

Alpine Fly Fishers

Our next meeting will be on

Tuesday

April 23, 2013

We will be meeting at the

Puerto Vallarta

215 15th St. SE

Puyallup at 6 PM



Charter
Club



The Dead Drift - April 2013

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Mailing Address

Board of Directors

President's Line

By Larry Gibbs

April, for many, is the official start of fishing season but we have the advantage of being able to fish year round on many different waters. Yet, it seems very natural to start getting our brains set into 'Fishing Mode' come this time of year. My memories flash back to when I was a kid going out on a rainy morning and hitting the lake with my father. But I also think back on some of the fantastic fly fishing trips I have had in the early spring, say on the Yakima River over by Ellensburg, or over in Montana, the Clark Fork River, the Missouri River and the Thompson River. Skwala dry flies, March Browns, Blue Wing Olives, and huge Salmon Fly hatches, yea, great fishing.

Guess what I am saying is gear up and get out there!!!

Four of us drove down to Albany, Oregon in March and did the Northwest Fly Tyers Expo. I had a grand time bidding on silent auction items, doing the many raffles, attending a couple really good classes and talking to fly tyers from all over the country. There were many people I hadn't seen since the last show or since our very own WA Fly Fishing Fair in Ellensburg (this May 3 & 4). Stephen Neal, Dave Alberts, Bill Aubrey and yours truly drove down together. Jim Higgins was there giving casting instruction and doing a lot of exhibition tying. I look forward to going again next year. Let me know if you are interested. You have to make hotel reservations really early in the year.

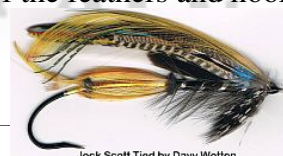
Steve Egge is having his Lone Lake outing this April. Check out the article regarding that neat event. See page 7.

As I mentioned previously, this May 3rd & 4th the WA State Council is sponsoring the annual Washington Fly Fishing Fair in Ellensburg. Some of our club members are a great help to me in the Silent Auction/Raffle/Live Auction portion of the event. We help make money for the Council and also for Project Healing Waters and Casting For Recovery. I should have lots of good 'stuff' that you know you just have to have.

We will have some really good classes and events for you to enjoy and there will be over 100 fly tyers from all over the western U.S. & CA. This is a great chance to sit face to face with these artists of the feathers and hooks. Please plan on attending.

See you there?

Good fishing.



Jock Scott Tied by Davy Wotton

Larry

Federation of Fly Fishers

Fly of the Month

B & B ZINCK MINK

April 2006

By Bob Bates



Ruth Zinck of Calgary, Alberta, Canada revealed the Zinck Mink at the 1989 FFF Conclave and in the Patterns of the Masters for that year. At the 40th Anniversary Conclave, 2005, she showed us how to tie the B&B Zinck Mink, an improved version of the older pattern. It should be obvious from the picture, but the B&B is for Bead and Beard. It is an easy pattern to tie.

As with so many fly patterns one thing builds on another. Don Moore from Ontario's Izaak Walton Club showed her a fly called Moore's Muskrat. When she added mahogany mink tails to her supplies she used them to tie a variation she called the Zinck Mink. It was a successful pattern, and either weighted or un-weighted it caught trout and whitefish in lakes and streams. So why not improve it a little? The improvements came with a bead head and a peacock sword beard. Ruth says that fish like the improvements. It is the kind of fly that permits many different fishing techniques. Floating, sink tip or full sink fly lines may be used to fish different depths. In streams cast across, let it dead drift and then swing. An upstream cast would let the fly sink a little longer. In lakes let it sink to near the bottom or just over the weeds and vary the retrieve. It can even be mooched (trolled) from a belly boat, pontoon boat or regular boat. Keep experimenting with techniques until something works, and then keep it up until the fish decide they want something else.

