

“BUT BOB, IT’S THE DEAN”

There were 6 of us on the charter into Moose Lake Lodge where we transferred to the planes that took us to the Dean. It’s two miles of wild water at the end of an 80-mile fiord in British Columbia. I saw it as we flew into the Dean River Lodge and thought I have waited 15 years to get here. Tomorrow I fish.

First day - Up at 6 AM to a full breakfast and in the water at 8 AM. Cast the shooting head on the 9 weight a thousand times or maybe just once. You know the fish are there – Bang – the reel starts to scream and my heart beat doubles – then nothing. Something has taken the 16 lb test tippet and still has it. Darn - no Damn!! Just a taste of things to come. The rest of the day is full of those casts without much (read nothing) happening. Off the river at 5 PM to a superb dinner followed by a Cuban, some port and fish talk among new friends.

Second Day – On the water at 8 AM ready to make two thousand casts today if need be. 2 PM in the afternoon - I am standing in the water half way through Lower Kickbutt (an appropriate name) with a GP fly that Pat Burton of the Trinity Fly Shop tied for me. BAM –This time the reel sings and keeps on singing – it is music I want to hear. It’s a steelhead. I know that because I saw and felt it jump out of the water. Now it is coming straight at me – REEL Bob REEL - then let it go because it is doing exactly what it wants to. You think you are in control but really know you aren’t. In and out, back and forth for 15 minutes. Which muscles – yours or the fish’s will get tired first. You begin to sense that you might win. Bring it to shore. WOW, The guide puts his hands on a 15 pound-male-silver dollar-sea lice covered steely. This is a Kodak Moment if there ever was one. “John, take a picture and just keep on taking them” I instructed my son. You take the fly out of its mouth and pick it up. You JUST know it actually weights 20 pounds. Keep it in the water, turn it around and let it go. Get ready to cast again.

2:45 PM – same afternoon, same place, same fly – BAM again – Fish on. This time I have a better idea of how to react. Ten minutes later a 10-pound hen comes to shore. I like this - I really like this and those others fishing begin to feel better – fish are being caught. That night, I smiled until morning.

Third Day – Ready to make three thousand casts. I would like to catch more fish but really hope that my son John can hook up. After lunch on Lower Kickbutt again he does but the Gods are not with him today. Thirty seconds, one run away and then right straight at him, a headshake and the fish is gone. Me, my casting arm aches as I announce to all at 4:30 that “I am done”. After dinner we fly back to Mooselake Lodge and get ready for three days of fly ins to streams fished by no more than 8 to 10 people the whole summer.

Fast action - catching 40 to 50 fish each day on a 4 weight using dry flies. It is a high sticking, throw it under that log, put it right behind that rock, 12 to 14 inch feisty rainbows all day long kind of fishing. Fish Fawnie Creek, float the Blackwater or the Upper Dean River - fish seem to be everywhere.

The accommodations (2 person cabins), the food (superb), the guides (extremely talented), the fishing and the entire trip is what great memories are made from.

To sum it all up, Herb Burton, a friend and a fishing guide on the Trinity River was right when I asked him why he was making such a fuss over this river in British Columbia. He was right when he told me “But Bob, IT’S the Dean”. It is the DEAN and it is Mooselake Lodge and that’s enough for me. I can’t wait to get back to make just one more or maybe a thousand casts.

Bob Noyes

TRIP REPORT
Fly Fishing Adventures
888-347-4896

flyfish@napanet.net

