

Alpine Fly Fishers

*Our Next AFF Meeting
Will Be Tuesday
November 26*

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



The Dead Drift - November 2013

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President's Line

By Larry Gibbs

I spent a week in West Yellowstone, Montana at the IFFF Fly Fishing Fair. Late September was not the best time to have such an event, mostly because families with children could not be there since school was in session. That and the snow, rain, hail, ice, wind, sun all coming together to make life a little harder. Next year will be a lot better as the event will be in early August in Livingston, MT. The really neat thing about next year is that I will be going just as a participant. When the FFF asked me if I would be their auction/raffle coordinator I agreed to do it for five years and this year was my fifth year. So, now when I go I will have time to take in some great classes and actually sit and talk with many tyers and even do some fishing. There is a little pocket water creek south of Livingston I want to get back to and cast with my bamboo rod for some Yellowstone Cutthroats. That will be fun.

I did enjoy spending time with some FFF people this year, that is one of my favorite things about the fly fishing fairs that national puts on. People from all over the country, North America and many parts of the world converge to spend a week together. We had many Washington State people there. I think about a third or more of the Washington State Council FFF was there including Peter Maunsell. Jim Higgins was one of the many casters from WA who showed up to give casting classes to many people. If anyone else was there from our club, I am sorry I didn't get to see you, I do get very busy and put in many long hours of work.

Sorry I had to miss the September meeting as I had duties to attend to for the FFF in West Yellowstone. I hear we had a pretty good meeting and I am sure there were lots of stories being told. You may have to fill me in on any extra special fishing related happenings you had this summer. I do appreciate a good story.

The familiar FFF has now changed to the IFFF. The International Federation of Fly Fishers. Somehow the initials 'FFF' seem to roll off the tongue easier than 'IFFF', but sometimes change is inevitable and we have to go with the flow.

I see the state has decided to stock some over sized trout in a few of our local lakes, check out http://wdfw.wa.gov/news/attach/oct0413a_fish_plants.pdf for more info. I remember back when I was 16 or 17 the state did that to a small lake over in KPS and three of us had a blast catching huge trout all winter. Those fish can test your catching skills.

Good fishing.

Larry

International Federation of Fly Fishers

Fly of the Month

MODIFIED SEDGE (MICHALUK'S SEDGE Var)

November 2010

By Bob Bates



Sometimes to be a successful trout angler you need to tempt the fish with a fly that is larger than life. Mitch's Sedge, Michaluk's Sedge or this Modified Sedge is what you need. Arthur "Mitch" Michaluk of Calgary, Alberta originally designed this pattern to imitate the large "traveling sedges" in British Columbia, Canada. He said the dubbed body color should be the same as a spearmint leaf.

With any great pattern there will be variations. Naomi Oamoto was taught to tie it with a yarn body. However, after a few casts it sank, and she wanted it to float better. So she modified it with dubbing and a hackle, and it floated better. She was demonstrating her modified pattern at the 2010 FFF Fly Fishing Fair and Conclave in West Yellowstone, MT.

Generally, it is fished as a still water floating pattern. Sometimes, however, lakes aren't all that still. Some of the British Columbia lakes have a generous wind, and if you are in a floating device with a 10-30 mile per hour breeze you need a good floating fly. I usually cast cross wind. Watch out beyond the end of your fly line for a splash, then just tighten the line. If you are in one B.C. lake, immediately check around to make sure the line is clear of obstructions like your foot. Because the next thing you see is the backing streaking through the guides. Some fun!

Naomi's Modified Sedge is not limited to imitating big sedges. It also serves as a caddis cluster or a grasshopper. Pick your environment, lake or stream, and fish it accordingly. In streams work the banks with a dead drift. If fish are chasing traveling sedges then drag the fly over the surface.

Materials list:

Hook: Daiichi 1270 sizes 10 to 16

Thread: Color to match body

Tail: Cow Elk

Body: Super Fine dubbing, Any color you want -- gray, olive, tan, orange, green, rust etc.

