

Alpine Fly Fishers

Our Next AFF Meeting

Tuesday

February 27

As always, at the

Puerto Vallarta

215 15th St. SE

Puyallup at 6 PM



FFI
Charter Club



The Dead Drift - February 2018

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Mailing Address

Board of Directors



President's Line

By Larry Gibbs

When we held the drawing for the 'Free Raffle' at our Christmas meeting, I got the feeling that everyone enjoyed the possibility of winning one of those three prizes. I had only planned on doing that just for 2017. But, on retrospect, I decided to continue that for 2018 as well. To simplify things, rather than me passing out little slips of paper for you to write your name on as a way to verify you were at that meeting, I will start having a sheet over by Guy, at the raffle ticket table, for everyone to simply check your name off as you enter. I will maintain a record of who attended each meeting and at the 2018 Christmas meeting, we will hold a drawing like we did at our 2017 meeting. The more times you attend our meetings, the more times your name will be entered in the drawing. The membership was very vocal at that December meeting that you had to be present to win, so that rule will apply in 2018 as well. I will come up with three nice drawing prizes. One of them will be the same St.Croix 9', 7wt fly rod we had last year. Duffy won it and then returned it to me because she has so many rods now. So to sweeten that gift from her, I am going to add a reel that will go with the rod. When I mentioned this at the meeting last night, PJ yelled out to add a line as well. Maybe that will happen. This new system started at our January meeting. There are nine meetings (including the January meeting and the club picnic) that count towards this drawing. I think we will add another 'rule'. If your name is picked once, you are not eligible for another prize, another name will be selected. Sort of spreads the wealth so to speak.

As I mentioned at the January meeting, financially we are doing okay. This allows us to spend some of our money on donations to worthwhile causes. The Board of Directors have discussed (via emails) possible recipients. At our December meeting, I had already talked about giving a donation to the NW Youth Conservation Fly Fishing Academy. During the BOD's email exchanges, a point was made about donating to a steelhead concern. It was decided to give a donation to the FFI's 'The Osprey' which is a newsletter aimed at increasing awareness to matters about steelhead issues in the greater northwest. Another suggestion was made to donate to the Coastal Cutthroat Coalition. This fish is also a species from the greater northwest that is in need of public awareness and protection. All three are getting donations.

With the raffles at our monthly meetings and our fly rod board raffles (we have three really nice TFO fly rods that are going to be given away this year), our club should stay fairly financially stable. With the raffles, you not only help our club, but you have a chance to win some 'neat stuff' and you can always use more 'stuff'. 😊

I want to thank Jay Paulson for giving us a very good presentation at our January meeting. It was informative and gave us some new ideas about fishing dry flies. I bought some of his Titanic Caddis flies and will be giving them a try out on the Yakima River and the Clark Fork River this year.

Good fishing.



Larry



Fly Fishing International

Fly of the Month

February 2002



PHEASANT TAIL NYMPH with BEADS

By Bob Bates

Many years ago Frank Sawyer designed his Pheasant Tail Nymph (See the September 1998 Fly of the Month by Jim Abbs). Now we are putting beads on them. The bead head fly craze really started at the 1988 Dutch FlyFair (a mini conclave). However, prior to 1991 we Americans didn't listen to the European fly fishermen (See March, 2000 Fly of the Month).

At the FFF 1991 International Conclave in West Yellowstone, Montana, Dutch fly tier Theo Bakelaar made an impression on everybody. After all, he was clad in a gold suit with gold paint on his face and a passion for bead-head, bead-body and bead-etc. flies. Three of his flies are shown in Patterns of the Masters 1991 Conclave. FFF officials, mainly Jack Parker, took him fishing and saw how effective his flies were. In 1992 everybody wanted bead head flies, and most of our beads came from craft shops. The demand was insatiable. Commercial tiers tied hundreds of dozens, and even guides stayed up late to tie bead head patterns for their clients. Most tied single bead head patterns like above. However, John Faust of Hamilton, Montana made it better by including two beads (see two bead fly above). His pattern also has the advantage of using beads with holes that are too large and would slip over the hook's eye.

In stillwater use bead patterns with floating or sinking lines. With a sinking line let the line and fly sink to where the fish are and start to retrieve. The fish are frequently near the bottom, but they might not be there. Also, vary the retrieve until something works. With floating lines vary the fly sink-time and retrieve. Start a hand twist retrieve immediately, let the fly sink to near the bottom before retrieving, or even let the fly hang under a strike indicator. The keyword is experiment. Bead patterns also work well in moving water. Suspend the fly under the strike indicator a distance about equal to twice the water depth. In fast water extra weight might be needed a foot or two above the fly to sink everything quickly. If the indicator does anything beside drift downstream. It might be only a rock or it could be a nice fish. Then you will have a great story to tell your fishing partners.