Materials list:

Hook: Mustad 9671 sizes 10 –14

Bead: Gold 7/64- or 1/8-inch diameter

Tail: Mink guard hairs, mahogany or black

Body: Mink underfur, mahogany or black

Thorax: Mink underfur with guard hairs, mahogany or black

Beard: 3 - 5 peacock sword herls

Tying steps:

1. Smash down barb with smooth jaw pliers and slide bead on hook. If the hole on one side of the bead is smaller than the other make sure the smaller hole is toward the hook's eye.
2. Start thread near front of hook and wind thread rearward to the bend and then forward to mid shank on hook.



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3. Cut a small bunch of mink hair from close to the skin. Pull out the guard hairs and save the underfur. Stack 10 to 15 guard hairs.

Hold guard hairs on hook to make a tail that is one gap width beyond the bend. Trimming the hair at mid shank now is more efficient than doing it later.

Secure tail fibers with thread, and wind thread over the tail fibers to bend of hook. Hold fibers on top of hook while the thread is wound rearward.



4. Dub underfur on thread. Remember roll the dubbing between the thumb and first finger in one direction only.

5. Wrap dubbed thread forward to mid shank. Taper the body a little larger toward mid shank.



6. Cut another bunch of mink hair. Remove a few of the guard hairs, mix the remaining underfur and guard hairs and make a shaggy dubbing noodle. Wrap thorax forward to bead. A shaggy thorax is ideal; you can make it more shaggy by brushing with a piece of the hook side of Velcro.



7. Take 3 to 5 of the peacock sword herls and even the tips with the curve in the same direction. Place them under the hook with the curve upward and tips about the hook point. Secure sword herls with two whip finishes right behind the bead. Do not use head cement.



Ruth was told several years ago that the fish can “smell” the head cement and avoid the fly. Just in case it is true she doesn’t put head cement on any of her flies.

Closing comments: This is an easy fly to tie, so there is no excuse in not tying a bunch of them and going fishing. It will catch rainbow, brook, brown and cutthroat trout. There is enough sparkle and movement of the fibers as the fly goes through the water to make it look alive. Some insects look a bit like this non-descript pattern so fish will want to hit it before it gets away.

Washington Fly Fishing Fair 2013

Ellensburg, WA May 3-4, 2013

Hours: Friday 11:00 am to 5:00 PM — Volunteer dinner 5:30 PM

Hours: Saturday 8:00 am to 5:00 PM — Banquet at 6:00 PM

Awards, board nominations, distinguished guests, etc 7:00 PM Auction follows ~7:45 PM

Welcome,

I welcome you to the 2013 Washington Fly Fishing Fair web page. This is our seventh annual event and the result of the generous support of many talented flytiers, casters and flyfishers devoted to our sport and to conservation and education. The WSCFFF board and fair committee encourage you to visit our Fair pages often to check on updates. Please check out:

- Our free seminars will be located in the Manastash Room and the Heritage Center
- Our workshops: With space in some will be limited so sign up early to reserve your spot
- Our amazingly talented fly tiers, we have about 100 tiers for you to see. The list will be updated as they sign up
- Our Federation Fly Fishing 9 Hole Casting Course at the Park, it's free. On Saturday afternoon there will be a competition, it's also free and there are some great prizes
- Get an emergency check up on your casting at the Park...at our casting clinic on Saturday. It's free!
- Our vendors and partners

While we encourage everyone to have a great time, this event is our only fund raiser and our major source of funds to support education and conservation events in the coming year. So we encourage you to attend and participate in our auction and raffles. If you have any items you would like to donate please contact Larry Gibbs, our Auction/Raffle Chair.

On Saturday evening we have our awards banquet. The evening will consist of dinner, Council awards and our live auction. Please register and join us.

This event does not go off without the help of a lot of volunteers. If you are interested in volunteering, please contact me. On Friday evening we hold a dinner for our volunteers and vendors to thank them for their support because without them this event would not be possible.

