



DESERT FLY CASTERS *Forward Casts*

DESERT FLY CASTERS A BARBLESS CLUB

Presidents Report- September 2004

It's September and time again for our Annual Swap Meet. This is where members bring in stuff they don't want and swap or sell to other members. There's usually quite a bit of gently used flyfishing equipment. This is open to anyone that wants to bring stuff or just show up and shop.

I am sure that by now everyone has heard about the risk of getting the West Nile Virus. As I type, the CDC (Center for Disease Control) is reporting 304 cases in Arizona. This is more than the rest of the country combined. It still doesn't sound like a lot and that is exactly what I thought four weeks ago when I went up to the Big Lake area for a camping trip. At that time there were only 150 confirmed cases. Needless to say, I thought the risk was minimal. I am now one of the 304 people in Arizona that has tested positive for the virus. I am also one of the 20% that actually developed symptoms. It was worse than I ever could have imagined with 3 weeks of being very ill and feeling like my head was trying to detach itself from my body. I am not writing this for sympathy. I am writing this because I would like for everyone in the club to be aware that this could really happen to you. I arrived at camp on a Thursday night and was sick by Sunday. I only had three mosquito bites but obviously at least one was a carrier. The numbers are really skewed as I found out once I went to the doctor. I was his 3rd case. He told me that the numbers are actually around 10,000 infected in Arizona. He said that 80% of people never develop symptoms and then others don't go to the doctor or do not get tested. The Arizona Republic recently reported that there could be as many as 30,000 cases. This is serious. As bad as I felt and as difficult as it was for my body to fight this virus, it was easy for me to see how someone without a strong immune system could die. At this point, I am mostly recovered. I am still tired and have headaches and neck pain every few days and am being told that this could continue for another month. Overall, things are good. The moral of this story is to buy a bug repellent and wear it. It does no good if you have it but fail to put it on, which is exactly what I did. I thought "not me" and "if I get it I will be one of the 80% that never has symptoms." I was wrong. Please learn from my mistake and protect yourself.

I plan to be at the meeting in September. There are some of you that have left me messages about club business and the San Juan trip and I have not been prompt about getting back to you because if you have gotten this far, you realize that I was pretty sick. I will work on getting those calls returned and we can also talk at the meeting.

Speaking of the San Juan, I will be giving hand outs and helping people make carpooling arrangements at the meeting. Please plan on being there or call me so I can get you the information. (480) 897-8083.

See you at the Swap Meet!

Cinda



SEPTEMBER MEETING:
Wednesday, SEPTEMBER 8, 2004
Dinner- 6:00 PM
Meeting- 7:00 PM
American Legion Post #2
2125 S. Industrial Park Ave.
in Tempe

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE:
.....
A chicken crossing the road is
poultry in motion.



.....
DFC SEPTEMBER SWAP MEET

Our September meeting has traditionally been a swap meet, and this year is no different. So go through all of your gear that pertains to fly fishing, fly tying, camping, and outdoor pursuits. Bring the stuff that you don't need or use anymore. Somebody is bound to want it, if the price is right. This event can be a great place to get some inexpensive gear for a beginner. There will be lots of fly tying materials and tools, and I am sure there will be plenty of rods, reels, and lines. This is also another great opportunity to meet some of the club members that you haven't had a chance to talk to yet.

September Dinner Meeting Menu

DFC pays for the rent of the meeting hall by selling dinners before each meeting. By buying a dinner at the meeting, you can help the club pay for the meeting hall. The price of each Dinner is \$8.00, which includes gratuity. This month's menu will be: Breaded chicken breast, mashed potatoes, & veggie. Come early and enjoy dinner with your DFC friends! *Dinner is served from 6pm to 7pm.*



CONSERVATION NOTES ...with Eric Larsen

A fair number of us got started fishing learning from some sort of connection: parents/aunts/uncles/grandparents and/or friend. I was initially introduced to fly fishing by my brother-in-law and later got "serious" when my youngest son wanted to learn more about fly fishing. We joined DFC and the rest is history.

The sport of angling (and hunting) and the heritage that goes with it are being threatened. In this month's *Conservation Notes*, I'd like you to give some thought about some conservation issues and request you take action on one issue in particular.

