

January 2020

http://gbflycasters.org

## Leader's Line

## by TinaLyn Sell, GBF President



I want to start off by saying Happy New Year to all.

December was a lot of fun, with both the swap meet/chili cook-off and potluck dinner. I hope all who attended the swap meet/chili cook-off were able to find something to add to their fishing gear. Myself and my husband, the first gentleman, **Ben**, found several items. Congratulations to the winner of the chili cook-off, **John Gordon**, who was able to dethrone **Doug Kytonen**, and won a small box of flies. And, thank you to **Drake Johnson** for organizing the event.

The potluck dinner was attended by many, so many that we almost ran out of chairs. As usual, the food was in abundance and spectacular—the members of this club know how to cook. To those who attended, thank you for embracing

my "Going Green" campaign and saving the wonderful plastic ware for the next event—more on my "Green" campaign at a future meeting—and thank you **Kim Lloyd** for stepping up and organizing the event.

With January comes the International Sportsman Expo, January 16<sup>th</sup> – 19<sup>th</sup>. All time slots have been filled, but you can still come out and visit. Feel free to email **Dale Spear** for more information.

The 34<sup>th</sup> Annual Dinner is being held on March 21<sup>st</sup>. Do not forget to purchase your ticket. This can be done online, <a href="https://gbflycasters.org/store/">https://gbflycasters.org/store/</a>, or at the general meetings. Please come out and support the club.

With a new year, comes membership dues; you can pay online, see the link above, or at the general meetings.

I want to close by thanking everyone, especially the board members, for supporting me through the first half of my term. I am looking forward to the second half.

# Monthly Program



Matt Heron with a Trophy Permit

Our guest speaker this month is **Matt Heron,** who hails from the Tahoe/Truckee area where he runs his Fly Fishing School and Outfitter (<a href="http://mattheronflyfishing.com/">http://mattheronflyfishing.com/</a>) in Squaw Valley and Truckee.

In the off season he hosts trips to some of

the premier tropical fly fishing destinations. His presentation will

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$JANUARY^{2020}$								
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY		
			1.	2.	3.	4.		
5.	6.	Board Meeting 7:00 PM	8.	9. Monthly Meeting	10.	11.		
12.	13.	Knot Tying Clinic Part 1	15.	16.	ISE Show January 16 - 19	18.		
ISE Show January 16 - 19	20.	21. Fly Tying Jam	Knot Tying Clinic Part 2	23.	24.	25.		
26.	27.	28.	29.	30.	31.			

Monthly Program - Continued from page 1

focus on one of them, Cuba, and will cover many of the "ins and outs" of Cuban culture, travel logistics, gear, flats locations, and of course, the outstanding fishing opportunities. Cigars, dancing lessons and salsa music are optional! He'll specifically be discussing his one trip with independent guides, as well as multiple trips with the famous outfitter, Avalon.

Cuba is by far one of Matt's top saltwater destinations for his hosted travel program. It holds a very special place in his heart, as he's currently planning his 5<sup>th</sup> trip to this amazing country.

# January Film Festival Features Our Home Waters January 16<sup>th</sup> - 20<sup>th</sup>

The South Yuba River Citizen's League (SYRCL) hosts a film festival to fund its efforts to protect, restore and improve the South Fork of the Yuba River. One of its current goals is to advocate for a healthier watershed by restoring self-sustaining populations of wild salmon and steelhead. Their 2020 Wild & Scenic Film Festival includes a number of films that focus on nearby rivers and streams. Here's a list of the films and a brief description:

- White Water in Peril a short film about the white water section of the Bear River that will be lost if the Centennial Dam is constructed by the Nevada Irrigation District.
- Hat Creek: A Wild Trout Legacy Mike Weir is the director of a film that explains the restoration effort that is underway at Hat Creek.
- Hammer Dam a story about the CA Dept of Fish & Wildlife and a landowner's small hydroelectric dam that blocks salmon spawning habitat in Northern California.

January Film Festival - Continued from Page 2

• The Sacramento, at Current Speed – a 300 mile drift boat/dory journey from Redding to the Delta.

The festival is held at several locations in Grass Valley and Nevada. It starts on January 16<sup>th</sup>, and runs through the 20<sup>th</sup>. The festival is a great opportunity to view films developed by local residents that tell local stories about our home waters. An added bonus is that the directors are often in attendance, and will answer audience questions.

More details and ticket information are available <u>here</u>.

## Annual Dinner Update

With the Holidays behind us, it's time to think about celebrating our club's 34<sup>th</sup> anniversary with a BIG PARTY!!! We call it our Annual Dinner event, and everyone's invited to come and help the club ring in a new year—and rack up some great raffle prizes, auction items, and more! Here's the lowdown on all the highjinks...

