

Alpine Fly Fishers



**No Club
Meetings in
July or August**

The Dead Drift - July & August 2012

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By Larry Gibbs

July already, this year is really flowing by, not unlike a river at spring melt. This is a very busy time for me, with the Federation of Fly Fishers International Fly Fishing Show going on over in Spokane the second week of July, I am swamped with paperwork and logging donations for the auctions and raffles.

I sure hope our club members are getting out there and doing some fishing. I know I would like to get up to Leach Lake a couple times this year, plus do some drifts on the Yakima River. Of course Montana is always calling my name, like the sirens in Greek mythology, always calling to me, but luckily only to visit the rivers that flow through their meadows.

When I was putting together the presentation I did in May and going through my digital photos of my many trips to Montana, I had to reflect back on some of the great fishing times I have experienced. In years past, before the economy took a nose dive, we made many group trips to that great state for some exciting fishing. I truly hope we can start doing those types of trips again.

With summertime upon us, I thought a hopper pattern would be good for this issue and Dave Millard's pattern looked good. As suggested in the article I suggest tying it in a variety of colors and make sure you have a few pink ones, red ones, a couple purple ones and the traditional yellow and tan as well.

I would like to welcome Peter Maunsell as the newest the Board of Directors member of the Washington State Council Federation of Fly Fishers. He is Vice President of Membership. See page 5 for more info.

Don't forget to wish this great country a Happy Birthday!!!

Good fishing.

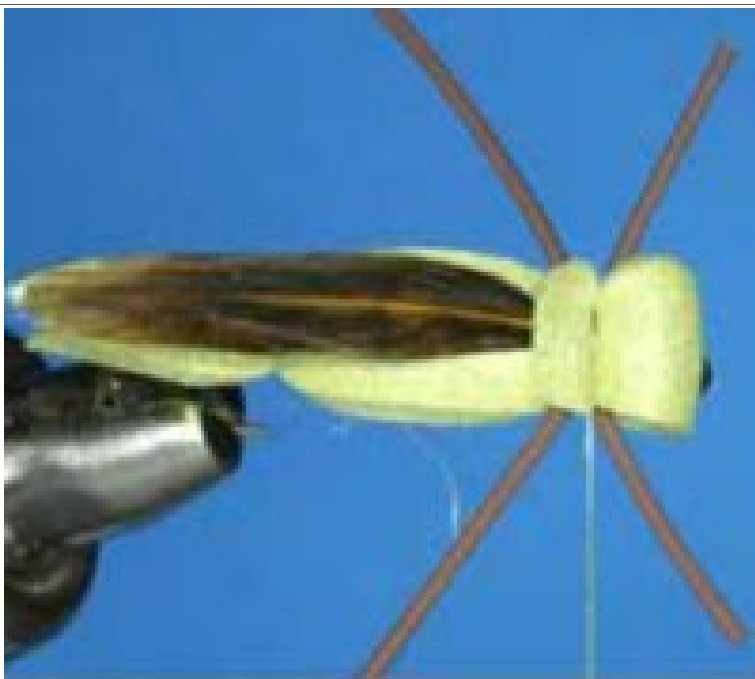
Larry

Federation of Fly Fishers
Fly of the Month July, 2010
MILLARD'S HOPPER

By Bob Bates

“Farmers brace for grasshopper invasion”

This headline in U.S.A. Today (5-26-2010) and a similar one in an e-mail from 5 Rivers Lodge in Dillon, Montana tell us that we had better get busy tying hoppers. This year, 2010, a major infestation of grasshoppers could hit Wyoming, Montana, Nebraska and the Dakotas. (U.S. Dept. of Agriculture). While it is bad news for farmers and ranchers, fish will have lots to eat, and fly anglers should be ready to feed them phony hoppers. About 400 grasshopper species call the 17 Western states home.