I hope to see you there.

Carl Johnson

Alpine Fly Fishers Meeting in 2013

April 23 May 28 June 25 (Picnic) September 24 October 22 November 26 December 17
(No meetings in July nor August — Go fishing)

FFF Events in 2013

Washington State
Washington



Council of the FFF
Fly Fishing Fair

The Washington State Council will bring you the Washington Fly Fishing Fair in Ellensburg. Friday and Saturday, **May 3 & 4, 2013**. Don't miss this one, it is a great event!!!!



INTERNATIONAL
FEDERATION
OF
FLY FISHERS



The Federation of Fly Fishers International Fly Fishing Fair will be held in West Yellowstone, MT. This will be a FALL gathering, **September 24 - 28, 2013**.

Back of Beyond

By Stephen Neal

In Wildness is the Preservation of the World
"Henry David Thoreau"

Buckaroo Vignettes or Back Casts



As I write this a midge hatch is taking place on my front lawn, it is time to go fishing, but my next trip is not until next week and my last outing was in January. I have no new fishing stories to pass on, so let's look to back trails, to reflect upon what has been, and how it affects our presentation of today. These are stories about back casts.

Winter Evening Cattle Drive - My feet are cold and getting colder, I swear if I was wearing two pair of rubber overshoes my feet would already be frozen. It's time to walk for a while, to get some circulation back into my feet and legs. I have been in the saddle for about six hours with my legs astraddle my mount. The jog out this morning and the round up of the bald face cattle kept me warm during the early part of the day, but now, it is the long slow walk back to home and the winter pasture. Our world, the cattle, my horse and mine, has shrunk to a lead gray sky, big fat snowflakes, ghostly gray junipers, and snow covered sage brush and grass. The wind blows from my left backside smashing snowflakes into my left ear. None of us, animals and man, wants to be here now. But here we are, me with my eyes looking out between my horses ears, at the south end of a north bound cow. Home pasture is still two to three hours north; hot food and warmth are still too far away to be a part of the present equation.

The day time temp has reached its zenith of 30 degrees and is seeking its new nadir. I rein in George, step out of the saddle and walk, we will only get home if I keep them moving, and my feet won't warm up if I stay in the saddle much longer. George is a good horse, gentle and smart, to my delight he's got cow sense and enjoys work'n them. His only fault is he cold mouthed. The man that started George must have thought horses and trucks were the same, he tried to steer Georgia with his snaffle bit. And George being smart and trying to protect his mouth, fought back. He pretty much ignores direct pulls on the reins. But if you use knee pressure and a light touch of the reins on his neck, he responds well. Just a smart horse teaching his partner to be a better rider, one just needs to be smart enough to pay attention.

George and I got the cattle back to the home pasture in the dark of the early winter evening, the cattle bed down in the willow breaks out of the wind, near good meadow hay and sweet stream water. I unsaddle George, feed him some grain and talked to him while I curried the sweat from his back and hang up the saddle blanket to dry. I turned him into the cavvy yard and watched him kick as he headed out to the horse herd. I could see the light from the trailer window through the big snowflakes; Terry and Nicole were waiting inside.

Ruby Mountain Fall Gather - The afternoon of the year was in full swing, the aspen and poplar leaves were bright yellow and the grass was short where the cows had grazed during the high mountain summer. It was time to gather them and trail them home to winter pasture and the stacked meadow hay, cured for winter feeding. As I saddled George that first morning he stood quite, just paying enough attention to respond to my efforts of currying him, placement of saddle blankets and saddle, and then just sucking in just enough air so that I would need to gently knee him before pulling the cinch tight. Like I said just paying enough attention to get the job done, but all the effort was on my side of the work detail. Lunch which consisted of a slice of baloney on white bread moistened with a knife swipe of miracle whip sandwich spread and one hardboiled egg was tied up in a pant leg secured to the back of the saddle by two saddle strings. Fern the ranch owner's wife spared no expense on trail lunch for a long day in the saddle; we were a well fed outfit.