- **Who:** Club members, friends, families, co-workers, neighbors...anyone who's interested in having a great time, winning great prizes, and supporting a great cause.
- What: Fantastic dinner, massive raffle, outstanding auction, plus...the chance to break bread and share a nice evening with club-members, new friends, and families.
- **When:** Saturday, March 21, 2020. The festivities start by 3:30<sub>PM</sub> (bar opens at 4:00; dinner begins at 5:30), and the closing remarks are scheduled to occur by 8<sub>PM</sub>.
- Where: The dinner, raffle & auction will be at the Rocklin Event Center, at 2650 Sunset Boulevard in Rocklin. It's easy to find, and there's plenty of free parking!
- **Why:** Because you want to show support for your club at its biggest annual event—and possibly win thousands of dollars in fishing gear, trips, and other great prizes.
- **How:** Buy your dinner tickets at the next club meeting, or just visit our website (<u>www.gbflycasters.org</u>) to buy tickets securely online. Tickets are just \$40 each!

Lastly...If you can't attend the dinner, please consider making a donation for the raffle or auction. If you can help, just contact Wendell Edwards at <a href="mailto:wendelledwards@icloud.com">wendelledwards@icloud.com</a>.

# January Conservation Meeting

#### by Ed Lloyd, VP Conservation

Our next Conservation Meeting will take place on Monday night, January 13, 2020. The guest Speaker will be a representative from <u>"Cast Hope,"</u> an organization that has sparked a lot of interest the past few years. Originally, "Captain" Chuck Regan was going to speak, yet because of his many commitments, still offered to send a representative in his place.

Pizza and drinks will be served at 6:00<sub>PM</sub>, at Round Table Pizza off Sierra College Blvd. If you are interested in attending, please let me know, or simply sign up at the next General Meeting on Thursday, January 9, 2020. Hope everyone has a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!!! See you in 2020!!!

#### **Granite Bay Flycasters Classifieds**

To place a classified ad, you must be a member in good standing of the Granite Bay Flycasters. Classified ads will run for only one issue of The Leader, unless the seller requests it to run longer. Submit your listing to: **editor@gbflycasters.org.** All ads must be submitted by the 15<sup>th</sup> of the month to be included in the following month's Leader.

## Annual Potluck Dinner

The annual potluck dinner was held December 12th at the Clubhouse. The doors opened at 6:00 pm, and members queued-up for dinner at 6:30 pm. The weather cooperated, and this allowed an overflow crowd to practice the unofficial club motto of eating early and often.

\*\*Buffet Lineup\*\*

\*\*Desserts Unlimited\*\*

Youngest member checking it out.

As is typical, club members were generous with the dishes they brought, and no one left hungry. A grateful shout out to all those who arrived early and made the dinner run smoothly. Those folks included: Ron & Pat Fay, Dale Spear, Drake Gordon, TinaLyn & Ben Sell, Dave Fujiyama, Bill Grigsby, Jim Lloyd and Don Whitecar.



Full house with not a seat to spare.

## Swap Meet/Chili Cookoff





On Saturday, December 7<sup>th</sup>, we had the annual GBF Swap Meet and Chili Cookoff. It was a success in spite of the forecast for rainy weather. To start the morning, there was a continental breakfast that included donuts, muffins, hard boiled eggs, and coffee. All of this for a nominal fee of \$3—hard to beat. The doors opened at 8:30 AM. This was an hour later start than last year, which seemed to make getting set up for the event a lot less harried.

This year, we had a good number of people selling their extra goods compared to last year's. John Hogg had some super rods for sale, and John Peterson had a table full goodies. A few others brought some of



their extra gear for sale. There were at least three float tubes for sale outside.

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Swap Meet/Chili Cookout- Continued from page 5



TinaLyn with John Gordon, "Chili Champion"

This year, we included a Silent Auction for several marine related items that were donated to the club.

We had four chili offerings present, one from **Doug Kytonen**, the past two-time winner. The chili ranged from the traditional to the non-conventional. All were worthy of serious consideration for best in eats. By 10:00 AM most of the chili was gone, and the voting was completed by 10:30 AM. **John Gordon**, with his Tex Mex, was crowned king of chili this year. Second place honors went to **Drake Johnson**, Just Chili, and **Wendell Edwards**, Colorado Chicken Chili, being third.

My thanks to all who jumped in and gave me a hand to make this year's event happen. I am looking forward to seeing you all at next year's event.

