

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

January 15, 2002

LII No. 1

The College Club, 505 Madison St.

Seattle, Washington

Phone: 206-622-0624

Wet Fly Hour 5:30 PM

Dinner 6:45 PM

Award Presentations Highlight January Program

By Bill Neal, Awards Chairman

January is Awards Month at WFFC, when we take time to recognize our members or other flyfishers who have distinguished themselves through service to the Club and the community. Please join with us for presentation of these Awards:

Letcher Lambeth Angling Craftsmanship Award, presented to a flyfisher within Washington, Oregon, or British Columbia for original, significant, and lasting contributions to the art of fly fishing.

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

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

Boyd Aigner Fly-Tying Competition, presented for excellence in fly-tying.

Andy Award, presented to a member who has "suffered most cruelly from the vagaries of Murphy's Law."

The Awards Committee reserves the right to present other Awards, laudatory or embarrassing, as appropriate.

January's meeting is COAT and TIE mandatory

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2002 Officers

All of your 2002 Officers encourage sharing your ideas with them and finding out more about what each position entails

President:	Kris Kristoferson
First VP:	Leland Miyawaki
Second VP:	Richard Embry
Secretary:	Brian Hata
Treasurer:	Steve Sutton
Ghillie:	Jim Sokol
Trustee (3 year):	Dick Brening
Trustee (3 year):	Jerry Sammons
Trustee (1 year):	Bill Neal

Club News

Depite Weather Griffin Creek Gets Face Lift

Doug Schaad, WFFC Conservation Co-Chair
Griffin Creek – December 15, 2001

Under less than optimal conditions, a small contingent of dedicated folks continued the WFFC restoration efforts along the Waterways 2000 site. Despite cool and wet conditions, it wasn't long before folks were abandoning extra clothes as we planted the 150 five-foot (and better) evergreen and deciduous trees. Truth-be-told, we planted trees faster than King County could deliver them to the site.

Thanks to the following individuals (and I think I'm missing at least one) for their efforts: Brenning, Dion, Hata, Pratt, Vuillet and Wearne.

One final note; an especially vigorous Douglas Fir was planted just right of the trail as one enters the site. Approximately 4 feet above ground, a small plastic tag reads "In Memory of Frances Barth."

DNR Thanks WFFC Members for Work on Griffin Creek

Thanks for all of the Hard Work.

Nine hardy souls braved the cold, rainy weather on December 15th and planted 120 trees along Griffin Creek. The trees replaced those that didn't make it through the 2001 summer. Special thanks to Doug and Garrett Schaad, Ron Dion, Dick Brening, Mike Wearne, Mark Pratt, Charles Vulliet, and Brian and Alisa Hata for a job well done. We look forward to seeing the WFFC group again in the spring.

Kirk Anderson
Snoqualmie Steward
King County Department of Natural Resources



WFFC Christmas Party 2001, Afterthoughts

by Dean Ingram, 2001 Christmas Party Chairman

I want to thank all the members for their contributions to the Holiday Party. If it wasn't for you I assure you there would have been a slight showing.

Thanks,
Dean

By Ron Dion

Thanks to Bill Kuper for doing such a professional job of digitizing the slide show, synching the photos to music and incorporating some visual affects. It was really a well done production with many members commenting on the quality of the show.

Hope to see you at the next meeting,
Ron

WANTED: Fishing Reports

In a club that it is as large in member size as it is in tradition, surely, there are more people fishing than Leland Miyawaki. That said, the Creel Notes needs your fishing reports.

If you have proof of someone fishing, and in the following Creel Notes there is no documentation of the event, please report this violation.

Fishing reports and violations should be reported to:

Kyle Looney
kylelooney@attbi.com
4244 1st Ave NW
Seattle, WA 98107

Creel Notes is printed by the second Tuesday of the month; article submissions must be received by the previous Friday.

