

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

July 18, 2000

L No. 7

The College Club, 505 Madison St.

Seattle, Washington

Phone: 206-622-0624

Wet Fly Hour 5:30 PM

Dinner 6:45 PM

July Program - Jack Mitchell

by Gene Gudger, Program Chairman

Jack Mitchell, owner of and guide for the Evening Hatch Guide Service will do his presentation of "The Yakima — A River for all Seasons". It features a slide series throughout an entire year on the Yakima including an insect series, an access series and a general info series of slides.

The Evening Hatch Guide Service was started in 19 89. In the last ten years it has grown from a small red pick-up, an Achilles raft and a seasonal 50 trips a year, to a year-round operation encompassing two continents and about 800 clients a year. Jack is now providing premier and world-class fly fishing excursions both on the Yakima and in Chile. The show is about having fun on the water and providing information to help club members have the most enjoyable time possible on the Yak.

Jack will also tie some of his favorite patterns during the wet fly. Don't miss.

For Sale: 1992 Don Hill "Mini Drifter" with Calkins Trailer

10' fiberglass mini drift boat. This is the "open water" series which includes added floatation. Comes with motor mount, oars, floatation pads, removable astroturf flooring, anchor system. Trailer has new tires, wheel bearings and includes grease guns. Price \$1,000.00
phone: Steve Damm @ 206-842-3555

The Ecstasy of the Wet Fly



There are those who wax indignant
at the use of the wet-fly on dry-fly waters.

Yet it has a special fascination.

The indications which tell your dry-fly angler when to strike
are clear and unmistakable,

but those which bid a wet-fly man

raise his rod-point and draw in the steel are frequently
so subtle, so evanescent and impalpable to the senses,

that, when the bending rod assures him

that he has divined aright,

he feels an ecstasy as though he had

performed a miracle each time.

G.E.M. Skues: Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream, 1910

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This & That

Remember, you may come to the July meeting in casual dress (coat and tie optional, shorts are inappropriate). There will be NO Board meeting in August. Articles for the August *Creel Notes* are due by Friday, August 4, 2000.

In Retrospect

from Creel Notes vol. XXXIV No. 7, July 1985

DOMKE LAKE, June 2-4 Don Gulliford

Still fine fly fishing with olive drab chenille bodied #8 Careys for RBs to 16 inches and although there are lots of spawners (3 creeks empty into Domke) there were plenty of bright ones, lots of ospreys, hatching goldeneyes, deer and pine tree aromas to make a good early summer trip. Sid and Sheila Burns inherited the operation from the late Gordon Stuart and are doing a wonderful job.

KEECHELUS, June 4 Don Gulliford

Couldn't resist stopping but it was too dark after 9 p.m., for any action. If you are into nature watching...wow. The 2103 forest road in from Stampede Pass mainline is clogged with elk and deer in the evening.

HOWARD AND VALENTINE LAKES, B.C. June 19 - 28 Lyn Gross

Seduced by Boyd Aigner's siren song of great sedge hatches and nine-pound trout, I headed for Howard Lake with high hopes. Just as I was about to get my first glimpse of the fabled lake, my trailer developed a flat tire 0.3 mile from the campground. After eleven hours of driving, I didn't need that. Then came the sickening discovery that my wrench didn't fit the trailer lugs, so I had to unhitch and drive into camp to borrow another one. An hour and a quarter later I pulled into camp and learned from Bud Cooke and Gordy Young that Boyd was sick and self-confined to his camper.

The next day (Th.), I drove back to 100 Mile House (66 miles round trip) to learn that I needed a new tire. Friday, Boyd decided to go to the doctor and, possibly, home. Youngs and Cookes wisely left for Sheridan Lake. Between thunderstorms on Friday and Saturday I vainly sought sedge hatches and nine-pound trout. I awoke Sunday to see two-inch flakes of wet snow falling. By noon they had turned to rain, but the day was not for fishing. Monday was the high point of the trip. I caught 15 trout on sedges. Only the trout weren't much larger than the sedges.

