

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 18, 2000

L No. 4

The College Club, 505 Madison St.

Seattle, Washington

Phone: 206-622-0624

Wet Fly Hour 5:30 PM

Dinner 6:45 PM

Subject: WFFC April Presentation.

by Gene Gudger, Program Chairman

April's program will be given on Steelhead experiences by Jon Covich. Jon has been fly fishing all his life. Some members may know him from years at Kaufman's before his move to Bend, Oregon. A recent marriage has deposited him back in Seattle. Jon currently is the area representative for Spirit River and Able. As he is a professional photographer, his presentation should be quite spectacular. Jon is currently developing flats fisheries in Cuba.

Since he is now on an extended fishing trip, a more detailed bio was not available at time of this publication. Suffice it to say, we will be well entertained and educated by the April program. Don't miss.

Jennifer McLean Note

forwarded by Doug Schaad, Conservation Co-Chairman

Almost 200 hatchery fish came back this year, and we're heading down to sample the hatchery smolts next week. They'll be letting them go on April 15. Wild adults will be sampled when they come back later (next couple of months). I should be getting some genetic data soon, because I'm taking a class in which we have to analyze our own data. We'll be learning all different types of kinship analysis...different methods, different assumptions, what works, what doesn't, etc, etc. I sent Terry Wiseman some pictures and text for your website earlier this month. I'm not sure if it's up yet. Not sure if the membership is interested, but winter quarter is now over (exams and papers done) and spring quarter started this week. I'm taking only one class, so I'll have lots of time for field and lab work. Let me know if you want more details on anything.

Jennifer

WFFC Picnic

by James Schmidt

Plan ahead! The WFFC picnic for summer 2000 will be held at the 50th and Meridian park on August 18th, 4:00

PM till dark. Last year's picnic was great and this year's promises to be the same! More details later.

In This Issue

| | |
|--------------------|---|
| Club News | 2 |
| President's Riffle | 3 |
| Fishing Reports | 4 |
| In Retrospect | 6 |
| WFFC Calendar | 7 |

Found

Fred DeWitt reports a recent newspaper notice that a fly rod and reel were found in Eastern Washington. No additional description or location given. The contact phone number is (206) 784-1932. Try calling if YOU lost these valuable (?) Items.

Book Sale

by James Schmidt

The WFFC Foundation will continue the sale of books at the April meeting. We will be offering books from Enos Bradner's collection. These are not fishing related, but literature of American authors. Some of these are first editions.

Fly Tier's Round Table

by Dick Brening

First, I would like to thank Pete Baird for standing in for me while I was on safari in Africa. Pete, you did a great job and I'm sure all of our tiers enjoyed the Round Table sessions you hosted.

I was really happy to see the large turnout we had for the March Round Table. The theme was tie what you like and the variety of patterns was impressive. We had 10 club members and two guests in attendance. The flies tied included: Lightning Bug, Irresistable, Nyerges Nymph, Muddler Minnow, Royal Wulff, Stimulator, Mayfly Emerger, Beadhead Chiromomid & Beadhead Nymph, as well as some unnamed patterns.

The April Round Table's subject will be Stonefly and Water Boatman fly patterns. This will be a good chance to pick up on some fly patterns and tying techniques that could really come in handy this summer.

April Meeting: Wednesday, April 26th, 7 to 9PM
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.
Subject: Stones and Water Boatman

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.

Wanted

Wanted: Hardbound first printing of Steve Raymond's "Year of the Trout". I've been looking for a first printing of this book for a couple of years and have not turned one up. Lory Watkins, (206) 243-1182.

New Member Biographies

Maurise R. (Maury) Clark P.O. Box 2 Hobart, Wa 98025
Home: 425-432-9842 Office: 206-447-6030 Toll Free: 1-800-531-3110, ext. 6030 E-mail: mauryclark@usa.net
DOB: August 30, 1940 Married- June 22, 1963 to Francia.
Children: Nine boys, eight adopted. Grandchildren: thirteen

Maury has been interviewed by the Membership Committee and will be voted on at the April Member meeting. Ed.

