

# Creel Notes from the



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

Website: [www.wffc.com](http://www.wffc.com)



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## President's Riffle

Well, it must be spring as I can now see a couple of crocuses bravely pushing up through the snow—sheesh! Time to get organized and do a little spring house cleaning. House cleaning is exactly what your Board was up to when they discovered that our electronic publication of the Creel Notes—something we have been doing for years—potentially puts us at odds with Washington State law as it applies to clubs like ours when we officially notify members of amendment proposals, special meetings, etc. Turns out “written notification” as specified by the state is not the same thing as electronic (email) notification. To remedy this situation we need to first pass an amendment to our by-laws allowing for electronic notification and subsequently gain individual approval from each member agreeing to this method of notification. This represents a big effort for our Secretary, Tom Neu, as he steps back into history and mails hard copy Creel Notes containing the proposed amendment to all of you followed at a later date (assuming the amendment passes) by another mailing seeking your agreement to be “notified” via electronic versions of the Creel Notes. Thanks Tom.

Last year about this time we came to you with some facts and data surrounding our aging demographic as it applies to club membership and by extension our very existence. You overwhelmingly approved the Board's suggestion to simplify the membership process to



insure that we could bring in new members at a faster rate that was predicted to be necessary to offset those members leaving the club due to advanced age. Membership renewal results presented to the Board last week by 1st Vice President Mike Mosczynski validates the new process. In 2017 we brought in a record 21 new members. These gains have now been offset by 15 non renewals for 2018 across all membership categories. A little over a third of these resignations are age related. Another third are due to former members relocating out of our area. The remainder resigned for a variety of reasons that don't fit a neat category. The point is that we need to bring in between 15 and 20 new members each year just to maintain our current size which at 140 members is about the minimum we need to effectively operate. Please help us all in 2018 by introducing as many of your fishing friends and family to the WFFC as you can. Folks that you bring in are much more likely to find our club appealing and something they would like to dedicate some time

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## Misc.

### NW Youth Conservation and Fly Fishing Academy - 2018

by Robert Young

The deadline for the 2018 Academy is closing in – April 15, 2018 is the deadline for the Academy. Those that apply and are accepted, will be notified by the middle of May. The Academy this year is again the last full week of June 24-30, 2018. The Academy is held on Hicks Lake in Lacey, WA. Applicants need to write an essay explaining why “they” would like to attend. They also will need a letter of recommendation from their school counselor, science teacher or responsible person. The applicant, boy or girl, 12-16, should not be 17 at the start of the Academy. Cost is \$300 and there are sponsorships available. No one will be turned away because of lack of money.

The support from the fly fishing community again this year is nothing short of spectacular. Applications are coming from all over the State. In the past years, we have been supported by over 50 volunteers each year. We will need volunteers again this year as guides to take the kids fishing in the morning and evenings. We will be fishing a local pond and the Deschutes Rivers in Thurston County. The Academy has a Facebook page loaded with pictures from past years and our website [www.nwycffa.com](http://www.nwycffa.com) You may download the application off the website or call Mike Clancy @253-278-0061, Jim Brosio @ 360-943-9947 or Tom Van Gelder @253-261-8890.

The Academy will be a life experience for these youth, they are the future of our sport of fly fishing.

We cannot always build the future for our youth, but we can always build our youth for the future. FDR

### Handy Tip: Using your Cell Phone as GPS Outside of Cell Coverage

by Don Barton

Your smart phone can be used as a simple GPS when you are outside of cell coverage – provided you prepare in advance.

For example, let's assume you are going to float down a river which you know is outside of normal cell coverage. Here is what you can do. Before you leave coverage, turn on your phone and open the Google Maps ap. There is a square icon on the top right margin of the ap. Click on the icon and choose the Satellite option. Then, using the Google Map ap, scroll the area of the river you plan to float. Your phone's memory will retain copies of Google maps which you have most recently viewed.