Tuesday morning I was debating whether to move to fly-fishing-only Valentine Lake when suddenly the water pump on my trailer went dead. So I broke camp and went into 100 Mile House where a nice man replaced a micro switch for only \$43.53. So, on to Valentine for the evening rise. Which didn't happen. Wednesday, I returned to Howard to find that two of my newly-made friends were still there. Over coffee they told me that they were going to the far end of the lake early in the morning. I told them I'd join them later.

When I got there about 10:30, I found them headed back to camp, the wife at the helm and in tears, the husband holding a bloody bandage on his hand. He had cut off the tip of a finger with his folding boat seat! We raced back to camp, loaded them into my Blazer and roared off to the hospital in 100 Mile House. We got back to Howard in time for the evening rise, which actually happened. But not sedges. Chironomids. However, the fish wanted nothing I offered them.

Finally, Friday dawned beautifully. I fished hard until 3:30, but caught only small fish again. Humbled, I packed up and left before 5:00. I had a pleasant drive south to Shaw Springs Campground. With hookups! When I went to hook up, though, I discovered that that seemingly innocent scrape of the trailer coming out of Howard had completely emasculated its drain pipes and sewer connection, and left them, I suppose, in the road there,

Nevertheless, despite the disasters and lousy fishing, it was great to be there.

(What a philosopher! Ed.)

TUNKWA LAKE, June 2-7 Gordy Young

This lake, and many others in interior British Columbia was late this spring. Fly fishermen were outdoing hardware trollers, but it was slow in getting results. Sinking line on dead drift or "mooch" produced a few fish 14 to 17 inches. All were bright and stuffed with shrimp and dragonfly nymphs. Weather was horrible and contributed to slow fishing success. The new superhighway from Hope, up the Coquahalla River to the Logan Lake-Merritt area is almost finished and is scheduled to be open by Expo '86 next year. It will cut off 45 miles of the trip to Kamloops, currently through the Fraser-Thompson canyon. A toll of \$8 is anticipated.

HOWARD LAKE, B.C., June 19-20 Gordy

Shortly after arriving at the Forest Service campground we were joined by two other members of WFFC, Boyd Aigner and Lyn Gross. Bud Cooke was already there, and Art "Mitch" -Mikulak had just left for some secret spot in the Arrow Lakes part of B.C. Very few fish were taken by us and the assorted local trollers. We killed a couple for inspection and food - and found them stuffed with phantom pupae and black chironomids. Why they took a Gil's Monster is known only to Gil.

See IN RETROSPECT on page 8.

Conservation

COLUMBIA RIVER CONFERENCE IV, March 16 & 17, 2000

excerpted from "The Columbia River and the Meaning of Life"

by Bill Dietrich, journalist and novelist. There's much more but too little space for it here.

submitted by Doug Schaad

... Let's remember that there has never been a commercial fishery in the world - ever, at any time - that has been successfully managed for long-term stability. They all collapse. In Peru. In African lakes. On the Grand Banks. Russian sturgeon. The Bering Sea. The ground fish industry in the Northwest has just been officially declared a disaster. We've got a lot of company, which illustrates just how tough this problem is.

So: what to do? The first thing we do is halt all salmon fishing in Washington and Oregon. All commercial fishing, all sports fishing, all Indian fishing, all everything fishing except the barest minimum ceremonial fishing: I'll concede that if I was putting a ban on bread, I'd still allow the manufacture of communion wafers. So I'll give up a few First Fish. Maybe one per consolidated tribe. But that's all.

To stop killing the thing you're trying to save is so blindingly obvious a step, of course, that it's almost never seriously discussed. Don't have enough fish? Stop eating and catching them. You want a potato farmer in Idaho to sympathize with your cause? Stop fishing. You want a rate payer in Bellevue to cough up dollars for a river he never thinks about? Stop fishing. You want a suburbanite to brush out and replant a stream salmon will actually come back to? Stop fishing. All fishing. No fine tuning, no jockeying among fishing groups. Nada. Nothing. Until a decade or two and we see where we are. The fish aren't being wasted. They're laying eggs. They're nourishing the ecosystem with their bodies. No one is going to starve. Go buy salmon from Bristol Bay if you have to. But stop catching them here.

