

Creel Notes from the



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

www.wffc.com

Founding Club of the FFF & members active in the FFF



Monthly Meeting Notice

April 16, 2002

LII No. 4

The College Club, 505 Madison St.

Seattle, Washington

Phone: 206-622-0624

Wet Fly Hour 5:30 PM

Dinner 6:45 PM

Griffin Creek Work Party

by Douglas C. Schaad PhD, Co-Chair Conservation Committee

Saturday, May 4th

8:30-1:30

We will convene once again to continue the reclamation of former pasture lands within the riparian zone of Griffin Creek. The upper meadow, formerly occupied by blackberry brambles, has (through our loving attention) been sufficiently restored such that we may move on to new challenges.

Saturday, the 4th of May, we will begin the reclamation of the southern pasture. For those that have participated in the past, we are moving downstream of the footbridge. This area benefited from a public planting of trees and shrubs approximately 2 years ago. Since that time, the blackberries and scotch broom have been on their relentless march to domination. Our primary task is to insure that they don't succeed. In addition, we will be planting shrubs and trees.

The access point for this endeavor is directly across the road from the parking lot (not down the old railroad grade). Lunch, and age-appropriate beverages, will be served at approxi-

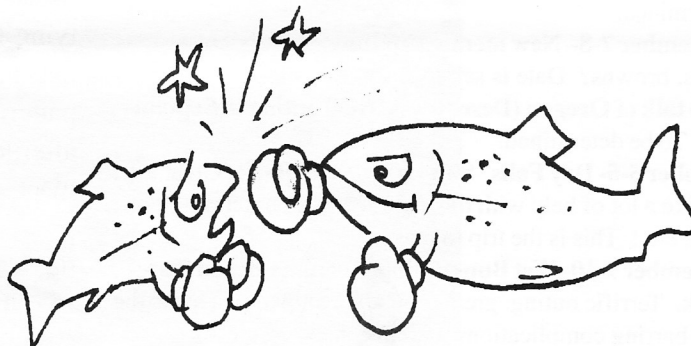
mately 1:00. Youth, accompanied by 'responsible' parents, are encouraged to attend.

For additional information please contact Grant Hendrickson (425) 558-4008 or Doug Schaad (206) 522-7491 [dcschaad@attbi.com].

Between the two of us you'll receive a warm welcome and a reasonably warm lunch.

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HATCHERY VS WILD

Club News

Spring Fly Casting Tune Up (WFFC Members Only Please)

Date: Saturday, April 27th

Time: 10AM till 2PM

Place: Green Lake Casting Pier

Cost: Humbling yourself and not worrying about embarrassment. Allowing some very good, well qualified FFF certified instructors improve you casting skills.

Please contact *Don Simonson* with any questions, 206.932.4295



Club Outings for 2002

by *Dave Schorsch*

The following is a list of club outings that have been discussed at the March board meeting. I would like to say that this schedule will not change, but you never know what tomorrow will bring. Barring major protest, this should be it.

April 27-28- Opening Day/Spring Ritual Outing. There is still considerable discussion on what should be done here. Many want to go fishing somewhere good, while many want to return to the "male-bonding" type opening day of years past. It may also be better held the week after opening day. Let's call this the date, and work out the details between now and the April meeting.

May 4-5- Griffin Creek. Planting, clearing, eating, and other fun stuff. Combination work party/outing. An official club outing.

May 25-27- Chopaka Lake. Memorial Day weekend. Lot's of fun, lot's of people.

June 22-23- Hosmer Lake. A great spot, lots of other places to fish.

July 27- August 4- High Lakes trip. Destination to be determined.

September 7-8- New members outing. Silvers, cutts, bows, browns? Date is set, location is open.

Also talk of Oregon (Deschutes River) outing in September. To be determined.

October 5-6- Dry Falls. Sun Lakes State Park. Great trip! I'd like a lot of help with this one. We need entertainment, food, etc.! This is the trip to make!

November 9-10- Wet Buns outing. Joemma Beach State Park. Terrific outing, great food and company! This is the date barring complications with the chefs.

There have been suggestions for other outings that WILL be incorporated into the schedule. Contact me for other info or ideas. 206.227.6134

Fly Tying Round Table

by *Dick Brening*

April Meeting: Tuesday, April 23, 2002 (The Next Tuesday after the WFFC Dinner Meeting)

Time: 7 to 9 PM

Place: Mercer Island Covenant Church, 3200 78th S.E. (S.E. corner of 78th S.E. and SE 32nd). Just south of the Mercer Island business district. Off street parking is available off 78th S.E.

