

# Creel Notes from the



P.O. Box 639, Mercer Island, WA 98040



March, 2010



## President's Riffle

We had a good discussion at the February meeting. I would like to thank everyone who came up to the podium to make their voices heard. We had one of the largest attendances to a general membership meeting in years. One of the items that came out of this discussion was the need to form a panel of members: two for the change, two against, and two neutral. This committee has already been formed and by the time you read this Creel Notes, they have probably made contact with the club. They are charged with trying to find answers to the club's questions and post the results of their findings for members to review. The March vote has been postponed until a later date. There will be a Creel Notes posting again to make the announcement about when the vote will occur.

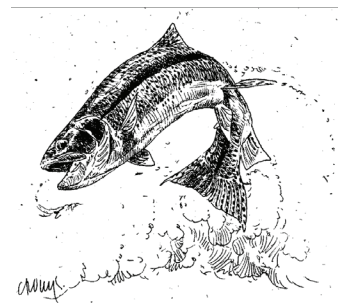
The Boyd Aigner competition submissions are due at the March meeting. **Bob Burdick** has been up to no good again. For those of you who missed his "I'm the perfect male" or was it "I'm the best fly tier in the club" poem, you missed one of the funniest moments in years. To add fuel to the fire, when I went to a local fly shop to acquire materials to tie some of the patterns, I was told that Bob had been in the weekend before me and had bought up all of the supplies. When I e-mailed Bob about my suspicions of his evildoing, he flat out confirmed to me, and I quote, "Winning a war often requires several different avenues of attack. One of those is denying your enemy a supply line. If you inquire further, you will find that you can't get hopper legs at Kaufmann's, or Creekside, or Patrick's. Nor can you find mottled turkey feathers at any of those stores." I'm sad to see that this fun endeavor will be over soon; it has added a nice levity to the club.

**Keith Robbins** has done a great job of getting a replacement for our monthly speaker this month. Our

original speaker had an accident and will not be able to attend. Our speaker replacement, Dick Streater, will have us all laughing. Don't give him too hard of a time if he talks too much about gear fishing.

Grab your rod and going fishing.

Ed.



## Inside.....

This Month's Meeting	2
Boyd Aigner Competition	2
Creel Calendar	2
On the Fly	3
Puget Sound Report	5
Lone Lake Report	5
The Waipunga: New Zealand	5
What Is the WFFC Foundation?	7
For Sale: Fisherman's Dream Boat	7

## March Meeting: Fishing Humorist Dick Streater, “Fishing Can Be Funny”

Freshwater Fishing Hall of Fame member, Dick Streater, will be our speaker on March 16th. He is a nationally recognized, published authority on antique lures and tackle, and will be giving his popular fishing humor talk, based on the gadgets and inventions of the past 50 years. He has found the “funny side” of trying to outwit all those very smart fishes. Hand-cranked boat motors and spring-loaded casting rods are just two of the many wonders to be demonstrated. “Ole & Sven” will also be telling a couple of fishing jokes.

## Boyd Aigner Competition Reminder

*by Bill Neal, Awards Chairman*

For those participating in this year’s Boyd Aigner Fly Tying Competition, this is a reminder that your flies are due at this month’s members meeting. If you have not already received your competition number and display boxes, please contact me as soon as possible. I will have boxes with me at the meeting, but it would simplify things quite a bit if we can meet in advance or at least talk to give you box size information and so forth. If you unable to make it to the meeting, please contact me as soon as possible to discuss a possible alternative arrangement.

The patterns for 2010 are the following: (1) parachute hopper, size 12; (2) muddler minnow, size 10; and (3) trico dun (not spinner), size 18. The flies will be displayed and judged at the April Meeting, with the award presented at the May meeting. Don’t forget the financial incentives offered this year.

If you have any questions, please contact me at: (w) (206) 667-8211; (h) (206) 232-0603; [wneal@staffordfrey.com](mailto:wneal@staffordfrey.com).