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We swung our legs over our horses and rode out, the horses knew the drill take it slow on the long uphill climb to the high meadows, work like hell during the middle of the day popping cows and calves out of brush, under growth and rock hollers, and then the attentive long slow walk back to the home ranch with bouts of intense efforts to pick up strays and turn back the bolters. And that's how the day went, George loved to work cattle, he would line out on the cattle selected and I would give him his head to catch them, I would intercede now and then just enough to let him know where we wanted the Hereford cattle to go.

George was very good and most of the time I was simply along for the ride. But this method did lead to a wreck or two. It was my job to stay on and make decisions, while he worked the cattle; on this day we were working the breaks and gathering around beaver ponds, in places the tree stands were thick and that's where the cattle brushed up. The only way to get them out was to go in after them. Trying to stay low, I was supporting my weight on my right stirrup with my left leg still in the stirrup but with my knee in the saddle seat. I was laid out along side Georges neck with my hat brim pressed against his side as we bust through a screen of poplars at full speed. The next thing I know I'm setting in the middle of the cow path and George is standing hip shot looking back at me with the expression on his face of, why the hell are you setting there for, we got cows to chase and we can't do it with you setting back there on the ground. My nose was scrapped and raw with blood dripping from my nostril were the limb had smacked it going by between me and my horse before it busted me in the gut, knocked me out of the saddle and out of wind at the same time. Wheezing as I got my breath back I remounted and we went right back at it. After we got a big group gathered we pushed them over the rim and started them down the trail for home. George and I pulled up to take a break I threw one leg over the saddle horn and munched my sandwich while George cropped the short mountain grass. Life was sweet as my sweat cooled and my breathing slowed I enjoyed the view of the home ranch laid-out below me and appreciated my good working partner between my legs.

The next morning same job, same lunch, new horse, today I rode Partner. Now there was a misnomer of a name. Partner could work a cow and work all day, he responded well to the rein and knee commands, never fought saddle'n up; Partner was a Quarter Horse, with great lines, he was easy on the eyes, and his gate was easy on the backside. But good ended right there, he was his own horse and by God nobody's partner. He worked cows well but his real love was to unload his rider and he picked the worst places to try his damndest to pile you into the ground. We swung our legs over and climbed up through the breaks and over the rim gentle as you please, but once we were on top, I had to be at the top of my game and my eyes while surveying the country for cattle never let his ears get out of sight. I needed every advantage I could get to stay on top of him. He had made me grab leather more than once on many a ride.

Every time we hit a rocky spot or cactus clump or better yet both at the same time he would break in two and the rodeo was on, if his ears twitched I sat deeper in the saddle and dropped my heels. Call me a coward, but I did not want to land on those rocks and cactuses. They were not my first choice of a restful spot for a comfortable landing. When you sit on the Hurricane deck all day and work cattle out of the brush at the same time you have earned your pay just by staying out of the hospital. At \$600 a month I earned all of the \$19.35 they paid me that day. We got the final bunch of high summer pasture cows and calves gathered that day and driven to the home ranch. There was no break after we dropped over the rim. Somewhere in the popping the cattle out of the brush and buckin' storms that sack lunch disappeared, my knots did not hold up to Partners fancy dancin' and cattle work. That lost baloney sandwich got to lookin' better and better the farther I got away from breakfast, and the sooner we got down the mountain the closer I got to eatin' again. Forget blood lines, good looks and fancy names, I'll take a stout heart and a dark horse who helps carry the load anytime.

Winter Calving - Two AM and it's colder than a witches tit, the calving barn lights provide just enough light to lighten the dark shadows in the corners. That's a fancy way of saying not much light at all. I'm stripped to the waist with my arm up to my shoulder inside mama cow trying to deliver a breech birth. Every time she has a contraction I have to mentally check to see if my arm is still attached, thank god the pain drops after the contraction stops. My fingers and hand is numb as I try and get the rear legs and hoofs pointed down the birth canal and the strings around the hocks so I can pull the calf. Mama cow is just about at the end of her strength and stands with her spavin legs trembling to keep her up.

