

FINNY FACTS

Archived Version

SEPTEMBER 2013

San Diego



Fly Fishers

Cleaner Water. Brighter Streams. Better Fishing.

Volume 18, No. 08

Monthly Meeting

Ted Kalli on Fishing the Other North Island-----New Zealand

SDF member Ted Kalli will make a presentation on fishing around the North Island of New Zealand, where he feels is the best place in the world for trout fishing.

Ted is originally from New York City, lived in Vermont for 12 years and now resides in San Diego for the past 14 years. Ted has fished most of the New England rivers and streams. Since that time he has fly fished in British Columbia, Alberta, Argentina, Brazil, Tasmania and New Zealand. For the past 13 years, Ted has only fished New Zealand, mainly the North Island. Ted prefers the North Island as it offers many more fishing options than the South Island.



MEETING NOTICE

Monday, September 9, 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)

**Gordie & Louie Zimm
and Shelly Wagner**

Thank You from Lew Walsh

Lucky and Bob's Excellent Adventure

In just a few hours, the 2013 fishing adventure will begin. We will be meeting Sam at Buckboard Marina in Wyoming to fish for some Salmon, Mackinaw, Brown and Rainbows. After Father's day we will head to Dutch John (Mustang Ridge Camp-ground) to fish the Green river. In July we will head back into Wyoming to fish with Jerry Barstow and end up in Yellowstone Park (Grant Village Campground) on July 14th.

See you in August!!! **Bob Pharoah**

Gone Swimming, June 28, 2013 Fish Tales by Lucky Ketcham

Summer comes quickly to Utah. In early June you can have snow and hail, by the end of June the heat of summer is here for good. The air temperatures have jumped to 92, 95 and some reported 101 in camp yesterday. One place to keep cool is on the Green River and in the deep Flaming Gorge. The heating of the land causes updrafts of air. Heavy cold air rushes up the river valley in a big convection current. The water temperature in the river is managed to mix the bottom 45 degrees with the top 70 degrees to give the perfect 55 to 58 degree water that trout and aquatic insects love. 55 is pretty cold if you are an old man and used to swimming in 72 degree water at the YMCA.

Yesterday the Fish Gods decided that I was hot and bored running the Green River in 95 degree heat. I was feeling that it was a slow day. At 6 PM I had caught 10 nice trout between 15 and 19 inches. The rises to my cicada patterns have slowed down. I was catching fish but I was spoiled by the earlier days when 20 to 30 fish had been on the end of my fly line. Two days ago Bob caught 27 and lost another 10 or 12. The Green River is running low and slow, nothing like the Ruby River that Herm Hoops ran last week. My mind drifted to visions of the life that Herm is living. I can't help myself from looking at exciting lives with envy. The Fish Gods decided I need a wake up call and let me enjoy the excitement and danger of the Green River.

I was fishing a long straight run above the famous Mother-In-Law rapids on the Green. The water here is pretty fast and is broken by many large rocks. With the water flows being low at 1,100 or 900 cfm, there are more rocks to avoid than usual. Sometimes I do not try to fish this run and concentrate on getting through the maze of rocks. My fish count seems low and trout move ot fast well oxygenated water when it gets hot.

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The president actually got in a little fishing. And the operative word here is little. A little pond, a couple of wee bass, a fine, though smallish cigar dangling from my yap, and the promise of red meat and single malt whisky at the all too brief conclusion.

While we didn't have a meeting in August we did feel compelled to have a pre-meeting-without-the-actual-meeting. We rounded up the usual suspects, the cigar smoking contingent of the club, and we descended on the home of our generous host. We did bring tribute, in the form of alcoholic beverages.

You see, even though there was no meeting, we all had negotiated an evening out with the lads (and ladies) of San Diego Fly Fishers. There was absolutely no earthly reason why we felt inclined to remain at our respective homes just because there wasn't actually a meeting.

