

The Fly Box

By Will Wright

"The Squamish Streaker"

Tag:	Gold or silver tinsel
Tail:	Golden pheasant tippet
Rib:	Gold or silver tinsel
Body:	Orange Chenille
Hackle:	Hot orange tied palmer
Wing:	Natural Polar
Topping:	White marabou
Tying Silk:	Red
Hook:	Mustad 9049, #2-4



For the last four years, you've been feasting on the gourmet delicacies of Phil's Flybox, now you're stuck with Wilbur's beans and wieners. I'm sure you'll all agree that Phil did a great job and if you're like me, you've gone back through the old newsletters more than once to learn the proper way to tie the Diawal Bach or the Silly Creek Savior. Big shoes to fill but I'll do my best to carry on where Phil left off. Rather than step-by-step instructions, I'm going to show you one picture of the finished fly. Whereas Phil used a 35mm camera, I'll be using a Sony Digital camera.

While researching for our book, I found contributions to the newsletters in the form of stories of great fishing prowess including the recipe for the successful fly. Since we're off to the Squamish for the April fish out, this month's pattern is the **Squamish Streaker** as published in the June 1974 newsletter by **Trev Venables**.

Curious as to how this fly got its name? You'll have to read Trev's story in the our book, "Backcasts and Forecasts..."

The Squamish Streaker Trevor Venables

Every fly fisherman has at one time in his life had an experience with a pattern of fly that earns the fly a lifelong place in his fly box. If the angler is exceptionally lucky it may be one of his own patterns. Deep within every fly tier there lies a hope to invent a fly that is "deadly".

When I sat down at my tying bench I thought of what would be needed for a Squamish River fly. I had heard that Dollies were partial to white and silver and that, with the month of April in progress, it had to be bright in the event of rain or snow melt. With this in mind I tied up the first Squamish Streaker.

I struck out for the Squamish on the fourth of April with high hopes for my first try for Squamish steelhead on the fly. I met with Paul Jennings and Rick Jones at 25 mile and fished the morning with them with no results. At

eleven I struck out for greener pastures. Stepping into the upper river, I decided to try my new fly on a number four hook, due to the clarity of the water. On about the tenth cast the fly stopped dead and the line tightened at an angle almost straight down from me. As I lifted the rod to free the fly from what I assumed was bottom all hell broke loose. Fifteen minutes later I slid my first winter run steelhead that I had taken on the fly, onto the beach. It was a buck of about seven and a half pounds.

Two weeks later I returned to the same run. On my first cast I hooked and landed a scrappy two pound resident trout. Stepping back into the river I swung my cast through the same spot, the fly stopped and I struck. After a frantic thirty minutes I beached a ten pound buck. I fished through the rest of the run for an hour and a half with no further action.

On the way down river I decided to try a spot that Rick had shown me on the previous trip. I hiked on upstream and decided to start fishing in a small pocket above the main run. On the sixth cast a fish took hold and exploded out of the water. The fish was a fresh-run doe of just over 13 pounds and she took over thirty-five minutes to subdue.

I tied up two of these flies for Pete Pedersen to try on an upcoming trip and he ended the day by hooking and loosing a fish on one of them. Peter Caverhill also tried out the fly and connected with an eight and a half pounder. All in all - a pretty fair record.

The fly is named after the river it was created for and for a contributing factor but that is another story

Through the wonders of e-mail I was able to get some advice from Trev for his pattern. He advised a heavy topping of marabou as shown and possibly substituting calf tail for the polar bear. He also said to "give my best to the club, particularly to the old crew."