I work around the contractions trying to make it all work and save momma and her calf. After what seems an eternity the calf is standing on rubbery legs as I rub him down with old burlap bags and mom contently licks her strong bull calf. After a quick shower I crawl into bed next to Terry feeling her warmth wrap around me. Two hours later the alarm rings, it's time to check the first year heifers again; I hope no one's having trouble as I'm dog tired. Lucky for me they are all well; I fire up the tractor it's time to feed.

Late Snow - The alarm clock bust through a peaceful dream and as I groped down the hall, I glanced out the side window on my way to the head, (I call it the head because we live in a single wide trailer and it's not big enough to call it a bathroom) my glance out the window revealed a white world. Little did I know that, that glance revealed two weeks of bone tired frustrating work with 600 head of angry cows and calves. By the time I have dried off from my shower the sun has come out and the damage is being done. By the time I have them all fed we are in for a world of hurt. 600 mother cows have sunburned udders and teats; they were kicking their calves not wanting them to suck. For the next two weeks we ran all 600 head through the squeeze chute, twice a day. We did not try and mother up cows and calves, we put the first calf on the first cow and went on till each calf was fed and each cow sucked. After the calf was satisfied, we kicked the calf off then Bag Balm-ed each cows udder to protect it from cracking and peeling and to speed up the healing process. Twice a day for two weeks, we ran those cows through the cutes, from sunup till lunch, and then from lunch till sundown, in mucky pens with very angry cows. They hurt, they didn't want to be where we put them, and they let us know it. One cow in the second week put me into a corral fence, two weeks of tired, mud up to my ankles and a step to slow to get out of the way, and she let me know that I was not appreciated. That was the first time I saw the stars that swirl around my head like in the cartoons.

Back Casts

Mediocre or poor casters forget or ignore their back cast, but no forward cast is ever successful without an excellent or at least good back cast. We need to slow down and watch our back cast to understand our forward cast. The rod tip needs to move in a flat plane with firm stops to load and unload our stick; the line must extend to its fullest reach to perform its utmost in fly presentation during its forward movement. We strive to shoot line on our back cast, when this happens our forward cast can explode with power into distance and then the energy transforms itself into gentleness as the fly settles upon the waters film. A good presentation is only as good as its base (what came before).

Conversely, looking back on our life helps us to make sense of where we are and where we are going. Looking back helps us to adjust, to improvise and manage. We plan and try to execute our plan, but what they don't teach you, is that you have to pay attention as every action has a reaction. Working on cattle ranches taught me slow and steady gets the job done with the least amount of work and effort and with the fewest mistakes. Slow and steady is the best use of everybody's time. People and horses work a lot better when they work with each other's strengths and weaknesses. George and Partner got the same amount of work done but one took a lot less effort and sure was a lot more enjoyable. It may be cold and dark and you may be up to your armpits in muck and mire, but each day brings the sunrise and new birth and the worth of a good women and a warm bed cannot be measured in terms of wealth. Sometimes you just have to put your head down and go for it, you can't say whoa in the middle of a mud hole, you just got to pull for the other side. If you are really lucky you might even get to see stars.

The cast depends on slow and steady stokes with firm stops. Pay attention to every part of your cast not just the presentation, work with the strength and weakness of your rod, there is a sweet spot there, listen, feel and learn. Be patient with yourself, don't stop, look back and work through it. If you don't get it today or tomorrow, perseverance will bring you to the sunshine. And always remember a good women and a warm bed can put things in their proper order.

Thank you for riding my back trail for a while.

