

FINNY FACTS

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NOVEMBER 2008

San Diego



Fly Fishers

Cleaner Water. Brighter Streams. Better Fishing.

Volume 13, No. 11

November Meeting

Fly Fishing New Zealand

As most of you are aware, we have been trying very hard to present programs of significant local fly fishing interest, in the hope that most of you can, at some time, take advantage of this information. However, when one of our volunteers to share the details of his own special trip, who can say “no?”

Our November speaker will be our own **Jim Behrend**, fly fisher and world traveler. Jim intends to share the particulars of a recent fly fishing trip to New Zealand, including not only the fishing, the guides and the flies, but also some great information about travel, lodging and extracurricular activities.

Jim will be there with the answers; please join us with your questions!

MEETING NOTICE

Monday, November 3, 2008
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)

**Larry Sorensen
and Art Reifman**

Thank You, Mona Morebello

Bill and Al's Excellent Adventure

by Al “No fish is too far” Nacke

Since no self-respecting publication will accept my writings, I humbly appeal to my good friend (your editor) Roger Yamasaki to allow me to ramble in your distinguished newsletter.

NEW GOAL:

I've been mocked enough concerning my “dollars-per-fish” ratio, and my usual reply that it's all about “casts-per-dollar” is getting a bit stale. In keeping with the spirit of these roaring economic times, Bill and I decided on a new metric for this trip — trying to maximize fish-per-gallon (FPG.)

FIRST STOP, DAVIS LAKE:

Davis Lake, just north of Portola, Ca, reminds one very much of a “mini” Eagle Lake. Davis used to be a premier fishery, but was ruined by the introduction of Pike ... twice. (Prime suspects were Bob and Doug McKenzie, the “hoser” brothers, of Great White North fame). The lake was recently re-poisoned and re-planted with lots of Eagle Lake Rainbows — so far, no Pike reoccur-



Al with a nice 24" rainbow from Eagle Lake.

rences. We fished Davis in early July, at the tail end of an awesome damsel hatch. We did so well* that we decided to hit it again this fall. (* “Well” defined as observing thousands of big trout splashing after millions of damsels — fish actually netted could be counted on one finger). This fall's float tube return resulted in 5 nice fish on woolly buggers and Jay Fair Wiggle Tails — not as good as we had hoped for, but OK. Davis would definitely be

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE: NOVEMBER 2008

As I write this letter, we have just gone through some of the most volatile times this country has ever experienced on Wall Street since the 1930's.

People are talking about a global recession. If one dwells on this, one can get pretty depressed.

What's my solution? It's time to go fishing!

I don't want to minimize the seriousness of our situation, but now more than ever, we need a diversion from all of this bad news and what better way than to go fishing. The fish still don't care what the Dow Jones is at.

Of course when you go fishing, it's extremely important to know your knots. We had an outstanding workshop by fly fishing luminary, Nick Curcione, at our October meeting. I heard one member say just learning the speedy nail knot to tie loops in your fly line was worth the price of admission (which by the way is still free!). In addition, Nick also taught knots needed from your fly reel all the way to your fly including the non-slip mono loop and the dreaded bimini twist. Nick is a great teacher and he made everything simple, enjoyable and entertaining. He topped it off by donating a beautiful 6-piece TFO 5-wt to our club, which will be used for one of our raffles.

National Hunting and Fishing Day on September 27th was a huge success. Thanks go to all the volunteers and especially to **Paul Woolery**, who

coordinated our participation in my absence. The other volunteers who staffed our exhibit included **Wayne Allen, Don Davis, Lucky Ketchum, Lee McElravy, Barry Pechersky, Larry Sorensen and Shelley Wagner**. We provided a couple of fly casting demonstrations as well as fly tying throughout the day. The organizers of the event are really working hard on making this a premier event celebrating our heritage in hunting and fishing and

already have some ideas on how to improve the event next year.

Louie Zimm just finished attending the Marine Life Protection Act Stakeholder meeting up in El Segundo on October 7th and 8th. The Marine Life Protection Act (MLPA) is a California state law directing the California Department of Fish and Game (CDFG) to design and manage an improved network of marine protected areas off California's coast. Translation – the MLPA is determining which waters off our coast to close off to fishing and which to leave open. Louie will be an excellent source of information for our membership on the progress of this initiative and will be able to be a conduit for those who want to get involved in the public input into this very important process. Thanks Louie!

