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IN MEMORIAM:

BILL O'KELLY

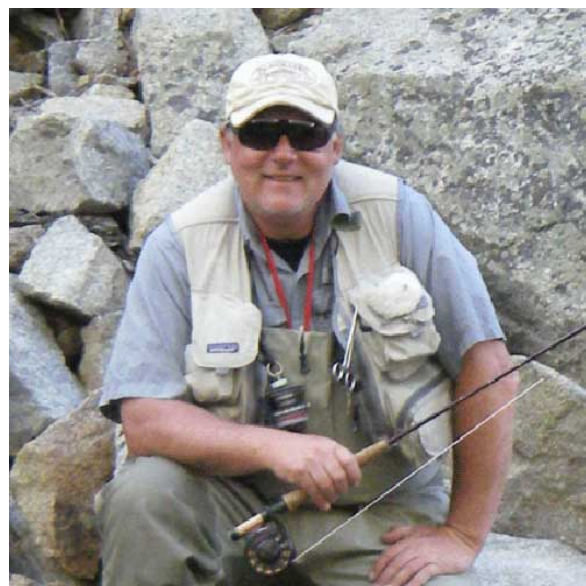
See pages 4-5

Zoom General Meeting: THURSDAY, SEPT 17

THE ORIGIN OF THE GOLDEN TROUT with STEVE SCHALLA

by Marshall Bissett

In this unusual year, our September Auction and Fundraiser has been postponed until March of 2021 and replaced with a special guest speaker on September 17th at 7.00pm. Local favorite Steve Schalla, well known for his detailed maps of the Eastern Sierra and as President of the FFI Southwest Council, will show us where to find, catch (and release!) the native golden trout, one of California's treasured species. This program will appeal to anyone who loves the outdoors with camera or fly rod in hand.



(Program continued on next page)

GENERAL MEETING (CONT.)

(Program continued from page 1)

STEVE SCHALLA ON HIS FAVORITE TOPIC

A lot of us enjoy fly fishing due to the surroundings we find ourselves. We are outdoorsmen that love the fresh air, enjoy a strenuous hike, and take in the visual stimulation of being close to nature. You can be a birdwatcher, amateur entomologist, geology buff, naturalist, or photographer. Fly fishing gets us to areas that trigger many interests.

An area close to us in Southern California is the Golden Trout Wilderness. This area is unique to the Sierra Nevada in that it was the only area that evolved three subspecies of our State Fish, the Golden Trout. Besides being one of the most beautiful fish in the world, the Golden Trout has adapted to changing conditions for thousands of years. Like the canary within the mines, the Golden Trout has also been an indicator as to how we impact our streams and watersheds through management of our watersheds.

My program will cover a natural and cultural history of the Golden Trout Wilderness. We will look at how the Sierra Nevada mountains formed, impacts from glaciation and volcanos, introduction of fish species, and how those fish populations adapted to their watershed. From the cultural side, we will look at how timber, mining, and water interests have impacted the species.

Many of you are familiar with my website <https://flyfishingthesierra.com>. It is filled with maps and other tidbits, such as fly tying tutorials. Basically, it is a repository for all the things I've been learning about this activity for the past 20 years. My goal has been to create regional maps covering all of the waters of the Sierra. These maps show fish species, fishless areas, access trails, fishing regulations, and permit needs. Also a hatch chart with a suggested fly selection. Recently, I just finished all of the regional maps, but like most things in life, it will always need some tweaking.

My background is as a graduate Forester from Cal with an emphasis on Botany from UCSB. I established reforestation nurseries in Calif, Oregon, and Washington and grew close to 45 million seedlings for replanting many of our forests. Currently, I am the President of the Southwest Council Fly Fishers International. Looking forward to meeting all of you.

CLICK ON THIS LINK AT 7.00 PM ON SEPTEMBER 17TH :

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/84742397960>



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Richard Ress

Writing this column gets harder every month, as the pandemic restrictions wear on. Those of us lucky enough to have a place to safely stay, or brave enough to trust the efforts of motels and lodges, have managed to go fishing. I'm told it has been good, especially



earlier in the season before summer hoards descended, ignoring masks and social distancing in search of some kind of normality. The rest of us have had to be content with Zoom meetings, tying flies, practicing casting and reorganizing our gear. Throughout

these months I have studiously avoided the elephant in the room, politics, but with the election looming I can't hold back any longer.