Imagine you are out on a lake on a summer afternoon. You have worked the lake hard all day with fairly good luck. But things have turned quite now and you are about to head back to camp for wet fly practice with your buddies. You decide to try one other pattern before you hang it up. You tie on a Sedge, cast it close into the reeds and begin a quick jerky retrieve.

Whamo! The water explodes and the fight is on. Well imagine no longer! This month we will be tying Traveling Sedge patterns. Several club members have promised to share their favorite Sedge patterns. This will get you prepared for that late afternoon when you could stand some real excitement.

You and your guests are welcome. Come to tie, watch or just share ideas.

If you have any questions on directions contact Pete Baird or me at the club meeting or give me a call.

Club News

April Program: The Skagit River Watershed, a Model for Conservation

by Richard Embry, Program Chairman

This month we are privileged to have Terry Cook and Alan Holt, both of The Nature Conservancy speak to us about their involvement in the Skagit River watershed. Cook is The Nature Conservancy's Director of Science, and Holt is in charge of conservation strategies in Alaska, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, and Idaho. The Nature Conservancy, a non-profit group, is probably most well known for its heroic and historic efforts in purchasing and saving a portion of Silver Creek in Sun Valley, Idaho. Cook and Holt will discuss the The Nature Conservancy's involvement with the Skagit River, which includes negotiating with the Public Utilities District to provide the water they need to create power, yet still conserve enough water to provide those much needed late year flows for spawning anadromous fish. The Nature Conservancy is also acquiring property along the Skagit. Cook and Holt will share with us The Nature Conservancy's long-term objectives of this strategy.

Come see how the The Nature Conservancy is helping to save the Skagit, one of the great resources of our beautiful State.

Also:

Guest Speaker: UW Grad Student Jeffrey Shellberg – "Bull Trout in Washington"

Jeffrey Shellberg is one of the UW graduate students sponsored by the WFFC. Jeffrey has B.S. in Hydrology from Cal State Chico, and is a Masters of Science candidate, Forest Engineering and Hydrology. Jeffrey's talk is entitled "Bull Trout in Washington," and though he will briefly discuss the life histories, distribution, and ecology of the bull trout, his primary focus is on sources of mortality and spawning habitat.

Announcement to the Members April 2002

by Don Gulliford

After long negotiations, the WFFC has reached a first-of-its-kind agreement with PAWS, PITA and other animal welfare organizations, to protect gray squirrels whose tail hair is used for many flies. The agreement, more or less of an "understanding," calls for obtaining squirrel tail hair while they are distracted by cutting off squirrel hair from their tails instead of killing or injuring squirrels. Appropriate distracted moments, to assist WFFC members, are illustrated in the attached photo:



President's Riffle

by Kris Kristoferson, WFFC President 2002

Aloha! I'm with the family on Maui and each night after dinner, Lorraine and I go for a beach walk. As we do, the waves crash into broad foamy sheets that glide up the beach, then retreat and sink into the sand. The water is warm on our feet and the air balmy. Pretty easy livin'. All in all it is very relaxing. Being a fisherman, however, part of my attention is always diverted to the water, looking for and sometimes finding those places where the waves and the currents bring otherwise calm water into a bit of a rip. It is that fishy looking, seething surface that has me telling Lorraine, "Boy, it looks like there should be fish in there." She thinks I'm half nuts but this fascination is a good one. Serious fly fishers are more tuned in to the natural world (at least the wet part) than a lot of folks. While it may seem odd to be perpetually on the lookout for fish, I would argue that fly fishers are also continually trying to learn and that has to be good. Right now this wonderful world of water, fish, bugs, and the like is being brought to a group of kids courtesy of the WFFC's youth classes and 2nd Vice President Richard Embry. The classes are happening Monday nights (Please see info below) so talk to Richard to see how you might help these kids get hooked.

WFFC Youth Committee

The Youth Committee needs your help!

If you can help at the following Youth Fly Fishing Education Series events please call Richard Embry at 425-712-0140 work, or 206-362-1342 at home, to sign up and find out exact location of each event:

Monday, April 15, 6:00-7:30 PM- Fly Casting. If you know which end to hold the rod, you can help

Monday, April 22, 6:00-7:30 PM- Fly Casting



Fishing Reports

Daniel C. Vaughn, Maui, Several weeks ago

I have learned many things in my 26 years of fly fishing. I have learned about tactics, techniques, strategies and ethics. I know about giving your buddy the best part of the pool just downstream from the whitewater because he doesn't get to fish much. I know that you always keep walking when you come across a stranger fishing a long run because he ought to do the same thing for you if he were in your place. I know all about catch and release. However, in all that time, despite all the countless books, magazines and newspaper articles, I have never come across how to properly handle what happened to me several weeks ago.