No PowerPoint presentations, no announcements, just that wonderful conversation that seems to drape over the shoulders of fly fishers when they get together.

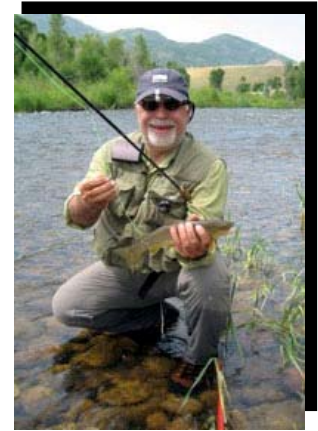
Only four months remain in 2013 and we are already gearing up for our rites of passage (club-wise) for 2014. That means selecting a venue and menu for the Annual Banquet (January 2014 meeting), our year-end Swap Meet and fly-tying congress (December), and

the nomination and election of the 2014 Board of Directors.

We are looking for volunteers to join our 2014 board. This is a real opportunity to get a trout's eye view of the workings of our club. Rewarding, a lot of fun, a bit of work, a collegial atmosphere, worthy conservation work, and through it all, we don't take ourselves too seriously.

And somewhere in the midst of all that we will be sending out renewals for membership...and, fair warning, there will be a modest increase in dues, \$5.00 to \$10.00. Before you get all weepy and begin to tick off the usual list of excuses about why you can't afford this "heinous" increase ("I'm on a fixed income" or "The economy sucks" or "Obama Care" — always a handy reason to moan about anything) let's take a look at the Value Proposition for our club.

Each month you walk in to a great meeting. Usually, those meetings feature an outside speaker and we've had a number of notables this year, including A.K. Best. These people are not eleemosynary institutions (read charities); they are business people who need to get paid. And we pay them. That includes travel, putting them up at a decent hotel, picking up a rental car, taking them to dinner, and, of course, their speaking fee.



We also arrange for club outings, there is the weekly casting clinic, the fly-tying congress, rod-building classes, our website, *Finny Facts*, and, of course, the annual raffle.

Each year we see price increases for the meeting space, club insurance, bank fees and other assorted charges.

Holding the line are the board of directors and the many volunteers who donate time and money to the club...and if they work themselves into a coma, they might just get a fly plate.

\$5.00...you can't see a movie for a fiver. It just about buys two cups of coffee at Starbucks. You might get two flies. Tippet? Maybe. Yup, in the scheme of things, especially based on the fact that it will allow to provide value to our members, it ain't a lot of dinero.

So ask who the \$5.00 bell tolls, it tolls for thee.

Pay up...with a smile.



UNCLAIMED RAFFLE PRIZES

Below is a list of members and the prizes they won, but were not present at the June 3 Fundraiser:

Suzanne Joseph
Mike Fitzgerald
Mike Fitzgerald
Vern Blaney
Vern Blaney
Larry Aker
Jeff Linser
Steve Vissers
Paula Beck

FishPond Chest Pack
Brodin Ghost Landing Net
FishPond Chest Pack
Rio WF5F Lt Fly Line
Creative Salmon Fly Art Vol. I&II
Okuma Fly Box
Grizzly Neck
Gift Bag w/Lanyard
Box w/Flies by Members

These prizes—many of which are expensive, quality and useful products—must be picked up before or at the September 9th meeting (no August meeting). Or call or e-mail Jack Duncan for assistance or to arrange to pick up your prize: bring your ticket stub.

REMEMBER: IF THE PRIZES ARE NOT PICKED UP BY SEPTEMBER 10 THEY ARE FORFEITED BACK TO THE CLUB FOR A FUTURE RAFFLE.

EVENT PLANNER – volunteer position

The Council is in need of someone to do coordination for some of our events. One of the purposes of the Council is to increase outreach to the general public. Some of these events include the Fred Hall Show in both Long Beach and Del Mar, Sport Chalet, Fly Fishing Film Tour and many small events that come our way throughout the year. Your job would be to keep track of these events, decide how many and what type of volunteers are needed for each one and generally be the liaison between the Council and these groups.