Materials:

Hook: Dai-Riki 730; Mustad 9671, 9672, 7957BX; Daiichi 1710, 1560; Tiemco 3761; sizes 8-16

Weight: One or two brass beads

Thread: Brown, 6/0 or 8/0

Rib: Gold or copper wire

Tail and body: Pheasant tail fibers

Wingcase and legs: Pheasant tail fibers

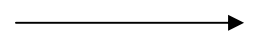
Thorax: Peacock herl (On one bead fly only)

Tying Steps:

Bead Head Pheasant Tail Nymph

1. Smash the barb to make threading easier, and slip on one or two brass beads. If you have modern beads with a smaller hole on one side put it toward the eye.
2. Put hook in the vise with the shank pointing down a little so bead stays at the eye.

FOTM Cont. on page 3





3. Attach wire about mid-shank and hold it as you wrap thread over wire to the bend 4. Hold a pheasant tail, and stroke the fibers outward so the tips are even before cutting off the ones you want. Make a shank length tail at the bend by attaching a dozen or so tail fibers by their tips on top of the hook. Keep thread wraps on top of each other.

5. Hold up butts of pheasant tail fibers and wind thread forward to a little in front of mid shank.

6. Grasp the pheasant tail fibers with your fingers and start wrapping them around the shank. The first wrap should be back to cover the thread wraps securing the fibers, and then wrap forward to mid-shank, secure and trim excess.

7. Spiral the copper wire rib forward in the opposite direction than you wrapped the pheasant tail fibers. This counter wrapping protects the pheasant tail fibers. Secure and cut off excess wire. Leave thread at front of body.

8. Cut off a dozen or so tail fibers after making them even. Measure the tail fibers so the distance from the tips to the thread is about twice the mid-shank-to-bead length. Secure them on top of the hook with tips to rear. Wrap thread over butts to help build up the thorax area. Trim excess.

9. Secure two or three peacock herls by their tips between the body and the bead. Wind thread to bead. Build up a fat thorax by winding herls between body and bead. Secure and trim excess.

10. Pull the wing case fibers forward, hold them together and secure with a turn or two of thread.

11. Divide the tips, and hold half of them along each side of the thorax. Put on a couple more thread wraps to hold tips back, whip finish behind bead and add a drop of head cement to wraps.

Two Bead Pheasant Tail Nymph

Steps 1 to 6 same as above except secure pheasant tail fibers from body on top of hook and do not trim excess.

7. Spiral gold wire forward. Faust likes to wrap the rib in the same direction as the body is wrapped but with a different pitch. He feels that body fibers are loosen with counter wrapping. Hold up excess pheasant tail fibers, put several wire wraps ahead of body, secure with thread and trim excess wire.

8. Bring one bead back to body, and move thread to front of it. Even the tips of 6 or 8 pheasant tail fibers, cut them from tail feather and tie them, tips to rear, on top of hook in front of rearmost bead. Make these legs 1-1/2 to 2 gap widths long and split half on each side of bead. Trim excess. Bring pheasant tail fibers from body over bead forcing legs to side, tie down and do not trim.

9. Bring front bead back and move thread in front of it. Tie on 6 or 8 pheasant tail fibers for the front legs. Trim excess. Bring pheasant tail fibers from body over beads, forcing legs to side, and secure near the eye.

10. Trim excess pheasant tail fibers and whip finish head. Add a little head cement to whip finish and wing case.

As far as I am concerned any style pheasant tail nymph is a great all year fly. Have fun with these patterns. Please put the fish back gently so you and others can have the pleasure of playing with them again.

Back of Beyond

By Stephen Neal

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

Somewhere on the Road South of the Moon and North of Hell*

The lobby was crowded, the disarray of people caught in the confusion of getting somewhere else, filled the waiting area. Trade at the bathrooms was steady, as was the ticket window; the two lines were 3 or 4 deep. The faded beige painted wall on my left held a Clock, a Continental Trailways route map, and a metal rack filled with travel pamphlets. The red, route lines dissecting the map of the U.S. is what drew my curiosity. As I read the names of towns and places along those route lines, Tucson, Albuquerque, Nevada, Yellowstone, Montana, Oregon, they whispered back to me. I heard the resonances of people, time, trouble, and growth. A yearning hunger, I was not aware of, answered. Unbeknownst to me, the bus ride I was about to take, was a key footstep onto the road.