Our club has members on both sides of the political spectrum, some vociferously so. I've managed to have civilized discourse with many of them. While we see the world through very different lenses we have been able to keep the divisions at bay, mostly by not talking about them and that's the problem. While one side sees peaceful protests sometimes hijacked by rioters and looters, the other sees a complete breakdown of civil society; as one side wants to protect everyone with masks and social distancing (How I hate that phrase!) the other wants to ignore all restrictions and let the chips fall where they may so people can earn a living and enjoy life again.

An interesting article in the NY Times on June 30, "Why You're Probably Not So Great at Risk Assessment" reflected on risk; how much we are, or should be, willing to accept and for what benefit. It makes the point that it's not all or none. I've seen this in my own career, making such decisions every

time I prescribed a medication or treatment. Every choice entails risk, so a sober assessment of benefit versus harm is necessary. Having dinner outdoors with a few people carries some, but not a lot, of risk; going to a bar with an unmasked crowd of strangers carries a lot of risk. Here I will express my personal bias, and I know not all will agree: having a political rally with unmasked supporters crowded together and shouting is irresponsible and encourages others to do the same. Whether the benefit of electing the candidate you prefer is worth that risk is for you to decide.

I am going to end my moratorium on fishing next month by spending a weekend at Hot Creek Ranch. I understand that there is some risk of exposure, but I have determined that, with as much sanitizer and separation as we can manage, it will be worth it. That's my choice. I hope you will make your own choices wisely, keeping in mind the risk versus benefit of each action.

Stay safe and tight lines for all of us.

DIRECTORS & COMMITTEE CHAIRS

President.....	Richard Ress
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Programs.....	Marshall Bissett
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SWCFFI Representative.....	Tom Wright
Technical Advisor	Aran Dokovna
Web Master.....	Ren Colantoni
Women's Programs	Catrina White

IN MEMORIAM: BILL O'KELLY

Editor's Note

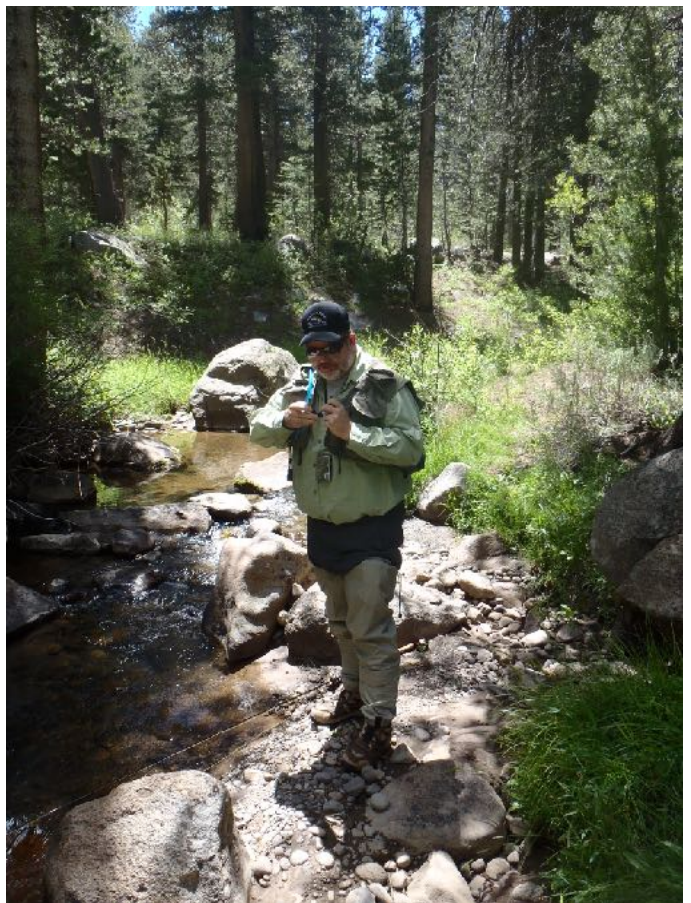
As most of you know, our dear friend and past President Bill O'Kelly passed away on August 12. He joined SPFF in 2000 and served as President from 2011 to 2014. Bill then went on to serve as President of the Southwest Council of the FFI before stepping down due to his battle with cancer.

Bill was introduced to fly fishing when he took a UCLA extension class titled Learn to Fly Fish taught by the late Neal Taylor. He is the only angler I have encountered who also collected signed fishing books, though his collection of around 700 signed books and brochures totally eclipsed my meager collection.

