

Alpine Fly Fishers

Our Next AFF Meeting
Will Be Tuesday

December 13

We will be meeting at the
Puerto Vallarta
215 15th St. SE
Puyallup at 6 PM



The Dead Drift - December 2016

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By Larry Gibbs

I sure am glad Ben didn't have his way with getting the lowly turkey declared as the national bird, I would really hate to eat a Bald Eagle on Thanksgiving Day. I hope everyone has a good Turkey Day. Remembering that it is a time to give thanks is important. Now as we turn our attention to the December holidays, you may also want to warm up your casting arm and go out for some good fishing. Gone are the noisy sounds of summer. When you are out on the water during the winter, you are usually greeted with a sense of peace and solitude. Be it a river or lake, usually there are very few people out and about to disturb your fishing and contemplations of nature, that is unless the steelhead or salmon are running up the rivers. 😊

I have been keeping an eye on the snowpack levels in the mountains of Montana and Washington. So far the snow levels in western and southwestern Montana have been dismally low. Way below average for this time of year. This is the snow that is supposed to get compacted by all the later snows and will take the longest to melt, thus feeding the rivers well into the early summer. It is not happening.

So, then we come to the snow levels in the Cascades. You would think that with the record setting rainfall in October and into November, that our mountains would be loaded with snow. Nope. What fell in the mountains was rain. Not snow. Except for the extreme northern areas including central Columbia, the percentages are way, way down so far. Keep your fingers and rods crossed for lots of snow this winter. Our rivers and lakes will need it as will the fish.

Check out the Lund Pond article on page 14. This is a good place to test your equipment against some really huge fish. Bill Fox and I had a blast fishing there.

Our December meeting is on the 2nd Tuesday of the month, on December 13. This is our main fund raiser event for the club. Steve Egge will put together a power point presentation from some of us who turned in photos of our exploits in 2016. The raffle will be much bigger than the raffles we usually have. A nice net, a few reels, lots of flies and some great looking fly tying materials, along with leaders and fly lines and some fly tying tools, fly boxes, a delicious goody or two, and.....Well, come and see for yourself.

We had a good meeting in November. I want to thank Bill Aubrey for putting together a nice presentation about fishing some lakes in Montana. If any of you have a story to tell along with some decent digital photos, please let Ron Zarges know so he can schedule you for a presentation. We like seeing where our club members fish.

Good fishing.

Larry



International Federation of Fly Fishers
Fly of the Month December 2012
CRAWDAD
Published by Bob Bates



Opening Comments:

December is the time of year in the Northern U.S. to practice our fly tying. Janet Schimpf, a professional tier, in Montesano, WA has the ideal pattern for winter practice. She demonstrated it at the 2012 Washington Fly Fishing Fair in Ellensburg, WA. It requires a bit of preparation before you put thread to steel. Take brown feathers from the neck area of a rooster pheasant skin. Strip off the fibers on the butt part of the stem. Clip out the tip to make a claw. Use the picture above and Step 5 for scale. Coat them with head cement or lacquer. Prepare a bunch of them. Eyes are pre burned 80-pound monofilament. As the eyes are burning hold the monofilament so you get an angle in the monofilament. Blow out the fire when the eye is big enough. Be careful not to touch your lips. It hurts, I know. Let it cool a little, and when you cut it off leave a shank to tie it on the hook. Make a bunch of eyes. Legs are prepared from pheasant body feathers. Strip off the fuzzy stuff at the butt of the feather. Then separate the barbs to make three legs on each side. Look at the picture above and you will see that the distance from first to last leg is about equal to the length of the thorax. Do not cut off the tip now you will need it for a tie down later. Coat legs with head cement or lacquer and let them dry. Make enough legs for the number of crawdads you are tying.

How do you fish a crawdad? If your lake or stream has a sandy or small gravel bottom you are in luck. Just cast, let it sink to the bottom and start a slow retrieve. A friend made a study of crawdads. Reports by biologists and others told him that trout, smallmouth bass, brookies and largemouth bass generally fed on crawdads that were 3/4- to 1-inch long and occasionally 1-1/2 inches long. The 3- to 4-inch crawdads are too big and mean for most fish. He found that bending the hook shank was a lot easier than weighting the fly to ride point up. Before finding the Dai-Riki 700B (4XL) hook, he would bend the shank of Mustad 9671 or 9672 hooks. (Janet did not bend the hook.) Many crawdads live around rocky areas in our lakes and streams. Cast toward shore from your floating device. A sink-tip line can be used in shallow water. However, most of the time he used a type III or type V full sink line. Let the fly sink to the bottom, and bounce down the rocks. Use a strip (2- to 3-inches) and pause retrieve. Crawdads walk slowly, and a slow hand twist retrieve imitates their movements. Fish generally take the fly from the side, and sometimes all you see of a strike is the line moving sideways.