[Pinterest - Trailways image 34779](#)

Responding to the brassy bus departure announcement, we stepped out of the terminal. Warm, cigarette smoke infused air pushed us through the door, into winters early evening. Above, buzzing roof mounted metal halide street lamps, strove to light the alley through a pervasive tule fog. A mix of arriving, parked, and departing busses, cross cut the lamp light; casting confused shadows. Reflected light, from the busses white tops and non-shadowed polished metal sides, created a halo effect around the lumbering behemoth I was about to step aboard. At my feet, oil sheened wet pavement revealed a rainbow of colors brought to life by mirrored light and shadows.

Just days past my 15th birthday, my mind tried hard to make sense of this surreal decoupage of light, shadow, and rainbow patterns. Finding my bus, I queued up with other passengers waiting for the driver to load our suit cases into the cavernous storage space, between the wheels. Bidding good-bye to my Mom and three sisters, I chose a seat a few rows behind the driver. In youthful awkwardness, my heart fretted with worry about who might sit next to me. Getting on the bus was like putting on an oversized set of clothes, this was a new larger world, and my mind and body were trying to fit. As the bus door closed, I sighed with relief when my fellow travelers picked other seats. Through the steamed-up window, I waved to Mom and my sisters as the bus backed out.

Fresno, California mid-1960's, a San Joaquin Valley town developing beyond its agricultural and World War II economy. Its sons and daughters released from the war effort, had grabbed the reins of life. With a wish to put the horror and depredation of war behind them and an industrious mindset, they set about producing the baby boom generation, new homes, and business. Downtown Fresno did not reflect that post WWII growth and change, it's mix of 1920's and 1930's architecture showed its age. The comparative peace of the 50's was giving way to the tumultuous 60's. Kennedy's assassination in November of 1963, left the nation gut punched. Live combat broadcasts from Vietnam filled the nation's airwaves as we sped towards more troop deployments and another war economy. On that February night, I like my fellow travelers had little inkling of the momentous events that the rest of the 60's would hold. For me, this was just a trip to Sacramento for a church retreat. Here in the fall of my years, I know we were all just collectively holding our breath for what was to come.

As the bus navigated, the narrow deserted downtown streets towards Highway 99, I felt a poignant loneliness emanating from those nighttime streets. No starlight lit our way, the fog hid those guiding lights. Sporadic porch lights punched holes in the dark, fog weakened street light revealed, bent garbage cans, stray tumbleweeds, and vintage cars in various stages of working order. In reflexive action to the loneliness outside; I turned my attention inward, I began to take fugitive glances at my fellow travelers. Most had their heads buried in newspapers or magazines. Titles of Fresno Bee, San Francisco Chronicle, Life, The Saturday Evening Post, and Good Housekeeping, could be seen over the busses seat backs and down its aisle. We were a cross section of San Joaquin Valley Americana, businessmen in dark blue and gray suits with pinched crowned hats, workmen in work stained blue jeans and gray and tan work shirts, leather work gloves stuck in their back pockets, grandmothers with faded floral print dresses and grey hair buns, young mothers and teenage girls with bouffant hairdos, soldiers so new to the service that they had no stripes on their uniforms, suntanned migrant workers, following crops, and a mother with a covey of children huddled around her. The bus seats around the passengers were stuffed with heavy winter coats, no longer needed now that the warmth of the bus had seeped into each of us. A damp fog wetted wool smell, seeped from the discarded coats. In the subdued nature of this night time journey, low conversation, a cough and the snap of chewed gum could be heard.

My inquisitiveness for the moment sated, I settled into the rhythm of rubber tired travel on asphalt roads. I leaned against

the wall and let my view drift out the window. The bus took us North on the Golden State Highway. In 1960's it was still U.S. Route 99, it ran North and South from Mexico through California, Oregon, and Washington on into Canada. In 1972, I-5 would become the major North - South Highway, 99 would be broken up into remnants of its past glory. Its truncated parts can still be found in California, Oregon, and Washington, now listed as State Route 99. In our hurry to get somewhere else, we often leave our best behind.