Bill is survived by his wife Kelly and his children Conor and Caitlin.

THOUGHTS ON BILL BY DEBBIE SHARPTON

I consider myself lucky to have spent several years working on conservation with Bill when he was the Sierra Pacific Flyfishers president. We shared an admiration for native fish. Bill not only loved native fish, he did something about it. SPFF had raised considerable revenue during his tenure, and Bill was always taking the lead to direct donations towards projects and organizations that supported native fish recovery. His passion for fly fishing took him to remote places providing refuge to native fish. I was fortunate enough to have Bill along for a Lahontan cutthroat trout outing on Wolf Creek. Bill and I fished for LCT so CDFW biologist Dawne Emery could clip a small piece of fin for their genetics study. We fished, laughed and talked. I learned a lot about Bill that trip, and I always admired his outlook on life. Bill was a courageous man, and I will miss his smile and laughter, and hugs.



(Continued on next page)

IN MEMORIAM: BILL O'KELLY (CONT.)

THOUGHTS ON BILL BY LEIGH ANN CRAVEN-SWANSON

"A great soul serves everyone all the time. A great soul never dies. It brings us together again and again." — Maya Angelou

When I think of Bill, I smile, and my mind wanders back to a day spent fishing or not fishing DePuy Spring Creek in Montana. On that day, not a single fish was caught, but memories were made and friendships forged.

When we set out to fish the creek that afternoon, the sky grew dark with clouds and lightning roared across the summer sky. Fearing for our safety, we sought sanctuary in a drafty wooden shed along the water's edge. It was here that I got to know Bill O'Kelly. Our group talked for hours about life, about

fishing, and the FFI. Laughter and joy filled the air that day, and we all

knew it would be a day we would never forget. Bill was a special man who brought optimism to even the worst of situations. I have learned so much from his quiet courage and patient perseverance.

One of the great gifts of fly fishing is the friends we gather along the way. My heart is broken as I write this today, but I also feel blessed to have had the chance to know Bill. He was a man full of fervor, dedication, and commitment. His enthusiasm for fly tying, fly casting, Sierra Pacific Fly Fishers and the FFI was contagious. He was always a delight to be around and willingly shared his talents with all of us at the Southwest Council. He will be missed. Yet, a part of him will live in our hearts forever. Every time I think of him, I will see his smiling face and remember his great soul.



MEMBERSHIP

by Jay Bushore

The members of Sierra Pacific Flyfishers look forward to meeting you. We hope to get to know you better at the monthly dinner Meetings, in our educational programs and on the water. New membership signup is at spff.org/New_Member_Signup. SPFF always welcomes new members. Please welcome and introduce yourselves to our latest new members:

Cece Rubin
Matt Rubin
Stephen Graham

MEDIA SPECTACULAR CALL FOR PROGRAMS

by Glenn Short

Please consider creating a presentation to share your fly fishing adventures at our virtual Dinner Meeting on December 17, 2020. You have over three months to create your program—get started today!

We plan to show videos and slide shows illustrating the escapades of our SPFF members since our last Media Show in September 2019. You can prepare a digital slide show or short video of your adventures using a presentation program on your computer, with or without sound. Please keep your show to approximately 5 minutes length.

If you are using a Windows PC you can use PowerPoint or MovieMaker, on a Mac you can use Keynote or iMovie. More information on submitting your program will follow. If you can contribute a slide show, a short video or have questions, please email Glenn Short <glenn.short@gmail.com> with your topic, format and approximate length of your program or to ask questions.

We are looking forward to seeing where you've been and what you've been catching. If you can't submit a show, be sure to join the meeting anyway — we miss you! We can still enjoy a drink or two and a meal together.

