

# FINNY FACTS

Archived version

JANUARY 2014

San Diego Fly Fishers  
Cleaner Water. Brighter Streams. Better Fishing.

Volume 19, No. 1

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE: JANUARY 2014

Our first order of business, the **Annual Banquet**, held at **Admiral Baker Clubhouse**, 2400 Admiral Baker Road, San Diego, CA 92124 on **Monday, January 13, 2014**. Tickets are **\$30.00** per person. We have a revamped menu, the promise of short orations, a bit of music led by **David Collins**, (who in addition to being our Web master is a fiddle master as well,) and the presentation of the Gordon Foster Award. Please contact **Paul Woolery** for tickets.

The December meeting was a bit of a swap meet, shrewd bidding at the silent auction tables and a grab-bag type opportunity drawing that featured literally a truckload of fly-tying material, old bamboo rods, and other bits of fly-fishing arcana. A mighty thanks and a tip of the fishin' hat to **Alan Thompson** (and certainly a nod to the indulgent and patient **Nancy Thompson** who finally saw an end to her house used as a massive storage facility.) Alan is the first of the many I will thank in this, my last, missive as President. Each month Alan creates an opportunity drawing, keeping alive a tradition in the club.

My next thank you and shout out goes to **Jack Duncan**, who shepherded our 2013 annual raffle and silent auction. We raised over \$8,000, all earmarked for conservation projects. Not only did Jack take on that daunting assignment, he has also agreed to serve as the club's president in 2014. And he has already hit the ground running.

**Jon Holland** has put together a great body of work. No, not his wonderful bamboo fly rods, but our programs. This last year was no exception. We had a variety of different programs, front fresh water to salt, from

local to far-flung destinations, and we even had our first movie night.

**Lew Walsh** is the king of chairs, insuring that our meetings actually come off, doors open, chairs set up and broken down, tables arranged. **Gary Strawn** continues his role as the club's conservation chair and does a wonderful job identifying worthy groups for our conservation dollars. He is also a tireless volunteer; the Golden Trout program owes him a debt of gratitude. **Lee McIlravey**, my predecessor, was a wonderful counselor and was always ready to pitch in. **Don Davis**, newly retired, represents us ably with the Southwestern Council of the Fly Fishing Federation.

**Bruce Michael** served as the unofficial secretary of the club, a role that is now formalized. **Lee Anderson** stepped in to fill the shoes of the man whose shoes can't be filled, taking over the helm of the Sunday casting clinic when **Ned Sewell** passed away. **Bruce Harris** keeps the books and keeps us out of the clutches of the ever-increasing death of common sense practiced by our wonderful state and federal government. **Art Reifman** has kept the Wounded Warriors efforts of our club alive and 2014 promises to be a great year for this important program. **Paul Woolery** quietly gets things done, and a lot of things done at that. The membership chair is only one of his many responsibilities; and that job will soon be passed along to **Alan Reoch**.

If you are reading this you might have a teacher to thank but your first thanks better be to that unsung team, **Rose & Roger Yamasaki** who are the tireless editors of *Finny Facts*.

*Jim Tenuta*



There are many more I could and should thank. If I have forgotten you, I apologize. We do what we do for this club not because we are looking for pats on the back or recognition (though both are nice and welcomed), but because we want to give back to the club and this wonderful sport that brought us all together.

Finally an extra big THANK YOU to **Lucky Ketcham**. Lucky is a tireless contributor to *Finny Facts* and has created a social media presence for the club. He has a few interesting ideas that he will champion this coming year that will make the club friendly, more active and certainly more interactive.

Happy Hanukkah, Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, Happy Holidays!

See you all on the other side of 2014.

Tight lines!

