

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 16, 2001

LI No. 1

The College Club, 505 Madison St.

Seattle, Washington

Phone: 206-622-0624

Wet Fly Hour 5:30 PM

Dinner 6:45 PM

HAPPY NEW YEAR (and the *REAL* NEW MILLENIUM)

AWARD PRESENTATIONS THIS MONTH

Come and find out who gets what.

In Memoriam

Fred DeWitt 1918-2000

by Lyn Gross

Fred DeWitt, a beloved member of WFFC since 1974, died December 23 at Bessie Burton Sullivan Home in Seattle. He was 82. As he requested, no services were held.

Next to his wife and family, Fred loved WFFC more than anything. He contributed richly to its heritage, traditions and fabric. He was first in line to serve its causes, particularly those involving kids. For many years he represented WFFC at the boys and girls camps on Orcas Island, spending two weeks each summer teaching them fly-casting, -tying and his down-to-earth philosophical and ethical wisdom. When he moved to Fall City, he continued that work with local

See FRED on page 4.

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Officers for 2001

Kris Kristoferson	President
Dean Ingram	1st Vice President
Jim McRoberts	2nd Vice President
Bill Neal	Secretary
Bob Birkner	Treasurer
Leland Miyawaki	Ghillie

Trustees for 2001

Greg Crumbaker	Past President
✓ Ron Pera <i>CHUCK BALLARD</i>	1st of 3-year term
✓ Perry Barth	1st of 3-year term
Bruce Greene	2nd of 3-year term
Curt Jacobs	2nd of 3-year term
✓ Bruce Clingan	3rd of 3-year term
John Schuitemaker	3rd of 3-year term

WFFC Beginning Fly Tying Class for 2001

by Don Simonson

Fly tying classes started in January in a new location:

DATE AND TIME: Thursday January 4, 2001, 7:30 PM to 9:30 PM

DURATION: 8 weeks every Thursday evening ending February 22, 2000

PLACE: Mercer Island Covenant Church, 3200 78th S.E., Mercer Island, WA

COST: \$30.00

For more information call: 206-932-4925

Fly Line Sale

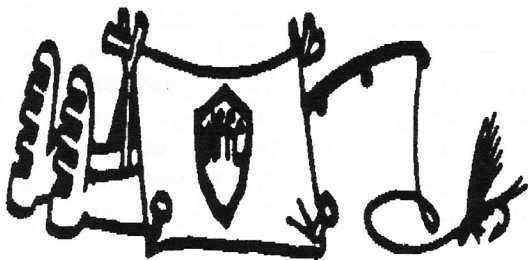
Miscellaneous floating, sink tip, and sinking fly lines, all either new or slightly used, for sale. Examples: Teeny 200, new, \$25; Rio Windcutter WF9F, new, \$25; Wulff TT6/7 sinking line, new, \$25; Cortland Lazerline Spey line, used but excellent, \$20. Contact Richard Embry via email (rderedfield@msn.com), or call in the evening, 206-362-1342.

WFFC HI-Lake Enthusiasts Gathering

by Pete Baird

Hear ye, Hear ye, All you folks who hike the high country — or wish you did, there will be a gathering of the clan at the Baird residence on Friday, February 9th at 7:30. If you have slides or prints from fishing trips of the past year, bring them. If you have slides of other trips/travelogues from the past year bring them too. If you don't have any of the above come anyway, enjoy what others have brought, and participate in the strategy discussion for trips of the current year. Wives (better halves) are definitely invited. There will be a warm fire, tea, coffee, dessert snacks, and lots of friendly conversation!

Please let me know who will be coming and what pics/slides you can bring so we can properly plan the evening accommodations and time line. Happy new year to all! :-) Pete —



Fly Tying Round Table - Past

By Dick Brening

Editor's note: This article is presented here in a feeble attempt to compensate for my screwup in omitting it from last month's Creel Notes.

At our November session ten members attended and several flies were tied for Gil's WFFC Fly Tyer's fly plate to be offered at the Christmas Party. I continue to be fascinated at these sessions by the variety of fly patterns being tied and the techniques being used. Even the observers felt it was a worthwhile event.

We plan to meet again in December (to provide a refuge from all of the holiday gala). The fly to be featured that evening will be patterns for winter run Steelhead. Note: the church will not be serving a dinner before our December meeting.

Fly Tying Round Table - Present

By Dick Brening

At our November session ten members attended and several flies were tied for Gil's WFFC Fly Tyer's fly plate to be offered at the Christmas Party. I continue to be fascinated at these sessions by the variety of fly patterns being tied and the techniques being used. Even the observers felt it was a worthwhile effort.

We plan to meet again in January. The fly to be featured that evening will be patterns for winter lake fishing.

January Meeting: Wednesday, January 31st, 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.

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.