The second thing we do is shut down the hatcheries. For more than a decade now biologists have been telling me hatcheries aren't working, and yet every time I drive by, the fingerlings are there, ready for release. Why? I don't get it. Close em, cold turkey.

Now, you're thinking that if we do that, we're going to see the biggest collapse in salmon numbers since the Ice Age...and that's exactly my point. We've been cheating for 100 years by trying to make salmon without rivers, and closure will point out just where we really are. Which streams really work and which don't? You want to learn about habitat and genetics and dams and what really works? Get hatcheries and fishing temporarily out of the way.

The third thing we do is start designating big chunks of likely-looking habitat as salmon parks. We stop worrying so much about how many fish we're counting and more about how far can they go. If they can swim into good habitat, numbers will follow. But the important thing is reopening habitat.

The first big park should be in the central Idaho wilderness areas around the Salmon River, the farthest, hardest, highest place of all to get to. I want people five hundred miles from the ocean to round a corner and see a sign, "Salmon Park" and freak out. Then they'll start to recognize how remarkable these creatures are.

Which means the fourth thing we do is take out the lower Snake River dams. Those dams would never, ever be built with today's hindsight. They irrigate very little. Their power we could scrape by without. They are useful for transportation, but railroad tracks run down both banks. The Columbia dams we leave alone - I'm talking about balance, after all. But these Snake River dams we try and see if it really makes a difference. Clarkston-Lewiston aren't going to blow away. They're going to become the gateway to the greatest ecological experiment in the world.

But what else do I do? Here we come to the fifth step: a booklet that goes out to every household in the Pacific Northwest, at least once a year. It identifies what watershed their house is in, maps out every creek and rivulet, estimates how many fish were in those creeks historically, how many are there now, and explains why the two numbers don't equal each other. Most of us are geographically ignorant about salmon in our backyards. There are half a dozen creeks in Seattle capable of supporting small salmon runs and the city is actually bringing fish back. It can be done. But first folks gotta know. Salmon have to go from lofty abstraction to neighborhood pet.

The goal, again, is not so much numbers as geographical range: how many places can salmon get to? Because if they get there, it means everything about the drainage is getting healthier: the trees, the bugs, the bears, the birds, and so on.

No doubt most of you are thinking that the Dietrich Plan here is undeniably brilliant...but what we really need is a high-powered, blue-ribbon, Class A panel of certified experts to study it in excruciating detail for several years at a cost of several million dollars before making a final decision.

No you don't. How do you know it will work? Because I absolutely, positively, 100 percent guarantee that this will work by the year 2100: the salmon will be thriving and the system can be brought into balance. Life will be not just the regeneration of DNA but enjoyable, spiritual, and educational too.

See COLUMBIA on page 8.

Fishing Reports

June 17, 2000 - Cady Lake.

by Ron Dion

My son Dan and I fished this lake on a very warm day. It is essentially a private lake. The owner has a fishing lodge/bed & breakfast on the lake. Since the WDFW stocks the lake the owner has a public access that he opens each morning ~ 7:00a.m. and he locks late evening. It is a small lake with clear visibility, allowing easy viewing of cruising fish. I caught one 12-inch cut-throat on a Nyerges Nymph and one 15-inch rainbow on a Muddler Minnow. Dan caught three rainbows, 19", 20" and 22" on Muddlers. We fished from 2:30 to 7:00 p.m., so it is obvious that the fish are a challenge to catch. We talked to other fisherfolk with mostly skunks. Most were fishing dry.

Winthrop Lakes June 23 & 24 with a Carlton General!

by Fran Wood

After leading a birding trip in the Ellensburg area on June 22, we headed north so my wife and her high school classmate could take a pastel painting class near Winthrop. Just in case, we brought the canoe and a couple of rods so that the two husbands could find some occupational diversion for the weekend. I also squeezed information out of Donn Mills and Don Simonson who know the area much better than I. Donn mentioned the fly pattern "Carlton General" in his Armstrong Lake direction sheet, and again as we discussed the Winthrop area lakes. He even gave me a fly to use!