Fishing has been a part of my life since I was a child. At age thirteen, my father bought me a fly-fishing set-up and lessons at "Patricks" on Eastlake, and life as I used to

know it changed. As a young Boy Scout I spent most of my teenage years out of doors, consumed by fishing and hiking even though I wore braces on my legs. I confess that I strayed, and fell away as I went through college and during the early years of marriage, children, and career building. But I was born again into truth, justice and the AMERICAN WAY when I resumed fishing about twenty years ago. Although I am somewhat limited now due to a bout with bone cancer, I get out as often as possible. and most enjoy working with young kids to get them interested in the art of fly-fishing.

I look forward to WFFC membership with the hope of learning how to tie flies, and participating in political efforts on behalf of our sport. Any help that I can bring to young people who want to get started is eagerly anticipated, in spite of my fairly pedestrian skills.

Personal History:

For the past thirty-three years, my profession has been in Corporate finance, investment management, and the venture capital business. Currently I sit on a number of corporate and advisory boards, mostly high technology companies, and am a Director of CIBC-Oppenheimer Co..

I am committed to Child welfare issues, and frequently explain that I earn my income as a stockbroker, but that I work with children for a living. Currently I serve on the Governing Council- ELCA, Northwest Washington Synod, and represent the Lutheran Churches on the Board of the Church Council of Greater Seattle. Bishop Clifford Lunde consecrated my call in 1986 in the predecessor body, the American Lutheran Church. In addition I also sit on the Ecumenical Council, I am an Eagle Scout, and teach in the High Schools in the County through the "Learning for Life" program sponsored by the Chief Seattle Council. I was a volunteer Guardian Ad-Litem for thirteen years at King County Superior Court, handling only the most serious abuse Cases, and chaired the "DSHS State Committee on Hard to Place Children" in 1986 and 1987. For ten years. I was the Governor's appointee on the Board of Directors of Pacific Medical Center serving as Treasurer and member of the Finance and Executive Committees. I have been on the Boards of multiple United Way agencies, including Colin Powell's "Americas Promise- a Sound Promise to Youth", and was co-founder of one United Way child-care mental health agency. Currently I sit on the Board of the Haas Foundation which funds state-wide special needs in secondary education, and the Edward R. Murrow Symposium at WSU, and am advisor to the alpine Boys Ranch in Leavenworth.

My family settled in Eastern Washington in the late 1800's and I am a member of the Spokane Club. My wife's forebears were founders of Goldendale in 1848. Hobbies, other than fly-fishing, include collecting antique automobiles and Old Sheffield Plate.

See BIOGRAPHIES on page 3.

President's Riffle

by Greg Crumbaker, WFFC President

Thank you to the 15 or so members and spouses, children, etc. who showed up at Griffin Creek to plant about 25 trees each. Other groups from throughout the area were present, and a total of 1000 trees were planted and mulched. The area had previously been overrun with blackberries which afforded little shade for the creek. The county had cleared the bushes, and the new trees will greatly improve the streamside habitat. I was surprised to learn that Griffin Creek represents nearly 70% of the one salmon specie that spawn in King County. Talk about a stream where it's health is critical, this is one. The County is pleased with the support received from the WFFC, and has approached Doug Schaad (Conservation Chair) about the WFFC taking a stewardship position for a section of the stream. This would be a long-term commitment to maintain the streamside habitat. It would be analogous to the highway litter control program where groups adopt some of the highway. We are exploring this potential arrangement with the County and Doug will be reporting on this shortly. For those who didn't have a chance to participate in Griffin Creek, it's a great experience and a chance to feel very good about improving your environment.

Your responses to the Long Range Planning Committee were insightful. They are currently being summarized for the committee. Thank you to those who took the time to write out your thoughts. The planning committee consists of the following members: John Callahan, Tim Bohlin, Rocco Maccarrone, Steve Raymond and Walt Walkinshaw. The intent was to form a small group that blended age and Club experience. We have set the end of May as a proposed time frame to complete the plan and receive Board approval at the June meeting. This schedule will give six months to implement the plan and conclude the year with our direction well defined.

At the April meeting, our Ghillie, Dean Ingram, is hoping to have a new bunch of hats and denim shirts available with the Club logo embroidered on each. Bring your checkbooks, as they seem to go quickly.

