

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

June 19, 2001

LI No. 6

The College Club, 505 Madison St.

Seattle, Washington

Phone: 206-622-0624

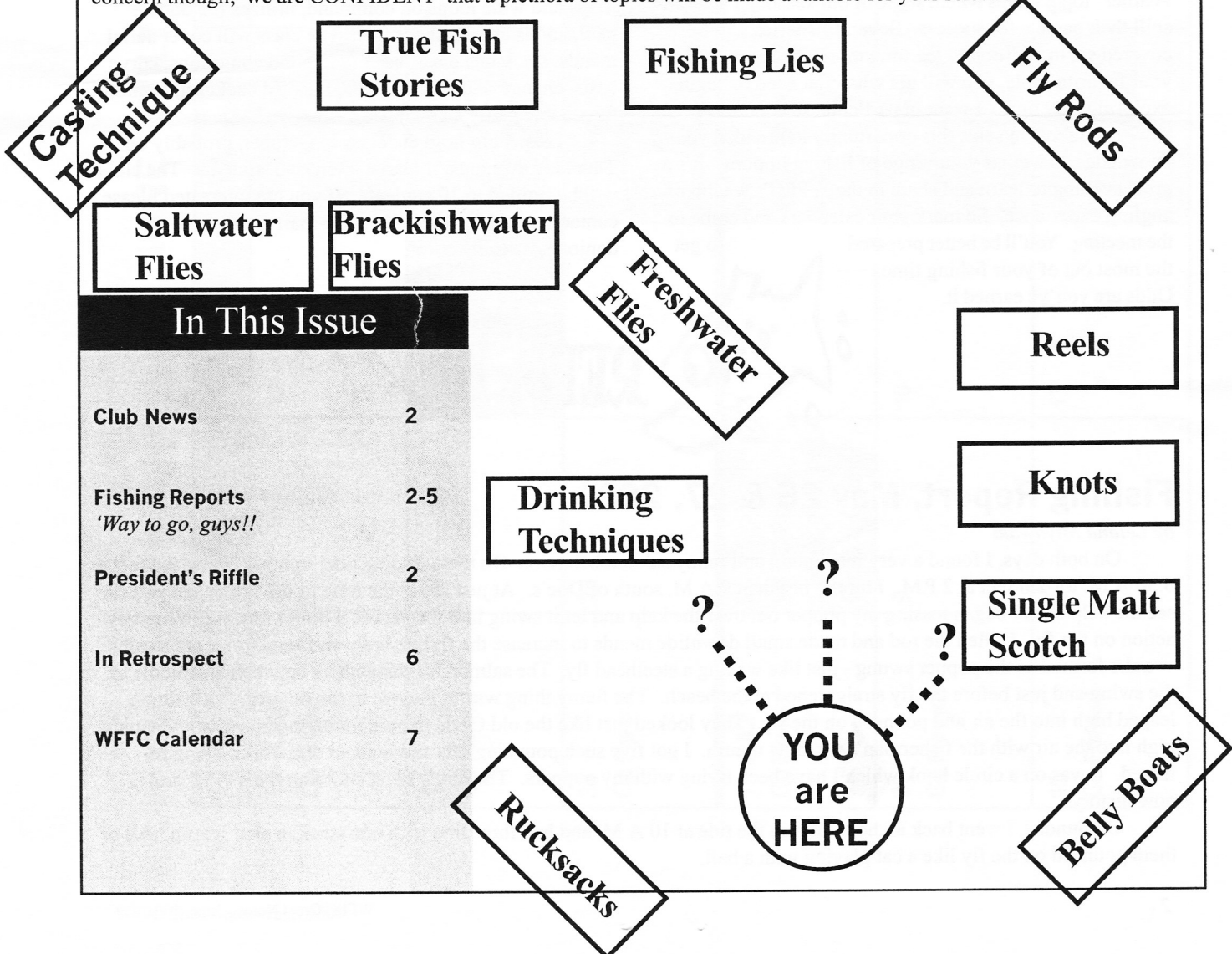
Wet Fly Hour 5:30 PM

Dinner 6:45 PM

June Program: Sharing Knowledge and Experience

Back by popular request, is a program for sharing Club knowledge and experience with the rank and file members. As we go to press, several acknowledged "experts" may or may not have been hand picked to lead discussions relating to their area of expertise and they (no doubt) eagerly anticipate fruitful discussions with the brothers.

