



## *Stonefly Maidens Women's Fly Fishing Club*

### **The Virtue of Hard Water**

**Mark Bachmann**

The last fading warmth of the sun illuminated the top third of the sheer face of the towering basalt cliff on the opposite shore. This same gigantic



stone bulwark would keep the Deschutes in the shade until noon tomorrow morning. Now the shade from the lower canyon wall to the east made me rush through the dry grass to the smooth ledge studded tailout above camp. I had left Brad and Al in the camp riffle water where they had been moving Steelhead all

afternoon. They didn't need my help or criticism.

My side of the river broke along a brush covered bank so steep that the railroad was literally overhead. Part way down the run a huge red alder leaned out over the water, its lower limbs nearly touching the surface. I had rowed by this place dozens of times and it was always deserted. It looked like great holding water, but formidable to fish with a fly.

My confidence had never equaled my curiosity...until this afternoon.

I stopped just downstream of the alder and surveyed the river from a high vantage point on an old deer trail twenty feet above the water. I decided that the water above the alder looked too tough for the time I had left before dark. I would start just below the tree. Then there was a huge splash as a steelhead rolled upstream of the alder. A fish you have located is always the best option.

A short hike and climb down the steep grade brought me to the water's edge twenty feet upstream of the fish. A narrow submerged ledge gave me footing three feet off the bank. I stripped ten feet of bright floating fly line from the reel, checked the leader and the hook point on my size four Street Walker. Everything was in perfect order. A brisk roll cast shot the fly forty-five degrees down stream across the current. The line and leader landed straight. The fly came under tension as it entered the water. I let the fly lead the rod tip. The fly swung

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### **Meeting Information**

- September 14, 2005  
6:00 pm Social Hour  
7:00 pm Business Meeting and Speaker
- Iron Horse Restaurant  
6034 SE Milwaukie Ave  
Portland, Oregon  
(503) 232-1826
- Speaker: Patty Barnes  
Saltwater Fly Fishing in Mexico

### **This Month with the Stonefly Maidens**

This month Stonefly Maidens member and The Fly Fishing Shop co-owner, Patty Barnes, is presenting a video about saltwater fly fishing in Mexico. She has been fishing many times in Mexico at a variety of locations, fishing for big fish like marlin and sailfish, slightly smaller fish like dorado and wahoo, and inshore game like roosterfish and pargo.

This month's fish-a-long will be a September 16 through 19 weekend trip to the Maupin area

of the Deschutes for steelhead and trout. You don't have to stay the whole weekend. You don't even have to spend the night. Remember that steelhead fishing is best done first thing in the morning before the sun hits that water, or in the late afternoon and evening after the sun has left the water. The rest of the day is good trout fishing time.

More details about the fish-a-long and the IWFF trip at the meeting.

## Fly Lines

I hope everyone had a good summer of fishing. Mine could have been a lot better, so I'll just put it behind me and get to fishing more this winter. I sure hope I get to hear some great fishing stories at the meeting.

Say ladies, where would you like to go fishing next year. The Board will be meeting in October to plan for next year, and we'd sure like to know where you want to go. We'd also like to know who you want to hear and the topics you want to more about. Drop any of the Board members an email before October 4 and let us know what you want. We are also looking for volunteers to be the Newsletter Editor and the Secretary/Treasurer/Membership Coordinator next year.

## *Tilda Runner*

I am not going to be able to attend the fish-a-long this month. Sure wish I could. I haven't been steelhead fishing in a very long time. This nice time about this time of year on the Deschutes is the fishing is not limited to steelheading or trout. You can actually do both. Go steelhead fishing in the early morning and late afternoon and trout fish during the heat of the day. Take advantage of this opportunity. Remember that you don't have to stay the whole weekend. You can fish only for trout or steelhead if you want. The camaraderie of the outing the part of the fun.

By the way, thanks everyone for all your support this summer. It helps a lot to have friends like you.



### **Name This Fly Contest**

Write the name of this fly on a raffle ticket with your name. The first person drawing with the correct name of the fly wins six of them along with the recipe for tying your own. Hint: This is my favorite steelhead fly.

## Goings On

### BOW



September 9 and 10—Steens Mountain Backcountry Adventure, Lake Creek Base Camp, Frenchglen  
 September 10 and 11—Wilderness Field Experience, Drift Creek Wilderness, Siuslaw National Forest  
 September 17—Pheasant Hunting Clinic, Klamath Wildlife Area, Klamath Falls  
 September 24—Fishin' and Floatin', Grizzly Lake, near Madras

October 1—A Day at the Range, Mount Jefferson Rifle and Pistol Club, Madras  
 October 8—Fly-Fishing for Steelhead on the Rogue, Valley of the Rogue State Park, Grants Pass  
 October 15 and 16—Build Your Own Fly Rod, Suttle Lake Church Camp, Sisters

### More Information

If you have questions about BOW, any workshop, or the registration process, do not hesitate to call or e-mail the BOW staff:  
 Paula Booth, BOW Coordinator, 503-947-6016, paula.p.booth@state.or.us  
 Mary Hoverson, Northeast Regional BOW Coordinator, 541-963-2138, mary.e.hoverson@state.or.us

### Fly Fishing Shops

Don't forget to check out the links on the Stonefly Maidens website for the fly fishing shops that support the club. Many of them have great classes available.

