

The Flypaper

Sept/Oct 2017

Summer Fishing Explosion

The rivers have dropped, the heat has risen, and the fun on the water is at a peak! That is summers in the Pacific Northwest and the busiest time for our club and the many outings.

This summer issue will feature lots of places and fun where our club threw fly lines and caught lots of fish.



St. Regis River, Montana

In this Issue...

- 2 Clark Fork Outing
- 3 Grand Ronde Outing
- 5 Sasha Goes to Flyfishing Camp
- 6 Fishots (your photos)
- 7 Middle Fork Mentoring Outing
- 11 July Membership Meeting



Clark Fork Outing (July 7-9)

Two words best describe our fishing experience at the Clark Fork, **plentiful variety**. We all scattered to different rivers, some wading and others drifting. For the most part, fish were plentiful and we all caught them! Some more than others, but we all caught fish.

Tents speckled the lawn at the Johnson's cabin. Heat around 99 degrees greeted us Friday when most of us arrived. A wonderful meal, some good drinks, and lots of conversations were our pleasure on Friday.

People participating in this outing were: David Arms, Ron Bailey, Brian Boone, Ed Caldwell, Nany Graham, Ralph Higgins, Jim Hopper, Carl and Maura Johnson, Charlene Kaiser, Susan Lahti, Peter and Kelly Maunsell, Marianne Mitchell, Ron Romeis, Ron Takemura, Steve Willams, and Ray Willms.

Continued on page 9



Tent Village on the lawn at Johnsons



Clark Fork River near Dry Creek

Upcoming Trips

Salt Water Day Trip - September 9, 2017

Camano Island

Metolius River – September 15-17, 2017

Central Oregon

Klickitat River (Salmon and Steelhead)

Sept 29-Oct 1

Cascades near The Dalles

Pass Lake - October 7, 2017

Deception Pass

Whidbey Island, WA

Front Cover Masthead—Ron Takemura

Grand Ronde Outing (July 16-22)

A happy fly fisher sometimes just needs to roll with what nature offers you. Our planned trip to Turner Lakes in BC was halted by major forest fires just days before departure. The fires cut off the route north as well as causing Tweedsmuir Provincial Park to be shut down. Of course this was a huge disappointment. But six of us were undeterred and decided we would still find a place to fish. Some quick thinking and planning on the part of Mark Conner and Peter Maunsell redirected us to Oregon to float the Grande Ronde. So on Sunday the six of us took off with two rafts and two pontoon boats heading for NE Oregon.

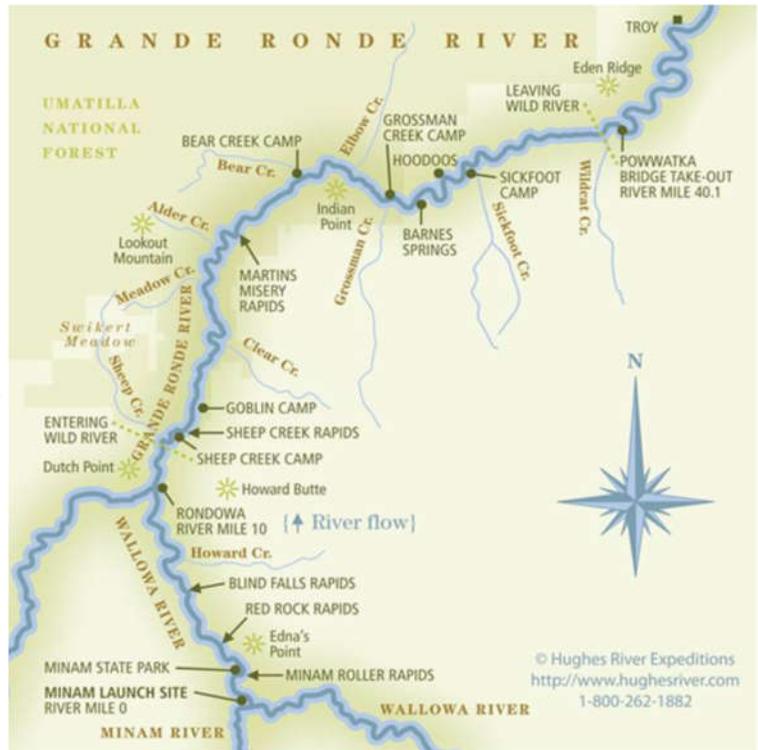
The Grande Ronde River is a tributary of the Snake River, 182 miles long, in northeastern Oregon and southeastern Washington. In 1988, the United States Congress designated about 44 miles (71 km) of the river, from its confluence with the Wallowa River to the Oregon–Washington border, as the Grande Ronde Wild and Scenic River, as part of the National Wild and Scenic Rivers System.