SPFF EVENT CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

(subject to status of COVID-19 Pandemic)

Virtual Fly Tying Session on ZOOM	2
Board Meeting	3
California Free Fishing Day	5
Casting Clinic @ Lake Balboa	5
Virtual Fly Tying Session on ZOOM	9
Virtual Fly Tying Session on ZOOM	16
General Meeting on ZOOM ("The Origin of the Golden Trout" with Steve Schalla)....	17
Casting Clinic @ Lake Balboa.....	19
Virtual Fly Tying Session on ZOOM	23
Virtual Fly Tying Session on ZOOM	30

OCTOBER

(subject to status of COVID-19 Pandemic)

Board Meeting (Remote)	1
Casting Clinic @ Lake Balboa	3
General Meeting on ZOOM.....	15
Casting Clinic @ Lake Balboa	17
SWC FFI Fall Meeting (Remote).....	17
Nymphing Clinic	23-25

NOVEMBER

(subject to status of COVID-19 Pandemic)

Board Meeting (Remote)	5
Casting Clinic @ Lake Balboa	7
General Meeting on ZOOM.....	19
Casting Clinic @ Lake Balboa	21



PEBBLE MINE UPDATE

by Debbie Sharpton

News Flash! Back in July, 2020 Pebble Mine received the green light from the US Army Corps of Engineers in its "final" environmental analysis of the proposed open pit mine. The Army Corps of Engineers concluded that the mine "would not be expected to have a measurable effect on fish numbers" or "result in long-term changes to the health of the commercial fisheries." The project, the size of 460 football fields would heap tailings on 2,800 acres behind dams and 10 miles of stream! That's not a measurable impact?

Fast forward to August 2020 – the US Army, the agency that oversees the Army Corp of Engineers, said that the Trump administration supported the mining industry for its jobs and minerals, but that the project "would likely result in significant adverse effects on the aquatic system or human environment." The mine would "cause unavoidable adverse impacts" on more than 3,800 acres of wetlands, open waters and streams, David Hobbie, the Corps' regulatory chief in Anchorage, wrote in a letter to the mining company, Pebble Limited Partnership.

The Pebble Mine project was halted by President Obama. After he left office the project came to life again under President Trump. Bristol Bay is one of the most productive marine ecosystems in the world and home to the world's largest salmon fishery.

SPFF LIBRARY

by Tom Wright

Learn more about fly fishing. Please visit our vast Fly Fishing Library online at [spff.org/Library Catalog](http://spff.org/LibraryCatalog).

SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

by Erwin Goldbloom,
Scholarship Chairman

Below are partial bios for our two most recent scholarship recipients:

EMILY NAGAMOTO

Newbury Park High School GPA Weighted 4.7
Got all A's except one B+ in 1B Mathmetics HL
(whatever that is)

Duke University bound; Major: Environmental Science

Desired Occupational Goal: Environmental Analyst/Research

Volunteer: Children's Hunger Fund; Sustainable Energy Alliance (founding member)

Girl's State Participant; U of Houston Energy and Sustainability Summer Workshop Participant
Letters of Recommendation were raves.

MASON APKE

Ashland, Massachusetts (I do not know how he found out about the scholarship)

Ashland High School; GPA 3.5; heading to Utah State Univ.; Major: Environmental Science

Desired Occupational Goal: "Something in Fisheries and Wildlife" (his quote)

Works in a Plant Nursery

Is an Avid Fly Fisherman

Has had a website since 16 yrs old where he sells his flies: MAflies.com



TAKING STOCK

by Chris Wood (reprinted with permission from the Summer 2020 issue of Trout Unlimited's Trout)

[CHRIS WOOD]

Taking Stock



In the late 1990s, I worked for the U.S. Forest Service. We were working to protect the remaining roadless areas on national forest lands across the country.

Over two years, the Forest Service held hundreds of public meetings around the country that sparked intense debate. In 2001, we came out with a policy that protected more than 58 million acres of roadless public lands from development.

It should have been a huge deal for anglers and hunters, but their voices were largely absent. Anglers and hunters were the nation's first conservationists more than a century ago. Twenty years ago, however, they were missing. They had become taken for granted by one political party, and generally forgotten by the other.

I am proud of the role that Trout Unlimited played in educating, organizing and mobilizing hunters and anglers as conservation advocates over the past two decades. Whether it was protecting 1.8 million acres of the Wyoming Range from energy development, designating the Rio Grande National Monument, or securing protections for the Frank and Jeanne Moore wild steelhead sanctuary, sportswomen and men are once again driving significant gains in land and water protection.

Today, we face an even greater challenge. The killing of George Floyd triggered a long simmering and overdue reckoning of racism, inequity and injustice in America. I know what you are thinking: "I am NOT racist, and neither is Trout Unlimited!" But, 97 percent of Trout Unlimited members benefit from being white. Over the past 30 years, every time a policeman has pulled me over, I deserved to be pulled over. Senator Tim Scott (R-SC), who is about the same age as me but is African-American, has been stopped for no reason dozens of times, including seven times in one year.