At the same meeting, we are going to have an "Open Table". This will be set up for those who wish to meet and have dinner with folks other than the ones they might normally sit with. If you'd like to meet more people, this may be a good way, or if you're tired of hearing the same old fishing stories from the guys, sit here, see other members/guests and get new ideas. Based on how this goes, we'll look to make it a regular table at our future meetings. After all, this Club is about getting to know other fly fishermen and there are over 175 of us. Out of this group, how many do you know on a first name basis?

Until the 18th of April, get onto the water and have some reports for us at the meeting.

Greg Crumbaker
President, 2000

BIOGRAPHIES continued from page 2.

Political involvement is an important part of my life. and I chaired the "Citizens for Colin Powell" committee in 1996 for the western United States. I am an active member of the Navy League, and was part of the Vietnam Wall Committee that brought the Wall to Leavenworth in 1998. Currently I am helping set up a civilian volunteer support system for Job Corps, and am working with the Congressional Medal of Honor Society for their year 2001 convention

I am honored to be considered for membership, and if accepted, I will be active in fulfilling Club goals and objectives.

Michael Bennett

Michael Bennett was initiated into the WFFC at the March member meeting. Ed.

As a curious six-year old living on a tributary of Southern Oregon's Rogue River, I can vividly remember the spawning Chinook salmon thrashing in the shallow riffles behind my house. Perhaps it's these memories, or ones similar, that have given me my passion for fishing. It is certainly these types of memories that leave me grateful for being born and raised in the beautiful Pacific Northwest.

My first fly fishing experience started around the age of 12 with an extremely cheap starter outfit and a handful of equally poor quality flies. It was soon after that I began raiding my mother's sewing kit and tying my first flies. My first fish on my own flies were taken from Oregon's Diamond Lake when my huge stonefly nymph severely out fished my dad's Roostertail spinner as we trolled them along the shoreline. I can only assume the fly worked so well because it could resemble a number of food items, most notably a large, dark dragonfly nymph. Whatever the case, I was completely fascinated and my dad was utterly amazed.

Fishing Reports

Tales from Wisconsin, “Fishing the Pere Marquette”

by John Arechavala

Saturday March 11th began optimistically, the outside temperature was at a normal 37 down from the 71 just two days earlier. Snow was in the long-range forecast along with cloudy skies, perfect Steelhead weather. I loaded my bags, gear, and coolers into the back of the truck and headed for O'hare International Airport in Chicago to pick up my fishing partner for the week, Dave (Snag'em) Schorsch. Dave managed to arrive without incident or lost rods. We were off to Michigan, the Pere Marquette river and Barothy Lodge.

Now I was looking forward to this fishing trip despite the continuous downpour, raging floods, and an invasion of sucker fish, all of which occurred on the trip two years ago, the last time I tried to fish the Pere Marquette. I still believed that a guy could catch a real fish (given half a chance) on the Pere Marquette. I was also nervous and my fishing skills rusty. I hadn't had an opportunity to wet a line or fish once all of last year. I was worried that the wily Steelhead would out-match my poor rusty skills, in short I would be skunked.

Sunday - Day 1: The temperature was somewhere between freezing and colder than hell that first morning. The skies were partly cloudy. Dave had suggested that we rush down to the river at first light to hit the good drift in front of the cabin. Fish it for a couple of hours and then have breakfast. After eating we would hit a couple of other spots, break for some lunch and hit a few drifts more in the afternoon. A reasonable plan, that would have worked too, but as anyone who has fished with Dave “Snag'em” Schorsch knows, there wasn't a chance that this plan would reflect reality.

After fighting iced lines, guides, underwater debris, rocks, frozen grass, shrubs and tree limbs (both submerged and still growing) a couple of hours stretched to five or six. I slowly realized that I wasn't going to eat anytime soon. Dave had managed to catch a sucker fish early on. The way he is grinning in the picture one might confuse it for a real fish. The sucker had convinced Dave that somewhere in the river was a steelhead with his name and number. As for me, I had managed to catch every loose stick that floated by or sat firmly anchored to the bottom of the river. My body reminded me that fishing muscles also get rusty; sometime during that icy morning I had discovered that there was an iron rod stuck in the small of my back. When we did actually stop for nourishment, I searched for Motrin.

