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President's Message - Wytold Lebing

Despite all the deep snow in mountains (many of the local ski resorts delayed their normal closing dates), now that it's May, things are warming up down here at sea level and heating up the fishing.

Our second weekend long club outing will be at Coffeepot Lake in Lincoln County. Besides the rainbow trout, other species you might catch include black crappie, largemouth bass, pumpkinseed sunfish, and yellow perch. There is not much shore fishing available, but a small pontoon boat or raft opens up the 310 acres of fishing.

Speaking of outings, the time left to sign up for the Rock Island Fish Camp (RIFC) trip in July is running out. The camp has been holding open 12 spots for the club. We need to finalize our arrangements with Rock Island and release any unclaimed spots back to RIFC. So, if you are interested in catching some Kamloops trout this summer don't wait too long before signing up.

Here are a few dates to remember. The club picnic will be held on July 20, 2023, with location TBD. The annual Club Banquet will be held on December 9, 2023, at the Haller Lake Community Center. By the by we are still looking for volunteers who are willing to help with these events. The next club meeting is on May 18. Our speaker will be from the Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife to discuss the status of fish pens in Puget Sound. This should be a very interesting talk on something that impacts our fishing in the Puget Sound area.

See you then. Remember, watch your backcast.

Wytold



Membership – Susanne Staats

At our April 20th club meeting, we inducted two new members into the club- Bill Denzel and Brer Strafford. Bill joined thanks to his wife, Colene McKee, who is also a member of NFA.

Colene has been actively flyfishing and persuaded Bill to join the fun. Brer learned about NFA from Peter Maunsell after taking a trip with Peter to fish the Yucatan peninsula. Brer hopes to participate in the club's fishing outings this year.

As a reminder to members, our club is now holding regular meetings at Haller Lake Community Center. If you haven't attended a meeting lately, please come. We miss seeing you in person. Stop by the membership desk if you wish to renew your membership, have questions about the status of your membership, or just want to say hi.



Susanne and Bill Denzel

Brer Strafford

Flypaper



May 2023

Upcoming Outings

Coffee Pot Lake **Hosts - David Williams & Eric Olson** **May 19 – 21**

Coffee Pot Lake is best known for its prodigious chironomid hatches that feed rainbow trout reaching nearly 24 inches long. In addition to those big trout, swimming under the fly fishers radar are plenty of largemouth bass that go up to 5 pounds. It has black crappie and some yellow perch as well. Coffeepot is in a deep coulee a few miles northeast of Odessa, so a floating device is necessary.



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Chopaka Lake Hosts - Errol Flagor & Vance Thompson June 2 – 4

This trip is designed to hit the peak of trout activity in this remote lake in Okanogan country. Chopaka Lake is where fly fishermen belong, and chironomid soakers put down roots. It just may be the hottest callibaetis mayfly lake in the state. Located on a distant walled-in funnel at just under 3,000 feet elevation above the Sinlahekin Valley, Chopaka Lake is 148.8 acres of trout water squeezed into a narrow 1½ mile long ladle. Depths in the southern half, the handle end, average less than 10 feet and support fertile nests of bottom vegetation that grow incredible insect fodder, especially mayfly nymphs. The bowl of the ladle is on the north end where the lake bottom plunges to more than 70 feet. A floating device is necessary to fish for the large rainbows that cruise the lake.





Deschutes River Hosts- Ron Romeis & Peter Rubenstein

We will be camping at the [Beavertail Campground](#) 10 miles below [Sherar's Falls](#). The campground is halfway between Lone Pine Put-in and Mack's Canyon Campground. On Saturday, folks can float from Lone Pine down to Beavertail or from Beavertail down to Mack's. And vice versa on Sunday.

There are tons of places to bank-fish along the road. You can purchase online an [Oregon fishing license](#) and a [Deschutes River Floaters Pass](#) (if you are going to float the river); there will be a campground fee as well.