Materials list:

Hook: 4XL size 4 or 6

Weight: Lead or lead free wire same diameter as hook wire, optional

Thread: Same as body color; brown, tan or olive

Whiskers and tail: Moose hair

Eyes: Burned 80-pound mono filament.

Thorax: Chenille, light or dark olive, size 1 or 2 Also brown or tan

Claws: Ringneck Pheasant neck feathers

Legs: Ringneck pheasant body feathers

Body: V-rib; olive, tan or brown

Tying steps:

Step 1

Wrap on the lead coil and break off excess. Never cut the lead with your scissors. You can put a few thread winds over the lead coil to hold it in place.



FOTM Cont. on pages 3 & 4 →

Step 2

Take a small bundle of moose hair clean out under fur and clip off a little of the tips. Tie it on by the tips at the bend. Use a couple of thread winds to hold the long part of the hair back. Do not clip it off.



Step 3

Tie eyes on top of hook at bend so they point outward at about 45 degrees on each side.



Step 4

Prepare a piece of chenille by pulling off the fuzz to expose the thread core. Tie it on at about mid-shank by this thread core. This way you do not get a lump when you start wrapping the chenille. Wrap the chenille toward the eyes. Put the last wrap between the eyes and the moose hair. Let the chenille hang do not trim.



Step 5

Tie one set of claws on the far side of the chenille and pointing past the end of the hook. Put the dull or concave side down. Don't worry about them as you are tying on the chenille. It will be fixed later.



Step 6

Tie in the second claw on the near side. Now get ready to tie on the legs.



Step 7

Clip off some of the tip of the leg feather, but leave enough to tie them in. Tie legs in by the tip where you tied in the claws. Put the dull or concave side up and have the feather sticking out between the eyes. Leave thread on the lead coil as shown.



Step 8

Gently pick up the claws and legs, and make one chenille wrap between the eyes and the claws. Let the claws and legs lay back. Wrap chenille toward the hook eye covering themess you made when tying in legs and claws. Secure chenille at hook eye end of thorax and trim excess.



Step 9

Tie olive V-rib with flat side toward hook. Make sure it is held against the chenille thorax.



Step 10

Move the thread to between the thorax and the abdomen. Bring the legs between claws over the thorax and secure. Return thread to between thorax and abdomen.



Step 11

Bring the moose between the eyes to make a shellback over the thorax. Secure it at hook eye end of the thorax, and continue winding thread over the moose to the hook eye. Wind thread back and forth over the moose. Leave thread hanging at the eye. Cut excess moose beyond the eye as shown.



Step 12

Wrap V-rib toward hook eye so the rounded side is out, secure behind hook eye and trim. Make sure to pull the V-rib tightly.



Step 13

Whip finish and put head cement on whip finish if you wish. Top view of finished crawdad.



Closing Comments

This pattern will give you something to do this winter, and then start fishing it in the spring. Make different size crawdads. In the spring start with the smallest ones then as the year progresses use bigger ones.

Back of Beyond

By Stephen Neal

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

Thanksgiving

My splitting maul falls through its arch and strikes the splitting wedge driving it further into the western hemlock round. Back and arm muscles bunch and draw the maul sky ward to its apex and it falls again, bit by bit, the wedge drives deeper into the wood severing knots and fracturing fault lines. Gradually split wood gathers around my feet. I then stack it and move onto the next hemlock round, putting wood up for the winter. As I work my mind streams music lyrics and they intertwine with thoughts of friends and my resent trip to Dunsmuir. A soft bluesy harmonica opening, "But I got to stop wishing, got to go fishing, down to rock bottom again. Just a few friends, just a few friends" *

The last week of October was spent in Dunsmuir with Kevin, Scott, Jeff, Bob, Cy and Rodger. The weather was wet and wild, Northern California got a good soaking, the good lord opened heavens sluice gate and the water poured out of the sky, most of the water ran right by our rental home for that week. We witnessed a two and half foot to three-foot river rise on multiple days. We fished Saturday afternoon and Sunday before the rain set in. The rest of the week was river rise, river fall and river rise again. The laundry/mud room was filled with wet hats and jackets. In the evening, we sat around the large rock fireplace watching the heat giving flames consume wood. At night, the heavy falling rain drummed us asleep and drummed us awake again. This trip we slept longer the usual, is that because we are older or the canyon remained darker in the morning longer than usual? A jury of our peers is still out.



