

Creel Notes from the



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



September, 2010



President's Riffle

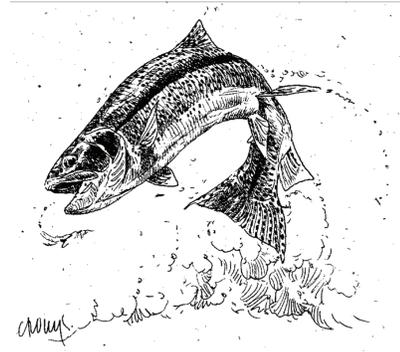
Summer is coming to an end. That means good steelhead fishing is around the corner if not already here. Of course, that is a relative term in relationship to what steelheading use to be when this club was started. The loss of great fisheries is not uncommon around the globe; groups try to battle big business for water rights and/or unobstructed streams to no avail. Many of these groups are volunteer organizations and never can match the efforts of well-oiled private interest groups or have the monetary support needed to follow through. Many times the fishermen involved do not realize what is happening to their beloved rivers, as is the case for the rivers of northern California. This month's speakers have produced a beautiful movie that documents for all to see the loss of the great streams of northern California. We will be watching this important movie, *Rivers of the Lost Coast*, in its entirety. Because of this, the salad bar will start 15 minutes early and dinner will be served during the movie.

The WFFC Board has been very eager to find a conservation project for the club to support. Of course, the efforts have been hindered by the recent vote to not allow the club to move into the 21st century. We are still trying to find a way to get behind a conservation movement. At this month's board meeting, there was more discussion of what that might look like. It more than likely will not be a combined effort with another group. It could possibly be our club providing political support to a conservation cause, such as the protection of coho in Puget Sound. In my eyes, this is not the optimum way of going about this, but at this point we do not have many options. There are hundreds of small groups trying to battle private interests. We will become another group in the large pool working hard to make a difference.

This organic, fractured effort makes it very hard to get things done. I'm hoping we will find ways to be more effective and try to unite many interested parties into a single spearheaded effort. We should have more information by next month.

Grab your rod and going fishing.

Ed.



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September Meeting: Filmmaker Justin Coupe presents *Rivers of a Lost Coast*

Justin will talk very briefly before the film about its content and what went into it. Then after the film, he will do a question- and-answer session. The film is about the turn of the 20th century, when a handful of pioneers carried their fly rods into California's remote north coast and gave birth to a culture that would revolutionize their sport. For a select few, steelhead fly fishing became an obsessive pursuit without compromise.

Justin Coupe is a sixth-generation Californian, living in the greater Sacramento area. Justin is a board member with the Capital Film Arts Alliance, a non-profit organization dedicated to the growth and development of Northern California's film-making community. Justin first fly fished for steelhead at the age of 12 on Southern Oregon's North Umpqua River. Justin received his B.A. in Film and Digital Media along with Literature/Creative Writing from the University of California at Santa Cruz. In October of 2008, Justin finished principle photography on Cloud's Rest, a documentary that follows Austin Taylor, an inspirational man disabled by cerebral palsy, along his amazing, off-trail journey to the top of Cloud's Rest Peak in Yosemite National Park.

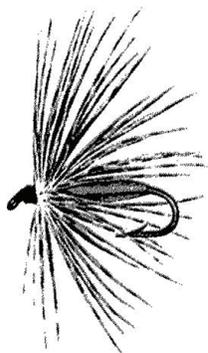
Note that the salad bar will start 15 minutes early and dinner will be served during the movie.

At the meeting, **Jim Higgins** will demonstrate tying Ally's Shrimp.

The Creel Calendar

Dry Falls, October 2nd and 3rd

Penrose State Park, November 6th and 7th



Creel Notes

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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, steelhead, and salmon 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.

August's Meeting: Tom Pero

by Jim van de Erve

Tom Pero is a renowned fly-fishing author, editor, and publisher. He started out as something of a prodigy, becoming a chapter president of Trout Unlimited at 18 and the first full-time editor of TU's *Trout* magazine. He's still at the editor game, as evidenced by the table-full of fly fishing books, published by his Wild River Press, that he brought to the August WCCF meeting. But he's also still a writer, and judging from his readings, it remains his first passion.