Roster Updates

Kyle Looney- e-mail: kylelooney@attbi.com
Work Phone: 206.551.5295

Dave Wands- e-mail: davewands@attbi.com

Gordy Young- e-mail: younggoje@attbi.com

Club News

Fly Tying Round Table

By Dick Brening

**January Meeting: Tuesday, January 22nd
7 to 9 PM**

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

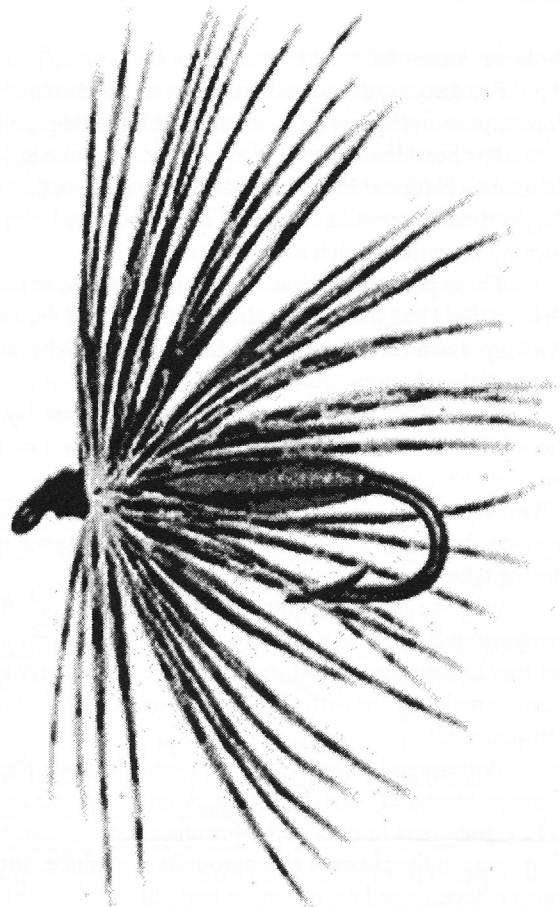
At the November meeting, our subject was to be Les Johnson's Chum fly patterns. However, Les was unable to attend because of a Wild Steelhead Coalition board meeting (we understood the importance of that issue). Fortunately Dick Stearns was able to step in at the last minute and share a few of his favorite Chum fly patterns with us (Thanks Dick!). Samples of Dick's work will be on display at the January dinner meeting.

Our January 22nd Round Table meeting will feature Chironomid patterns. Plan to attend and share your favorites.

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

Visitors are welcome.

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



President's Riffle

President's Riffle

by Kris Kristoferson, WFFC President, 2002

I must confess to liking the atmosphere of January. After wrapping up a nice Christmas and New Year celebration and taking down the Christmas lights, it is a time to get back on track. Time to focus on getting things done. That's what the whole New Year's resolution thing is about. But it is more than that. The real objective is to get the *right* things done to move our lives, our work, . . . our Club in the right direction. I like January's renewed sense of purpose.

The WFFC's new slate of officers (see who's who elsewhere in this issue) will be working throughout 2002 to move our Club in the right direction. How do they know what to do?

Well, the fact is, they don't unless we as members tell them what we believe is important. Sure, we do have general guidelines and procedures for each office, but the WFFC goes in the direction we push it. Our officers and committee chairs will push in the direction they believe best represents the interests of the members so get your voice into the mix. Call them, email them, or corner them at a monthly meeting. Or come to a board meeting where a lot of the Club's decisions get made. Board meetings, open to all members, are almost always held the first Monday of the month, 7PM at the College Club. Check the calendar to be sure. Make the WFFC *your* club.



Hosmer Lake Update

By Steve Raymond

For the past decade an epidemic of the mountain pine beetle has swept through Oregon's Deschutes National Forest, carrying spores of a fungus that kills lodgepole pines. The largest trees are the most vulnerable.