Fish were caught, but they were fewer than wished for. The fish knowing their water world and sensing or reading the portents of changing weather knew when to willowed up on the river bottom, they found their safe refuges and there they stayed. Smart of them and poor fishing for us. Scott and Jeff had a one good evening and even switched Rods to share the magic of the moment of many fish caught.

Fishing is like playing baseball, you prepare your craft and choose the right equipment but once you play the game it is an act of faith. You step up to the plate and take your cuts or you cast, sometimes you are rewarded but the percentages are against you. Even the best hitters 300 only get a hit 3 out of 10 times at bat. This is a pastime that keeps you humble and in today's world that is a valuable commodity in short supply.

*"Half a mile from the county fair, And the rain came pourin' down, Me and Billy standin' there With a silver half a crown, Hands are full of a fishin' rod, And the tackle on our backs We just stood there gettin' wet, With our backs against the fence, Oh, the water, Oh, the water Oh, the water, Hope it don't rain all day, And it stoned me to my soul" ***

When the falling rain blew out the upper Sac and there was no hope of bring the fish to the fly we took a drive to Hat Creek, 60 minutes east got us out of the falling rain and onto fish. The first day I used my 5wt but on the second day I used my 1wt now that was fun, a 10-inch rainbow in fast moving riffles on a 1wt rod sure do put a smile on your face. There is also the plus of fishing with my favorite rod, I sure do love the way it casts and turns over a fly, I don't get to fish it much but what a treat when I do.

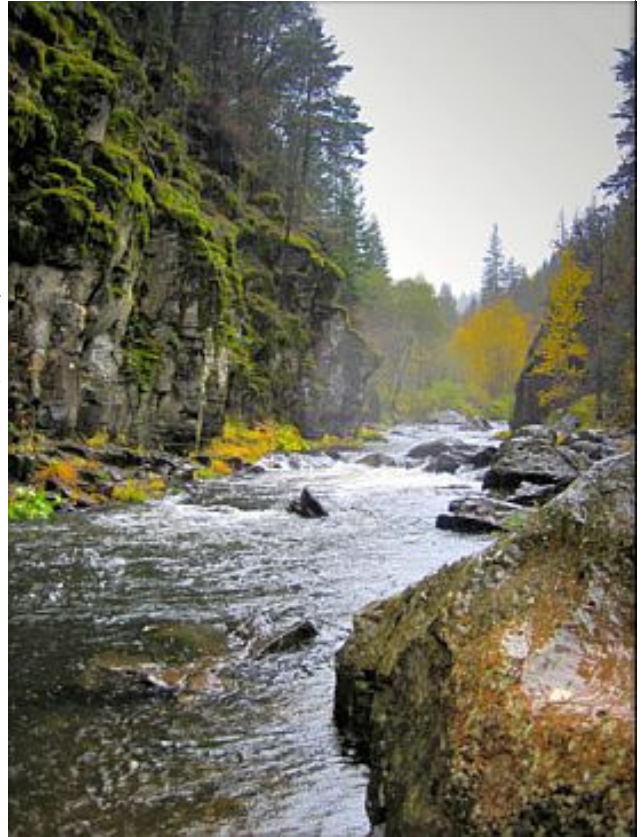


Continued on Page 6 →

Speaking of rods, it is time in this little story to share another fishing rod story. On the day, we arrived, 6 fishermen's outfits were unloaded into the garage, you can imagine that is quite a pile of paraphernalia of quantifiable odds and ends. Well since Cy and I had to bunk in the garage, to set up our cots we sorted through the equipment while Scott and Kevin fished and rearranged it so that we could have a space for our cots and equipment. We tried to keep everybody's individual gear together in specific locations so that it was handy for them, but in the process, I put an 8wt Echo rod next to Scott's 5wt Echo Nymph rod. Since both rod cases are clones, Scott without a second thought rigged up his rod and went fishing.

