you. The high profile of our trucks with camper shells and the big white trailer requires a bit of caution in strong winds. At least one 18 foot trailer turned over on its side in an accident during the very strong afternoon winds. It kept the drivers awake on these long straight roads in Nevada. We cruised along at 72 to 75 mph, each pulling a small utility trailer. By 4 PM we were in Cedar City, Utah.

We stayed at the Abbey Inn. They gave Bob the Military Discount, dropping the rate from \$120 per night down to \$79. They had a nice 42 inch TV, free WiFi, and a pool. The free breakfast was much better than the Continental Breakfasts offered at other motels. This was a hot breakfast with scrambled eggs, sausages, waffles and then any of the normal rolls, muffins, coffee, juices, apples, oat meal and cereals.

Tuesday, June 11th.

It is another blue sky, cloudless day in the Utah Great Salt Lake Basin. The wind is with us early. Thirty-five mph gusts of wind move us around on the road again; but traveling at a fast pace with heavily loaded trucks -- pushes us through like it was a gentle breeze. Slower and higher profile vehicles had to take more care.

Our buddy, Sam Gilbert was leaving his home in Sheridan, WY early in the morning and was already in Casper when we first heard from him. He is pulling the

big 5th wheel RV trailer and his motor boat. The new Silverado truck pulls it along at a good pace. Most of this wind was hitting him head on. It might have slowed him down a little; but it was not a problem steering or moving around. If it was a problem, we know Sam would have a bigger and stronger truck next year or next week. Sam loves his trucks.

I love the drive up Provo Canyon after so many miles of flat straight road. You leave that flat basin and climb the winding road up the river valley. The Provo River is there and you see the fly fishermen and the rafters. The water was high with snow melt and the river was overflowing its banks. Angel Falls was flowing white and wide. Snow was still visible on the highest peaks. I thought of all my friends that would like Robert Redford as I passed the turn off to Sun Dance.

It was lunch time when we passed all the restaurants in Provo and I considered stopping for a burger; but I was following Bob and he is never hungry when he has his mind on being at the camp site at 4 PM. As he gets into WY he becomes single minded and his foot gets heavy on the gas pedal. I always laugh that we will travel the flat straight roads at 71 -- 75 mph; but when we get to the curvy mountain roads I am often doing 85 to 88 just to be able to catch up and see Bob's tail lights. He claims he is only doing 71; but when he pulls out to pass trucks on the hill he steps on the gas. Once he is out in the passing lane doing 85, he stays out there. There is always another truck and then another. Once you are going 85 it is hard to pull back into line and go 71.

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

Bob listens to his books on tape and just hopes I will keep up. He knows I don't like to break the towing speed law by more than 30 mph. 85 or 90 is too fast to be pulling a little trailer on curvy roads, especially when there is a steep ravine to the river. I don't want to get too far behind. The red F150 can keep up if I step on the pedal. While I was still in radio range - I asked "Is there some good reason I am going 85 mph?" The reason I found is there are only 8 or 9 RV spaces in the Buckboard Marina Campground with electricity. We needed to get there early enough to find one or do without air conditioning. We were lucky to get the last space with electricity.

Trolling for Kokanee Salmon June 12, 2013

Buckboard Springs, WY.
Flaming Gorge Reservoir

The big reservoir straddles the state line between Utah and WY. We buy the annual fishing license for Utah and the \$10 supplemental license for WY. We target fish with conventional trolling rods for Kokanee Salmon, giant Lake Trout and Rainbow Trout.

This day we used two down rigger and two rods set up with heavy multicolored lead core line. We also had two light spinning rods for fishing in the shallow bay. Some years we try the fly rods from shore for small mouth bass or take out our pontoon boats for rainbows. This day we trolled the far side of the lake across from the Marina in the afternoon and into the early evening. We had some success with big rainbows mostly coming to Bob's rod with lead core line. He had 3 to 4 colors out trolling Pink Squid or

Pink Wedding Rings. The down riggers were not producing fish this evening. Six inch "white caps" came up with the wind about 3 PM and again at 6 PM. It was good to be out with WY cowboys that do not get off the water easily in a brisk wind. If you are not comfortable in rough water you would not get to fish much in WY or Colorado.

Bob was happy to catch most of the fish. Getting the lures at the correct depth and speed is important. Sam drove the boat and looked for fish on the depth finder. *)We decided to keep the first Kokanee and big rainbow for dinner. We learned two lessons: we learned about putting fish on a long chain and pulling them along.

1. Kokanee Salmon have soft mouths and will pull off the chain.
2. Keep the chain short enough... not to hit the propeller of the motor.

