



The Flypaper

May/June 2017

Blown Out on the Yak

Off I-90, I took the first exit and headed to my normal refuge, the Motel 6. I got checked in and unloaded most of my gear but, keep looking over my shoulder at the black clouds trying to push over the hill, very ominous weather, I hope it stays over there.

Off to the canyon to see if my traveling mates had made it yet. As I moved south the weather just kept getting better and better a little windy but sunny none the less. I got to Big Pines where Susan and Nancy were getting set up. I tried to talk anyone into drifting the river for the afternoon, but I couldn't get any takers, so we just got everyone well set up and ready for the weekend. We all talked about the weather and how high the river was and hope the rain would stay at bay for the weekend. We got everything well set up as the sun heading beyond the horizon.

I said good night and headed back to the motel. About midnight I was awakened by the sound of rain and thunder, I took a look outside and the rain was bouncing a good two feet up off the pavement and swirling little tornadoes ripped through the parking lot, all I could think about were the folks camping in the canyon.

Continued on page 8

In this Issue...

- 2 Green Lake Outing
- 3 Duwamish Conservation Outing
- 4 March Membership Meeting
- 5 April Membership Meeting
- 6 May Membership Meeting
(upcoming)
- 7 Fishots (your photos)
- 8 Yakima continued



Vance Thompson staying warm on Greenlake



Brian Boone enjoying the morning

Green Lake Outing

It was a crisp March morning on Greenlake. About six of us made our way to the lake launching our pontoon boats. The ducks and geese were a show all by themselves! With some wind, it was also a little difficult to navigate the lake. Crew teams were also out in force.

Most of us pulled around a woolley bugger hoping for a random hookup. The guys I was fishing with did not have a fish finder, so we were fishing "blind." Chris Anderson did hook a nice fish. He told me, "When I left you, it got windy, and I was heading back to the Aqua-theater. I was dragging an olive bugger, with some gold tinsel. Had a solid take down. Due to my janky rod holder situation, I missed getting a strong hook set. I did though start bringing the fish toward the boat. When the fish got within 10' of the boat it buried the rod tip and took off. Of course I was fishing a brand new reel, and rookie mistake... I had the drag wide open. I let go of the spool fearing I might break off. Then on his hard run, I grabbed the spool, and of course the fly jerked out of its mouth. Felt like a very nice fish, after a windy not so good fishing experience, this was a very nice end to the day."

-written by Brian Boone
- photos by Brian Boone



Upcoming Trips

Lower Deschutes River—May 5-7
CANCELLED

Langlois Lake - May 13
Langlois Lake near Carnation

Coffee Pot Lake—June 2-4
Coffee Pot Lake

John Day Summer Superfloat—June 26-July 2
John Day River

Clark Fork Outing—July 7-9
Superior, MT

Turner Chain of Lakes—July 16-22
Tweedsmuir Provincial Park, BC





Seth Felke, Wytold Lebing, Carleigh Romeis, and Tom Beaulaurier in front of the Bog Gardens at Duwamish Hill Preserve.