If you are the type to help us create a movement towards more fly anglers in SoCal and Southern Nevada, we want you. This description makes it sound like a full time job but in reality, would only take a few hours each month. You would also be joining the Board of the fastest growing Council in the US.

For more information, contact **Michael Schweit** or
Please join us in this quest to show everyone
we have the greatest sport around.



Spring Trip to the Golden Trout Wilderness



Why we do it.

This year's "Spring" trip to the Golden Trout Wilderness, June 21 – 24, was a great one. We had ten intrepid, hard working volunteers. **Bruce Michaels** and his son **Cameron** had gone in on Friday and had the fence mostly up before we arrived. So, we spent a few hours on Saturday and Sunday replacing bad fence posts, re-setting some others and building a new gate. Then, we all caught some beautiful Golden Trout. The weather was perfect and there was plenty of great food and libation back at camp. These photos taken by **Preston Parrett** tell the story best. The fly is a #16 Adams but we were catching fish on everything from #16 caddis and black ants to #20 BWO's and Copper John's

The largest fish was over 10".

We will be going back in late September or early October to drop the fence and again next June. We need to limit the size of the parties to 12 because of limited campground space. So sign up early at:



The Sunday Team.



The Saturday Team



Ken and Kurt at the new H Brace.



Nine Mile Creek in Casa Vieja Meadow.



Lucky and Bob's Excellent Adventure

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Sooooo .. I decided to cast to the slower little eddies along the bank as I rode down the run. About half way down I hooked a nice 16 inch rainbow and was playing the little game of running him or her down the fast water rapids. It is like leading a puppy dog that is fighting you all the way. You try to keep a tight line on the fish and not let it swim behind one of rocks. The plan is to land it in the calmer, slower water at the bottom of the run. Every thing was going according to plan, the same plan I have been using for the past 7 years on the Green. I broke one of the rules and was drifting side ways down the rapid. I was paying more attention to the fish than I was where I was going. Suddenly I looked to my right and there was a coffee table size rock 4 feet away. I was heading straight at it. I made a few feeble kicks with my swim fins but it was not enough for me to hit the seam, bounce off and head down the river as usual. This time the pontoon tube landed squarely on the long flat rock. We had enough speed that it pushed the tube up 10 inches and made a high side. I leaned into to the rock, just the way I was supposed to, but it was not enough for the fast current. The low side tube caught in the white water and was pushed under. In a split second the Fish Gods flipped the pontoon over and had me swimming in 55 degree water. It was all the excitement I needed on a hot afternoon. The fish was still there. I fought it for a few seconds until the fast water caused it to break off. Then I concentrated on gathering up anything that was loose and not drowning. One of my shoes and swim fin was barely on my foot. I had an oar under one arm to keep it from floating away. I could see the

red handle of my other oar just escaping and floating down the river. Almost every thing else was securely attached to the boat.

I was glad the water was 55 instead of 43 like it was when we arrived two weeks ago. I can survive 55 degrees. One of our emergency response friends reports the Green does not drown old fly fishers, ... they usually have a heart attack hitting that really cold water. I gathered my thoughts, took off my swim fin and held it in my teeth. Held on to my good fly rod with one hand and onto the pontoon with the other and began my self rescue process. First I had to pull the pontoon off the rock. The fast water pins things against the rocks. I put my knee against the rock and gave a 150 pound pull and the boat slide off into the current. The next trick was to drift and guide the boat down the river without hitting any more big rocks. The boat is upside down and I was praying that my camera, extra fly reels and fly boxes would not come out of any of the compartments or lunch boxes. A lunch box, containing about \$1000 worth of extra reels had only a Velcro attached lid. A few good bounces and it might pop open. The real Lord was good to me. As I approached the familiar slower water at the bottom of the run, I began kicking and swimming toward the shore. I was still in the fast lance current and the heavy boat did not really want to pull out. Kicking with only one fin is not efficient. I was making slow progress as I drifted past the first area that I wanted to pull out in. I started to think that if I didn't work harder that I was headed to the bigger Mother-in-Law rapids. I began kicking like crazy and look-