“Many go fishing all their lives without knowing that it is not fish they are after” Henry David Thoreau

Lone Lake Outing

By Steve Egge

April 25-28

Trying to avoid the rain and cold

Lone lake is a nice trout lake ... good boat launch ... Pontoon boat or personal raft recommended ... float tube is ok. It is a 12 month fishery ... and we will be there opening day weekend (sorry) ... the usual lake flies work .. Woolley buggers, nymphs, chironomids, GRHE, pheasant tails ... etc. ... sinking lines, intermediates and or floating lines work ... 4 -6 weights ...

I will arrive on Thursday after work. We will have dinner at the cabin. I'll pick up some Pizza's on my way up in Langley. Friday, Sat, Sunday (am) are a group effort .. feel free to volunteer food.

This cabin has 3 toilets ... 2 showers ... Nice Kitchen. Great family room / dinning room / kitchen ... Laundry Room (if you need to wash anything) 3 bedrooms up stairs and a weird sort of bunk room ... (have to walk through master bedroom to get to it which isn't a problem.

We can work it all out ... lots of space to sleep .. but if you do have a cot ... bring it .. might be handy ...

BRING ...

Float tube / pontoon / raft

Rod / waders/ flippers / files ... etc ...

Sleeping Bag and Pillow and Towel for Shower. Shave kit and personal items. (cot if you have room to bring... but not necessary)

Food you want to share ... BYOB ... we will have some beer also.

There is a nice Grill to BBQ on

There is clam digging on the beach but low tides will be around noon... I have shovels

Crab season is closed.

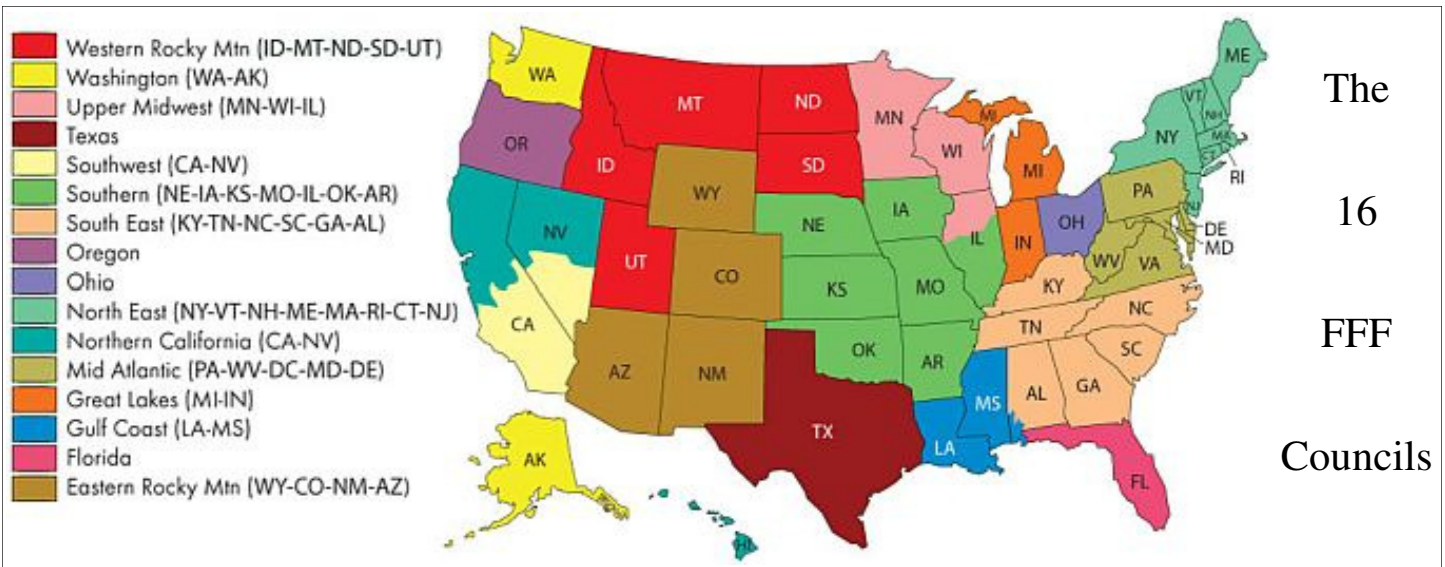
Note from the editor: If you want directions to Steve's 'cabin' please email me and I will send a document to you with directions and a Google Earth type map. Larry



