



March Brown nymph



March Brown dun

Visalia, Ca

April 2011

Newsletter

Monthly Meeting:

Date: April 1st
Day: Friday
Place: Life Style Center,
Address : 5105 W. Cypress, Visalia
Time: 7:30pm—9:30pm

Jimmie Morales
will tie some of his favorite flies before the meeting from 6:30-7:30pm.

Monthly Board Meeting:

Date: 4th
Day: Monday
Location: Life Style Center
5105 W. Cypress
Time: 700pm-900pm
All members are welcome to attend.

Meeting Program:
Jimmie Morales's Introduction to Local Fishing Water Throughout the Year



Jimmie Morales was born and raised in Fresno, CA and has since moved to Bass Lake. His first flyfishing experience was on the Lower Kings river with his dad in 1963 when he was 9 years old and has been flyfishing ever since. Jimmie had taught many people how to flyfish, but never thought it could be an actual profession until 1995 when he was hired by an outdoor adventure group to build a fly-fishing guide service for their company. Then in 1999 he set off on his own, he is a Ca. licensed fishing guide and started Sierraflyfisher guide service; now going into it's 11th year. Jimmie is also an ORVIS endorsed fishing guide. In March 2010, Jimmie opened his own fly shop in Oakhurst, *The Sierra Fly Shop*, which opened about a year ago; the Kaweah Flyfishers provided a casting pond for the Grand Opening of the fly shop. He still finds himself exploring old and new waters in his own backyard and still gets just as excited when a client catches a fish as he does when he catch one. Check out his web site at <http://www.sierraflyfisher.com/index.htm> or e-mail—jimmie@sierraflyfisher.com (559) 683-7664 Sierra Fly Shop Oakhurst, Calif.

Jimmie has put together a presentation called: *"Introduction to Local Fishing Water Throughout the Year"*. In this presentation he will explain month by month, local fishing on the lower tailwaters and hatch timing. He will include his insights into the many hatches from the March Brown hatch on the Upper Kings River above Pine Flat Reservoir in the spring to sight fishing for large wild brown trout in the fall; ach fall Jimmie holds a Wild Trout Camp on the Upper Kings River. Then lastly he will talk about fishing on the South Fork of the Kings River in the Cedar Grove area. He will also talk about fishing other waters of the higher elevations of the western slope. There will be time for questions and answers after each section.

This is a great opportunity to learn the what, where and when of flyfishing the local waters we all love to fish.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The year is three months old already and we are headed for what appears to be another good year for the Kaweah Fly Fishers. The fishing season on the Lower Kings was pretty short due to the flood releases out of Pine Flat but that is the way it goes. March Browns should be coming off of the river above Pine Flat but the flows are still kind of high (3,200+ CFS at Piedra).

At the last board meeting the subject came up regarding the club continuing to send money to such groups as Cal Trout, Trout Unlimited, the Nature Conservancy and yes, even the FFF. The board decided to take a look at these organizations to make sure their philosophies/credos are in line with the club's. Mulling that over the past week or so caused me to ask what is the club's philosophy? Are we conservation oriented, outreach oriented (Trout in the Classroom), a social club or what? I am not sure and welcome whatever insights you would care to share with the board.

Along the line of sharing thoughts with the board, what would you want to see in terms of outings, speakers etc that we haven't explored in the past? If you have any suggestions, again pass them onto your friendly receptive board members.

See you in April for Jimmy Morales's presentation.

Wayne



“There is no music like a river’s...” Robert Louis Stevenson

This is a great article written by Steven Neal, Fly Fishers for Conservation

Sweet & Sour

The stars aligned and we went fishing, but they weren’t as aligned as we thought they were. We had one of those days that you wouldn’t want to miss for the life of you or was it a day that you should have stayed in bed. I guess the best way to describe the day was that it was a sweet and sour day.