## The People We Meet

#### by Eric Palmer

When I started fly fishing a bit under 20 yrs ago, I was not a particularly gregarious fellow, being generally disinclined to approach strangers to strike up a conversation. But, as years advanced, and maybe it was something about the nature of the sport and the people who practice it, I became bolder, loosening up a bit, and was quite surprised at what I discovered. Here are a few anecdotes about people I've met on the water.

#### The Fishing Buddies

In my first few years of steelheading on the Trinity in the mid-2000s, I was up on the middle river solo for a few days waiting for my brother-in-law, Don Hansen, and brother, Scott, to show up Friday night at our cabin at Big Flat. The poor guys had to work for a living and I did not, so I liked to get a few days jump on them for some exploring on my own. It was at the middle-river stretch, loosely called Del Loma, that I ran into a couple guys at our vehicles.

At that first meeting I engaged them with a clever, "Hi, how's the fishing?" This greeting, research has since shown, will virtually guarantee a friendly 15-minute chat on flies and the rig du jour, which for nymphing

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The People We Meet - Continued from page 6

steelhead then—as today—was an egg pattern up top, followed by some shot to get down, then a 14 or 16 nymph on point, a red Copper John usually—BTW, a good American steelhead rig too.

They were younger guys, maybe late 20s or 30-something, and I'd learn later had been fishing together since they were teenagers, so had a leg up on me, a relative greenhorn with steelhead, and fly fishing too for that matter. One fellow, in fact, was a guide from the Tahoe area, and his pal lived near Yosemite, so they were a long way from home. At that point, we were all just getting started for the day with nothing to share, so we just chatted some and went our separate ways.

But over the course of the next couple days, every time I arrived at a new spot or was just leaving, there they were again. We'd chat a bit more to compare notes, with their notes generally being better than mine for some inexplicable reason. This continued to the point that we'd laugh and joke about it with each new encounter. There's 30 miles of river between Junction City and Cedar Flat where the canyon begins, so it seemed bizarre that we were always targeting the same spots at the same time.

On the third day as lunch time rolled around, I decided to pull in to the actual Del Loma access road with its nice shady parking. It was a balmy late October day on the cusp of November's chill, so perfect for a little picnic and some quiet reflection on my lack of success so far. I no sooner had the back of the old '98 Outback open and my chair and ice chest out, but who pulls up and parks next to me. The fishing buddies had seen me from up on 299, and were ready for lunch too, so they broke out their chairs and we had a nice leisurely chat for a good hour. We talked rigging and flies, nymphing vs. swinging, they described access spots I'd not found yet, and I described where I'd hooked fish on previous trips. We'd bumped into each other so many times so far, it seemed like we were already old friends. This has been my general experience with the fraternity of fly fishers.

We finally broke camp, said our goodbyes and headed off in different directions. I never ran into them again up there in spite of an annual visit for many years.

#### Mr. Camper Shell

A few years later on the same river with a few GBF'ers, everywhere we turned we saw the same fellow in a pickup with a camper shell. He was just leaving a given spot as we arrived, or vice versa, or we'd pass him at turnouts on 299, or he'd pass us. He was either following us, or we were following him, but we never had an opportunity to actually stop and chat. Finally, after many sightings over a few days, we had just pulled into a long 299 turnout to examine the river below for potential new water. As we returned to our trucks, who should pull in and park about 50 feet in front of me, but the elusive Mr. Camper Shell. I said to my partner riding shotgun, "That's him, the same guy we keep seeing...I need to find out what this guy's story is," and with that I readjusted my "bold and gregarious" hat, jumped out of the truck, and walked over to his camper. He was leaning into the back door rummaging through some gear when I gently interrupted him with my usual "Hi...," and it was game on.

He proved to be a "gear guy," throwing massive spoons with huge hooks, but said he traveled with a fly rod too for those special situations that called for some finesse. But, his bias was clearly toward the heavy stuff, judging from the multiple spinning rods and tackle boxes that were crammed into the tight quarters of his camper. The comforting intel he shared, given our lack of significant success so far, was that he was not hooking any fish either (misery loves company). He opened one of his many tackle boxes to reveal an insane quantity and variety of spoons in brass, copper and chrome—some painted—then handed me 3, in spite of my obviously being a fly guy. He was so amiable and happy to chat with someone that I did not have the heart to correct him and decline his generosity. It



The People We Meet - Continued from page 7

seemed like being a solitary angler for days had gotten him to where he was ecstatic to have another human being to converse with, even if just the 15 minutes while my fishing partners watched impatiently from the vehicles wondering what the heck is he talking to that guy about...let's get moving here...burning daylight!