## The Creel Calendar

### **Rick Hafele**, Mar. 22<sup>nd</sup>

Rick will give a workshop at the Royal A Gove Masonic Lodge in Tacoma, sponsored by the Puget Sound Fly Fishers.

### **Beginning Fly Casting Class**, Thurs., April 1<sup>st</sup>

The beginning of the six-week course. Starts at 6:30 pm at the Green Lake Casting Pier.

### **Advanced Fly Casting Class**, Wed., April 7<sup>th</sup>

The beginning of the four-week course. Starts at 6:30 pm at the Green Lake Casting Pier.

### **Dry Falls Outing**, Sat., April 17<sup>th</sup>, and Sun., April 18<sup>th</sup>

### **Lone Lake Outing**, Sat., May 1<sup>st</sup>

## Creel Notes

...is the official publication of the Washington Fly Fishing Club. Subscription is free with membership.

Jim van de Erve ... Editor  
425-489-0971 [jimvde@comcast.net](mailto:jimvde@comcast.net)  
Ron Tschetter ... Publisher  
425-746-6652 [batribble@juno.com](mailto:batribble@juno.com)

### President

Ed Sozinho [esozinho@earthlink.net](mailto:esozinho@earthlink.net)

### 1st Vice President (Membership)

Peter Crumbaker [wolf\\_fenris2nd@hotmail.com](mailto:wolf_fenris2nd@hotmail.com)

### 2nd Vice President

Keith Robbins [flymooch@aol.com](mailto:flymooch@aol.com)

### 3rd Vice President

Earl Harper [earl@ecostock.com](mailto:earl@ecostock.com)

### Treasurer

Jim Morrison [jamescmorrison@mailhome.com](mailto:jamescmorrison@mailhome.com)

### Secretary

Leland Miyawaki [lelandmiyawaki@comcast.net](mailto:lelandmiyawaki@comcast.net)

### Ghillie

Jim Macdonald [macdonaldco@msn.com](mailto:macdonaldco@msn.com)

### Asst. Ghillie

Don Barton [dbarton44@comcast.net](mailto:dbarton44@comcast.net)

### Trustees

Rocco Maccarrone '08 Ed Pettigrew '08  
Scott Hagen '09 Jim Young '09  
Andrew Bennett '10 Craig Koeppler '10

## Club Aims and Purposes

The purpose of this club shall be:

1. To improve and increase the sport of Fly Fishing in the State of Washington.
2. To promote and work for the betterment of trout streams and lakes.
3. To encourage and advocate the conservation and increase of trout in state waters.
4. To promote a campaign of education against pollution in streams, lakes or Sound waters of the State of Washington.
5. To encourage and assist others — particularly young persons of high school age—to become fly fishers and true conservationists.

## On the Fly *by David Ehrich*

Our President, **Ed Sozinho**, started off the new meeting format of pleasure before business by wiggling in a few business items, since the kitchen crew was staggering under the pressure of a full meeting, thanks to the topic on the table: to women or not to women? Or perhaps the Bard meant to say in this case, “therein lies the rub.” In theory, business is to wait until after the speaker finishes, under the suspicion that some of the old fellas might stay awake for the presentation with food in front of them, and then they can sleep through the usual nonsense that makes up the business end of the horse.

In short, the pre-meeting featured the belated award of the Half-Ass award for meritorious service to **John Schuitemaker**. Then **Bob Burdick**, the self-proclaimed “best fly tier in the world,” reiterated the reiteration of his challenge accompanied by some Muhammad Ali-esque doggerel. Too wonderful to not quote: “I’m the best” and “It’s all about me” and “I smoked them all, it is my day.”

**Captain Keith** was finally given the floor, dirty with doggerel though it might have been, and introduced our speaker. The problem is that under the new format I had to choose between dinner and keeping notes. Dinner won, duh. Well, the intro was long enough to put a hurt on the cannelloni, so here’s what I heard after I laid down the fork.