It was a day filled with promise; it was a cloudless morning sky with a February sun rising majestically over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, there was frost on the roof tops, but the afternoon promised a warm 70 degrees. Breakfast was with six good friends around a Formica topped Diner table. Small talk, light politics and good natured banter filled the airwaves as we caught up and planned the day, none of us noted anything wrong, all the signs were pointed to roses, sunshine and maybe a few fish. We dropped a vehicle at the Thorburn access point at Hwy. 180 and the Kings River, and then headed up to Avocado Lake to launch our pontoon boats. The river was running 2,600 cfs, high but still navigable and maybe fishable. We continued our small talk as we launched and headed to our first fishing spot. The current was fast with some choppiness to make you pay attention but not enough to make your heart race. The rule of the day was stay in the middle of the river to avoid sweepers (underwater snags or shore trees or bushes that grow down into the water) and row like hell to make it to shore so we could fish the likely catch spots. The day warmed rapidly and we all shed our jackets at the first fishing spot. This is where just a little disquiet started to cloud up the clear blue sky; it seemed that it sure took a long time for two of our members to finally reach the first take out spot.

The anxiety decreased when they showed up, then increased again when one of them pushed off but didn’t put enough back into it, to get to the middle of the river and got swept into a sweeper and lost his oar. A one oar rower is a river dance, much like the swan lake ballet there are many swan dives, dips and pirouettes and no direction. But finally in spite of his best effort he made it to shore. His oar was returned and the down river journey recommenced. At the next take out spot more of the upstream story emerged; our intrepid leader had one leaky air bladder on his pontoon, he had lost his anchor on the launch when he caught a submerged rock and somehow on something he had broken the tip off his rod. Not enough bad luck to end a day’s fishing but there was definitely a black cloud hanging over the morning. After a streak of bad luck like that, it takes a while to get your moxie back.

We made our first portage of the morning, of about 300 hundred yards at the Gould weir, our swan lake ballet impersonator did the most whining followed closely by our oldest member but we suffered no heart attacks, no wrenched backs and we, all managed to crawl under the barbed wire fence without getting, stuck nor stabbed and we re-launched into the mighty Kings. There were many smiles and the delight of the day kept the dark cloud overhead at bay. The King’s was holding onto its fish but it also did not dim the promise of the day.

Lunch was spent on the banks of the river in a spring, green grass covered meadow, in the shade of leafless sycamores and valley oaks. We ate lunch in the comfort of our beached pontoon boat seats, as we watched the river flow on by. We sipped Pinot Noir wine from red plastic cups, thoughtfully provided by our leader and carried by our swan lake ballet performer. After our fine spring meadow lunch and glass of wine, we set sail for more down river adventures. Our next portage at the Fresno weir brought more excitement and more dark clouds. As we skirted the weir on the left bank, our leader got his line caught in a tree and lost his hat as he struggled to hold his pontoon boat, keep his footing and not break more of his rod off. A group effort saved the line and rod, retrieved the lost hat, and safely lowered the pontoon boat. After our leader re-rigged he cast in the spot we had previously fished and caught an 18 inch rainbow; from bad luck Charlie to fishing hero of the day. We all had it figured out, the recipe for a successful fishing day was to have a leaky bladder, lose your anchor and break the tip off your rod and you would be rewarded with the catch of the day. The dark clouds had dissipated and the sun was shining again.

But the cloud unbeknownst to us was still hanging over our heads, the river Gods still wanted more from us and we had to pay. Our next stop was the take out point so we headed down river. Just after you hit the first home closer to the 180 bridge you enter a part of the river where the trees lean in from both sides and the river current picks up due to the narrowness here.

Continued on Page 5

There are sweepers here on both banks. I thought as we floated past that this was not a good spot as the sweepers are hard to see in the shadows and you are looking directly into the setting sun at this time of the year. Well unfortunately my thoughts proved true for one of our members and he got caught in one of the sweepers on the right side of the river. It grabbed his pontoon boat, stripped his rod and reel, took his oars and his anchor and flipped him over. And as he was being rescued from his precarious position on the bottom side of his over turned pontoon boat; his rescuer broke his own rod in the recovery effort.

The river God was hungry this day it claimed two oars, three rods, one reel, and two anchors. But it gave us our friend back and that is all that matters. It was the best of days and the worst of days. We are all safe and we have each other and we are precious to each other.

The fishing world brings beauty and adventure, it gives us joy and it takes things from us as well. So please remember that you always need to be on guard, no matter how much of a good time you are having. Things can go south quickly, not always giving you enough time to be able to react. Never take your eyes off the river and always stay close together, so that you are there for each other, when things go wrong. I have named no names in this story so that those who went through this Sweet and Sour day can tell their own story when they are ready. Good friends are always there for each other and that is the true sunshine of this partially cloudy day.

