



FLY PAPER

September 2013

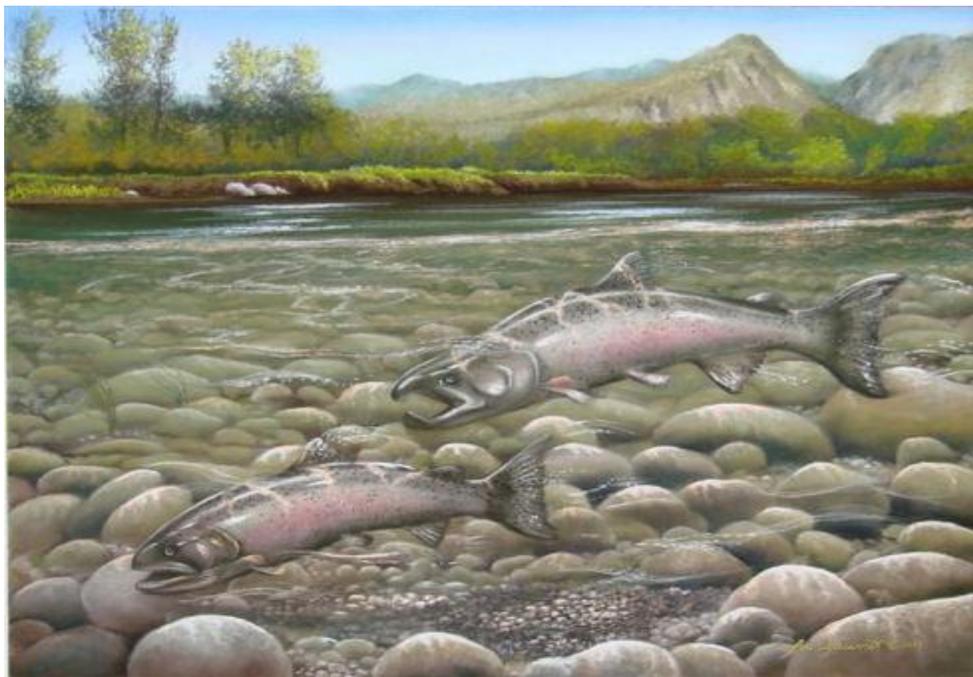
Vol. 37

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LEAVENWORTH SALMON FESTIVAL

SEPT. 21ST.

10:00 A.M. - 5:00 P.M.



Journey's End by Lori Ayelsworth

CALLING ALL FLY TIERS

* HELP STAFF YOUR CLUB TABLE *

SHOW A CHILD HOW TO TIE AND YOU MIGHT JUST
KICKSTART A LIFETIME OF FLYFISHING.

RSVP ASAP

TOM ROWE - 662-8242 OR ROBERT WINTERS - 663-7435

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Donald A. Bolstad passed away June 19, 2013, after an extended illness. He was born on December 16, 1936 in Portland, OR. He earned his BS and Masters degree in Metallurgy from the University of Washington in 1966. On July 15, 1961, he married Iris Phillips in Wenatchee. NASA astronauts presented the Silver Snoopy award to Don in 1981 and he directed the ten-year project to develop the aluminum lithium super lightweight external tank for the space shuttle. Upon retirement in 2002 Don served as the Conservation Chair of the Wenatchee Valley Fly Fishers, Treasurer and Conservation VP on the WA Council - Federation of Fly Fishers, and

he was also involved with Trout Unlimited, the Chelan County Shoreline Master Program, and the Cascade Columbia Fisheries Enhancement Group Board.

Don provided many fly-tying lessons for youth and helped organize fly-tying booths at the Leavenworth Salmon Festivals.. He was instrumental in organizing cleanup crews for the mountain lakes and trails. He loved to fly fish and enjoyed the many mountain streams and lakes in the Pacific NW. A Celebration of Life Service was held August 3rd at the Wenatchee Free Methodist Church.

LOOKING UPSTREAM

Sept. 19th Thur. General Meeting
Wenatchee Eagles Lodge

Wet Fly Hour No Host Bar 5:45 pm

Dinner

Parmesan Crusted Chicken
w/ Marinara Sauce

Ginger-Peach Pork Roast 6:45 pm

Program starts at 8:00 pm



SEPTEMBER PRESENTER

Our September presenter is Michael T. Williams. A guide, photographer, writer, builder of flies and rods with more than 50 years experience in our sport. He calls Eugene home and happily fools fish along the forested banks of the Willamette River, his favorite body of water.

We are not talking about the flat Willamette in central Oregon but the boisterous and forested water that drops out of Timpananogas Lake at 5300' and drops 2000' in seven miles. It's available from trail and road for most of its way through heavy pine and cedar forests.