Years later, his spoons still adorn the brass pot above my desk as I type these words, a remembrance of another day chasing steelhead in the company of good friends and fishing partners on a beautiful river.

#### Mr. Cane & Burlap

Moving forward another year or two on the Trinity, this time with **Kim Lloyd** at the Pear Tree Gulch access, a beautiful and easily reached section of water. We decided to divide and conquer, so Kim headed for the pool at the bottom end, while I headed to the top of the approximate 100-yard quintessential steelhead run.

About 30 minutes into the day, I was out in the flow, and looking way downstream there's just a solo woman gracefully swinging her spey rod. Kim was out of sight around the bend, I presumed at the pool or below. I'm swinging a traditional fly now, maybe a burlap or brindle bug, and as I glance downstream periodically I see a fellow watching the spey caster from the bank. He's not fishing, as his hands are unencumbered with neither rod nor staff, and there's no vest I can see, as he stands motionless, just watching, seemingly captivated by the rhythm of her cast. Finally, he begins slowly meandering my way. He's on a faint trail at water's edge, appears to be an older gentleman, and his casual saunter seems to say, "I got no place to be, and all day to get there." As he advances upriver, I'm thinking he's going to be even with me in a few minutes, and it could get awkward. Do I ignore him? Nod and wave, or what? I'm supposed to be fishing here, not BS'ing with random strangers who wander by. And, I'm standing in the middle of the river.

As he advances, his body language now screams, "Dang, sure wish I had someone to talk fishing with." It's hard to explain, but I could sense this fellow really needed someone to chat with. So I caved, and as he drew closer, I began inching my way backwards to the bank, while still casting and stripping in line, with an occasional glance his way as to signal, "I'm coming, be patient." I reached the dry cobbles just as he got even with me on the trail.

With a "Hi, howya doin today?" and a faint smile from my end, the conversation was off and running. He was indeed an older fellow, somewhat older than I, and, I would soon learn, a well-seasoned fly man. He lived in a community not far down the I-5 corridor, and had been fishing the Trinity, and in fact this very run, his favorite, for many decades, and was intimate with every boulder capable of holding fish, as he gestured accordingly with an outstretched arm. I learned he fished only bamboo rods of his own making. More interestingly, he swung just one fly for steelhead, the Burlap, an old classic conceived in 1945 specifically for the Klamath and Trinity, and still deadly effective today. He was indeed the real deal. An old school life-long

fly-man and true sportsman who's general demeanor lent him considerable credibility.

This little diversion proved time well spent, and was thoroughly enjoyable, and with him doing most of the talking, took little effort on my part. I could just as easily have dismissed him with a nod and wave and kept on fishing, and been the worse for it. And, just perhaps, I brightened his day some too with an attentive ear to make his arduous trek down from 299 and over a wide cobbled floodplane worth the effort. I also wondered if circumstances hadn't maybe curtailed his fishing career, so he visits his favorite spots just to reminisce about better days, hoping for someone to share his stories with.

So, what's the message here? There are a few maxims that could fit: "Take some time to smell the roses," or maybe, "There's more to fishing than the fish." But, I'll just say the next time you're out on the water and you see another angler on the trail or the lake, or fiddling with gear on his tailgate, just take a minute to saunter over and ask, "Hi, how's the fishing?" You just might be surprised at what follows, and you might even make a new friend.



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Bill Carnazzo Fly Tyer's Corner (Taken from the Article Written in January 2011)

# Fly Patterns - Bill's Swimming Starling Sally



Bill's Swimming Starling Sally

#### **Materials:**

**Hook:** Standard nymph hook, such as TMC 3761BL

**Thread:** Pale yellow 8/0 or smaller

**RIBBING:** Fine gold wire

**Body:** Pale yellow natural dubbing with a slight olive tinge

**Thorax:** Same as body

**Hackle:** Starling feather, tied soft hackle style

# **Description**

I've recently designed a new series of three flies for the ubiquitous "Little Yellow Stonefly" that we all (sometimes) know and (always) love. I say "sometimes" when it comes to "know" because this little bug may well be the most mistakenly identified of all of the aquatic insects that we consider to be our fish staples. While guiding, I've heard clients refer to them as terrestrials (lacewings, for example), mayflies (PMDs in particular), and light-colored caddis. That's not a criticism, by the way—it's easy to mistake the Sally for other small aquatics, especially when it's breezy. But it's also important to learn how to "know" Sally when she's (or he's) the one doing the flying around in your little piece of heaven. Knotting on a PMD imitation or an Elk Hair Caddis, or the wrong kind of nymph or emerger, will beget only frustration because, at least in my experience, fish keying on Sallies are very selective.