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Lone Lake Outing Report April 22, 2023

Susanne Staats came by my house at 7:00 AM so we could catch the 7:55 ferry in order to be on the lake and fishing by 9:00. The ferry line was very short, there was no wait, and this is where the first problem began. We hustled on the ferry and when it was announced we were docking, Susanne asked the Google lady for directions to the lake. It should have been no more than a 30-minute ride from the ferry. When the Google lady said we should reach the lake in about 3 1/2 hours we looked at each other, questioning how this could possibly be. But if you read the Munn Lake report in the last Flypaper, you know we are directionally challenged, and yes, you guessed it, we got on the wrong ferry. We should have taken the Mulkiteo ferry not the Edmonds ferry.

No sweat, easy-peasy. We got off the ferry, turned around, bought another ticket, and headed back, hoping the ferry employee who guided us into our space the first time wouldn't recognize us.

We finally arrived at the Mulkiteo ferry and, after first missing the turn into the terminal, got into the correct lane, purchased a round trip ticket and when we got off the ferry, Susanne asked the Google lady for directions to Lone Lake. Now you might ask yourself since we could connect to the internet, why didn't we just follow the directions on the club's website. That would have been too easy, and the directions clearly state, "Turn Left on Lone Lake Road and follow it into the access area for the lake". However, the Google lady was not taking us to the access, she was just guiding us to Lone Lake. So rather than turn left we turned right. I will spare you the rest of the driving saga, but Lone Lake Road is about three miles long and, it is possible to go in a loop and, it is possible to do it more than once.

Anyhow we finally decided to connect to the website and arrived at the access area around noon. It only took us 4.5 hours to get to the lake. We could have driven to Moses Lake in that amount of time. We inflated the raft and were in the water by 12:30 PM. There were other members of the club on the lake and after relating our story to Wytold Lebing and Peter Rubenstein, we settled in and began

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to fish. One of the rods was rigged with a sink tip, black wooly bugger, and chironomid dropper. The fishing seemed to be the best along the northern shore in approximately 5 to 10 feet of water. The first healthy bite on Susanne's line decided to take the wooly bugger with it – my fault. Susanne tied another bugger on, and the second grab seemed heavier than the first. The fish not only took the bugger but the tippet all the way to the ring. I am even more ashamed. Undaunted we tied another bugger on and continued traversing the shore. We did not get any more grabs. We did see a woman in a peddling kayak fishing around a dock and she said she had just caught a largemouth bass. We finally left the lake at about 4:00 PM, had dinner in Langley and made it back to Seattle without any more incidents. And yes, we did have a fun time laughing at ourselves, and yes, we will go back. **(Susanne Staats, Brett Schormann)**





A Man's Adventure and Opinion into the World of Fly-casting and Fly-fishing

As I reflect on my journey into the world of fly-fishing, I recall the mystery it was for me some fifty years ago. When I first got started, there were not that many rods to pick from, nor many reels. Large arbor reels and graphite rods hadn't been made yet. Today there are so many options, one can get caught up in what to buy. My opinion and what I have told my students before we begin - buy one you feel you can afford while you find out if you like what you are about to learn. Going forward, you can purchase your up-grade. I don't suggest a particular brand; I just say these are the brands available and what I feel is a good length and line weight. When conducting the class, I furnished the rods for my classes so that the students all had the same line weight and rod lengths.

Now, on to the past. It started at an exhibition at the Seattle Center in 1971 where I watched a fly-casting demonstration by Mr. Dawn Holbrook. When his demonstration was through and the crowd dispersed, I walked over and asked him about casting lessons. He proceeded to tell me the next casting session put on by the Washington Fly Fishing Club would be in the spring of 1972 at the cast piers on Green Lake and that it would be advertised in the local papers. Well, that day came in 1972, and I arrived early for the class. There on the cast pier was Dawn casting in the same form as when I first encountered him. He and his instructors, Andy Hall, Bob Graham, Curt Jacobson and a few others started the first of an eight-week course.

