(top)
Artist Tom Brayshaw's pipe points for Mike Kennedy and Alan Pratt a feature of his gift drawing, *Steelhead To A Fly*, now hanging in our club-room.

(far left)
Col. James Hayden, U. S. A. (ret.), Berkeley, Calif., and Frank Moore, Steamboat Inn host on the North Umpqua admire Jim's September steelhead, taken nearby on a dry fly.

(left)
The twinkle and contemplative glow of our first Honorary Member, Herbert C. Hoover, matches the tone of his book, *Fishing for Fun*, a copy of which he has inscribed and presented to the club.

(far left)
Another gift from Tom Brayshaw makes the point that a 9/o Jock Scott and a No. 18 Blue Dun are two flies demanding vastly different tackle and casting skills.

(left)
Fred Locke and Bob Wethern reflect the variety of a Wednesday luncheon where stories are tall, service is slow, and a poker-faced waiter named Steve will eventually take your order.

(bottom)
The late Joe Wharton accepts, on the Liar's Bench in his Grants Pass tackle shop, a customer's estimate of a lost fish while preparing (we must assume) to sell him a new line. A future *Creel* will bring us Joe's legendary story.

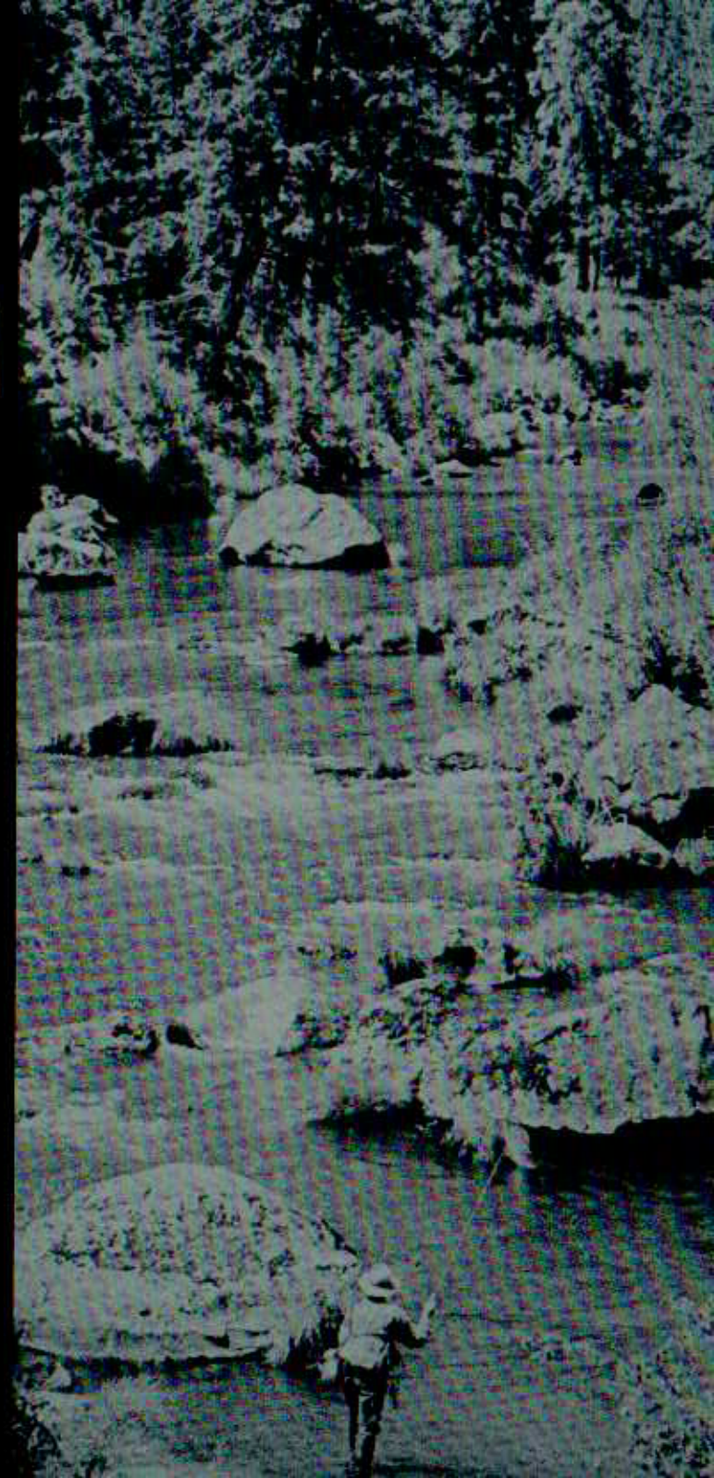
THE CREEL

VOLUME 2 • NUMBER 2

NOVEMBER, 1963

THE TROUT *lies in the deep,*
but feeds in the streame,
under a bush,
bray, foame . . .
You must fish in, or
hard by, the stream, and
have a quick hand
and a ready eye and a
nimble rod, strike with
him or you loose him.
If the winde be rough
and trouble the crust of
the water, hee will take it
in the plaine deeps, and
then, and there
commonly the greatest
will arise.
When you have hookt
him, give him leave,
keeping your line stright,
and hold him from rootes
and he will tyre himselfe.
This is the chief
pleasure of angling . . .

WM. LAWSON



SONG *of the* "Hermit" Trout

W. P. HAWES

Down in the deep
Dark holes I keep.
And there, in the noontide, I float and sleep;
By the hemlock log,
And the springing bog,
And the arching alders I lie incog.

But when the streams,
With moonlight beams,
Sparkle, all silver, and starlight gleams,
Then, then look out
For the hermit trout;
For he springs and dimples the shallows about,
While the tired angler dreams.

THE CREEL

THE BULLETIN OF THE FLYFISHER'S CLUB OF OREGON

Volume 2, No. 2, November 1963

CONTENTS

ROGUE RIVER DAYS

BY I. R. TOWER

How it was with the Old Regulars at Lowrey's, Larry's Place, Lawson Pool, and on the Riffles.

I. R. Tower admires a Rogue River steelhead held by the celebrated guide, Larry Lucas.

Seventy years ago trout fishing meant fly fishing to the youngsters who lived in the Coos Bay country. My father and my uncle were both fly fishermen so it was not strange that I had a fly rod at a very early age. It was a three-piece Montague split-bamboo in a wooden case with an extra tip and it cost a dollar. Snelled flies were thirty-five cents a dozen: Coachman, Royal Coachman, Yellow May, Brown Hackle Redbody, Professor, Black Gnat and others which we fished on every little creek we could walk to. We weren't purists; we just liked to fish with a fly.

Many of the present generation seem to think you could catch trout anywhere in those days. Then as now, however, you had to find out from experience where to fish and then work at it. We had some wonderful fishing and some very poor fishing even when we hiked many miles along mountain trails to reach some virgin water. Even after we learned the Rogue, one hundred miles to the south, and knew where and how to fish it, we sometimes got skunked. We always had a wonderful time, of course, fish or no fish. And getting skunked has its decided merit as this is what makes you appreciate good fishing when you find it. One nice thing about looking back over your fishing experiences is that you remember the good days and forget all about the bad ones. Larry Lucas, born on the Rogue at Shasta Costa above Agness, recalls years when there were practically no steelhead and I recall a year or two at Lowrey's when this was true.

My wife and I first went down to Lowrey's Resort on the lower Rogue in 1925 and I fished with Frankie Lowrey. I thought I had a pretty good outfit—a Divine rod, a Y & E automatic reel, and twenty-five yards of Halford line. No backing. Mr. L. M. Supplee, a very fine fisherman, a gentleman, and a Harvard graduate who ran the bank at Myrtle Point, spotted my outfit at the lodge. He had installed the first guest register there and had done a lot to promote Lowrey's into the fine fishing resort

I. R. "Russ" Tower, Frankie Lowrey, and Bob "Big Fish" Savage collaborate on choosing a fly which

it became later. I detected a look of disdain as he saw my tackle and I knew something was wrong, but nothing was said. Today I too would be surprised at anyone going fishing for steelhead with twenty-five yards of line and no backing. Well, we found fish at a little current below a projecting rock and for a few years thereafter they called it Tower Riffle. What do they say? "Ignorance is bliss". I caught thirteen three-pounders that morning and *never lost a fish*. Mr. Supplee was again speechless—at least for a moment—when he saw our catch.

On my next trip to the Rogue I used a Hardy Perfect reel and one hundred yards of backing. Room and board were two-fifty a day, and we paid ten dollars for a guide and his inboard motor boat. For the first few years we went two fishermen to the boat and we would fish for three days. Usually we averaged about eleven fish per day but they were well above the average fish of today. I recall one trip we finished by netting two four-pounders on at the same time.

