

FINNY FACTS

Archived version

NOVEMBER 2004

San Diego



Fly Fishers

Cleaner Water. Brighter Streams. Better Fishing.

Volume 9, No. 11

November Speaker

TU's Contribution to Protection of Cold Water Fisheries in the Western U.S.

Our Speaker for the November 1st meeting will be **Whit Fosburgh**, Trout Unlimited's Vice President for Program Development, and its Director of the Coldwater Conservation Fund.

Established in 1992, the Coldwater Conservation Fund (CCF) last year raised more than \$1.8 million for scientific and economic research on trout and salmon across the country, as well as watershed restoration projects on some of America's most storied trout rivers. Whit brings a wealth of fundraising and program-development experience to TU. From 1992 to 1995, he served as fisheries director for the National Fish and Wildlife Foundation, working closely with TU on several NFWF-funded initiatives, including TU's pioneering research on New York's legendary Beaverkill/

REMINDER

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

**Susan Bohlander and
Mike Moulton**

Thank you, Mona Morebello

SDDF Participates in National Hunting & Fishing Day

On Saturday, September 25, 2004, the San Diego Fly Fishers both coordinated and participated in the 33rd Annual National Hunting & Fishing Day. A half dozen of our members spent the day at Lake Murray tying flies and putting on a casting demonstration.

This was the third time that the San Diego outdoor sporting community joined forces to sponsor such an

Willowemoc watershed.

Before that he was chief environment and energy staff person for Senator Tom Daschle (D-SD). A graduate of Georgetown University, Whit earned his M.S. from the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies.

Whit will be addressing TU's significant contributions to the protection of cold water fisheries in the Western U.S.



event.

National Hunting and Fishing Day was "Established in 1972 by the President and Congress, the fourth Saturday of September is set aside each year to celebrate and observe the American traditions of hunting, fishing, and other outdoor activities."

Other participants included Pheasants Forever, Quail Unlimited, Air Superiority Falconry Services, San Diego Council of Bass Clubs, Ramona Bass Club, National Wild Turkey Federation, National Predator Callers Association, Safari International and a number of governmental agencies including San Diego City Lakes, Department of Fish & Game and San Diego Water & Sewer Department.

Lee McElravy, Robert Erb, Jon Holland, David Collins, Art Reifman and Jim Reeg tied dozens of flies during the day. Usually someone was peering over their shoulders or sitting next to them on the bench as they worked with fur, feather and thread. They also provided some "hands-on" training by letting those with interest actually sit down and tie a fly.

Joe Bain joined us and spread the

MEETING NOTICE

Monday, November 1st, 2004

7:30 PM

Sequoia Elementary School
4690 Limerick Ave.

(See map on back page)

continued on page 7

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE: NOVEMBER 2004

It was a disappointment that business travel kept me from our last meeting and George Tuthill's presentation. It is always good to hear about local fishing opportunities, especially those that can be experienced in a few hours rather than those long trips we all read about. Speaking of local trips, hopefully this early

storm is a good sign for a wet winter. We certainly need the water. Pauma Creek, a local favorite, is in need of a good flushing. The deadfall from beetle infested trees has really clogged the streambed and water flow is at a fraction of what it was five years ago.



GEORGE GATES

from Trout Unlimited. If this is not the first time TU has spoken to us, it is the first time in a very long time. I am sure he will share the past success of TU and the work that still remains ahead. The work is endless, the by product of a world competing for scarce resources. **But we really have come a**

long way, not just for trout but for water quality in general. It was not that long ago that rivers feeding into the Great Lakes would actually catch on fire. Now the Great Lakes are on the road to recovery.

I hope everyone has an opportunity to see the nice article about our **Joe Bain** and his wife **Julie** done by Ozzie Roberts in the October 5th Currents section of the Union-Tribune. The article mentioned a lot about Joe's family, which most of us were most likely unaware of. If we all get our 15 minutes of notoriety, Joe got an hour and a half for his work at Chollas Lake. Thanks to Joe and all the other volunteers who make the Lend-a-Rod program work at Chollas Lake. And thanks to all our members whose contribution to the annual raffle and silent auctions help fund this program.