ing for the bottom to be shallow enough to stand,. I was surprised how deep it was in the channel. My breathing became more intense as I worked hard to get ashore. Eventually my feet touched bottom and I was able to use leverage to move faster to shore. I turned the boat over, put in the oar, and put on my other shoe and swim fin. I wanted to rest a bit but my oar was heading down river and I felt I should try to catch up with it. My radio survived the dunking. I called to Bob and Norb to tell them that I flipped the boat and survived. They were too far up stream to help. All my dry bags and equipment in the lunch box survived. Fly boxes were full of water. I lost the fish and my Measure Net. I can get another. I ran through Mother-in-law with one oar, no problem. I kicked and rowed to speed up for the chase of the missing oar. It had a red handle and was floating the last time I saw it. The river is running very fast in this area and I did not see anything. Eventually after about a 1/2 mile chase I saw the oar pinned up against another long flat rock. I kicked over and retrieved it. Then I rested.

The Fish Gods were good to me. They gave me excitement when I was bored. They cooled me off when I was hot. Now it was 7:30 PM and I was almost cold in my wet clothes. I put on a small Yellow Sally Parachute size 16 fly and headed to the Caddis Cliffs. Fishing got much better in the early evening. Caddisflies, Yellow Sally Stoneflies and Pale Evening Dun mayflies were bouncing on the water near the cliffs and under the bushes along the bank. I caught four nice trout and Long Distance Released another three in the last

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hour of the drift. I caught a nice fat 16 1/2 inch rainbow for the last fish of the night. It was in front of 6 shore anglers. I love to catch big fish with an audience. You know I did not have a net I just had to play the big trout a bit longer than usual. It was a really nice rainbow and the young guns on shore liked it. I find I like to share my experiences. I like to tell Fish Tales. You can be with me in spirit.

Lucky

Lucky to be Alive!..... Ketcham.

Dry Fly Heaven, July 2, 2013 A Fish Tale by Lucky Ketcham

Yesterday was a great trout fishing day on the Green River in NE Utah for me.

The best thing about it was that the fish were rising to the surface to eat a wide variety of insects. My fishing buddy, Bob Pharoah remarked "Lucky's in Dry Fly Fishing Heaven." It was true.

I am a terrible fisherman. I want to catch fish the way I want to catch them. Sometimes or actually always... it is better to select fishing flies that work below the surface of the water. Nymph fishing is the way the professional team fly fishers win the prizes for the most fish. Norb Spitzer used his stomach pump on nicer rainbow trout yesterday and reported it was full of small grey scuds, an amphipod crustacean that looks like a tiny shrimp or vertically flattened sowbug. The trout in this cold tail water have learned that they do not need to feed on anything else. I know I can set up a nymph rig the way a guide in Pinedale taught Wayne Allen and we can catch 40 to 100 fish per day in certain runs. Two years ago I caught 127 trout on my size 26 grey scud pattern, this

year I have not even tied it to a tippet. I have not had to. It is prime time for dry fly fishing. :)

Wayne Allen and I talked about trying the Andy Kim/Pinedale Phil method but agreed it was more like "fish harvesting" than fly fishing. Running tiny nymphs under strike indicators can be fun when the fish are taking the flies, but even then I get bored. I need to cast fly line in the air and make my fly creations come alive. I need and love dry fly fishing.

Late June on the Green River seems to meet my needs or my addiction. The water and air temperatures are just right for the small caddisfly species to start emerging. The adults live several weeks and the numbers fluttering above the riffles and collected in the wind protected shade of the cliffs increases daily.