In those days Lowrey's, about fifteen miles up the river, was just beginning to attract fly fishermen from all over the country. A farmhouse-type hotel, they served wonderful food, raised their own vegetables and fruit, and Mrs. Lowrey operated it in a very efficient manner. Everyone loved it. The guides were very fish-wise, knew every rock in the river, and it was a privilege to fish with them for they really worked at it. Frankie Lowrey, Ran Meservey, Fred Lowrey, Johnny Woodruff, Fid Owen, George Thornton and, later, Fred Lowrey Jr., were all popular guides. "Dad" Lowrey would guide in emergencies.

In the dining room large charts on tracing paper hung on the walls. These charts were designed and provided by Ray Green of Kansas City, and they were mounted on plywood panels furnished by Frank Heath. Any six-pound steelhead, or larger fish, caught on a fly was known as a *Chart Fish* and thereby eligible for a fine moment of thrill and satisfaction when the date, time of day, name and size of fly, weight, riffle and guide were all entered after the fisherman's name on the chart. Each colorful fly was attached at the end of each chart line to show what the fish had taken. One day Wesley Hall of San Diego tied up a very gaudy fly and named it Whore's Hat. He said he was going to catch a fish on it, a *Chart Fish,* and he did. The name on the chart always caused a chuckle. The charts are presently in the safe keeping of the Oregon Historical Society until display space is available in the Flyfisher's Clubrooms.

There is one fish I will never forget. While fishing at Lowrey's, Ran Meservey took us several miles downstream one day to fish at Lobster Riffle. He put me ashore just below a small bay at the lower end of the Riffle. Ran and my late fishing partner, Ben Chandler, walked up the bar about two hundred yards to fish the water there. I had only about forty feet of shore line to fish from because of the bluffs, and not more water than that to fish for out in the main current some thirty or forty feet was a huge rock ten or twelve feet in diameter extending several feet out of the water. I was fishing a number 12 double-hook Rogue River Special and one of my casts drifted down to about ten feet directly above the big boulder when bang!—a seven and one-half pound steelhead struck. About ninety per cent of the time such a fish in that kind of water would make a big run downstream and I would have no chance at all in that event as my line would be around the boulder, probably ruined against the stone, and my fly would be gone. What a hell of a situation! I knew the only chance I had was to keep him from going downstream—if I could!—so the minute I hooked him I put on all the pressure I dared. With never an inch of slack, and never a let-up, I kept this steady pressure on him no matter how he performed. Gradually, very gradually, I worked him upstream and around the point into the little bay and then onto a small stretch of sand on the shore. "Lucky" Tower they sometimes called me, and I sure lucked out that day.

While I had the fish on I saw Ben Chandler playing a fish upstream. Later he and Ran came down with a six and one-quarter pound steelhead. Happily, I lost my fly and Ben lost his for it was the duty of the guide to weigh the fish carefully and then take the flies for a place on the chart. In those days the charts used to have as many as thirty-five entries in one year, and, while the quantity of fish has held up remarkably well through the years, the size certainly has not. During the last year of operation only one *Chart Fish* was recorded at Lowrey's.

In 1942 I decided to drive to Agness and look it over. A road had been completed over the mountains a few years earlier. Dr. Dean Crowell accompanied me. We arrived for lunch at the old hotel built in 1915, and we were greeted there by the celebrated Larry Lucas—God made him and then broke the mold. This was on August 6, too early to expect much on the Rogue that far up the river, so I was dozing on a couch out on the porch when Larry Lucas came along.

"Are there any creeks where we might catch some trout?" I asked.

"Sure. But how would you like to catch some steelhead?"

"Where? Where?" I shouted, and Larry claims I jumped about four feet off the couch in my eagerness to get an answer. My excitement was well-founded for this was to be my introduction to Lawson Pool on the Illinois River five miles above the confluence of the Illinois and the Rogue where the cooler waters of the Illinois enticed migrant steelhead to tarry and turn into the tributary. This pool was the most romantic, the most

The big fish came . . . but not before the shadows, Tower recalls.

idyllic experience any fisherman could possibly imagine.

Picture a long crystal-clear pool with a creek flowing in on one side and a short riffle at the far end where the main river entered. At its lower end the pool shallowed toward a low, heavy, narrow wooden bridge well rocked in across the river to serve the people living below along the other side. Here we took a small boat from the trailer, after a five mile journey up over a narrow mountain road, and went fishing.

Almost immediately, with a wind blowing as usual to make a perfect riffle on the water, we hooked a fish. Larry pulled the boat away from the water and netted the steelhead. He then put a cigarette in his mouth and rowed back but before he had a chance to light up we had another fish. There is still a question in our minds whether he ever did find time to strike a match for Lawson Pool certainly was magic fishing. The creek, the head of the pool, and the water near the bluffs below the creek gave ample fishing water. We caught fish on dry flies as well as wet, and you could see the fish strike.

Until the bridge, which served as a dam, washed out several years

later about six of us had this pool all to ourselves. We swore everybody to secrecy and when we brought in fish we hid them for we realized it would not take much to ruin this virgin water. After that day Larry guided me for many years. Often we would fish the Rogue in the morning and the Illinois in the afternoon. Marion Frye also guided us and occasionally Gene Frye was called upon for extra guests. When Larry was too busy with the hotel and farm, his son Willard took over.

One day fishing with Bob Savage on the Rogue the first fish I caught was a twelve-pound silver salmon. I recalled my last fish was a twelve-pound steelhead taken a week earlier with Bob on the North Umqua. Gosh! Two twelve-pounders in a row. I looked at the scales and began fussing and cussing until Bob rose to the bait and asked, "What's the matter?" I answered, "Dammit, I'm in a twelve-pound rut!"

Bob Savage and Willard and I had many years of a wonderful association. We loved to be together. Sometimes, after fishing, when we were relaxing with our roomful of fishermen—each with a glass in hand—"Big Fish" Savage would urge me to recite our favorite verse of Kipling. There was great poetry in the river, of course, but this brief poem cannot help but stir poignant memories in any fisherman:

Do you know that blackened timber—do you know that racing stream
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

Guide Marion Frye with the bounty of a morning's angling out of Larry's Landing.

A spent steelhead comes to the beach at lower Rogue River's Lawson Pool.

John Hayden—one of the old regulars for thirty years—was another grand fishing partner. He was loved and held in the highest esteem by everyone who knew him. When he first joined me at Agness we were fishing with Larry one day when we came to a long beautiful pool. Before we started fishing I gave him a little build-up by saying, "John, this is Allen Pool. Just look around you at the mountains, the gravel bar, the bluffs, the trees and the perfect current. There is something special and beautifully romantic about catching a five-pound steelhead over by those rocks. Should you ever be lucky enough to hook one you will have an experience you will never forget. When Larry has the boat in place, put a long cast just above that upper rock and let it drift through. You ought to catch a fish there."

John was very intent when he made his first cast. On about his third cast, sure enough, he hooked a fish. It was a big strike and there was a lot of action and a lot of backing went out before he got him stopped. John handled him with great care and it took a long time to land him but he finally was safely in the net. Can you believe it? That steelhead weighed five pounds! John, of course, had caught many larger fish but this one was always the best of them all.

One August Bob Hirt and I were having little luck with steelhead so I suggested we try a few casts for salmon at the mouth of the Illinois. I had on a number 8 double-hook Alley Cat (Bob's special creation on the order of a split-wing Caddis). There was a terrific gale blowing so Bob stood in the water near shore and held his boat while I cast from the bow into the shallow water, letting the fly sink deep into the currents and twitching it to attract the fish. I hooked one and he looked to be twenty-five pounds when later he jumped completely out of the water. After playing him for about fifteen minutes, we decided the only place we could beach him was across the river. When we got the boat on the opposite side of the river from which he had been hooked, the fly left him . . . . and my largest fish on a fly got away . . . . Ho Hum!

Over the years I have caught ten or twelve Chinook salmon on a fly but I did not catch any until I started fishing at Agness. There are several spots there where you occasionally get a strike, most of them coming for me on the first two riffles below the boat landing while fishing for steelhead. You can usually tell when a salmon strikes for he will probably take off upstream like a slow freight train. Then he will roll or jump and try to throw the fly. If this fails he will finally get into the main current and hang there. You then look for a place to beach him and go ashore. There you put on all the steady pressure your outfit will stand. Finally you get him out of the fast current and then he goes back in, but little by little you win the battle and the guide helps with the net to get him safely ashore.

When the summer steelhead season was gone and the winter steelhead run was on there would be times when the river became low and clear. Then the phone call we always hoped for would come through. It would be Larry reporting that the river looked O. K. for fly fishing and my reply would be, "I will call Bob and unless you hear from me we will be there for lunch tomorrow."