Ned Sewell got the club some good exposure a few weeks back when Ed Zieralski gave Ned credit for teaching his wife to cast, allowing her to catch an Atlantic Salmon on her first trip. I wonder if Ned and **John Kasten** give fish catching guarantees to all their students. Now that would be nice!

The speaker for next month will be

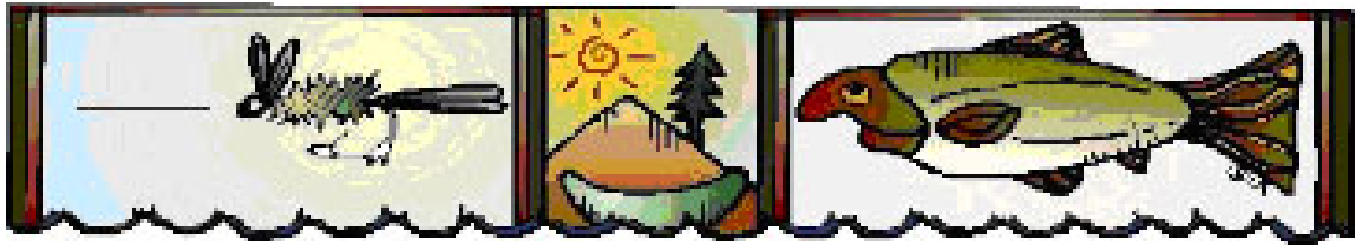
We often think of water pollution as the result of corporate abusers. On my most recent trip to Central America I saw first hand how much pollution can be caused by individuals. I work for Project Concern International, a San Diego headquartered not-for-profit that works in the public health arena within third world countries. This includes water and sanitation issues. The Rio Lempa (Lempa River) drains 50% of El Salvador's 8,000 square mile area that has a population density similar to the Netherlands. It is the water source for the 2 plus million people living in and around San Salvador. It is polluted, not by corporate offenders, but by human waste and trash. We are involved in the effort to bring awareness of this situation to the population of El Salva-

dor. To encourage them to fund waste treatment plants and dispose of trash in landfills rather than the closest canyon where most of trash finds its way to the river. Our primary tool for increased awareness is rafting trips on the river. These trips are receiving excellent publicity on national television. I had the opportunity to participate on one of the trips during my trip to Central America. Our trip, complete with an armed escort, was near the headwaters so the river was much cleaner, but still littered with trash at the high water mark. Words can not describe the scale of the work needed to change the habits of an entire population. We are fortunate; we must only contend with a few irresponsible recreational users rather than an uninformed population of polluters and we have organizations such as TU and CalTrout to fight the big legal battles.

Yes, the Rio Lempa has fish. Cuatro Ojos (Four Eyes) are about the size of sardines and can be seen skimming on top of the water for several feet before they disappear below the surface. No sight fishing here! They do have four eyes, two for in the water and two for out of the water. I don't know if they will take a fly, but this is definantly catch and release if you follow my meaning.

So, please come out to our next meeting to learn more about what TU is doing to help preserve and enhance our wonderful resources in California.





**Annual Banquet- Tuesday December 7th
6:30 to 9:00 PM**

**Admiral Baker Clubhouse
U.S. Navy Recreation Center**



**Come celebrate another successful year for San Diego Fly Fishers.
The price is only \$20 per person for a great buffet dinner in a
beautiful setting and a new, more convenient location.**

**The \$20 price includes a raffle ticket!
We will be raffling off TWO Saint Croix Ultra Legend 5wt Rods
and numerous other Great Prizes.**

Additional tickets may be purchased at the dinner for \$2.

**Sign-up at the Nov 1st meeting or at Stroud's Tackle.
Or use the attached mail in sheet (see next page):
Payment must be received prior to Nov 16th**

Spouses and guests are welcome!



SDFF Annual Banquet: Tuesday Dec 7, 6:30 to 9:00 PM
Join us for a big Buffet Dinner, Award Presentations
and a SPECIAL RAFFLE

Location

Admiral Baker Field is located just off Friars Road, approximately 1 mile east of Qualcomm Stadium.

Directions: From I -15 take Friars Road east!

After you pass over the top of the hill, there is a stoplight at Santo road. Turn left onto Santo Road and then make an immediate right into Adm. Baker Field. Follow that road straight around to the Golf Course Club house. There will be plenty of convenient parking!