I have fished the Green River for the seven miles below the dam so many times that I know where and when to find fish. The water is clear and you can see where they hold and hide. That gives a great advantage to the dry fly fisherman. Blind casting is never that much fun. In the old days on the Neversink River in the Catskill Mountains of NY, I was taught to fish in the early evenings to rising fish.

It is almost the same on the Green, except now I am quietly floating up to the feeding locations in a small 9 foot long pontoon boat. I am not often seeing feeding fish. I just know they are there because..... I can see them or I caught one in a spot over the past 7 years.

I start the float about 11 AM in the morning and get off the river at dark, around 8:30 or 9 or 10 PM. Mid Day fly fishing is not one of my

dreams. I like to say: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen Go Out in the Mid-Day Sun." I debate with my fishing buddy all the time about the beauty of only fishing the morning and evening bites. The scientist and insect behavioral person in me wants to limit my fishing to the best fish feeding hours. But Bob Pharoah has the worldly experience of fishing in the Windy West. The strong gusty winds of mid day and hot afternoons are what blows the cicadas, hoppers, ants, spiders, beetles and other terrestrial insects onto the river. Without the strong winds in these deep canyons the dry fly fishing would not be as near as good. It is good that I am smart enough to follow Bob and be open to experience over books. There are some skills to dry fly fishing, especially when you are switching from big three inch foam and deer hair Cicadas back to size 16 Elk Hair Caddis or Parachute Pale Morning Duns (PMD). The leader designs and tippet choices change with the size and weight of the flies. Little by little you learn which leaders to use to turn over the different flies. The big flies can be difficult, depending on their design. Big flat foam flies seem to catch in the wind and will stall just short of where I want them to land. I do much better with small dry flies. After a few thousand casts to the banks you start to be in "Dry Fly Heaven." I was there yesterday. I was using a furred leader that was heavy enough to turn over the big cicadas. The fly line made those perfect loops that a fly caster loves to see. It is like drawing pictures in the air when you see that bright green or yellow line flying through the air.

I love to see the takes. I rarely see that when I am nymph fishing or trolling streamers. Now that the

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cicada hatch is almost over, we also see the rejections. Yesterday I saw three fairly large brown trout rise up to look at my black cicada pattern. Usually it is just one at a time. I cast to a quiet clear run and these three sharks came up and circled below my fly. One of them bumped it, just to see if it was alive. At this time of the hatch, 95% of the cicadas the trout see are phonies. They are very cautious. Wayne Allen and I were discussing how easily the trout can see the pontoon boats moving down river to them. You almost need to cast at least 30 feet in front of you because the trout know you are coming. They can see the bright fly lines and any extra movement. It does not pay to do a lot of "False Casting." When possible I like to cast to blind spot areas. If a big rock is approaching, I like to make a curved cast and hook the fly to the dead spot behind the rock. Big rocks are very important on this river and any river. If I see any rock that is 4 or 5 feet in diameter, I am going to cast in front of it, behind it and in the shadow of it. Cast to Rocks, Seams and Foam will be my new mantra. The clear water of the Green River teaches you the importance of rocks – both fully submerged and exposed.

At 2 PM the fish were very skittish in the bright sun. They were ignoring too many of my presentations. I thought of a trick that we use on the very small clear stream homes of the Golden Trout, Brook Trout and Cutthroat Trout. On those clear streams it is important not to let the fish see you. I decided to experiment and cast directly over the rock rather than make my curved cast around it..... Letting the fly line land on the rock is an old Joe Humphries trick. It makes a sudden dead drift presentation in

that calm water behind a big rock. The big cicada just fell into the water quite naturally and a giant 19 inch brown trout inhaled it. Score one for old tricks.

I like to pretend I am Gary Borger when I am on the river. If the fishing is slow I run through the list of casts that Gary demonstrates at the fly shows. I practice these at home; but it is special practice when some of the casts result in a nice trout. If you have 11 hours on the river you can practice many types of casts. I like the curve left and curve right. If you cast up stream it is good not to have the fly line go over the target fish. I find I never pass up a big rock target. I want to put the fly around and in back of the rock. To be able to curve cast at 30, 40 and 50 feet takes practice. The Reach Cast proves its value in fast water.