WALLOWA-GRANDE ROE

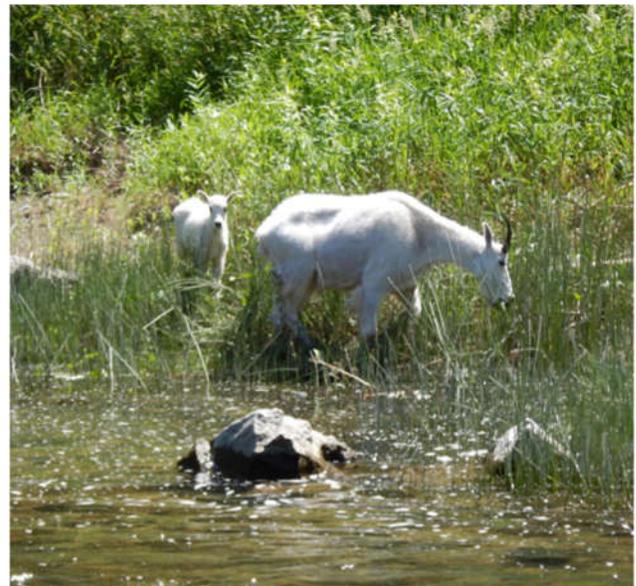
Wallowa-Grande Ronde River Trip

On Monday we put in at the Minam access for our five-day float to Powwatka Bridge, 39 river miles – 10 on Wallowa river 29 on Grande Ronde river. It's hard to sum up such a trip. The fishing was fair to good. A steady supply of 8-12" fish kept us busy. Sasha Conner out-fished us all in terms of numbers of fish caught. Peter Maunsell caught the largest trout >16". But beyond the fishing the beauty and tranquility of the river dominated the trip. The scenery is spectacular. The Wallowa and Grande Ronde Rivers offer superb rafting and camping.

Rugged canyon walls of basalt rise to 4,000 feet above river level. Dense conifer forest alternates with lush grasslands, and campsites are beautiful. Wildlife including deer, elk, bears, eagles, and mink can be spotted along the river. At one bend in the river we were treated to a close up view of a Rocky Mountain sheep and her kid which had come down from the desert above to eat lush grass along the riverbank.



Willama-Grande Ronde River Trip



Grande Ronde continued from pg 3

Every night we found great campsites. Everyone got involved in cooking our meals and the cleanup. After dinner and stories we'd head off to sleep. The weather was excellent for the entire trip. Warm days gave way to cool nights. Because of the dry desert conditions, no one needed the fly on their tent. It was a wonderful week of sleeping under the stars, with no cars, phones, nor internet.

When we got to Powwatka Bridge and the pullout, it felt like the trip was too short. It's a mixed blessing to get back to a hectic world. It's nice to have all the conveniences of the city. So as they say: "There's always next year."



The Willama – Grande Ronde Team
(left to right)

Mark Conner

Sasha Conner

Peter Rubinstein

Eric Olson

Peter Maunsell

Wytold Lebing



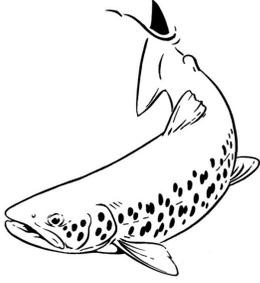
- Written by Wytold Lebing * Photos by Various Photographers

Sasha goes to flyfishing camp

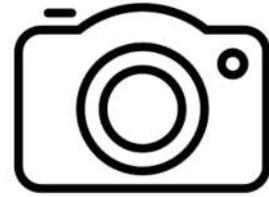
NFA is pleased that one of our own, Sasha Connor, got the privilege of attending the Northwest Youth Conservation and Fly Fishing Academy (www.tiny.cc/NWFFA) in June. The week-long intensive academy is for youth ages 12-16 and is held in Lacey, WA.