That afternoon Dave managed to catch the first Steelhead of the trip, a nice wild buck of about 8 or 9 lbs. I began to seriously worry about the skunk. The afternoon was hard. My back grumbled louder and louder. Suddenly, I felt the definite strike of a fish on a fly, I set the

hook and managed to land a very nice wild brown trout of about 18 inches. After a brief photo session with me grinning from ear to ear, I released him back to the river. I didn't get my steelhead, but I dodged the skunk with a very respectable wild brown trout.

Monday – Day 2: John Kluesing (our guide for the next three days) arrived at 6:30. We quickly loaded gear and rods and were off. Shortly after starting the float it began to snow. Now this was good, it was actually a lot warmer than the day before. The snow fell in thick heavy flakes and gave everything a “Currier & Ives” look and feel. It was quiet, and relaxing. It didn't take us long before we found the fish. Dave nailed the first three steelhead, I followed with my first buck. During the day we had several fish on and lost. At the end of the day Dave had four Steelhead landed and released and I had one Steelhead landed and released and one fat 20-inch brown trout taken on a number 10 black stone fly nymph.

Tuesday – Day 3: Another start at 6:30, this time we promptly got into fish, a lot of fish. We were chasing steelhead up the river, down the river, and across the river. Dave snagged four or was it five steelhead in a row, eventually losing a fly in the side of one large 16lb buck. About an hour later I caught the brute, landed it and returned the fly to Dave. It was the least I could do, he was complaining about running short. I guess that steelhead was a little appreciative of me removing the fly that Dave had snagged into his side, because about a half-hour later he took my fly again. We caught and fought so many steelhead that morning my arms and shoulders hurt.

Thankfully the afternoon's fishing was a little slower. By the end of the day Dave and I had hooked up with somewhere between 20 and 30 Steelhead and landed at least a dozen. Dave hand-landed a couple more than I, he also managed to snag half the fish in the river, and catch a small brown trout, at least I think it was, it was kind of hard to tell. I also landed and kept one fat chrome bright 20-inch jack steelhead.

Wednesday – Day 4: The last two days with John Kluesing were so good we wondered if it could get any better. John fooled us and decided to fish the same water we had fished on the first day. It is amazing the difference a day can make. We were into fish all day; it was hot in the morning, it was hot in the afternoon. Dave caught one bright hen that raced around the hole a few minutes then took him 100 yards down stream in a blink, shaking the fly off in the end. As Dave was stripping back his line another hen smashed his fly and took the line up stream for him. Dave managed to land the second fish. I had a bright fish rip my line off my reel like a bone fish, rushing into a pile of stumps and logs and breaking me off in a fight that lasted a whole five seconds. I caught a brook trout of about 11 inches, rare in a river where browns (large enough to eat small children) lurk. By the end of the day I think

Fishing Reports

we had hooked into and landed as many fish as we had in the previous two days. Dave even managed to catch another sucker fish and a couple of small browns.

Thursday – Day 5: Dave and I are back on our own fishing the Pere Marquette from the bank with waders. Once again Dave convinces me that we need to hit the water early, fish for a couple of hours, eat some breakfast, and hit the other drifts. This time I wolfed down a piece of toast and a cup of coffee before leaving. Dave hooks up with two fish early, but they toss the hooks after a few headshakes.

Older wiser and armed with three days of experience and knowledge from our guide, I scoped the water about 100 yards upstream from where Dave is casting and drifting his line. Picking a spot where I can cast my line between trees, I begin to methodically work the drift. After about a half dozen casts Dave walks up just as I lose my “Doc Bob” nymph to a sneaky rock. As I tie on a replacement Dave casts out and promptly loses everything on a snag. As he is restoring his rig I cast out a couple of times with no effect. Dave, re-rigged, casts out and is promptly stripped of everything once more. Convinced of some diabolical hazard hiding in the river, Dave leaves me.