Now, assume you are on the river and now out of cell phone coverage. Take out your phone and put it on airplane mode. Open the Google Map ap. The satellite map of where you are will be on display. You can enlarge or shrink the map as you wish. The magic is that the blue dot showing your location will be displayed on your map. And, as you move down the river, the blue dot will show your current location on the satellite map. This is so because you stored the map on your phone before you left cell coverage and the blue dot showing your location is based on satellite connectivity, not cell connectivity.

There you go my friend

## Creel Notes

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Jim Goedhart

### Secretary

Tom Neu

### Ghillie 1

Pat Becker

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Dexter Brown

### Creel Notes Editor

David Ehrich

[davidehrich@rocketmail.com](mailto:davidehrich@rocketmail.com)

### Trustees

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*Club officers and chairmen can be contacted by logging in the WFFC website in the roster area.*



Swallows nest in the cliffs above the Missouri River

## On the Fly

### The Meeting in Reel Time

by David Ehrlich

Mike Mosczynski got the meeting off with the pound of a gavel and got immediately into guest introductions. Guests nearly outnumbered the membership in this sparsely attended evening. Interestingly, three of the four are young men who found fishing engaging and looked for a club to share their passion. And two are new members who hope to pursue with renewed vigor their lifelong passion. Fishing reports followed, mostly on rivers and in some cases meeting wild steelhead. My favorite moment was when Bob, the greatest fly tier in the world, Burdick quoted the recent Creel Notes and, most importantly, double checked on a recent article. In fact guide, Allen Peterson, did find a six pound rainbow in the Columbia. Confirmed.

Next, said new guys stepped up for a common ceremony, albeit with a major difference. Rather than the esteemed Gil Nyerges



### 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.

bestowing both honor and flies, Pete Baird did the honors (sans Gil's Monster). Well done!

Trevor Bennet filled us in next about the education program. Working with young people, including our Gold Star children, those who have lost a parent to military service, will take place at American Lake off JBLM on April 28th. Volunteers will be needed for many jobs. And new young people are welcome to contact Trevor.

Mr. Burdick brought up outings, announcing the semi-retirement of the great David Schorsch, who will take on a couple as other members step up. Dave has set up a list of nearby outings which a few members have stepped up to coordinate, and a few need to fill the gaps. Call Bob, address him by title, and sign up to help. More importantly, we need an Outings Committee to share this important, but heavy load. From there, said members stepped up to talk about outings in the next few weeks. Hopefully you'll read about it in the next edition.

Bob, you know him by title, Burdick announced a special opportunity I almost don't want to tell you about. But Bob made me. Hear this, Harlan French has donated all the fly-tying material in his collection; ALL of it. Perhaps up to \$15,000 worth of material. And it's ALL free. So bring your shopping bags and come prepared to leave Bob empty handed. I'll wager that attendance will go up, and to be honest, it won't be hard to improve the total. All those who attend might get inspiration on your next fly tying episode.

Committee reports included a cell phone lesson in navigation, a call for articles and photos to be submitted to Creel Notes, and discussion of a fly fishing class for beginning anglers. Call Chuck Ballard.

From there, let's get to the program. Thomas Quinn came ready to rumble on the "Bristol Bay: Anatomy of a Healthy Ecosystem". Tom, who's a professor at the school of aquatic

and fishery sciences at the U of W, is also an avid angler. First off, what's the UW doing in Alaska? Well, it's a great fishery and the rivers that flow into Bristol Bay support an entire ecosystem of man and animal. Back in the late 40's, the industrial fishing industry found out that they needed some science and the UW was the closest fishery program. So these pioneers and agile minds went up river, built cabins, and got down to studying the Sockeye. They started from scratch with the goals to please all users, and meanwhile, train the next generation of fishery scientists.

Their records now go back more than half a century. Starting with baseline biology: what's to eat, who eats it, and what grows in the waste stream of dead salmon. They have a complete record of the ecosystem and the changes to our climate. From ice-on to ice-out, the short season requires concentrated work to get a complete picture of this year's growth. And every year is different. Invariable, where one set of conditions benefits part of the ecosystem, another part comes up short. Studying this is an endless challenge.