As we drifted onto the 24 acre Little Twin Lake on Friday afternoon, I asked a belly-boat fisherman what pattern he had caught those last three trout on, and he replied "a brown Carlton General". My companion and I caught a couple of nice rainbows each that evening on Woolly Buggers and a Chartreuse Carey. But the next morning after breakfast, we headed for the Carlton General Store (in Carlton, south of Twisp), where the pattern originator's wife sold us some Generals, and we headed out.

Our day was spent at Campbell Lake (11 acres) about six miles southeast of Winthrop. There were a half dozen belly boaters and several other canoes, but we were the only fishing canoe. We double anchored across the wind at the north end of the lake, and had fine fishing with sink tip lines and Brown Carlton Generals. Later that afternoon we visited Davis Lake (39 acres) two miles west of Campbell, but the wind was blowing hard, and we watched the birds instead. There was a Bullock's Oriole nest at the boat launch which, upon careful examination through the spotting scope, was constructed with approximately 700



yards of 10 lb test monofilament. It worked, because the healthy kids were about to fledge!

The three lakes mentioned above are special regulation, catch and release. We also looked at Big Twin Lake (77 acres) and Pearrygin Lake (192 acres), as well as Patterson Lake (143 acres) but did not give these a try, partially because of their size plus the wind. Big Twin has a one-fish limit and selective gear, while the other two are under statewide rules. Moccasin Lake, which I have fished in the past, is now a private pay-to-fish lake. Bill Redman mentioned Aspen Lake (6 acres) near Moccasin, but we weren't sure that it had been planted since the last freezout. It's a hike in, shore fishing lake. I also had some illusion of hiking into Blue Lake up near the N. Cascades Pass, but was sensibly diverted by the description of deep snow drifts. These lakes and the bank high Methow River itself will have to await an approach later in the season. I am gathering some information on tying the Carlton General and will include it in another message.

Castle Lake Fishing Report June 22-23, 2000

by Greg Crumbaker

For directions we checked with four fly shops, Forest Service and REI and then headed out. None of them were helpful. We took the Mt. St. Helens exit and decided to ask a "local" while filling my gas tank. He and his buddy had heard of it but thought it used to be called Spirit Lake prior to the eruption, and this was the remaining water. At this point my fishing partner, my son Peter, and I were starting to get curious.

We drove up to the Mt. St. Helens Information Center, assured that they would know. After all, it was in their park and fishing people had told us it was outstanding. The long and the short was they knew nothing. Yes, they could show it to us on a map, the only one they had; they did know you could not camp in there nor could you have a campfire. They made three calls to other services, none of whom knew. They sent us to an AM-PM 7 miles

Fishing Reports

up the road, certain they would know. This was getting puzzling. Well, the person who knew had just left for the day, but they would make calls and tell us how to get there. Four calls later, I asked them to stop and thanked them for their assistance, having decided that even if we got to Castle Lake we couldn't camp or have a campfire, so we would go back and leave the area.

A middle-aged local approached us and noted we were looking for Castle, and he knew where it was. He mapped it out, told us that logging roads with a green arrow go all the way through and those with red arrows are dead ends. This is good information. I mentioned the no camping and no fire rules and he answered with a "Yup, that's what they say." I understood this. In terms of how to get into it, he had a simple solution. "Drive till you see the lake, pull over and head down." That's what we did. His directions were perfect.

The hike in was tough. No trail. Float tube on the back and the hills are covered with brush, Oregon grape, alder, etc. It took us an hour and a quarter to get in. Camp was most welcome. Beside a stream, earlier fishermen had created a lovely log and bench system, a protected area for camping and a first rate fire pit. At 7 PM we were fishing with sink tip on the choppy water. There were no rises to be seen that evening. We each took two, Peter getting one rainbow at 18 inches. Fished until 10 PM and dinner over the open fire at midnight.