# Stroud Banquet

## January 13, 2014

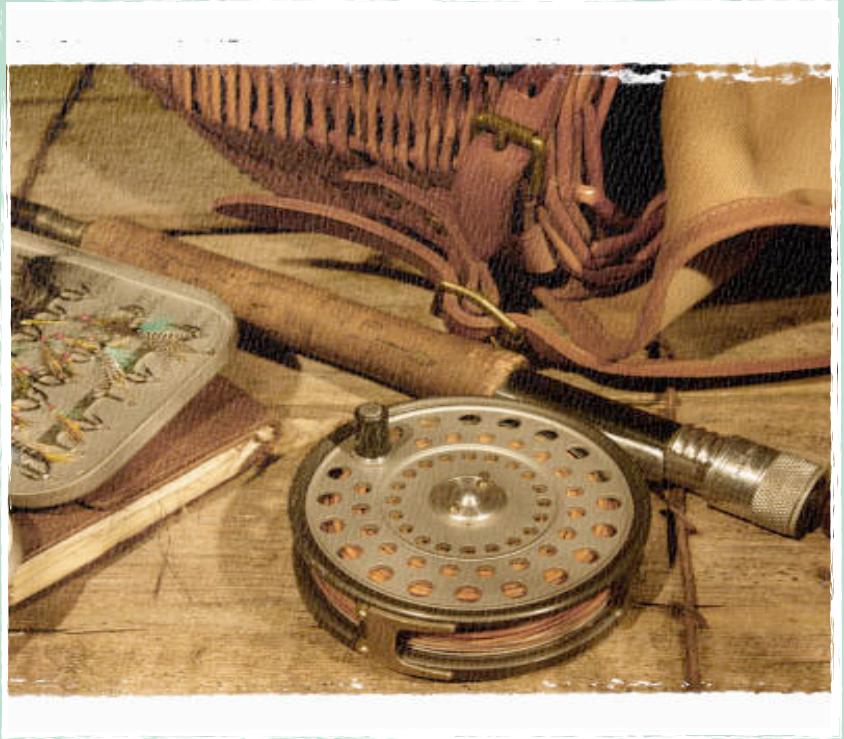
### 6:30 to 9:00 pm.

#### Italian Buffet.

Garden Greens salad with Grape Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Red Onions, Kalamata Olives and marinated Artichokes

3 Entrees, Chicken Parmesan, Sweet Italian Sausage with Sautéed Peppers, and Eggplant Parmesan.

Penne Pasta with Bolognese Sauce, Creamy Garlic Alfredo Sauce, Tuscan Blend Vegetables and Garlic Bread.



#### Admiral Baker Clubhouse, U.S. Navy Recreation Center

Navy Recreation Center just off Friars Road  
approximately 1 mile east of Qualcomm Stadium.

\$30 per person for a great buffet dinner in a beautiful and convenient setting.  
Price included a door prize ticket!

Sign-up at a club meeting, Stroud's Tackle or mail check to:

**San Diego Fly Fishers, Attn. Stroud Banquet**  
10601-G Tierrasanta Blvd., #327  
San Diego, CA 92124

Please make your reservations prior to January 6.

**Spouses and guests are welcome.**

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## Members Fishing Reports

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

### **Green River July 9, 2013**

Up at 6 AM this last morning camping at Mustang Ridge, Dutch John, and Utah.

The days and weeks have flown by. Bob's notes said he only floated the river 14 times in 23 days. That means I only spent 11 or 12 days in my pontoon boat, for I was sick several days with a stomach virus and skipped another day because I wanted to try fishing the shoreline on foot. I am being lazy in my old age and not writing in my journal or notebook. My fish count log is behind and not accurate this year. Bob is keeping his own little fish count. I have gotten him interested in comparing his fish caught to the days of the week and his solar/lunar watch predictions. If your watch tells you it is going to be a good fishing day or period in the day ... will the numbers actually show it? That is the beginning of understanding why I count fish and keep track of weather fronts.

Yesterday was a day of packing up camp for a move to new country. We had a big breakfast with ham and scrambled cheesy eggs, but I did add a side dish of sautéed vegetables. Bob and Sam are accusing me of trying to make them healthy. I love to watch big trout come up and eat the round crackers in one bite. I would buy a whole box of Ritz Crackers just to watch the big browns try to beat the fast bullet shaped rainbows for the meal. Rainbows are always faster, but they get out of the way of a dominant brown trout that is moving like a torpedo. The Brown

Trout is King in these waters.