Throughout the eight weeks, enthusiasm grew about joining a club. At that time, there was only one club in the Seattle area and one true fly shop, that being the WFFC and Patrick's Fly Shop. The WFFC which was a male only organization. At the last class Dawn, Andy, Bob, Curt and few of the other instructors talked about forming a family Fly-Fishing Club, taking the names and address of those who were in the class were to be notified. If it hadn't been for these individuals who crossed the line to form the NFA as a family club, I won't have met my two fishing partners, Al Ford and Jimmy Fukuda and helped them in their casting stoke. They

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traded the flies that I have fished in return for my helping improve their casting (my attention was on casting, and I wasn't that great at dressing a fly).

Over the years we fished the Yakima, Hi-Hum Lake in Canada, Wendgo Lodge, and the head waters of the Babine River with members of the NFA along with a caster from the WFFC by the name of Carl Coggens. Carl was a side arm caster and I liked watching him lay out beautiful casts. I had the opportunity to fish the Bow River, put together by Dana Botcher who taught me how to pull oars during a white-water course. In 1994, I received my FFF Casting Certification, Andy had talked me into getting it.

Now to the last of trip that Al, Ken Milton and I took was on the Smith River in Montana. This river is a permit only or a Pro-guided river run. All three of us got a permit, so I picked mine as it was the only time I could go. I pulled the oars on this beautiful 56 mile float, since neither Ken nor Al knew how to. I would recommend the Smith for everyone.

Without this club, many of us would never have gotten to the places I mentioned. It took the ones that crossed that line to form NFA back in 1972. So here is to all that have come and gone through the doors of the NFA. Cast high and float forever! **(Gary Todd)**



NFA Fly-Tying Class

The NFA introductory fly-tying class, taught by Eric “Rockfish” Olson and David “Smallmouth” Williams, was completed after six sessions held once a week at Haller Lake Community Center. As soon as the class could master a topic, our tireless instructors added flies to keep us busy. Since the last update, we learned BH Gold Rib Hare’s Ear, Elk Hair Caddis, Black Beetle, Compara Dun, Dun Parachute, Muddler Minnow, Royal Wulff, Boo Radley (which brought up a spirited discussion of To Kill a Mockingbird), and Melanie’s Squid Fly. We’ve seen flies on a squid, but never a squid fly. As a student, I greatly appreciated the instructors’ enthusiasm, skill, and humor to create such an enjoyable experience. Per readers’ requests, we will include some pictures of these exotic patterns over the next several issues. **(Nick Sherman)**



David Williams, Eric Olsen, Maureen Sullivan Errol Flagor, well organized



BH Gold Rib Hare's Ear



Melanie's Squid Fly



Elk Hair Caddis

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My Remembrance of Mike Olson

DESCHUTES RIVER TRIP, June 2008

As my head popped to the surface, the first thing I remember was grabbing the rope on Mike's blue raft. Expecting assistance from the group on shore, I was greeted with raucous laughter and the scramble for cameras. Nice rescue Mike! As I regained my shore side footing, I suggested to the group that their response to my dilemma was at best.... disappointing. Results.... more laughter, more photos. But wait..... I am getting ahead of myself. Let me start at the beginning.

With great expectations, our little group of anglers had been tying flies, checking weather reports and river flows in anticipation of a 23-mile, four day, float, fish, camp adventure. Things were shaping up. River levels were stabilizing; the weather promised to be clear and warm. We were ready to GO FISH.

Dana and Helen Botcher, Paul Krc and daughter Laura, Mike Olson, Matt Baerwalde, Steve Bohmeyer, Kim Kreidler, Dan Hall, Dan Seth, Rob Switalski, and I all met at Swiftwater Sports for carpooling in Dana's van and Susanne's Chevy Suburban that Mike had borrowed. Dana's trailer was packed; Mike's trailer was stacked with his blue raft and layered with pontoon boats. We were ready to "rock and roll".

The Suburban is a great vehicle for towing raft trailers..... until it isn't.