Hackle: Whiting 100, palmered, grizzly

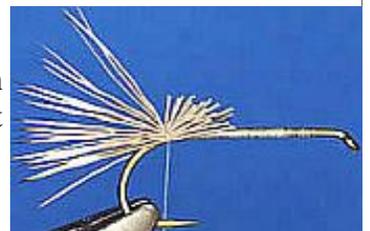
Wings: Cow elk

Tying steps:

1. Use barbless hooks or smash the barb down before starting to tie fly. Start thread about two eye widths back from eye, and lay a thread base back to the bend.

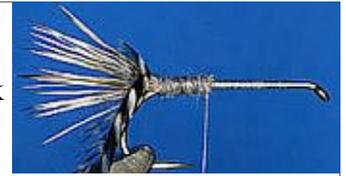
2. Select a small bunch of cow elk hair, clean out the under fur and stack. Tie it on at bend to make a shank length tail. Keep the bundle on top of hook, don't let it spin. Cut excess butts.

3. Wrap down butts, and move thread back to tie in point. Select a hackle with barbs that are about a gap width (point of hook to shank) long. Prepare the hackle by trimming off a few barbs at the butt. This leaves a little stubble to help secure the hackle. Pulling off the barbs damages the shaft, and it might break as you start winding.



Continued on Page 3

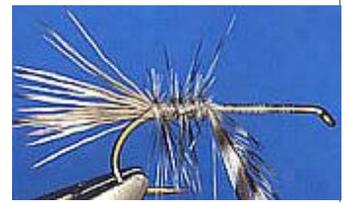
4. Put a little dubbing on the thread, and wind a thin body forward about 1/3 rd shank length toward the eye.



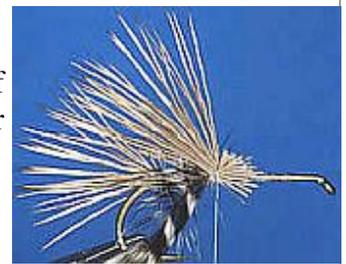
5. Palmer the hackle forward to front of body, and secure the hackle. Do not cut the hackle.



6. Trim top of hackle a little.



7. Cut a small bunch of elk hair, clean out under fur, stack, and attach it on top of hook at front of body and hackle segment. Position the tips so they are a little shorter than the tail.



8. Wrap down butts, repeat steps 4 to 6. Attach a second bundle of elk hair on top of hook at a point about 1/3 rd shank length back from the eye. Position the tips of the elk hair so they are a little forward of the tips of the last bundle. Tie down butts of elk hair, and dub a short body to a point about two eye widths back from eye.



9. Wrap hackle forward to front of body, and secure. Trim barbs on top.



10. Put on the third bundle of elk hair. Position the elk hair tips a little forward of the last bundle. Trim butts as close as possible without cutting the tying thread, wind thread over stubble, bring hackle forward in a couple of wraps, secure and trim. Finish the head with a regular whip finish or a couple of half hitches round a half hitch tool. No head cement.



Closing comments: If the elk hair is positioned as Naomi did it there will be a nice caddis shape to the wing. The bottom side shows some segmentation which is more realistic. A lot of anglers in Canada and the U.S. have used the original pattern or this pattern successfully. “Successfully” means catching fish not just having casting practice. I have a lot of faith in this pattern since it has fooled a lot of fish for me. Tie a few, and use them when the caddis are hatching and laying eggs.



Your vote counts!!!



Attend the December meeting and vote for your favorite Board of Directors members!!!

Alpine Fly Fishers — Board Of Directors

Traditionally, at our December fund raiser meeting we also vote in our Board of Directors for the next year. As you can see, we have some duplications, those being Bill Aubrey and Bob Alston. It would be nice if they didn't have to wear two hats. All you have to do is toss yours into the ring and ask to be on the ballot. In the past we have not had an actual written ballot since we have not had more than one person wanting to participate in any particular position. That means we just ask the members who attend the December meeting to do a verbal vote for the Board of Directors. As long as the majority vote for the existing BOD, then every BOD member simply gets re-elected.