The beetle infestation reached Hosmer Lake in 1997. At that time the Bend-Ft. Rock Ranger District of the Deschutes National Forest proposed its usual beetle "treatment" for Hosmer—namely, cutting all mature lodgepoles (larger than 8 inches in diameter) in the Hosmer Lake campgrounds. Almost as an afterthought, the district also proposed burning the wildlife-rich marsh around the lake.

These proposals came as no surprise to those familiar with the management practices of the Bend-Ft. Rock Ranger District. By 1997 the district already had logged the campgrounds at Davis Lake. Since then campgrounds at Crane Prairie, Wickiup, Lava Lake, Little Lava Lake and Elk Lake have been logged. The district has even held commercial timber sales in some of these campgrounds.

The district attempts to justify these actions by citing the need to prevent continued spread of the pine beetle, even though Forest Service entomologists say removal of mature lodgepoles doesn't stop the beetle's spread. The Forest Service also cites public-safety considerations: It wants to protect you from the possibility that a beetle-killed pine might fall on your head, even though studies show beetle-killed pines remain standing many years, during which time they provide shade and wildlife habitat and help preserve soil moisture. When they do fall, nearly all come down during winter storms when the campgrounds are closed.

What's really happening is the Bend-Ft. Rock Ranger District is using the beetle infestation as an excuse to log campgrounds, turning them into the high-elevation equivalent of strip-mall parking lots. Of course this is being done at a net loss to the government, as is the case with nearly all Forest Service timber sales. But don't worry—your tax dollars are helping make up the difference. You probably didn't realize you've been paying the Forest Service to destroy public campgrounds.

Widespread protests kept the Bend-Ft. Rock Ranger District from proceeding with its 1997 plans to log the Hosmer campgrounds and burn the marsh. A group known as the Friends of Hosmer spearheaded these protests, with many WFFC members joining in. Unfortunately, that victory was only temporary. The Bend-Ft. Rock District has continued to chip away at the Hosmer campgrounds ever since, annually removing a hundred or more so-called "hazardous trees." If you've been there lately, you've probably noticed there's a lot more stumps, a lot more dust, a lot less shade and a lot fewer birds.

The Friends of Hosmer have fought these actions every step of the way. But FOH is a small organization with very limited resources, so it has sought help from others—Oregon's governor, several congressmen, the Oregon FFF, the Sierra Club, Audubon Society, Nature Conservancy, etc. Unfortunately, these entreaties were met with indifference; the sad conclusion is that nobody else seems to care about Hosmer Lake. True, most of these individuals and groups have other priorities, but the apathetic response of the Oregon fly-fishing community (with the notable exception of a single individual) is especially disappointing.

Nevertheless, FOH has continued to fight. Last spring, it filed multiple appeals against the Bend-Ft. Rock Ranger District's latest proposals for Hosmer Lake. The appeals charged the district had violated federal law and regulations and offered voluminous evidence in support of those arguments. But guess what? The Forest Service appeals process allows the Forest Service itself to decide the appeal, so the odds against FOH were long to begin with.

Now the results are in, and not surprisingly the appeals were summarily denied. The district ranger lied in his official written response and the Forest Service accepted his account without question. It's clear FOH's arguments and evidence never received consideration.

This decision represents the final step in the administrative process. FOH lacks the means to take its case to court, so the Bend-Ft. Rock Ranger District now has a free hand to do whatever it wants at Hosmer. The upper lake—which many WFFC members know as one of the loveliest spots on earth—is in a road less area, so it will be protected unless the Bush administration gets its way and opens such areas to logging. But the future of the area around the lower lake, including the campgrounds, is very much in doubt.

So get there soon if you want to see Hosmer Lake as it is. Otherwise, your grandchildren may be old before the Hosmer Lake campgrounds are once again full of bird songs and shade.