Winter steelhead fight spectacularly on a fly for they are as strong as wild horses. Often we would hook a fish on one riffle and land him on another over a half-mile downstream. One day on the Hotel Riffle Bob hooked a fish on his first cast before my fly even hit the water. The steelhead made a big run downstream, then steadily but slowly out went more and more backing. We were watching far downstream and Larry was just reaching for the anchor rope to follow him when the huge fish jumped. We had a good look at him as he was just across the current and above the boat about seventy feet away. The fish stopped there, permitting Bob to reel in the big belly of his line, and after some exciting action he landed his thirteen and one-half pound fish.

Among my old friends, Frank Heath was the first to fish the Rogue. He started in 1922 and has fished it every year since. Later, Charles Fox started and seldom misses a yearly trip. For the past twenty-one years Don Valley of Detroit, Michigan, has spent ten days fishing with Heath with Frankie Lowrey as guide. When Lowrey's closed, they moved to Agness. Other old regulars who continue to fish the Rogue are George Braley, Clay Brown, Roy Jarman, Bob Savage, Wesley Hall, Dr. Crowell, the Howard Hinsdale family, and the Dr. H. H. Thomas family. In recent years many fine fishermen from Eugene have had annual

dates to fish the Rogue and there are, of course, many oldtimers who fish from Snyder's and Lucky Lodge. I have not attempted to cover these for I have always fished from Lowrey's or Larry Lucas's and my comments have been confined to these two resorts.

In looking back I can remember when we caught big winter steelhead on flies when it was snowing, and when it was so cold you had to keep dipping your rod in the water to get the ice out of the guides so the line could flow. We also caught fish on beautiful sunny days.

All days on the Rogue are wonderful days, of course, but thinking about that twenty-five pound salmon I lost . . . . he was superb . . . . bright as a silver dollar . . . and I wish . . . oh, what's the use of worrying about a little fish like that. If I never catch another fish on that river it doesn't owe me a thing.

All the Old Regulars feel the same way about the Rogue.

About 1948, Dinner at Lowrey's by the Chart for Spring Chinooks: Back row, clockwise, I. R. Tower, Ben Chandler, Dean Crowell, John Hayden, Georgia Hayden, Donna Valley, Max Tucker, Frank Heath, Clay Brown and son.

STEELHEAD by MIKE KENNEDY

When the first sweet, cool smell of fall pervades the air, a steelheader just naturally turns his thought to the Rogue River. The excitement of the Rogue has been enjoyed by anglers the world over. Its plaintive message is so potent that judges leave their benches, doctors forget their patients, lawyers abandon law books, others just forget anything and everything but the Rogue.

For the past hundred years or so, the Rogue has given freely of its bounty to those who practice the gentle art of fly fishing. Today the Rogue gives just as freely but not so plentifully as in the past. The native steelhead of the Rogue has been harassed by dams, mining, pollution, loss of spawning beds, and fishing pressure so great as to be almost unimaginable. The taking of steelhead on a fly is difficult under these conditions. On occasion steelhead can be as cantankerous as a mule, sometimes even worse.

Taking steelhead on a fly presents many problems, none beyond the reach of an accomplished angler. The art broken down into its component parts consists of casting, reading water, and putting that fly right under the fish's nose. None of these parts seem to take precedence as each is important to the other. There are as many systems as there are anglers. The successful ones, over the years, are those who can adapt their technique to prevalent conditions. The Rogue has been host to many anglers whose technique provoked fish into taking while others complained that the river held no fish.

A study of these successful methods, over the past 30 years or so, gives just one answer. The angler has to be versatile. His casting ability must be developed to the point where he can cope with all conditions including a nasty wind much of the time. The "double haul" is of great help and worth any effort to perfect. Ability to read water should be developed to a fine degree, if not possessed naturally.

Perhaps the most important change in this kind of fishing is the transition from "normal" trout fishing to steelhead fishing. About 90% of the anglers who fish the Rogue use a system almost as old as the river itself, a quartering down stream cast. Each preparatory or false cast is allowed to drop on the water, often several times before the angler lets it drift through the run. After five or six casts he will move down a few steps and repeat his pattern. The angler who sticks with this system relies on just two things to produce fish. Luck, and the ability, if he has it, to stay with it all day long. This technique does produce fish if the river is "loaded" and the fish are co-operative. It does not produce fish if the river has been worked hard or the fish are unwilling to co-operate.

The other 10% are the ones who take the bulk of the fish, over the long pull. Their technique is a combination of wet fly fishing and dry fly casting. Their fly is in the water more and for longer periods of time. To catch fish on a fly the fly must be in the water. No one, yet, has ever hooked a flying fish on the Rogue. Repeated casting and the laydown of each false cast and the subsequent "ripping" off the water, has just one direct effect, to put the fish down and discourage him from taking. Most of the water in the lower Rogue can be covered with just one, and certainly not more than two false casts.

The selection of tackle is so personal that few if any hard and fast rules can be laid down in its selection. One thing that can improve your pleasure and success ratio is your line. A good steelhead line should sink; it should sink fast. There are several very fine sinking lines on the market by American manufacturers. But as yet no line makers have made a perfect line for steelhead fishing, and they are not likely to due to the many and varied problems. The angler himself can "doctor" up a line that will meet with all requirements. Use either a three-diameter sinking line, with a long front taper, about 15 feet. It should have enough belly length and weight to work the rod well. Cut off the regular shooting line and replace this with a floating type shoot line. A similar, and also a fine working line, can be made by cutting a sinking type double taper in two. Add to this fifteen feet of work line two sizes smaller than the belly size, then add a floating type shoot line. The advantage of the sinking line is evident when working on steelhead. And the added advantage of easy clean mends with the floating line is just a bonus.

The productive technique requires much less casting, with proportionately more time for the fly to "work". The fly should never be laid down until the angler is satisfied that his cast "fits" the water. If the cast does drop before you are ready, fish it out, let it run through. Many a good fish has been taken on a poor cast. A pattern should be developed so the angler covers all the water and covers it well. This pattern may or may not always be in any given sequence. An excellent and productive sequence would be something like this: A down stream quartering cast, down stream quartering cast with at least one mend, directly across stream cast, with at least two mends, and a quartering up stream cast with several mends added.

The employment of these various drifts gives not only excellent water coverage but adds another dimension to your fishing: depth. It allows for several fishing depths. Fish, like motorists, travel on highways. Once this highway is located as to area and depth, strikes are more frequent and firmer. Fish take much better at their chosen depth rather than at your choosing. This is the reason it is often heard, on the river, "the fish are hitting short" today. It is depth rather than pattern.

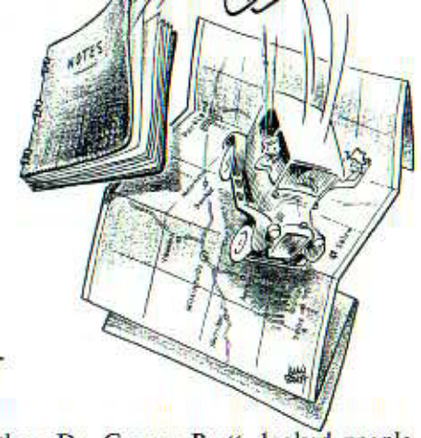
Mending is perhaps the one great asset that a steelhead angler must master to improve his fish taking ability. The secret, if it is a secret, of taking steelhead lies, not in making a 90 foot cast or in wading deeper than the next fellow, but in controlling the "run" of the fly. Place the fly so well in front of the fish that he will take it either because it looks like food or from sheer aggravation. Either reason makes no difference once the fly has been taken. Fly patterns seem to lack the importance that many place upon them. It is true, however, that many old reliable patterns have been in use for years and still produce well. But the real reason that a fly will produce, is the angler, that bloke attached to the butt end of the rod.

Many anglers who enjoy a fair share of "bumps" but do not enjoy their share of hooked fish can improve their hooking average by altering the position of the rod. When fishing for heavy fish with light tackle it is always best to point the tip of the rod directly at the fly. Follow it with the rod tip completely through its run. The rod itself should be held parallel to the water. Set the reel drag so that the fish can hit directly off the reel without breaking the terminal tackle.

Flies, as mentioned previously, are not the complete answer. Often too much importance is placed on pattern rather than the manner in which the fly is fished. Some attention, however, should be directed toward the fly. Among the long standing and favorite patterns used on the Rogue are: Red Ant Bucktail, Coachman and Royal Coachman Bucktails, Rogue River Special, March Brown, Juicy Bug and many other local patterns. One thing in particular to watch for in selecting flies for this river, is that they be dressed sparsely and have rather short buck hair wings. The bucktail in no case should extend back further than the tail of the fly. Your selection should include 6's, 8's and 10's.

Good fishing, and may all your "bumps" be heavy and firm.