Come listen to what he has to say about this beautiful but underutilized stretch of water and if we coerce him, maybe he'll tell us the origins of his fly called the Percolator shown to the right.



LUNDGREN - SHALE'S - BILES

RECEIVE WDFW AWARD

BY GILBERT BILES WVFF, FFF VP EAST, CCFEG

Jason Lundgren, Matt Shale's and Gilbert Biles received the award at the annual meeting from the Washington Department of Fish & Wildlife Region #2, for the Cascade Columbia Fisheries Enhancement Group (CCFEG), as the organization of the year. The CCFEG is a 12-member group that volunteers their time to seek out projects to create better spawning areas for Salmon, Steelhead and Trout. They also seek areas for environmental projects and conversation. This award was made possible by a team effort comprised of members Jason Lundgren, Matt Shale's, Chuck Brushwood, Greg Knott, Ken Bevis, John Arterburn, Dick Evens, Aaron Penvose, Phil Archibald, Sean Koester, Carla Salbaugh and Gilbert Biles. To date, the group has received grants totaling \$1,132,972.00 covering nine projects. They hope to complete these projects in the next year or two and **continue** to seek new projects and grants for the future.



WINTER OF OUR CONTENT

STEVE AGUILU

The slate sky stares back at me from the surface of the water. At first one would think that Rocky Ford Creek is frozen in the grip of the longest cold snap in recent history. But instead it still flows free and, today, without the icy halo that sometimes invites disaster at the edges of reed choked banks. It lies flat, mirror-like in the breathless winter air.

Moments ago, the thing most frigid was my heart. I have come here to begin the end to a ritual, chased by the demons of goodbye. Change bears down on things known and cherished. I am here for another of eighteen turns of season that have seen me gaze into this gem set in the prongs of black basalt rock. Rocky Ford sits silent surrounded by sage and grass covered hills and winter is the perfect moment to reflect the state of my soul.

Instead of a calm beginning, I have just come from one of those parking lot conversations about old days and old timers with a self-appointed auricle of these waters. His stories all come down to the decline of the fishery here, the classic reversed-binocular view that gives such a bleak picture when trained on the future.

Perhaps he will never learn that life is a cycle of change, that the stories are there not to rue the loss but to carry us through to the next time of plenty. I prefer to celebrate the passing of better years with thanksgiving for the bright days branded in my memory. Maybe it is a function of age...maybe a function of wisdom...maybe I am the one who is naive. Maybe he is right.

I struggle to get away from this fellow with as much courtesy as I can muster. I am here to immerse myself once more in the rhythm of ten to two...the soothing sweep of fly rod that tames the beast of instant connectivity, agitated product of the modern e-world. And I am here to say goodbye.

Soon I will live many more hours away and my frequent pilgrimages to this hallowed place will become a much thinner prospect. A busy life is a hungry mouth to feed. We have all said 'see you again sometime' knowing otherwise.

I creep to the bank, careful to move slowly on the crackling ice-bound trail, trying to blend in with the bare stands of coyote willow and cattails. The fish are on their guard today. Most move away with leisurely disdain. It is clear they know, not only that you are there, but what you are up to. I marvel at the wisdom of natural survival. Then I see him.

The fish are fewer and larger this season, something that happens about every four years on this water. I have caught several already, grand fish of over twenty inches that would make any trout angler thrilled with his day. But this fellow is larger, much larger. He fins the water with tiny energy-sparing strokes of his pectorals, just enough to hold his position over the open marl between the dark, clumped fans of hornwort.

Bit by bit the fish works his way forward, periodically twisting down to the bottom, raising small plumes of silt at thirty to forty second intervals. I stop and he stops. He is not stupid, not a fish of this size. I know that he has seen me. He turns in one sinuous movement, and casually wanders downstream out of sight.

My unfrozen heart thunders against my sternum. I am shaking, but not from the cold. I lay out a cast at the middle of the empty pale green stripe of open bottom...then I wait.

As I watch the water, unbidden memories flow past, reflected in the platinum surface. I see the faces of men and women who have shared this water with me. Riverbank chats with pleasant strangers from other places. I hear the voices of my friends some still in this mortal dimension, others plying the waters of that other world. I see my sons in all the stages of life, from the thrilled first touch of the smooth trout, to the shivering bundles of winter clothing, to the young men who run off to find their own fish, and most times more than I.

Doubts creep toward me along the rocky trail, rattle in the skeletal shafts of the surrounding reeds. I wonder at the choice I have made to leave this place. I think of the John Steinbeck novel, *The Winter of Our Discontent*, his main character, as he waits in a tiny grotto for the tide to drown him, free him from his unhappy life.

My heart retreats into the depths of my chest, I am shivering again, but this time with the cold. I wonder if I will ever come back here again.