Fishing Reports

Leland Miyawaki, At a Secret South Sound Beach:

12/17/01-Left the office today at noon to hit the incoming tide. The day was sunny and breezy or blustery or down right howling, depending in which direction you cast. Preston and I fished poppers. A good cutt hit my first cast about ten feet off the beach. He missed and I waterloaded and recast to the exact same spot and hooked it. After a couple jumps, the cutt bought it's freedom. In the next few hours, I saw about six fish jump. In fact, they weren't just ordinary jumps, but these fish really caught some big air. I rose over a dozen fish with an extremely slow retrieve. It was a lot of fun, but in the big waves, roily surf and high winds, a popper just sitting on the surface or, at the most, twitched back slowly provoked some outrageous, freestyle, cartwheeling strikes.

12/19/01-Bob Young and I went out this morning midway into the ebbtide and fished until just past noon. I hit a good fish on a grizzley popper almost right off as I waded and cast my way up the beach. Bob leapfrogged ahead and soon nailed a good one also on an orange and yellow wet. It was a beautiful, almost windless, day. Bob had four good fish, one of almost 18 inches, to hand and LDR'd a half dozen more. I had three to hand, a few unbuttoned and a good bunch of follows/swirls/lunges. It was good not to have to fight wind and swells today.

Leland

Leland Miyawaki, Sauk River- January 2, 2002

The Sauk River was in beautiful shape today – Preston called the shade – steelhead green. The weather was overcast with just a touch of a breeze that carried the chill of the fresh Cascade snows just to our east. We parked the car and walked 1/4 mile upstream of Hatchery Creek. Today, I fished my 6wt. two-hander and on my second cast, I hooked a solid 24" Dollie Varden that came unbuttoned just as I was preparing to beach her for Preston to photograph. "2002 is going to be a good year," I thought. I landed a second fish a few minutes later. She was about 18" with beautiful pink spots on a slate gray body. We crossed the river at government bridge and drove through a clearcut, turned left onto a logging road under the powerlines and parked. We walked down the goat trail to Rinker Creek, crossed and followed the stream down to the river, where we turned up and walked another half mile to the bend below the rapids. I hooked four more dollies and landed a couple more 18" females before it began to rain. Preston picked up a good fish in the middle of the river near a submerged tree. As he stepped out of the water, he told me that there should be another fish just below the root wad. I placed a cast upstream of the broken water and sure enough, there she was. Hello dollie! Preston is definitely the ace dollie guide. We broke for lunch followed by a couple fortifying nips of Yukon Jack from Prestons flask – or did lunch follow the nips? Anyway, after lunch, we drove downstream to another spot where I proceeded to land the last fish of the day, a real beaut – a big male dollie with a mouth big enough to swallow a softball. Yessir, 2002 is going to be quite a year.

Leland

Leland Miyawaki, Skykomish River- January 4, 2002

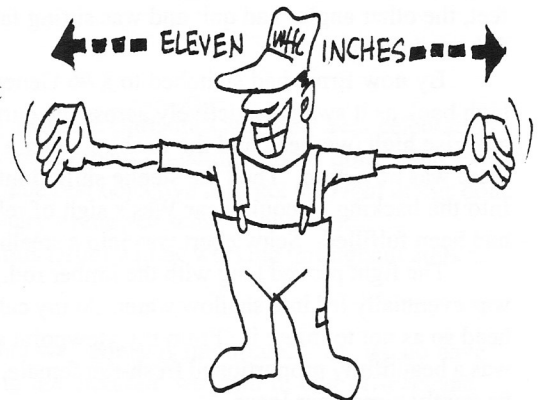
It was a good day.

A steelhead would have made it great, but all things considered, it was a good day. I got into the office at 7:30 this morning and futzed around until 11 when I took off for the Sky.

The water was low and clear and it was overcast and warm enough to wear a fleece top only. I fished a favorite run through twice with different colors and, to add to the pleasure, it was a good casting day. The sun came out and I enjoyed a good cigar as I worked my way through the run. I finished at 2:30 and drove back to the office, got my mail and found a check from a client. I futzed around some more until 4:30 when I drove over to Earl Harpers studio and had a beer.

Life is good.