Almost as though he had advanced knowledge, Dave Millard of Tumwater, Washington was tying terrestrials at the March 2010 Fly Tying Expo in Albany, OR. For him this pattern has been good for many years. He didn't have a name for it, and he thought of calling it Dave's Hopper. But there is already one called that (Fly of the Month, August 1998) so he settled on Millard's Hopper. The colors and size he chose are for the hoppers where he fishes. Look around your fishing area and tie hoppers to look like the ones you find, i.e. “match the hatch.” Hoppers can be gray, brown, yellow, orange and even pink (Fly of the Month, June 2006) to name a few colors.

Grasshoppers hatch on land so it isn't until they fall into the water they can be eaten by fish. Sometimes they lose power flying over a lake or stream and crash. Other times they fall off of overhanging vegetation. The usual rule for fishing a hopper is to make your fly land with a splash. This is supposed to attract the fish. Wind is also your friend when it comes to hopper fishing. Hoppers are not strong fliers so they lose control on windy days, and can become fish food. Fish the shoreline in lakes or streams, but don't neglect checking farther out for long distance fliers. In streams I usually lean toward a drag free drift, and in lakes I let the hopper sit then wiggle it a little. On small streams a friend would throw his fly on the opposite shore and then hop it off into the water.

Materials List

Hook: TMC 200R, size 8

Thread: Gray-Green, 6/0

Dubbing: Light olive

Body: Light olive foam, 2 mm thick, 1/4-inch wide

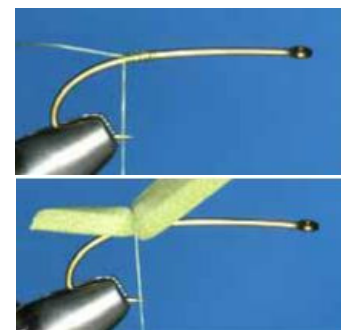
Wing case: Olive dyed brown hen feather.

Legs: Round rubber, brown

Tying Instructions

Step 1: Smash barb before you start tying the fly. Start thread at back of hook.

Step 2: Trim foam at an angle that looks good, and tie it on to hook between point and barb.



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Step 3: Use dubbing to cover shank, and make the body look a little better.



Step 4: Hold up foam, and wrap dubbed thread forward to within 2 – 3 eye lengths of eye. Pull foam forward, and tie it down.



Step 5: For the wing case use a dyed olive brown hen feather. Strip off fuzzy stuff, put on a little glue and stroke it to make it narrower (See top view). Let glue dry before tying it on as shown.



Step 6: Pull foam back and secure it. Trim excess.



Step 7: Attach one piece of brown rubber on each side. After securing legs move thread forward under hook and whip finish or half hitch under folded back foam. Trim front legs so they look nice (see top view). Hold back legs along body and trim them behind back of hook.



Step 8: Turn fly over, and put a little head cement on bottom thread winds.



Closing Comments

This is one hopper you should have in your box. It is not difficult to tie, and you can easily change the color to meet your needs. Keep tight lines, and release the fish carefully so you can play with them another day.



**International
Fly Fishing
Fair**

July 10 - 14

Spokane



There are
96
workshops
being offered this
year at this great
event plus over
100 tyers from all
over the country
and the world will
be on hand to
demonstrate their
skill in tying flies.
On-Line
Registration is
now open.



Fly Tying Group Annual Tier's and Liars' BBQ at Fly Fishing Fair in Spokane, 2012

The Fly Tying Group's annual Tiers' and Liars' BBQ will be held during the Fly Fishing Fair in Spokane on July 10, from noon to 4 pm.



Events in 2013



Next year this great show, the Northwest Fly Tyers Expo will be held again in Albany, Oregon , on Friday and Saturday, March 8 & 9, 2013. Plan to attend.



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



As of right now, I am not sure where or when the Federation of Fly Fishers International Fly Fishing Fair will be held, but I am sure it will be at a great location sometime during the summer months of 2013.

Newest Member Washington State Council Board of Directors

Peter Maunsell

Vice President - Membership

Peter Maunsell, Seattle, WA

Peter has accepted the nomination for the WSCFFF Membership position.