Someday I will get my timing right to shoot line on a One Hand Spey cast. The weedy banks of the river with the cliff's behind make learning the Spey cast and roll cast important.

I love experimenting. You know that when the wind is blowing the hopper experts say to slam the hopper down on the surface to "attract attentions and wake up the brown trout." The cicadas can be cast with short leaders and with that same loud presentation. It does draw strikes. I have not kept track of the numbers to see if the soft landing or splash landing works better. I usually like to have my dry flies land as softly as a real insect. In that case, I cast the fly 3 feet above the target and pull back on the rod to "check" the fly. It recoils and flutters to the water. Dry fly fishing is about presentation. I feel much more at home casting small size 14 and 16 dry flies. I've

used PMD parachute flies and caddisfly patterns for so many years that they are like old dependable friends. The flies go where I get want them to. Sometimes it seems like magic.

This week the numbers of PMD, Yellow Sally Stonefly and Caddis hatches have been growing every day. Brown trout like the yellow flies and I can usually see them in the early evening. I like to put the tan caddis as a point fly and use the yellow PMD as an indicator.

Most of the time I tie the terminal fly from the bend of the hook. It casts much better in a light wind. Bob Pharaoh has been using a 4 inch tag of mono for his two fly rig. They tangle too easily for my taste. Dry fly heaven comes to me when the fish start jumping out the water to eat caddisflies. There is an excitement when big trout slam your little dry flies and head off for deeper and faster water. Leading a 19 or 20 inch brown trout down a long fast riffle is an exciting part of these fishing adventures. The leading of the puppy dog often results with a lost fish, but it is one of the memorable moments you can have. The big ones that got away.

The fishing conditions constantly change on the Green. Wind is almost the only constant. The question is "how much wind can you cast accurately in?" The wind gusts can be so strong that you have to row the boat to go down river. Casting into the wind can be impossible. In strong winds, I just flip the big cicada up in the air and let it fall on the river like one of the wind blown naturals. When the wind dies down to a dull roar, I can practice distance casting. I pretend I am Steve Piper and play "Reach Out and Touch Someone." I can't seem

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FLY OF THE MONTH

The Surfin' Merkin

Here is a fly that was presented by Al Quattrocchi at the July SDFD monthly meeting. This fly is also known as a "Corbina Killer" because of how well it catches the fish in the surf.

HOOK: Gamakatsu SL11-3H #8 to #6.
THREAD: UTC 140 Fl, fire orange.
EYES: Black Dazl Eyes 1/8" to 5/32".
LEGS: Doug's Bugs gray-pearl Slither Legs and three to four strands of UV Krystal Flash.
BODY: Silver-gray EP Fibers.
HEAD: Six strands of Doug's Bugs hot-orange Electra Flash.
EPOXY COAT: Tuffleye, then a coat of Hard as Nails.



"My design is based on Del Brown's famed permit crab fly, the Merkin. It is tied to represent a burrowing mole crab. After being dislodged from the sand, mole crabs swim backward and attempt to re-burrow, using two legs like paddles to kick backward. The females display an orange egg sack to the rear. Often, entire crab beds will pick up and move with the tide and current. The vibrations and displaced sand during such an event are like dinner bells for hungry corbina." -----Al Quattrocchi



Step 1: Hook with tight figure-eight wraps. Cinch the wraps down to the hook shank by wrapping the thread parallel to the shank at the base of the eyes. This pulls the thread even tighter and helps keep the eyes from spinning. Coat with head cement to lock things in place.



Step 2: Wrap the thread to the back of the hook shank. Tie in the Slither Legs and wrap successive wraps tighter while positioning the legs to splay into a V shape. Add four strands of UV Krystal Flash in the center, slightly longer than the Slither Legs.