Jim Klug, director of *Drift* and now *Rise*, teamed up with Patterson, the camera man of Warren Miller ski movie fame, added fishing to the format, avoided “grip and grin” shots and kept himself out of the film, went lots of places, and put together a new type of fly-fishing film. For example, the crew headed to the Deschutes, picked up John and Amy, and got after some steelhead. After 1001 casts to catch one photogenic steelie in plenty of miserable Oregon weather, the film crew picked up Crazy Charlie on Andros Island for some banjo-pickin’ bonefish action. Then Klug challenged the idea that fly anglers hate dams. It’s winter and you’re snowed in and where do you go? Tail water under your nearest dam. Well, anyway, you get the idea: chasing big fish in exclusive waters in faraway places guided by guys who don’t mind promotion.

Here I might note that it is strange to talk about making films while watching slides. So thankfully, we got a few moving clips to whet our appetite. *Drift* features the hunt for brown trout in Kashmir,

tackling rivers that pour out of the Himalayas right into the war zone. Klug didn’t want to go back, but the culture was worth the trouble.

In his next film, *Rise*, the format stayed the same, but with new locations. The shots of tarpon breaching brought groans of appreciation from the crowd. Next the film crew headed to Patagonia for big, big fish and lots of lip-smacking action in Chile and Argentina. Alaska, Venezuela, and Louisiana rounded out the bill.

Questions were brisk and lengthy, bringing groans and complaints for the gentlemen who had come to this meeting for one reason and one reason only: deny the ladies or let them in, although I’d have to guess the former by the age and orneriness of the members at my table.

Now for the real fun: business. Ed went over the Aims and Purposes of the club. The grumbling at my table didn’t abate. Conservation: Rivers will close for steelhead on February 17th. **Jim McRoberts** discussed the current debate to roll Fish and Game into the Washington DNR. Time to call your Reps (1-800-562-6000). Ed went over the current state of Home Waters and how things will work for club members.

After the lesser business gods were appeased, discussion ensued about changing the charter regarding the admission of women to the WFFC. Ed set ground rules of respect and cordiality, and invited an initial pro and con speaker with unlimited time at the podium.

**Bill Kuper** pushed hard for “relevancy”. Bill looks out at the membership and sees unrealized potential and he believes that new ideas have died because they need new blood. He believes that a broadened membership will infuse new energy that is lacking to support these needed innovations. Love for the sport means helping spread that love to as many people as possible. Bill notes that our membership policy differentiates us from other clubs in a negative way. We lose sponsorship and alliances with businesses and organizations that conflict with our policy.

**Steve Raymond** took up the con side of the coin. Steve knows the discussion is emotional, but that’s to be expected because it is a serious thing to change 75 years of tradition. Assuming the good faith of members who want to change, rather than

*(Continued on page 4)*

reiterate his reasons, Steve asked questions. Have we tried to find out how many new members would change their mind given changed policies? How many current members would leave? Given the difficulty in obtaining corporate sponsorship and other alliances because of single-gender membership, Steve asked: do we need sponsorship? What partnerships are at risk? What groups have shut us out because of our membership policies? Since we are a private club with private rules, do we have to change our rules to become partners? Is that what partnership really means? If our name creates ambiguity, should we change it to the Washington Men's Fly Fishing Club, like our equivalent in the NW Women's club? In short, without lots of groundwork, we are not ready to know what we will gain and what we will lose. Steve suggested the membership table the question to the equivalent of a blue-ribbon panel [See the Web link at the end of this article]. And then Steve made a motion to that effect.

Discussion ensued around the motion. Many members had come ready to chew this bone and felt robbed. In fact a few got up anyway and tried to wiggle in their opinion. Others spoke to the motion questioning the makeup of the panel. From there, Roberts Rules of Order fell into mild chaos since Steve moved to table something that had not been moved (Ed had only opened up the question for discussion and nothing was officially on the table at this meeting).