Lessons learned: Keep your oars tethered, oarlocks do not always hold onto oars. Rod holders are great on lakes but get in the way on rivers, tether your rods and lay them alongside the pontoons to keep them low and away from branches and sweepers. Wear a personal floatation device (PFD), just because your pontoon boat floats doesn't always mean that you can hang onto it. Stay together; when you are together you can help each other out, when things go south.

“Many go fishing all their lives without knowing that it is not fish they are after” Henry David Thoreau



I read this article and enjoyed it, I hope you do too.

VESTED INTEREST, by Bob Scammell, *Canadian Fly Fishing Magazine Editor*

A fishing vest is a sleeveless garment with mazes of pockets and pouches in which fly fisherman can hopelessly misplace the multitudes of items they do not need anyway. It was one of the early inventions of the young Lee Wulff, who died in 1991. Several years before he died I had the opportunity to thank the great one himself, not only because of the way the vest permits the fly fisherman to keep both hands free, but because we sociologists of angling can tell more than we really need to know about a person from the kind of vest he has, its condition, and what he loses in those pockets.

It is an industry secret that all fishing vests are made by a single anti-fishing misanthrope in Hong Kong. The vests are then shipped to the u.s.a., where the label is put on and the price tripled before they are shipped hither and yon, even to Japan. It is only a matter of time until the label inside the collar will be replaced by the big manufacturer's logo on the back of every vest. Yuppie perfection will be attained when every wearer is obliged to advertise precisely who it is imported this ridiculous garment.

Just for starters, almost every fishing vest you see is made of such shiny, almost white cloth, that it is one of the better fish repellents, ranking with those clunking stream cleats and the white, "Tilley" hat. Should you accidentally stumble upon a human wearing a camouflage vest and hat, blended into the underbrush and impersonating an old stump, beware! Check your location! You have either bumped into the late Charlie Brooks, West Yellowstone angling author of consummate skill and cunning, or you have stumbled upon the rare, canny old veteran still among us here on terra firma who has the money to get his vests custom made, or the time to get them artfully aged, faded and soiled in camouflage like patches.

All fishing vests that have been worn even once will be heavily soiled in the vicinity of one particular pocket: the one used to store the fly dope (not the insect repellent) the dry fly floatant. Fly floatant illustrates the prime principle of marketing to fly fisherman: take a common substance the world produces in abundance, divide it up into minuscule quantities, give it a dumb name ("fink" for example) multiply its price a thousand fold and sell it like hot ... no ... like dope to addicts. Better yet, sell it in a container cunningly designed to leak under all conditions and positions and you will sell even more of it. All of the technology of the industry is now concentrated on the tendency of some floatants to solidify below 95 degrees F. If they could make it remain liquid and leaking day and night, profits would double or triple.

Should you encounter a stream any human wearing a fishing vest without the filthy stain on that one pocket, he is either a land surveyor, a timber cruiser or the only non purist in the world who does not either fish only the dry fly, or claim to. In this latter case, the whole vest may be full of fly sinkant, another dumb name, noxious substance, ("Dunk" or "Dink") divided, subdivided, priced multiplied, etc. as with floatant, but for some reason the manufacturers have not yet perfected a container that will faithfully and reliably leak sinkant.

Small quantities of substances more expensive per ounce even than single malt whiskey, both to make floating flies sink and sinking flies float will be lost somewhere in virtually every vest worn by any fisherman. But that fact in no way exhausts the propensity of fly fishermen to guzzle snake oil. A caution: to blame the manufacturers and dealers would be as unjust as to blame the snake for the product rendered from its mortal remains. Caveat emptor! of yourself! Exhibit "A", somewhere, in a growing number of fishing vests, will be a tiny container of a new wonder substance to take the shine off a new leader and, also, to make floating flies sink. Its dumb name? "Mud." Something found in natural abundance and free along every trout stream I have ever frequented anywhere in the world. My case against the dope trade to fly dopes and other substance abusers not only rests, it is prostrate.