We lost 3 fish from the stringer. History Repeats. Some people Never Learn. Always bring an ice chest and put salmon and trout on ice as soon as possible.

Buckboard Springs Marina June 13, 2013

Today was very windy - with gusts to 35 mph. It was too windy to be out in a small boat. We rested and tried to enjoy the day. We found we had a problem with camp site #24. It has been reserved for Friday and we will have to move to a new space without electricity. The Ranger/Host felt sorry to tell us but was happy that we accepted it without an argument. He let us move across the road to a new space and run a 75 foot electric cord to the restrooms. He put up a sign that said: *Do not to unplug.*

Needed for Medical Reasons. See Camp Host. He even refunded 3 days of the extra charges for using a campsite with electricity. The bonus was that we have electricity anyway.

June 14, 2013

The night of the 13th we were tired and I made a thick corn chowder for dinner with a big salad.

It tasted good; but it might have been too much of a vegetarian meal, combined with all the broccoli salad, cauliflower Tabula and rice and beans that my hometown friend, Denege Patterson recommended for me to try for healthier lunches. My stomach is used to baby niblets corn and did not like to digest the older canned corn. It was more like woody field corn than milky tender Green Giant Niblets. When I went to bed the corn just sat there like a lump and fermented. My stomach growled, tossed and turned. In a short while I knew I was going to be in trouble that evening.

I have not been ill very often in the past twenty years - but thanks to my years of drinking beer to excess - I distinctly remember the signs that tell me when to head for the rest room. About 3:00 in the morning I made the first brisk walk to the camp facilities about 100 feet behind our R.V. I could have used the camper facilities but wanted to take no chances of making a mess.

It was a chilly 54 degrees in the early morning. I did not take the time to dress. Who would see me in my checkered boxer shorts and tee shirt? I wore my flip flops for protection from the sharp burrs and sharp stones. The yard

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

has those terrible little "goat head weed seeds", they are sharp enough to make flat tires on a bicycle. There is joy in making it to the rest room when you find you have "Explosive Diarrhea and Vomiting." I should have probably given the camp host a big tip for his clean-up work the next morning.

It is terrible to be a Health Inspector that has taught and investigated food and waterborne illnesses – then to give yourself food poisoning. All the classic illnesses and symptoms run through your mind. The onset of illness, symptoms, lack of fever — all paint a picture of what the cause might be. When you can't sleep for hours, many things run through your head. Bob and Sam had the corn chowder and they were not sick. We have been eating and drinking almost the same things. The rapid onset of vomiting might have been Staph or toxins. What did I eat or drink earlier? Sam thinks it might have been a bag of year old peanuts that we found in the boat. They did not taste right to him and he set the bag aside. I ate a good number of them. Ergot poisoning from mold on nuts??? Then there was some water I drank out of a 20 year old black canvas water bag. I rinsed it out before the camping trip, but I did not add any chlorine to sterilize it. "Montezuma's Revenge" can come from contaminated water.

At this point I am not drinking water from the black bag, no more old peanuts and 4 year old canned corn will not be on the menu.

June 15th, 2013

I am feeling better and well enough to go out in the boat.

Kokanee Salmon are the target.

June 17th, 2013

We break camp and move to Mustang Ridge Campground in Dutch John, Utah. The

**Devil Made Me Do It!
July 6, 2013**

Yesterday morning I broke the fish and game laws on the Green River by using a natural bait to catch a brown trout. The Devil Made Me Do It.

The weeks have flown by and my fishing trip to the Green River is coming to a close. I am starting to get frantic about making every moment count. Yesterday morning I woke up at 5 AM thinking about the pods of trout that feed on a shallow flat on the top of the B Section of the River just south of the Little Hole Recreation Area. Bob McKay, Norb Spitzer and Bob Pharoah know the spot well. It is a long series of runs and riffles with cold fast water. It is one of the locations that the Yellow Sally Stoneflies, Pale Morning Dun Mayflies and Tan Caddisflies breed and emerge.

We have caught some great fish in this run over the past 7 years. Bob McKay and I learned a trick from a Utah resident in camp. If you get up at 5 or 5:30 in the end of June and early July, you can find pods of big brown trout hunting for scuds, stoneflies, and mayfly nymphs on a very shallow shelf. Usually little yellow dry flies will trigger a few rises and the fight with the big brown trout or rainbow trout in the fast water will give you memories not forgotten easily. I only tried this B section run once during this trip. Wayne Allen and I fished it early one morning but the fish would not take a dry fly. It was

very frustrating for both Wayne and myself. It was more frustrating for Wayne, since I told him to bring only PMD and Yellow Sally patterns for this 6 to 9 AM fishing trip. The water is fairly clear here and you can see 15 to 20 backs and tails breaking the surface as these big trout feed on something just below our dry flies. I forgot to tell Wayne that I have Partridge and Green Soft hackles in every fly box. Wayne was a little upset when I caught three on the 300 year old pattern and he didn't have the magic fly.