Demographers tell us that America will become "minority white" in 25 years. Today, people of color represent 20 percent of the fly-fishing community, but only three percent are TU members. Women represent more than 30 percent of the fly-fishing demographic, but only six percent are TU members. We not only do not reflect America, we do not even reflect the fly-fishing community! Until we do, we will be less effective than we should be.

Just as we helped anglers and hunters to regain their conservation footing, we can play an important role in making our organization, and the conservation community, more equitable, diverse and inclusive. I think about the Maryland chapter and their annual CityCatch event, where dozens of kids of color learn to fish and get to keep their rods. What is the extra step we can take to work with their parents to engage those kids as members and future conservation advocates?

For one, next year we will establish internships with historically black colleges and universities to provide opportunities for young women and men who are traditionally underrepresented at TU. Also, I am directing staff to ensure we focus our business for gear and supplies on women and minority-owned businesses.

These are small steps, and we have a long way to go. But enough small steps will take us a great distance. Let us agree to listen, learn and change. As members and leaders of TU, I ask you to think about steps that you can take to make our organization more diverse and inclusive.

Chris Wood

FISHING REPORT: WIND RIVERS PACK TRIP

by Ed Swanson

"The Mountains are calling and I must go..." (John Muir) For years my wife Leigh Ann and I talked about a pack trip into Wyoming's Wind River Range of the Rocky Mountains to fish in some of its remote mountain lakes. This August it became a reality when we undertook a four-day trip into the Winds with three friends.

The trip began with a long truck ride north of Pinedale, Wyoming to the trail head, where the mules were unloaded, the gear and food was packed, and each rider was introduced to his or her mule for the trip. We then were ready to begin the real journey, led by our outstanding

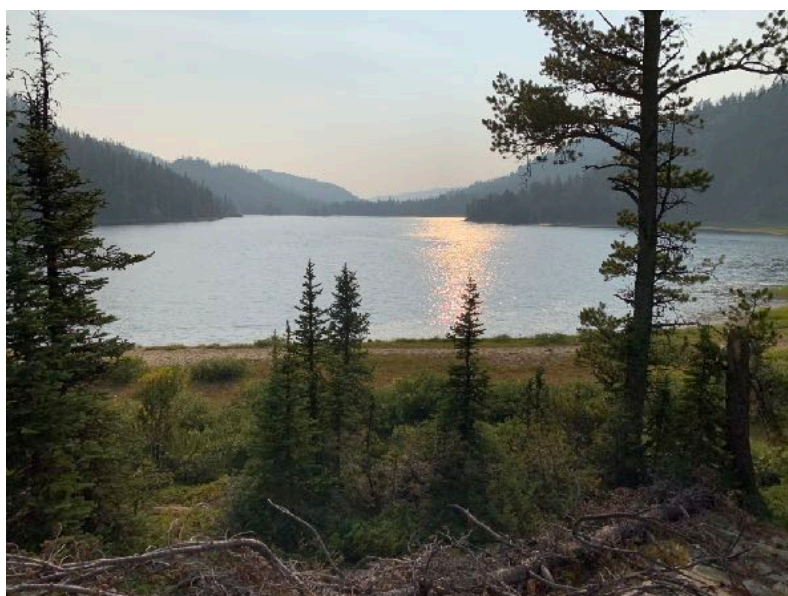
guide, Justin Wright, and accompanied by his assistant Colin and cook, Kristen. We rode for more than three hours, climbing through meadows, creeks and a seemingly endless number of steep slopes.

The scenery was majestic, but the ride became a bit painful for this greenhorn. Eventually we descended into a meadow that hugged a pristine lake nestled among the mountain peaks. This would be our base camp for the trip. Perhaps as a reward for enduring the long and arduous ride, dinner the first night was steaks.



We set up our tent under some pine trees just overlooking the meadow, wondering why Justin, Colin and Kristen set up their tents far away. We found out why that night, as the mules (hobbled but otherwise permitted to roam free and graze) periodically came marching and munching around the tent. They were very, VERY, loud.

After an amazing breakfast the next day (our cook really knew her business), we were on the mules again, sometimes following a trail up and down the rugged terrain and sometimes bushwhacking when the trail was blocked by fallen trees. We eventually reached a beautiful small lake at nearly 11,000 ft. altitude. The lake was teeming with gorgeous, large cutthroat trout just begging to eat an artificial fly. Anglers' Heaven! The ride back to base camp was just as treacherous as it had been going the other way, but somehow I managed to stay on my mule.