Carver Boat and Other Unmentionables

I still have a 1955 model mahogany, 15-foot Carver runabout with motor and trailer for sale. It's sitting in my driveway. I also have an interesting no-cost, no-hassle b***** o*****. If you're interested in either, call me at (425) 252-9833 or send me an e-mail at bboard@gte.net. Bill Boardman.

Dues are Due for 2001 Roster

By: Roman L. Millett, Creel Notes Co-Editor and Roster Keeper

Yes, my fellow WFFC members, it is time for us to pay our dues for 2001. Check this January edition of *Creel Notes* for a dues slip, fill it out, enclose a check for the correct amount and drop it in any U.S. Postal Service drop box. The sooner you do this the greater your chances of having your name printed in the annual roster.

Every year we have a few members who pay their dues late in the billing cycle and miss the cut-off date for printing the roster. Don't forget, your dues slip, with check, must be received by the Vice President for Membership, logged as having been paid, and then forwarded to the Roster Keeper for update. Once the update is complete a final copy for printing is created. Several other WFFC members must then check this work for accuracy before it can be published. When all input has been received and final corrections have been made, the roster is printed. All of this takes time.

Thus, it is possible for a member to pay his dues at the last minute and continue membership in good standing; however, miss the opportunity to be included in the roster. I can think of at least one member who has qualified for this category several years running. If you miss the window of opportunity, your next chance will occur a year later.

So, paying your dues in January is a good procedure.

In Retrospect

THE WFFC GOOFUS AWARDS FOR 1975

from WFFC Creel Notes vol. XXIV #1, January, 1976

Coursing far and also wide, keeping an ear to the ground and an eye to the knothole, perennial Chairfella of the Goofus Awards Committee Al Pratt sought out potential worthy candidates. Recognition of service to the club is a consideration, plus noting acts of heroic dimension, or dumbheadedness, which may or may not have contributed to our well-being or entertainment, or added to the wealth of mythology concerning nutty fly fishermen. Inevitably a number of highly worthy fishers escaped notice, mainly due to Al's limited scrap lumber pile, and his wife's limit of patience at all the nocturnal hammering and gleeful cackling as he painstakingly slaps together these awards. The following recipients are noted for their outstanding achievements on field and stream, or elsewhere, and for making our lives as fly fishers more complete and full up to here with that lovable commodity known as BS....

THE INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER HEAVY MACHINERY APPRECIATION AND MANUALLY OPERATED GARAGE DOOR AWARD

to Bill Rundall, for heroically fighting off the vicious attack of a two-ton carryall, at considerable expense in contusions and abrasions....

THE WHY DO YOU CLIMB MOUNTAINS WHEN YOU COULD GO AROUND, or, UP THE TALUS AWARD
to Fran Wood, for his persistent efforts to reach mountain lakes by the shortest, always most vertical routes, at great cost of wind and limb, and fishing time

THE WILDLIFE CARE & FEEDING AWARD, or HAPPINESS IS A FULL RACCOON

to Dave Wands, for seeing to it that the starving small animals of Dry Falls were properly fed, by inviting them into a well-stocked camper....

THE FLAT CHEST AWARD....

to Errol Champion, for devising the first truly compact foam ice chest for compact fishermen, by dropping a twenty-foot trailer on it

PEACEMAKER OF 1975, or SHOOT FIRST AWARD....

to Hair Trigger Harry Ludwig, for showing us how a law-abiding citizen can protect his property, and his stuffed deer head, from thieving thieves

See IN RETROSPECT on page 5.

Fishing Reports

Fishing Report, March 28, 1999

by Dave Schorsch

I've disappeared. I've vanished from the scene. My fly rods are dusty, and I'm not sure the outboard will start without a lot of work and obscenity. I've allowed my work to consume too much of the little I have left of my allotted span. The only sunrises I've watched have been viewed from the freeway, instead of a boat as God intended. I can't remember the last time I laid on my belly and watched the sea perch under a dock, or poked a blade of grass in an ant hill. I'm immersed in a mire of obligations financial, fiscal, and personal. I think I'm in the cloud of mid-life crisis that my father warned me about. I wish I'd spent more time with him while he was here.

I went fishing the other day. Not the kind of fishing that I seem to be known for. You know the story; long lines, fine leaders, big fish of noble descent. No, I went fishing for peace of mind. A road trip intended to bring some focus back into a life that seems to be a little fuzzy right now. It's all too easy for many of us to fall into the trap. Striving for the "Great American Dream". In pursuit of the big house and matching SUV, we screw up our relationships with each other and our environment. We all turn into the middle-aged guy that says he'll take one or two really good trips a year and work the rest of the time. That's not enough. We need frequent visits to the real world, the world of fish and water, sky and birds. Without this regular medication of the mind, we risk turning into the people the American Indians described as having forgotten where the center of the earth is. I'm not sure I've forgotten where it is, but I could probably use some directions.