The sociologist neither experienced with anglers nor, God forbid, one himself, could be forgiven for expecting that somewhere in any fly fisherman's vest there will be two flies: one floating fly so the owner can buy sinkant, yea, even Mud, and one sinking fly so the owner can properly develop the stain on that one pocket of the vest, the badge of the Fink addict. You can rest assured that any native fly fisher will have two flies. There will be one on the leader, as local wisdom insists that the best lure for Rocky Mountain Whitefish is a wet fly "sweetened" by a maggot. There will be a second fly somewhere in that vest, tackle box or creel in case the first is lost. If the second is lost? No problem, the nearest Bait and Jig Boutique is only \$5 worth or gas away and they sell Japanese wet flies for 29 cents. But if what we have is a real, unsweetened fly fisherman, there will be hundreds, thousands, maybe even millions of flies in boxes and bottles everywhere in that vest.

All those flies are tickets to gamble against the "theory of selectivity," invented by outdoors writers, a game with more combinations and permutations than Lotto 6/49. These writers credit the trout with the palate of a professional wine taster, the eyesight of a bonefish guide and the intelligence of an Einstein. For a long while I believed that the writers produced this tripe because the quarry would not be worthy of the fishing, or the writing about it, if not imbued with super-human qualities. But gradually, as I get to know more and more angling writers, I have come, sadly, to suspect the theory of selectivity may have something to do with the simple fact that so many of them are also in the business of peddling fly dope and flies, or, worse, books on aquatic entomology.

In my "slush" pile, I have a superb article called "The Petit Jury," in which I argue that a "jury" or only six fly patterns will cover any angler for better than 90 percent. of all the conditions he will encounter on any water in North America. Proudly, I once told a writer, tackle dealer friend about this article. When he recovered consciousness, he excused himself to make a few phone calls. This article, somehow, has never been published, but has earned me in "kill fees" ten times what it would bring if ever printed, even in one of the "big three" of the hook and bullet press. The article is like a banking card: any time I'm broke, I stick it in the slot, sometimes to a publisher who has already paid me "kill fees" for it. No matter, back it comes with a kill fee. I wonder who my writer, dealer friend had to phone so badly, that he had to do it even after being so suddenly sick like that? My final word on the millions of flies in the vest of a real fly fisherman is this: fly fishing itself is founded on the capacity for self delusion of a beautiful, wild creature with a brain the size of a pea; the fly fishing "industry" is based likewise on the similar capacity of the beautiful dopes addicted to fly fishing.

The vest of any real fly fisherman will likely contain more glassine envelopes than a dope-peddler's stash, but these will contain leaders; there will also be dozens of tiny spools of material to construct still more leaders. Leaders and their design are subjects fraught with more depressing formulae and schools of thought than nuclear physics. There is the very rare school that believes most trout just do not care, that therefore the best squeeze through the eye of the hook. But there is a warning : if you spot a person astream who appears to be pulling cobwebs from the sky, rolling them up and measuring thin air with a \$600 micrometer, and muttering darkly in mathematics, take my advice and leave. This person is of the psychopathic school of leader design, which believes if it is strong enough to hold any fish, then it is too thick to fool him in the first place. These maniacs strive always for the longest, strongest, thinnest leader, and are revolted by the very feel of trout in the hand; thus, they never have use for net or creel as they specialize in the thirty foot release.

There will probably be no room in that vest to lose anything else, after dope, leaders, tippets and flies are stowed. Researchers will then have to study what is hung on the vest and about the person of the subject. If there is a thermometer prominently displayed, for example, what you have is a person who does not even know the best time to go fishing is when the boss or Herself says he can go. Most people who own water thermometers either do not know how to use them, or cannot remember the best temperature ranges for the various species of trout. You should always let your fly, leader and line trail downstream as you knell for the minute or so necessary to get a reading. If you get a fish on that dragging fly, it is definitely the right time to go fishing. If you do not get a thermometer fish, you can carry on fishing against all odds, or you can use your thermometer to see if it is time to drink the beer yet.

There may be a set of forceps clipped onto some protuberance of the vest. This device is an ambiguous sign. It can mean that the wearer fully intends to release the fish should he ever manage to catch one. On the other hand, he could be a lost urologist, and you should back up against the nearest cliff and clap your hands over your privates. If the forceps are distinguished by that dull sheen, that patina of heavy use, it means only that this is one of those boneheads who habitually fishes in the company of his bird dog and that bonehead is back in the bush looking for yet another porcupine to eat, so his master can ply those forceps once again: pulling quills.