As you may recall from previous general membership meetings of this nature, the format is to place the "experts" at selected tables and allow members to sit at a table of their choice. Each table, of course, will be identified by subject matter to avoid undue confusion and make it easy for members to select a seat. The subject matter "experts" and the topics of the evening may be in the process of being identified even as you read this edition of the *Creel Notes*. Since your *Editors* are more or less completely out of touch with the leadership of this organization, the subjects illustrated here are purely imaginary and DO NOT in any way reflect the subjects that may actually be presented!!! No need for concern though; we are CONFIDENT that a plethora of topics will be made available for your selection.



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President's Riffle

by Kris Kristoferson, WFFC President, 2001



Long days and warm temperatures make it tough to really concentrate on work. These days the attention is split with a small part of the mind always scheming, always figuring out how to get onto the water for that next day of fishing. Often, a necessary element of that "scheme" is working a little longer for a couple of days or cranking through some household projects we've been meaning to get to. We may actually get more done during fishing season just so we can head out with a clear conscience. After all the planning, and "paying our dues", we naturally want to make the most of our fishing time. It is something precious and, in some cases, hard won.

This month's program is just the ticket for getting maximum enjoyment out of our time on the water. Jim McRoberts is orchestrating the return of the "Birds of a Feather" topic tables where some of our seasoned veterans spill their secrets for success. Several fisheries will be covered so, in addition to learning more about some of your favorite spots, you will get what you need to begin exploring new ones. I want in particular to encourage our newer members to seize this opportunity to broaden your knowledge as well as your range of fishing options. It's a great evening to learn and share in the WFFC's wealth of angling experience. So mark your calendars and come to the meeting. You'll be better prepared to get the most out of your fishing time. Odds are you've earned it.

For Sale!

The following items are normally for sale at the WFFC general membership meetings. What a great deal! STOCK UP TODAY.

Item	Price
Jacket, WFFC logo, navy blue	\$45.00
Shirt, WFFC logo, blue denim	\$25.00
Cap, WFFC logo, tan denim	\$10.00
Fly Box, WFFC logo	\$10.00
Belt Buckle, WFFC logo	\$10.00
Patch, WFFC logo	\$5.00
Decal, WFFC logo	\$2.00



Advanced Casting Techniques Class

by Don Simonson, Certified Master Caster Extraordinaire

I am still thinking about holding a class teaching advanced casting techniques. This would be a three session class for students at the intermediate casting level. IE: the student displays good line control, able to cast tight loops and wide loops on command, utilizes the double haul, and is able to shoot line. The class will cover aerial mends, slack line casts, casting in wind conditions, curve casts, change of direction casts, forward backcast, refining the double haul and distance casting techniques.

I expect to hold the class in October, probably on Thursday evenings, if I have interested students. The class will be limited to 10 students. If you are interested please contact me at 206-932-4925, or e-mail me at donjoans@seanet.com



Fishing Report, May 26 & 27, 2001

by Leland Miyawaki

On both days, I found a very interesting and funny salmon behavior. On the outgoing tide, running from 10.4 feet at 6:30 A.M. to -2.6 feet at 2 P.M., I hit the beach at 9 A.M. south of Doc's. At just about the time of the tide when you can see the kelp beds I began tossing my popper out over the kelp and let it swing into the beach. I didn't retrieve or put any action on the fly. I lifted the rod and made small downtime mends to increase the flyline belly and keep a smooth steady v-wake formed as the popper swung - just like waking a steelhead fly. The salmon hit somewhere between the middle of the swing and just before the fly straightened at the beach. The funny thing was in the rise to the popper. The salmon leaped high into the air and pounced on the fly. They looked just like the old Orvis painting with the brook trout leaping high into the air with the fisherman's fly in its mouth. I got five such pouncing hits and hooked one which I long released. It was on a circle hook which I have been trying with my poppers. The circle hook sucks on the popper and is now history.

On Sunday, I went back an hour later in the tide at 10 A.M. and had three hits with one stuck, a nice searun. All of them pounced on the fly like a cat playing with a ball.