The Alpine Fly Fishers holds monthly meetings at the Puerto Vallarta restaurant in Puyallup.

We start our meetings around 6 PM and enjoy a social hour of food and drinks. Everyone gets to give a fishing report, then a guest speaker will give a presentation and finally we have a raffle.

Please feel free to join us and check out our club while you dine on some great tasting food.



The
16
FFF
Councils

— Some Club Members FFF Memberships Are Expiring —

We have a few club members who need to renew their FFF memberships. I will be sending out an email to those club members, just for info. There is a lag time between when you do renew and to when I obtain confirmation from the FFF. So, if you have renewed and I sent you an email, please contact me and let me know that you have in fact renewed. Remember, these are the only club dues you have to pay, so in fairness to all the other members, please renew.

Thanks, Larry Gibbs

April Guest Speaker

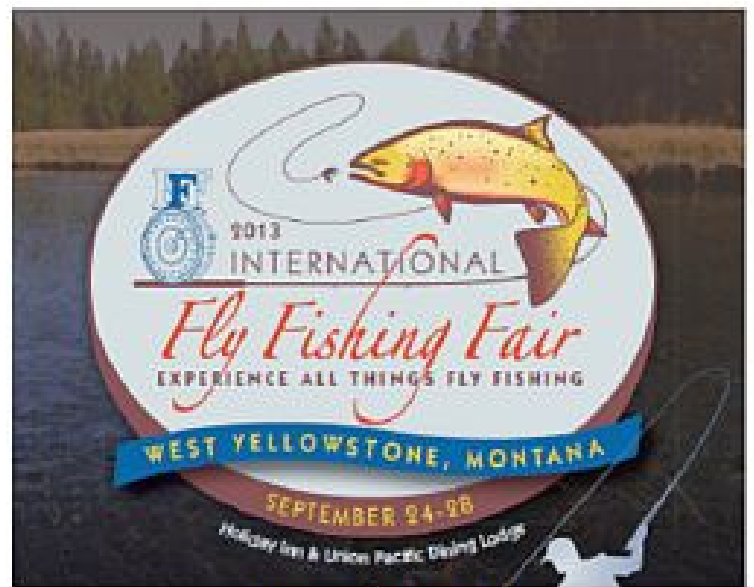
Anil Srivastava

Of the

Puget Sound Fly Co

Speaking about

**Steelhead fishing on the
Olympic Peninsula**



Save the Date

Workshops September 24-28,

Exhibit Hall Open September 26-28

Educational Workshops,

Casting, Fly Tying, Free Programs, Meals, Special Events, Youth Programs, Leading Fly Fishing Vendors, Auction & Raffles

For more information visit our website

www.fedflyfishers.org

406-233-9369

April / May 2013

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1 April	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23 Club Meeting	24	25 Lone Lake Outing	26 Lone Lake Outing	27 Lone Lake Outing
28 Lone Lake Outing	29	30	See You In Ellensburg ???			

			1 May	2	3 WA Fly Fishing Fair	4 WA Fly Fishing Fair
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28 Club Meeting	29	30	31	

Alpine Fly Fishers' 'The Dead Drift' is Published monthly by the Alpine Fly Fishers Club
 Larry Gibbs, Editor 253-863-4910 flytier015@q.com

Alpine Fly Fishers
PO Box 1456
Sumner, WA 98390

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Visit our website at www.alpineflyfishers.org

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