Here is your chance to step up and voice your desire to be on the Board of Directors. If we have more than one person vying for any particular position then we will have a written ballot that will be passed out to the active club members who attend the December meeting.

If anyone wants to be the President, please feel free to apply for the job.

Give it some thought and if you want to join the BOD, please send me an email to let me know which position you would like.

Thank you.

Larry Gibbs — flytier015@q.com

Board Of Directors:

President:	Larry Gibbs
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Ghilly/Director:	Guy Magno
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Programs Coord:	Dave Alberts
Librarian/Director:	Bill Aubrey

A Fly Fishing Quote:

"Three-fourths of the Earth's surface is water, and one-fourth is land. It is quite clear that the good Lord intended us to spend triple the amount of time fishing as taking care of the lawn." ~Chuck Clark

WSCFFF & IFFF Events in 2014

The Washington State Council Fly Fishing Fair in Ellensburg will be on **Saturday & Sunday** in 2014, not Friday and Saturday. That is May 3 & 4, 2014.

The International Federation of Fly Fishers Fly Fishing Fair will be August 3rd thru the 9th in 2014, at Livingston, Montana.

Requests For A Printed Roster

I have been receiving a number of requests for a printed roster of our club members. Some club members would like to be able to contact other club members to talk about or go fishing. I have always been very careful about releasing this data as I respect the privacy that some people want. That is why at the October meeting I asked if anyone would **NOT** want their home address/phone/email given out. If you do not wish to have this given to other club members please email me and let me know. It will not be published on the web site nor sent out via email, it will be hard copy only to club members. I will pass out a modified roster at the November meeting, with full info only on those who said they did not mind the data being given out.

Alpine Fly Fishers Meetings in 2013 — November 26 — December 17

Alpine Fly Fishers Meetings in 2014 January 28 — February 25 — March 25 — April 22
May 27 — June 24 (Picnic) — July & August (No Meetings) — September 23 — October 28
November 25 — December ?? (Fund Raiser Raffle)

Back of Beyond

By Stephen Neal

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

The Big Blowout and the Clam Storm

The rain gathered on the brim of my hat, fell in big droplets, making small concentric circles in the waters of the ebbing Pacific tidal flow. The ripples vanish quickly as much from the outgoing tide as well as from my limited vision due to the many water beads on my glass lenses, plus fogging. Body heat from digging razor clams, the cool ocean air and high humidity (rain) created a micro climate between my face and glasses and the outcome of course was fogged glasses. My 100 lumen head lamp, great for backpacking and camp chores, now barely illuminates' the sand at my feet. The clam bag at my waist held 13 nice bivalve mollusks (razor clams). Just a few more and it will be a limit. At my feet, a wriggling creature barely illuminated by my head lamp grasps, upper arm deep in the sand, after a fleeing clam. He grumbles as he struggles to hold on, then reaches sky ward as he shouts in his joy of capture, "got him". I needed this outdoor adventure.



It has been an eventful few weeks, two and a half weeks ago I was told there were not enough hours for me in the fishing department, I would have to be let go at the end of September; on that same day Steve Egge gave me a call and invited me to go Steelhead fishing on the Deschutes in Oregon, October 3 through the 6. I figured that I might as well start my unemployment with some fishing so I said yes. Almost as soon as I accepted I found out that they wanted to keep me around at work and that I would be going to the Hunting Department. I thought oh no! How am I going to get the time off when I'm starting in a new department and still meet the obligation that I had made to Steve? But fate interceded; both my current department manger and my future department manger said it would not be a problem. And it wasn't, my last day of work for fishing fell on the 2nd, corporate paper work would release me to Hunting on the 6th and I would start on the 7th. Waa la, I was going steelhead fishing and I was still employed yeah!!!