For the next week, Scott grumbled to himself about the stiffness and un-responsiveness of his rod, he didn't say anything to anyone else, he knew his nymphing rod was clunky he just didn't remember it being this clunky. This all was illuminated on our next to last evening, we were all gathered in the garage to share stories of the days fishing, sipping scotch, and smoking cigars while watching the rain fall. Jeff and Scott started discussing the attributes of their Echo nymphing rods and Scott said he liked its 10-foot length but felt that it was too stiff and that his arm was tired from casting it. That when it was discovered that he had rigged up an 8wt rod with a 5wt line. His face turned red and we all busted out laughing, that called for another sip of scotch.

Good friends are worth their weight in gold. I'm happy to report that Scott gained at least 2 inches of girth in his right bicep and is contemplating taking up weight lifting to support his casting addiction. Embarrassed Scott asked if I was going to put this incident in my next story, I assured him that I would as I am partly responsible for his faux pas. It's the small things that draw us together and enrich our experiences. Besides it takes a real man to load an 8wt rod with a 5wt line, what's not to be proud of.



Northern California was in its fall foliage glory this year and the falling rain deepened the colors, between rain storms we gathered on the riverside deck to drink in the beauty around us, listen to the river and gaze up to the sky.

*"Hark, now hear the sailors cry, Smell the sea and feel the sky Let your soul and spirit fly into the mystic" ****

Well I had better get back to splitting wood or it will be a cold winter season, I would like to close this out by giving Thanks to all my friends, thank you for being my friends you are all truly treasured.

Friends and nature truly do stone me down into my soul.

Hope to see you on the water soon.

Stephen

"Many go fishing all their lives without knowing that it is not fish they are after"

Henry David Thoreau

*Jimmy Buffet – A Pirate Looks at 40

** Van Morrison – And it Stoned Me

*** Van Morrison – Into the Mystic

Deanna Travis
FlyAnglers Online
Publisher & Owner

Timeless Rhythm - A Song
Our Traditional Christmas Story
December 19 2011



The Fly Fishing Enthusiast's Online Magazine
'The Fraternity of Fly Fishers'

Our very best wishes to you for a Blessed Christmas and Joy and Happiness in the New Year. We thank you for being part of Fly Anglers OnLine - we couldn't do it without you! A special thanks to our U.S. Military wherever you are. We won't forget.

Revived by food and rest, he left the safety of the barn. He was alone, and a stranger in a foreign land. The big Snowy Owl turned soundlessly into the wind, and soared upward on the thermal, ever observant. The high mountain currents changed morning and evening, consistent enough to be used as a clock for the resident wildlife. Time to curl up and sleep in a sheltered break, or to wake and find breakfast. Nature's alarm clock has no ringing bell, just a shift of wind on a feather or whisker.

Winter had come early. Foothill roads, branching from the traveled highway in the valley, remained unplowed. Cattle had long since been trailed to home ground. Draft horses and rubber-tired wagons hauled timothy hay and alfalfa to them twice a day.

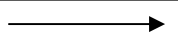
Snowy made a mental note, voles and mice would use the feeding ground to find vagrant seeds fallen from the bales. His new world widened with each wing beat. Winter would be long. He was hundreds of miles south of his normal winter home.

Fierce fall storms roaring down from his summer Arctic home pushed him far from the craggy Canadian Rockies. He found his winter home in the Montana Crazy Mountains by chance. A violent blizzard triggered by the cold front drove him further south. Visibility was gone. Winds and snow blowing sideways disoriented him. After days of struggle to regain his grasp of reality he found shelter under the eaves of a barn. He could barely walk up the high drifted bank on fat feathered feet, nature's own snowshoes. His strong wings were too encrusted with ice to fly. There, under the eave of the barn, out of the wind and protected from the whirling snow, he took inventory. He was stiff and cold, but everything seemed to work. "I suppose this is as good a day to die as any," he thought. Hoping he would thaw out enough to be able to hunt, he fluffed his feathers as best he could, and scrunched his body into a tight mass.

When he woke, the sun had warmed the roof of the barn above him. He sniffed the air and saw mist evaporating from the edge of the protecting eaves. Soon the bright sun reflecting from the snow illuminated his new domain. Opening his beak, he yawned, and was surprised to see his breath freezing into droplets. Nothing in the barnyard below moved. There were no animals. Or humans. A double fence row indicated a road. He marked it on his mental radar as a place to avoid.