Please hold the date for our Annual Banquet, which will be held on Monday, January 5, 2009. Once again we plan to have a great meal along with camaraderie at the Admiral Baker Club-

house. Stay tuned for more details to come.

Finally, I would also like to welcome the following newest members to San Diego Fly Fishers: **Doug Jerdee, Ivan (Vonnie) Lopez, Michael Mertz and Clint & Kim Williams**.

Tight Lines!



New Member Program – Extension for 2009

San Diego Fly Fishers is extending our special offer on dues for new members who join the club for the 2009 membership year with a slight modification. New members will pay the normal annual dues but will get a **\$5.00 rebate** in the form of \$5.00 worth of monthly raffle tickets for free! In addition, any new members who joined in 2008 or who join for 2009 prior to the end of 2008 will automatically be eligible for a special drawing at our Annual Banquet in January. We'll be raffling off a rod and reel combo to one of our new members. Current members who refer a new member to the club will be eligible for a special drawing for a Stroud Tackle gift certificate of \$50.00. To be entered into the referral drawing, the new member must make note of the referral on his or her membership form.



Bill and Al's Excellent

Adventure

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worth a return engagement in May or June, armed with an armada of Shane Stalcup ultra damsel nymphs in olive and tan. Fish per gallon so far was a pathetic .38 (5 fish /13 gallons of gas)



Bill with one of many Eagle Lake monster rainbows.

STOP TWO, EAGLE LAKE: We bounced our way to the Lassen County Youth Camp (east side at the lake's narrowest point). To get there follow the LCYC signs over one nasty, rocky road. WARNING — this road requires either 4WD or a Taurus rental car with the full “bumper-to-transmission-to-oil pan-to-bumper” warranty. We set up our tent, woke up early and tubed off the rocks until sunup, then ran out of ideas. Huge trout chased billions of Tui Chubs beneath us. Using a Jay Fair white Tui Chub

imitation and casting into the swarms I managed to snag five — Tui Chubs that is — that's how thick they were. As tempting as it was, I rejected Bill's unsportsmanlike plea to rapidly cast before removing the skewered wiggling minnow from my hook. Final count for a morning's work (not counting the 5 Tui's) ... one. A few land dwellers caught limits (2 fish) off the rocks jigging a small marabou fly 3-4 feet below a bobber; however, just about all action halts when the sun rises.

GUTSY MOVE,

MAVERICK: Desperate times require desperate measures, and we were in those times. We stared west across the lake at Pelican Point, less than half an inch away on our map. After a very suspect risk-reward analysis, we decided to kick for it, arriving an hour later. As this ocean crossing was not in the original game plan, we

found ourselves with no jackets, no rainwear, no food, no water, and no idea if we could even catch anything. With whitecaps and wind building steadily, we beached our death tubes, loaded them with lava rocks, and just waded. 35-40 fish later (all in the 18-25 inch range) we congratulated ourselves on the “wise” life-threatening decision. The winning technique? Floating line (or sink tip) with a 12 foot 4X leader and a Jay Fair Wiggle Tail Nymph worked for us. Best colors were brown, black, olive, maroon, gold, burnt orange, cinnamon, red, char-

treuse ... get the idea? We would wade out as far as possible — sometimes this was 200-300 yards off shore — cast as far as we could, and strip in VERY slowly, 4 inches at a time. With the nice fly action provided by the gale force winds and the chop, we found only three ways to NOT catch fish: (1) Missing the water with the fly — worth repeating — YOUR FLY MUST LAND IN WATER, (2) Allowing your fly to grab, then tie itself to your rod tip, and (3) Allowing your fly to imbed itself into the back of your head on one of your wind-aided superman casts.

With some trepidation, and hurricane flags up, we kicked back to the east. During the voyage in my little tube, I could not get an unmistakable tune out of my head, “.... If not for the courage of the fearless crew the Minnow would be lost ... the Minnow would be lost.”