We will be on the road by 9 AM. I have to get my morning chores done. One is to make another pot of coffee before Bob gets up. The Journal will have to wait.

### **Three Rivers, July 14, 2013**

It is six thirty on the last morning at the Barstow Horse Farm in Alpine, WY. In a few hours I will be packing up and heading for Jackson Hole, the Tetons and then up to Yellowstone for two weeks. I have just enough time to put down a few memories of three different fishing experiences. I call this 3 rivers because it was three completely different water habitats. The fishing and floating experiences are very different, although the locations are not far apart. I wrote about the Grey River. It was the freestone clear water river with a cobble bottom. It fished like the Lamar River in Yellowstone. The next river we tried is the Salt River. The Salt looks and fished much like the Upper Owens in California. We tried two sections of the Salt as it meanders through the giant flat Star Valley. The banks and bottom are all sand and gravel. There were very few rocks or structure for fish to hide behind in this river. The water was off color and you did not see any fish as you floated. The second \$14 per day fishing license was used on a lower section of the Salt from Creamery Road Access Point down to another road crossing about 5 or 6 miles downstream. I think there was an Assembly of God Church across from the intersection access road. We did an evening float 4 PM until 8:30PM. Bob stayed on the water until 9:30 he fishes slower than I do and does not quit even if it is darker

than a bat cave and is raining. To be fair, the old guy was lost and had no idea how far he was from the take out. One meandering bend in this river looks like another. 5 miles by road turns into 7 on a twisting and turning river. One hay field looks like another. The river is lined with small willow trees that will catch your back cast if you are not aware of your direction. The fallen big trees are the hazard.

The day before I fished the Grey River with success only for small 5 to 12 inch cutthroats. One of my friends from this area, I'll call him Kevin, recommended I try streamers for bigger fish. We arrived at the Creamery Road access ramp to find a large family swimming in the big pool below the bridge. The kids were playing Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn by floating on some big sheets of plywood. They could have been Frank Stanfield and I on the Ketcham Pond or Mt. Hope Kill at years old. I enjoyed watching them as we set up the boats. I put on a full sinking line and attached two of my favorite streamer flies. One was an Orange Blossom Special made with orange rabbit strips and the other an Arizona Dubbing's Black Blood Leech. The mother on the bank said her husband fly fishes here and likes to use black wooly buggers. He wades and casts to the middle. I would be in the middle and cast to the shore. It did not take too long before I was feeling strong bumps on my flies as I cast them in this section of the river. My senses picked up as I imagined the really big cutthroats, or the "24 inch browns" chasing my bait fish patterns. The trouble here was that the bumps were really big sunken trees and sunken willows. I snagged and

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lost my first set of streamers within ten minutes. Within another 6 minutes I was down four flies. I was glad I could not easily find my good Double Bunny patterns.

I switched to smaller Stayner Ducktails. They are easy to tie and I can afford to lose them. Bob was having the same luck. I could hear him complaining on the radio. He was equally upset because he had forgotten his sinking line. He had spare spools but no reel to go with them. Bob fishes two fly rods on every run down the river. I only bring one and two or three reels. I gave Bob one of my floating line reels and 15 feet of sinking tip. It was one of my LC13 Cortland Lead Core leaders I use in San Diego Bay. The trouble with LC13 is that it goes into the water like a lead rope. I don't use it in water less than 8 feet deep. This stream or creek is only 2 to 4 feet deep. Bob hated the lead core presentation and he hated losing his Black Blood Leeches to these trees. The Owens River does not have the giant pine forests above it and does not have as many trees washed down by the big floods. It is easier to fish with streamers. We would have done better if we stopped and got out of the boats on some of the clearer corner bends. We did not anchor like the guides do on the Owens and we ran into trouble by constantly

drifting over sunken brush.