Menu

Salads:

Tossed Fresh Garden Greens with Raspberry Vinaigrette or Ranch Dressing
Pasta primavera

Entrees:

Top Round of Beef
Chicken Napa

Accompaniments:

Parsley Buttered Potatoes
Medley of Fresh Vegetables

Desert assortment of pie, cake tarts, and more.

Mail in sign-up sheet

Name: _____

Guests Names: _____

Amount enclosed (\$20 per person): _____

Mail payment to:

Stroud's Tackle

1457 Morena Blvd

San Diego, CA 92110

Mark: "ATTN SDFF Annual Banquet"



The California Golden Trout Project

Earlier this year I wrote in this column suggesting volunteer action in support of the California Golden Trout Project. I wound up taking my own advice, and I am very glad I did. This year Cal Trout, Trout Unlimited (TU), the California Department of Fish and Game (DFG) and the U.S. Forest Service (USFS) have teamed up with additional financial support from Orvis' "Embrace a Stream Campaign" to do significant habitat and fishery conservation projects in the Golden Trout Wilderness. Located in the Inyo and Sequoia National Forests, on the headwaters of the South Fork of the Kern River, the Golden Trout Wilderness encompasses some of the most remote, picturesque and pristine wilderness left in the State. In 1996, on the eastern edge of Templeton Mountain, the DFG and the Forest Service re-constructed a deteriorating rock and gabion barrier using concrete, to prevent non-native trout (browns, rainbows and hybrids) from entering into the upper reaches of the Golden Trout habitat. Annually, DFG sends in monitoring teams to assess the effectiveness of the Templeton Barrier. This year TU and Cal Trout coordinated additional volunteer help to support the DFG / USFS efforts.

On Friday evening, Sept 24th, six



GARY STRAWN

volunteers, including **Warren Lew**, myself and my oldest son, Gary, met with seven DFG technicians and scientists at the Black Rock Campground, above Kennedy Meadows in the Inyo National Forest. At 7:30

Saturday

morning, after an evening of admiring the stars and getting acclimated to the 9,000 ft altitude, we readied our backpacks, loaded some of the heavier or bulkier items on the pack mules provided by USFS and prepared for the long trek into Templeton Meadows. Christy McGuire, the fishery biologist from the Kernville DFG office was the leader of the trip. She gave us a brief orientation and signed us up as temporary (unpaid) DFG employees. The trip started with a 1½ hour four wheel drive trip on the Monache jeep trail. This "road" is not for the faint of heart, and was made more exciting by the fact that it was the opening day of deer hunting season. At noon, we left the vehicles at the Bakeoven Trailhead and began what was supposed to be an 8¾ mile hike over several ridges into Templeton Meadows. The first three hours were tough. The trail was non-existent in

several areas due to downed trees, cattle grazing, lack of regular use and neglect. We spent a lot of energy "brush busting" over the ridges in a spread out line, looking for signs of the trail. About 2 1/2 miles in, the trail



became more discernable and we began to make good time. Most of us arrived at the campsite by about 5:30 PM just in time to unpack the mules, set up camp and begin preparing dinner.

I had survived the big hike in, pretty well! I was enjoying the pretty campsite, and doing a little fishing. The wild, native "Goldens" were small but beautiful and aggressive. Sunday morning we were all up at 6:30, shaking the ice off our tents and enjoying a big breakfast, when Christy told us we would be hiking out another 3 ½ miles to the Templeton Barrier. We would be carrying electro-fishing backpacks (35 to 40 lbs) or our regular

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California Golden Trout

continued from page 5

backpacks filled with spare batteries, rubber waders, rubber gloves, buckets, nets, lunches and filtered water. No rest for my weary feet and back! We electro-fished below the barrier. Three DFG operators worked the electro-fishers back and forth across the stream while four volunteers followed closely with nets. As the fish floated to the surface, temporarily stunned, we passed them up to the scientists on shore. Each fish was inspected and recorded. The browns were removed. The rainbow / golden hybrids had their adipose fin clipped to mark them. Then, they were returned to the stream. Some genetic samples were also taken. I was surprised at the number of fish and the huge size of the browns (the largest was 24 inches), in such a small stream. We were pleased to see how quickly the shocked fish recovered. Culling out the non-native browns was shown to be of value when we cleaned them for dinner and found several “Goldens” in each of their stomachs. Marking the hybrids below the barrier is done so that DFG can tell if any are getting past the barrier into the golden trout habitat, upstream. There are very few remaining “pure” Golden Trout due to cross breeding with the non-native rainbows. There are “pure” golden trout in Golden Trout Creek to the north, but all of the golden trout in the South Fork Kern River are hybridized with rainbow trout, to some degree. The hybridization decreases as you move upstream of the barriers, to the point that it was invisible to us. They were bright beautiful and wild. The current efforts of the DFG to prevent further infiltration of the golden trout habitat by invasive non-native trout,