We fished two more lakes on the trip, then retraced our steps back to the edge of civilization. On several occasions I was certain I was about to fly off my mule and break one or two limbs or worse, but only a few scratches and bruises on my head suggested anything dangerous had taken place. While I will never be much of a rider, and always was extremely sore after a long ride, the trip was a dream come true, and I would gladly undertake the adventure again. The total absence of people and signs of civilization, a night sky

FISHING REPORT: WIND RIVERS PACK TRIP (CONT.)

exploding with stars, the serenade of a nearby coyote pack, not to mention amazing fishing, made this an adventure I will never forget.

The Pack trip would not have been such a success if not for our amazing guide, Justin Wright of Mule Shoe Outfitters (muleshoeoutfitters.com) at Kendall Valley Lodge (www.kendallvalleylodge.com) near the headwaters of the Green River. Justin, to me, is the modern incarnation of the original Mountain Man. Even when we needed to abandon the trail, he knew exactly where to go and how to get us there, and always had a quiet self-assurance that allowed me to feel safe and secure. Colin and Kristen rounded out the trio of professionals who helped make the trip so special, and it was sad at the end of the trip to say goodbye to the three.



We were extremely fortunate during our pack trip. Every day was sunny and warm, and the nights were chilly but not freezing. Campfires were prohibited due to the fire danger, but the lack of rain and frigid temperatures more than offset this minor disappointment. (A week after our trip, we encountered both freezing temperatures at night and rain storms in the Pinedale area, which reminded us of our good fortune on our pack trip.)



Before closing, I'd like to say a few words about my mule Otis. Otis ate his way from one destination to another throughout the trip, seemingly gaining weight along the way despite my constant attempts to keep him focused on walking. Perhaps in retaliation for

my attempts to curtail his eating, he took great pleasure in spontaneously veering into pine trees throughout the trip, seemingly trying to scrape me off his back. Otis also liked to suddenly break into a fast trot whenever I wasn't on full alert. After about ten or twenty episodes of bouncing up and down like Yosemite Sam on a galloping camel, I finally figured out how to keep my bottom off the mule during these episodes. For all of the trials and tribulations Otis caused me, he was steadfast and true-footed and never stumbled. I'd gladly ride him again on another pack trip into the Wind River Range.



FISHING REPORT: THE SEA TROUT SAGA

by Bennett J. Mintz

During the late 1970s and well into the '80s I was a frequent contributor to the recreational vehicle magazine Trailer Life. My knowledge of automobiles and mechanics was about the same then as now: I knew nothing. Nor do I want to know anything about recreational vehicles other than how close can I park near some good fly-fishing.

I wrote about interesting destinations. I wrote about weekend get-aways or little-known sights within a few hours' drive of a major city. And so I was assigned a story involving a spanking new four wheel drive motorhome either manufactured or sold in Houston. This baby could go over or through anything and I was given the chore of taking it through the sand dunes and sloughs of Galveston Island, Texas.

Early the next morning, a representative – a mechanic, actually – met me at an airport Holiday Inn where I'd overnighted, tossed me the keys and suggested we “let her rip.” The motorhome was an engineering and design marvel; however, it drove like a tank. It was also awfully expensive.

My companion was cut from the same cloth as Gomer Pyle or Barney Fife. He wore a ball cap with a Pearl Beer logo. His white shirt had his name inscribed along with the word “technician.” Sorry, I don't remember the name, so let's just call him Billy Bob.

It was about an hour's drive past NASA south to Galveston and Billy Bob knew every inch of the road. He meticulously pointed out the best rest stops, the best beer stops, strip joints where the NASA guys drank and best fried chicken.

Galveston Island is around 25 miles long with beautiful vacation homes at the water's edge. There's a harbor filled with picturesque bars and restaurants; gleaming sportfishing boats berthed next to commercial shrimp trawlers. All-in-all it made for some terrific travel photography with the motorhome always in the foreground. Eventually, we made our way to more rustic locations where I engaged the four wheel drive and posed the vehicle on a sand dune in the late afternoon.

A confluence of currents caught my attention. I drove the motorhome within a foot of the water's edge to take some beach fly-fishing pictures in the Gulf of Mexico. I had carried a 4-piece, 6-weight J. Kennedy Fisher travel rod in my duffel along with a Medalist reel and box of surf flies. When I strung up the rod, I asked Billy Bob what he thought my chances were of catching something.