Scanning the sky, he saw no movement. No enemy. His desire for warmth became unbearable. And his hiding place was vulnerable. A coyote might walk up the same drift he had. It took a great deal of effort, but he laboriously climbed to the steep roof and with a short burst of desire perched on the cupola. With pure white feathers, he sat in broad daylight, nearly invisible against the snow. Except for his yellow eyes. This new perch gave him an unobstructed view of the valley below. The bench, and the mountain cliffs above were all within his vision. He became more alert at sighting the cliffs. Peregrine Falcons live in such places. He was certainly larger, but their speed and ferocity could be his undoing. He had the advantage. Falcons don't fly at night. It would be wise to avoid their territory at dusk 'tho.

A high-pitched noise caught his attention, far off at first, then drawing near, and finally passing by. The bitter cold intensified the sound, the squeal of sleigh runners against snow.

Continued on Page 8 

As he watched, the horse and sleigh slid to a stop at the old stone farm house across the gully. The occupant dismounted and walked toward the house. No other movement or sound caught his attention. He was almost asleep in the warming sunshine when the door of the house opened again. Several people came out, bundled against the cold. Sounds from their talk and laughter echoed back across the gully.

He thought about flying off, but no one appeared to notice him. It may have not been the safest decision, but his wings were finally dry, and he began to arrange his feathers. Even as he preened, he watched the tableau below. A tiny black spot streaked across the snow and up a fence pole. Then revealed itself as the very tip of a white tail. The ermine stretched out in the sun too. It would have made a meal, but the rail fence was right beside the farm house. He wasn't sure his wings would even carry him that far.

Watching the ermine bask, he slowly noticed other signs of life. The gully was marked with vole runs. Voles run along just beneath the surface of the snow, and their runs are visible as long, straight tiny mounds of snow running back and forth, intersecting like spider webs. Intense sunlight in its low arc, caused the tiny mounds to cast shadows making them even more visible. A shiver of relief swept through his total being. He had a food supply.

He woke, surprised that he had fallen asleep again. Sleeping during the day was usual, but he had been observing his world in preparation for a hunting excursion. He would have to eat and soon. Instead he had fallen asleep. The change of wind woke him; wind coming back down the mountains. The day, what he remembered of it, had been clear with opal blue skies. It was almost dusk, and with a bright moon night would be very cold.

He could not remain on the cupola roof forever. Tentatively stretching his wings, he hopped down to the main roof of the barn. Looking around, he saw two openings in the cupola. Very carefully he peered inside. There was nothing threatening. The barn was dry and neat with one young steer munching away. A bare bulb glowed next to the granary door. He could smell water too.

And the sharp acidic odor of. . .mice! As he watched, one, then two, then several skittered across the floor of the barn. A little knothole at floor level was their main street leading into - and out of - the granary. Carefully he tested his wings. The soft wings did not alarm the steer. The steer did not alarm the mice. And he dined in the comfort of the snug barn. After a brief rest and he decided to try a short flight to reconnoiter the neighborhood.

Grateful to have shelter and food, his spirits soared with him on the thermals. Both the valley highway and tiny town were quiet. Cars were parked. No people were about. Everything was still. Suddenly his sharp ears picked up a new sound. It was almost like the laughter he heard earlier the same day. He angled his wings to carry him downward, closer. A full moon was rising, and its light reflected off a shiny spot on another roof. He was almost caught up in the music rising from the building when he thought to check his bearings. His safe haven was still visible up on the bench some six miles off. He landed silently at the base of the metal cross on the belfry. Head cocked, he listened intently. The melody grew louder and engulfed him. Within his breast he joined in. He knew the song. It was joy!

"Joy to the World, the Lord is come. Let earth receive her king. Let every heart prepare Him room; And heav'n and nature sing, and heav'n and nature sing . . ."

~The Ladyfisher



Alpine Fly Fisher Meeting Dates in 2017

Our club meetings are on the fourth (4th) Tuesday of each month except for December (the third Tuesday) and there are no meetings in July or August.

January 24; February 28; March 28; April 25; May 23; June ?? Club Picnic; July (No Meeting); August (No Meeting); September 26; October 24; November 28; December 19 (3rd Tuesday)

2017 ORCIFFF Fly Tyer & Fly Fishing Expo

The Oregon Council is holding their Fly Tyer & Fly Fishing Expo
In Albany, OR on **March 10 & 11**

2017 WSCIFFF Fly Fishing Fair

The Washington State Council is holding their Fly Fishing Fair
in Ellensburg on Friday and Saturday, **May 5 & 6**

Northwest Fly Fishing & Casting Events for 2017

Up here in the great northwest, we are blessed with an abundance of fly fishing & casting events. I have posted notices about two of them that occur during the first half of next year. There are others as well, private shows like the O'Loughlin WA Sportsman's Show in Puyallup, the Fly Fishing Show in Lynwood, and the Spey Clave down in Oregon. But the ones I listed above are all International Federation of Fly Fishers events that are being sponsored by the IFFF councils for those areas.