Grandad's Notebook



BY ALAN PRATT

Five days a week my grandfather, Dr. George Pratt, looked people in the eye as a Portland optometrist. Sundays he preached in an Eastside Methodist church or in one of the small churches in the Tualatin valley. Fridays he fished—*every* Friday during trout season, come sun or monsoon. As an optometrist he was well known and respected. As a preacher he had few peers. As a fisherman he was, in the eyes of his young grandson, just the world's best and the world at that time was Oregon.

Dr. Pratt cased his rods for the last time at the end of a successful trip to the Big Nestucca in the fall of 1939. He left me a beat-up Leonard stick, a fat fly box loaded with battered and chewed flies, and three small notebooks. The wisdom he imparted to me in those short, shared years I use and polish and expand each season. The notebooks are fishing diaries of a sort and they have given me many hours of vivid recalled pleasures. The cryptic notes record a glimpse of Oregon trouting in the depression years of the early thirties, time of the Model A, days of trout fishing the like of which we are not apt to see again.

Memories of past fishing exploits tend to expand with age. As time passes, trout and their numbers grow. Rainbows struck harder and fought longer. The water was swifter; even the sun seemed brighter . . . . especially when reviewed through the biased eyes of the grandson who shared some of those bright days nearly thirty years ago. Come on back a piece with me. Perhaps we can stir up some old memories of yours in Grandad's notebooks if you fished here in those days.

"A day on Scappoose Creek, April 19, 1931 . . . . wet and windy . . . . very slippery drive from Portland," he wrote. "Alone . . . . creek high and clear . . . . fished up from pasture, Blue Upright, Gray Hackle . . . . Bad day . . . . six fish, one sixteen inches." Bad day? To sixteen inches?

"Willamina Creek, May 1 . . . . breakfast at Willamina . . . . drove through farm to road end . . . . hiked an hour." On this trip I was a tag-along nine-year-old. An old friend of grandfather's also joined us. Grandfather's summary of the trip reads: "Fine day . . . . Barlow 32, Alan 2, I got 28 . . . . some dandies, fourteen inches." The limit at that time, I believe, was forty fish, down from sixty. That year we also made trips to Scroggins Creek, Mill Creek, and the Little Luckiamute. Granddad much preferred the little streams. I remember him saying, "I'm still able to wade knee-deep and bust brush with the best but these old bones and the big slick boulders just don't get along too well." This statement followed a trip to the Big Nestucca in June during which he was dunked twice and his rheumatism had given him a couple of bad days.

In 1932 the old Model A took a real flogging as Granddad went fishing from the Nehalem to Eagle Creek, across to the Alsea, and back to the Santiam. One terse notation: "April 24, Dairy Creek . . . . Alone, a beautiful day . . . . Sixteen dandies, one twenty inches . . . . Gray Hackle." That spring the Doctor fished alone quite a bit with two trips to Deep Creek, a day on the Luckiamute where he took twenty-four "large", and two days on the Willamina with limits both times. He called anything above twelve inches "large", and especially big trout from sixteen to twenty inches were noted by underlining the word.

In July of 1932 the Doctor and Smith Lapham went to an old favorite haunt, Mr. Hood's Salmon River. His notes say of this: "Drove in above Welches, hiked in two miles. Splendid day, water fast and clear . . . . limits, both . . . . White-tailed Coachman and Caddis . . . . large fish."

In August of that year I managed to go along on several trips and you can gauge the progress of my skills at the age of ten . . . . I was a slow learner. "August 12, Luckiamute . . . . Mr. Edgar and I, limits . . . . Alan, 4 . . . . Brown Hackle." Another trip on August 19 . . . . "Salmon River, Alan and I . . . . 3 and 38 . . . . Caddis, hot day." Then, "Salmon River, September 4, Bauman, Alan and I . . . . Cold, bad day, broke rod . . . . Bauman 9, Alan 6, I got twenty-four, one large (underlined)."

It is very easy to become completely immersed in nostalgia among the pages of these little notebooks. Just a few lines on each trip can bring back a vivid view of, say, the rainy afternoon on Dairy Creek in 1933, when we "got a few dandies". Or the day in July, after we had come through the farmer's gate at road's end on the Willamina, and sat on the A's running board drinking coffee as daylight came in through the big maples and the mist over the creek. That day he introduced me to the practice of releasing fish. We kept ten apiece, a good trout feed, and released perhaps thirty between us before the day was out.

Grandfather and I fished together quite a bit that year, and the next, and I'm not sure who enjoyed it most. As I grew in skill we broadened our travels to include the Nestucca, Alsea, Kilchis, and the valley rivers,

Tualatin and North Yamhill. We ventured also across the Columbia, fishing the Washougal, Lewis, the Big and Little White Salmon.

Granddad gave me a decade of fishing experience on dozens of streams. He taught me to read water, to tie reasonable facsimiles of trout stream insects, to catch trout under varied weather and water conditions, and to put some back to grow fatter. He passed along his skills and philosophies to an eager teen-ager who has profited from them and who hopes to keep them going. I am aiming them at my own son and perhaps one day to a third generation fly casting grandson, too.

THE OTTER *by Fred Locke*

The trout angler who observes an otter in a favorite stretch of fly water almost immediately reaches the conclusion that in a matter of days the trout population in that particular area will be depleted. The otter, as with most predators, is often unfairly accused of dastardly deeds. There is no question that the otter will take trout but most anglers are not aware that other food is eaten by this sleek aquatic mammal. Studies in Michigan show that frogs, salamanders, crayfish, snails, and insects, as well as fish, are eaten. The sculpin, known in Oregon as the cottid or mudcat (Muddler Minnow fly) was found to be one of the most common food items eaten by otter in Michigan. The sculpin lives among the rocks in most trout streams and would probably be more easily caught than trout.

In the Michigan study, stomachs of ninty-five otter were examined and the contents classified. Of the four hundred and one food items identified in the ninety-five stomachs, only nineteen trout were observed. The incidence of trout in Oregon otter would undoubtedly be much higher as our trout streams do not contain the large number of forage fishes. Trout crowded in hatchery ponds are easy prey to the otter and it is necessary to control them in such situations.

Trappers in Oregon harvest from two to three hundred otter each year. At the present the otter rates as Oregon's most valuable fur pelt. There has been a general increase in the number of otter trapped in recent years but it is not known whether the increase is due to a premium price for pelts or an increase in the otter population of the State. As long as the value of otter pelts remains high and much of the State is open to trapping, the species is not expected to become numerous.

What angler viewing the otter playfully cavorting in a lake or stream would be so heartless as to condemn him for taking a few trout?

MAKE A WADING STAFF

An army ski pole, a roll of plastic electrical tape, five feet of three-sixteenths or quarter-inch elastic shock cord, and a half-inch cane tip can be combined quite easily to form a very rugged and useful wading staff. The ski poles are of glued six-strip construction and may be found in surplus stores at about three dollars a pair. The round elastic cord may also be found there.

The following steps, none of which are difficult, will complete the job and produce a staff as shown in the photographs.

1. Cut off the leather loop flush with the surface of the grip and discard it. Remove and discard the web which is ordinarily fastened to the pole with a cotter pin.

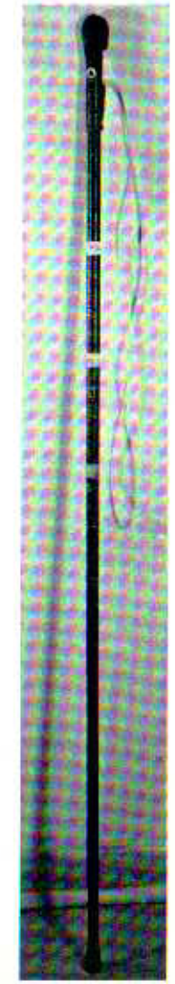
2. Cut the pole to proper length by sawing off part of the bottom with a hacksaw. Try an over-all length of four feet four inches. You can remove more later if you wish.

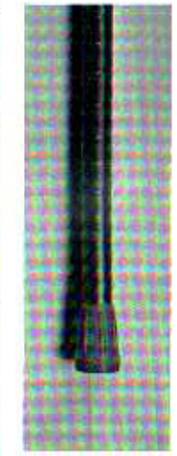
3. If possible, drive the metal ferrule off the bottom end. This is not necessary but it does contribute to the life of the pole. If there is a hole in the center of the bottom end fill it with plastic wood and let dry. Any unpainted portions should be varnished to make them waterproof.

4. Wrap the entire pole, except the grip, with black plastic tape. If you wish, a few rings of tape in a contrasting color may be placed on the shaft at measured intervals. This will serve as a ruler and probably demonstrate that the eighteen-incher you released was only sixteen inches long.