He is presently a member of the Northwest Fly Anglers (NFA) and Alpine Fly Fishers.

Peter was taught to fly fish on the Yellowstone river by Mary Keefover Kelly. He became passionate about fly fishing and the activities associates with the sport.

Peter retired just over five years ago from a career as an air traffic controller. With a son now working as a field biologist and a daughter who finished high school, he now had time to become more active with his passions. Peter loves to raft, camp, fish and explore. He also loves soccer and is active in the soccer referee community. He grows orchids and has recently completed his second hobby greenhouse. Peter is active on the boards of the NFA, the Northwest Orchid Society and the Seattle Soccer Referee Association.



It All Happened At The Fair 2012

By Vicki Hoagland, Tying Co-Chair WSCFFF - Board of Directors

This year we saw a number of returning tiers from fairs past and some new faces joining our growing family. Judging by the smiles and conversations, everyone, both tier and spectator alike had a great time! Whether you were interested in Steelhead, cold or warm water patterns, Atlantic salmon flies, realistics, or tube flies, there were over 52 fly tying stations on three hour rotations where you could learn from the best, most creative fly tiers and artists in the country.

This was the perfect opportunity to stop by and talk with Buz Buszek Award recipients and find out what they've been up to lately. Henry Hoffman, the man who revolutionized modern dry fly tying with Super Grizzly hackles and soft-hackle patterns using hen and chickabou feathers was available and I made certain to stop by and learned a novel way to prevent dumbbell eyes from spinning around my hook. Other Buszek awardees in Ellensburg this year were Al Beatty, Frank Johnson, and John M. Newbury. Cathy Hamilton was weaving an elegant Prince Nymph pattern (was that "bottom, top" or "top, bottom"?) and our youngest tier, 11 -year old, self taught, Dominic Singh were both attracting crowds at their tables. Kuni Masuda demonstrated how to tie Shimazaki style hollow body flies using some unorthodox tools and those pesky plastic grocery bags we get stuck with when we forget to take our re-usable bags to the store. Janet Schimpf was back this year tying some awesome crawdad patterns and if what was crawling off of Karen Royer's vice wasn't giving you the heebie jeebies, then I hope you stopped by to see Jackson Leong's collection of just about anything that slithers, creeps, flies or prays (mantis that is).

Priceless advice and autographs were available as there was no shortage of authors if you stopped by to talk to Preston Singletary, Al and Gretchen Beatty, Bob Bates (Washington Fly Tying Hall of Fame), Darrel Martin (Washington Fly Tying Hall of Fame), or David Paul Williams.

Recipients of the Olympic Peninsula Fly Fishers John Gort Trophy for excellence in fly tying were in attendance: new inductee Al Lee and of John Gort himself! John was a friend and student of Syd Glasso and created the Purple Heart Fly and was integral to putting together the Campaign Fly Plate for Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing. Jesse Scott was on hand to demonstrate of all things, the Evergreen Hand, a one-handed fly tying aid he invented that has received national attention and has undergone renovation thanks to Norm Norlander and Wasatch. Project Healing Waters participants Dan Even, Vinnie Bellisario, James Jimenez and Tyler Robinson from the Ft. Lewis Warrior Transition Battalion were present and tied some of their favorite patterns. Tak Shimizu from Edmonton, Alberta was teaching other master fly tiers how to make blind eye salmon hooks from piano wire and also donated Atlantic Salmon fly plates tied on his unique colored hooks. Members of the Northwest Atlantic Salmon Fly Guild had a strong showing again this year to show you how easy it is to tie on a pair of married wings and 5 different kinds of tinsel while whistling Dixie!

This is just a small sampling of observations and experiences from this year and I sincerely hope to see you May 3 and 4, 2013 at next year's Fair!