The UW research centers test the imagination on how remote and beautiful the research camps are. Diversity of habitat provides diversity of species success. Tom explained a couple of these ecosystems top to bottom accompanied by beautiful photos, with mouth-watering flows of steady water attracting hordes of sockeye and their fellow travelers. From classic rivers to big gravel on lake shores to spring fed ponds, these heroic fish find ways to lay eggs. And these eggs find a way to get down the river and put on some weight. From there you know the drill. Alaska Fish and Game have taken over the game of keeping everyone happy while the UW provides a good piece of the data.

Here's the bottom line: diversity of habitat. And here's what I figured out all on my own; where have the fish gone in the lower 48? Not much

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## Coyhaique River, Chile

by Marcie Kindinger

Coyhaique River Lodge ("CRL"), Coyhaique, Chile  
February 24 - March 2, 2018  
...excerpts from my travel journal...

We began our fishing adventure by flying from Seattle to Los Angeles, then Los Angeles to Santiago. We stayed in Santiago for 4 days in order to sightsee and try Chilean wines. An unexceptional city, but we enjoyed this segment a lot. We arranged for a driver to both pick us up and take us to the airport as I hate negotiating foreign airports. The 2 plus hour flight South to Balmaceda from Santiago seemed like such a quick flight after the 11 hour flight from LAX. Met by owner Gaston and another driver from the Lodge, we were whisked away for the 45 minute (usually) drive to Coyhaique, which has been doubled by all-summer-long road work. The Lodge is set overlooking a spectacular valley formed by the Coyhaique River. Unpacked in our very nice room and immediately went to the great room for Happy Hour and dinner. Eight other guests, all Americans.

2/25 - We meet today's guide, Petie, who has decided to take us to the Rio Guillermo to wet wade. I expected to be fishing from a boat. We drive about an hour to the upper Rio Guillermo and then start off-roading. Gaston has many agreements for private access, so we are the only anglers on this stretch of the river. The cow pasture we traverse is uncommonly rough, but the newly leased Toyota pickup is up to the task. Once there the hiking is not easy either.

Missed a lot of strikes, but bagged 9 rainbows. Lunch was delicious. Served riverside on a camping table with



white tablecloth. Appetizers, hot homemade soup, sandwiches, and dessert. Two half bottles of wine, beer, water and pop for refreshments. This was how we lunched every day. Returning to the Lodge, we learned that the other guests had done less well, except for the Lake Panda group, but they had a 3 hour drive each way.

2/26 - Our guide Petie took us to the upper Simpson. A gorgeous day, not much wind. Once we entered our private access, we were off-roading again! Through a farm with cows who looked as if they were ready for a 4-H show, they were so clean and sleek. I've noticed all the livestock here look exceptionally healthy. Wet wading again but easy wading once in the river. Again, I missed as many fish as I caught. We both caught around 10 fish, both rainbows and browns. We basically used terrestrials or dries all day. Never saw another angler, although this is an iconic river. Returning to the lodge for Happy Hour, which always featured snacks and hot appetizer, unlimited wine and open bar. Again some grumbling from other anglers. Scrumptious 3-course dinner with non-stop wine. Gaston or one of the guides eats with us every night.

CRL is meticulous about hydration and health. Water stations with fresh glasses or use your water bottle are so nice. All the fruit is peeled and food piping hot. Never had any health issues there. No mosquitoes, no poisonous creatures. Actually, very little wildlife—not even squirrels!

2/27 - Lower Simpson. Petie finally takes us in a boat for a float. Beautiful day, but windy. Petie tells me where to cast to, but with the wind I can't always do it on the first try. Heard a lot of "ay, ay, ay's" and Spanish words under his breath. Good thing I don't speak Spanish! I caught a small salmon, which surprised the guide and myself, a couple of nice rainbows, and "Grandpa." The biggest fish Petie had seen all season, about 24 inches and 5 pounds. Petie took more pictures with him than I did! Jerry caught 1 fish. Then we were blown off the river



after lunch. A very tough row for Petie against the wind.