5. Apply the elastic loop, leaving a circumference close to four feet three inches. This measurement does not include the portion that is bound to the grip. The ends of the elastic and the grip are bound together tightly with waxed linen cord or shoemaker's cord. When complete, give this a protective coating of tape as shown.

6. Force the cane tip onto the small end.





It should fit tight enough so that no glue or cement is necessary.

A number of those who have used this staff tell me that they feel lost without it. Most of them put their head and right arm through the loop so the staff hangs at their right side when not in use.

At first it may be necessary to take care to avoid tripping over the staff, but you will get used to it and soon find that you are not aware of wearing one until you need it.

There is a substantial gain as far as safety is concerned when you use the staff in water you ordinarily fish without one. With the staff, however, you will undoubtedly wade portions of the stream you would not think of attempting otherwise.

Some of the advantages will be found out of the stream for it is a great help in negotiating rough country, especially up and down steep stream banks. Furthermore, it is some protection in rattlesnake country. Used as a probe ahead of you in tall grass, it greatly reduces your chances of surprising or stepping on a snake.

The time and effort required in making a staff such as this one will be repaid many times in enjoyment because it will make many of the difficult portions of streams accessible to you.

by LLOYD BYERLY

"I AM TIRED of fighting . . . Hear me, my chiefs! I have fought; but from where the sun now stands Joseph will fight no more, forever. . . ."

MEMORIES OF *Chief Joseph*

BY

ERSKINE WOOD

So spoke Young Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce on October 5, 1877 in concluding his famous speech to General O. O. Howard at Eagle Creek, Montana. The occasion was the surrender of what remained of his proud people to the U. S. Army after a bitter but brilliantly fought campaign that ranged for a thousand miles from the Wallowa's in northeastern Oregon, over the Rockies to Montana and the Canadian border.

Present to record the proceeding and the speech, which has become the most famous in Indian literature, was a twenty-five-year-old West Pointer, Lt. Charles Erskine Scott Wood, the father of the author of these anecdotes and the grandfather of Erskine B. Wood, a charter member of our club. Joseph, perhaps the greatest military strategist of all the American Indians, and certainly one of the most eloquent, gave as his principal surrender condition that he be allowed to return with his band to the historic homeland of his people in the Wallowa Mountains. After the surrender this pledge was quickly broken by the government and he was banished to the malarial bottoms of Indian Territory in what is now Oklahoma. There all of his six children and most of his band died. In 1885, through the intercessions of Lt. Wood and others, Joseph was permitted to return with the remnant of his people to a new reservation in northern Washington. In 1893, in gratitude for this friendship, Joseph invited Lt. Wood's twelve year old son, Erskine, to spend a summer with his family. This provided a rare and exciting opportunity for a young man to sample (and savour for the rest of his life) a little of the manners and mores of a proud race and some of the fine fishing and hunting which they enjoyed in the Northwest those days.

THE EDITORS

It was July, 1892. I was twelve years old. In two months I would be thirteen. I pitched my little white canvass "A" tent beside Chief Joseph's tepee, but I ate with his family in the tepee. I was quite homesick and found the Indian food hard to take. I almost gave up and went home. A letter from my father stiffened my resolution, and very shortly the homesickness passed and I enjoyed life. After two weeks, I abandoned my tent and moved into Joseph's tepee. I became an Indian and the next six months were very happy ones.

Our camp was in the Nespelem Valley, a tributary of the Columbia, not many miles from where now is Grand Coulee Dam. There was an Indian Agency there with a small sawmill, flour mill and warehouse for distribution to the Indians of the clothing and goods and food which the Government furnished. It was in charge of two white men.

Chief Joseph's real name was Hin-Mah-Too-Yah-Lat-Kekht—"Thunder Rolling in the Mountains." He had two wives. The only other member of his family was a boy whose name at that time was "Nicky-Mowitz", but next year became "Cool-Cool-Smool-Mool". I do not think he was any relation of Joseph's, probably adopted. They used to call me most of the time either "Erskine", as nearly as they could pronounce it, or "Su-ya-poo" (the White Boy); and the first year I was there they gave me an Indian name, "Ish-em-tux Ilp-ilp", meaning Red Moon. The second year they gave me another name, "Sut-sus-mox-mox", meaning Yellow Porcupine. But both of these were really just jokes. They thought I ought to have a real Indian name, so they gave me one for fun.

Joseph had no living children. Nicky-Mowitz was a year or two older than I. We were constant companions, fishing, taking care of the horse herd, hunting native pheasants, grouse, ducks and prairie chickens, playing games, and doing whatever Joseph told us to do.

Of course, our fishing was the most primitive—just a willow pole with a short line tied to the end of it from which dangled a baited hook in the deep, quiet water of the Nespelem just beyond the willows. Sometimes we caught fair-sized trout, ten inches or so, but the little ones, say five inches, Joseph would eat like an hors d'oeuvre. He would slit a willow stick down the middle, insert a few of the little trout in the crotch and hold the little fish over the embers of the tepee fire until they were crisp on both sides. Then he would eat them one by one, holding each little fish by the head, sticking the whole body of the fish into his mouth, closing his teeth on it and then just drawing out the bone. In short, he just stripped the bone, insides and all, like sardines, and swallowed the delicious morsel.

I speak of fishing, and since this is written for the Flyfisher's Club, I quote verbatim the very first day's entry in my diary when I revisited Chief Joseph the second year: *"September 19th Tue Nicky Mowitz and I went fishing and I set some traps for musk rats. Nicky Mowitz and I had a quarrel because he made for the best hole and when he couldent catch any there came and fished in my place."*

I am sure no member of the Flyfisher's Club would so far forget the good manners of a stream. But we were just two little boys, and I console myself by reflecting that even grown men are not always innocent. There is a story by de Maupassant, called "The Hole". One old Frenchman had fished a certain hole for three years until he thought he owned it. One day he found it occupied. He couldn't stand the sight of the transgressor pulling fish after fish out of his favorite water and finally killed him. The French court acquitted him. I looked up that story the other day and the description of the hole is so like the water Nicky-Mowitz and I used to fish that I quote it. The old Frenchman is describing it to the court:

"Three years ago this summer I discovered a place, oh! such a spot! There in the shade were eight feet of water at least and perhaps ten, a hole with a retour under the bank, a regular retreat for fish and a paradise for any fisherman. I might look upon that hole as my property, Monsieur le President, as I was its Christopher Columbus. Everybody in the neighborhood knew it, without making any opposition. They used to say: 'That is Renard's place'; and nobody would have gone to it, not even Monsieur Plumsay, who is renowned, be it said without any offense, for appropriating other people's places."

Well, anyway, I did not kill Nicky-Mowitz.

Chief Joseph was a very remarkable man—one of the truly great men I have known. I have always wondered at his magnanimity at receiving me, a member of the white race which had used him so cruelly, into his tepee and treating me like a son. He was a very handsome man, grown a little heavy at the time I knew him when he was probably in his early fifties. He had a fine head. His forehead was topped by a forelock which grew upward and then fell in a graceful curve to the left side. The rest of his hair he wore in two braids which hung down in front of his shoulders. This was the Nez Perce fashion. He had a good nose, mouth, eyes and a strong chin. In short, a noble face. He was, I would say, just under six feet tall. His voice was strong, somewhat deep and melodious. His eloquence is well-known.

I must occasionally have been a trial to some of the Indians. I remember particularly once that Alieu-to-mak-kawkt and I were hunting together and he shot a nice buck fatally, but just before the deer fell, I, for the vainglory of wanting to participate in the kill, shot and hit him in the ham and practically ruined it. Later in camp when the meat was being divided an old squaw was given as her share this mangled piece of meat, and she asked Alieu-to-mak-kawkt how it happened to be so shot up, and Alieu-to-mak-kawkt said it was Su-ya-poo (the White Boy), whereupon the old squaw looked at me with decided distaste and snarled "capsis"—which means "bad".

I reproach myself with the fact that on my last goodbye to Joseph I asked him, pursuant to a letter from my father, what my father or other influential friends might do for him. He said that if they could get the Government to give him a good stallion, he would like that. To me Joseph was so much a near-god that I thought this request was too little. It belittled him. I tried to explain to him and he let the matter drop. What I wanted him to get was a restoration of part of his old territory, or something big. Of course I was quite wrong. A good stallion would have been of immense benefit in improving the quality of his horse herd.

Well, I could tell a lot more about our hunts, and our dances in the winter tepees, but I have said enough.

Lt. Charles Erskine Scott Wood, father of the author.

Eskine Wood confers with Nez Perce chief, descendent of original band, at dedication of Chief Joseph Dam, June 12, 1956.

THE INLAND EMPIRE'S FABULOUS FLY FISHING

BY FENTON ROSKELLY

Roskelly removes a Gray Hackle Peacock from a three and one-half pound rainbow at Potholes Reservoir where it took the fly just beneath the surface. March, 1963.