Fishing Reports

New Zealand Fishing Report, April 19 to May 2, 2001

Dave Wands and Jim McRoberts

Our trip to New Zealand was absolutely wonderful and exceeded our expectations. Our first guide, Ian Cole, picked us up at the airport in Queenstown on the South Island. He drove us a couple of hours to stay in a sheep farmer's house for four days. Nice room, wonderful home cooked meals, and learned all about sheep farming. Actually it was just like staying with relatives they treated us so nicely. Our days were long, got up early, enjoyed a hearty breakfast - juice, cereal with fruit and yogurt, toast, bacon & eggs, and strong New Zealand coffee. We fished some private sections of the rivers, and a different river almost every day with lots of walking and wading. We fished the **Tekapo** and the **Ahuriri**, which come out of Mt. Cook National Park. One day Ian took us on a 2 1/2 hour ride in his 4x4 over a very bumpy dirt road way up into the head waters of the **Hunter** where we stayed overnight in a shepherds cabin. The **Hunter** has both rainbows and browns. Sheep, sheep, sheep everywhere. The countryside resembles our eastern Washington very closely with lots of the same weeds. It's autumn now in New Zealand with chilly mornings and warm afternoons.

The fishing season closed April 30th on most of the South Island, so there were not many other fisherman on the rivers, in fact we only saw a few in the two weeks of fishing. The water was between 48 and 54 degrees. We usually fished with a 12 to 18 foot leader using small nymphs with a dropper and most of the casting was to sighted fish. The big browns usually only give you one chance, very spooky, and most didn't bite, but enough did to make for fun fishing. Our best day was six fish each to the net (3-5 pounds) and the worst was a SKUNK! The ones we landed were active fighters and jumpers and most between 3 and 5 pounds with a couple up to 6 pounds. We also caught a few nice rainbows about the same size. Very challenging fly fishing with lots of casting, and only one windy day, with a couple of showers on two other days.

We enjoyed a couple nights in a motel and the hosts really know how to take care of their guests, shuttle to the restaurant, nice breakfasts, extremely clean, quiet and comfortable. They really understand what customer service means, and it was absolutely unconditional in every way.

Our second guide, Selwyn, was top notch too, owns a tackle and gun shop, and drove us to many fine waters on the **Mataura**, **Hamilton Burn** and the **Oreti**. We met him at the second farm where we stayed near Balfour. We enjoyed hot tea with lunches, and he even provided chairs for us to sit on during lunch. Gave us answers to all our questions and identified lots of plants & birds for us too.

On the second farm we had our own private room not

inside the house, complete with heated towel rack in the bathroom, heated mattress pads on the beds. The hostess in addition to preparing wonderful gourmet meals even did our laundry and ironed Jim's shirts. We ate lots of lamb, mutton, venison, beef, and enjoyed homemade bread. They always made great lunches for us. Each hostess provided nice snacks every evening for our cocktail hour before dinner.

After the rivers closed on April 30th we went back to Wanaka to meet our first guide, Ian, again and fished two more rivers, **Matutituti** and **Clutha**. This time we were after rainbows, which were following the browns out of the lakes. They averaged 4 pounds.

Our two guides were absolutely wonderful fishing companions, very knowledgeable, helpful, provided all the flies, leaders, tied all the knots and even untangled the leaders and retrieved flies from the bushes. They treated us like special guests, very polite and superb fish spotters. They answered our many questions so we learned lots about sheep and cattle farming, New Zealand trout. It sure was a wonderful way to see the countryside.

Air New Zealand/Qantas went out of business while we were there, so our hosts and guides took care of changing our flights, and Ian then drove us 3 hours to Dunedin to catch our flight to Auckland. All in all the trip far exceeded our expectations, it was fun and will be a wonderful memory. To learn more check out www.BrownTroutHeaven.com.

Lacking more definitive information the editors assume the cost of this trip was thirty-five dollars a day, per person, single-malt scotch included, gratuities extra.