In a short while we were back to throwing Yellow Sally dry flies and Caddis patterns to the banks. I was still using a sinking line. I added 3 feet of 5X tippet to let the small dry flies float for a moment before the sinking line took it down. That few seconds was all it took for the little cut-throats to see it and grab it. At first they were grabbing a little well hackled Hornberg streamer. It looked like a caddisfly to them. Since the Salt River looked like the Owens to me, I used a pattern that works on the Owens. I often will grease up a Hornberg and use it as a dry fly. The trout will eat it as a bug or as a floating dead minnow. Dead floating minnows are good baits.

I looked in my big red dry bag and found another fly reel with a floating line. The rest of the night was spent banging the bank and the little back eddies for small cutthroat. The little fish like the small dry flies. I found that the



"Store Bought" dry flies I purchased were not very well tied. The young ladies in Thailand have never actually fished their flies and do not know how to make a

good tight thread base on the slippery hook. They tie flies for speed and make them pretty to sell. The tight thread base is very important if you do not want the Yellow Sally wing and body to turn on the hook. I try to teach the AK Best method of wrapping the threads almost to the breaking point. I use prewaxed threads whenever possible. If I know I will have problems with big wings turning on a hopper pattern, I might add head cement or super glue to the hook shanks before attaching the materials. This night my Yellow Sallies wanted their wings on the bottom and did not want to stand up to 5 or 6 fish. Bob liked this section of the river over the other 4 river sections we tried. He liked playing with the little cutts and caught a few in the 12 to 14 inch range.

This section of the river was not as much fun for me. It was a lot of casting to empty gravel runs. It was like fishing the gravel bottom of the C section of the Green River in Utah — no structure and lots of empty sand and gravel — no visible signs of fish. Like the Owens and the C section of the Green—it can be seasonally good. Big brown trout will come up from the reservoir to spawn in the clean gravel in September/October. Big Cutthroats will spawn in the early spring. It pays to know the seasons and fish when the fish are here.

The third afternoon, Jerry Barstow led us to an area further up on the Salt River. It was past the town of Thayne and was called the "Narrows." To me this was the best

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

section because it was much prettier and it had more rocky structure on the bottom. It was a river, but it was more of a small creek, meandering through some pine covered canyons and flat sand and gravel hay fields. The river still had the big 40 foot trees sunken in some spots. It still had



collapsed river banks with big chunks of grass sod and dirt. It still had sunken willows and big bends with drift wood. The river flow was faster here and wanted to pull you into the undercut banks, overhanging trees and piles of wood. One of the dangers in these meandering rivers is being pulled into the undercuts and getting trapped in the tangle of roots and tree branches. We had to kick real hard to get out of some of the log jams. Bob did not like that. The water was lower than it was two weeks ago according to Jerry. We had more very shallow cobble riffles that were too shallow to easily float over. You had to stand up on some and let your boat just float over the cobbles. Some you just listened to the crunching sound of your rubber boat scraping bottom and prayed that you did not hear the Hiss, Hiss of escaping air. Luckily most of rocks were rounded my years of water flow.

This section of the river is popular with the inner tube gang.

Families were floating along with us. The water is warmer in July and this is the local beach for the locals. Some of the young mothers had very young babies in their arms while floating the river. I thought it was almost child endangerment, but I guess it was an indication of how safe they thought the river was. The fish on the Salt River run and hide from noisy float tubers. They are not like the fish on the Green. I find you do not want to follow float tubers too closely. It was one of the reasons Jerry suggested running the river on Friday instead of Saturday.

We fished this section with all dry flies. I used my Yellow Sally Stone fly patterns or just my dependable size 16 tan caddis patterns. The sparse flat wing patterns and Norb's Delta Wing worked better than the fuller Elk Hair Caddis. Bob was reporting many hits on a very small Madam X, size 16 or 18. It had a yellow thread abdomen and a peacock thorax, white rubber legs. It was a Switzer pattern recommended for this area. I liked the little back eddies and the seams on this section of the river and felt more at home. It was a complex river and you had to pay attention or you would be running into sharp sticks and sunken trees. Also this is a river with a good beaver population. There are plenty of will shoots that have been sharpened by the

sharp teeth of the beavers. Rubber pontoons bounce off of rocks. You do not want them running into spear points. Sometimes we had to play "Low Bridge" and float under big tree branches or overhanging willows. Some of the Hawthorne trees had big thorns and your arm came up bloodied. Bob and Jerry did not like those as much. To me it was a nice float and it was a cooler evening. The last two nights it has been about 66 degrees in the evening. I like the cooler weather, it keeps the bugs down. I would fish this section again.