The mechanic had never before seen a flyrod. He allowed as how he mighta heard about one, but he weren't none too sure.

I tied a size 8 orange bead-headed wooly bugger to a length of 4X tippet and surveyed the little rip current that came 20 feet or so up the beach. It was the same fly pattern I used on Southern California beaches for barred perch. The color imitated the eggs in a sand crab. Ole Billy Bob was gobsmacked as I made a few practice casts. He gushed in amazement that I could put that artificial fly out into the water without the aid of no sinker, no bobber or no bait.

Positioning myself, I cast the wooly bugger, made a short strip or two and was immediately tight to a beautiful approximately 4-pound spotted sea trout. My newfound buddy Billy Bob was just about beside himself. At the sight of my hooking that fish, he instantly jumped into the air, tossed his Pearl Beer baseball cap to the sand, stomped on it and hooted. He kept hooting WHOO-EE until I went calf-deep in the water, held the fish up for him to see and released it to fight again. If my companion was astounded at my catching a fish on the first cast of a fly, he was totally flummoxed at my releasing it.

I had handed him my camera loaded with a roll of 36 exposures (pre-digital) and told him to just keep shooting. Unfortunately, Billy Bob ignored everything I told him to do with the camera. “I just done plumb forgot,” was his logical explanation.

Packing the rod and reel away for the return trip, I gave my host the wooly bugger I'd used.

I don't know for sure, but I'm guessing, like everything else down south, he deep fried it.

FISHING REPORT: SOCAL WOMEN ON THE FLY

by Teresa Lundy

I first heard of SoCal Women on the Fly last year at SWCIFFF. I had yet to have a chance to meet them until the 1st weekend in August for their Summer Hatch 2020. When I first arrived at French Camp I have to admit I missed the gentlemen of SPFF. These women were out fishing and I had no-one to help with my tent. Although, I will accept the help anytime in the future I successfully put my tent up and it stayed up the entire weekend.



SoCal Women individually reserved several sites; there were approximately 14 women; I forgot to count. With ages ranging from 20 something to 70 something with varied levels of expertise; from beginners who caught their first trout on a fly to seasoned mentors who achieved a trout grand slam. We fished Hot Creek, Rock Creek, the Owens, San Joaquin and Crowley Lake. There's a few differences in fishing with women most notable is that we like to stop for photo ops and laughter. Also we like to include other activities like paddle boarding and kayaking. I think what I enjoyed most about the group is all the lovely women and their incredible personalities; each one different but all of them fun and interesting. There wasn't one that I wouldn't like to have as a lifelong friends.



Our fearless organizers Leslie Smith and Analiza del Rosario hosted a dinner Friday night of Al Pastor Tacos. This might be my new go to dinner for camping. Leslie and Analize also made each of us feel welcomed and well informed. Although we went our different ways there was always a group to hook up with for fishing or socializing. Through our connection on Facebook solo travelers were able to share camp sites and get to know one another better. My camp bubbly Caroline Veerman is actually a fisher herself. Her first love is the ocean, surfing and snorkeling. Once she was on the paddleboard it was impossible to get her off. She would stop by to ask if anyone wanted a turn but once she received a no from all she was off again and in her happy place. It was fun to watch her enjoying herself so much. We all observed social distancing while still enjoying each other's company and getting to know one another.



Gentlemen, don't be afraid - the few that joined us were very welcome and we enjoyed their company too.

For those women that would like to join us in the future you can find us on Facebook under groups SoCal Women on the Fly.

SUPPORT OUR SPONSORS

The Board of Directors and membership of the Sierra Pacific Flyfishers wish to express their appreciation to the retailers below. Their promotion of our club and its activities thorough the year, and their contributions of products and services help us to continue the various public services that we offer.

Fishermen's Spot

14411 Burbank Blvd.
Van Nuys, CA 91401
818.785.7306

Gangadin Restaurant

12067 Ventura Place
Studio City, Ca 91604
(818) 509-0722

Orvis

345 S. Lake Ave.
Pasadena, CA 91101
626.356.8000

Pat Jaeger

Eastern Sierra Guide Service
2327 Stone Circle
Bishop, CA 93514
760.872.7770

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Patagonia-Pasadena

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Patagonia Santa Monica

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dfg.ca.gov/fishing



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