Other ambiguous signs are the presence or absence of nets and creels, both of which have become controversial since catch and release became politically correct. Clearly, the old fashioned wicker creel is passé, the only purpose of such an antique being as obvious as that of the crematoria at Dachau. Some people can get away with a small canvas creel. If challenged, the owner will swear he only uses it to carry out the litter abandoned by other anglers. Even much beloved Charlie Brooks was held in suspicion in some quarters because he favoured a huge canvas water bag with the top cut off and a shoulder strap added. One day I went on a safari with Charlie to the third Barn Hole on the Madison and recalled, after I regained consciousness, that he could transport and cool en route in the desert no less than a flat "24" of what it was he carried in that creel. Dimly I recall Charlie saying: "If you can carry them out empty, you can carry them in full." But then, Charlie never could be serious about equipment, or a cliché.

Nets are optional. Strangely, the most crazed fish releasers who completely reject creels find nets acceptable, especially if they are very tiny, hand sculpted and cost more than a Van Gogh original. If the reason given for wearing one of these things is that it makes it easier to release fish, you know you are talking to a very modern fly fisherman. Those cheap aluminum nets hung from a rubber cord around the neck are out, for a very practical reason: if you look closely at habitual users, they will have no front teeth, the result of having turned around to see where the net was tangled in the bush just as it wasn't anymore. That, and not to release fish, is the reason such persons now carry the lethal thing stuffed down the waders.

Actually, while in England for the World Fly Fishing Championship, I learned to favour those marvelous Norwegian folding nets that the British have to conjure like a silk hanky from the sleeve of their tweed jackets, because the Brits do not favour fishing vests at all. With the extension handle of these folders, they can net any fish out there at the farthest end of their cast that is even thinking about taking their fly.

Certainly you will hear no British angler going on about the use of these nets in releasing fish, a practice they regarded as bad form and even a tad vulgar, like breaking wind anywhere, let alone in your own waders, which is why the Brits don't wear them much, either. But then you do not need to judge British anglers by what they wear or use, they all have to be upper class, or at least stinking rich to be fishing in the first place.

Fly of the Month:

KFFC Casting Classes Date: Mer., 6 avril, 18:00 – 19:00 Lieu: Plaza Park pond 's west bank ([plan](#)) Description- Kaweah Fly Fishers' Casting Classes Learn to handle a fly rod at the Kaweah Fly Fishers' Casting Class held each Wednesday evening from 6:00-7:00pm at Plaza Park pond 's west bank. Equipment is available for student's use at the site. There are several instructors to help you get started, move from beginner to intermediate or analyze your casting strengths and/or weaknesses. Get help with problems or learn from the very beginning. Students who demonstrate basic abilities will be invited to participate in outings that will also teach basic streamside skills, how read water and how to catch and release fish. The field trips will take students to National Parks and Forests nearby. There is no charge for any class or field trip. Knots, fly selection, leader construction, and equipment will also be covered. Students may attend as many classes as desired. For more information or to reserve a spot contact mdcave@sbcglobal.net