One of the other guests caught a nice big rainbow on one of the lakes. Everyone had been frustrated by the wind. Made inexperienced me feel better when I heard stories from our guide about how others struggled. Yes, guides do talk about us. Despite the low fish count today, we had so much fun and thoroughly enjoyed the scenery, our lunch and Petie.

2/28 — Lake Nonombre. Cold, cloudy and windy today. We have a new guide today, Alejandro. He decides to check out some lakes, and warns me to put on lots of layers. Two pairs of pants, two shirts, a polar fleece vest, waders, polar fleece jacket and rain jacket. That's everything I had. Told Alejandro I felt like a sausage which he thought was hysterical. Had never heard that phrase before. We drive about an hour and then enter a private access point. The off-roading and climbing begins. I can barely keep from covering my eyes as we go over log bridges, boulders, gullies, up steep slippery slopes. First lake, all browns, was too windy, so we put the truck in 4 wheel drive and push on to the next. We park and walk close to a mile over thawed tundra (don't try it). We are above the tree line and the wind is stiff with gusts that almost knock me over. Finally get a chance to try some of the flies we learned to tie with WFFC. Gil's Monster, one strike; Muddler Minnow, caught 4 or 5 fish with then changed to a Woolley Bugger, which was very effective. We wade the shallows of the lake, keeping the wind at our backs. Caught about 20 fish each all about 16 inches.

After an awesome dinner Alejandro brings out the guitar and sings, sometimes accompanied by John (another guest who comes here a lot) on his harmonica. So much fun!

3/1 — Rio Ñirehuao. We fish the headwaters which is basically a stream. Coocho is our guide for the day. No off-roading today, but a stop by a bridge and fairly easy walking. Fishing from the bank, or drop in wading. Targeting fish on a narrow stream in the wind is a real challenge. Sometimes I actually missed the grass or thorn trees on the banks and got a hook in the water. My first fish made a beeline for the grassy undercut bank right below my feet and for the life of me I could not get him out. As I was all by myself, I had to slide down the bank and approach him from the stream. Caught quite a few fish, but most were small. All were browns. Biggest was 14". Scenery very different as we were right by the Argentina border, and it was pampas.

Coocho was a blast and I learned a lot from him. Did not hear any "ay, ay, ay's" or much else in Spanish. He gossiped about the other guests (not as good as they think they are, and occasionally rude) and his family (son fell out of a tree and may have internal injuries). Incredibly patient, he picked my fly out of trees and grass when he was with me. We had a lovely lunch under the trees and then he moved

the truck and we fished the afternoon moving upstream.

Our last night—we are leaving a day early as three guests are coming in a day early. In retrospect this was a mistake as they have a big lamb BBQ the last night with the guests and guides. I will miss the guides—every morning Petie hugged me with a "Mia amiga!" Alejandro and tells me he loved fishing with me the morning after he guided us and gives me a bear hug. Didn't see Coocho again, but when we finished for the day he also gave me a hug. The incredible sweetness of these Chileans!

3/2 - Departure Day. We see everybody off for their last day of fishing. As our flight to Santiago leaves at 4PM we have some free time and Gaston suggests a trip of sight-seeing in Coyhaique. He provides a car and driver and off we go, stopping at scenic look outs for pictures, prowling shops, buying souvenirs and, as a last stop, visit the giant matè statue, which is rather odd. A big hand sticking out of the ground holding a matè gourd and straw spoon. The driver is also the mountain bike guide, and sweet as can be. We return to the Lodge and pack. Julio has a late lunch with lovely Chilean wine. After one last hug from Gaston, we depart for the airport, about an hour's drive if we get lucky and miss some of the road work delays. A quiet drive, with Jerry asleep and me soaking in the last sight of the gorgeous Chilean landscapes.

Door to door it takes about 30 hours to get home. Strangely, we were not at all tired. Our flight from Santiago to LAX left at midnight. Slept most of that leg. Good to be home, but I'll miss Chile, the people and the Lodge. A trip of a lifetime, and we would go back in a heartbeat if there weren't so many other spots to see in this world.