An Honest Report On Some Waters Nearby In Washington And Idaho

THE BEST SEASONS TO GO THERE!

Several Fly Patterns Which Do Catch The Fish, Including The Authentic Original Dressing For Cap Godfrey's Deadly Brown Ant

A dozen or so fly fishermen from the the Pacific Coast, hoping to experience the soul-satisfying surges of powerful steelhead ripping off yards of line and backing on sizzling runs, camped on the lower Grande Ronde River in southeastern Washington October, 1962. If any of them returned to their homes disappointed the inland fly fishermen who have had the river all to themselves for several years were not advised of it. Several caught and released enough of the cart-wheeling summer-run fish to prompt them to vow to return to the river each fall.

Another small group of fishermen drifted large wet flies down through the heavy currents of Idaho's Clearwater River last fall, knowing it is the home of steelhead weighing from ten to thirty pounds. They were pioneers, in a sense, for the Clearwater is not yet a mecca for fly fishermen. I was one of the lucky anglers, for a nineteen pound, eight-and-one-half-ounce steelhead, moving up to the headwaters of the Clearwater, gently mouthed a yellow bucktail I had been casting above Spalding. The mouthing was the only gentle thing he did. For what seemed like an eternity, he churned the water whenever and wherever he chose, several times taking out more than a hundred yards of backing. Finally, after a long and arm-tiring fight, I beached him.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. Let's go back a few months to June, about the time an issue of *The Creel* comes off the press, and talk about some of the places in eastern Washington and northern Idaho which I consider best for fly fishermen.

First, a word about equipment. There are no resorts on most of the lakes I will mention so, if you plan to fish the lakes, take along a car-top boat or a rubber life raft. Also, be sure to include a sinking fly line as well as a floater.

One of my favorite lakes is Bayley, a thirty-acre lake surrounded by fir trees and white-tailed deer on the Little Pend Oreille Wildlife Refuge sixty-five miles north of Spokane. You will need a car-top boat. Bayley is loaded with Brook trout up to six pounds and restricted to fly fishing only. You should have little trouble hooking several fish from two to five pounds but *you may kill only two a day*. The best month to fish Bayley is May, but you can catch the big ones throughout the summer. I've caught many up to five pounds on a number fourteen Gray Hackle Peacock in July and August when the small flies hatch.

In the Columbia Basin the top fly fishing lake for the month of June should be Jameson, a four-hundred acre lake situated among desolate, sage-covered cliffs a few miles south of Mansfield. This lake is noted for its large rainbows. There is a resort on the lake.

Many of the famous seep lakes south of Moses Lake are wonderful producers but they are not nearly as good as they were a few years ago. A fly fisherman after trophy rainbows should not bypass the three-lake chain of Blythe, Chukar and Scaup Lakes south of the Potholes Reservoir. Rainbows to ten pounds are available and only artificial lures may be used. It is a good idea to avoid lakes in the Columbia Basin during July and August for the water is too warm.

My favorite Okanogan Valley lake is Aenaes, a fifty-five acre lake five miles west of Tonasket. Restricted to fly fishing only, Aenaes is loaded with big rainbows, some weighing more than five pounds. You will need a boat. Fishing isn't supposed to be much good in July and August, but you can find several wonderful spots in the region.

Unfortunately, very few of our streams are good trout producers. Some are worth fishing, however, and one of the finest, White Sand Creek in Idaho's Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness Area, is easily accessible enough though it is in a primitive area. To reach White Sand drive to Lewiston, Idaho, and start up the new paved Lewis-Clark highway toward Montana along the picturesque Clearwater and Lochsa Rivers. White Sand comes into the Lochsa near the Powell Ranger Station. Walk up the trail for about two miles to bypass the parts fished occasionally by local anglers and start casting your flies. You should net many cutthroat, some of three pounds.

I mention White Sand and the Lochsa for those of you who are planning to fish Montana's streams this year. You could fish the two streams (the Lochsa is a fairly good producer for the *expert* angler) either on the way to Montana or on the way back. The new highway is a good one; it will take you to Lolo, Montana.

Hauser, a saucer-shaped lake about thirty miles east of Spokane in excellent for rainbows and cutthroat to eighteen inches during the summer months. The fish there take small, flat-winged dry flies in the evening and if the trout aren't feeding you can bug for bass or catch platter-sized crappies on wet flies. The late Cap Godfrey's Brown Ant is one of the best flies for Hauser and many of our lakes and streams during the late summer and fall months when the flat-winged, midge-type bugs are hatching. Specifications for the Brown Ant are: Tail, brown calf tail tied short and sparse; Body, brown floss or brown nylon thread separated and wrapped thin; Wing, small section of mallard primary tied flat and trimmed round; Hackle, one stiff, glossy brown neck hackle tied over wing butt. Best size is number fourteen.

Labor Day is one of the finest holidays in our region for fly fishermen and signals the start of fly fishing for steelhead on the lower Grande Ronde, a fast-flowing stream surrounded by cheat grass-covered hills that are more perpendicular than horizontal. The hills are home for thousands of Chukar partridge which call constantly.

The peak of the season for summer-run fish on the Grande Ronde is the last week of September and the first two weeks of October. We usually give up fishing for steelhead by about November 10.

Generally, there are three places in Washington to fly fish for steelhead on the Ronde: at the mouth, along the Shoemaker grade, and below the place where Highway 3 crosses the river. You can reach any of the spots from Asotin. There are no established campgrounds along the Ronde and springs are few and far between so if you plan to camp on the river be sure to bring containers of pure water.

We have caught a few steelhead in the Ronde on dry flies. Ted Truehlood, who regards the Ronde as one of his *secret* fishing streams, took a few on dries during the 1961 season but he didn't fish at the right time last fall and caught only a dozen or so fish—all on wet flies. Just about any kind of wet fly, it seems, will take the fish. I've caught them on the Chappie, Bucktail Coachman, Black Gordon, Orange and Yellow Optics. I prefer the Chappie. Last fall some of the Coast fishermen had good luck on big, dark-hued nymphs.

The Ronde's steelhead are relatively small, most of them running three-and-one-half to eight pounds. Once in a while, however, a fly fisherman takes one weighing ten or twelve pounds. Last fall I caught three which weighed between eight and ten pounds.

Idaho's Clearwater is a stream of a different caliber. Steelhead there run big, many of them going over twenty pounds. I think the river can be the top producer of big steelhead in the United States. They start moving upstream and over the Lewiston, Idaho, Dam during the last week of September. Therefore, the best time to fly-fish the river is in October.

The Clearwater is a big river and probably best fly-fished from a rubber life boat or a car-top boat. That's the way I'd like to fish it, but so far I've driven along the paved highway, parked every mile or so and cast for the big steelies. Fortunately, there are no access problems along the Clearwater and its big tributaries. A paved road runs along the river for many miles. You can park any time you see a good spot, walk a few yards, wade out into the stream and start casting.

If you intend to fish the Clearwater, equip yourself with some weighted flies. Wrap eight to twelve turns of fine lead around your hook before tying on the fur and feathers. The current is heavy and fast in places and the only way to get a fly down to the fish is to use a little lead.

Some members of the Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club occasionally fish the Snake River for steelhead. I caught four from the Snake near the mouth of the Grande Ronde last fall. Bob Black,

October, 1962, the author hooked this steelhead in the Clearwater River. Weight: 19 lbs., 8½ oz.

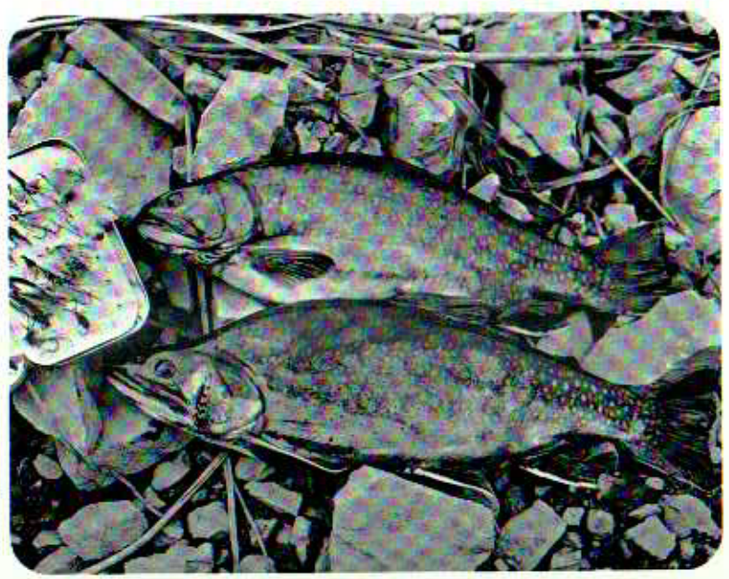
who has fly-fished the Ronde for a dozen years, took several from the Snake. And Alex Lesine, 1963 club president, took a few big ones in the Almota area.