The rest is too painful to recount for those few of us who know Robert's Rules of Order. Thankfully, **Bill Deters** finally brought sanity to the floor by pointing out that we were using Robert's Rules of Order selectively. Ultimately, he asked us to return to the discussion for the good of the order.

**Gil Nyerges** was the first to take the mic and he asked members to stay cool, and "for god's sake, don't drop out of the club if you don't get your way." Former president, **Don Clough**, reminded members of the acrimonious debates of his tenure and his discovery then that since we are a private club, we can set our own rules. He doubted the membership efficacy of the change. **John Schuitemaker** asked the club to get to the question under the assumption that most members have already made up their minds. Larry (no last name), who is liberal without peer (nude dancer, married five times, wearing orange socks, and hunted by organized crime), appreciates ritual and sees the all-male nature of the club as an important ritual.

The President then took his turn at the mic and admitted to being part of a young progressive board that wants to make changes. He believes that the big projects of the future require teaming with state and federal government agencies that require getting the single-gender issue off our neck. Sponsorship does not mean wearing corporate labels; it means raising money to do good works. It's a shame to tell people who call us about membership that we are not welcome to everyone.

Yours truly read a letter from his girlfriend stating her connections to the club are sufficient (casting classes, high lakes trip, outings to Chopaka and Dry Falls), and the sanctity of the all-male environment should be preserved since this reflects a rare opportunity. Plus, she admitted, the meetings sound dreadful. I disagree on the latter, but read the letter dutifully.

**Leland Miyawaki** told members he has seen comments on our Web postings deriding our "Cave man" status. He believes that when we make suggestions to make major policy changes on the state level, we hurt ourselves by this membership distraction. **Pat Peterman** noted that the club survey showed a difference of opinion on this question according to age demographic. Those under 40 support gender changes, those older do not. Who is the future?

**Dyche Kinder** echoed those who like the tradition and opportunity for single-gender environments and asked that a mechanism ensure that all members be consulted on this important issue. **Dave Hawkinson** pointed out that his experience with co-ed clubs shows they lack intensity and true appreciation of the sport and get distracted by social issues. He pointed out that the NW Women's Fly Fishing Club has died due to lack of interest. Capt. Keith noted the FFF would not align with the WFFC simply because of this issue.

All this talk left my battery almost played out. But at this point, you have a good idea of the debate at hand. And since I have a 6 am flight to catch tomorrow to see my daughter in Brooklyn, I packed up before all the business was complete.

I'll ask her whether she wants in or not.

Note: The floor motion by Steve Raymond can be viewed verbatim via the member area menu of the WFFC website.



# REPORTS

## Fishing Report, Puget Sound Jan. 7

by Leland Miyawaki

Ed Sozinho and I joined Capt. Keith Robbins for a little fly fishing on the Sound. It was a beautiful calm day that was sandwiched between a couple typical January winter days.

As we cruised out of Shilshole, Keith had us put on the blindfolds again. You would think that after all these years of fishing together, he would learn to trust us to not give away his fishing spots.

It didn't take long before we began to hook up with some beautifully marked sea-runs. Out came the whisky toasts. Catch a fish, have a toast. Catch another, have another drink. On and on it went. The more we caught, the more we drank.

End of report.



## March 6<sup>th</sup>, Lone Lake on Whidbey

by Don Gulliford

Great, 60-degree F. spring day with only about 10 vehicles in the parking lot. Pontoon float tubers close to shore with chironimids had fairly slow fishing, but several looked a little dark to me. About 3 pm, I got down with a chartreuse sparse-hackled woolly bugger, and thought I was snagged; that is apparently where they lurk. Two anecdotal oddities: One guy

said he got a bass on the far shore (heard this last fall, too), and one guy insisted he was doing well on WHITE woolly buggers (huh?). Water clear; no algae; eagles around and *castor Canadensis* happily logging the shore, even at the launch.