Pero writes in very vivid prose, with a strong and unique voice. The color in his prose made his readings alternatively humorous and satirical, and always engaging. They were shot through with bright descriptions and strong opinions.

Pero gave what he called "the anti-PowerPoint presentation". He started by quoting Tom McGuane from *The Longest Silence*: "Fishing, though the sport of kings, is just what the deadbeat ordered." And John Volcker, who said, "Trout respond to patience." Tom then proceeded to read excerpts and articles, many with an autobiographical bent, with such focus that he rarely looked up.

Tom started with an excerpt from "Nature's Trout." It described his first fly fishing opening day, when he was in the 8th grade. He tied up some mayflies using crepe, and some sort of streamer, but he caught nothing. Only when he took the advice of wise older fellows, aged 20, did he find a pool backing up into cascades. On his first visit, he spooked the trout, but he came back the next weekend to catch a 12-inch trout on a self-tied Adams. It was a tale of dogged will and youthful exuberance.

Tom then read the opening essay in "Till Death or Fly Fishing Do Us Part," which includes essays from "four bright, articulate women and three hopelessly addicted male anglers". His essay tells the tale of a woman, aged 37, who joined Tom's fly-fishing club. He was 18, and their friendship soon took a serious turn because she was mature, liked strong coffee, wore tight jeans, came from San Francisco, and was a dancer. She would, he added, "have liked living as a Montana rancher's wife in an Ivan Doig novel." She took up fly fishing small streams, and she took up with Tom as a reincarnation of Mrs. Robinson from *The Graduate*. It was, Tom con-

cluded, "his first thoroughly existential fly fishing relationship."

"Travels with Mack" was a tale about a road trip in a fish car: a canary-yellow VW bug owned by a collection agent who was "either a fly-fishing genius or a madman." It was stuffed with enough fishing gear that he could go directly from work to fishing without preparation, determined as he was to fish as many streams as possible to exorcise demons. Which may have been necessary because when Mack and Tom drove to a stream in upstate New York, Mack's wife asked for an all-points bulletin on him.

Tom's other recitations included a story about being sent by his editor to Alaska, a description of socialist Havana, the prospect of Tommy John surgery after fishing the Amazon, the "head-shaking silver demons" (Pacific Sailfish) of Guatemala, and fishing for steelhead in the Russian wilderness—with "a final scotch in the twilight."

Tom's writings were full of wacky characters, wild situations, wisdom and foolery, alliteration, run-on sentences, word scrabble, and a passion for all things fishing. For more, check out <http://www.wildriverpress.com>.



2nd VP Keith Robbins with Tom Pero



Scenic Beach Outing *by Dave Schorsch*

This weekend, Sept. 11th and 12th, a group of WFFC saltwater nuts gathered at **Jay Deeds'** place on Hood Canal. The targets were sea-run cutthroat and silver salmon. Weather was warm and sunny on Saturday, occasionally windy. We covered a lot of water looking for the silvers, without much success. **Dave Hawkinson** and I ran to the north end of Quilcene Bay and back (and then some) only to see a couple fleeting glimpses of coho. We fished a bunch of fishy-looking beaches and found some nice sea-runs on both sides of Quilcene and Dabob Bay. Ended up with about 10 cutts up to around 18 inches. An impending happy hour at Jay's forced a butt-slapping run through 12 miles of chop.

The weather broke bright and calm for the end of the day, allowing a beautiful sunset during the pizza feed and social hour.