The trick here is that the fish will be feeding on the flat only until the sun breaks over the mountain behind us. Once the sun hits the feeding area, the game is over unless you want to fish nymphs in the deeper fast water. Bob McKay has become very good at catching fish with his red thread San Juan Worm trailing the grey scuds or other tiny nymph. He has almost stopped fishing dry flies. (Bob hires professional guides, like Andy Kim on the San Juan River, and they teach him tricks.) Fly fishing and fly tying are a bunch of tricks. The more you know the better you get.

Yesterday morning was similar. I followed the plan. I left camp quietly and drove the 10 miles to Little Hole. I went down to the Bob McKay Rock and pine tree and found the pod of big fish. Their backs and tails were popping out of the water as they fed on something. I was hoping that this time I would see yellow sally stoneflies on the water or at least tan caddis. I was hoping I would see noses and jaws sipping down floating insects. If you read The Ring and The Rise, you know seeing backs and tails is not good for the dry fly angler. Wayne and I cast dry flies to this pod two

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

weeks earlier and they ignored.

Yesterday I was not really prepared. I was certain the yellow dry flies would work now that the stoneflies are found in every willow bush. I did not have my Partridge and Green Soft Hackles. The fish gods punished me by making me learn about "Selective Feeding Behaviors of the Brown Trout." I fished for two hours and tried at least 15 fly patterns of every color and I could not get the trout off whatever they were feeding on. This was an old time "Grab and Go" fishing outing, just like the days when I was 15. I had only one fly box, I wore my blue jeans, no waders, no net, only sneakers and I fished mostly from shore. The only thing I forgot was some extra spools of tippet.

These fish were fussy and "perhaps" if I added a longer, lighter tippet to the leader the fish might have eaten my flies. My excuse is that my leader got two inches shorter every time I changed the fly. I made some wonderful casts and presentations. Selective trout in clear water can be difficult.

As 9 AM approached the fish were still feeding but I was tired and frustrated. Just as I put the fly in the keeper in preparation for the hike to the car, I stepped into the 6 ft. tall willows. There on a branch at shoulder level was a beautiful black and orange Magnificent Cicada. One of the largest of Cicadas you will ever see. It was right there where I could easily see it.

That is when the Devil Grabbed Hold of Me. I am a Biologist/Naturalist. I just witnessed some incredible selective feeding. The Scientist in me just had to know if a big fat juicy Cicada would break

the feeding habits of determined brown trout. I reached out and grabbed the Cicada, holding gently by the sides of the big fat head. I knew it could not bite or hurt me. There on the top of the head was a nice thick pronotum section just like all those crickets and hoppers I used for bait for so many years. I ran the little size 16 hook for my little caddis pattern through the hard shell. The Devil said "I wonder if you can cast a cicada 25 feet." I let the big 3 inch bug go and it started buzzing its wings. It flew around in 4 foot circles tethered to the light fly line leader. It was like flying a big green June bug. We used to tie thread to June Bugs and big Horse Flies and fly them around the farm.

I walked toward the river seam that the big trout were feeding and gave a slow soft cast toward the seam. The first cast was short even with the help of the flying bug. I picked it up and fed out more line. A slow soft cast put the cicada into a perfect position to drift over the feeding fish. I watched intently, as a good Scientist, just to see if the new dry fly would break the feeding cycle.

The cicada sat motionless on the surface and drifted over at least 5 trout. It drifted about 10 feet without so much as a bump. I was thinking that these trout are really keyed into the scuds. I gave the fly line a little twitch and the cicada began buzzing its wings, and trying to fly off the water. That was a Mistake! In a heartbeat one of the biggest brown trout crashed about 4 feet to race to the food. It looked like you had thrown a Ritz Cracker to the fish trained to eat bread.

The whole head and yellow under-belly was visible on this giant 19

or 20 inch brown trout. I can't tell you the exact size because I could not land it with a small size 16 hook made with 1X fine wire. Those hooks will straighten out if you are not careful. I will tell you it was an exciting 3 minutes. Almost like sex.