At the Centralia rest-stop, Mike tried to start his rig for the third time without success. We had the hood up in frantic diagnosis mode and I attempted to wave Dana down for assistance only to see a straight-ahead stare, throttle down..... not to be seen again until the Mack's Canyon put in. At that moment I envisioned our long-awaited trip evaporating. However, it didn't take Mike "wheeler-dealer" Olson long to get out problem solved. Fortunately, Mike's quick thinking and a good repair garage had us on our way again with fingers crossed.



Pound for pound, the Deschutes River reddsides are as strong as any rainbow. Patagonia, Montana, Alaska, New Zealand may all boast, but Deschutes River reddsides are a magnificent strain of trout. These football shaped fish are extremely hard fighting, and you can expect to go into your backing on any good-sized fish. Several 18-to-20-inch fish were hooked on the trip, though not all were landed. All combinations of flies were presented, but the trout decided upon nymphs. One effective presentation was Matt's prince nymph with ant dropper.

AWARDS:

- Best catch and biggest catch goes to Hellen. First day she expertly brought to hand a very large fish, a pleasure to behold!
- "Biggest" catch.... Paul goes upside down in Gordon Ridge Rapids, Helen catches Paul and holds him to her raft until they reach shore, good rescue Helen and Dana! Good job Paul, you stayed "cool" and stayed with your boat. Next time Helen, rescue first, then photos. Good job Mike, catching that back eddy so we could reach Paul and help him dry out and reassemble his equipment.
- Best river runner award goes to Laura. Her light, but always in control, touch on the oars was a pleasure to observe. She even received praise from Dana.
- Best wildlife observation goes to Paul. We are all gathered around talking, Paul is sitting with back to tree, he allows rattle snake to slither up his pant leg. Way to go Paul! Snake reciprocates by not biting Paul.
- Best food. Tomato Olive Bruschetta on toast and chickpea based Be Creative Sandwich Spread. Good job Dana and all the kitchen staff, which is all of us.

IN CONCLUSION, we all had a great four days river rafting, rapids running, fishing, camping, eating, storytelling, and great entertainment provided by our talented group. The Deschutes River Reddsides continue to earn our admiration. And remember NFA'ers, when you go in the drink..... come up smiling..... for the cameras!

Flypaper



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Special remembrance to Mike. You hustled the Suburban repair, did a great job on the oars, and thanks again for rescuing me when I took that swim. You are missed. **(Dave Campbell)**

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Teamwork on an NFA Yakima Outing

Peter Maunsell wrote a fine description of the Yakima River Outing in last month's Flypaper, but I will add the view from a relatively new person benefitting from the efforts of fellow club members. I have fished the Yakima with a guide, but camping out and fishing the river on your own with the NFA is a unique experience.

NFA supports Western Rivers Conservancy, a non-profit which purchases critical habitat along rivers in order to convey it safely into public hands rather than letting it fall to developers. A major success was obtaining the last remaining private land in the Yakima canyon connecting several other BLM protected portions of riverfront. Western Rivers hosted our NFA outing at their pristine private campsite on the water a little south of the footbridge at Umtanum Creek Recreation Site. There is nothing quite as soothing as the sound of the Yakima ten feet from your tent.

Peter Maunsell did all the cooking for excellent dinners on Friday night and Saturday, complete with salad and side dishes. Meant to be filling, we enjoyed brats Friday and a big slab of genuine corned beef on Saturday night. Peter made the hot coffee with donuts each morning, which was crucial since it was 25 degrees. I personally appreciated how expansive the food was because I had managed to leave all my breakfast and lunch food at home, yet I fished both days without getting hungry!

Scott Keenholts brought a pick-up load of firewood which allowed us to gather late into the evening both nights, even as the temperature dropped toward freezing. You can learn a lot about potential fishing spots and make new friends easily around a glowing campfire. I wanted to know what the skwala hatch was about, so members picked up a rock from the river crawling with several of the skwala nymphs.