Sunday morning was a different story. I woke up at 3:30 to the sound of wind blowing and waves slapping. It wasn't raining, but it was blowing 25 to 30 out of the south. We hugged our pillows 'til 7:00 or so, and crawled out to Jay's hot coffee and warm kitchen. A quick bite, a little strategy session, and off to the boat launch. **Mark Pratt** and I decided to stay fairly close and chase down rumors of coho around Misery Point and Seabeck Bay. No dice. So we started casting the shore for sea-runs. Mark hooked up right away with a nice one that hit his fly three times, and we're off to the races! We ran down to the mouth of Stavis Bay and anchored on the current seam as the tide ran out. A dozen fat fish later, we had a new spot for the list! On the way back to the launch, we passed **Jim McRoberts** fishing the shore. He pointed out a guy in a little raft being blown out to the straits with a conked-out motor. We probably wouldn't have seen him without Jim's attention. We towed him back to the mother ship, and headed for home.

Special thanks to our host Jay Deeds for his hospitality, and the use of his wonderful home. Also, thanks to the other boat skippers Jay, **Jim Young**, and **Ron Dion** for providing and running boats with

fishing partners and guests. Sorry if I left anyone out.

All around, a great trip and a good time had by all. Let's do it again next year, maybe the coho will show up. And extra special thanks to Jay's wife, Jone, for putting up with us while recovering from foot surgery! Get well soon!

A Return to Simplicity - Small "Crick" Fishin' *by Rocco Maccarrone*

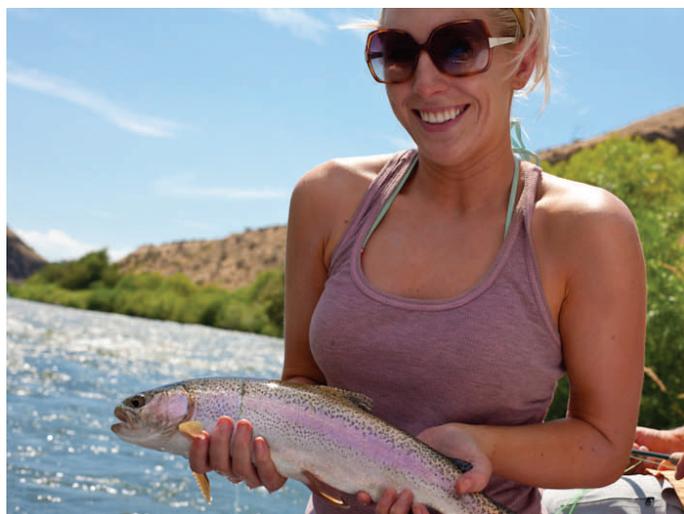
Earlier this summer, mid-July to be more precise, fellow member **Robert Tovar** and I attended the WFFC outing on the Yakima River. But we didn't fish the Yak on that day. Knowing the river would be running hard and high and virtually unfishable from the bank, we contemplated our options. Recalling my halcyon days of college attending CWU, I mentioned to Robert the idea of fishing one of the many small creeks dumping into the Kittitas Valley: the Naneum, the Taneum, Umtanum, and Manashtash Creeks. We drove up the Manashtash and had a wonderful time catching and releasing small (6 – 10") native cutts, while wearing shorts, sandals, and sipping cold brews. Afterwards we discussed how much we enjoyed the departure from the more "mainstream/hardcore" fishing venues. It made me remember the small creeks I used to fish while a neophyte to fly fishing. I asked Robert if he would like to take a day to do more of that type of fishing. He responded in the affirmative.

On the Friday before Labor Day, we finally got around to doing just that. We packed shorts, boots, lightweight rods, attractor dry flies, and a small cooler with a six-pack full with ice. No waders necessary! It had been years—20? 30?—since I last fished these streams of my youth. Would I still be able to find the way to those "cricks"? They say memory is "the 2nd thing that goes" when you age. Would those countless beers consumed during my "halcyon daze" of college also cloud by memory?