The **Oregon Council** IFFF is sort of the granddaddy of them all, as it was in Oregon, with the help of a number of Washington clubs, that the FFF was first created. Oregon started having these events a number of years ago, in a very small facility in Eugene. Then they moved to the Linn County Expo Center in Albany which is a fantastic facility. The show has well over 100 fly tyers each year. Also, there are many well known fly casting instructors there to offer their expertise in getting you to cast to the best of your ability. The workshops and classrooms offer great information on fishing the northwest and other locations. Drive down there early on a Friday morning, spend the day and even into the next day to take in the whole show. Make note of the dates: Friday and Saturday, March 10 & 11.

Then two months later, the **Washington State Council** IFFF will be having their 11th annual Fly Fishing Fair at the Kittitas County Fairgrounds in Ellensburg. As you know, Peter and I are both heavily involved with this event, as are some of our club members. Steven Fernandez is going to be our featured fly tyer. We will have many great fly tyers at our event and some of the best fly casters in the northwest. This is a fun show to attend. We have lots of vendors so you can do some shopping and Peter runs a really good silent auction, raffle & live auction. This is the closest event of the three listed, just a hop, skip & jump over the mountain to Ellensburg. Plan to attend on the first Friday and Saturday of May, the 5th and 6th.



International
Federation of Fly Fishers
2017 Fly Fishing Fair
Scheduled August 1 - 5, 2017
Livingston, MT





The Fly Fishing Enthusiast's Online Magazine
'The Fraternity of Fly Fishers'

There are several of us at AFF who belong to FAOL. It is a great site for fly fishers, lots of helpful information and many fly tying recipes and articles about all aspects of fly fishing and fly fishing gear. Check it out.

www.flyanglersonline.com

A Fly Fishing Quote:

"To him, all good things - trout as well as eternal salvation-
come by grace, and grace comes by art,
and art does not come easy."

~ Norman Maclean from the book "A River Runs Through It" ~

Alpine Fly Fishers Meetings in 2016

—————▶ **December 13** ◀—————

**WA Fly Fishing Fair
Main Event Sponsors**

**Worley Bugger Fly Co.
&
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Frank Amato Publications**



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**Frank Amato
Publications**

2017 NORTHWEST YOUTH CONSERVATION AND FLY FISHING ACADEMY

It is not too early to start thinking about the 2017 Academy. Again we are preparing for another Youth Conservation and Fly Fishing Academy to be held June 18-24, 2017 at Gwinwood Community Center on Hicks Lake in Lacey, WA. The Staff will be contacting dedicated volunteers to contribute their time for the success of the Academy - for the kids. This Academy is all about the girls and boys, 12-16 years old, to teach them the basics of fly fishing and conservation. The event is one full week with some staff and all youth living in clean, warm cabins at the Gwinwood Center. All meals are provided. Students need to bring their personal belongings, i.e., sleeping bags, pillows, rubber boots, etc. All fishing gear and fly tying equipment is provided, however, students may bring their own fishing gear.

The event is supported by WCTU and WSCIFFF, and members of TU and fly fishing clubs of Washington.

The cost to each student is only \$300 for the week, sponsorships are available through TU Chapters, FFF fly clubs and private donations. No applicant will be turned away because of lack of funding.

Applications will be accepted starting January 1, 2017 until April 15, 2017. Applications may be downloaded from our website – www.nwycffa.com, - via email to mtclancy39@comcast.net or call 360-753-1259.

Each applicant must submit an essay explaining why THEY want to attend The Academy. A letter of recommendation is required from a school teacher or counselor. We have a Facebook page listed under our name for viewing pictures from previous events.

We are very proud of The Academy; this has been a life changing experience for many of our youth.

THE YOUTH OF TODAY ARE THE GUARDIANS OF THE FUTURE FOR OUR SPORT OF FLYFISHING



The **Second Tuesday** in December

December 13

This year we are having our December meeting on the second (2nd) Tuesday in December, not the 3rd Tuesday.