Raised in Fresno/Clovis, U.S. Route 99 and California S.R. 41 were at the hub of our world. S.R. 41 took us to the Pacific Ocean, and to the Sierra Nevada Mountains. U.S. Route 99 was our gateway to the rest of the world. Through its varied incarnations, Valley people simply called it 99. The portion of U.S. Route 99 we traveled would make stops in Madera, Merced, Turlock, Modesto, Stockton, and Sacramento. I knew of these towns North of Fresno, but at 15 years of age they were way outside of my everyday world. This bus ride was changing that reality. Each downtown was revealed to me as we stopped to pick up and drop off my fellow travelers.

My bus travels lasted a short 3 years, acquiring a car in 1968 was the demise of my bus travel. Unknown to me, on that bus ride in 1965 I was witnessing how transportation infrastructure changed those valley towns. State planners moved 99 out of its downtown corridors, at the same time, cities grew outward and strip malls grew in popularity. Travelers bypassed city centers, local shoppers flocked to strip malls, downtown workers left after 5. Stores and shops could not service customers who were not there. The people who made a town come alive, were elsewhere. The hubs of commerce picked up and moved with them. Small American downtowns, that had once been thriving centers of commerce, were shadows of themselves. A melancholy of what used to be, settled in.

Each town the bus visited was going through this transition, pre-99 movement towns were lit, pedestrians strolled down clean sidewalks, doors on businesses opened and closed, throwing more-light and sound into the world. Patrons stood outside colorful theater entrances, under Movie Theater Marquees advertising, The Sound of Music, The Greatest Story Ever Told, and Our Man Flint. Motel row brightened the foggy night, cars were parked in front of each room. In the downtowns that had been bypassed, darkness was more evident than light, emptiness and desertion were poor substitutions for the vibrancy of living.

One image from that night's ride, has lived in my memory to this day. Its subliminal message lit up a synapse in my 15-year-old mind. Hot Caroline, is lit there in bright red neon letters. Downtown Turlock boasted a Hotel Caroline, the hotel's el was burnt out. It remained unrepaired for many years. These many years later I still run into fellow (male and female) 99 travelers, whom reminisce about Hot Caroline, she lit up many imaginations on U.S. Route 99 road trips. At the time I briefly wondered why the burnt out el wasn't repaired, was it cost or maybe good business? Hot Caroline is certainly memorable, wouldn't you agree?

During the many years that I made this journey, first by bus then by car, I progressively saw darkness encroach on the light in many of those downtowns, as 99 moved west. Some towns adapted, some fought back and still lost. But if you take the time to listen and walk that way again, you can hear the laughter that poured out onto the sidewalks, the tears of lost dreams, the screech of old bed springs, murmurs around the water coolers, burgers sizzling on hot griddles, clicks of patented leather shoes on tile floors, and the music of life played at 45 rpm.

Those town and states names that spoke to me off that old bus map, still echo in my mind. I still seek the stories of people's lives and the towns they built, I fish its rivers, lakes, oceans, and streams, I drink in the beauty of its lands and I lose myself in the music of living. That foggy February night bus trip fed my youthful taste for travel, I have spent the rest of my life feeding that wanderlust, and to this day, if you ask me where I am. I answer with enthusiasm and reverence, *somewhere on the road south of the moon and north of hell* *, in my humble opinion it is a mighty fine place to be.

Life is a journey, on our gravestones they mark the beginning and the end our life's journey, for those of us who truly live, we know it is the time spent between those two points that truly defines our life. Walk the path with reverence and it will reward you with its richness and joy. Don't always be in a hurry to get somewhere, the richness you seek in your life is in the journey not the destination.

The step across your threshold will take you to worlds you have never seen before, but beware, you will never return the same. Here's hoping to see you out there in the back of beyond.

Stephen

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

*Ivan Doig – Last Bus to Wisdom --- This is a great book, it will take you on a journey that is worth the ride. Stephen

~ *In The Past* ~

The Newsletter of the Alpine Fly Fishers
'The Fly Line' -
Vol. 2 No. 3

March of 1974



This ~ *In The Past* ~ article was published in 1974. The information it contains is 44 years out of date and is not accurate. This is a historical document only.

Next meeting:

Date: Monday, March 4, 1974

Place: Noel's Restaurant

6:00 - Wet Line

6:45 - Dinner & Meeting

Program: Don't know for sure - - We have ordered a film on Saltwater Fly Fishing, but if it doesn't arrive, Cal Cole will show slides and share some secrets of the Elwha River, which is probably the best trout stream in the state.