A few eastern Washington lakes produce good fly fishing during the winter months, provided they remain free of ice. One of the best is the Potholes Reservoir south of Moses Lake. There it is possible to catch rainbows from ten to twenty inches regularly. Big perch and crappies often take as fast as you can cast a fly.

In March and early April some fly fishermen prowl along both the huge Potholes Reservoir and Banks Lake (Coulee Dam equalizing reservoir) for rainbows which weigh from two to ten pounds and are getting ready to spawn. We don't keep the big rainbows we catch along the shorelines for they are in the spawning cycle and are not in top eating condition. I usually strip the females of their eggs so they will leave the gravel areas and provide sport for someone else later in the year.

Hundreds of lakes in eastern Washington provide fantastic fly fishing during April and May. If you should be in the Spokane area soon after the opening of the general trout season (usually the second or third week of April) you will have no trouble finding a place to catch trout. I'll mention one lake for you to remember if you are ever in the Spokane area between May 5 and May 15. Badger Lake, just thirty-five miles south of Spokane, has been providing fabulous fishing for twelve to fifteen-inch Montana black-spot cutthroat trout on dry flies when the March Brown May flies hatch the first part of May. You can cast a good March Brown imitation near the rock cliffs around the lake and watch the big trout take them a second or so later.

Incidentally, the fishing within fifteen miles of Spokane is so good that most of our fishermen will not drive fifty miles to catch prime cutthroat and Brook trout. You can, therefore, often have a lake to yourself in northeastern Washington, particularly if you fish on week-days.



Typical Brook trout from Bayley Lake. Fly fishing only. Limit: two fish.

sea-runs!

by

MORRY KENTON

Right after World War II, winter steelhead fishing became so popular that week-ends were a three-ring circus on any of the major rivers. Ordinarily I'm a gregarious guy, but I don't enjoy finding my fellow men lined up on each side of me along a good steelhead pool. In fact, under these conditions I become anti-social to a marked degree. Good will leaves my soul and I think bad thoughts. Finally the only thing to do, it seemed, was find some other kind of winter fishing or hang up the tackle until the spring opening. This last was unthinkable, as it would mean going through nearly six months of fishless hell, so I prospected for a different type of fishing.

Some of Washington's lowland lakes are open the year around, and I tried many of these with indifferent results. Then one of my non-fishing friends, bless him, mentioned that as a young man he had been an advisor at Camp Seymour, a boy's camp on Glen Cove, a small bay of Puget Sound. He told me that some of the kids caught cutthroat trout by trolling with a small spoon very close to shore in about four feet of water. While he had never heard of anyone taking them on a fly, it seemed inconceivable that trout inhabiting such shallow water could not be taken in this way, and I began trying to get more information about this fishing.

It soon became apparent either that darn few fishermen indulged

in this particular branch of the art or that they were the most close-mouthed of all anglers. The only dope I could get came from a tackle shop owner, and as it was mostly hearsay, I found it contradictory and confusing. Finally, I did what I should have in the first place. I went fishing for sea-run cutthroat.

As I had been advised that the water came right up to the brush at high tide and there would be no beach to fish from at this stage of the water, I picked a low tide for my first trip to Glen Cove. It was a fortunate choice, as future trips proved this by far the best time to fish. Parking the car in the lot at the entrance to Camp Seymour, I hiked through the camp to the trail around Pirate's Cove, then down to the beach of Glen Cove proper. A light breeze ruffled the water as I tied a small polar bear wing streamer to my regular tapered trout leader. Wading into the salt water, I began casting roughly parallel to the beach, covering most of the water from the shoreline out into the bay about forty or fifty feet.

On the fifth or sixth cast, a V-shaped streak suddenly appeared behind the fly, and my streamer was immediately engulfed in a boiling strike. A few minutes later, I had my first sea-run on the beach, a fine sixteen inch specimen, beautifully colored and carrying the usual quota of sea-lice.

That first day, I was fortunate enough to take six nice trout from eleven to seventeen inches long and was lost forever from the ranks of the winter steelheaders. Not only did these fish fight valiantly, but the way they took a fly was positively vicious. Later experience has shown how lucky I was to stumble onto such a fine area for my first trip. In fifteen years of cutthroat fishing, I have found only a dozen other beaches as good. However, Puget Sound has hundred of miles of shoreline and the most avid fisherman could not in a lifetime find all the productive spots.

I have come to prefer the lower Puget Sound region, namely the waters of Henderson Bay and Case Inlet, over all others as this entire section is one of clean water and great scenic beauty. The Case Inlet area

contains a greater percentage of really large sea-runs than any other territory I have fished. Sixteen to twenty inch fish are common, and just last year I took and released a twenty-six inch female so loaded with spawn that she dropped a few eggs when I lifted her to remove the fly.

Because most large fish taken in October and November are very close to spawning, I relase nearly all trout taken during this period. Fishing is a joy during these two months, as well as the first half of December, after which it slows down until the middle of February. From then until the opening of our fresh water season in April, fishing is again excellent, being exceptionally fine in March.

Of delight to the fly tyer is the fact that while streamer type flies generally are most effective in taking these fish, the cutthroat will take all sorts of gaudy creations with reckless abandon. That favorite fly you developed, which never did produce quite as well as you expected, will vindicate itself immediately if you can get it in front of a sea-run.

The cutthroat is undoubtedly the easiest of all our trout to take on a fly, and it is difficult to understand why so few fly fishermen pursue them. Admittedly a little exploring is necessary to find good locations, but some of the best fishing is only forty minutes from my home in Tacoma, and in spite of this proximity to a large metropolitan area, I seldom see another angler, when fishing for sea-runs.

If one is interested in sampling sea-run cutthroat fishing, the following information may be helpful. Regulation light fly tackle is employed. I use a 7′-9″ long, 4 oz. rod and the usual single action reel, fitted with an HCH floating fly line ahead of 100 yards of six pound monofilament backing. The backing is in deference to the fact that both steelhead and salmon are often taken accidentally while fishing for cutthroats (my largest steelhead to date was just over eleven pounds). For the same reason, I use a fairly heavy nine foot leader tapered from .021″ down to a six pound tippet. Too, a lighter tip is very difficult to straighten against the brisk winds encountered in the winter months, and it is also

very easy to break off a fly on the beach if one uses too light a leader and is careless of his back-cast. As most fly fishermen, including myself, do drop the fly on the beach occasionally, the angler will find it desirable to use flies which are tied on properly tempered hooks. Hooks which are too brittle are an abomination, and I have missed many fine fish by not examining the fly often enough and belatedly discovering that I have been fishing with a hookless fly. Razor sharp hook points are a must!

As mentioned above, any good streamer pattern will catch cutthroats. My present favorite, an adaptation of the summer-run steelhead "Skunk" pattern, is tied as follows: Hook, No. 6, 3XL TDE perfect bend; Tail, several red hackle fibres; Body, black chenille; Ribbing, large flat-oval silver tinsel; Wing, white bucktail; Topping, several peacock herl fibres.

The tail and body are tied in the standard manner, after which a fairly heavy wing of white bucktail with peacock herl topping is tied in. No hackle is used on any of my sea-run patterns as it is necessary that they sink at once and any kind of hackle tends to make them float. Bucktails from white-tailed deer supply the best material for these flies, as this hair is finer than mule deer hair, sinks more readily, and works much better in the water. Because the cutthroat is strictly a vision striker, the fly, regardless of pattern, should be readily visible, and the more it resembles a minnow, the more effectively it will produce.

While not absolutely necessary, a good pair of waders or hip boots are helpful and enable the angler to cover a greater percentage of productive water. Good rain gear is a necessity, as cutthroat fishing seems to be equally good in fair or foul weather, and it does rain a lot during this season near the coast.

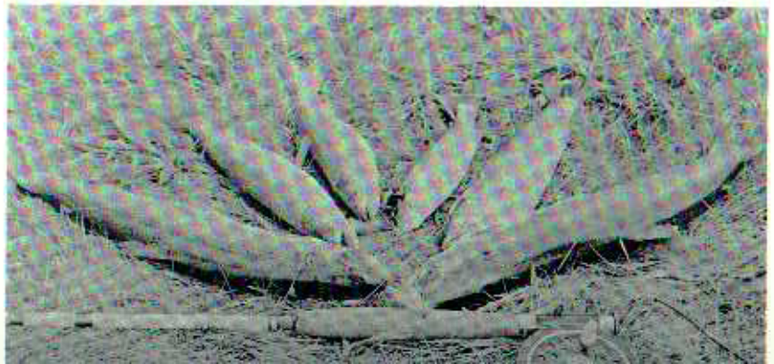
As in any salt water fishing, the tide is a major factor. The fish take well through the low tide period and continue to rise freely on the in-tide until the water level reaches eight or nine feet. During the period of extreme high tide, fly fishing is generally poor. As the tide drops back

to the above-mentioned eight or nine foot level, one will again begin to raise a few trout, but on an out-tide, the fish are inclined to strike short or merely swirl at the fly, and they usually will not rise a second time if they miss the streamer on the first try.