Step 3: Rotate the hook upside down and tie in successive clumps of silver-gray EP Fiber. I loosely figure-eight wrap the bundle and push it back on the hook shank into position. Then I cinch down the figure-eight wrap with a couple wraps in front of the bundle. This allows you to get the bundle roughly attached to the shank without having to fight the previous bundle's fibers.

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Fly of the Month

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Step 4: Tie enough bundles to get near the dumbbell eyes. Usually three to four bundles is enough on a size-8 hook. Trim the fly into shape using scissors, and avoid cutting the legs. I typically trim size-8 flies to the size of a nickel and size-6 flies to the size of a quarter. Rotate the hook right-side up and tie in six strands of orange Electra Flash just behind the dumbbell eyes. Move the thread near the eye of the hook and wrap the dumbbell eyes with the Electra Flash. This represents the egg sack of a female mole crab. Tie off the fly with a few half hitches.



Step 5: Using your fingers, push the fibers down toward the hook point, coat the top of the hook shank and the dumbbell eyes with Tuffleye and cure with their light. Remove the tacky layer with rubbing alcohol and coat with Hard as Nails. This provides a protective layer against abrasion in the sand. It also helps hold the fibers in their proper orientation and will stay clear over time.

In the last few years, this fly has greatly improved our hookup rates because it allows us to get the bug closer to these finicky fish. We have dropped the Surfin' Merkin on the nose of many corbina and still managed hookups that didn't spook the group. Last summer I witnessed some of the longest follows I've ever seen from corbina; they never lost interest. Some fish chased the fly until they were nearly beached in a recessing tide. What's more, some of the takes have been much more aggressive than on shrimp patterns - the fish occasionally suck in the bug along with an entire divot of sand! -----Al Q



Lucky and Bob's Excellent Adventure

to cast the full 90 feet while sitting in a pontoon boat. But.... If I throw 80 feet of fly line and 9 ft of leader it is closing in on 90 ft. I like to make long casts to the head of a big eddy and catch those trout I observed when I drifted by. Practicing distance casting is more rewarding when you see some posi-

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tive results. Normally I am a short cast specialist. I like the fight of a 17 inch brown trout that strikes 90 feet away. The tug is the Drug! Someday you will have to go to Heaven.

Lucky.



We have sad news to report that long time SDF member **James Murphy** passed away.

There will be Remembrance held in the Meeting Area at the Point Loma Tennis Club Friday, August 30, 2013 at 2:00 pm. The Point Loma Tennis Club is located at 2650 Worden St. San Diego. For more information please contact Bob Brooks at

FROM: Bennett J. Mintz
VP Communications
Southwest Council Federation of Fly Fishers



FOR CALENDAR OR THINGS-TO-DO LISTING, SEPTEMBER EVENTS

Event: 2013 Fly Fishing Faire
Where: Mammoth Lakes, Calif.
Venue: Cerro Coso Community College
101 College Parkway
Mammoth Lakes, CA 93546
When: September 20-22, 2013
What: A cornucopia of all things fly-fishing in Mammoth Lakes, the heart of California's fly-fishing world; an introduction to all aspects of the sport including beginner and intermediate fly casting, fly tying demonstrations and instruction. *Where-to-go and how-to-do-it with local guides. Workshops and programs on virtually every Sierra water including Hot Creek, the upper and lower Owens River, Lake Crowley, Walker River Basin, Merced River, small stream tactics, and bass in the lower Owens. Wildlife photography, fly-fishing films, Sierra sightseeing; conservation raffles and auctions. Vendor display booths.

Programs, demos and hands-on lessons by writer, photographer and Champion Fly-Caster Brian O'Keefe.