Leland



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In Retrospect

In Retrospect, A Fish for Schwiebert

from WFFC Creel Notes vol XXIII, No. 7 July 1975

Ernie Schwiebert was a guest of the Washington Fly Fishing Club in June to present his slide show on fly fishing in South America. He had an extra day to spare — planned I found out later — and wanted to fish the famous Stillaguamish river he had read and heard so much about. So the big brass at the WFFC said sure, we'll ask some of the boys to take you out and find a fish.

I was one of those selected. As I crossed the main river on I-5, headed south, things did not look encouraging as the water was high and colored. At the dinner meeting that evening we hastily worked out the details. Wes Drain agreed to be ghillie as he knows the upper river well; Frank Headrick said he'd be the Chef and barbecue steaks for a noon affair at his cozy cabin, and I would photograph whatever action went on. With all this expertise we'd also need a bit of luck.

I picked up Ernie at his hotel at 7:30 a.m. I used all the alibis I could think of on the drive to the river. Too early in the season; water too high; fish not there yet, etc. But he had heard them all before, anyway, he said; he just wanted to see the river.

We met Frank and Wes at the cabin. The river at the Elbow was somewhat discolored from the discharge of Deer Creek upstream. A conference was held and Wes outlined the water we would fish. After Ernie purchased his license and punch card at the Oso store the three of us drove upstream in the camper on this do-or-die mission. Now that the pressure was on the ghillie to produce, I relaxed and enjoyed the stories Schwiebert spun. I found him a remarkable man. Currently he is working on three books, and the first, a massive work on trout, will be published this year.

We parked the camper and walked to the river. It was somewhat high but crystal clear. Half of my alibis were shot down already! There was a single angler fishing well down in the pool and as the water is large enough for two rods, Wes and Ernie looked about for some place to cross. They had to go downstream about two hundred yards before they found it shallow enough to wade. I hurried back to the camper and dug out all my camera gear, for I knew it would take more than a 50-mm lens to cover the action from the high bank.

Ernie stopped to talk with the other angler and asked if he minded if he fished behind him. He said it was O.K. with him as he had already fished the complete run a couple of times without any action. On Wes's advise to try a dark fly, he put on a Blue Charm and worked down through the upper water. In the meantime I was scanning the ten foot depth with my polaroids in hopes of locating fish. Just once a large fish drifted over a light spot on the bottom, so we knew there was at least one there.

Ernie was using a light 9 1/2 foot rod with a #6 High D line that cast almost in slow motion, so beautiful was its rhythm. By the time he reached the lower section of the pool, where the depth at this stage of the water is about five feet, the other angler had quit and was sitting far back on the sand watching in admiration. He motioned for Ernie to fish on through.

By now Ernie had switched to a #6 General Practioner, a bright colored pattern. I could see it clearly from the high bank as it swam seductively across the current, but I did not see the steelhead take. I heard Ernie shout, saw his arm rise high overhead and the flash of silver as the fish rolled to the surface. For a few seconds the rod jerked but there was no action. Then the steelie shifted into overdrive and headed down river on its first long run that carried well into the backing. I could hear Wes's sigh of relief clear across the river, for the wild promise of the WFFC big shots had been fulfilled. Schwiebert was into a steelhead, and a good one at that.

The fight proved long with the limber rod. The fish made several good runs and a number of clean jumps before it was eventually led into shallow water. At my call for a picture Ernie raised it high, being careful to pick it up in back of the head so as not to injure it. From my viewpoint a hundred twenty-five feet away, I guessed it at eight or nine pounds. It was a beautifully proportioned fresh-run female. Ernie worked a full ten minutes on reviving it and it was strong again as he gently turned her loose.

It was one of those wonder days. The ghillie was satisfied, the angler happy, and the photographer could hardly wait to develop the roll of 36 pictures he had taken. And to top it off we could fairly taste those thick steaks as we loaded the gear in the camper and headed back to Frank's cabin.

Ralph Wahl
July 1975