Yesterday we fished the Snake River from the Astoria Access ramp at Red Bridge, 7 miles down to the Elbows. I knew it was going to be a pretty boat ride rather than a successful fishing outing..... I could tell two days earlier when I saw the off color and high water flows. It looked



like the lower Delaware River in NY, after a heavy two inch rain. The Snake here is fast and wide. An experienced angler on the bank suggested I use some big flies with lots of rubber legs. The off color water and deep banks will make it hard for the trout to see small caddisflies or yellow sallies. You fish big rivers like you would a small stream, hitting

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

the back eddies and same structures along the bank. The old man had a One Fly Fishing Contest hat on and a guide vest. He looked like he knew what he was talking about. He said to hit the seam off the bank and not just the far bank edges. "You could try streamers; but it is a lot more work."

I fished the first 3 miles with big flies and did not get a bump or see a fish. I ran some nice little side channels that looked like the Salt River, but the fish did not want to play if they were there. Anyone that fishes 1 PM until 5:30PM on a bright sunny day and expects dry fly action deserves a boat ride. The fish do not have sun glasses and we did not see very many rising fish in 7 miles of river. The fishing was just starting to get better as we got off the river. Jerry stopped and fished a point of land where little fish were playing. It was close to 6:30 and the caddis flies were dancing in some areas. He caught more little cutthroats than he did all day in that one little spot. Sometimes on big rivers it pays to stop and get out of the boat. The One Fly Old Timer – said it was hard to get the right drift while floating in "those pontoons." He said I would have to cast to the bank and mend, mend, mend. It was almost the same as fishing the 50 mile riffle on the Madison. You moved just a little too fast to get the right drift. Guides would anchor or get their clients out of the boat on the Madison and I guess on the Snake. I wore my arm out making 600 casts for two 5 inch fish. I did float a long distance, with the rod in the rod holder and my camera in my hand. If it was going to be a boat ride I wanted to see the mountains, trees and wildlife. You don't catch many fish if you

don't put the fly on the water. You don't see the Osprey and the mountains if you are staring at floating dry fly. .... I didn't care ... it was a beautiful float on beautiful river. Hundreds of white water and Mad River rafters float these sections of the Snake and they rarely have a fly rod. Some people were brave enough to run the river on the new Stand up Paddle Boards. I like to watch people enjoy a wild river.

I had to save my casting arm for bigger and better fishing — Yellowstone awaits!

As I finish these notes, I see two moose at the salt lick at the edge of the Utah National Forest in the back yard of our hosts. I haven't seen many moose in my life. One of the moose is a calf. Just as I was getting out my camera they went back into the woods. I walked up to the salt lick yesterday. The property owners have placed blocks of salt here for several years. The animals have licked two foot deep holes into the soil to retrieve salt that has dissolved in the rains. The salt is something animals crave. It is interesting to me that they would lick the bare ground.

### Osprey and River Friends July 15, 2013

You are never really alone when you are floating a pontoon boat down a fast rocky river in the West. You always want to have a fishing buddy and be in some kind of contact, but often your buddy is a half mile behind you and fishing at a different pace with a different method. You pray your radio will be in range if you need help. It seems like you are alone but you're not. A river of clean cold water running through

the hot landscapes is a life line of plants, insects, mammals, reptiles and birds. A Zoologist or an Amateur Naturalist cannot help but noticing all the web of life that the river and its fish support. I love to study the species of fish, the life of the insects and the things fish feed on; but I also love to study the other animals of the river.