The Sally nymph was featured in the September, 2010 Leader. I'll feature the adult in a future article. For this article I'm presenting the **Swimming Starling Sally**, which is a soft hackle style pattern that could represent the subspecies that actually hatch in the water column (i.e., an emerging life stage), or simply a nymph that is drifting along after having become dislodged from the rocks. Don't think in terms of mayfly emergers, because that is an entirely different concept.

There are a number of ways of fishing soft hackle flies. One way would be to suspend it by itself under an indicator with a fairly long tippet (6-9') and a small split shot, cast the rig upstream, mend into a dead drift, and transition to a swing after the rig passes your position. A second way (my preferred technique for pocket water) would be to attach it to the bottom fly in a short-line rig with 14-16" of 5x fluorocarbon and fish it as a "stinger." This means casting upstream, using a regular short-line drift until the rig passes your position, and then allowing it to swing at the end of the drift. A third method would be to fish it in traditional soft-hackle swing style on a long leader (9-12') with 5x fluorocarbon at the tip. In all three methods, I will utilize the "Leisenring Lift" technique at the end of the drift to mimic an insect rising in the water column.

So, let's tie up a few.

# **Tying Instructions**

For best viewing: (1) Maximize your Computer Screen Window. (2) Type "Ctrl + or -" to enlarge or contract the photograph display. (3) Use the Horizontal and Vertical Scroll Bars to scroll right and up/down to display larger photos on your screen.

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Steps 1, 2, & 3

- 1. Starling feathers from the neck area have an iridescent black shine and a tannish tip. These are the feathers you should look for.
- 2. To prepare a feather for a soft-hackle fly, there are several methods that have been written about. I prefer to follow these steps:
- 3. Strip the fuzz from the butt end of the feather, but don't cut the stem.
- 4. Rib the body with 4 or 5 turns of the gold wire and tie off the wire at the front of the body.
- 5. Dub a thorax that is somewhat more robust than the body. The purpose of this step is to create a thorax appearance but also to backstop the soft hackle so that it doesn't just flatten out against the body during the drift. In turn, this allows the hackle to "swim" as the fly drifts. It is important that you leave at least two hookeye widths open behind the eye so that the hackle (next 2 steps) can be properly wound around the hook.



Steps 4 & 5



Steps 6 & 7

- 6. Prepare a starling feather and tie it in by its tip, just in front of the thorax. Since the fly is designed in the soft-hackle style, the concave side of the feather should face the rear of the hook.
- 7. Wind the feather around the hook at least 3 times, sweeping the barbules back on each turn. Tie the feather off just behind the hook eye, trim the excess, and wind the thread in close wraps rearward to help sweep the hackle backward. Whip finish and apply a small drop of super glue to the head.

## **Tying Tips**

- 1. Starling feathers from the neck area have an iridescent black shine and a tan-ish tip. These are the feathers you should look for.
- 2. To prepare a feather for a soft-hackle fly, there are several methods that have been written about. I prefer to follow these steps:
- 3. Strip the fuzz from the butt end of the feather, but don't cut the stem.
- 4. Isolate the feather's tip by grabbing it with pointed tweezers and sweeping the remaining barbules rearward.
- 5. Tie the feather in using the isolated tip as a tab. Now go crank out a few of these gems and....





Granite Bay Flycasters 8757 Auburn Folsom Road, #2842 Granite Bay, CA 95746-9998

#### **Granite Bay Flycasters**

**Mission:** The organization is dedicated to conservation of fish habitat, advancement of the art of Fly Fishing, and good sportsmanship.

**Meetings:** General club meetings are held on the second Thursday of each month at the Granite Bay Activities Center on the shores of Folsom Lake. For directions, check <a href="http://gbflycasters.org">http://gbflycasters.org</a>.

Doors open between 6:00 P.M. and 6:30 P.M for socializing and fly tying demonstrations. The business portion of the meeting begins at 7:00 P.M. The main program gets underway after a short refreshment break and usually involves a guest speaker and slide show, or other presentation. All meetings are open to the public and visitors are encouraged to attend.

**Membership:** Applications are available on-line at **http://gbflycasters.org** and at general meetings. Single membership: \$30; Family memberships: \$35; and youth (under 18): \$10. There is also a \$12 name badge charge for all new members. Membership is prorated throughout the year. For membership information, contact Don Whitecar at 916-804-5384, or visit the website at **http://gbflycasters.org**.

**The Leader:** To send articles, photos, ads and other materials, please e-mail to: Frank Stolten at **editor@gbflycasters.org**. Please put **GBF Leader** in the subject line. Deadline for materials is the 15th of each month.

Please notify if address change

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