Action Alert/Request: From now until September 14th, comments are being taken in regard to the Wilderness Roadless Rule. You can get details at www.frwg.org. The short version is that the Roadless Rule protects old growth forest from creating roads to access the forest for various activities (forest health, sporting activities, private land access, etc.) The group that did the work Forest Roads Working Group (FRWG) is a diverse group that did the study and engaged in comments from public, outdoors enthusiasts and business. FRWG made the recommendation to curtail road development to a specified 58.5 million acres of a total of 191 million acres of National Forest. The "Roadless Rule" has been challenged in federal court due to some alleged irregularities of the NEPA (formal governmental environmental assessment) process in the waning months of the Clinton Administration. The Bush Administration has not responded to the court challenges. In July 2004, the Bush Administration has moved to overturn the rule and has made a new proposal that may open the forest to other activities including timber harvest. In addition, state governors can apply to the Forest Service to put some forest lands under state control.

This is not an issue about who should reside in the White House next January. Overwhelming public support is needed to let the Forest Service know how they feel the proposed changes to this rule. America has been blessed with rich natural resources. In the name of progress, habitat destruction has led to the demise of native wildlife throughout America. Habitat degradation continues to impact

our fisheries (native and non-native) today. We have the opportunity today to fish truly wild waters. What about future generations? Please check out the website and above and get more information. Be informed (don't take my word for it). Act.

Ongoing Projects:

White Mountain Apache Trout Enhancement Project: I am aware the AZGF has been renovating streams this summer but I don't know what precisely has been done. I hop more information is available for the October newsletter.

Canyon Creek: The AZGF will present their grant proposal to the Water Protection Fund Commission September 28th. A decision on the grant will be made in October. If all goes well, the first part of the work on Canyon Creek will begin Spring 2005. The AZGF will be looking to DFC and others for help to remove the old cattle fence so the new elk enclosure can be built. The timing on this will depend on when the winter runoff (if we have one) is finished. Jim Warnacke will be doing a photo survey of the creek within the next month. Stay tuned

West Fork of Oak Creek Gila Trout Project: No news on this project.

White Mountain Working Group: The group is coordinated by the Nature Conservancy and we meet 2-3 times a year on the issue of crayfish in the White Mountains. The August meeting was held at the 2nd Annual crayfish festival at Willow Springs Lake. The festival was attended by an estimated 800 people and 400 pounds of crayfish were cooked. Word is getting out on how destructive crayfish can be on our water habitats. Trapping still remains the most effective way to control their numbers. A survey of Black Canyon Lake after the Rodeo-Chedeski fire found that the ash and soot killed all the fish in the lake. Some crayfish however managed to survive the fire and poor condition of the water. The largest crayfish recorded to-date was trapped in Black Canyon Lake.

Wildlife Conservation Council (WCC): The WCC and AZGF have been focused mainly on the 9th Circuit Court ruling made against the AZGF on what is called the 10% rule for big game tags. To avoid

the detail, the 10% rule favors Arizona hunters in the draw for tags over non-resident hunters. This is a legal battle that's been going on for awhile now. So, why would DFC care about hunting regs? What has yet to be determined is who is going to pay for the legal fees: the State of Arizona or AZGF. In any case, it will come out of our (taxpayer/outdoor sports enthusiasts) pocket either way.

There is another item of note that pops up once in awhile. The issue of land/lease holder to allow the hunter access to hunt wild game. For anglers in Arizona, a major percentage of the fishing waters are public access. Members who have fished in other states know that getting access to fishing waters can be a challenge without violating trespass laws. We'll have to see if changes in Arizona are on the horizon.

Summer Fishing 2004

By Vince Deadmond

It's almost the end of summer and the cooler weather will be upon us in another two or three months. During the summer months I usually pick up my fishing pace and try to get a few more days on the water. Some of you may be wondering, "Does this guy ever work?" The answer is yes, but I try not to let it get in the way of my fishing.

I won't bother you with all of my fishing exploits from this spring and summer, but I would like to relate a few things from my Wisconsin trip. With many family members around, and several of them do fish, this vacation is always a good time. Many lakes and streams are less than an hour drive from home base.

I was able to fish with Rodger LaPenter, the most knowledgeable guide on Chequamegon Bay on Lake Superior, out of Ashland, Wisconsin. The Bay is really a great trophy piece of water. I caught 16 Smallmouth Bass that day and 6 of them were 20" fish and weighed in at about 4 pounds. It was not easy fishing, we had to search for the fish, and then we had to discover what they were eating. Rodger guides out of his shop Anglers All, and he uses a Ranger flats boat. Quite the fishing machine, very smooth, and fast.