In summary the CRL met or exceeded our high expectations. Santiago was a lively but not lovely city. Fishing was very strenuous and did not yield as many or as big a fish as I thought it might. Overall, the people, Lodge and scenery were the big draw for me, as well as the huge variety of fishing opportunities. Will miss Chile everyday for the rest of my life!





## ***Fishing Reports***

### **Schorsch Takes on Coastal Oregon from the Shaad Manor**

Every once in a while, the perfect storm of 4 fishing buddies, food, booze, beach house, a dozen rivers, and a week off collide. The beer was cold, the poker clean, the food was amazing, and the rivers were, well, amazing too!

It all started with the WFFC Christmas fund-raiser, and a week's use of Doug Schaad's family beach house up for auction. The bidding was intense, but our group prevailed, and the plans for angling debauchery began.

The house sits just south of Lincoln City, Oregon, near the confluence of the Siletz river and Drift Creek. To the north lies the famous fisheries of the Tillamook bay, and to the south the mysteries of the upper Siletz and countless streams, all the way to California. The mind boggles.

Day one was a no brainer: upper Drift Creek, at the Mennonite Camp; great water, hole after hole. Deep canyon runs separated by pocket water and LWD (large woody debris) slots that look fishy as hell. I managed to find a nicely colored buck steelhead in the "camp" pool under a waterfall near the end of the first day. Fishing size 10 egg patterns has always worked for me here, I saw no reason to change. Hiking along under 500 year old spruce trees, it's hard to be unhappy with the day. Ron tagged along behind me as Ben and Mark busted brush miles upstream. The water was low and clear, so there appeared to be very few fish in the stream.

Day two was a repeat of day one, with low clear conditions making things tough. We adjourned, after lunch and beers, to the Salmon river several gravel miles south. Busy little sea run cutts made the day for us in the lower river, and we headed for the house about dark. I don't remember which dinner was better. The enchi-

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ladas, the steak and lobster, or the French dips. All were beyond the pale for a fishing trip. I'm pretty sure this is what a "vacation" is all about.

Day three was the Siletz. The "Cowlitz" of Oregon, as far as I could tell. It's big. Really big. We went upstream to an area called "Moonshine", and the first water we see is a giant pool with another waterfall coming in. Runs a hundred yards long are pretty great, runs a hundred yards wide can be intimidating! The water was beautiful, with clear green water flowing over shelves and cobble, just like you want and on a scale that requires a drift boat to reach the sweet stuff. We fished all day, and ended up on the lower river, where a couple of us caught a few sea runs and saw a steelhead swim slowly by. The bad news was that Ron Little took a tumble on one of the paths, and banged himself up pretty severely. His Winston rod got the worst of it though, ending up in about 6 pieces! Liquor and painkillers did no good for the Winston, but did improve Ron's poker game.

Day four was north toward Tillamook, and the Little Nestucca River. Wow! What a beautiful stream! The road follows the river up a valley of farms and huge elk herds. We just picked a section of river, scrambled down the bank, and fished. Deep runs separated by channels and riffles, with obvious access points. Again low and clear, but amazing to hike along. A couple sea runs, and a couple hours in, we hear Ben Davidson yell. He's into a steelhead, and it's a hog! He chases it down stream, through a narrow chute and then chases it back up through the same channel! After a long fight, with Mark and I ready to help tail the big, wild buck, the leader gives up as it's being slid into the bank! Arggggh! Ben is pissed and elated at the same time! We decided to count that one as caught, "without stress".

The last day, we were hopeful. Storms had blown in off the Pacific, and rain, hail, and snow were our friends! Drift Creek might have some

color, and that long, deep canyon probably held fish on the move! We hit it early, and the stream had a touch of "steelhead green". Ron and I fished the Camp water while Ben and Mark worked their happy place upstream. I hooked a rock, that charged across the river and spit the hook after I reeled down on it to break it off. Total amateur move, but entertaining for Ron. Mark hooked and landed a nice fish near the upper bridge, and I hooked a second steelie in the "swimming hole", only to lose it after a brief tussle again. Back to the truck for lunch and beers, then down to the "Chinook" hole; more beautiful water. After fishing for a few hours, we went looking for Ben, who had been busy landing a nice 10 pounder downstream. Bastard. More celebratory beers, then back to the house for another great meal!