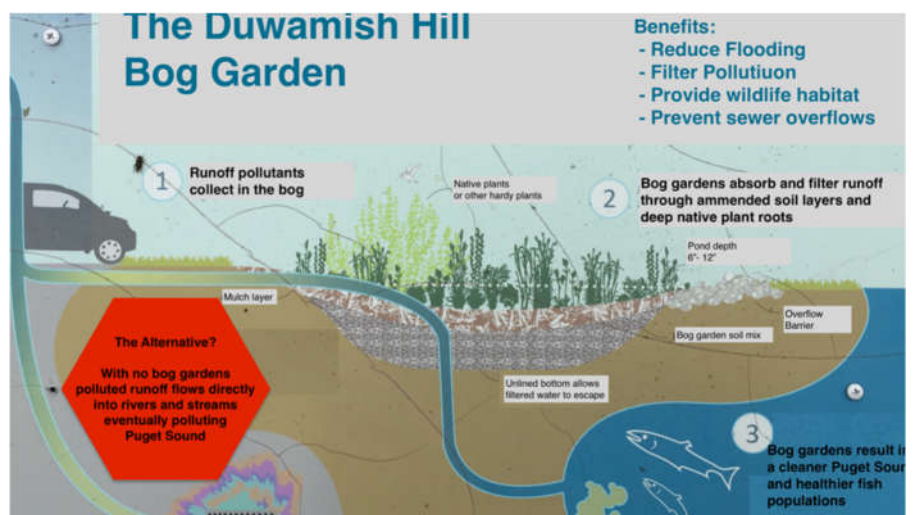
Duwamish Conservation Outing

On Saturday April 22, 2017 NFA members joined in with Forterra and other volunteers to work on the Duwamish Hill Preserve in Tukwila. The property will be managed as a public open space preserve devoted to the interpretation of the site's Native American cultural significance and other aspects of Duwamish River Valley natural and cultural history. As well as being a public park, the former abandoned industrial site will create a storm and waste water buffer adjacent to the Duwamish River.

Even though the day started out cloudy the rain held off for the morning and early afternoon. Weeding and mulching around the "wet sedge meadow" and the "tule meadow" that make up the Duwamish Hill Bog Garden soon had everyone forgetting about any gray skies. Instead we enjoyed the camaraderie and sense of satisfaction that occurs when you work on a project to improve the environment. These bog gardens will help filter and clean water that eventually ends up in the Duwamish and Puget Sound.

And just how does the Duwamish Hill Preserve and its Bog Gardens help out the river? A bog garden is a shallow depression planted with a variety of flowers, shrubs, and grasses that tolerate wet winters and dry summers. The gardens function like seasonal wetlands to help slow down, soak up, and filter polluted runoff from roads, parking lots, and roofs. Less polluted runoff into Puget Sound results in healthier fish populations and happier fly fishers.

-written by Wytold Lebing
- photos by Wytold Lebing



March Membership Meeting

Carl and Maura Johnson spoke about their three-month trip last summer to Alaska. They catalogued their journey and made us all jealous for three months of fishing in such a jewel like Alaska. Here's some cool stats that they share with us.

1. Miles driven : Around 11,000.
2. Number of cities visited: Lots of small towns only big cities were Anchorage and Fairbanks
3. Kinds of fish caught: grayling, rainbow trout, Dolly Varden, pink salmon and silver salmon
4. Best day on the river : River in between Tangle Lakes, Carl caught over 100 grayling in an hour!
5. Biggest fish caught : Huge rainbow trout at Troublesome Creek
6. Place where you would most like to return: Everywhere
7. Place where you saw the most bears : Brooks Falls
8. Place for your favorite sunset : Homer

- Written by Brian Boone



Top Right: Maura and Carl. Left Bottom: Carl on a river. Bottom Right: Carl with a fat rainbow.

- Photos by Carl Johnson



April Membership Meeting

Our NFA friend, Dana Bottcher, spoke at the April meeting. Dana guided for 30 years on the Deschutes River in Oregon. To He spoke to prepare our club for the trip on the Deschutes in May which subsequently was cancelled due to high water. Nevertheless, Dana did a great job educating us on the sections of the river and how to fish them.

The Deschutes is some big water and can be difficult to navigate. Big rafts and drift boats are the way to go. Dana also encouraged everyone to wear a life vest, even while wade fishing. It just takes one wrong step to be “into the river.”

Dana’s favorite fly for the Deschutes is the bead-head Prince nymph.