I started packing for Steelheading on the Deschutes, it would be a 4 day float and we would be camping alongside the flowing steelhead highway as we fished and floated to heaven. Clear cold nights and warm days were predicted by the weather service for that time period, with rain predicted for 4 or 5 days before we got there. I tied new flies, purchased a few camp items and bought a new bottle of bourbon for evening sharing and fortification. I was ready; I had steelhead dreams and was looking forward to spending time with Pat and Steve.

Now it was natures turn to exert her influence, she opened up the sky faucet and it poured. Sheets of water fell from dark skies, our puddles had puddles, the earth soaked it in. Then the earth reached saturation and spilled, the runoff began. We woeful but hopeful fishermen, watched the heavens, read weather reports/prediction, and monitored river flows on websites and crossed our fingers. But through it all the rain fell, the weather service released severe weather warnings with flood watches. Buckets and more buckets of rain fell.

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We were receiving record rainfall across the whole northwest. Two night before we were supposed to leave we pulled the plug; the Deschutes had risen dramatically but more important was the impact of the White River, it had turned dark and muddy and was dumping its load of mud and trash into the lower Deschutes. The River system was blown out. All potential back up fishing rivers suffered the same fate; those in the know predicted that the fish highways would not be fishable for at least two weeks. We could have still floated the river and camped but our fishing would have been just casting practice, we wanted a true shot at catching. It was the Big Northwest Blowout!

Limbo land 4 days off and no fishing anywhere, everything was high, swift and muddy. Not that muddy, is not the norm for the Puyallup, but the high and swift part dropped it off the list too. I was needing some outdoor activity to fill the void. Clamming was the answer. Just before I was about to leave work for the Deschutes trip, Chonly asked me if I wanted to go clamming with him and a few others from work on Monday the 7th. I accepted, with the condition that it all depended on my new work schedule on the 7th. During the big blowout enforced fishing layoff, I prepared for clamming, purchasing a clam gun, clam basket and clamming permit. While making my purchases Morgan asked if I would like to carpool. We talked to Chonly about meeting times and locations and parted with our plans laid and the belief that others would be joining us as well.

Monday dawned windy and rainy, and if I might, the best description would be from Winnie the Pooh, "It was a blustery day". On my ride to work that morning I was delighted to find Mother Nature hard at work painting the deciduous trees. Our cold nights had started the pigmentation changes, and gold's, reds and yellows were framed by evergreens. The blustery winds were felling foliage off the trees; leaves skittered through the sky and across the road in front of and behind me, it was truly fall. Fall and a storm, it was a promising start to a new day, a new job and an evening of clamming. At work; throughout the day, storms came and went; I caught brief glimpses of them through the stores front doors as I stocked shelves. Morgan and I left work at 4 PM headed for the Pacific near Twin Harbors', the others who were suppose to come bailed, the modified plan was to meet Chonly in Aberdeen after we ate some dinner and he finished fishing the Satrap River; then we would roll onto the beach at sunset and clam the waning tide. As we drove the rain fell sporadically, but the wind was constant in its efforts to loosen the leaves from the trees. It was very effective, they were piling up everywhere.

Morgan and I talked shop, mostly the retail industry and the changes that were happing in the industry. At one moment in our conversation he stopped, looked at me and asked hey, are you going to write about this? I told him yes but not to worry I would not reveal his secrets. Dang, if he had secrets he kept them to himself so no juicy gossip here. Shop talked continued, but now it centered on our having moved to the Northwest, me from California and Morgan from Utah. The talk covered fishing, hiking, Disc Golf, and hunting, small wonder since we both work in an outdoors sport store, common interests. We both claimed ignorance at digging razor clams, so this was a new experience and we were going to lean heavily on Chonly for guidance. Chonly probably had already guessed this and was prepared to be our clam guide.