Each year, our club is on the lookout for young people in our club or related to members of our club who we might sponsor for this incredible outing. Learn more about Sasha's experience here: www.tiny.cc/2017NWFFA





FISHOTS



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



Jay Winters, smallmouth bass, July on John Day River in Oregon



Brian Boone, cutthroat trout, July on Clark Fork River
in Montana

Middle Fork Mentoring Outing (Aug. 19)

I am not one who believes in miracles. However, when Art Alton, Dave Campbell, Kathy Watson, and I arrived (in my van) at Tanner Landing Park at 8:45 on Saturday August 19th and Marty “No-Show” Behnke was already there, I briefly contemplated changing my views on Divine intervention.

By 9:00 Tom Beaulaurier and David Jones had brought our group total to seven. I distributed a map I had made of my favorites fishing spots on the Middle Fork downstream of the concrete bridge. To get your copy click [here](#).

David Jones, who has recently gotten into fly fishing, packed his equipment into Tom Beaulaurier’s car and they both headed out for some on-the-stream instruction. Marty, who had forgotten her wading boots, loaded her stuff into my van and the five of us went off to look at the areas on my map with the idea of finding a place we could all spread out and do some mentoring/fishing.

After exploring the first spot, about a mile upstream of Tanner Landing, and the second “secret” spot, another two miles upstream, we found ourselves driving up the newly paved Middle Fork Road. Wow! What an improvement over the pot-holed, dusty, gravel-road-from-hell we all hated. The new beauty is paved all the way to the Taylor River, with the exceptions of a fifty-yard section where a cliff is being blasted to widen the road.

As you might expect, given that two million people live within a 40-mile drive of this brand new paved highway into the wilderness, there were quite a few cars on the road and even some bicycles (one towing a wheeled baby carrier—with baby).



Dana Bottcher, Marty Behnke, David Jones, Kathy Watson, Dave Campbell, Tom Beaulaurier, and Art Alton

Middle Fork continued from pg 7

I was headed for our secret NFA stretch of water just upstream of the mouth of the Pratt River, a tributary of the Middle Fork. Several years ago, the NFA had agreed to take on the responsibility of maintaining this stretch of river. On several occasions club members have removed trash and attempted to eradicate blackberries in the area. A couple of years ago Art and I spent a few hours there during the August Mentoring Outing. It is a perfect stretch for four or five people to spread out and engage in the give and take of mentoring.

As we drove up the road, we noticed brand new signage, new trails, and trailheads with mini paved parking spots along the road. Things were certainly different. Everything was all spiffed up. I was beginning to wonder if I could find the exact spot where two Jersey barriers marked the beginning of an obscure trail that wound through the dense woods down to the clearing and sandy beach fronting the beautiful stretch of water.

No problem. The Jersey barriers were still there.

Problem: There was a big sign. It said "Pratt Bar". The "sandy beach fronting the beautiful stretch of water" now has an official name. The miniscule, wide spot in the road that held maybe two cars (if the first car had been kind enough to leave room), has now been replaced with a paved, seven-car parking area. I know it will fit seven cars because there were seven cars already there and no room for a van (even if I had wanted to park there). And if that wasn't bad enough, two guys with inner tubes were walking up the road looking for a spot to enter the river and float back down to Pratt Bar.

Plan B: I knew of a spot a mile up river that might work, but would be a tight squeeze for us. With fingers crossed, we drove on. Rounding the corner to where we could park and walk to the river, I saw two cars parked in a paved pull out. One car looked familiar and then I understood why. Tom Beaulaurier was completing his first mentoring talk with David Jones when we stopped to say hello (with clinched jaws). We all forced smiles as they walked into the woods.