Safe and dry, we raced back to Susanville to get some dinner before the town closed for the evening. To Bill's dismay, he got pulled over ... speeding ... NOoo ... not Bill ... he got us pulled over by the sheriff for, and I quote ... “vandalizing the youth camp.” In a scene right out of “My Cousin Vinny” someone had reported a gold Ford Explorer racing away from the youth camp, shortly after a vandalism had occurred. Thankfully, all charges were dropped — AND — fish per gallon had skyrocketed from .38 to 2.47 (42/17)

BACK TO THE BABY POOL:

Happy to be alive, the vote was 2-0 to tube in a smaller, more sanguine lake with little wind, no whitecaps, and lots of fish — all little — in the 12-13 inch range. We brought in 50 by lunch, and

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Bill and Al's Excellent

Adventure

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then headed to Manzanita Lake in Lassen National Park for our annual skunking. FPG soared to 4.6 (92/20) The little "50" lake can't handle all the pressure "Finny Facts" readership might unleash, so it will be up to Roger to divulge the lake's name on case-by-case, need-to-know basis.

HAT CREEK: Hat Creek is one of our favorites — we've enjoyed epic days (one) mixed in with some brutal fishless days (more than 1.) Last year we fished the Powerhouse #2 Riffle and caught 15-20 big fish in just a few hours. This year we caught four in a few hours but none were big (using tiny yellow stonefly nymphs). Steve, at Vaughn's Sporting Goods in Burney said that's been the story this year — the numbers of big fish are way down, and no one has an explanation.

BAUM LAKE: This little lake just north of Cassel feeds the Hat Creek riffle. Just my opinion, but whenever you are kicking for all you're worth just to stay in one place — you are in A RIVER. This fast moving lake has many nice fat colorful rainbows in the 15-17 inch range; they are planters but sure don't look or act like it. In addition to the current, weeds make this lake a real challenge. The most popular approach — look for rising fish in "no weed" channels and drop anchor in the adjacent weeds (even in fast-moving runs the anchor holds nicely in the weeds *provided* — note to Bill — your anchor rope is actually tied to your anchor.) Most successful locals drift a "Tom Lowe like" contraption through the clear channels — strike indicator with a black-and-white zebra midge three feet below. My best luck was with a zebra midge 1

foot down, and a red blood midge another foot below that. For me, any split shot = weeds ... no split shot = fish. FPG now stood at a nice round 5.0 (100/20)

SHORT MEMORY: Remembering Eagle Lake's many big fish (as our new norm), and completely discounting (as an anomaly) the gale-forced winds, we headed back to the youth camp, pitched our tent, and dreamt of another glorious lake-crossing to the Pelican Point fish factory. Halfway through a sleepless, windy, rainy night, our tent's rain fly transformed into a spinnaker and attempted to drag us into the lake. Tails between our legs, we packed up the tent and drove our sorry carcasses around the north end of the lake to Spaulding, from where we would hike to the promised land. It worked! A



1.5 mile trek resulted in 33 more rainbows (again, almost all 20+ inches.) FPG now (133/22)

LAST DAY: Having heard reports of more and bigger fish at Wildcat Point and Shrimp Island (SW part of the lake,) we pitched our tent at Wildcat. Long story short — we got skunked at Wildcat, and couldn't even find Shrimp

Island, due to an Osprey Preserve which our friend, the sheriff, would have loved to have found us in. In order to salvage a few good hours, we decided to float tube the tules just off the Spaulding airstrip. Although we got there a little late — other tubers had already caught upward of 15 fish each — we still did pretty good amongst the reeds. Bill and I caught another dozen fish (all 19-25 inches) with olive bunny leaches before we had to leave. FPG 6.05 (133/22)

SUMMARY: We were very fortunate with our timing at Eagle. The weather was still warm, but the lake had cooled enough to drive the fish into the shallows; this often does not happen until late October or early November. Despite our near-arrest, a few skunkings, and some near-

drownings, it was a great trip. Our final FPG tally dropped from over 6 to a mere 3.8 (145/38) which I blame on our long, fishless drive back to Livermore. Next time, perhaps will just stay up there and continue to build on the 6.0.

Questions or comments? Al Nacke at



Once again another road trip for my fishing buddies Al Nacke and Bill Patterson. These two do what I call "commando fishing". They spend endless days on the road, sleeping in Bill's SUV, or when they really get the urge to go all out, in a tent--thumbing their noses at any type of real accomodations with heating, cooling or running water. It's all about the fishing and it's paid off well.--Ed.