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with a very light touch and gentle action. It had moved two feet when there was a very positive pull that increased until it was moving line from the reel. I raised my hand and let the middle of the rod absorb the shock and drive the hook deep into solid bone. The silver fish writhed to the surface and exerted his power against the screaming drag until he had reached mid-river in front of me. The fight was ferocious but over quickly and the bright ten pound hatchery buck was tailed, revived and released. The barbless hook had been stuck through the edge of the upper pallet, like a nail in a hard wood plank, the point protruding from above the middle of the maxillary. I re-surveyed the water in front of me. I had been so focused on the placement of that fish and the strike had come so quickly, I hadn't taken the time to read the water. The surface of the water was greasy slick but moving at a good speed clear across the river. In places the underwater ledges broke the surface with flat seamy boils. The nearest ledge was sixty feet in front of me above the alder. The stream side brush nearly touched my back and was higher than my head. Leaning out from my perch on the narrow ledge I could expect no more than five feet of clearance for a back loop to form my roll cast.

Darkness was fast approaching and didn't give me much time to deliberate. I started with the same cast that took the fish. Then lengthened the line one three foot pull for the next cast. The fly slid down current as it was hanging under the alder below me. The strike came as I was lengthening the line for the fourth cast. The fish took just as I was starting to lift the line for my upstream haul. It took the fly as it turned downstream and jerked the rod tip a foot underwater as it erupted through surface. The shock was too much for the ten pound tippet and the Street Walker probably decorated that eight pounder's jaw for most of the evening. The encounter left me in the vacuum that follows a peak surge of adrenaline.

The whole tippet was gone. The leader had parted at the blood knot. I fumbled for my tippet dispenser and unrolled two feet of hard Maxima, figuring that a short stiff tippet would turn over better in the failing light. The fish had taken my last Street Walker and I replaced it with a size two low water Undertaker. The sleek dark pattern had proven itself many times in the fading light. The same water was covered in the same manner as before but, as I extended the cast to longer range I found out that I had to make repeated small upstream mends to maintain the proper fly speed as it

came across on a slow arc. The next strike came fifteen feet straight out beyond the alder. It was a gentle pluck and still pumped up from the encounter with the fish that took my fly, I overreacted and the hook instantly came free.

Four casts later and the fly was nearly to the ledge. The line tightened gently and I dropped the rod tip. There was a perceptible pause and the line came tight with a thud. A beautiful six pound wild hen was beached after a long intense battle that I thought would leave all other residents of the area in total shock. The twilight lingered. I could see Brad standing on the low grassy point above camp. His left handed stroke barely discernible at the distance.

"Should I go and bring him here to join the fun", I wondered? He was too far away for the light remaining", I reasoned. A night hawk zigzagged across the river between us. "No, I would keep this little Steelhead Eden for myself tonight and bring him here in the morning."

The soft evening air was laden with the pungent sweet aroma of the sage covered desert. Again I surveyed my private piscatorial oasis.

Intermittent turbulence betrayed a possible jog in the side of the ledge facing me; a perfect cove for a Steelhead to shelter in. It was a long cast from my position and was situated almost straight across from me with no chance to swing the fly through it. I would have to cast to the top of the cove and then make a long reach mend to hold the fly in the sweet spot for as long as possible. It took several frustrating tries, but finally the fly settled into a seam of calm water between two sets of turbulence. The strike was vicious and a big Steelhead boiled the surface as he took the fly heading down stream.

The fight was long and dogged with the twelve pound buck coming to my hand in the dark. Brad flipped the switch on the self starting lantern as I approached the cook tent. Al peered over his finely sculptured meerschaum pipe and purred, "How'd you do, boss?" I beamed from ear to ear, "boys, have I got a place to show you in the morning."





*Our mission is to create opportunities, encourage, educate, and mentor women's participation in the sport of fly fishing.*

*Our goal is to bring women together who share a love of fly fishing and the beauty of nature to create friendships and lasting memories.*

*Stonefly Maidens Women's Fly Fishing Club*

### **An Oregon Council-Federation of Fly Fishers Member Club**

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## **Calendar**

Date	Meeting (Speakers subject to change)	Fish-a-long Date	Location (Locations tentative)
January 12	Mark Bachmann, The Fly Fishing Shop Winter Steelheading	January 15	East Fork Lewis River, Winter Steelhead
February 9	Fly-Tying Demonstration, Gary Muncy	February 12	Crooked River, Trout
March 9	Video Night	March 12	MacKenzie River, March Brown hatch for trout
April 13	Members Roundtable: Fly-Fishing Skills	April 16	Coastal Lake, Trout
May 11	Marty Shepard, Smallmouth Bass on the John Day River	May 14	John Day River, Smallmouth bass (Women Only)
June 8	Kathryn Hart, Casting Demonstration & Practice	June 11 June 12	Casting Clinic, Blue Lake Park Clackamas River, Trout (Women only)
July 13	Michael T Williams, Backcountry Fly-Fishing	July 16 July 23	Big K Ranch, Smallmouth Bass (Women only) Merrill Lake, Hexegenia Hatch Bonus
August 10	Andy Pibal, Carp Fishing	July 13	Carp Fishing
September 14	Patty Barnes, Saltwater Fishing in Mexico	September 16-19	Deschutes River, Trout and Steelhead (Women only)
October 12	Judith O'Keefe, Float Tube Fly Fishing	October 15	Hosmer Lake (Women only)
November 9	TBA		None scheduled
December 14	Christmas Party		None scheduled