Fishing Reports

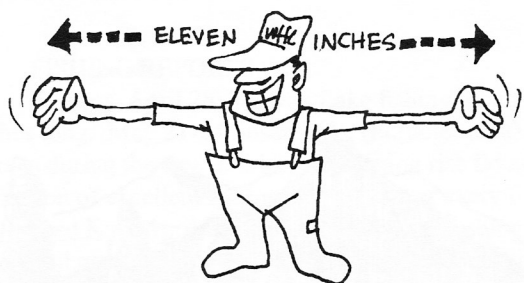
Corbett Lake (Merritt B.C.) May 9th - 13th 2001

by Don Gulliford

Corbett Lake Country Inn, run by famous chef and flyfisher Peter McVey continued to be a very enjoyable four days for myself, Don Clough, Bill Rundall, Frank Webster and wives, along with Pat Holister and Don's brother-in-law, with super fishing for Kamloops up to five lbs., mostly on olive damsel fly nymphs, chironomids and especially for me, the "Chaddich" - a long shank combination of a Carey, black & tinsel Doc Spratley with a red tail. Weather up to 70 degrees (after three years of Arctic!) certainly helped. Phone is 250-378-4334.

Minnie Lake (Douglas Ranch) May 11th 2001

This private lake on the Douglas Ranch, along with Stoney Lake, are available for \$139 Canadian, which works out to \$91 U.S., a lot cheaper than most private lakes in Eastern Washington. That includes a BIG john boat that easily takes two as it did with me and Pat Hollister. We caught plenty of Kamloops from 18 inches on up on a mild day with the weird "hummmmm" of zillions of chironomids surfacing, crawling into the boat, etc. Almost any pattern, especially burgundy leeches with or without beadheads, was productive. Only one or two other fishers and the high cattle land plateau holding Minnie Lake makes this seem all the more "privately remote." It is about 30 miles from Corbett, and the Quilcena Hotel (circa late 1880's) on the way is good for breakfast and Okanogan Pale on the way back (bullet holes still in the bar). Phone 1-800-663-4838



Fishing Report May 18, 19 & 20 2001

by Leland Miyawaki

On Friday, I caught a Washington double, of sorts.

I began the morning by fishing the Narrows with Earl Harper. The gate at Doc's was closed, so we began under the bridge and worked south. We walked well past Doc's and did not see a fish or any signs of feeding. It was not looking good, in fact, the harbor seals weren't even around.

As we were walking back north, a boat with a single flycaster, that had been working near me earlier and had left to go around Pt. Fosdick, returned. It was Tom Wolf and he told us to get in and he would take us to hundreds of feeding fish around the point.

The water was dead calm and there were schools of silvers slowly circling and tipping their noses up while taking in bait. The riseforms looked exactly the same as the school I was fishing to the day before when I thought they were feeding on euphasids. In fact, I even caught two fish on a shrimp pattern Les Johnson gave me when he was speaking at the Sportsmen's Exposition last February. Boy, was I wrong. These schools were slowly and methodically feeding on small candlefish. And even odder, the candlefish weren't acting like candlefish! They weren't spraying the surface or even attempting to escape. I asked Tom why he thought they were feeding so unlike predators chasing small baitfish. He said it may be that the only food they have been feeding on up to now were euphasids, amphipods and crab larvae. It may explain why I was able to hook two on a shrimp pattern the day before but it doesn't explain the candlefish's benign behavior. Earl caught one and I caught two 18-inch silvers before the harbor seals (now I knew why they weren't at Doc's) spooked the schools of silvers, so we called it a morning and Tom dropped us off at the bridge. Besides, I had a plane to Spokane to catch.

My friend, Michael Mathis, picked me up at the airport and we drove west on I-5 to a lake that he and a group of flyfishers lease from a farmer named Brown. We call it Farmer Brown's and it is a 45 acre lake back in a little coulee and has a healthy population of large kamloops trout. At 3:45, I had my double: A silver in the west and a rainbow in the east.

There was an evening hatch of large midges (how's that for an oxymoron?) and the trout were on the adults. They were size 12 to 10's. I didn't have any flies to match, so I trimmed the tails off my callibaetis parachute Adams. Perfecto. Earlier, before the adults were on the water, I caught my first dozen or so fish on a #8 weighted TDC, in the wind, on a long leader, with a dryline and no bobber, in my tube. I cast across the wind, kept the line taut and straight by making small mends and adjusting my tube direction to compensate for the wind.

On Saturday, a howling windstorm kept us off the lake until just before nightfall.

Sunday, I contracted a bit of food poisoning after eating breakfast at Dollies Cafe. Believe me, it's no fun kicking in off the lake as fast as you can, running off in your waders (sometimes with your flippers on) and digging holes with your hands in the scrub desert sagebrush, rocks and cow patties. I'll spare you the rest of the details.

Leland.