Winter Activities: Ever wonder what some of our non-steelhead fanatics do during the winter off-season? Here is what some of the guys do:

Jim Higgins — Built a 7 1/2 ft. rod based on a Winston blank.

Cal Cole — Seems Winstons are good like a rod should be good. Cal made an 8 1/5 ft. Winston.

Gary Strodtz — Cataloged close-in lakes, tied about a million flies and is taking Darrel Martin's fly fishing course.

Reed Miller — Rewound two rods.

Frank Spargo — Is taking Darrel Martin's course.

New Member: Add Tony Starkovich to your roster. Tony is married, lives in South Seattle, enjoys fly tying and rod building and classifies himself as a "middle of the road" fly fisher.

Fishing Prospects: Spring is close. The chironomids are thatching on the warmer afternoons and the trout are rising to them. There are a few local lakes open year round which are worth checking out. Lake Sawyer is one of these. Steelhead are making it past the nets and there are reports of fish in the fly-only stretch of the Green. With a few warm days multitude of year-round lakes in Grant County will become productive, but gasoline is now in short supply on the east side as well as around here.

Book Report: Much of the best fishing in Washington is found in lakes. The one book that deals with lake fishing exclusively is Rex Gerlach's "Fly Fishing The Lakes". Since Gerlach lives in Spokane, most of his experience is in Washington lakes which makes the book doubly valuable. I would consider this book must reading for any serious lake fly fisher. (Larry's Note: This book is still available on line at [AddAll Books](#)).

Fly Pattern: One of the best patterns in Eastern Washington lakes is the BEAVERPELT. This is a buggy looking creation that probably suggests several things in general and nothing in particular.

Hook: Size 2 - 8, 2x long

Body: Thick dubbed beaver fur, larger towards head

Hackle: Soft black hen hackle or green-brown Chinese Pheasant rump

As with most flies in eastern Washington lakes, this should be fished deep using a sinking line.

Dave Whitlock Clinic: Those who went to the Dave Whitlock clinic said it was time well spent and that they picked up quite a few new ideas.

Door Prize: Nearly forgot to mention it. Don't know what it will be but there will be something to spend your gambling money on.

See you and your guest Monday night.

If you haven't joined the FFF, do it now.

Alpine Fly Fisher Meeting Dates in 2018

February 27; March 27; April 24; May 22; June ?? (picnic)
September 25; October 23; November 27; December 18

A Fly Fishing Quote:

“....the dry fly magician, the man who can, with seven ounces of split cane, send a “Tups Indispensible” at the end of four yards of ax gut anywhere, to do, in all conditions, any jiggery-pokery round-the-corner job required of it, is the best of all....”

Patrick R. Chalmers

At The Tail Of The Weir (1932)

Thanks to “The Quotable Fisherman” by Nick Lyons

Fly Fishers International

FFI Conservation and Education

In The News:

If you go to the FFI website, <https://flyfishersinternational.org> , you can check out some of the latest articles on conservation and educational projects where the FFI is involved.

There is an article in the NY Times about **Women in Fly Fishing**. Fly Fishers International has its own women's initiative called Women's Connect, a program that offers 2-day educational workshops presented at the International Fly Fishing Fair. The organization is also developing workshops within its Learning Center that will focus on women fly fishers.

FFI Joins Other Groups to Support Defense Plan to **Keep Asian Carp out of the Great Lakes** by supporting U.S. Army Corps of Engineers Tentatively Selected Plan to improve defenses at the Brandon Road Lock and Dam to keep Asian carp out of the Great Lakes. 50 Sportsmen's Groups Support Swift Action on Asian Carp Plan. Hunters, anglers, conservation groups support the Army Corps of Engineers Brandon Road plan.

FFI Opposed to Executive Action to Reduce Size of National Monuments. FFI is opposed to Executive Action to Reduce the Size of Grand Staircase-Escalante and Bears Ears National Monuments in Utah. The FFI Policy on Public Lands and Waters of the United States advocates “for the essential protection of public lands and waters of the United States for their ecological, recreational and economic function and value.

Check in every so often to the FFI website for interesting articles and matters of concern for fly fishers.

February Guest Speaker



Greg Shimek is the Executive Director of the Coastal Cutthroat Coalition

Kevin Gill has talked with Greg and suggested he could give our club a presentation about Cutthroats.



2018 TFO Fly Rod Board Raffles

Here are the three Temple Fork Outfitters fly rods that Peter and I bought for our 2018 fly rod raffle boards.