The shallow flats in the Bay can be very clear, and the fish quite spooky. We did locate a few fish in the flats but not in the numbers we wanted, and they didn't



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seem to want anything to do with the several different clousers or poppers that I tried serving them. We hit a transitional piece of water that went from a 2 foot flats area, that dropped off to 4 feet and sandy, and then to 6 foot with vegetation. There were several shelves and the drop offs kept getting deeper until you hit bottom at 100 feet. The fish were plentiful in this 4-6 foot area. I could spot fish, cast to them, and watch them refuse my clousers, and poppers. Rodger noticed some hex shells on the water surface so we tried a hex nymph under one of my poppers. Bamb! I started to hook up, and finally I got rid of the popper and just fished the hex nymph, with a floating line and a #4 split shot to keep it down in the water. It was great fun! And, most of the casts were 30 feet from the boat, or less. You could watch the fish get interested in the nymph, follow it, and take the fly.

Later in the week I got to fish with my brother-in-law Tom. We stopped at Anglers All and talked to Caroline and Rodger. After our conversation we went straight to the transition area that I had success with earlier in the week. Sure enough they were still there and a few hex shells were on the water. I tied on a hex nymph and the fish ignored it. I put on a popper and the fish liked it. By the time we had boated 3 fish the cloud we had been watching all morning was getting ugly. We sprinted back to the boat landing, and missed out on the storm that hit a little later.

The Smallmouth fishing was good, but it was even more fun to guide my daughter Suzi and her cousin Steve on the Brule River. I managed to put the kids on a good hole that held some 16" Brown Trout. They caught some, landed some, lost some, and generally had a good time. Well that's all of the news from the lake in Northern Wisconsin, hope your summer fishing was good.

Mexico the Hard Way Fishin' Magishin'

By Peter Klemens

Sometime in the winter I began looking at the AZOD.COM website.. Since it was quail season and one of the forums is about bird dogs (2 own me) I spent a substantial amount of time lingo-ing with the hunters.. Some very nice people are regular attendees and I began several new friendships.

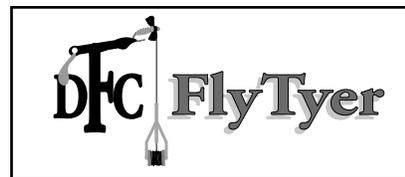
One day on the website I noticed a forum for Flyfishing. Who do you suppose is a regular contributor-Lady Angler. AKA our own DFC President Cinda Howard. As threads progressed I met some people who were actually serious flyfishermen.. Fshfanatic and I have been carp fishing at the ASU Research Park several mornings..

One day a topic was posted about fishing in Rocky Point...I got excited as Yogi Bear with a new picnic basket and immediately posted a thread to schedule an AZOD outing in Rocky Point. My oh my, the trip filled right up. Plus the grand prize was Vince Deadmond, also of DFC fame was planning to be there the same weekend.. Holy Pompano can it get any better?!?!

Well, as trips play out the usual excuses starting flowing in "Sorry, can't go, gotta change ink in my fountain pens".. "Wife won't let me," "Dog ate my reel," etc. The final adventurers were Jeff Caganich from the AZOD forum and all-around good guy in addition Brad Kuluris (a friend of mine from another life) and myself.

The trio met at my barn about 5 p:m Friday. Loaded the Suburban and off we went for a grand experience. Well, so much for the grand experience, it became the Uh-Oh experience south of Casa Grande.. The big Suburban let out a bang that shook the ground.. We limped all the way to Why and called Jeff's uncle, a real live Chevrolet mechanic. He listened to it by phone and told us "Something in the ignition".. Another Uh-Oh.. Now I can change a tire, LOF, service the transmission.. But electronics? A very nice sheriff said there MIGHT be a mechanic in Ajo.. Of course it is 10 p:m Friday.. So we vote to go to Ajo and have the mechanic(?) look at it in the a:m.. Jeff did not want to sleep in the Big Rig so he sprung for a

....continued on page 4



...from Eric Larsen's flybox
Midge Fly



Pattern

Hook: TMC 100 #16-#20 (Dry Fly hook)

Thread: Gudebrod 8/0 Black (or color the same as body)

Tail: None

Body: Brown Dyed Javalina hair fiber (or Stripped Rooster quill/Turkey/Goose biot dyed (light olive, tan, dun; wrap so biot is smooth on the hook)

Wing: Dun CDC (tied in behind the thorax)

Hackle/Thorax: Cree/Dun/Grizzly saddle hackle

Cast as a dry fly (*don't use floatant false cast to dry CDC wing*).