- Written by Brian Boone
- Photos by Dana Bottcher



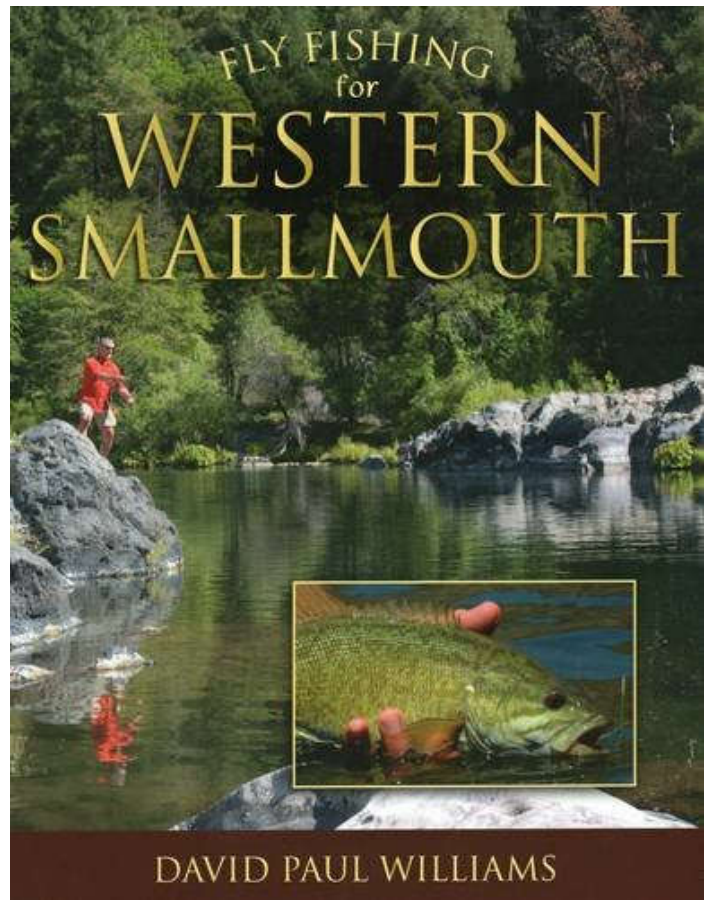
2017 Washington Fly Fishing Fair

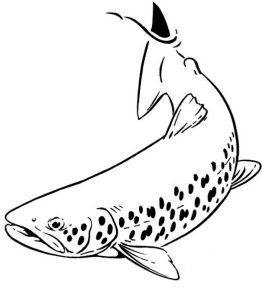
May 5th and 6th (Friday and Saturday), in Ellensburg, WA, at the Kittitas Valley Event Center and Fairgrounds. It's going to be a great event! The Fly Fishing Fair runs from 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM on Friday and from 8:00 AM to 4:00 PM on Saturday. IFFF members and kids under the age of 16 get in free, for everyone else the entry fee is \$5.00.

<http://www.wsciff.org/>

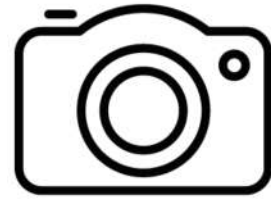
Upcoming May Membership Meeting

The club will be addressed by our own NFA member, David P. Williams. To prepare us for the Coffee Pot Lakes outing on June 2, David will be instructing us on stillwater strategies. David is the author of *Fly-Fishing for Western Smallmouth* and is a consummate lake fisherman.





FISHOTS



Submit your fishots to Brian at
stauroo@gmail.com. Include your name,
fish caught, and location.

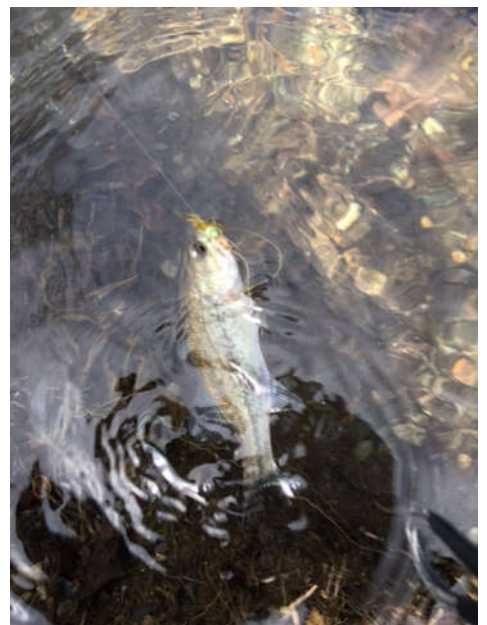


Alan Pilkington caught this nice steelhead on the Sol Duc River in early March.