Beyond the Breakwater™ Fly Fishing Tournament

by Jonathan Hee

The Wednesday after our September SDFP meeting in which Capt. Scott Leon got me drooling over fishing the saltwater off our coast, I received a call from my friend, GSF member, Norman Orida. “Jon, I have an offer you can’t refuse!” he said. I thought he was offering me a job. Instead he said that he had a spot for me on Scott Leon’s boat, *Paradigm Shift*, to fish in the inaugural Beyond the Breakwater 3Bs Fly Fishing Tournament on September 27th. Scott Leon, of Paradigm Shift Charters (www.paradigmshiftcharters.com), was donating his time and expertise as a guide for two anglers in the tournament. My friend had secured the spots. The only catch was that I had

I also knew that the weekend before I would be on a 3-day offshore fly fishing trip aboard the Apollo out of Fisherman’s Landing followed by a week in Orlando. The first issue was easily resolved. After explaining to our Board members my situation, they unanimously told me to go fishing! The second problem was a stickier issue. I needed to explain to my wife how after being gone for a week and a half I was flying back home Friday night just so I could go fishing again on Saturday! You see, I’m not retired yet. My wife saves up her projects for me for the weekends.

Beyond the Breakwater (BTB) is a website devoted to Southern California offshore and coastal saltwater fly fishing. It can be found at www.btbff.com. It’s a great source of information and a terrific way to connect with like-minded anglers. The website is run by John Loo, who also has a day time job at Callaway Golf. This tournament was being run as a trial by John to collect information and gain experience for

running future tournaments. This was focused on coastal species including bonito, halibut, barracuda, calico bass, white seabass and yellowtail. The tournament was catch and release only. I had never fished in a real tournament before and this was a terrific opportunity to fish with my friend and expert fly fishing guide,

Capt. Scott Leon!

Of course, this meant absolutely nothing to my wife. Needless to say, I finally negotiated/pleaded/begged my way into this. That’s how I found myself at 4:00 AM on a Saturday picking up Norman in Del Mar to meet Scott at his boat docked at Dana Landing. At Dana Landing we also ran into fellow SDFP and GSF member **Steve Piper** and Bob Day who were launching Bob’s boat to fish in this tournament.

Norman and I quickly found Scott and after loading our gear we were off to the kelp beds of La Jolla. Scott had done a little pre-fishing the day before and informed us that things had really shut down. He had a plan though and we anchored with a chum bucket in the water in no time. At 6:00 AM, the official start of the tournament, Norman and I began casting our flies. It was pitch dark, but we were fishing! Before long the sun came up and soon thereafter we found ourselves hooking up on just about every cast.

The only problem was that we were catching mackerel which had swarmed the chum bucket – and mackerel didn’t count in the tournament. I’ll say, though, they’re actually quite a bit of fun on an 8-wt. We were tournament fishing, however, so we tried to get the mackerel off as soon as we could so we could catch fish that would score some points.

After an hour or so I finally dropped a cast right near the boat, stripped a couple of times and all of a sudden got a pull and run that was different from any mackerel. The still unseen fish took me for a couple of long runs but I eventually was able to bring it in. A nice 22” bonito! Finally on the



Not quite long enough! Pacific barracuda caught on the fly. Photo courtesy of Capt. Scott Leon.

to let him know that day.

You might wonder how much does one need to think about this? I, however, found myself in a dilemma. First of all I had volunteered myself and our club to participate in National Hunting and Fishing Day that same day. Secondly,

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Beyond the Breakwater

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scoreboard with 7 points (10 if we hadn't been using a guide)! After high fives all around it was time to get back to fishing.

Norman was still waiting to get his own scoring fish. Soon enough he hooked into a nice barracuda. When we got it aboard, however, it was only 24" and it needed to be 28" to count. We continued to just slay the mackerel, but scoring species were harder to find. Pretty soon Norman had another barracuda on the line. This one was definitely bigger, but alas it taped out a 27" – so close!

All the chum and commotion soon attracted some of the local sea lions. When they came by the whole bite went off. Luckily, however the New Seaforth and Dolphin started fishing nearby to bag some bonito. With all of their chum and bait fishermen, the "dogs" soon left us for the more packed sport boats.

As the morning wore on we certainly had our chances. I also hooked and landed a 27" barracuda. Norman and I also hooked into another couple of bonito each that would have definitely scored some points but we both had flies pull out (note to self – need to really stick those bonies!) We could see a couple of other boats in our tournament fishing nearby and wondered how they were doing. John Loo stopped by and took some photos. He mentioned that there were a few fish caught but everyone was having a slow day.