The Templeton Barrier

though the use of barriers, is critical to their conservation.

After lunch we went back over the area below the barrier, netted even more browns and recaptured the 24 inchers that had done an amazing back flip out of the net on our first pass.

This time we used two nets to get him! Later we electro-fished the area above the barrier, just looking for hybrids with clipped fins or browns that got past the barrier. We found none: a good sign that the barrier is working as advertised. On the long trek back to camp we spent an hour or two fishing some great spots pointed out by the DFG biologists. Someone also pointed out that I was fishing while still wearing my backpack, filled with 25 pounds of gear and brown trout. I had been carrying it so long I just forgot about it.

On following days we electro-fished areas along Strawberry Creek, another 3 ½ mile hike

from camp. DFG is concerned the invasive trout may be able to get around the barrier via Strawberry Creek, if this area floods in a high water year. Currently, years of drought have dried up much of these headwaters thus removing the invasive fish naturally. I spent Monday afternoon working with the fishery

biologist from the USFS Bishop office, surveying the diversion canals at the now abandoned Templeton Cow Camp. It is believed they could possibly provide a way for fish to circumvent the barrier.

Wednesday morning we volunteers packed up to leave. The DFG folks stayed on to do fish population estimates. But, before we left, one of the young DFG Scientific Aids suggested we hike a mile or so further up stream



Electro-fishing below the barrier

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California Golden Trout

continued from page 6

to Ramshaw Meadows, to fish. It was incredibly beautiful, and Warren immediately got into a pile of anxious “Goldens”. He was kind enough to let me encroach on his territory. There were lots of fish for all, and we stayed too long. It was after noon when we finally started our hike out. This time we made it in less than four hours, even though, once again, the trail disappeared several times.

This trip was an incredible adventure! Just picture five days of beautiful fall weather in the High Sierra Wilderness. We learned a lot from the DFG and USFS biologists, and we did a lot of hard work protecting our endangered California Golden Trout. There was lots of good food. We all helped in the preparation and clean up, and we had a great time telling stories around the big campfire. We got in plenty of great fishing. I even caught a dozen or so bright “Goldens” on a 75 year old cane rod, I had refurbished with the help of Bill Stroud.



24 inch brown trout: a big invasive predator was removed. We ate him for dinner!

Bright, wild, “Golden” Trout above the Templeton Barrier on the South Fork of the Kern River

I wouldn’t trade the experience, and it is definitely something I would like to

do again. Also, there are other volunteer opportunities to help DFG conserve the Golden Trout and their habitat, that require less time and a lot less hiking.



National Hunting and Fishing Day

continued from page 1

word about his Chollas Lake project, including pulling aside *San Diego Union-Tribune* outdoors writer, Ed Zieralski, who was there covering the event.

Jim, Dave, Jon and Art also put on

occasional mini-casting clinics. These four put on a very good program, which also included participants having the opportunity to wave a wand at the still water of Lake Murray.

Ai Nguyen, AIM Marine was the hero of the day, donating 100 rods for the Kid’s Fishing Contest. Ai is an active member of the San Diego

Council of Bass Clubs.

Once again, we were welcomed contributors to the day, and with ambassadors like Lee, Jon, Jim, Art, Joe and Robert, the San Diego Fly Fishers continued to make a lot of friends in the outdoor sports community. *(See photos of event on page 11).*



Quotes

“All Americans believe that they are born fishermen. For a man to admit distaste for fishing would be like denouncing mother-love and hating moonlight”-- Steinbeck 1954

(From the FFF Clubwire News)





JACK BENTLEY

**Any Questions?
Call Jack Bentley at**

More information will follow in the next months. If anyone wants information on fishing destinations, contact me.