Hours: Fri. – 9-5; Sat. – 9-5; Sun. – 9-3
Admission: \$15 adults. Age 16 and under free. (Single admission is good all Faire days.)
Sponsor: Southwest Council Federation of Fly Fishers (SWC-FFF)
Registration: Opens June 30, 2013 on-line (Classes and seminars are limited by size.)
Website: SWC-FFF.org/faire
Registration
Phone: (818) 200-1499

Information: Michael Schweit, president, SWC FFF

Connie Bullock, Fly Fishing Faire chairperson

;

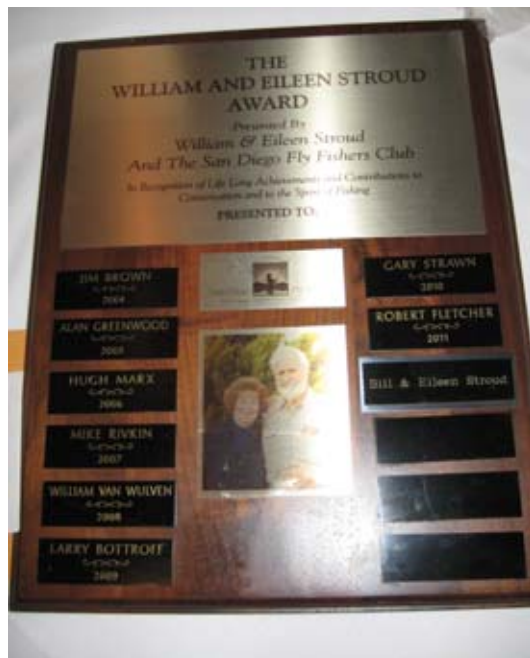
Media: Bennett J. Mintz, VP, Southwest Council FFF

*Some activities and classes will require individual registration fees.



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



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, 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

Cutoff date for **October FINNY FACTS**
articles---**Friday September 13th.**

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

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	

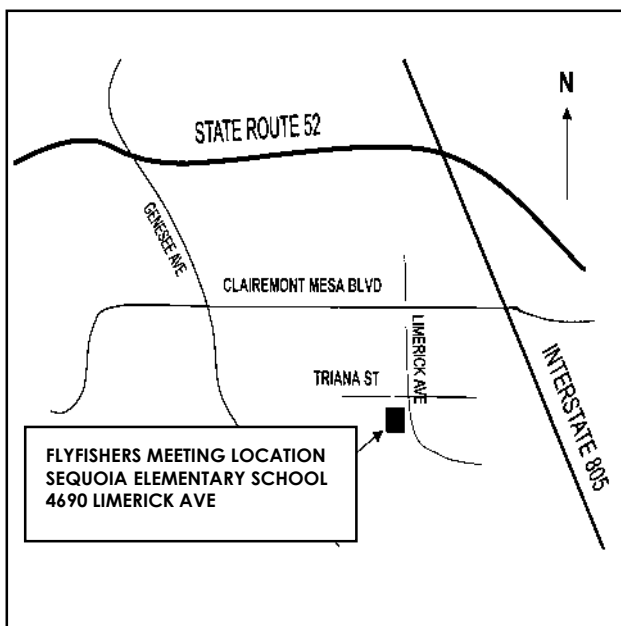


SAN DIEGO FLY FISHERS 2013 DIRECTORS

Jim Tenuto-President
Bruce Harris-Treasurer
Bob Blazer
Bruce Bechard
Don Davis
Jack Duncan
Jon Holland
Lee McElravy
Bruce Michael
Art Reifman
Alan Reoch
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Lew Walsh
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COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSONS

Conservation-
Gary Strawn
FFF Southwest Council-
Don Davis
Fly Casting Clinic-
Ned Sewell
Fly Tying Clinic-
Lucky Ketcham
Bill Hanson
Membership-
Paul Woolery



Local Outings-
Larry Sorensen
Newsletter-
Rose & Roger Yamasaki
E-mail:
finnyfacts@gmail.com
Programs-
Jon Holland
Raffles-
Alan Thompson (monthly)

Refreshments-
Maria Goldman
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
Fly Fishers**

*Official Chapter of
Federation of Fly Fishers*

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