I was in Hawaii with my family. I was tired of the beach scene without a fishing rod in my hand so I snuck out one morning and fished the very south end of Maui near Makena. I hiked nearly 2 miles on lava flow road that took me to a remote beach. Despite visions of massive trevally or jacks or some other saltwater bruiser and despite my best casting efforts, I ended up with nothing. I walked back towards the car. As I came around a corner, I noticed a woman swimming in a small cove. I kept on walking. I came around another bend and noticed that she had stopped swimming and was walking along the beach—naked. I came around yet another bend and then noticed that she had left the beach and was now walking on the very same lava road that I was on; a lava road that had no cover or place to hide within miles. She didn't know I was on the road and I could tell that we would cross paths in just a few steps.

Now, I racked my brain trying to remember what Nick Lyons or Doug Swisher or Steve Raymond might have said about this dilemma. What should you do when you pass a naked woman on a fly fishing outing? Should you look right at her so she would be flattered? Should you look away so you wouldn't embarrass her— knowing that you would be a stark surprise to her on that remote road?

I couldn't hide behind a tree. There hadn't been a tree there since the volcano blew up 300 years ago. I couldn't hide behind a rock. Every rock within 2 miles of the road didn't exceed 12 inches. I decided I would hide my eyes behind my hat and walk right by her respecting her privacy in a terribly awkward moment that would probably kill for all time any of that natural desire she had to swim free with the ocean and all of God's creatures. I felt terrible.

As I trudged closer and closer, the sense of dread and doom enveloped me. Then I felt a presence and she blurted out in a HUGE voice "Oh Good Morning! What a lovely day! How are they biting?"

Of course I was shocked, and blurted out something like "gagagagagaga" and promptly turned, which, of course, caused my RPLxi to stab her somewhere quite soft. It only took about 45 minutes to apologize a thousand times to a furious naked woman standing on a lava road at the very end of Maui who had no problem giving me a piece of her mind...I have little doubt that despite all of my efforts she still feels quite free to swim au naturale anywhere and anytime she damn well pleases.

Fishing Reports

Dick Stearns, New Zealand, South Island, Feb 10-March 16

There's a perception about fly fishing in New Zealand that should be cleared up once and for all. Travel brochures would lead one to believe that there's a brown lurking behind every rock, and the rainbows are out in the open to get a leg up...or a fin if you will... as they compete for a stealthy placed #16 Adams. Truth is: 1) fly fishing is indeed numero uno down here, and 2) everything else depends on...well, everything else.

When Rex Forester was a guest of the WFFC some 20 odd years ago, he visited in his capacity as head of the NZ department of fishing tourism, ostensibly to take back some ideas on how their regulations should be written to maximize the potential of their terrific natural resources. I'd like to think the club then in some way was responsible for these regulations in place today: Fly fishing the rule, bait fishing the exception; no salmon eggs, no marshmallows, no power bait; and....no hatcheries!

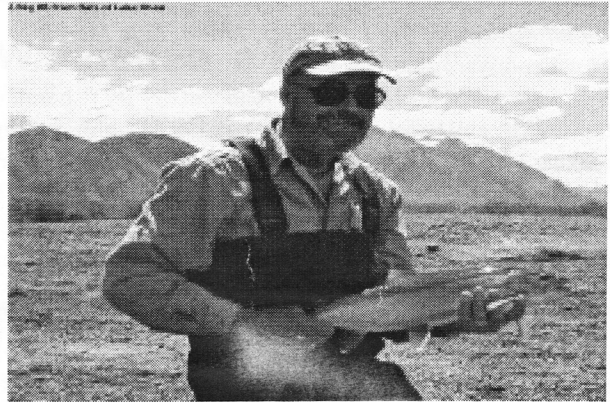
So, do these regulations really produce a trout behind every rock? Not quite. In fact, most rivers require sight fishing, otherwise one wastes time fishing likely looking places that are fishless. But therein lies the challenge. Sneaking up on hands and knees (reinforced waders are big sellers here), long upstream casts, gin clear waters with little or no cover, and... big, wary fish.

How did your intrepid field reporter respond to this challenge? For approximately every 100 fish sighted, 90 were spooked, 7 were missed/broken off on the strike, 2 were given that proverbial 30 foot release and 1 was brought to net. By my standards: pretty good fishing.