SDFP Trip Schedule for 2005

1. Green River, May 9th-14th

This is our most popular trip. Sign up to reserve your spot. 3 fishing days or 4 fishing days available. Estimated cost of 3 or 4 days of guided fishing:

3-day fishing \$1,280 or 4-day fishing \$1,550.

Walking and fishing is available with no guide, but as the water fluctuates, the boats are more productive. Select either 3-day or 4-day fishing proposed above.

2. Alaska King Salmon, June 24-July 2nd

Nushagak River

Estimated cost: \$3,800

Contact Louie Zimm

3. Saltery Lake Lodge, September 10th-18th

This year's drought was atypical and we are planning to have the lodge to ourselves (Maximum 12 people).

Estimated cost: \$3,200

Contact Louie Zimm

Ten Common Fishing Terms You Need To Know

(Taken from East Jersey TU/FFF
newsletter - Riffles)

Catch and Release - A conservation action that happens most often right before the local Conservation Officer pulls over a boat that has caught over its limit.

Hook - (1) A curved piece of metal used to catch fish. (2) A clever advertisement to entice a fisherman to spend his life savings on a new rod and reel. (3) The punch administered by the fisherman's wife after he spends their life savings on the rod and reel.

Line - Something you give your co-workers when they ask how your fishing went the past weekend.

Lure - An object that is semi-enticing to fish, but will drive an angler into such a frenzy that he will charge his credit card to the limit before exiting the tackle shop.

Reel - A weighted object that causes a rod to sink quickly when dropped overboard.

Rod - An attractively painted length of fiberglass that keeps an angler from ever getting too close to a fish.

School - A group in which fish are taught to avoid your \$29.99 lures and

hold out for Spam instead.

Tackle - What your last catch did to you as you reeled him in, but just before he wrestled free and jumped back overboard.

Tackle Box - A box shaped alarmingly like your first aid kit. But, a tackle box contains many sharp objects, so when you reach blindly into the wrong box to get a Band Aid, you soon find that you need more than one.

Test - (1) The amount of strength a fishing line affords an angler when fighting fish in a specific weight range. (2) A measure of your creativity in blaming "that darn line" for once again losing the fish.





ED VELTON

A FISH STORY

After about a dozen drops an exciting thing happened. As I dropped a crappie into the water a big bass came clear out of the water and ate the crappie. Big splash. Lots of “Ohhs” and “Ahhs”. Nothing happened on the release of the next 4 or 5 but then it occurred again. Lots of thrashing and splashing and more “Ohhs”, and “Ahhs”. By this time I had attracted an army of small

boys—well 4 or 5 is more like it. They were all pretty excited; me too.

And then it occurred to me that maybe I shouldn’t bring in the crappie and drop it unattached into the water but to leave it on the hook and guide it under the pier. That’s just what I did and “WHAM”, the ole bass hit the crappie, knocked it off the hook and into the air and impaled himself on the hook.

My small army of boys and I went roaring up and down the pier; anywhere the bass took us. It was a ball. One kid had me by the belt and was trying to direct me along the pier. Another really tiny fellow kept trying to take my pole away from me. Guess

he didn’t think I could land the fish (I didn’t either). A third just ran up and down the pier yelling incoherently. Couldn’t understand a word he was saying. Well, this went on for about 5 minutes or so until I got the bass to the shallow end of the pier and asked the little guy to lift it onto the deck. He tried but got rattled every time the bass splashed around. So the “yeller” boy stepped in and landed the bass.

After Jane took a picture — see photo — I started to put the bass back in the water but my army told me otherwise. I gave it to the little guy and off they went. First here. Then there. And god knows where after that. Later on I saw a fisherman with the bass. He said it weighed 5 1/2 lbs. Guess the boys got tired and gave it away.

I got to tell you that this was a unique experience. Naturally the next day I dragged every crappie I caught under that dumb pier, along with lots of other old men; nothing, absolutely nothing, happened. About all I can say is that bass are unpredictable.

It’s just a fish story. The kind that brings you back again and again.

Took a vacation with Jane to Oregon. Toured the sights. Viewed the beautiful cliffs and beaches. Saw covered bridges. Visited lumber Barons’ homes. Watched people net crab. Saw them clean big salmon. Ate great sea food. And did a little fishing too; in Eel Lake at Tugman State park and on the Umqua.