I continue to work the area and cast for a flash I thought I saw in the river. I’m rewarded with a hard strike; I yell “fish on!” This brings Dave running back. As I work my line in, I observe a large buck Steelhead at the end of my nymph and another equally large buck attached to my egg pattern fly. As Dave watches I manage to hold both fish for a short while. Apparently the two fish had a calming effect on each other. However, they do manage to prevent me from keeping them from exploring an under water branch, visible from the bank. The buck on the nymph breaks off taking the fly with him, but I manage to land the remaining buck on the egg pattern.

I decide that this one 35-inch, 12 lb. steelhead is for the larder and keep the fish. Dave pops a gill to bleed the fish and we look for a suitable place to hang the buck. Dave rejects a perfect looking forked branch on a young tree for a gnarly old stump. The fish promptly falls off the stump and I pick him up and hook him over the perfect fork on the tree. Dave warns me that it will break, I ignore the warning. Dave, now energized with my success, casts out into the river and promptly loses his third complete rig in as many casts. As Dave rants about the now razor edged object lurking at the bottom of the river, there is the

ominous snap! The perfect fork shatters and I watch as my fish hops back into the river. A temporary madness (often observed in confirmed ‘Steelheaders’) overcomes me, dropping rod, I bound after the escaping Steelhead and as Dave observes the Steelhead swimming away I, without hesitation, leap into the river. I try to lead the fish as I knife into the river, providence takes a hand, and I feel the fish strike my leg. As Dave states, in a matter of fact tone that “the fish is gone”, I shout “I got him!” and lunge wildly into the chest deep icy waters swirling around my legs and grasp the fish like a bear. Grasping the Steelhead by the gill, I landed my steelhead a second time.

After thawing out and eating lunch I managed to hook up and catch one more Steelhead, a hen which was promptly released. Dave landed three steelhead by the end of the day.

Friday – Day 6: Today is the day we leave Barothy Lodge, we had decided not to fish this day and left the Pere Marquette River on a high note: five days of fishing, no skunks and a lifetime of wonderful memories, it just doesn’t get much better. The tally for me at the end of the trip: two trophy browns 18 inches and 20 inches, two jacks (one released), at least 10 steelhead landed (nine released), and one brook trout. The Pere Marquette steelhead I caught were all wild fish, the average was 12 to 14 lbs and the largest was for me was about 38 inches and 16 or 17 lbs. Dave had at least one steelhead a little bigger. We hooked up with 30 or 40 fish each day with the guide except the first day which was a little slow.

John Kluesing is a great guide. He provides a hot lunch every day which consists of a soup or stew and a grilled meat or fish. In our three days we enjoyed home made venison soup, Atlantic salmon, steak, and chicken, not forgetting the wonderful cookies, muffins, and cakes his wife bakes. He is very knowledgeable and was a real pleasure to fish with. I hope I get another opportunity to fish with him soon. As I now reside in Wisconsin this may be easier for me to do. John can be reached via email at jtkluesing@triton.net or by fax or phone at (231) 745-3792.



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, 810 Crown Drive, Everett, WA 98203-1801, E-mail to bboard@gte.net (E-mail is preferred). This issue of *Creel Notes* was produced by Bill Boardman. *Creel Notes* is printed by the second Tuesday of the month; article submissions must be received by the previous Friday. Mail roster updates directly to Roman Millett, 2725 161st Pl. S.E., Mill Creek, WA 98012-7877. The WFFC may be visited on the internet at <http://www.wffc.com>.

In Retrospect

In Retrospect

from WFFC Creel Notes vol. XL #4, April, 1990

South Sound - April 1st

Fished South Sound around Gig Harbor with Dave Round Sr. and his brother Bill from Boston. Chased silvers around and saw a few sea runs, but managed to take only one 14-inch sea run for the morning's efforts. Bill was disappointed to see no striped bass, but a sunny day and a nice lunch on the beach salvaged the trip. Lots of feed around, and looks like a good season coming.

Dave Schorsch

Rocky Ford Creek - March 24 & 25

Fished from 6:45 AM til 3:30 PM the first day and from 7:15 til 11:30 AM the next. Caught and released 10 fish, the largest of which was 18 inches. Used gray Emergers, nymphs and pupae with a dead drift and slow retrieve.

Dick Bennett

Pass Lake - March 25

Fished from 1:30 until 5:30. Slow fishing. Hooked two, landed one 12-inch rainbow. It was caught on a six-pack, fished on the lake bottom.