We pulled off the freeway and hit the logging roads. As it turned out, I remembered exactly how to get "there" ... but what I **had** forgotten was how pretty the drive was going back into the "cricks". We parked, walked down the old railroad grade a bit, then traversed to the water. I say we walked "down", because the first rule of small "crick"

fishin' with a dry is to fish *upstream*. Robert and I leapfrogged each other working back up towards the car. The pools were small, but marvelous—no two the same. You wanted to know what was around the next bend. Not all pools held fish ... most did. Some pools gave up only one fish. Other pools gave up three, or two. They were small fish, mostly 6 – 8", with a 50/50 mix of rainbows to cutts. We each got a couple in the 10" range. Tovar got one at a confluence hole that pushed a foot long! A real whopper! It became apparent quickly that these fish were SPOOKY. Your shadow falls on the pool, and you would see them scatter without even unhinging your fly. All in all, we each caught a dozen or more fish. The best thing ... not a single other angler. And no litter on the banks. We topped off the day with an ice-cold beer and a sandwich while taking in the "in-your-face" view of Mt. Rainier and the valley below. We were home in time to beat Friday traffic and be with our families. Is this small "crick" fishin' something I will do often? Probably not. But I will remember the joy in its simplicity, and when things get a little hectic, I will be back.

Author's note: You may have noticed the omission of the location and names of the later "cricks" we fished. These very small streams can be fished out or over-pressured very easily. If you really want to go, come and see me and we'll talk.



This beauty was landed at the recent Yakima Home Waters meeting. Our fabulous host/bartender Danielle was also a great fish releaser as well.

2010 Club Awards

by Bill Neal, Awards Chairman

It is time again to think about candidates for the several awards that WFFC presents each year to its members or in some cases individuals outside the club. These awards, both serious and humorous, recognize individuals for their contributions to the club or the sport of fly-fishing and for their adventures or misadventures in their piscatorial pursuits. Awards are presented at the January membership meeting, and the Awards Committee encourages all club members to suggest possible recipients. The awards include:

Letcher Lambeth Angling Craftsmanship Award, for a flyfisher within Washington, Oregon, or British Columbia who has made original, significant, and lasting contributions to the art of fly fishing—*please contact Bill Neal for more information.*

Empty Creel Award, for exceptional dedication and contribution by a member to the welfare of the club.

Tommy Brayshaw Award, for distinctive and meritorious contribution by a member to the general community through furtherance of the aims and purposes of the club.

Andy Award, for a member who has suffered cruelly and repeatedly from the dictates of Murphy's Law.

Half-Assed Award, for a member who has demonstrated significant acts of "half-assedness"—*the recipient of this award is selected by the prior year's recipient, but the committee will gladly pass along suggestions.*

The committee reserves the right to present other awards, whether laudatory or otherwise, as appropriate. Please submit your suggestions as soon as possible to any of the committee members: **Pete Baird, Chuck Ballard, Dick Brening, Ron Dion, Kris Kristoferson, Don Simonson**, and your reporter.

Dry Falls Outing *by Dave Schorsch*

The Dry Falls outing is coming up on October 2nd and 3rd! This is a great trip to bring the wife on and enjoy some Indian Summer weather. We gather in the campground at Sun Lakes State Park in the rear (campground B) area. The club has reserved sites 26 and 27 for the evening shindig.

Sites 28 through 34 make up the rest of the “cove” area if you plan on reserving a site in advance. We are planning a happy hour Saturday about 5:00, with the club grill fired up to use. This is the trip to bring your favorite appetizer dish. I am always amazed at the quality and quantity of tidbits and chow that arrive. The club will provide pop, beer, and wine, but let us know if you have other preferences.

Music! We want to hear from anyone who plucks, picks, or blows. An evening with music (especially Bluegrass) around a bonfire with lots of friends is hard to beat! If you would like to join in, or have a friend who plays, give us a shout! The more, the merrier!

Campsites can be reserved online by going to Washington State Parks, or you can call 888-226-7688. There are always lots of sites available this time of year, so just grabbing one that you like when you get there works, too. Just no guarantee that you’ll be camped next to us (usually not a problem). Cabins are also available at Park Lake resort inside the park. Some are even on the water!

The fishing!