What makes this fly my fly of the month

West Fork of the Black River—The Midge Fly is such a generic pattern I wouldn't know who to credit as the creator. The monsoon in the White Mountains is a great time to fish the streams. The day clouds up from mid-morning to late afternoon. The warm temps and cloudy day cause all sorts of insects to hatch on the stream. You see them as little clouds of bugs over pools especially under the overhanging willows. The Apache trout we were fishing for consistently would rise to this fly on the open pools. In tight spots, it can be drifted under the surface as an emerger pattern. You make a few false casts to dry the fly out and fish the surface again on the next pool on the stream. I liked using this fly because I could focus on making a decent presentation. If I could present the fly well on the water and dead-drift to the fish, it was almost a guaranteed strike. The "trick" if you want to call it that, is to carry all sizes in various colors. I don't think you have to match the hatch with precision but I think it helps to have the approximate size and color of fly as the naturals. The fly could be tied in smaller sizes than #20. I choose not to. Thin quills would probably work best on the tiny flies.



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motel room.. You know the kind, you wipe your feet on the way out.

We woke up rested and off to the mechanic.. Except no mechanic, but his side kick stops in to clean the shop, and after a few test drives and \$150.00 were are "Back on the Road Again."

We pulled in to Playa de Oro and anxiously looked for Vince.. Oh Phooey, no Vince. We paid for spot #51 and when we pulled in who was next to us in spot #52? The Vincester.. I cooked up a gourmet sitting of my specialty, chili dogs.. Brad, Jeff and Vince were not especially fond of the fixings, but after a few bites they went through the serving like locusts on a Mormon farm.

Finally we are on the salt.. Hook-ups start immediately for Vince.. Myself is hooking up 'Muy caliente', but Jeff is not having any luck.. Phooey, he is a rookie and if I want to have him help pay for gas in the future I better make this a good time for him.. After a in-depth study of his fishing style I came up with what I considered a quantum suggestion.. "Put out more line." Faster than you can say "Flyfishing is a money pit" Jeff was hooked-up. Several times the three of us had fish on at the same time..

The day ended on a pleasant note. The four of us had dinner on the verandah at Rocky Garden. A few malt beverages, good food and some fine male bonding.

The next morning we awoke to the first hurricane of the season. Well, maybe not THAT windy, but too windy to fish in front of Manny's. So we went down to La Pinta estuario. Also known as the second estuary. Right on the get-go Jeff hooks up with some kinda serious fish.. His rod is real time bent double. Lo and behold up comes a nice Bonefish. We all bobbed around for several hours while Jeff was hooking fish like a Korean long-liner.. Pompano, Flounder, Parrots and Bass.

We fished until 4p-5p(?) went back to Playa de Oro loaded up, took a shower and aimed the Big Rig for the barn. Thankfully no explosions.

For those whom have not fished salt-PLEASE-come with us on the next trip, you will be hooked, just like us.

The administrators of the AZOD.COM website have opened a saltwater flyfishing forum, take a look.

Dry Flies

by Eric Larsen

When I went to reserve my campsite in the White Mountains for the July outing, the Greer campgrounds were full so I reserved a camp at Big Lake. We weren't trying to be anti-social but it turned out that way. WE were my youngest son, James, his friend and I.

I don't get to fish with James as much as I would like but when we do go fishing it is always fun. James' friend had never fished with a fly rod before. We arrived at Big Lake Saturday afternoon and we pitched camp. The game plan was to do the Saturday evening fish there at Big Lake and head for Drift Fence Lake Sunday morning. The evening fish was intended to introduce James' friend to the fly rod, float tube, fins and all the other things that go with fly fishing for the first time. The wind had been blowing (as always it seems) and was starting to calm down. The lake stayed rough for quite awhile as the wind began to ease off. We did the normal routine: rig up with a sinking line, tie on a wet fly and troll around the lake. James' friend was getting the hang of it pretty well but the fish weren't biting. I mentioned, "The fish don't always bite." and added, "When they do, it's a real hoot." I didn't want to sound like a pessimist. James' friend responded, "I bet it is." And so it went. We were getting a lot of exercise and little else. Evening was approaching and the lake started go flat. James changed lines to a floating line and tied on a dry fly. He also declared, "I'm only going to fish dry flies the rest of this trip." I admired his spirit but knew that when the fish started to bite he would switch back to a sinking line. There were a couple rises but nothing that would indicate that a hatch would be coming off. We ended packing it up after dark and headed back to camp. I mentioned something about how pretty the sunset had been and everybody agreed it was a pretty sunset. A sunset without fish just doesn't carry a conversation very far.