Ron Dion

BIOGRAPHIES continued from page 3.

As a teenager I focused primarily on the steelhead and salmon of the Rogue River, usually using conventional tackle for the salmon and winter-run steelhead and fly fishing for the Rogue's famous half-pounders in the summer and fall. I began focusing extensively on fly fishing when I moved to Southern California for my college education. There, I had the pleasure to manage a fishing department of a sporting good store while I worked my way through school.

While in Southern California, I was exposed to many more types of fishing than I had the chance to experience in Oregon. As part of my work for the sporting goods company, I had the chance to take multi-day excursions into Mexican waters for tuna, dorado, wahoo, and yellowtail and fish a few of the area's famous bass lakes. Most of my time, however, was spent fly fishing the Eastern Sierra for trout but, on the occasional vacation, I also had the pleasure of fly fishing most of the western states including memorable trips to Alaska, Montana, Arizona, and Wyoming.

Also as part of my work for the sporting goods company, I was certified as a Federation of Fly Fishers Certified Casting Instructor in 1994 and began instructing extensive fly fishing courses. These courses included nine hours of classroom discussions and slide presentations, four hours of casting instruction, and two days instructed fishing on the Wild Trout Section of California's Lower Owens River. During this time, I enjoyed teaching these introductory skills to more than 100 class participants. One student, formerly a manager of a very reputable music recording studio in Los Angeles, was so taken by the sport after the classes, she soon after quit her job to travel and fly fish the U.S. for two years. I suppose we should have required a legal disclaimer as part of the course... warning that it can be quite addicting.

In July of 1997 I finally had the opportunity to return to the Pacific Northwest and chose to move to Seattle. With Seattle's abundance of steelhead rivers and booming high-tech industry, it was the natural place to for me to be. Since arriving in Seattle, I have concentrated most of my fly fishing expeditions on the area's famous steelhead rivers from the Deschutes to the Thompson. However, I have also enjoyed learning the ways of the some of Washington's trout water and even taken a crack at saltwater fly fishing for salmon and sea-run cutthroat.

In the future I look forward to gaining a more intimate knowledge of the local steelhead rivers. Two years of trial and error exploration have resulted in only a handful of hooked steelhead in our local area. As I continue to locate and learn productive water, I hope to increase this success ratio and build a core selection of water that I have confidence in and where I can concentrate my efforts. I also hope to spend some time in the famous rivers of Northern British Columbia and chasing the bonefish and tarpon of the Bahamas in upcoming vacations.



APRIL-MAY 2000

| SUNDAY | Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday |
|--|--|---|--|--|--------------------------------|--|
| 9 APRIL Go Fishing! | 10 | 11 | 12 EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM | 13 | 14 | 15 Go Fishing! |
| 16 Go Fishing! | 17 | 18 WFFC Dinner Meeting 5:30 PM COLLEGE CLUB | 19 EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM | 20 WFFC FLYCASTING CLASS 7:00 PM EVERY THURSDAY GREEN LAKE CASTING PIER | 21 | 22 Go Fishing! |
| 23 Go Fishing! | 24 | 25 | 26 FLY TYER'S ROUNDTABLE 7:00 PM MERCER IS. COVENANT CHURCH | 27 CONSERVATION COM. MEETING 7:00 PM AT THE RAM PUB | 28 | 29 Go Fishing! |
| 30 Go Fishing! | 1 MAY WFFC BOARD MEETING 7:00 PM COLLEGE CLUB | 2 | 3 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM | 4 WFFC FLYCASTING CLASS 7:00 PM AT GREEN LAKE CASTING PIER | 5 MAY CREEL NOTES FROZEN | 6 Go Fishing! |
| 7 Go Fishing! | 8 | 9 | 10 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM | 11 WFFC FLYCASTING CLASS 7:00 PM EVERY THURSDAY GREEN LAKE CASTING PIER | 12 | 13 WFFC OUTING AT DRY FALLS LAKE |
| 14 WFFC OUTING AT DRY FALLS LAKE | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 WFFC FLYCASTING CLASS 7:00 PM EVERY THURSDAY GREEN LAKE CASTING PIER | 19 | 20 Go Fishing! |