All of our other club meetings are usually on the 4th Tuesday of each month, but we usually have the December meeting on the 3rd Tuesday. This year we felt that that may still be too close to Christmas so we are having it on the 2nd Tuesday, December 13. Just the way the calendar dates worked out. Next year we will be back to the 3rd Tuesday.

Doing Some Travelling In The Near Future?

Check out these locations of IFFF related events!

January 2017

January 13-14, Southwest Idaho Fly Fishing Expo, Boise, Idaho. www.bvff.com

January 14, West Michigan Fly Show by the Great Lakes Council, Grand Rapids, MI. <http://www.fffglc.org>

January 28, 2017, FlyBuy, Long Beach Casting Club. Long Beach, California. www.swciff.org

March 2017

March 10-11, 2017, ORC Northwest Fly Tyer & Fly Fishing Expo, Linn County Expo Center, Albany, OR
<http://www.nwexpo.com>

March 17-19, 2017, Great Waters Expo, St Paul, Minnesota. greatwatersflyexpo.com

Guest Speakers in 2017

Ron has been busy, getting us some great speakers for our meetings in 2017.

So far here is who we have:

January: Charles Vaden speaking about bamboo fly rods

February: Mike Sturza speaking about fishing for Steelhead on the Cowlitz River

March: Lucas Young speaking about fly fishing down in New Zealand

Very Brief Job Descriptions Of Our Board Of Directors Positions

December is when we have our annual business meeting. Don't worry, the business meeting portion of our December meeting will not take very long. We are required to have such a meeting and that is when we have our annual voting of the Board of Directors. If you are interested in becoming a member of the Board of Directors, then email me prior to the meeting. If anyone wants to be the president, please call me or email me or send a Carrier Pigeon or smoke signals or.....

President: Officiate at club meetings. Prepare the annual report to the IFFF for the IRS. Be the primary contact person for potential new members with questions and vote on a few club related decision making items each year.

Vice President: Officiate at club meetings when the president is not available and vote on a few club related decision making items each year.

Treasurer: Maintain the bank account and deposit the monthly income from raffles and fund raisers. Assist in the annual report for the IFFF and IRS. Pay guest speakers and misc bills as they come due and vote on a few club related decision making items each year.

Secretary: Sign official papers when needed and vote on a few club related decision making items each year.

Directors: Assist where needed and vote on a few club related decision making items each year.

For a list of the current Board of Directors, please refer to page 13.

A November Day On The Yakima River

I spent a very pleasant day fishing on the Yakima River on November 7. My guide was Aron Larsen from the Worley Bugger Fly Co. The usual form of fly fishing in November is nymphing. You do keep a dry fly rod rigged and ready to go if a good hatch occurs but nymphing is normally the most productive way to fish this late in the year. However, this year, with its twists and turns of weather patterns, fishing was different. Dry fly fishing was still very productive. In fact, we never even rigged up my nymphing rod, but rigged up two dry fly rods instead. One with a very productive October Caddis pattern tied by Aron. I caught all of my fish on this pattern except for one on the BWO. The other rod was rigged with a really small Blue Wing Olive pattern.

The weather was very nice for this time of year. Some sun, some clouds, minimal wind and the temperature was in the mid-forties, and yea, did I mention minimal to no wind?

The river was flowing about 150 cfs below the normal flow, but there was more than enough clear water for fishing.

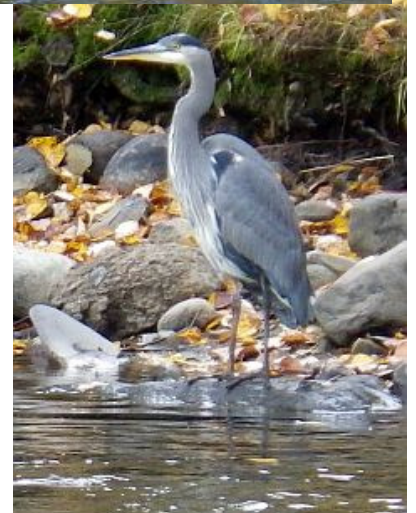
There were a lot of huge October Caddis (size 8+) flying around and a even more smaller caddis, dark colored, around a size 14. There were also some BWO's hatching, but not an over abundance of them. The area has not had a good hard freeze as yet, so the bug activity was still really good. This will cease shortly however, and nymphing will become the best bet for fishing.