One of my favorite animals has been the Osprey, or Fish Hawk or Fish Eagle. Two days ago I floated the Snake River for 7 miles. During the quiet fishing times, I rested and just floated lone distances. My eyes were up to look at the mountains and skies. This is a new river for me and I don't want to miss anything. I have caught enough fish and I have watched way too many dry flies float without being taken. I have gotten trained to look for birds of prey on the rivers of the West (And the East). These western rivers that have large populations of trout attract eagles and Osprey. You can often find them by looking at every big dead tree and every power line pole. You cannot miss the giant 8 or 9 foot diameter nests of dead branches. The power companies and the Fish and Game Departments have even built special nesting poles for the Osprey to raise their young and keep away from hot electric power lines. In late June you can often see the babies as they beg for scraps of fish from the parents. The pairs of Osprey work hard to raise their family. The mother will spread her wings to provide shade for the babies, protecting them from the hot sun beating down from the clear blue skies.

I like to watch the birds on the nest but most of all I like to watch them in the air and watch

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

them fishing. Every once in a while on the Green River, I would hear a large splash and look over to see a big white and grey Osprey struggling to get a big trout out of the fast water. Sometimes they will catch a fish that is almost their own weight. The sharp talons stuck in the back of a fish slows it down a little but does not immediately kill it. The relatively small eagle has to fight the fish for a few seconds and get it under control. Remember at the same time he is in the middle of a fast riffle and the river wants to pull him under and take him for a fast ride downstream. It is a great treat for me to see this action on the river. The Osprey is smaller than the Bald Eagle. An eagle can fly off with a trout dangling from one foot. They are big and strong. If you notice an Osprey carrying a trout, it will usually look like a slim torpedo strapped under an airplane. The Osprey has to manipulate the fighting fish to be able to carry it aerodynamically. The bird will have one foot forward and one foot to the rear. On Miramar Lake in San Diego, the fish stocked were very large Nebraska trout. Some of the Osprey caught fish that were so big they could not get them totally out of the water. The big bird would have to drag the trout over to the bank and eat part of it before it could fly off. It was funny to see this flapping and splashing as the trout and bird struggled on the surface for 200 feet.

Fishing in a rocky shallow section of a clear river is dangerous for a frail hollow boned bird. The Osprey can break a bone or wing if it crashes into rock. Our ranger friend, Tim Connelly told me that you do not usually see the fish

hawks diving in the rapids of the A section of the Green River. They nest here below the dam, but most of their fish catching is in the deep reservoir above. The clear Flaming Gorge Reservoir provides all the fish the eagles need without the risk. The small rocky islands just north of the dam provide safe nesting places on the ground. The birds do not even need to have tall trees to raise their families. You can drive your boat around the islands and see baby Osprey. The nests are placed closer together than you would see further down the river. Competition for food is not a problem.

Tim told me if I wanted to see more Osprey diving in the river I would need to float the B and C section of the Green River. It was true, almost every giant Ponderosa Pine tree had a big Osprey nest in the top. The river bottom here was also friendlier to the diving birds. The rocky bottom was replaced by long stretches of sand and gravel. There were still enough rocks for fish structure but the slower eddies were bigger and deeper. The dumb rainbows will hold just below the surface feeding on bugs circling in the white foam of the slow eddies. They seem to be the main target of the Osprey. When I see a bird fly by with a torpedo neatly strapped in the undercarriage.... it is usually a rainbow trout. The big browns have that brown mottling color and an adaptation that allows them to love warmer shallow water. The browns are very shore oriented and that is a safer place for them. An Osprey does not dare dive in 10 or 12 inches of water. The brown trout are associated with those brown / yellow algae covered rocks. Now when I see those colors and I see

big structure rocks, I think Brown Trout Country. You have to respect the survival mechanisms of the German Brown Trout ... even if you were always taught they were evil, "greedy pigs" that will eat every brook trout in the river.

I learned a trick to see diving Osprey on the reservoir. The birds are so used to bank fishermen that they are not afraid to come close to you. If you leave a big trout on a stringer attached to a stick on the shore, an Osprey may very well dive down and take it ... metal stringer and all. Just turn your back and your fish is gone. It has happened at Cuyamaca Lake in San Diego several times. I can picture Norb Spitzer's surprised expression now. He was not expecting a dive bomber attach 6 feet away from him.