Back of Beyond

By Stephen Neal

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

Beverly Cast & Blast or The One that Got Away

Just a slight turning of the wrist, guides the car as I follow Highway 90's broad sweeping turns as it cuts through and across the Cascade Mountains through Snoqualmie Pass. Vibrant green vegetation surrounds the highway bed, while above me mountain ridges, trees and peaks are still covered in a white blanket of new fallen snow during this 2nd weekend in June. If one were to leave his vehicle and pick up a backpack and cut cross country you would be soaked in less than a quarter mile of hiking; not from falling rain but from the sheer amount of moisture clinging to the close packed brush, shrubs and trees. This is a world full of green growth and moisture, plants that grow right out of the decaying remains of other plants. Rivers and lakes line the sides of the highway and numerous streams and rivers bisect the road as I drive east towards central Washington.

The eastern slope of the Cascades in this area is nothing like the eastern slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, east of Yosemite and Sequoia National Parks. Here the elevation change is gentle, a gradual loss in elevation that rolls out onto the high desert of central Washington, whereas the eastern slope of the Sierras drops you onto the high desert literally losing thousands of feet in less than 2 or 3 miles. My destination is the Pink Lady in Beverly a small town planted on a shelf that slopes into the broad flowing Columbia River. Beverly has a post office, a church, a convince



store/gas station and a mechanics shop and assorted small homes and trailers lining the shelf overlooking the river. It is a community based upon agriculture. As I park the car Mike is under the car port barbequing strip steaks and John is inside heating tortillas and preparing the fixins.

After a warm welcome I begin to take in the lay of the land. Mike's Pink Lady is a mobile home that has become part of the landscape. Its tongue is permanently encased in the trunk of a cottonwood tree. The front yard is filled with cherry, apricot and apple trees, while the north property line is planted with Lombardy poplar trees as a wind break from the prevailing down canyon winds. The Columbia river flows about 100 yards from the back door, upstream is the Wanapum Dam and downstream is a broad expanses of water, rolling hills and sky. Not bad not bad at all. The basalt bluffs that surround us are steep sided water eroded cliffs through which the Columbia has eaten its way down to its present level, the rock is deep maroon red and rust colored, the vegetation is short grass and sagebrush. Much like the great basin country of Nevada were I used to buckaroo. I feel right at home; where most people see desolation and waste land I see broad open vistas of beauty and wonder. Just after sunset first Steve then Steve and Bob roll in and then its snacks, smoky scotch and story time.

Morning arrived electric well maybe not electric but fish and fishing permeates the air, and rain threatens.

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With pontoon boats assembled and loaded we make the 15 minute drive up Crab Creek road to Lenice Lake. Lenice Lake is one of a chain of lakes on Abernathy Creek. It holds Tiger, Rainbows and Brown Trout; the day was filled with possibility. The rain fell from just after put in till about 2 PM. Fishing was slow but we caught fish mostly on Chironomids and San Juan Worms. The steady rain kept our jacket hoods up and a steady soft wind and westerly current slowly pushed us to the outlet of the lake. It was here that my memory was created. In about 3 feet of water over a sandy bottom with a sparse weed bed I was casting with a slow retrieve as I finned away from the lakes outlet. Earlier I had tied on an amber wiggle tail with a bead head pheasant tail dropper. The line was straight back from the pontoon boat.

I had settled into that mindless cast and retrieve that slow semi automatic fishing mode not really anticipating a hit but still hopeful when my fly was ambushed. My line went from straight behind to 25 to 30 yards to the left before I could complete my slow strip. The rainbow exploded from the water in a leap of at least 2 1/2 feet. I set the hook and retrieved line. Behind me I heard Steve exclaim "my god that's a big fish"! The fish went postal, the rod tip bent to the lakes surface, then he jumped again and in-voluntarily Steve again yelled "that's a big fish". I kept the pressure on and he jumped



again, the fish then turned toward my water craft. I stripped as fast as I could and raised the rod high overhead but as the line passed under the boat the knot parted and I sat in wonder and joy. My god that was a big beautiful fighting fish and for a moment we were connected, hand on the rod butt, fingers on the fly line, tippet and fly hooked in the jaw of a denizen of the deep. He will always be the one that got away, the sky was bright blue with dark thunder clouds marching towards us from the west, the water was sky blue or dark blue depending upon the cloud cover and Steve's joyful shouts rang over the water between the circling hills. The water rings from his superb jumps slowly spread out over the lakes surface. What a great moment to be alive. As I rowed back to my embarcadero, rain squalls filled the space above my head and rain drops pitted the lakes surface.