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

For other Calendar Dates
Visit the Clubs web-site at www.kaweahflyfishers.org

DAY	DATE	EVENT	INFORMATION
Tuesday	March 29th	Fly Tying with Don Lieb 7:00 – 9:00 4520 W Cypress Ave, Visalia. (corner Linwood St) Quail Park Retirement Village	Chernobyl Ant, Chernobyl Club Sandwich Hopper Ant, Chernobyl Club and the Sandwich Hopper Tying instructor Don Lieb has material and tools or better yet bring your own. We usually give Don a couple of bucks each as he pays for the hooks and material himself.
Wed.	March 30	Kaweah Flyfishers Casting Classes	Plaza Park pond 's west bank—Kaweah Fly Fishers' Casting Classes Learn to handle a fly rod at the Kaweah Fly Fishers' Casting Class held each Wednesday evening from 6:00-7:00pm at Plaza Park pond 's west bank. Equipment is available for student's use at the site. There are several instructors to help you get started, move from beginner to intermediate or analyze your casting strengths and/or weaknesses. Get help with problems or learn from the very beginning. Contact Mark Cave at 559- 623-5338 mdcave@sbcglobal.net
Friday	April 1st	Kaweah Flyfisher's Monthly Club Meeting	LifeStyle Center, 5105 Cypress, Visalia, 6:30– 7:30pm, Fly tying before meeting - Jimmie Morales - Flies that work in local waters. 7:30—9:00pm Jimmie Morales will present a new Program, Introduction to local fishing water throughout the year. See front page for more information.
Monday	April 4th	Kaweah Flyfisher's Monthly Board Meeting 7:00-9:00pm, LifeStyle Center, 5105 Cypress, Visalia	
Wed.	April 6th	Kaweah Flyfishers Casting Classes	Plaza Park pond 's west bank—Kaweah Fly Fishers' Casting Classes Learn to handle a fly rod at the Kaweah Fly Fishers' Casting Class held each Wednesday evening from 6:00-7:00pm at Plaza Park pond 's west bank. Contact Mark Cave at 559- 623-5338 mdcave@sbcglobal.net
Tuesday	12th	Fly Tying with Don Lieb - Small yellow foam hopper - Wayne Luallen style	Small yellow foam hopper - Wayne Luallen style Tying instructor Don Lieb has material and tools or better yet bring your own. We usually give Don a couple of bucks each as he pays for the hooks and material himself.
Wed.	13th	Kaweah Flyfishers Casting Classes	Plaza Park pond 's west bank—Kaweah Fly Fishers' Casting Classes Learn to handle a fly rod at the Kaweah Fly Fishers' Casting Class held each Wednesday evening from 6:00-7:00pm at Plaza Park pond 's west bank. Contact Mark Cave at 559- 623-5338 mdcave@sbcglobal.net
Tuesday	26th	Fly Tying with Don Lieb - Caddis parachute Schroeder type	7:00pm-9:00pm, 4520 W Cypress Ave, Visalia. (corner Linwood St) Quail Park Retirement Village, Caddis parachute Schroeder type. Tying instructor Don Lieb has material and tools or better yet bring your own. We usually give Don a couple of bucks each as he pays for the hooks and material himself.
Wed	27th	Kaweah Flyfishers Casting Classes	Plaza Park pond 's west bank—Kaweah Fly Fishers' Casting Classes Learn to handle a fly rod at the Kaweah Fly Fishers' Casting Class held each Wednesday evening from 6:00-7:00pm at Plaza Park pond 's west bank. Contact Mark Cave at 559- 623-5338 mdcave@sbcglobal.net
April	30th	San Diego Surf Clinic	San Diego Surf Clinic with Peter Piconi, Discover California's most accessible resource. Miles of sandy coastline offer opportunities for Corbina, Halibut and Surf Perch. San Diego's three main saltwater fisheries: beaches, bays and near shore fisheries. This fast paced clinic will cover fisheries that are accessible by foot. This clinic is both visually appealing and technique oriented.
May	4th	Kaweah Flyfishers Casting Classes	Plaza Park pond 's west bank—Kaweah Fly Fishers' Casting Classes Learn to handle a fly rod at the Kaweah Fly Fishers' Casting Class held each Wednesday evening from 6:00-7:00pm at Plaza Park pond 's west bank. Contact Mark Cave at 559- 623-5338 mdcave@sbcglobal.net
Friday	May 6th	Kaweah Flyfisher's Monthly Club Meeting LifeStyle Center, 5105 Cypress, Visalia	Fly tying session with Don Lieb before the meeting , 6:30-7:30pm, Meeting Program– pending.



Kaweah Flyfishers

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We are proud to be affiliated with these organizations:

CALIFORNIA SPORTFISHING PROTECTION ALLIANCE

FEDERATION OF FLY FISHERS, Southwest Council

CALIFORNIA TROUT

THE NATURE CONSERVANCY

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Submitting Newsletter Articles

Articles must be received by the 20th of the month for the following month's edition. A heads-up even before then is greatly appreciated. E-mail information or article to: rhartley@dinuba.ca.gov

WEB SITE <http://www.kaweahflyfishers.org>

Newsletter Editor: Rick Hartley

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Subscription Price is included in all classes of membership.

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