Check out member (from years ago) Robi Poole's professional color photo of a rainbow.



## The Waipunga, a New Zealand Gem

by John Schuitemaker

"Can you fish?" was the first thing my guide, Chris, asked when I met him at the doors of Huka Lodge. How does one answer a question like that? Do I tell him that I've been fly fishing for nearly 30 years and imply that I've nothing left to learn? Or, do I take the humble path and say something like, "I've been known to manage a fish or two," and prepare him for what might be a tortuous day trying to hook anything. My reply was somewhere between those two and aimed at drawing from him where he might be going with this line of inquiry.

"Well", he said, "I ask because I have about 26 places I can take you to today. Do you want a place where you can catch 50 fish or are you looking for more of a challenge?"

My head spun with the possibilities. Here I was, on the North Island of New Zealand. A place I had only read about in the glossy pages of fly fishing magazines. Photos of gin-clear pools, sight-casting for trophy trout is what I had imagined as I prepared for this day. I gave him my wish list. An intimate river, not too big, that presented a challenge for an opportunity at some nice trout.

*(Continued from page 5)*

“I’ve got just the place,” was his reply. “It’s about 30 minutes away. Let’s go.” And we were off. Chris was one of those perpetually young-looking guys. He started guiding at age 15 and now sports a clientele of repeat customers, 75% of whom come from America. Much of his guiding is done via helicopter into remote sections of rivers where solitude and the abundance of fish are all but guaranteed. On this day he was driving. We headed to the small, quaint town of Taupo on the shores of a lake of the same name and then picked up Highway 5 toward Napier.

Thirty minutes or so later, after a brief panic stop on the way to check that the boots and waders he had for me would fit, we found ourselves next to the Waipunga River. What I could see of the stream at first glance made me worry that he had misunderstood my notion of “intimate” stream. This was no more than a shallow creek. I set aside my worries and took in the landscape. Temperate rainforest cascading down rugged hillsides. The river was surrounded by fern trees and other plants native to this area such that it looked like a manicured garden.

We geared up and were soon stepping into the small stream. I followed Chris across this stream to the far bank. The bank turned out to be an island. Once on the other side I realized that what I had mistaken for the river was simply a small side channel. As we emerged from the underbrush I was rewarded with the sight of the full Waipunga. This is one of those moments that fishermen don’t forget. That first step onto a miraculously beautiful river. It’s at that moment that you know why you pursue

this sport. A combination of awe at nature’s handiwork coupled with a shot of adrenaline as you quickly assess all the potential places where your first cast might land. The promise of a day on the river.

We walked upstream maybe 30 feet. Chris pointed out the first pool of the day. He’d tied on an attractor dry fly, a Royal Wulff size 14. A bit large I thought as I prepared my first cast making sure that overhanging brush was taken into account. That first cast landed left of target. There was a bubble line coming from the riffle above and that was my target. The second cast was a direct hit — right in the bubbles. But again, no activity. Here he was careful to coach me to let the fly drift out of the area before pulling it and recasting, lest we spook whatever might lie there. On the third cast I placed the fly a little further upstream, again right in the sweet spot of the current. The fly drifted maybe a foot on the water’s surface when a telltale bulge of water swallowed the fly. The fish was everywhere at once. I was surprised at the bend on the 6-weight rod. Now mind you, I’ve caught my share of nice trout in my life. Never did I expect something of this size in a stream this small. What I had on was as big or bigger than anything I’d ever caught on the Yakima.

Suddenly I realized that my guide was yelling instructions. “Get downstream. Cut him off. You don’t want him getting below you!” Why not?, I wondered. I’ve caught many a fish that took me downriver. His rationale, however, was quickly apparent. A fish this size, once below you on a river this small was a whole different ball game to land. I’m not sure how, but I was able to turn him back up river. I stepped in below him and blocked any further attempt for him to head in that direction. Soon he was in my guide’s net and I had my first New Zealand rainbow under my belt.