I am now at Yellowstone Lake. Here the eagles fly and catch cutthroat trout along the bank. The "Evil Greedy Pig" here is the Lake Trout. The Lakers were introduced illegally and have flourished in the lake. They are fish eaters and have greatly impacted the native Yellowstone Cutthroats. Millions of dollars are being spent to gill net and trap net the big lake trout in order that the cutthroat will maintain enough of a population to spawn and survive. We practice catch and release on our fishing trips.... but here you must legally kill every lake trout you catch. Fish stocking cannot just be done randomly. Nature has its web of life and it can be set off balance. There are more river friends but this tale is getting as long as I want it.

Another day, another story.

**TO BE CONTINUED.....**



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# FLY OF THE MONTH

## GT's Triple Double

Gordon Tharrett is a guide on the Green River. The Triple Double is a pattern he uses with his clients. Cast it close to the grass lined shoreline and rocky outcroppings.



**Hook:** Dry fly TMC 100, size 12, 14 or 16, Or Two X Long, TMC 5212, Mustad 94831  
Gamakatsu -P10-2L1H  
**Thread:** Black or olive 6/0  
**Hackle:** Grizzly saddle or neck  
**Body:** Olive or black poly dubbing or beaver  
**Mid-Hackle:** Ginger or red saddle hackle  
**Body:** Olive poly dubbing  
**Front Hackle:** Grizzly Hackle sized a little longer

De-barb and mount the hook in the vise. Attach the thread with a jam knot at the midshank. Wrap a thread base to the bend. Attach a grizzly hackle sized to have barbs 1 hook gap or less. The hackle should be mounted shiny side to the rear, concave side forward, dry fly style. Make 4 to 5 wraps of hackle at the bend, tie off and trim excess.

Prepare a small noodle of olive fine poly dubbing or beaver and attach it to the hook. Wrap the noodle around the thread and then wrap the rope around the hook shank to the mid-shank point. Tie off.

Select and size a light ginger hackle to have a barb length of  $1 \frac{1}{4}$  hook gap. Attach by the butt, shiny side to the rear and make 4 to 5 wraps of hackle at the mid-shank. Tie off and trim excess.

Make another noodle of olive dubbing and attach as above. Stop the front ball of dubbing about two hook eyes back to allow room for the hackle and head.

Select a longer barbed grizzly hackle for the front. The barbs should be 1.5 to 2 hook gaps long. Attach by the butt, shiny side to the rear. Make 4 to 5 wraps of hackle, tie off and trim excess. Make a small thread head, whip finish. Add a small drop of head cement.



Lucky Ketcham





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## Meeting Hosts for 2014



San Diego Fly Fishers appreciate your voluntary enlistment as a Meeting Host! Below is the schedule for the year together with the “How To” manual.

If you are unable to attend the meeting on your assigned date, it will be your responsibility to arrange for a substitute. You might try calling someone on this list to trade dates. We know it is hard to plan your schedule so far in advance.

The only reminder you will receive is a notice (the week before your turn) in the *Finny Facts* so you may want to mark your calendar today.

**Thanks....we value you as a volunteer! (Lew Walsh and BOD)**

**January:** Annual Banquet

**February:** Barry Pechersky, Alan Reoch

**March:** Don Smith, Lee Mcelravy

**April:** Frank Beaty, Jim Litchfield

**May:** Alan Thompson, Lew Walsh

**June:** Annual Fund Raiser

**July:** Sam & Mona Morebello

**August:** Gone Fishing

**September:** Sherry Ashbaugh, Scott Penwell

**October:** Alan Thompson, Mike Frye

**November:** Don Davis, Dan McKirnan

**December:** Art Reifman, Fred Gregory

Barry Pechersky

Alan Reoch

Don Smith

Lee Mcelravy

Frank Beaty

Jim Litchfield

Alan Thompson

Lew Walsh

Sam & Mona

Morebello

Don Davis

Sherry Ashbaugh/

Scott Penwell

Mike Frye

Dan McKirnam

Art Reifman

Fred Gregory

### ON CALL SUBSTITUTES:

Mike Frye

Jack Duncan

Lee Anderson

Steve Vissers

Ted Igelman

Paul White



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## **“How To”...SDFF Meeting Set-up and Breakdown 2014**