The lake was fogged in when I awoke at 7 AM so I went and gave it a try. Surface activity and caddis coming off. I quickly took four on an emerging caddis. Within 40 minutes the fog burned off and the lake again went quiet. No more rises, no more hits, no more fish.

The hike out took 3 hours and was the toughest hike I have ever taken. My rest stops were being taken every 50 yards. If my son hadn't had tickets to some music at the opening of the EMP that evening I might still be down there.

PS#1: There is an easier way in on an abandoned Forest Service road, that is 1/2 mile prior to sighting the lake.

PS#2: Don't drink the water in the streams. I'm now on a steady diet of Imodium, Pepto Bismal and very mild foods.

PS#3: It was still a very good trip and if you need directions, give me a call.

Armstrong Lake Outing, June 14, 2000

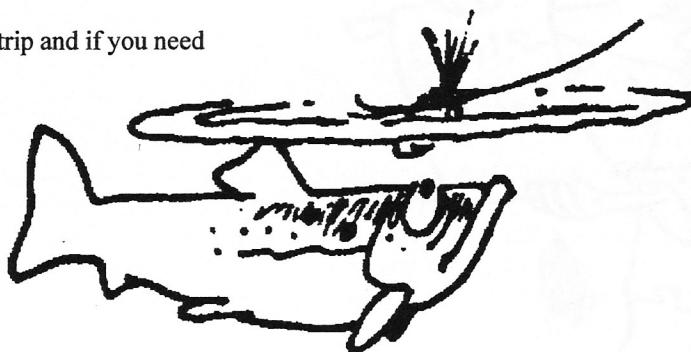
By Bill Boardman

At 3:30 PM on June 14 in Everett, the skies were ominously black, the wind was rising and the prospects for a fishing trip didn't look particularly good. Nevertheless, my Irish friend Rendal Henderson and I piled into my pickup and headed north towards Arlington and Armstrong Lake. Upon arrival around 4:00 we found Donn Mills and Don Simonson sitting under a rain fly in the parking area. Joining them, we found that several others were already on the water. Seen on or around the lake were Fran and Bunny Wood, Greg Crumbaker and friend Bryan, Kris Kristoferson, Ted Pearson and grandson, Dick Brening, Bob Birkner and Don Schroder.

After a great meal that included hot dogs, beans, potato salad, chips, pop, beer and coffee provided and prepared by Chef Mills, we all prepared to embark for the evening's fishing. The sky had cleared a bit and the weather was fine. Fran and Bunny graciously took Rendal with them in their canoe. I launched my kick boat and was 25 feet out when I noticed that I was considerably lower in the water than felt comfortable! Back to the boat launch to re-inflate the pontoons. On the water again, something still didn't feel exactly right as I extended line for the first cast. A cursory examination revealed that my rod was shorter than usual; about 8 inches of tip section were uncharacteristically separated from the rest of the rod!

Oh well, I didn't really want to fish anyway; its the fellowship and the outdoors experience that matters! After carrying my gear to the truck I headed back to the boat launch, only to trip, take a tumble and abrade my left hand and knee. (That poor hand deserves better!) I've almost fully recovered now, three weeks later.

Rendal was ecstatic about his canoe ride. Thanks, Fran! Birkner was the only one I actually saw with a trout to show for his efforts. I understand, though, that everyone had a good time despite the paucity of fish.



More Conservation

Improving Salmon Passage at the Ballard Locks - June 2000

Chief Scientist: Jim Scott. Contact: Dave Seiler (360) 902-2784.

Submitted by Doug Schaad

With some 73,000 boats passing annually between Puget Sound and the fresh waters of Lake Washington, the Hiram M. Chittenden Locks near Ballard in Seattle is the busiest facility of its kind in the country. Sharing the water with those commercial and pleasure craft are millions of migrating fish— young chinook, coho and sockeye salmon and steelhead. Depending on weather conditions and other factors, each year as many as four million sockeye salmon, 100,000 wild chinook, 100,000 wild coho and three million hatchery-produced chinook and coho make their way from rivers and streams feeding Lake Washington on their way to the ocean.