This was one of those days to remember. I landed about 10 fish in the 18- to 22-inch range. Hooked and lost an equal number. Raised and failed to hook several more. Dry flies accounted for half of the fish. When dries didn’t produce, we’d nymph with an indicator. I found the indicator was critical for success. At times the hesitation on the indicator was very subtle, and a lift of the rod tip was all it took to get a rainbow dancing across the water. Nymphs used were typically beaded Pheasant Tail or Hare’s Ear in size 16 to 12. We never saw another fisherman all day, and this was on a Saturday.





(Continued from page 6)

I will definitely go back to New Zealand. It's a spectacularly beautiful place, with warm, friendly people, abundant natural wonders, and the fish to make your angling wishes come true.

---

## What is the WFFC Foundation?

by Greg Crumbaker

The Washington Fly Fishing Club Foundation was incorporated in 1974 for the following purpose: "This corporation is organized and shall be operated exclusively for charitable, scientific and educational purposes to promote the public welfare through the development, promotion, and support of programs and projects for the wise use management and conservation of fish and wildlife, forests, water, and other natural resources." It is a non-profit 501 C 3 corporation and donations to the Foundation are tax-deductible. While activities where club members are providing sweat equity, such as Healing Waters and Reel Recovery, usually take a priority, the Foundation is not limited to WFFC activities. Examples of the past year's funding are the above two activities, Home Waters, Casting for Recovery, and the FFF Osprey publication. See [www.ospreysteelhead.org](http://www.ospreysteelhead.org) for the results of the Foundation's funding of that Web site and blog. Their end result will be a digital publication that is self-financing rather than requiring subsidization each year for publication. The Web site goal is to be the leading source for steelhead conservation in the U.S. (and worldwide if you ask those working on it).

Two reasons for you as a member of the WFFC to be aware of the Foundation:

1. While funding can come from outside, it primarily has come from club members. This has been in the form of annual donations or in the form of a bequest put into the will of a member. Donations can be project-specific or can go into the general fund. There are no paid trustees or employees in the Foundation, and its administrative expense to asset ratio is under 1%. You will not find this low a percentage in very many charitable organizations or in any mutual funds in which you may invest. And here you invest

in the environment and sport you love and where you live.

2. Project input often comes from club members. If you are involved with or aware of an activity that meets the purposes stated above and you feel that they can use support, we encourage that input...we want that input. Contact myself or one of the other trustees. They are: **John Schuitemaker, Ed Pettigrew, Dick Brening, Hugh Jennings, Pete Baird, and Pat Peterman.**

---

## For Sale: A Fly Fisherman's Dream Boat

This is a 12' 6" Achilles inflatable boat (SK-124), with a 30 HP electric start motor and extra prop battery. It has aluminum floor boards, two custom seats, and an aluminum casting platform. It's equipped with an air pump, a mini Kota electric motor, a boat cover, a double bottom, a jet pump, and an extra shoe. Also, a steering console, solid fiberglass transom, Carlisle oars, an electric bilge pump, and a stainless steel bow assembly. Comes with an EZ-load trailer with spare tire, and an anchor.

Price: \$7,999.00. **Steve Clements.** Phone: 206-784-1154.





Washington Fly Fishing Club  
P.O. Box 639  
Mercer Island, WA 98040  
[www.wffc.com](http://www.wffc.com)

Stamp  
here

March, 2010

### Meeting Announcement



Meetings are held on the third Tuesday of each month at the Seattle Tennis Club, 922 McGilvra Blvd. E.

The Wet Fly hour begins at 5:30 PM and dinner is served at 6:30 PM.

This month:

Fishing Humorist Dick Streater: "Fishing Can Be Funny"