Plan C: It was time to go back to Tanner Landing and drop Marty off so she could get her car and follow us into North Bend where I knew a spot on the Middle Fork along the dike where we could all spread out and wet a line. As we drove west into downtown, the eastbound lane was bumper-to-bumper with vehicles that had left I-90 due to an accident. Since it was almost noon and there had been constant talk about the world-famous North Bend Bakery, we stopped for lunch.

After lunch we (Marty closely following my van) headed north out of downtown and noticed that there was also a line of cars crawling into town from the town of Snoqualmie. Drivers were now leaving I-90 west of North Bend. My intent was to turn right onto Sixth Street and scoot past EJ Roberts Park to the dike at the end of the street. I passed Third and anticipated Sixth in three blocks. At Fourth the street I was on suddenly doglegged to the west and we were on our way to the town of Snoqualmie. To reverse course meant doing a u-turn in a mile or so and getting at the rear of an endless stream of barely moving traffic. \$%#@*&!!

Plan D: "Have you guys ever seen the put-in on the main stem of the Snoqualmie below the falls? And after that who wants to stop for a cold one in Fall City?"

Synopsis of the day: David Jones, the only person in the group who really needed mentoring, got some thanks to the generosity of Tom Beaulaurier. The rest of us visited several formerly secret fishing spots, travelled for the first time on the magnificent Middle Fork Road, saw the parking lot for the trail to Pratt Bar (formerly known as "the secret fishing spot of the NFA"), watched Tom and David walk into the woods to go fishing, had lunch at a world-famous bakery, listened to me curse, visited the boat launch below Snoqualmie Falls, passed up a chance to have a drink in Fall City, and didn't have to dry out any fishing equipment.

Clark Fork Outing continued from pg 2

Fishing began Friday with some who had arrived early. On Friday, Carl rowed for his grandson on the Clark Fork from Dry Creek to Sloway. They caught a few fish, but mainly scurried off the water by 1pm because of the heat. Susan fished Fish Creek and caught a nice cutt and several smaller fish.

Saturday the fishing began. Several drifted the Clark Fork while others went to Fish Creek and St. Regis River. Carl, Ed,



and Peter drifted together and got into some nice cutts.

People went in different directions. Jim and I used our pontoon boats to fish Dry Creek to Sloway. We both caught several whitefish and a few cutts. Jim had two fish that absolutely hammered his fly. One fish bent a hook straight and the other stripped him all the way to backing. Would love to have that back!

Other people fished on the St. Regis off Little

Joe Road. They had a great time catching some fish on dries and others on droppers. Steven caught a 16" cutt. And Ron Romeis dialed in quite a number of fish nymphing. Susan went to the St Regis, up to mile marker 22 and also caught fish -albeit some small ones.

Continued on page 10



Pat's Rubber Legs

Jim Hopper with a nice Clark Fork rainbow



Clark Fork Outing continued from pg 9

On Sunday, everyone packed up the camp except for a few stragglers who would stay another day. Several hit the rivers for another half-day. Ed, Marianne, and Carl were in a drift boat. Brian and Jim took the pontoons on the Clark Fork. It was slower fishing. Most caught whitefish, but trout were more scarce. Jim managed to catch three cutts, one in the 16" range.

Ron Takamura went to the St. Regis following Susan's great day. He caught seven nice trout, one all the way up to 16". He caught them on a pheasant tail presented as dry-dropper.

Two other words also capture our trip; **gracious hosts!** Carl and Maura were exemplary hosts to all of us. They graciously opened their home to us, cooked for us, and rowed for us. Wonderful people who offer their little spot in paradise to friends like us.

- Written by Brian Boone. Pictures from various



Upper:

Brian Boone with a 17"
St. Regis cutt.

Lower:

Gorgeous section of St.
Regis. A picturesque
freestone river.



July Membership Meeting

Each year the club holds an annual barbeque. We got a gorgeous evening at the Good Shepherd Center in Seattle.

Everyone ate well and shared lots of fishing stories with each other.

Seth Felker and Carl Johnson talking fishing!



Ready for some grub on the Metthow Outing
Michael Olson, Tom Beaulaurier, and Ron Takemura



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.

Quote of the Month

"The charm of fishing is that it is the pursuit of what is elusive but attainable, a perpetual series of occasions for hope."

~John Buchan

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