Designed to provide boat passage and regulate lake water levels between sea-level Puget Sound and higher-elevation fresh waters, fish passage was not a major consideration when the locks were constructed nearly 90 years ago. Only in recent years has attention turned to the toll this man-made marvel takes on fish.

Salmon and steelhead already face an array of challenges in the Lake Washington system, the state's most heavily urbanized watershed. Besides habitat loss and degraded stream conditions, the lake is populated with introduced and native predators such as bass and cutthroat trout. The locks present a final gauntlet— and sometimes a fatal one— for fish making their way to sea. In the last decade, scientists with the Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife (WDFW) have raised concerns about the plight of smolts (young salmon and steelhead) passing through the locks. In 1994, WDFW scientists began evaluating smolt survival at the locks and found that hundreds of fish were dying with each lockage (the term for each time the lock chambers are filled with water to allow boats to pass between the Sound and fresh water). The fish were battered as they passed through barnacle-encrusted pipes at the bottom of the lock chambers at high speeds while the lock chambers were being filled. For young fish facing the stress of adjusting from freshwater to a saltwater environment, those injuries were fatal.

Concerns about salmon smolt survival took on fresh urgency with recent federal endangered-species protection

listings for Puget Sound chinook. Once the problem was recognized, a multi-agency task force was formed in the mid-'90s to improve smolt survival at the locks. Besides WDFW and the Muckleshoot Tribe, co-managers of fish in the Lake Washington system, the task force included representatives of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers which operates the locks, the National Marine Fisheries Service and, more recently, salmon recovery officials from King County and the City of Seattle. The scientific task force recommended changes in both operations and facilities to make the locks more fish friendly, and then assessed the effectiveness of the changes.

The improvements included slowing the rate at which the large lock chamber is filled with water, from about four minutes to as much as 20 minutes per fill. In addition, in 1995 a prototype smolt passage flume was placed atop the dam adjacent to the lock chamber, to provide fish with a safer, alternate passage route. This year that prototype flume was replaced with four new smolt slides. The open-top steel flumes allow fish to follow water flow and glide unharmed past the locks.

To measure the effectiveness of the slower fill rates and passage improvements, several monitoring operations are underway: WDFW and Muckleshoot fish biologists and technicians spent 20 days this spring using a purse seine net to collect and count the number of young fish which wind up in the lock chambers. Earlier seining studies, beginning in 1995, indicated that the prototype slide effectively passed a large proportion of smolts.

About 10,000 hatchery-produced chinook smolts and 3,000 of their wild counterparts this year were implanted with tiny electronic passive integrated transponder (PIT) tags, which can be detected by electronic readers mounted on each of the flumes. Besides increasing scientists' understanding of how fish navigate the locks, and how effective the smolt flumes are in passing fish, the PIT tags provide scientists with vital information for separate predation studies by indicating the various survival rates of fish tagged and released at different distances from the locks.

The tiny PIT tag capsules, each a half-inch long by less than an eighth-inch in diameter, contain an integrated microchip and antenna coil. The PIT tags are implanted with a hypodermic needle into the fish's coelomic cavity in which its digestive organs rest. When a PIT-tagged fish

See LOCKS on page 8.

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 and Roman Millett. *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>.

Loose Ends

IN RETROSPECT continued from page 2.

SHERIDAN LAKE, B.C., June 21-23 Gordy

Have always heard about the big fish in this lake, so stopped at the big Sheridan Lake Resort. Very crowded with worm and hardware fishermen wildly dashing about the lake in 18- to 20-foot OB shelter-cabin cruisers. The first two days of summer found snow on the ground each morning. Weather was atrocious. Armed with a good map of the "hot" flyfishing spots on the lake (courtesy of Don Clough), managed to boat two respectable Kamloops trout. Again, their stomachs were extended beyond belief with small aquatic pupae, but very hard to catch on wet flies. This is not my kind of lake up here, so departed for more familiar waters.