It is most difficult to describe good cutthroat habitat. When I first began to fish for sea-runs, I was told to look for rocky beaches, as these were supposedly good places to find fish. As Puget Sound abounds in rocky beaches, this was like telling a fellow a sandy beach is a good place to dig razor clams. While cutthroats do seem to prefer a gravelly or rocky shoreline to a sandy beach, it is equally important that the beach drop into deep water fairly fast. Shallow floats are generally poor. If this steep, rocky beach can be located just inside a small bay or cove, rather than on open shoreline, the angler's chances of finding sea-runs will be excellent. Time should not be wasted fishing the heads of bays or shallow water sloughs. I have taken fish in this type of water in the coastal area, but in Puget Sound such locations have proven unproductive. Above all, the sea-run fisherman should keep a record of every place he finds fish, as it has been my experience that they will be in these same locations year after year.

One final thing should be emphasized. These wonderful trout are all natives. So far, all efforts of our game department to artificially propagate the sea-run cutthroat have failed, and until a successful stocking program can be established, this fishery will not stand heavy pressure. For this reason, I keep only about a dozen fish a year; to this angler a live fish in the bay has a much higher value than a dead fish on the dinner table. However, since the Washington State Game Department is still trying to solve the problem of rearing sea-runs in a hatchery, eventually they will find a way to build up the population of these trout.

In the meantime, give the natives a try the next time you're in the Puget Sound country. Believe me, the first time you run into a good school of big sea-runs, you'll think you've died and gone to heaven!



CLUB NEWS

A famous angler's fondness for the ways of Oregon trout with a fly brought an historic honor to the Flyfisher's Club in April when Herbert Hoover graciously accepted our first Honorary Membership. After a unanimous vote by the members at the April meeting, a letter citing our reasons was sent to Mr. President. Shortly thereafter James W. Crawford called upon him in New York and conveyed the sentiments of the Club to him in person.

The reasons listed in our Citation:

The Rainbow Trout of Oregon were among the first fish to catch your fancy; Since your early youth in Newberg you have returned year after year to the beauty of Oregon waters; A fisherman's cabin bearing your name stands on the shore of South Twin Lake; You have stated publicly: "Oregon's McKenzie is my own special jewel of a river"; Your writings reflect the wonder and variety of fishing experiences; You have given the anglers of the world a new and penetrating appraisal of our sport in your recent book, "Fishing for Fun"; And above all for the rare combinations of hope, humor, persistence and inspiration you have revealed as a citizen and as a practitioner of angling throughout your distinguished career.

* * * *

January 8, 1963 will forever be remembered as Tommy Brayshaw Night for on that evening a generous, amazing Canadian angler came to Portland and charmed us with reminiscences so mellow and observations so humorous that we were literally caught unawares. Eventually we all realized what was happening to us through all the tumult and innuendo (including some sharp repartee with a guest, one Dr. Bentley) until finally at the end we shook the rafters with a standing ovation in tribute to a very gallant old soldier with the heart and soul of a boy!

* * * *

Kyle Walker came in from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, in February with a repertoire of hilarious fish stories from the South and beautiful color slides of rivers, lakes and mountains in the western states.

In March we enriched the Permanent Club Room Fund with a Blackboard Auction conducted by Mike Kennedy while pitchman Jack Shields sold chances nearby on a superbly built fly rod donated by Frank Wire. Rick Miller and Lew Bell of Everett's Evergreen Fly Fishing Club then showed a motion picture, *Steelhead Shangri-la,* remarkable for a humorous commentary, the skill of the angler-photographers, the size and vigor of the fish which were taken on the fly.

In April Axel Duch, a suave Dane, brought us pictures of a *Flying Safari For Fishermen* in British Columbia through the courtesy of B. C. Airlines, following by an illustrated talk on trout stream insects by Stanley Jewett Jr., and Fred Locke. The color slides used were dramatic close-ups by Wes Drain of Seattle, and all strikingly beautiful.

Prince Helfrich returned to our club program in May with an exciting float trip down his favorite McKenzie following another Blackboard Auction for the Club Room Fund.

In June, Lee Richardson gave us a New Zealand Premier of films taken recently on the great trout streams there.

* * * *

Two happy factors are contributing to growing attendance at weekly luncheons and monthly dinner meetings:

First, increasing visitations by our own members from afar, including Hans Looff of Grants Pass and Jack Hemingway from Mill Valley, Calif. Sandy Bacon of Corvallis has been among the most faithful, although he is being pushed currently by John Callaghan of Salem and Bob Neikes of Astoria.

Then, delegations from neighboring clubs have been adding to our angling enthusiasm. Visitors have included Don Dowie and Morrey Kenton of the Puget Sound Fly Fishing Club of Tacoma, Enos Bradner, Howard Grey and Alan Pratt of Washington Fly Fishing Club, Seattle, and Lew Bell, Dick Denman, Sam Duwe and Rick Miller of Evergreen Fly Fishing Club of Everett. Bradner, Bell, Denman and Duwe hold joint memberships.

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The Resident Membership Waiting List: Spencer M. Ehrman, Don Horter, Jerry Extra, Leo D. Hogan, Linden B. Bowman, Erskine Wood, Scott M. Kelley, Harry C. Newton, Roy W. Jarman, George A. Moore, Robert C. Lard, John L. Schwabe, Herbert H. Anderson, Joe B. Davis, and Chalmer L. George.

NEW REGULAR MEMBERS NOVEMBER, 1963

HERBERT HOOVER, *Honorary*

ROGER BACHMAN
ELMER A. BUCKHORN
EARL W. HARBIN
ERNEST LIVINGSTON
R. W. NEIGHBOR
EDWIN G. ROBINSON
TOM THAYER
JAMES W. WILEY

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS NOVEMBER, 1963

JOHN DANIEL CALLAGHAN, *Salem*
FRANK CAMMACK, *Bend*
JOHN PAUL FABIAN, *Eugene*
PRINCE HELFRICH, *Vida*
HANS LOOFF, *Grants Pass*
HENRY MC CALL, JR., *Gearhart*
DAVID T. MC CLEAN, *Gearhart*
ALBERT JON PETERSON, *Eugene*
DOUGLAS RAINES, *Salem*
ROBERT H. SAVAGE, *Roseburg*

NON-RESIDENT MEMBERS NOVEMBER, 1963

LEWIS A. BELL, *Everett, Wn.*
THORSON BENNETT, *Kennewick, Wn.*
THOMAS BRAYSHAW, *Vancouver, B. C.*
ROBERT J. BRECKENRIDGE, *Toronto, Canada*
ROBERT D. CATHCART, *LaCanada, Calif.*
NORMAN CHRISTENSEN, *Eureka, Calif.*
GREGORY CLARK, *Toronto, Canada*
ELDRIDGE F. COMBS, *Long Beach, Calif.*
F. W. COMBS, *Long Beach, Calif.*
ROBERT K. DAVIS, *Encino, Calif.*
W. RICHARD DENMAN, *Everett, Wn.*
LAURENCE G. "SAM" DUWE, *Everett, Wn.*
R. J. GREENE, *Sherman Oaks, Calif.*
LOREN GREY, *Woodland Hills, Calif.*
THERON HEDGPETH, *Santa Rosa, Calif.*
ASHLEY C. HEWITT, *Pasadena, Calif.*
F. M. KELLER, *San Francisco*
F. THOMAS KEMP, *Pasadena, Calif.*
MARK KERRIDGE, *Fullerton, Calif.*
PETER LA TOURETTE, *Los Altos, Calif.*
W. H. LINDBERG, *Tacoma, Wn.*
WM. B. LINDBERG, *Tacoma, Wn.*
JOHN A. LOVE, *Sheridan, Wyo.*
GEORGE MC DONALD, *San Diego, Calif.*
ROBERT C. MEIGS, *Olympia, Wn.*
A. HALL PETERSON, *Spokane, Wn.*
DANIEL J. PICKRELL, *San Francisco*
RALPH H. REBELE, *San Francisco, Calif.*
HARRY SIME, *Glendale, Wn.*
KYLE M. WALKER, *Coeur d'Alene, Idaho*
EDGAR B. WARD, *Los Angeles, Calif.*
FRED WEILER, *Phoenix, Arizona*
BEN F. WOLVERTON, *Cedar Rapids, Iowa*