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Now that I think about that's probably why he brought the Jack Daniels. We met Chonly, Lisa and son Ayden in Aberdeen, in the Big 5 parking lot. Are you starting to see a trend here, in the sporting goods industry we even use sporting good stores as landmarks, even our competitors. We are totally and un-redeemably corrupted. We made a last stop at a beach restroom to empty our bladders and put on waders in a downpour. This was new, the wader part, on the central California coast when clamming; cutoffs and bare feet had been my normal beachwear.

Suited up we piled into the back of Chonly's pickup and made the drive out onto the beach. Spread out to the south of us were multi-vehicles parked with their occupants disgorged onto the sand wearing headlamps and packing clam guns or shovels, baskets and determination. We grabbed our gear, we each took a shot of Jack Daniels, and turned on a red dashboard light so we could find the truck after wandering to and fro with our heads down, or in Chonly's case stuck in the sand. Ayden stayed in the pickup for warmth with Chonly's phone as entertainment. Chonly, Lisa, Morgan and I followed the receding water.

With shovel handles or clam guns we smacked the sand as we walked scrunched over watching for dimpled sand or outright air holes. Our clam guide struck first and often giving instructions on finding as he dug and wrestled with his burrowing quarry. I dug a lot of holes before being rewarded with my first clam. Then they slowly came two and finally three and then in a swarm and crash of clam guns and mounds of sand I had thirteen. Then the rain came again. The world shrunk to the small circle of sand feebly illuminated by my head lamp. The wriggling creature at my feet shouting his triumph was revealed as Chonly, as our mixed light sources crossed to investigate this celebration happening beside us. Chonly's enthusiasm for this clam digging was infectious, even with the rain and cold breeze we laughed and dug holes none of us with the vigor of Chonly who was almost always on his knees with his arm suck deep into the sand hole he had dug, coaxing those clams out of their sand lairs. Damming them with admiration when they got away and celebrating the capture.

Around us other clam hunters wandered in bunches, peering at the sand and then suddenly bursting into a sand moving frenzy upon spotting signs of their prey. You could track their movements by their headlamps and the darker shades of their silhouettes against the surrounding night. Chonly's son, Ayden provided entertainment of his own, the phone was soon forgotten and other diversions were looked for. We periodically heard the trucks horn honk or saw lights, interior and exterior go on and off. Lisa dutifully made the walk back and forth to the pickup to check on him and to store Chonly's captured clams. We all limited out in about an hour and a half and by 9PM we were back in our respective vehicles headed home. On the way back to the pickup Chonly gave a pantomime demonstration on how to clean our clams before we drove off. Morgan and I let the cars heater warm us as we discussed how to clean and fix clams on the way home. The storm continued to rage on our drive home, the leaves and rain kept one's eyes focused on the road, and other drivers provided mind numbing questions. On I5 near JB Lewis McCord we spotted a driver going the wrong way into oncoming traffic in the fast lane, one has to wonder how they got there in the first place and why they continued to drive into the traffic coming their way in the fast lane. He/she did have their flashers on; but we can only guess at the whys and wherefore and the outcome. The clam storm was an antidote to my missed Steelhead trip, thank you, Chonly, Lisa, Ayden and Morgan, for the great Clam Storm trip of 2013.

PS: fired clams and curry clams over rice yum!

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

— DRIFT BOAT FOR SALE —
EMAIL ADDRESS CORRECTION

Kevin Gill is selling his wooden drift boat and if a club member buys it or facilitates a sale then 10% of the sale goes to the club. There is a correction regarding his email address: **kegill1@msn.com** (not kegill@)
Phone: 253-863-0619 Asking \$5,500 See PDF sent out on 10/20/2013



November / December 2013

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					November 1	2
3 Daylight Savings Ends	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26 Club Meeting	27 Happy Hanukkah	28 Thanksgiving	29	30
December 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17 Club Meeting	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25 Merry Christmas	26	27	28
29	30	31				

Alpine Fly Fishers' 'The Dead Drift' is Published monthly by the Alpine Fly Fishers Club
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Visit our website at www.alpineflyfishers.org