Fishing Reports

Fishing Report: Sunday, May 06, 2001

by Gil Nyerges

I attended the Dry Falls outing which turned out to be very windy and barely fishable. On Friday I went to the Royal City potholes that I used to frequent regularly and found them to be sad. I did manage to get two strikes and released a 21-inch and a 20-inch rainbow. The first one ran me into the backing on the first run. The second one behaved as a very acrobatic tarpon. From there I went to Rocky Ford - a few fishermen and lots of room. Saw HUNDREDS of 10-inch to 30-inch rainbows and everything in between. My box score was a 24-inch, two 20-inch, two 19-inch, and three 10 to 13-inch rainbows. The wind wasn't too bad at the stream - just livable.

Friday morning I was at the south end of Dry Falls arm where I usually fish. I managed to hook and release a 21-inch and a 16-inch rainbow before the wind got too bad and I left. Went back to Rocky Ford and again found the wind to be barely manageable - two 21-inch, and six 10 to 13-inch 'bows. Quit at three P.M. and went back to join the party. Kudos to Dave Schorsch and his committee for putting on a very nice affair in spite of the heavy gusty winds. By my count, there were at least 30 attendees. And thanks to Kelly, Jack, Donn Mills, and Paul Wiltberger for their very enjoyable music — mandolin, fiddle, guitar and banjo. It was great as usual.

Fishing Report, May 8, 9 & 13 2001

by Leland Miyawaki

I fished the Tacoma Narrows Tuesday, Wednesday and Sunday. Tuesday's tide was a -1.6 low at 1 P.M. I was on the water at 10 A.M. and fished to near slack. The water was filled with small migrating salmon - my guess, chum. I saw some herring, something that looked like small trout, and other edibles (no candlefish). I walked the beach and fished the points and where the outgoing tide ran tight along the beach. I cast my popper and immediately raised a good-sized fish that didn't strike. I threw out a few more casts without result before switching to a slimline and an unweighted chartreuse streamer. It wasn't long before I was into my first fish - a marked coho

between 3 and 5 pounds. For the next couple hours, I walked up and down the beach hitting fish that were all clones of the first fish. I ended up with six to hand, a whole bunch of hits and misses, and twice as many long releases. The most interesting thing about these fish was that, with all the heavy feeding, they weren't showing themselves. Very seldom were there any jumpers and only once did I see any slashing and crashing.

On Wednesday, I got Blair Alexander and Earl Harper to join me. I must be getting to be a good guide, because I put Blair onto a spot where he caught three fish before I had my first strike. I was upbeach from him and saw the aerial show his first fish put on. He said it was a good, solid 24 inches. I forgot to ask him, but I figured it must have been a blackmouth because it was so hot. Later, as the tide slackened, I had two shots at a fish that looked as big as my leg. It had chased some fish onto the beach a short cast downtide of me. On my second cast, I got hit by a silver of 18 inches, my smallest one of the morning. For the record, Blair caught five, I had three and, down the beach, Earl picked up three.

Today, I was on the beach at 11:30 A.M., with a low slack of 0.3 at 4 P.M.. The tide was running hard and tight again, but it was coming down from only 8.4 feet. It was feeling like there would soon be less fish onshore and they would be out beyond casting range. Between 11:45 A.M. and noon, I had three fish on and landed two of them. They were the only fish I hooked today. They were both marked silvers and the smallest fish of the past three days. I continued to fish up and down the beach and didn't get any action from noon to 2 P.M..



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>.

In Retrospect

CONFESSIONS OF A WOULD-BE FLY FISHING MEMORABILIA COLLECTOR, or (How on Earth Did I Get Started in This Anyway?)

From Creel Notes Vol. XXIV, No. 6, June 1976

Somewhere back in my childhood when my fancies of ordering anything I wanted from the annual Orvis or Granger catalogs were reduced to the realities of a \$7.85 order of rod building materials from Herters, there must have been instilled in my character a latent flaw which has been lying dormant for the past twenty-five years. I have become, through some transformation of rationality and common sense, a collector of old fly fishing stuff.

When this tendency first started to surface about six months ago, I thought I could narrow my field of interest to one general category since it was obvious that I was getting a late start - maybe just a few old reels to decorate my fly fishing bookshelf, which also had a late start. One of Darrah Corbet's old Hardy St. John's bought at the Washington Fly Fishing Club auction last year seemed innocent enough, maybe a few old Pflueger skeleton frame antiques for \$2 each from a local junk store. I could buy and trade these any time I wanted. I was in control.