I know this is a long winded fishing report, but you know what? This is what we do. This is what makes us whole, and healthy, and able to work our asses off the rest of the year. Thanks to Doug Schaad and his family who made this trip possible, and many thanks to my good friends Ron, Mark, and Ben, who made it great! I will never forget it!

### **Ballard Skunks a Freeze Out**

Well, I found myself a little too early for Chelan area lakes over Easter weekend. I started at Rat lake and it was mostly frozen over with little space to cast. Tried from shore and saw one fish jump and one swim by, but no hookups. Next day Pat and I drove up to Winthrop, both Big and Little Twin lakes were frozen solid. On to Davis and same thing! I am concerned that these lakes have taken a hit due to a cold winter and possible winter kill. I will be back here the week of the 9th to Osee if there is any improvement.

Chuck Ballard

## Upcoming Events

### Salmon River Float

Stephanie Hagen and Kerry Hodges are brainstorming a possible WFFC Club Members float trip to bass fish the lower Salmon river in Idaho. We are attempting to gauge interest. Please see the details below and email one of us if you think you would be interested in joining in.

The proposed date for a trip is September 16th for best water and weather conditions.

Five days, two anglers per boat for \$2600/ per angler and/or non anglers can join in at \$ 1,400 per person with three persons/per boat.

This is a tent camping trip that includes boats, guides, dry bags, life jackets, tents, termar-



est pads, great meals and fabulous fishing and scenery.

No commitment yet, we just want to see if we had enough interest.

The Lower Salmon river an area filled with huge Columnar Basalt canyons and lots of bass to play with. Water is quite warm and beaches are sandy! So bring swimming gear and lots of sunscreen.

We would plan to meet in Lewiston, ID the evening of the Sept 15th for a pre trip meeting on gear and overall plan. On the morning of September 16th we meet at 8 am for shuttle to put in. The trip covers 60+ miles or so on the Salmon River and some on the Snake River. Last day of the trip will end early afternoon with shuttle return to Lewiston. Travel time to Lewiston from the Seattle area is 5 to 6 hours.

Hope to get an all club group going!

Contact: Stephanie Hagen –River.lady@comcast.net

Kerry Hodges – Kerry.o.hodges@gmail.com



### President's Riffle continued

to then someone walking in cold. You fish with these folks anyway so please invite them to an outing or a dinner meeting so we can get to know each other. Hopefully with your help our club will continue to thrive.

I'm very excited about the Gold Star Kids fly fishing outing towards the end of this month that our Youth Chairman Trevor Bennett has organized. Gold Star Kids are youngsters who have lost a parent in the service of our country. Trevor is expecting about 10 young people to participate and we have as many WFFC volunteers who will also attend. We can all look forward to Trevor's report in next months Creel Notes. In the meantime, I hope you find some time to get out there and wet a line yourself. Dave Schorsch and his Outings Committee has some great events scheduled so no excuse—get out there.

### On the Fly continued

habitat, not many fish. Take that science! To end, Tom pointed out that salmon research at UW stands alone for having studied at long distance the whole picture of the functional ecosystem of Bristol Bay.

Questions ensued. Among the most interesting where questions about the big picture. For example, as salmon in the 1970's started getting stressed in Washington, Oregon and California, salmon populations increased in Alaska. We also learned how to make a salmon puke. You had to be there.





**Washington Fly Fishing Club**  
**P.O. Box 639**  
**Mercer Island, WA 98040**

**April 2018**

**Meeting Announcement**



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

**This month's program is on April 17. The Wet Fly hour begins at 5:30 PM and dinner is served at 6:45 PM.**

**This month:** Lynda Mapes, environmental report of the Seattle times will present on the current status of the Atlantic Salmon net pens situation in Puget Sound.

Bob Burdick, Assistant program chairman