



TIGHTLINES



Keith Stamm has good reason to feel like he's "flying high." Discover why he's on top of the world. Please turn to Page 3.

Great burgers, 1-wt. bamboo rods, and "fish stories," what more could you ask for at a club picnic?

OFF's annual club picnic turned out to be one of our best "outings" of the year as more than 30 club members gathered for burgers and BS in Gene Anthony's backyard.

In addition to "exotic" reports on remote fishing expeditions, we had a chance to cast a couple of ultralite cane rods crafted by professional builder and OFF member Terry Zietner.

It was great to visit and catch up on the news with good friends.

See picnic PIX on Page 2

BACK TO BASICS.



Doug Pendleton at work in his new "office." For details turn to Page 2.

Calendar

Meetings:

September 12: First club meeting after summer break. Our guest speaker is Rick Hafele (*See story to right*).

Rick says of himself: "I was born to a poor bait fishing family in central Illinois. Thus, my earliest memories of fishing are of dark nights filled with the sent of stink bait and catfish."

September 26: Board Meeting. All members welcome.



Hafele to speak at September meeting.

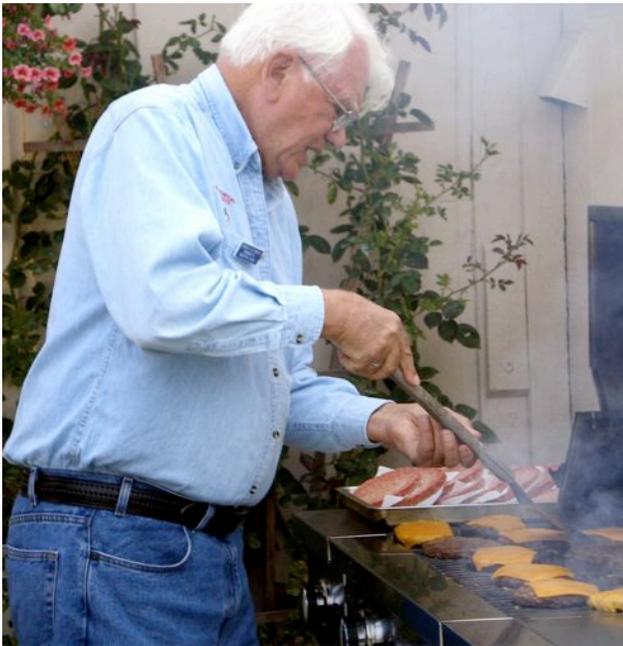
Author and entomologist

Rick Hafele will be our guest speaker at the September 12th meeting.

He'll talk about Western lake hatches and the fly patterns and tactic that can help you be more successful on the water.



The only piece missing was the stream.



ALL THE RIGHT STUFF!

(Clockwise from top left.)

Grill master Gene Anthony monitors the burger and cheese department while Jeff Bandy tries his hand with a 1-wt. bamboo rod crafted by pro builder Terry Zietner. David Claude also takes one of Terry's new "classics" for a spin while Walt Wojcik gets a closer look and a few pointers from rodmeister Zietner himself.

Dick Simmons Photos



FOR DOUG PENDLETON, IT'S BACK TO BASIC TRAINING.

What does a successful marketing director for a large cruise line do when he begins a new career as a fishing guide?

First of all, he gets a smaller boat. *(See picture on Page 1.)*

Doug, shown here with three very happy clients from California, is doing some guiding for Red's and developing a full fly fishing class schedule.

"I love teaching," says Doug. "And my passion is teaching people the basics of fly fishing and helping them move on to new challenges in the sport." *(Anyone who's learned to spey cast from Doug understands the truth of those words!)*





GOING FOR THE GOLD.

Recently, Keith Stamm, along with his two cousins, Tom and Monte, and Monte's wife Julie, hiked 13 miles into the heart of Wyoming's Wind River Range. From their base camp at Island Lake they spent more than a week fishing the high mountain lakes in the Titcomb Basin area. Their trip was "spectacular!"



By Keith Stamm

On our third day in camp, we headed up into Titcomb Basin, a distance of about three miles. It's a fairly easy hike that winds up and over three low passes to the lower of the three Titcomb Lakes. The basin is one of the most spectacular locations in the Wind River Range and the lakes host what is perhaps the most strikingly beautiful trout in the world, the Golden, with its golden back with red spots and its crimson belly.

We hiked through sprawling meadows profuse with yellow daisies, purple asters, and red paintbrush. Numerous little streams of clear water trickled down through the meadows amid the flowers. Huge chunks of granite and schist that had broken off the mountains above lay scattered in a massive, artistic rubble. Just one of those rocks would fill our entire back yard. In many places the huge chunks of broken talus sat atop the benches as if they had been placed there for dramatic effect by some unseen artist. It felt like we were wandering through God's sculpture garden.