Anyway, I loaded a bunch of tackle and some maps in the fish truck and proceeded in a direction determined by the greatest chance of sunshine. (after 94 days of rain in a row!) I found myself at a trail head in the Columbia basin that I hadn't seen in years. Sunny, windy, and cold. Just as I remembered! I was glad I'd made the four-hour trip when the red winged blackbirds started their usual noise. Only the second week in March and those horny little buggers were singing their hearts out. The sound of the basin in spring. The farther I hiked, the better I felt. It felt somehow appropriate to be there. Where life was beginning to return to a place battered, dry, and exhausted.

My destination was an unremarkable pond surrounded by cattails and dead nettles. I watched a muskrat tow reeds around while I geared up. To say that I caught a lot of fish, or that any of them were big would be an exaggeration. I caught just enough, and packed up knowing that I could have caught one or two more. On the way out I came across the bones of an animal that didn't survive the winter. I don't know what it was, but it had a

predator's teeth. I thought the impressive jaw would look good on my tying bench, but followed the leaverite law. (leave 'er right where you found 'er) At the truck I toasted my temporary recovery with a cold beer, and thought about friends that would appreciate my days work.

This trip took exactly one day, from 6:00 am to 9:00 pm. One day. The same as laying out a curtain wall for a clueless architect, or doing a retrofit on some urine-soaked storefront in Pioneer Square. Both of which can sure as hell wait until tomorrow.

I don't know what you do for a living, and it doesn't matter. Get your ass out there while you can. Take a look around that meeting room next month; you'll see 80 or 90 percent of the guys not giving fish reports, sitting around looking tired. I don't think anybody ever had their gravestone inscribed with "I wish I'd spent more time at the office." Get out there with the fish and wind. Save yourself while you can.

I love you Dad.

FRED continued from page 1.

youth.

WFFC outings were Fred's special love. He was usually first to arrive, last to leave. He'd be there to guide you to a campsite, help you set up, and keep a nightly campfire blazing for all to enjoy. His mechanical genius was always available for those of us with unexpected breakdowns, from a dead battery to a broken camp water pump. He was there when one of our members was drowning, and saved his life. You could depend on Fred.

He relished the opportunity to lead a wood gathering party to a suitable dead tree, usually spotted in advance, sitting above a little-used road where it easily could be felled, cut up and loaded into our vehicles for transportation back to camp. If wood cutting was not allowed, he brought it from his home supply or scrounged it from vacant campsites. His resourcefulness was endless.

His non-fishing wife Betty patiently accompanied Fred on these outings and, while she was able, helped host the campfires that Fred cherished so much. During his last two painful years, she suffered along with him, both physically and emotionally.

A stalwart wheelhorse of WFFC, Fred was the recipient of many of the Club's highest awards, and deeply deserved each one. He was involved in many of our projects, and fought fiercely to advance the aims and purposes of the Club.

We will sorely miss him, and remember him fondly.
Editor's Note: Fred's cremains are interred at Tahoma National Cemetery in Kent. Remembrances may be made to the WFFC Foundation or to the American Diabetes Association.

Loose Ends

IN RETROSPECT continued from page 3.

THE FLYING FISHERMAN, or TRAVEL LIGHT AS POSSIBLE 44 LB. AWARD

to Steve Raymond, for making it all the way to New Zealand and back with 44 pounds of fishgear stuffed in a 43 pound bag, a mini-fishkit for future travels....

The Grand Combined CHINESE & CHOPAKA BOATDRILL AWARD

to a consortium of culprits whose irresponsible behavior caused chaos, confusion and a high mortality among the fishes of Chopaka Lake, and made such a laughable weekend of the Labor Day Fly Club Outing....

THE TOW AWAY AWARD

to Jerry Sugamele for operating an unlicensed towing service, and an illegal motor-powered flyline retriever....

THE NEGLIGENT NAVIGATION AWARD

to Dick Thompson, for operating a boat in reckless manner and without provocation ramming another; and for running an unlicensed motor repair service

THE ANCHORS AWEIGH AWARD

to Dick Stearns, for failure to yield the right-of-way to an overtaking vessel, thereby becoming rammed, and for causing anchors to be dragged through the helpless plankton grounds....

THE WHO'S WHO IN THE SLOUGH AWARD.....

to By Moser, for drifting and dreaming and cutthroating on the Stilly, and through inattention and expert knowledge and aid of Pete Baird, becoming totally & irrevocably lost....

The annual inescapable ED FOSS AWARD which for 1975 is: POLTROON'S PATENTED PETER PRESSURE PACIFIER

for making Ed's fishtravels free of the need for constant rest stops, a self-contained device of marvelous complexity and capacity, providing pucker control and peelevel maintenance while on the road between fishing holes



*Walt Johnson accepts award,
Editor applauds*

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>.