This is (in my opinion) the best time of year to fish Dry Falls. I am a serious fan of sight fishing for big browns in the shallows, and they prowl them hard, even through ice-up in November. They are in prime condition, in pre-spawning colors, and are aggressive! All the fish are packing on the calories for winter, so are less selective than in other seasons. The biggest rainbows and tigers come now too. Fish buggy, suggestive flies that imply life with movement and a little sparkle in the olive and brown. You’ll see me fishing a dry line and weighted nymph, or a clear intermediate with same. If the sun really shines, you might even get a little late season dry-fly action.

We plan on catching some big trout, eating lots of great food, hearing music made by friends, and warming our feet by the fire while watching the stars. Hope to see you there!

Les Johnson Award *by Leland Miyawaki*

Les Johnson received the Federation of Fly Fishers’ (FFF) *Arnold Gingrich Memorial Life Award*, given to persons of outstanding achievement in any of several areas: Angling Writing; Original Fly Fishing Theory; Conservation and Environmental Protection; Entomology; Education in the Sport of Fly Fishing; or Innovation in Fly Fishing Techniques.

The award was presented to Les by Carl Johnson on August 25th at the FFF 2010 Awards and Presidents Banquet held in West Yellowstone during the FFF National Fly Fishing Fair and Conclave.



Les Johnson with Maggie Merriman

Send in Your Calendar Items

Don Barton and **Roger Rohrbeck** maintain a fisherman’s calendar out on the home page of the WFFC web site (<http://www.wffc.com>). This calendar includes outings and meetings and anything that you can convince Don to post. If you have something that you would like to include in that calendar, especially items for 2011, please let Don know (dbarton44@comcast.net).

Pikeminnow Station *by Don Gulliford*

Not sure if I graced you with this before—when I finished hearing a case in Kennewick, I drove over Vernita to check out Lenice, etc. The WDFW squawfish/“pikeminnow” check station guy was at Vernita; here is a shot of his cooler with bounty fish in it. I also saw last year’s top “bounty payments”, and noted most of the last names: our immigrant Russians know a good ruble source when they see it. Lastly, I saw defaced WDFW signs all around Lenice. We should sponsor a HUGE REEward fund to catch such characters.

Ed. note: For more information about the Pikeminnow Sport Reward Fishery Program, funded by the Bonneville Power Administration to help save salmon, see <http://www.pikeminnow.org/info.html>.



A cooler full of bounty pikeminnow

Felt Sole Update *by Jim van de Erve*

The controversy over felt soles transporting microorganisms that endanger freshwater ecosystems is still raging. There are those who contend that felt soles are the perfect medium for transporting microscopic materials, and felt soles are getting banned in some states, with action pending elsewhere. Other people don’t think that banning felt soles will solve the problem. To read all about it, check out the article at http://www.nytimes.com/2010/08/16/science/earth/16felt.html?_r=1&ref=felicity_barringer.

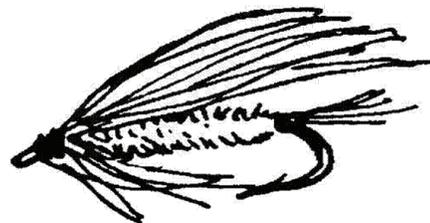
Christmas Party *by Earl Harper*

Alright everybody, it’s that time of the year again. Time to start saving up some of that hard-earned cash so you can spend it at this year’s Christmas Party. This year the party will be on Tuesday, December 21st, at the same venue as last year, the Herban Feast on 1st Ave. We will have signup sheets at the next meeting and hopefully a signup on the Web site by then.

Some donations have already begun to come in, and I still have quite a few letters to send out. Any ideas, suggestions, or donations that any of you might have would be greatly appreciated. You can call or email me with anything you might have. My email address is earl@harperstudios.com, or you can call me at the studio at 206.763.9101. Should you have anything that you would like to drop off or mail in, the address is:

Earl Harper
5531 Airport Way S.
Seattle, WA 98108

Thanks everybody and I’m looking forward to one helluva party.....





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Stamp
here

September, 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 6:45 PM. (6:30 for the salad bar at this meeting.)

This month:

Filmmaker Justin Coupe presents *Rivers of a Lost Coast*.