Sunday morning came early and we were on our way to Drift Fence with a short detour at Reservation Lake to get permits. We were on the water by 9am hoping to catch the damsel nymph emergence. I kept the sinking line and so did James' friend. We each put on a damsel pattern. James stuck to his dry fly (a Royal Wulff, I think). It was a bright sunny day although the thunderclouds were starting to build by 10 am. The fishing was kind of slow even with damsel patterns. I caught a few fish and had to work at it. James was picking up the occasional rising fish. James' friend changed flies to a Chukar Peacock Lady and finally caught his first fish. He had



Peter Klemens.... Mexico the Hard Way



Jeff with nice Bonefish at La Pinta estuary. The Bones appear to be getting larger and more common.. I hope so..



A very nice Pompano from La Pinta estuary.. This fish fights like a 10 pound Trout..

several strikes but didn't quite get how to set the hook. The fish weren't cooperating either. They would do the bump-the-fly a couple times and then stop. I have had several conversations about whether or not Brook Trout are in Drift Fence. The first fish James' friend caught on a fly rod was a brookie (and I have the picture to prove it!).

As the clouds continued to build, the sun was off the lake and a hatch began to start. The lake came alive with rising fish. I switched from trolling to casting a damsel nymph to the rise and was having a great time. James switched dry flies and was having better luck with the new fly (I can't remember what fly). James' friend was getting the hang of catching fish. I would hear this "Ah-HAH!!" when he would have a fish on. I guess we all have a special word or gesture when we hook a fish. I just haven't noticed before. We were having a great day. All of us were catching fish and life was good. I went hunting and caught a beautiful 15" fat rainbow that was more of a bronze color than silver and with bright red coloring from the gill cover along the lateral line to the tail (no it wasn't a cutthroat, it was a rainbow). I would have liked a picture of the fish but the digital camera got dipped into the lake and wouldn't take a picture (the digital camera was one of several casualties of the trip). The rise started to wind down a little when the thunder started to rumble. We saw lightning and decided it was a good time to eat lunch and rest. While eating peanut butter and honey sandwiches, we decided to head back to camp and go to A-1 Lake for the evening fish.

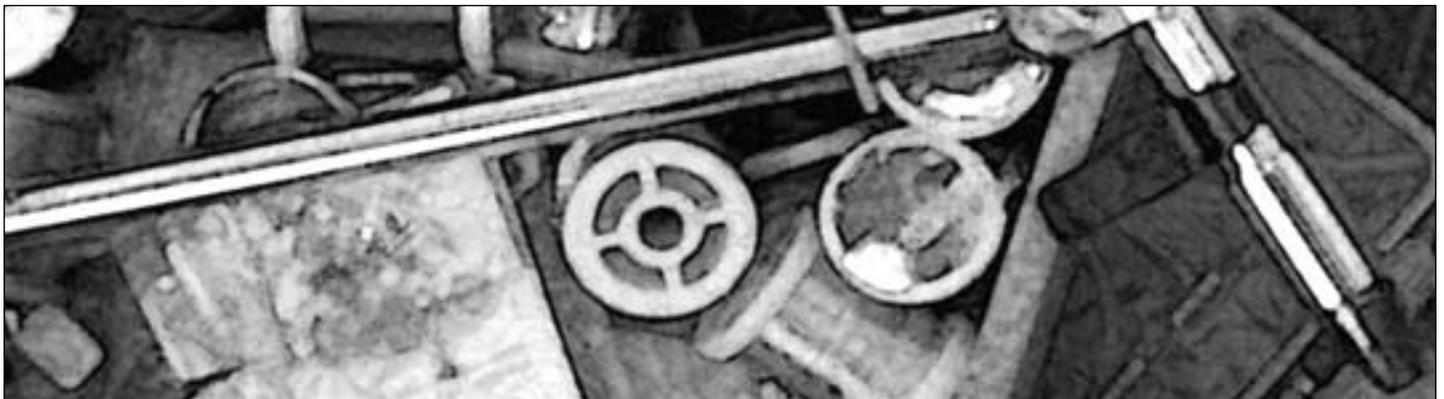
The sky was bright and sunny over A-1 Lake in the late afternoon. There were a few fly fishers on the lake and James said, "I bet Dad knows these guys." I was about to say that I don't know every fly fisher in the state when I saw one person who DID look familiar. We rigged up fly rods and launched float tubes hoping to have an evening that was as good as the morning. Who should I meet but our own DFC member, Dave Weaver. Of course, Dave had to say the fishing has slowed down a