One of my objectives for the weekend was to learn how to row the river in pontoon boat (for the first time and in 40-degree water, which was a bit nerve-

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wracking to contemplate). I got lots of good advice as I inflated the bladders. Don't try to use fins in a river – maneuvering by kicking is for lakes, not in current with rapids and strainers. Don't try to fish solo from the pontoon boat since you just can't establish a long drift and avoid obstructions at the same time. Use the boat to access good spots for wade fishing. Get a better anchor system. One bad piece of advice – “you won't need the air pump on the river” (yes, you very well might need it!).

Matt Moore came in from Ellensburg with his drift boat & trailer and shuttled my boat up to the Ringer put in. Matt and Wytold Lebing graciously escorted me safely all the way to our convenient pullout at the campsite. That included helping me deal with an under-inflated pontoon (bring the pump next time). Wytold landed a trout early on to keep my hopes and expectations high. Matt and Wytold suggested fishing the backchannel of an island. I didn't raise any fish, but I witnessed the most beautiful flights of two wild turkeys that flushed about 20 feet from me. I'd never seen a turkey fly with the tail feathers all spread out like that.

Sunday morning found my wading boots frozen solid. Peter quickly explained that you dip the boots in the river, and they will thaw right out. That, and a hot cup of coffee with a doughnut did the job. Peter got the coffee on the table despite the water jugs freezing up. I managed to run my car battery down while attempting to charge a cell phone. We jump-started it from Peter's RV, but I wish I had dug the cables out before I piled the boat and all my gear on top of them.

As we all spread out Sunday to wade fish different sections, Peter took the time to show me the flies I should use in the morning and what to change to in the afternoon. The latter was a stonefly dry with a dropper. I asked if the San Juan worm would suffice, since I had tied about thirty after a NFA tying class years ago. He said absolutely and pulled out a box with the thirty he had tied (he was in the same class). Then Peter escorted me to the Umtanum Creek footbridge and pointed out how I should wade and walk upstream. Counter-intuitively, I should fish the slow water and back toward the bank because the river temperature was still cold, and the trout would not have the energy to feed in fast water.



The sun was bright, and the day warmed up, so I peeled off several layers of clothing. The scenery was beautiful, and the casting was interesting, although I had pretty much given up on hooking anything. After a flubbed cast snarled the dropper, I thought about cutting off the dropper, but I managed to untangle it. Fishing toward the bank directly to a spot that Peter had pointed out from the bridge with his fly rod, I floated a cast under an overhanging bush that kept the large herons away. Sure enough, I snagged an underwater branch. No wait - it was a 20-inch rainbow on that 12 cent San Juan worm.

I can absolutely say that without the help of several NFA friends, I would not have even been on the river, much less in the right spot with the right tackle. If you want to learn, an NFA outing is a great opportunity. **(Nick Sherman)**



Campsite looking over the Yak.

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Wytold and Matt ready to escort me down for my maiden pontoon boat voyage.

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Glowing campfire along with some good whiskey for warmth.

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Skwala ready to emerge that night.

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Saturday night dinner with our Western Rivers host Jake, Scott, the Moore's, and Wytold. (Below) Real corned beef with other healthy stuff for a hungry crew.



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On the dropper.

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This made my day. It had even warmed up to short sleeve weather.

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Cover Photo Credit | Fishing at Coffee Pot Lake



Published in the Seattle Times, May 8, 2019

Photographer: Vance Thompson

Photo taken: April 12 at Coffee Pot Lake in Eastern Washington

Photographer's description: "This image was taken during a Northwest Fly Anglers Club outing on Coffee Pot Lake, northeast of Odessa, Washington. Rainbow trout as big as 20" to 24" are routinely caught and released. There is a nesting pair of ospreys near the boat launch. Later in the year, rattlesnakes have been seen in the area."

Critique: "This is a nice first-person perspective of what it looks like to be fishing out on this lake. The cloud cover provided decent light to give us a nice view water and landscape."

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