Then it happened. An article by John Orrelle in an issue of *The American Fly Fisher* which was given to me by Ted Rogowski several years ago kept haunting me. It was about Von Hoffe reels and it was called "Five of the Best" meaning, of course, that these were reels of unsurpassed quality and were much in demand by experienced collectors. I had seen one of these reels somewhere and had never given it a second thought. But where? Then one afternoon at the office, it came to me. I could scarcely contain my anxiety as I drove to an obscure little "junktique" store - only to find a sign in the window: "Open Saturdays Only." (This is the point at which my priorities must have gotten inverted because I can recall giving my fishing partner some oblique reason for not being able to go fishing that next weekend so that I might make my fateful rendezvous.)

You can anticipate the rest of my story, so I won't bore you with further details except to say that my bookshelf is now festooned with not only reels of every ilk, but with old moth-eaten flies in old moth-eaten containers; older and less informative books; collectors bulletins and brochures; and now (God help me), my first antique, circa 1870, 12-1/2 foot, 37 oz. Bamboo fly rod (which will gracefully lay out a #4 line all of about 12-1/2 feet).

Now, I'm finding myself corresponding with Len Cordella and calling Marty Keene long distance to talk about such trivia as the merits of Post-Bangor Leonards. I'm beginning to have fantasies of stealing Garrisons or Paynes at garage sales. Just recently, I forsook an opportunity to fish for native brookies in New Hampshire so that I might check out some rural antique stores.

Doctor, can you help me?

Anonymous

FISHING REPORTS

Ed Foss April 28: Tanwax Lake fishing, of all things, a Pink Lady dry, he managed to catch 17 fish averaging ten inches long. May 21-24 Susan Lake (Potholes area) Ed had excellent fishing for 12-inch fish on TDC's and Self-Bodied Careys during the day. During the evening rise Ed again used the Pink Lady with nothing less than fastastic results. Ed's definition of excellent fishing is one fish per every four casts.

Fred Kay April 22, 23: Dry Falls Lake fishing in the shallows the entire time, Fred caught many large fish using a silver and green bodied damsel fly nymph on a dry line. The largest fish was a 20-inch Brown trout. Fishing was good all day long. Lyn Gross, Steve Bretland and Dave Thompson were also on the lake having the same success.

Bill Rundall and Family May 29, 30: Mocassin Lake. Some "extra" wind on Saturday but in general the fishing was excellent for rainbows to 14 inches. Rainbow to brook ratio was about 8/1- very active rainbows that should really be good sized in the fall. Met charter member Firmin Flohr and Mrs. Flohr, and Firmin's nephew who had two larger rainbow about 15 inches. Any dark nymph pattern worked, size 8-12, including the Nyerges nymph. Pressure on this lake was relatively light which is the pleasure of Mocassin. In fact, we were the only ones on the lake on Saturday afternoon. Size range was 10" to 15" on rainbow and to 12" on the brooks although we did not get any larger brooks.

I noted that, contrary to past seasons, the trout stomachs did not contain any clams, but had some small snails and numerous small-medium mayfly nymphs. Lake level was slightly lower than usual. Wild flowers filled the hillsides...the place to go.

JUNE - JULY 2001

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
10 JUNE Go Fishing!	11	12	13 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN HOTEL, 9TH & PINE	14	15	16 Go Fishing!
17 Go Fishing!	18	19 WFFC DINNER MEETING 5:30 PM COLLEGE CLUB	20 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM	21	22	23 Go Fishing!
24 Go Fishing!	25	26	27 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM	28 CONSERVATION COM. MEETING 7:00 PM AT THE RAM PUB	29	30 Go Fishing!
1 JULY Go Fishing!	2 WFFC BOARD MEETING 7:00 PM COLLEGE CLUB	3	4 INDEPENDENCE DAY	5	6 JULY CREEL NOTES FROZEN	7 Go Fishing!
8 Go Fishing!	9	10	11 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM	12	13	14 Go Fishing!
15 Go Fishing!	16	17	18 LUNCHEON EVERY WEDNESDAY 11:45 AM CAMLIN CLOUD ROOM	19	20	21 HIGH LAKES TRIP! DEVIL'S LOOP JULY 21 - 29