bit. "It was hot for about 2 hours before you arrived." While talking to Dave, I hook a fish and the boys (James and his friend) were getting bites too. Dave was headed for shore. He said that he needed to get out and stretch his legs. Dave pointed out the general direction where he was having good luck. The angle of sun revealed a surface film smothered with insects. Dave mentioned a really powerful thunderstorm that had hit the area earlier in the day. There were some bugs flying around but most were spent insects. It might have been the tail-end of a hatch in the previous 2 hours Dave was talking about. A-1 was classic troll-and-catch fishing. James' friend and I were hammering them with about a 50% rate getting the fish to the net. James, on the other hand, wasn't getting a bite in spite of the abundance of insects on the surface. A little fish would rise every so often and that was it. As the sun was touching the tree-tops, the fishing began to change. Although fish could be caught using the troll-and-catch, the lake turned into dry fly heaven. The caddis flies began emerging as the fish were swimming just under the surface. James switched to an Elk Hair caddis and was getting action while I was frantically switching spools to a floating line. The hatch lasted 45 minutes until it finally petered out. James landed nine fish and hooked countless others. James' friend was getting the hang of a short cast to a rise form and was picking up fish on a Peacock Lady. I was using a light colored St. Vrain caddis pattern and was catching my fair share until one fish swallowed the fly. I retied another St. Vrain caddis pattern tied with a dark hackle. I learned a lesson: don't fish a light color fly with a dark hackle unless the fly imitates the actual insect. The fish were not very selective but they weren't fooled by the dark hackled fly. They wouldn't even look at the fly and it was getting too dark to tie on another fly. Again, we came off lake in the dark and were the only fishermen on the lake. We didn't know it then, the plan for Monday was to fish a stream.

I won't elaborate on the reasons why we ended up fishing the West Fork of the

Black River late Monday morning. This time we all had floating line rigged up on the fly rods. James' friend was fishing a nymph pattern; James was fishing an Adams and I went with a #18 midge dry pattern. The fish we were catching were Apache Trout. The hatchery truck had deposited the weekly load of fish earlier in the day and there were pools full of trout. James' friend found that sight fishing was different than blind fishing in a lake. It was more difficult to hook a trout watching it go for the fly than not knowing when the trout would take the fly. He eventually figured it out. It was fun watching James show his friend how to hook a fish. James would say, "Now watch....See? That's how you hook 'em" as he stripped the fly line with a fish on. The boys fished downstream and I fished the pools and pocket water that were more difficult. I was catching a few fish a bit larger than the average stocker. Full sunlight was on the stream by mid to late afternoon and the fish quit biting. I headed for the truck for something to eat. The boys were coming back upstream as well. James had once again caught lots of fish on his dry fly. Fishing on the West Fork of the Black River turned out to be a great day.

James had kept his word....he fished the rest of the trip using dry flies. Even though he may become an uppity dry fly purist, I was proud. Arizona doesn't have regular hatches, besides possibly damselfly, to plan when and where to fish like other classic places in the Rocky Mountain West. The evening hatch Saturday night at Big Lake didn't happen. The evening hatch DID happen on A-1 Lake. The Black River was hatching midges and mayflies (and maybe a few caddis) when the clouds were overhead. James gets pumped fishing dry flies. That's what he loves about fly fishing. While the rest of us dredge the bottom with nymphs and wet flies, James looks to fish the top and is willing to wait until the fish rise.....to a dry fly.



2004 Calendar Events

September 25-28 San Juan River in New Mexico-

Cinda Howard is again hosting this great fishing opportunity. Cinda has all 18 spots filled, but you may want to get on the sub list if someone needs to back out at the last minute.

Redfish in South Texas *By Ted Bounds*

A group of six anglers from DFC will be going to Port Mansfield, Texas on October 14th to do some flats fishing in the Laguna Madre. Our quarry will be Redfish and Sea Trout. I will put an article in the November newsletter to let everyone know how the trip went, as well as details about travel arrangements, guide services, lodging etc. in case anyone wants to plan a similar trip. This will be the second trip to Port Mansfield for Vince Deadmond, Bob Harrison and me. It will be a first trip for the other three anglers. Hope to see everyone at the September swap meet meeting.

NOVEMBER at ROCKY POINT

More information at September DFC Swap Meet event- (September 8, 2004)

DFC BANQUET • December 8, 2004

Lot's of information to follow in future DFC Newsletters.

Stay Tuned!

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