One day after driving up the Umqua we had an hour before dinner so we stopped at Tugman and I took Jane’s pole, rigged with 3 power worms and fished for little bass and crappie from the fishing pier. Caught 1 or 2 crappie on just about every cast. Dropped them in the water, under the pier, just below me.



Dave Barry

Catching trout on the fly isn't blooping easy

There comes a time when a man must go into the wilderness and face one of Mankind's oldest, and most feared enemies: trout.

For me, that time came recently in Idaho, where I go every summer. Many people think Idaho is nothing but potato farms, but nothing could be further from the truth: There are also beet farms.

No, seriously, Idaho is a beautiful state that offers - to quote Emerson - "nature out the bazooty." This includes many rivers and streams that allegedly teem with trout. I say "allegedly" because until recently I never saw an actual trout, teeming or otherwise. People were always pointing at the water and saying, "Look! Trout!" But I saw nothing. I wondered if these people were like that creepy boy in "The Sixth Sense" who had the supernatural ability to see trout.

Anyway, on this Idaho trip my friend Ron Ungerman - and "Ungerman" is NOT a funny name, so let's not draw attention to it - persuaded me to go trout fishing. We purchased fishing licenses and hired a guide named Susanne, who is German but promised us that she would not be too strict.

Susanne had me and Ron Ungerman (Ha ha!) put on rubber waders, which serve two important purposes: (1) they cause your legs to sweat; and (2) they make you look like Nerd Boy from the Planet Dork. Then we hiked through

roughly 83 miles of aromatic muck to a spot on the Wood River that literally throbbed with trout. I, of course, did not see them, but I did see a lot of blooping on the water surface, which Susanne assured us was caused by trout.

But there was a problem. To catch trout, you have to engage in "fly casting," a kind of fishing that is very challenging, and here I am using "challenging" in the sense of "idiotic." When I was a boy, I fished with a worm on a hook, and it always worked, and I will tell you why: Fish are not rocket scientists. They see a worm, and in their tiny brains they think, "Huh! This is something I have never seen before underwater! I had better eat it!"

But with "fly casting," you wade into the river and attempt to place a "fly" - a furry little hook thingy weighing slightly less than a hydrogen atom - on top of the water right where the trout are blooping. You do this by waving your fishing rod back and forth, using the following rhythm, as explained to us (I am not making this up) by, Susanne: "CO-ca CO-la, CO-ca CO-la." On your third CO-la, you point your arm forward, and the "fly," in a perfect imitation of nature, lands on your head. Or sometimes it forms itself into a snarl that cannot be untangled without the aid of a chain saw AND a flamethrower.

At least that's what kept happening

to me and my friend Ron Ungerman. (Yes! "Ungerman!") We stood there for hours, waving our rods and going CO-ca CO-la, but most of the time we were not getting our flies anywhere near the blooping. The trout were laughing so hard at us that they considered evolving legs so they could crawl onto land and catch their breath.

But Susanne was a good teacher, and very patient, and finally, just when I thought I would never ever catch a trout, it happened: I got a citation for not having my fishing license with me. Really. I left the license back in the car. The Idaho Fish and Game official who cited me was very polite, and so was I, because he was wearing a sidearm. I considered asking him if I could borrow it to shoot a trout, but there's probably some rule against THAT, too. As the day wore on, our efforts - "CO-ca CO-la; CO-ca CO-la" - took on an air of desperation, because it was becoming clear that Susanne, a true professional, was NOT going to let us leave until we caught a blooping fish. So you can imagine how blooping happy we were when Ron (Ungerman) finally managed to haul in a trout.

Later, Ron and I agreed that it had been a lot of fun, and we would definitely never do it again. So to any trout reading this column, I say: You are safe from us. And to the Idaho Fish and Game Department, I say: You'll never take me alive.

KNIGHT RIDDER NEWS SERVICE



San Diego Fly Fishers Participate in National Hunting & Fishing Day



Fishing derby winner.



Jim Reeg demonstrates the perfect cast.

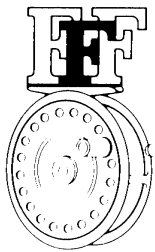


SDFFF volunteers (left to right) Lee McElravy, Jim Tenuto, David Collins, Jim Reeg, Art Reifman.