Oh, some other statistics, which made this trip even more enjoyable: The whole of the NZ South Island has a population less than that of Greater Seattle, the climate is like N. California, the people are about as nice as you could ever meet, and... Rundall take note...they have a plethora of really good wineries.

Scott Hagen, Nunally Lake, March 30

I fished Nunally March 30th, and did pretty well. Started a little after 10:00 and quit about 17:00. Just right, seven hours of fishing, seven hours of driving. It was a little breezy but not bad, mostly sunny, low 60's. First fish I got was 25", bright and strong, showed me my backing a couple of times. Did most of my fishing (and catching) in the neck between Nunally and Bobby. Eleven fish to hand, got busted off a couple times, and with the exception of one 22" slug, the fish were bright and in fine shape. Most of the fish ran 21" to 19", the smallest two were 18" and they looked small in comparison. These fish were all caught in three "bites", one in the morning and two in the afternoon. I used a small olive woolley, with olive dyed hackle, it worked well enough that I didn't experiment with other patterns.



Dick Stearns with New Zeland souvenir

Robert Poole (by way of Don Gulliford), Caliente Gringo River, Southern Chile- Early April, 2002

Just a few days ago, Robin Poole reports drifting the river towards the end of their summer, and having a 10 inch brown take his streamer fly and head for the bottom of the pool. At which point, Robin found the supposed 10 incher about to spool him. Robin bravely fought back, and soon he and his guide found a THIRTY FOUR INCH brown stubbornly holding the 10 incher alongside their drift boat. Robin speaks browntroutois and the monster brown snarled, before being safely released, that his grandfather was a ling cod. Here is photographic proof of the memorable moment:



Robert Poole with big Chilean Brown

The *Creel Notes* is a publication of the Washington Fly Fishing Club. Subscriptions are free with membership. Articles and other materials appropriate for publication in *Creel Notes* may be sent to: *Creel Notes* Editor, 4244 1st Ave NW, Seattle, WA 98107, e-mail to kylelooney@attbi.com (e-mail is preferred). This issue of *Creel Notes* was produced by Kyle Looney. ***Creel Notes is printed by the second Tuesday of the month; article submissions must be received by the previous Thursday.*** Mail roster updates directly to Kyle Looney at kylelooney@attbi.com or the above address. The WFFC may be visited on the internet at <http://www.wffc.com>.

Fishing Reports

Leland Miyawaki, Big Lost River, Idaho, Late March

Lead Wars on the Big Lost

Last week, Earl Harper, an innocent dry fly fisherman, was seduced into the dark side of the Force by Prince Ramsey, the evil henchman of the Dark Lord Dahlgren. Regrettably, I have only myself to blame as, in a moment of weakness the night before, I asked Carl to show young Earl the ways of the short line. I had hoped that, in chucking and ducking, Earl would reject lead shot and greased poly as well as the loss of his tight loops. I also thought that if I could fish ahead of them and catch large numbers of heavy fish on my own delicately placed dries, it would remind Earl of the good still remaining within him. Little did I know that, behind my back, Carl would put Earl into the largest trout of the week, an old warrior of well over 20 inches. Oh woe! My arrogance has reduced the ranks of the Order by one! Could it have been the prospect of losing my protégé or was it anger that pushed me to later mend a backcast into the right cheekbone of the evil Ramsey and, while extracting the #20 parachute baetis from his cheek, secretly wishing I hadn't removed the barb?

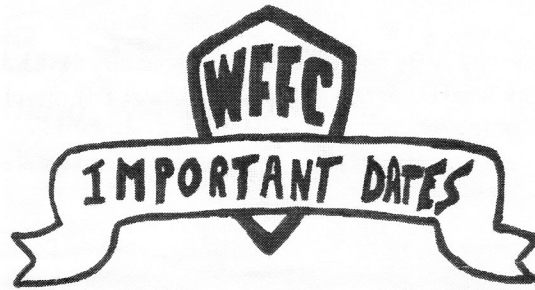
The week began slowly as it always had, for there is never a reason to hurry on a river you have to yourself. Earl and I arrived late Saturday afternoon as Dahlgren, O'Fallon, Hardin, Ramsey and his cousin from Georgia, Henry Vick, who I'm sure had no clue as to his cousin's darker side, had just come in from the river. It had only been last October when we last gathered at the Bar4D and yet all of us were another year older: Dick's eyes still twinkled mischievously as he clenched his teeth around his cigar, FDR style; Bill's hair had grown even longer, almost to the point where he would soon be able to tuck it into his pants; John looked like he lost another pound or two, but I may have been deceived by the late afternoon light; Carl seemed the same although he was nervously twirling a couple small lead shot between his fingers, Captain Queeg style. I finally met Henry, who I had missed many years ago in Montana, when I arrived at the Blackfoot Rendezvous just after he had left with a dose of altitude sickness. Earl, of course, was a picture of innocence and quite unaware of his impending fate.