This trout hit the cicada with such a rush that it made one of those big C shaped splashes you only see when a big Yellowtail attacks an Anchovy. The big bug disappeared in a flash. Line began peeling off the fly reel. You know that fly reels are direct drive and the handle begins trying to tear the buttons off your shirt. The term "Knuckle Buster" was invented for direct drive reels and big fish runs. The fish headed straight out into the fast water and up stream. A big fish on light tippet and fine wire hooks means trouble on the Green. I had plenty of time and let the fish run. I know enough not to let him run too far because the combination of the fat fly line pulling through fast water and the weight of a 19 inch fish will break off the tippet. I increased my pressure by palming the reel. The fish turned several times and came back to the run. The Devil made me enjoy the fight and then just as quick, took it away. The barbless hook came unbuttoned.

When I looked at it, I could see that the thin wire was bent out just enough to allow the "Long Distance Release." The fish was not hurt and lives to fight another. It got a nice morsel of Magnificent Cicada for its role in my treachery. I got the tug on the line and a good story. All is well in the life of a retired old soul. Except now I will probably go to Hell for sure. Science - You have to love it. Brown trout will break their selective feeding for the right food source.

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 Bottroff
 2010- Gary Strawn
 2011- Bob Fletcher
 2012- Bill and Eileen Stroud



Cutoff date for **December FINNY FACTS**
 articles---**Friday November 15th.**

Send articles to:
 Rose and Roger Yamasaki,

Thanks!!

**Send change of address information,
 signup for electronic version of newsletter,
 or Club membership renewal to:**

Paul Woolery

EILEEN STROUD CONSERVATION FUND



Donations are gratefully
 accepted
 Make checks payable to Eileen
 Stroud Conservation Fund

Mail to:
 Stroud Conservation Fund
 1457 Morena Blvd
 San Diego, CA 92110

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

LIFE MEMBERS

Gordon Foster (in memoriam), Bill and Eileen Stroud (in mem), Bernie Hammes (in mem), Hugh Turner (in mem), Nancy Pitts, Bob Wisner (in mem), Ken Armer, Glen Paul (in mem), Betty Coram, Ned Sewell (in mem), John Kasten (in mem), Leo Bergevin (in mem), George Beach (in mem), Bob Camp (in mem), Marvin Darling, Gene Jerzewski, Oz Osborn (in mem), Robbie Robinson (in mem), John Gauld (in mem), Lloyd Jefferies (in mem), Doug Joseph, Gary Hilbers, Tom Smith, Bud Olsen

HONORARY MEMBERS

Jim Brown, Louisa Kassler (in memoriam), Hugh Marx, Bob Fletcher, Randy Ford, Allen Greenwood, Mike Rivkin, Bill Van Wulven, Larry Bottroff, Aubrey Wendling

Recipients of the: GORDON FOSTER MEMORIAL AWARD

For unselfish and outstanding service
 to the flyfishing community

1991-Ned Sewell	2004-Joe Bain
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	

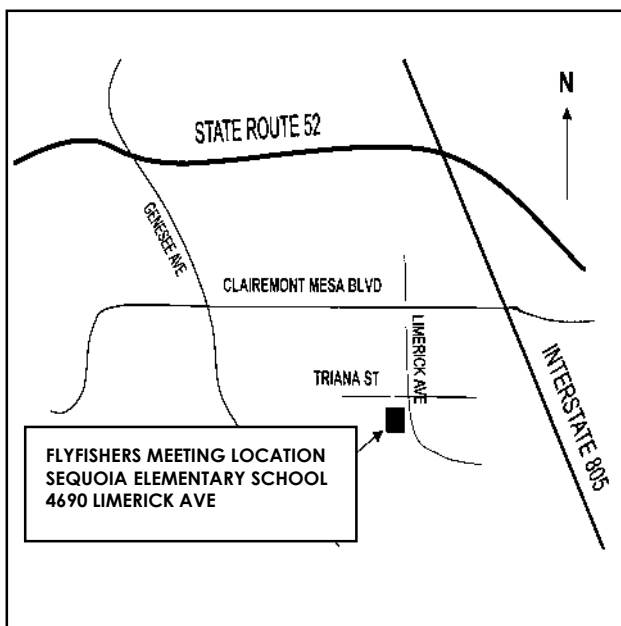


SAN DIEGO FLY FISHERS 2013 DIRECTORS

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Bruce Harris-Treasurer
Bob Blazer
Bruce Bechard
Don Davis
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Jon Holland
Lee McElravy
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Fly Casting Clinic-
Ned Sewell
Fly Tying Clinic-
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Programs-
Jon Holland
Raffles-
Alan Thompson (monthly)

Refreshments-
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Rod Building-
Jack Duncan
Travel-
Paul Woolery
Video & Library-
Bill Stock
Web Page-
David Collins
www.sandiegoflyfishers.com

Meeting Place for Workshops

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.



San Diego Flyfishers
10601-G Tierrasanta Blvd. #327
San Diego, CA 92124

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**San Diego
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