Your fish



Susan Lahti catches the
only fish on the Yakima
trip at a
local lake
near
Ellensburg.



Yakima, cont. from page 1

About 6:00am I finally gave up and was glad the rain had stopped. All I could think about was how high the lower river was yesterday. I made my way to big pines and once again tried to drum up someone to go fishing. The lower river was totally blown and looked like chocolate milkshake. No fishing to be done there. I presented a few different options that were close, but they involved put and take lakes. Carl suggested we drift the upper river, starting Cle Elum as it was above the Teanaway River, so we piled in the rig and off we went. We stopped in Cle Elum and arranged a shuttle from Troutwater and after some serious advice not to miss the take out, off to the river we went. It was a glorious day on the river, we saw one other boat and raft drifting. We tried the recommended pink San Juan worm in several iterations and some other nymph-ish things. We had a couple bites but none of them wanted to hang on to the boat. Beautiful day drifting between the deciduous forest and pines, sunny blue sky's briefly interrupted with a shower of rain and a little later some hail but not enough to dampen our spirits. No, we didn't boat any fish, but we did see an abundance of wildlife for our afternoon on the water. Got to the take out and headed for Reds.

We made our way to the restaurant for a hot meal. I saw mostly burgers around the table, but I have to make a shout out to Michael and huge thanks from everyone as he grabbed the check before anyone could begin "discussing" splitting the bill. Thanks again Michael!! And off we went to our respective sleeping accommodations.

In the morning Larry met up with me at the motel and we headed down the canyon to meet everyone for breakfast. Appetites satiated we all started to discuss what we should do for the day. The river was still looking an awful lot like chocolate milk so we all decided the upper river was where it was at.

continued on page 9



Mark Conner holding down the windy fort.



From left to right: Carleigh, Larry, Mike, Carl, and Seth

Yakima, cont. from page 8

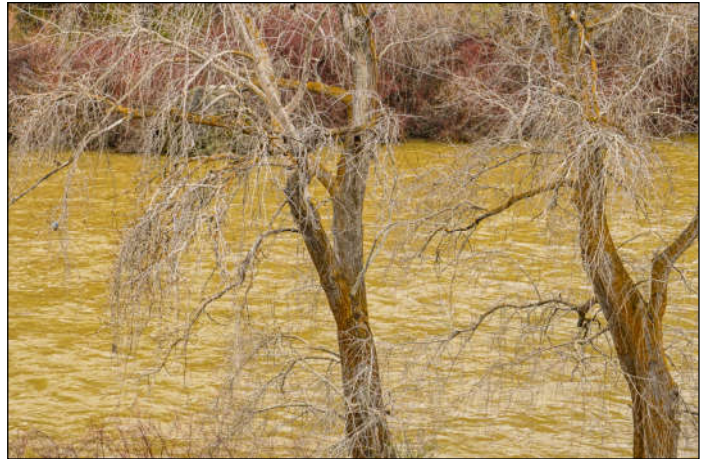
It didn't take long, and we had the boats filled with fisherpersons and we headed for Cle Elum. We dropped the boats in again and started down the river. It was a beautiful day, blue sky, ospreys and eagles, beavers and other critters a day to remember without catching any fish.