At lower Titcomb, Tom and Julie hiked over to the inlet stream and saw fish rising. Tom hooked and lost a couple and that set us all on the right track. Tom and Monte fished up the stream where they took several small Golden. I stayed where the stream entered the lake and also caught a half-dozen, one a hefty 14-incher weighing about a pound. Not only were these fish gorgeous beyond description, they were strong and healthy. "...built like little tanks." said Monte.

Three days later, after good cutthroat fishing at Island and in the river below the outlet, we decided to

make another foray in search of Golden. We'd heard that a certain off-trail lake up in the basin had once been mistakenly planted with them. The manager of the local fly shop in Pinedale had described being at that lake and unable to catch any of the large Golden trout that he could plainly see cruising along the lakeshore. For us, that alone was worth another trek all the way to the upper end of Titcomb basin.

On our way up we encountered a small colony of ghostly, ivory Columbines, and another of delicate Canterbury bells that shivered in the light breeze. Monte and I stopped to take pictures. Tom and Julie forged ahead and reached the top of the ridge to report that the other side was 100-foot vertical cliffs dropping down to the lake. We had apparently arrived at the right place with no way down.

We proceeded to walk the length of the ridge and at the very end discovered a gentle descent that saved us from having to cannonball into the lake from the cliff.

For a lake so well concealed, it was surprisingly large and deep. We hoped there might just be a few small Golden. Tom perched himself on top of the biggest rock at our end of the lake and cast out a little green caddis pupa. It came to rest six feet under a small bobber. Monte and I had barely gotten our lines in the water when Tom started yelling, "I've got one. He doesn't look big but he sure is fighting hard!" When he got the fish close enough for a look, he said, "I think it's a rainbow." With the second, closer look, he said, "He's bigger than I thought. Look how thick he is!"

Continued on next page.



The OFF Beat

PERRY CHECKS IN

Perry Barth has been a busy man this past month. He's logged about as many miles as the salmon he's out to catch. Here's a recent report from the road.

"We're fishing the Goldsovia River, half way between St. Michaels and Unalakleet, south of Nome. We've encountered record runs of Silver Salmon, filled our coolers and are now practicing "catch and release." Clousers and Deceivers in green and white are doing well. Also caught a few on an "egg sucking leech". But my main fly is a "Kamakazie" and will pass on the pattern to club members.



The "Kamakazie"

It's a terrific salmon fly. This is the first time we haven't seen any brown bears and have no answer for that. They are usually fishing with us and many times over the years have out-fished us!!!!" Perry Barth

The last we saw of Perry he was headed for Eliguk Lake in British Columbia.

Going for the Gold *cont.*

Tom's fish was in fact a Golden and built like a little tank just like those down in Titcomb with one difference – four or five inches longer, and weighing a good two pounds. In short order Tom had a couple more, all the while chuckling and exclaiming, "My oh my, I never thought I'd see such beautiful fish!"

Meanwhile Monte and I were fishing strip-and-retrieve with little success until my line stopped tight against resistance which proved to be a 15-inch Golden with the shoulders of a smallmouth bass. Tom continued to catch fish with his bobber setup, so I changed over and the action immediately picked up. I could see why. The bobber would make a little twitch as the fish swiped at the fly, a strike you'd seldom detect while retrieving a fly. I missed most of these quick takes but connected often enough to begin catching up with pacesetter Tom. In a couple of hours I had caught eight and Tom had eight as well. Monte, trying to fish with a stick-on strike indicator rather than a bobber, had caught none.

This just wouldn't do, so I called over to Monte: "Monte, I want you to come over here and fish with my rod while I re-rig yours." He hadn't had my rod in his hands for five minutes when he hooked and landed a 17-inch Golden. With his re-rigged outfit he caught two more chunky fish and lost a few others. The day ended on a highly successful note for all of us, a total of twenty 15-17-inch Golden trout caught and released. We left the upper basin about 5 p.m. with thunder clouds building, hiking the four miles back to camp with our feet skimming over the trail, our spirits soaring at 10,500 feet.

CLASSIFIEDS

We've been asked to include a classified section in TIGHT-LINES. If you have something to sell please send details and prices to my e-mail below, See you on the water. DS



General Information

The General meeting is held on the 2nd Wednesday of each month at the South County Senior Center, 220 Railroad Ave., Edmonds, WA. Social hour: 6:00 p.m.

The Board meeting is held on the 4th Wednesday of each month at Alf's on 196th Avenue, Lynnwood, WA. Dinner at 6:30 p.m.

Officers:

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Hal Rowe, Secretary, 425-776-4081

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