LAC DES ROCHES, B.C., June 24-27, Gordy

We stayed at Peaceful Cove Fishing Camp, a newly enlarged, clean (excellent level campsites at lake edge) resort with good management. Bud and Bev Cooke were here to share the fun. Fished the usual shoals and points with hanging chironomids, mayfly nymphs, and damselfly nymphs. Boyd Aigner at a nearby resort kept encouraging us, and after a few attempts we connected with some of the beautiful trout in this lake. But the season was late. We should have gone in July!

BACK IN U.S.A., HOW ABOUT CASTLE? Bob Sincock

Before heading to Chopaka for the May-end WFFC event I phoned Steve Jackson, biologist-Ephrata: Did they kill the blasted goldfish in Castle, at ice-time last winter? Yes, they sure tried, with animals hauling rotenone down the hill below Coulee City instead of climbing down ladders as you and I do. So the lake is devoid of fish, probably will be planted in the fall and should be worth fishing in fall of '86. This 12-1/2-acre lake is for the belly-boat and other inflatables clan. I promise more later.



COLUMBIA continued from page 3.

I make this confident promise for three reasons. First, I'll be dead by 2100 - just in case I was wrong.

Second, the experts have been wrong in every other prediction they made about the Columbia River, so I'll be in good company if I join them. They were wrong about the number of farmers irrigation would support, wrong by half about the completed acreage of the Columbia Basin Project, wrong about all the plans to sustain salmon, wrong about projections of energy use that led to the WPPSS fiasco, wrong about the amount of commercial traffic the inland waterway would really support, and so on.

And third, doing something decisive instead of tinkering makes common sense because tinkering doesn't work. That's really been the lesson of the last few decades. Tinkering doesn't work! My plan would be put up or shut up time for the salmon. We've cleared the nets, breached the dams, got rid of those sickly hatchery cousins: either spawn or get out of the way, god dang it. These are the fish who swam back to the Toutle River a year or two after Mount St. Helens. My bet is they'll spawn.

LOCKS continued from page 7.

passes the electronic readers, a signal emitted from the reader is picked up by the PIT tag, which returns an alpha-numeric response. Unlike mass marking methods, the PIT tags allow scientists to identify an individual fish and thus gather valuable information about migration patterns, growth and survival.

WDFW scientists soon will install a metal-frame net pen below the flumes to collect smolts so biologists can assess their condition after passing through the slides. The pen consists of a net pen enclosed in an 8-by-20-foot metal frame with perforated aluminum floor and sides, extending eight feet into the water below the slides. Besides helping in the evaluation of the fishes' condition after passing the flumes, the net pen collection box offers scientists a tool to determine the species composition of fish migrating past the locks. With the locks' unique location as a "nozzle" between fresh and salt water, these evaluation tools have long-term applications for evaluating other salmon recovery efforts.

JULY-AUGUST 2000

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
9 Go Fishing!	10	11	12 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN HOTEL, 9TH & PINE	13	14	15 Go Fishing!
16 Go Fishing!	17	18 WFFC DINNER MEETING COLLEGE CLUB 5:30 PM COLLEGE CLUB	19 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM	20 WFFC HIGH LAKE TRIP TO HIDDEN LAKES JULY 20-26	21	22 Go Fishing!
23 Go Fishing!	24	25	26 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM	27 CONSERVATION COM. MEETING 7:00 PM AT THE RAM PUB	28	29 Go Fishing!
Go Fishing!		1 AUGUST	2 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM	3	4 AUGUST CREEL NOTES FROZEN	5 Go Fishing!
6 Go Fishing!	7 NO BOARD MEETING IN AUGUST	8	9 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM	10	11	12 Go Fishing!
13 Go Fishing!	14	15 WFFC DINNER MEETING COLLEGE CLUB 5:30 PM COLLEGE CLUB	16 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM	17	18	19 Go Fishing!