President's Riffle

President's Riffle

by Kris Kristoferson, WFFC President for 2001

It's 2001. Go fishing.

Fishing takes us to beautiful places; connects us (we hope) to a wild, restless energy and; for many of us, just feels like a right thing to do. Fishing reveals for us these remarkable creatures which, but for our fleeting glimpses, remain well camouflaged in the natural tapestry of their surroundings. Fishermen know they are there. From direct experience, fishermen know, in many cases, there are fewer fish. Fishing shows us there are things we must work to protect.

It's 2001. Go fishing.

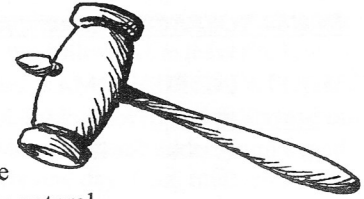
Our fishing experiences run the gamut. While one outing brings us many good fish under cloudless skies, the next may be a continuous struggle against the elements, the vehicles, the tackle, and of course, the fish. Fishing buddies share triumph, defeat, befuddlement, and the occasional humorous disaster. Through it all, our time spent on the water builds true and enduring friendships.

It's 2001. Go fishing.

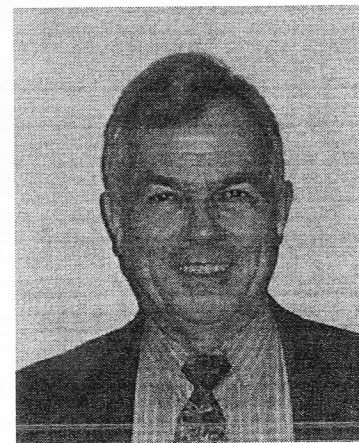
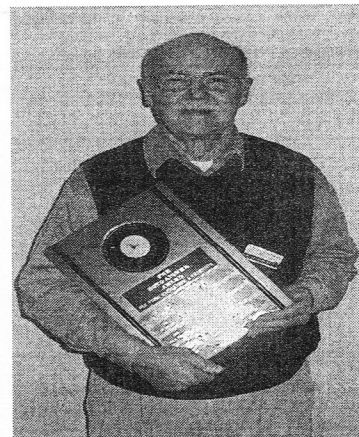
Fishing affords us the opportunity to bring others into a fascinating world where subtle transformations take place on a grand scale. Bugs, bugs and more bugs. Kids love to mess around with 'em and so do fly fishermen. Observing aquatic insects adds depth and context to our sport while creating at the wise allows us to enjoy and share fishing even when we can't get to the lake or stream. WFFC classes bring these wonders as well as the graceful rhythm of fly casting to newcomers eager to learn. Through WFFC meetings and outings, we celebrate and reinforce the great camaraderie that grows out of fishing. On other fronts, the Club's exemplary conservation efforts help to protect and restore fisheries, securing fly fishing opportunities for future generations. It takes effort to make it all happen, but as Club members and fly fishermen, we proudly embrace these things as meaningful and rewarding elements of our fishing and as means for promoting and protecting a sport from which we get so much.

It's 2001. Let's go fishing.

Kris Kristoferson



Can you identify these people, some of whom have been seen at recent Club meetings? No fair looking at the name tag!



JANUARY - FEBRUARY 2001

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
7 Go Fishing!	8 WFFC BOARD MEETING 7:00 PM COLLEGE CLUB	9	10 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN HOTEL, 9TH & PINE	11 FLY TYING CLASS 7:30 PM MERCER ISLAND COVENANT CHURCH	12	13 Go Fishing!
14 Go Fishing!	15	16 WFFC DINNER MEETING 5:30 PM COLLEGE CLUB	17 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM	18 FLY TYING CLASS 7:30 PM MERCER ISLAND COVENANT CHURCH	19	20 Go Fishing!
21 Go Fishing!	22	23	24 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM	25 CONSERVATION COM. MEETING 7:00 PM AT THE RAM PUB	26	27 Go Fishing!
28 Go Fishing!	29	30	31 FLY TYER'S ROUNDTABLE 7:00 PM MERCER IS. COVNT CHURCH	1 FEBRUARY FLY TYING CLASS 7:30 PM MERCER ISLAND COVENANT CHURCH	2	3 Go Fishing!
4 Go Fishing!	5 WFFC BOARD MEETING 7:00 PM COLLEGE CLUB	6	7 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM	8 FLY TYING CLASS 7:30 PM MERCER ISLAND COVENANT CHURCH	9 HIGH LAKES TRIP PLANNING AT BAIRD'S 7:30. CREEL NOTES FROZEN	10 Go Fishing!
11 Go Fishing!	12	13	14 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM	15 FLY TYING CLASS 7:30 PM MERCER ISLAND COVENANT CHURCH	16	17 Go Fishing!