After a quick lunch of sandwiches we made a move to the Point Loma kelp beds. Scott's boat can really move and we got there in about 15 minutes.

We anchored up right beside the kelp and let our chum bucket out. We only had about an hour or so to score some more points since "Lines Out" was at 1:30 PM. We were in the hunt for calico bass. On Norman's very first cast he hooked into calico and was playing it when somehow it got off. It was a promising start but then everything dried up. We threw everything we had but nothing (except the ever present mackerel) wanted to bite. We had now been casting 8 and 10-wt's



Norm Orida with a rockfish on fly. Not a tournament target species! Photo courtesy of Capt. Scott Leon.

for almost 7 hours non-stop and Norman and I were both getting a little tired.

Norman then pulled out his 12-wt, put a really heavily weighted fly on it and sent it down to the bottom. Scott joked that he was far enough down to catch a rockfish. After about 15 minutes Norman hooked onto a fish that was pulling hard. Had he hooked himself an elusive white seabass? When he finally got it up we saw that it was.....a rockfish! That's the first

one I've ever seen caught on the fly! By now we were getting close to "Lines Out". I was still fishing hard. Norman grabbed his 8-wt for one more cast – it was 1:29 PM – one more minute to go. He let it loose and was hit immediately as his fly touched water. He had on a nice calico bass! He played it nicely and brought it in – 7 points! With that, Scott pulled anchor, put his boat in gear and we were back at Dana Landing in a matter of minutes. Did I mention Scott's boat can move?

After docking, Scott sent us on to the tournament headquarters at Peter Piconi's So Cal Fly Fishing Outfitters along with digital photos of our fish so we could record our score. He said he would join us there later for dinner and the awards ceremony. Before leaving, however, Norman and I both thanked Scott, paid him for his fuel and chum expenses along with a little extra in appreciation for his donated services. Although the fishing was slow, Scott is an excellent saltwater guide who really knows his stuff and is a pleasure to fish with. I'm already thinking about taking some trips with him again next season.

Norman and I made it to the check-in with lots of time to spare. We spent the time socializing with the other contestants and checking out Peter's cool new fly shop. Soon enough, John Loo called everyone together for the awards ceremony. John had assembled a nice collection of prizes made all the more impressive by the fact that there was no entry fee for the tournament. He had enough door prizes for everyone including some Rio fly lines, Oakley sun glasses and Skull Candy ear buds. John also gave out special recognition awards and prizes.

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Beyond the Breakwater

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These included a SPOT Satellite Messenger to the contestant who drove the farthest to the tournament (157 miles one way). That was followed by a St. Croix fly rod donated by Stroud's Tackle given to a contestant who entered as a kayak fisherman and caught his very first fly-caught saltwater fish that day!

Finally prizes were awarded to the top three finishers: Randy Norris, Bryan Ida and Stephen Mras. These included a Temple Fork Outfitters fly rod, Cam Siglar 10-wt. and \$100 gift certificate to the Fisherman's Spot. The full report is posted on the Beyond the Breakwaters website. Given the fishing conditions, Norman and I felt pretty good to have gotten on the leader board. We were happy to see **Steve Piper** was there as well. We finished with pizza and salad supplied by John Loo. It was the perfect ending to a fun day!

National Hunting and Fishing Day



Pictured are Barry Pechersky and Lee McElravy.

San Diego Fly Fishers once again participated in National Hunting and Fishing Day held at Lake Murray September 27, 2008. This annual event is sponsored by San Diego Wildlife Federation. There was a huge raffle, critter-calling, dog-handling and fly casting demonstrations and booths featuring local clubs and agencies. Thanks go out to

the following club members for spending all or part of their Saturday supporting this event: **Barry Pechersky, Larry Sorensen, Shelley Wagner, Don Davis, Wayne Allen, Lee McElravy, Lucky Ketcham and Paul Woolery.** Special thank to **Alan Thompson** for stopping by the booth and spending time with us.



**Jon Hee getting ready to hook em!
Photo courtesy of Norman Orida.**



Norman Orida, Capt. Scott Leon and Jon Hee at the Beyond the Breakwater 3Bs Fly Fishing Tournament Awards Ceremony. Photo courtesy of Norman



Golden Trout Wilderness

On Saturday October 11, four volunteers from SDFF, Paul Woolery, Alan Thompson, Heidi Brown and I hiked into the Golden Trout Wilderness to take down the cattle exclusion fence for the winter and do a little fishing. Warren Lew and I along with volunteers from TU and other fly fishing clubs had helped the U.S. Forest Service build the fence several years ago, to keep grazing cattle from damaging the sensitive Golden Trout habitat. If the barbed wire isn't lowered before the winter storms, a combination of heavy snow drifts and soggy spring soil will knock down many of the fence posts. So I have volunteered our club to drop the fence each fall. The wire is just held in place with a series of "pins".