In the cabin, I counted Lagaluvin, Bowmore, Bunnahabain, and Balvenie Doublewood single malts and close to a hundred Bahia, Padron, La Gloria, and Cohiba cigars. Counting Hardin's WalMart scotch and Kmart cigars, it looked like we would be well stocked for the week ahead. It may have been the eternal smoky haze that constantly hovered within a foot of the cabin floor that caused Henry, the only non-smoker among us, to pack and leave for Atlanta four days early. According to Carl, Henry's wife has yet to allow him to bring his bags into the house and on the flight home, he was accused by the woman seated next to him of smoking in the bathroom.

The temperature the first few nights never rose over 18° but we also enjoyed bluebird days when the temperature soared to a balmy 28°. On our first trip to the East West Pools, the wind was blowing hard off an iced over Mackey reservoir upriver and straight into our faces. Fish were feeding tight up against the banks and, with the low water and high winds, we crouched down on our knees in order to get as close as we could to the working fish. It was a bitter dip and chip day when you had to dip your rod into the water to thaw enough line to cast and if you false cast, the line would freeze to the guides immediately and present you with a perfect but unintended pile cast well short of it's mark.

Fishing on the river in the cabin pools would begin at 11am with black then olive midges which soon dissolved into the baetis emergence and back to the midges to close out the day at four. As the winter's snow and ice began to change into the Idaho mud season, the hatches became more intense and sustained. The fishing was good this spring, just as it had been every spring for the last five years. We all caught what we wanted, whether it was numbers, or the larger targeted sippers in the tough lies – all on dries – that is, until Carl revealed the dark side of the Force to Earl.

It has been agreed that Earl was the best cook (dare I say chef?) to ever grace any of our gatherings and that, for one week, the cabin on the Bar4D was absolutely, the best restaurant in Mackey and, quite possibly, the best in Idaho. On the Saturday we arrived, Earl baked a delicious Sockeye salmon in a delicate soy ginger sauce. The leftover salmon simmered all the next day with potatoes, corn and bacon to become a fabulous seafood chowder for dinner as well as several hot lunches the following days. The Tuesday night broiled New York steaks served with mushroom and onion potato Napoleons with grilled asparagus wrapped in bacon was beyond description. Wednesday evening, Knox Cannon and The Muffin Lady, were able to sample some of Earl's culinary artistry when he whipped up some beef burritos with chile verde sauce and refried beans and Spanish rice. John Hardin spelled Earl one evening with his famous Spaghetti Supremo while I contributed a garlic toast recipe I acquired at the Plush Pup on the Sunset Strip while working my way through art school. Earl's mastery of the kitchen didn't end at the Bar4D. On getaway day, he flashed the knives at the Dahlgren's in Ketchum after they returned home from Tess' ski races in Jackson Hole and found that we had moved in for the night. After a quick trip to Atkinson's, Earl served up a shrimp with garlic butter appetizer followed by an entree of broiled rosemary lamb chops and roasted herb potatoes. It was truly something to behold and portends greatness on the day he steps in front of the Wolff range in the cookhouse at the Railroad Ranch, on the Henry's Fork, this coming June, where everybody fishes dries.



April 2002

- April 16th-** WFFC Meeting 5:30 pm College Club
- April 17th-** Luncheon 11:45 Camlin Cloud Room
- April 22nd-** WFFC Youth Committee, 6:00-7:30 PM- Fly Casting
- April 23rd-** Fly Tying Round Table 7-9pm
- April 24th-** Luncheon 11:45 Camlin Cloud Room
- April 27th-** Spring Fly Casting Tune up (club members only), Green lake casting Pier 10am- 2pm

May 2002

- May 1st-** Luncheon 11:45 Camlin Cloud Room
- May 4th-** Griffin Creek Work Party 8:30am- 1:30pm
- May 8th-** Luncheon 11:45 Camlin Cloud Room
- May 9th-** Creel Notes Frozen
- May 15th-** Luncheon 11:45 Camlin Cloud Room