As we neared the end of the drift I started telling Larry the "take out" spot was a do or die, no screwing up, no second chances, we cannot miss this one, period, it must be done on the first try or we DIE!!! With the takeout in site, I'm rowing like a mad man to get the boat in the eddy, but the boat runs into the launch and we just bounce off. The current spins us around right into a bunch of overhanging trees, which of course have thorns all over them! I'm hanging on for dear screaming at him to get out with the bow line, so we can pull the boat back to the launch. The current got too much for me to hold by myself and the branch pulled out of my hand, ripping a sizable chunk of flesh out of it and we went spinning down the river into the first log jam. We hit two more jams with the quite different results and almost getting sucked under, the water pouring in over the gunnel we were totally lucky it was facing downstream. Larry moved to the other side of boat and popped it upright. We got around that one by the skin of our teeth. I had nothing left and I'm trying to row us around the second log jam and I just didn't have enough power at that point and I told him to fend us off the pile. I was trying to push us off and the oar slipped and got jammed in the log jam and pulled it out of the oar lock. The oar was stuck and couldn't hold on any longer. We got shoved around the pile but now we only have one oar and one more log jam in sight. I get us over to the side and I'm holding on to roots sticking out of the overhanging bank and the bow line is tied to the short end of the line. Pretty soon I'm getting drug out of the boat and I have the root in one hand the anchor line in the other. I'm holding on for dear life and the cuff of my waders gets hooked on the oarlock as I'm being drug out of the boat. Hanging between the boat and shore the cuff finally gets pulled off as the boat takes on more water.

Now over my head in the water, with waders on, the root in one hand and the anchor line in the other I drug myself up out of the water and up on shore, start breathing again, collect my thoughts and pull him in stern first. We pulled the boat ashore and tied it to a tree. Sagging, we scrambled around and got all the valuable stuff out of the boat and hiked through thick brush for about a mile back to where the car was. I was dog meat, I had absolutely nothing left. With my waders full of water, we got to my rig. I got as much of the wet stuff off as I could. My phone was soaked and not operating, and Larry didn't have anyone's number, so we couldn't call anyone to let them know we were all right until we got back to the motel and had the internet to lookup numbers. We called everyone we could and crashed hard.

The next morning, we met everyone at Big Pines for breakfast and I asked Carl if he would help retrieve my boat and bring his oars. I can't thank him enough for the help! We all drove back to the scene of the crime and started to pack in with the oars and a healthy respect for log jams. After we got in and away from the bank, rowed across the channel and beached on a gravel point and got the boat tipped up and drained out. That was one for the books, never want to do that again. =)

Written by Matt Moore



Chocolate water on Yakima

Photo: Vance Thompson

Words from the Pres.

I went out for opening day of trout season this past Saturday and some things became very apparent. We're going to be running into a lot of very part time fisherpersons as we move into the spring and summer fishing. As fly fishers many of us have placed ourselves just a little bit above and think of ourselves as a little bit better than the average guy getting out there and doing a little fishing and enjoying the outdoors. I'd like to put this to everyone in the club, please do put us on a step above and be just a little better than the rest. Go the extra bit and help anyone you can while you're out. Help the guy with the tangled line. Help the guy getting his boat ready at the launch. Be the person with the Band-Aid when someone has a cut. When you see garbage at your favorite hole, pack it out. Share a bite of lunch or drink from your cooler. Let's make it a memorable year and pay it forward, it's the little things that make it memorable. I guess I'm asking all of you to rise above and be the best ambassadors you can for fly fishing and fishing in general. I'll be asking for the nice things you've done along with the fishing reports.

-Matt Moore

Quote of the Month

"Many go fishing all their lives without knowing that it is not fish they are after."

~ Henry David Thoreau

Northwest Fly Anglers
PO Box 75212
Seattle, WA 98175

northwestflyanglers.org



Sasha, Mark, Maura, and Phil on the Yakima Outing

SERVING

OFFICERS

Matt Moore, President

Jim Morrison, Vice President

Peter Maunsell, Treasurer

David Arms, Secretary

COMMITTEE CHAIRS

Alan Pilkington, Maura Johnson, Wytold Lebing,
Nominations

Susanne Staats, Membership

Peter Rubenstein, Outings

Wytold Lebing, Conservation

Russ Shropshire, Librarian

Kim Kreidler & Helsa Petersen, Fly Box

Maura Johnson, Hospitality

Brett Schormann, Webmaster

Art and Candee Alton, Raffle Coordinator

Open Position, Education

Brian Boone, Flypaper Editor

stauroo@gmail.com

Please send stories, photos, edits, and updates to the editor.