Paul and Heidi drop the fence.

With four good workers, the whole fence was down in an hour. After a quick lunch we split up to fish Nine Mile Creek that runs through the meadow. Paul started at the low end and caught dozens of Golden Trout working up through the pools. Alan worked the middle section and did almost as well. Since this was Heidi's first fly fishing trip, I went with her to the top of the

fishable water. The wind was really gusting and the stream is only one to three feet across, so casting was difficult. But, Heidi was persistent and caught her first fish: a bright 6 inch Golden. I saw a bigger fish under a sheet of ice on a small pool and told Heidi to try for it. She had a tough time keeping her #16 caddis from landing on the ice, but she coaxed the fish out and landed the biggest fish of the day. For those of you that measure success by the pound, a nine inch



Heidi's first fish.

Golden Trout may not sound like much, but at 9,000 feet in the Sierras with a four month growing season, it was probably a seven or eight year old fish. IT WAS BEAUTIFUL!

Paul and I had driven up to Kennedy Meadows on Thursday with our wives. Alan and Heidi came up Friday night. We had a beautiful campsite and a great time. If you haven't sampled Paul's Dutch oven cooking... he takes camp food to a new level. All I could do is keep the fire going and the beer



GARY STRAWN

and scotch flowing. We had a great time, but the fishing on the South Fork of the Kern River stunk. I caught one 13" rainbow, but that was the only fish we saw in two days. We had a large beaver dam near our camp, and I have subsequently learned that much of the South Fork fishery has been devastated by beaver dams.

We will be doing the same trip next June to put the fence up, and hopefully earlier next fall, before it gets so darned cold. The hike into the meadow is about 1 3/4 miles and we saw hawks, mountain blue birds and a BEAR! Heidi took lots of pictures and will post them on the SDFF web site. If you want to join us next year, just see me at a meeting.



Stream with ice.



FLY OF THE MONTH

Patriot Double Wing

This fly combines the attraction of Charlie Meck's "Patriot" with a Gary LaFontaine favorite "Double Wing." Bob Pharoah has been reading Gary's book, *The Dry Fly - New Angles* and suggests we try some of these patterns. Book says an attractor is often the best fly choice when fishing a river from a pontoon or drift boat. A fish only sees the fly once. A realistic fly is a good choice when the fish will see the pattern several times.



Hook: Dry Fly Hook, 2XLong. 2XFine, TMC 5212, Mustad 94831, size 10 to 18.
Thread: Red (Uni) 3/0 for #8 -10, 6/0 for #12-14, 8/0 for #16 - 18
Tail: Brown Antron stub
Tag: Blue Krystal Flash
Rear Wing: Medium brown to dark tan deer/elk body hair. Use fine coastal deer hair or elk hock for small patterns,
Body: Red Antron dubbing
Body Hackle: Furnace brown - only 1 hook gap length fibers
Front Wing: White calf tail, kip.
Hackle: Coachman Brown, dry fly quality, longer than body hackle.

- Place hook in vise and attach thread to cover the rear 2/3 of the hook shank. Bring thread over the hook barb to start.
- Tie in a short tail of brown Antron. Make it no longer than the gap of the hook, shorter is better, as it is a stub tail. Comb out the tail as needed.
- Wrap a short section of the rear of the shank with several strands of blue floss to form the tip. End just beyond the barb of the hook and before the point.
- Stack and tie in the rear wing of deer hair, making sure it is even with the end of the tail.
- Tie in the body hackle. Touch dub a body of red Antron leaving the front 1/4 of the shank for the front wing, hackle, and head of the fly. (Touch dubbing is used with Antron yarn that has been clipped into very short sections (1/8") and just touched to the tacky wax on a thread. It produces a spiky air bubble holding body that Gary LaFontaine likes on his caddis patterns. Do not com-

press it as you would with a standard rope dubbing technique. LK)

- Palmer the body - hackle evenly forward over the touch dubbed body, tie it off, and clip flat top and bottom.
- Stack and tie in the front wing of calf tail so that it extends over the entire fly, making sure it is even with the end of the rear wing and tail.
- Wrap a full head hackle and whip-finish the head.