M.C. Jim Tenuto.





From the FFF Clubwire News

by Dave Rosset-From Lines & Leaders, newsletter of
the Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association

Woolly Buggers Do They Get the Respect They Deserve?

I have to admit that I like woolly buggers. So much so that there are times that I have to force myself not to use them. If there was a 12 step program for habitual Woolly Bugger chuckers, I'd be one of the first to sign up. Hello! My name is Dave and I fish Woolly Buggers. Welcome Dave! What I can't figure out is why outside of the warm water environment Woolly Buggers don't get much respect. After all it's probably one of the first flies everyone including trout fisherman learn to tie. And invariably when someone asks what's your favorite fly? Or if you had only one fly...? The woolly bugger seems to be right there with an Adams, or a Cahill or Elk hair caddis. Or even a Gold Rib Hares Ear. In their book *Flies and Fly Fishing for Bluegills* by Terry and Roxanne Wilson, the Woolly Bugger is on their list of favorite flies. In fact, they mention that a friend of theirs fishes it almost exclusively for bluegills. My kind of guy.

Still there are those who snub their nose at the woolly bugger. You know the guys I'm talking about. Mention a Woolly Bugger to an upstream and dry guy and you're sure to get a look of disdain. And let me tell you, those down stream and wet soft hackle folks are almost as bad. I just don't get it. Why I'm sure I even saw one of those guys trying to qualify for the Great Outdoor Games using a woolly bugger. Although I think he was trying to be

sneaky about it. When asked what fly he caught it on all he said was that it was something that he had found in his box that based on the current conditions he felt would be the most productive pattern. Yea right. I'll bet it was a Woolly Bugger and he was just too proud to admit it.

And as far as books are concerned, I've yet to see any written specifically dedicated to the old W.B. Well I have a few suggestions. *The Woolly Bugger in Fast Water. Thirty Years of Woolly Buggers. Standing in a River Fishing a Woolly Bugger.* Or how about. *Down and Dirty with a Woolly Bugger?* Of course there are those that are far better writers out there than I am, so I have provided you with the titles and you can build from there.

I like tying Woolly Buggers. They're easy and don't require a whole lot of skill. This in my case is a blessing. You can tie them in all different sizes and color combinations. Weighted or un-weighted. Of all the combinations I have tied and tried my favorite and the one I have the most confidence in is a black/olive tied on #8 9672 Mustad hook, with .020 lead wrapped on the shank and some crystal flash in the tail. I like fishing with and have had so much success with this particular fly that I have had to force myself to not fish it from time to time.

On a recent vacation out west, I had some apprehensions about doing any fishing. I even tried to get out of it by suggesting to my wife that since this was our vacation, I didn't want to take time away from doing things together by me going fishing. Not being much of a trout guy, my real reason was so as not to embarrass myself on a stream or river. Fortunately or unfortunately, depending how you look at it, my darling wife insisted that I should bring along my fly tackle. Because we had decided to visit Yellowstone National Park, it was there that I decided I would, if time permitted, do some trout fishing. In all honesty, I thought myself a fool if I did not fish in one if not several of its famous streams and or rivers. Fortunately for me it was terrestrial time so fly selection would be relatively easy. It was after wandering into one of several of West Yellowstone's fly fishing shops that all my apprehensions fell away like leaves falling from the trees in autumn. On every stream conditions board hung on the wall of every shop we went into, right up there listed with various hopper patterns was Woolly Buggers! Hooray! I was safe and I had some in my fly box.

So it was there in the early evening as the sun was setting that I found myself, standing in the Madison River fishing a Woolly Bugger waving a stick.



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**Loomis GLX
9ft., 5 wt., 2 pc rod**

**Lightly used
and latest model**

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Cutoff date for **December FINNY FACTS**
articles---**Friday November 12th**

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

You can E-mail at Thanks!!