Then, as if in answer to my thoughts, I see the dark shape glide back to the lowest reach of the pool. We are both creatures of habit, bound to return by the

internal maps of our instinct. I think that neither man nor fish can fight his destiny.

Daring only my left hand to move, I draw in a few inches of line. I cannot see the small disturbance that my fly makes but as I watch, the fish's fins gives a subtle, quivering spasm and slowly, ever so slowly he rolls and noses into the mud.

As I lift my rod and feel the weight and the gathering struggle, I know that just like this fellow, I will return. I will fish with my friends and my sons once more. And someday when I cannot return, when taken by time or circumstance or frailty of human frame, this creek, this sky and this fish will come back to me, flowing in the clear blessed stream of memory. It is memory that washes away the sadness and the tragedy, the lost chances and lost loves. And memory is the river that carries us to the winter of our most content.

HOW MANY FISHERMEN DOES IT TAKE TO REMOVE GORDY NORTHRUP'S AWNING?



Pat Herdt

YAKIMA RIVER CANYON OUTING

OCT. 4TH - 6TH

Camp at Big Pines Campground, located about three miles below Red's. Both wade and float fishing available. If you need to hitch a wet ride, there will be several drift boats/rafts available. Pot-luck dinner on Saturday night.

WVFF GENERAL MEETING MINUTES

June 20, 2013

General Meeting: President Tom Rowe called the meeting to order at 7:22 p.m. with the very sad announcement of Don Bolstad passing last Wednesday. Brilliant scientist and in retirement he gave a lot to our sport at both the state and regional level. He will be missed not only as a member but as a relentless force for fishing conservation. He made huge contributions and was a major force for conservation in our sport.

He also pondered about the annual outing at Pat and Pete Herdts' residence on the Methow. Pat may cancel or need some help setting up for this event. Members volunteered to assist and Tom Whiteside said he'd investigate if the event was going to take place and get back to the membership with any news.

Of Note: Big Twin report was that a few (damned few) fish were caught but everyone agreed that Fred and Jack did a fantastic job feeding the members in attendance and that there would be enough chicken for the next twelve outings. A terrific time was had by all.

The funding for the aerator project did not go through. The Methow Valley Fly Club will return the money we sent to them in support of the project.

The Porta Potty for Grimes Lake will be delivered this weekend.

The ALEA grant was briefly discussed. (See June newsletter for details)

Rene reported on Upper Wheeler. The lower lake on Saturday was empty and there were two at the upper, Fishing was on the slow side. They are running about 13".

General Reports:

- **Treasurer:** Al Smith was present but did not give a report.
- **Membership:** Eric Rainbolt was absent and no report was given.
- **Vice-President:** Rob Winters Discussed the possibility of the club supporting the purchase and installation of signs on the upper Entiat to educate fishing enthusiasts about the differences between the Brook trout and the native West Slope Cutthroat trout in the river and how we should keep our limit of brookies to assist the cuts in gaining the upper fin in that river system. Permanent colored signs and regulatory signs. Would you agree that we should put our club logo on the signs and assist the sign purchase for a small amount? WE are still working on this. Rob asked the club for an informational approval. Helping the Dept. of Fish and Wildlife and the USFS. Possibly placing the signs at the USFS kiosks. A good educational thing. Everyone in attendance favored his proposal.
- **Publications:** Bruce Merighi announced that he is moving the publishing date back a week in order to deliver the newsletter in a more timely manner before meetings and that the board minutes will be printed the following month.
- **Ghillie:** Danny Horan was absent and no report was given but Gary Anderson reminded the membership how to check in and out the material in the library.
- **Outings:** Tom Whiteside was absent and no report was given but an informal gathering in July for carp and smallies at Banks Lake was discussed.
- **Program:** Gary Anderson introduced the program presenter Blake Merwin who owns Gig Harbor Fly Shop. The presentation focuses on fly fishing for sea run cutthroat and salmon in the South Sound and Hood Canal. Gear, flies, techniques, and many locations were presented.
- **President** Tom Rowe adjourned the meeting at 9:03 p.m. Bruce Merighi Temp Sec.

**THE WVFF SEPTEMBER BOARD MEETING MINUTES
WILL APPEAR IN THE OCTOBER FLYPAPER.**



**P.O. Box 3687
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98807-3687**

**A FEDERATION OF FLY FISHERS
AFFILIATED CLUB**



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**YOUR ENCOURAGED TO SUBMIT INFORMATION, SALE ITEMS, PICTURES, ARTICLES OR FISHING STORIES.
*SNAIL OR E-MAIL YOUR SUBMISSIONS TO THE EDITOR BY THE LAST MONDAY OF THE MONTH.***

Electronic version of the Fly Paper is available upon request.