Impact Series Fly Rod - Model TF 06 91 4 I - w/ Fighting Butt - 6 weight, 9 foot, 4 piece

Get Ready to Make an Impact.

Rod design has always been a game of compromises...until now. Several years ago we introduced our RPM™ (Rod Performance Matrix) to better define what a rod – or rod series – has been designed to do. Presentation, distance and lifting are the three attributes by which all rods can be measured. Emphasis in one of these has always meant a deficiency in another. The new Impact™ rods, through an innovative fusion of fly rod functions designed to achieve the pinnacle of performance, have made this compromise a thing of the past.

Impact™ rods are unbelievably smooth and powerful, loading and unloading with maximum efficiency affording an effortless feel and level of performance that will impress the most accomplished angler along with the easy loading fish-ability newer fly casters need. Their action, in conjunction with a unique combination of the latest materials, merges the attributes of all your favorite rods in such a way that there's no trace of any of the familiar limitations you've had to put up with. Impact™ rods are designed to exceed every angler's expectations with a level of excellence that will set new industry standards. That's making an Impact.

Each blank offers a very slim profile finished with our exclusive Tactical Series Stripping Guides and ultra-lightweight chromium-impregnated stainless snake guides. Their reduced profile burl cork handles are both handsome and durable - plus they retain their superb feel under all fishing conditions. The handsome blanks are matte black with black thread wraps and emerald trim. Smoke-gray machined aluminum reel seats with gray carbon fiber inserts adorn the larger models.

Lefty Kreh Finesse Rod Series - Model TF 03 89 4 F - 3 weight, 8'-9", 4 piece

Branches everywhere and grass up to your ears. The perfect spot for this rod. Lefty Kreh Finesse Rods complement the TFO line by offering a more "traditional" taper and action for those who fish small flies and fine tippets on light lines. These are the ideal rods for meadow streams, limestone creeks, and spring creeks. At short to medium distances, Lefty Kreh Finesse rods cast effortlessly, turning overlong leaders easily. The shorter lengths are perfect for tight quarters, while the longer length rods will keep a back cast well above tall grasses. Lefty Kreh Finesse rods are handsomely appointed with rosewood inserts on an up locking reel seat, which nicely accentuates the deep olive finish.

BVK Series - Model TF 06 10 4 B * - 6 weight, 10 foot, 4 piece

*Components include full wells grip and fighting butt

A finely tuned instrument — lightweight and highly responsive.

That's what experts are saying about our BVK series of fly rods. Engineered to the highest performance standards, the BVK utilizes new materials that dramatically reduce weight while creating an aggressive blend of power and strength. The result is amazing performance and an incredible price.

BVK rods are fast action rods designed to excel in Presentation and Distance. The rich translucent olive blanks are topped with matching braided carbon fiber reel seats, our exclusive Tactical Series Stripping Guides*, ultra lightweight chromium-impregnated stainless snake guides and Flor grade grips that are comfortably contoured and uniquely contrasted.


The 2018 Northwest Youth Conservation & Fly Fishing Academy


Applications are being accepted until April 15th for the 2018 Northwest Youth Conservation and Fly Fishing Academy. To qualify for The Academy, the applicant, boy or girl, 12-16 years old, must write an essay explaining why "they" want to attend the Academy and a letter of recommendation is required from their school counselor or science teacher. The dates for the WSCIFFF and WCTU supported event are June 24-30, 2018. The Academy will be held at The Gwinwood Conference Center on Hicks Lake in Lacey, WA. To learn more about "The Academy", go to www.nwycffa.com. The application is available on the website or contact Mike Clancy at:

nwycffa@comcast.net. This is a life rewarding experience for our youth to learn conservation and the basics of fly fishing. We are also on Facebook. No youth will be turned away because of funding.

We cannot always build the future for our youth, but we can always build our youth for the future. FDR

February / March 2018

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
<p><i>"Go to the winter woods: listen there, look, watch, and "the dead months" will give you a subtler secret than any you have yet found in the forest." - Fiona Macleod, Where the Forest Murmurs</i></p>				1 February	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14 	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27 Club Meeting	28	<p><i>"February, when the days of winter seem endless and no amount of wistful recollecting can bring back any air of summer." - Shirley Jackson, Raising Demons</i></p>		

<p><i>"It was one of those March days when the sun shines hot and the wind blows cold: when it is summer in the light, and winter in the shade." - Charles Dickens</i></p>				1 March	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17 
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27 Club Meeting	28	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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