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

Gordie Zimm

LIFE MEMBERS

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

HONORARY MEMBERS

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

Winners of the:

GORDON FOSTER MEMORIAL AWARD

For unselfish and outstanding service
to the flyfishing community

1991-Ned Sewell
1992-Bob Camp
1993-Bill & Eileen Stroud
1994-Ed Velton
1995-Bob Wisner
1996-Gary Hilbers
1997-Jack Bentley
1998-Gordie Zimm
1999-Gretchen Yearous
2000-Tom Smith
2001-Rose & Roger Yamasaki
2002-Larry Sorensen
2003-Jim Tenuto



SAN DIEGO FLY FISHERS 2004 OFFICERS

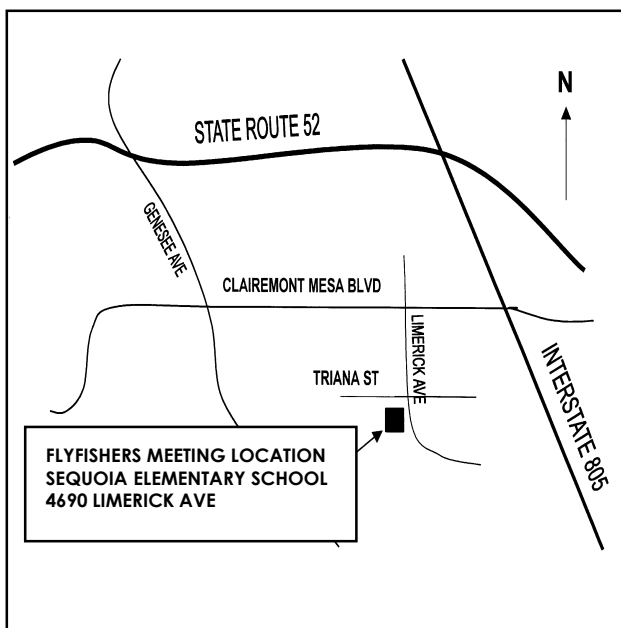
President- George Gates
1st VP- Larry Sorensen
2nd VP- Louie Zimm
Treasurer- Lee McElravy
Secretary- Paul Woolery

DIRECTORS

Jim Castelluzzo
 Warren Lew
 Ron Meler
 Jim Reeg
 Art Reifman
 Gary Strawn
 Gordie Zimm

COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSONS

Conservation-
 Gary Strawn
FFF Southwest Council-
 Ron Meler
Fly Casting Clinic- Ned
 Sewell and John Kasten
Fly Tying Clinic-
 Gary Hilbers
Membership-
 Gordie Zimm
Member of the Month-
 Open
Monthly Weekend Outings-
 Dick Mount



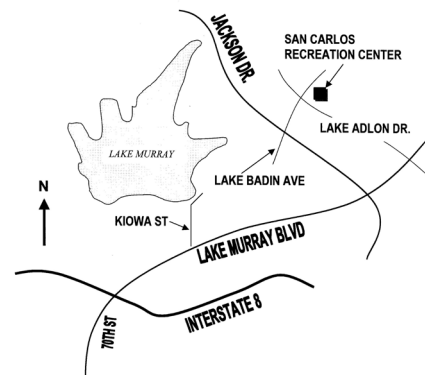
Newsletter CoEditors-
 Rose & Roger Yamasaki
 5415 Lodi Place, San Diego
 92117, 858-274-2712
 E-mail:

Programs- Jim Castelluzzo
Club Biologist-
 Bob Wisner
Raffles- Larry Sorensen
Refreshments-
 Maria Goldman

Rod Building- Tom Smith
Trips-
 Jack Bentley,
Video & Library-
 John Beckstrand and
 Howard Knop
Web Page- David Collins
www.sandiegoflyfishers.com
Women's Education
Focus-
 Gretchen Yearous

Meeting Place for Workshops

San Carlos Recreation Center near Lake Murray. (We no longer meet at the Lake Murray Water Training Facility at Lake Murray). The address is 6445 Lake Badin Ave. To get there from Hwy. 8, take the Lake Murray Blvd. exit just like you were going to the lake. Instead of turning into Kiowa, keep going on Lake Murray Blvd. another 1.6 miles. When you come to Lake Adlon Drive, (first corner past Jackson Dr.) turn left. Go down three blocks and the recreation center will be on your right. It is on the corner of Lake Adlon and Lake Badin.



San Diego Flyfishers Headquarters
 Stroud Tackle
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 San Diego, CA 92110
 619-276-4822

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**San Diego
Fly Fishers**

*Official Chapter of
Federation of Fly Fishers*

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