### **SET UP**

- Arrive by 6:30 PM
- Unlock SDFF cabinets (located on stage left) combination lock # 1-2-3
- Carry name-tag cases to back of auditorium. Cases are located adjacent to cabinets
- Someone is usually there by 6:00 PM to set up condiment table and start coffee
- Move salad bar tables flat against the wall (if they are set up)
- Set up tables next to back windows for name tag boxes
- Arrange tables for door prizes
- Set up club P.A. system (found in cabinets on stage)
- Set up table for projectors, extension cord in cabinet and pull down screen in back of stage
- Make sure faculty restrooms are unlocked and hall lights are on (see custodian)
- Check with custodian about heater for auditorium if needed
- Put out large trash cans and recycle bin (from teacher's lounge)
- Set up 10 rows of 10 chairs (5 chairs on each side of aisle)

### **BREAKDOWN**

- Be sure all chairs and tables are returned to original positions
- Check and clean up trash, spills, and crumbs
- Turn off and put away microphone, screen and projector
- Return coffee pot, condiment box, blue bin, and name tag boxes to cabinet. **LOCK CABINET!**
- Custodian is responsible for shutting down and locking up, but please double check any windows that may have been opened.

It is important that we return this room to the same order as we found it as the school uses this room first thing in the morning and they have no time to rearrange before the kids arrive.

**A copy of this memo will be posted on the inside of the cabinet door (however, you will need to memorize our tricky combination, 1-2-3)**

**NOTE:** The board wants to get a head count at our 2013 meetings. Please be exact in the number of chairs you set up. Set up 10 rows of 10 chairs (5 chairs on each side of aisle).



Recipients of the  
**Stroud Award**

2004-Jim Brown  
2005-Allen Greenwood  
2006- Hugh Marx  
2007- Mike Rivkin  
2008- Bill Van Wulven  
2009- Larry Botttroff  
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 (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 Botttroff, Aubrey Wendling (in memoriam), Bob Berry

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	

Cutoff date for **February FINNY FACTS**  
articles---**Friday January 17th.**

Send articles to:  
Rose and Roger Yamasaki,  
E-mail at  
Thanks!!

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

Paul Woolery  
membership@sandiegoflyfishers.com



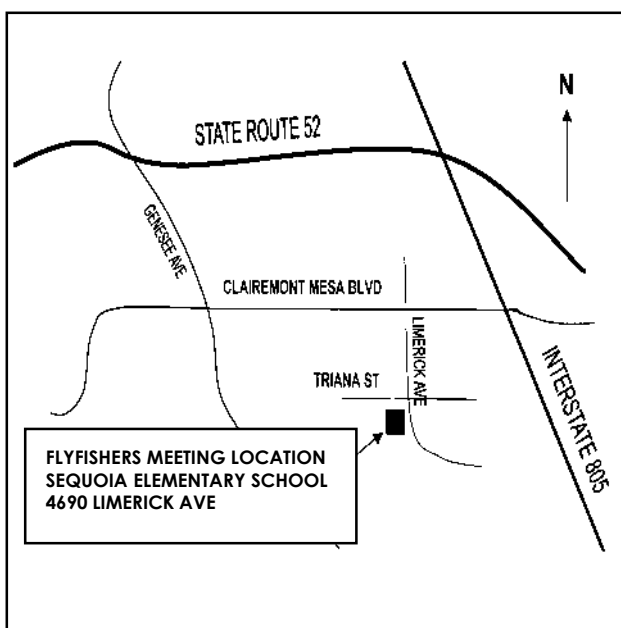


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 Alan Thompson-Vice Pres.  
 Bruce Harris-Treasurer  
 Bruce Michael-Secretary  
 Bob Blazer  
 Bruce Bechard  
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 Steve Visser  
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[www.sandiegoflyfishers.com](http://www.sandiegoflyfishers.com)

## 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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