That evening the wind picked up and white caps formed on the surface of the Columbia. The morning sun rose over the basalt bluff to the east, as a gentle wind blew down canyon. Weather reports called for thunder showers and increasing winds so we hastily made for the lake hoping to catch more fish before the brunt of the forecast weather hit. The fishing was way slow and our catch ratio dropped by half from the day before. Even with an anchor my pontoon boat was blown east as my anchor plowed the lake bottom. I fished until 2 PM then more thunder squalls drove me off the water and back to the Pink Lady. We settled down to pass the afternoon with chips, dip and margaritas hoping that Saturday sun rise would prove false, the forecast for high winds.

Alas wishes and dreams do not always come true, the wind increased through the night, the trailer shuddered in the wind and before we ventured from the house in the late morning the wind was sustained at 25 mph with gusts over 38 mph. Fishing was out and the Blast was in, we loaded up our armaments and headed up canyon to shoot clay pigeons and paper targets.

One of our casts of characters is a mountain man and he introduced us to the fine art of loading, priming and shooting black powder rifles, smooth bore muskets and pistols. Firearms were not limited to black powder; we had shotguns, 22's and assault rifles. Clay pigeons, aluminum cans and plastic bottles were not safe. We had numerical superiority and greater fire power. I am pleased to say we followed safe shooting practices, we always confirmed that arms were secure, loaded or unloaded and we had safe field of fire, and even policed up the area afterword, leaving no shells lying around. Nothing was taken for granted and we looked out for each other's safety. Our marksmanship was pretty darn good considering the amount of wind blowing. If you did not stand correctly you were blown around and even the barrel of our rifles wavered quite a bit. Still we managed to hit what we were aiming at. We capped off the evening with a fine locally prepared Mexican fiesta, great food, great companions and new friends. Sunday morning dawn quite and clear much to our chagrin but alas the west coast, family, honor and duty called and we answered, when all we really wanted to do was go fishing.

My thanks and appreciation to Mike Velke, John Wenzel, Steve Cushing, Jason High, Bob Alston and Steve Egge, their company, great attitudes and willingness to share is very much appreciated. Thanks for the great weekend. Also thank you to the ones that got away; may we all be blessed with the ones that got away those are the ones we truly will remember.



WWU Libraries Heritage Resources Presents

**"Return to the River:
Steve Raymond explores the literary legacy of Roderick Haig-Brown,"**

Friday, August 3, 2012

This will be a wonderful opportunity to hear Steve speak, tour the libraries' Fly Fishing Collection, and see some original Tommy Brayshaw art work, while meeting old friends and making new ones. Light refreshments will be served. In addition we will honor and remember David Ishii, well known Seattle (Pioneer Square) bookseller, who generously donated over 300 books to the Fly Fishing Collection in December 2011. He passed away March 1 before we had the opportunity to personally thank or honor him. We think this gathering of fly fishers would be a great time to acknowledge his gift through featured displays in Special Collections and on Wilson Library's main floor.

We hope you can join us; all are welcome, Friday, August 3, 2012, 1-3 pm, Wilson Library 6th Floor.

For more information contact either:

Tamara Belts, Special Collections Manager, 360-650-3193, email: Tamara.Belts@wwu.edu,

or

Peter Smith, Special Collections Librarian, 360-650-3175, email: Peter.Smith@wwu.edu.

July / August

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
July 1	2	3	4 	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12 FFF Int. Fly Fishing Fair	13 FFF Int. Fly Fishing Fair	14 FFF Int. Fly Fishing Fair
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24 <u>NO CLUB MEETING</u>	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				
			August 1	2	3 WWU Steve Raymond	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28 No Club Meeting	29	30	31	

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