Gary LaFontaine recommends eight color variations and suggests the best light conditions for these attractors. Brown = early evening; Gray = overcast days; Lime = afternoon; Orange = dusk; Pink Lady = early morning; Royal = brightest sun with glare on water; White = shaded areas; Yellow = midday. (p. 168 of [Trout Flies](#))

If you like the Patriot, you might like to try the Patriot Double Wing. Lucky Ketcham.





Economy Got You Down?

Guaranteed 150% Return on your investment (of time)
Tax Free!

Give one hour of your time, just once in 2009 to this wonderful club in thanks for all the club benefits...terrific speakers, clinics, raffles, outings and camaraderie.

Bring your calendar to the November meeting and be prepared to sign-up to co-host one of our monthly meetings.

New members, this is a painless way to get involved, meet other members, and serve your club. All you have to do is come early to help set up chairs, name-tags, and audio. Plan to stay a few minutes after the meeting to help with clean-up.

We need 24 volunteers. Since most of us don't know our schedule for the next year, just pick a month and if it doesn't work out, you will be able to trade with other members. A schedule, together with phone numbers and details on what to do will appear in the January Finny Facts.

You will get back way more than you put in!

**Thanks,
Mona Morebello**



Recipients of the
Stroud Award
 2004-Jim Brown
 2005-Allen Greenwood
 2006- Hugh Marx
 2007- Mike Rivkin



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

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Jim Brown, Louisa Kassler (in memoriam), Hugh Marx, Randy Ford, Allen Greenwood

Recipients of the:

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 to the flyfishing community

- | | |
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| 1992-Bob Camp | 2001-Rose & Roger Yamasaki |
| 1993-Bill & Eileen Stroud | 2002-Larry Sorensen |
| 1994-Ed Velton | 2003-Jim Tenuto |
| 1995-Bob Wisner | 2004-Joe Bain |
| 1996-Gary Hilbers | 2005-Jim Reeg |
| 1997-Jack Bentley | 2006-John Kasten |
| 1998-Gordie Zimm | 2007-Lucky Ketcham |
| 1999-Gretchen Yearous | |

Cutoff date for December *FINNY FACTS*
 articles---Friday November 14th.

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

You can E-mail at finnyfacts@gmail.com Thanks!!

Send change of address information,signup for
 electronic version of newsletter, or Club mem-
 bership renewal to:

Lucky Ketcham



SAN DIEGO FLY FISHERS 2008 OFFICERS

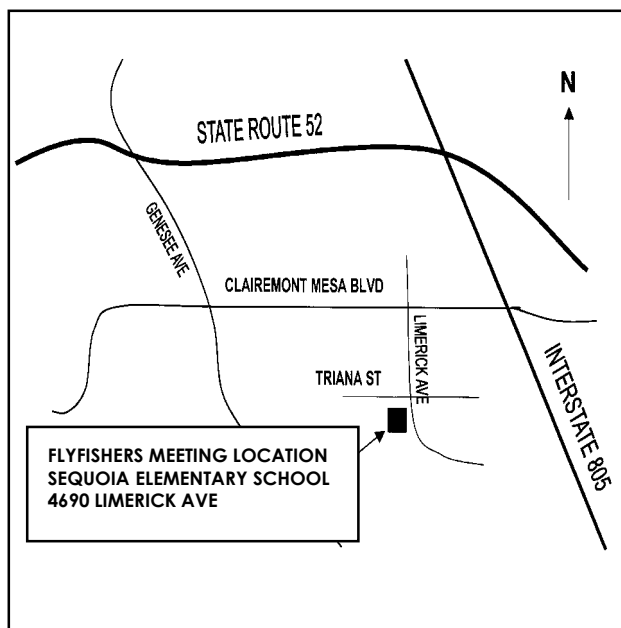
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Lucky Ketcham



Monthly Weekend Outings-
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Newsletter CoEditors-
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E-mail:
finnyfacts@gmail.com
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Refreshments-
Maria Goldman

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Video & Library-
John Beckstrand and
Howard Knop
Web Page- David Collins
www.sandiegoflyfishers.com
SDFF E-mail tree-
Kim Jones,

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.



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