I had a very productive day on the Yak. I caught 20 fish, had a few more come off after a short fight, had a number of missed hits (some of the fish were too eager to get the fly) and a few refusals. Most of the fish were in the 12 to 14 inch range and most of them were Rainbows, with only a few Cutthroats being caught. The days prior to me being there, the Cutties had been very active, but today they were far less so.

In October when I last fished the Yakima River, the leaves on the huge cottonwoods and willow trees had just started turning and were not falling. But in the past month, all that has changed. The majority of the leaves have fallen off, the remaining ones are very yellow and red and a gust of wind will take many off the trees and deposit them into the river and surrounding forests.

As the sun started setting behind the mountains around 4:10 PM, the bite was off, the majority of bugs took to the bushes and the fish started getting ready for bed and decided not to have a late snack. By 5:00 the river was masked in darkness and you would not want to be floating on the water at that time, far too dangerous.

It was a very pleasant early November fishing trip.



**PLEASE BRING SOME
FLIES TO OUR DECEMBER
MEETING FOR OUR FLY
TREE**

Lund Pond - Private Pond Fishing **Offered through the Worley Bugger Fly Co.**

I went over to the Yakima River for a day of fishing on Monday, November 7. I had received an e-newsletter from the Worley Bugger Fly Co the week before and in it they mentioned fishing at a private pond, Lund Pond, near Easton. I had arranged with my guide, Aron Larsen, to take me to the pond so I could check it out and see if it was something that some of us may be interested in, then went on to fish the Yak.

The pond has some absolutely huge hogs in it. While I was there, the manager, Joel, made a few casts and hooked into a massive fish. Aron told me that that fish was smaller than many of the other trout in the pond. There are virtually hundreds of trout from the six pound range and up in those waters.

I think it would be fun to go over there just to catch some really big monsters. I also think it would be a good place to improve your casting, including spey casters, and actually feel the hook set and fight of a really large fish. The pond will be open until it starts to ice over.

Bill Fox and I went over there on Monday, November 14. The weather was still unseasonably warm and we were supposed to have a lot of rain but the sun came out just before we arrived and it was a very pleasant fall day. Aron from the Worley Bugger Fly Co. was there as our guide and Joel was there. As the manager, he has to be there whenever someone books a fishing experience on Lund Pond. Bill and I each hooked into a number of very large trout, Rainbows and Triploids. Very large trout is a bit of an understatement. I don't know if Bill really believed me when I said there were huge trout in Lund Pond but after he hooked into his first one, he knew I was not joking. We fished streamers and nymphs and even tried a dry fly. The dry fly didn't work, but the streamers and nymphing caught us fish. Lund Pond would be a very good place to go next year, late spring through the summer and fall. The fish will be even bigger and just as fun to catch. Check out the photos.

Here is the Worley Bugger notice about the pond.

WBFC PRIVATE LAKE FISHING OPPURTUNITIES

WBFC has recently acquired the access to a local, private fly fishing lake call "Lund Pond" and we are now accepting immediate bookings until the pond is closed for winter. Prepare yourself at this time for trout in the 2lb to 15lb class range at Lund Pond. As of now, the average size rainbow trout in the pond is 6 to 8 pounds.


This is an excellent place for a beginner or intermediate fly fishermen who would like to improve their skills on: Casting; Presenting a fly; Hooking and landing fish, especially big fish; Technique and accuracy; and Fly selection. We will also teach accuracy and distance as well as how to improve your overall fly fishing skills.

Cost is \$125.00 per angler for 4 hours of on the pond instruction from a professional WBFC guide staff member. Includes flies and gear if needed. A minimum of 2 anglers is required for booking with a maximum of 4 per day.



Bill Fox with a nice fish on and to the net.

December 2016 / January 2017

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
"A thousand hills, but no birds in flight, Ten thousand paths, with no person's tracks. A lonely boat, a straw-hatted old man, Fishing alone in the cold river snow." - Liu Zhongyuan, River Snow ~ 773 - November 28, 819 ~				December 1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13 Club Meeting	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21 Winter Begins	22	23	24
 25 Christmas & Chanukah	26	27	28	29	30	31
January 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24 Club Meeting	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	"There is a privacy about it which no other season gives you In spring, summer and fall people sort of have an open season on each other; only in the winter, in the country, can you have longer, quiet stretches when you can savor belonging to yourself." ~ Ruth Stout 1884 - 1980 ~			

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