

# Alpine Fly Fishers

Our Next AFF Meeting  
**November 27**



FFI  
Charter Club



As always, at the  
Puerto Vallarta  
215 15th St. SE  
Puyallup at 6 PM

## The Dead Drift - November 2017

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### **President's Line**

*By Larry Gibbs*

October is almost behind us and now we start the short days and long nights of winter. But, we have Thanksgiving to look forward to. Good food, family and friends. Then on the third Tuesday of December, the 19th, we will have our December meeting. A time to gather and talk of fishing stories over the past year, hopefully watch a lot of neat photos of our exploits and buy a bunch of raffle tickets to see what all you can win. Don't forget, that is our main club fundraiser meeting. That and the rod raffles will keep us solvent for the coming year.

Your contributions by buying raffle tickets and rod board squares, gives us the funds to pay for guest speakers, make donations to worthwhile causes and pay for our FFI insurance. Plus, with those raffle tickets, you have a very good chance of winning something that you know you just always had to have.

Some of you may have noticed the Atlantic Salmon fly down at the bottom of this page. Desi tied that for me, calling it Larry's Classic. Desi was a Scotsman who joined the Royal Navy and when he ended up in Australia, he finished his enlistment and stayed in Australia for the rest of his life. He was a professional fly tyer and made a decent living. He eventually became too sick and had to stop tying. I used to talk to him on the phone. What a challenge. He was a true Scotsman with a heavy Aussie accent. I had trouble understanding him. Another friend of mine from Australia, said he too had trouble understanding him. But Desi was a heck of a nice guy and a fantastic tyer. I found a photo of the fly he named after me and decided to start using it at the base of the President's Message article.

This fly fishing experience we are all sharing can give us some great memories and some very good friends from anywhere in the world.

Don't forget we have a fly rod raffle board going on. For this first rod board, the winner will be able to pick one of three differed TFO fly rods. An Impact Series Fly Rod 6 Wt. 9' 4pc rod; A BVK Series 6 Wt. 10' 4 pc rod; and a Lefty Kreh Finesse Series 3 Wt., 8'-9" 4 pc rod. All are great fly rods for a variety of styles of fishing. Buy those squares at \$5 each and when all 60 squares are filled, we will draw a winner. Then it will be on to the next rod board, for one of the remaining two rods. It is a great fund raiser for a very good cause.

**Have a great Thanksgiving!!!**

Good fishing.



Larry



## H & L VARIANT

(a.k.a. House and Lot)

By Bob Bates

November 2002



In 1991 my son Hilary and I were fishing Millionaire's pool on the Henry's Fork of the Snake River, near Last Chance, Idaho with his friend, Lorie Ann Murphy. He knew her in Seattle before she became a well-known guide. She told us that President Eisenhower used the H & L Variant when he fished Millionaire's Pool as a guest of the Harriman family.

Many people and several books also tell us that the H & L Variant was President Eisenhower's favorite fly. It is so easy to see that it should be everybody's favorite.

My references back to 1960 talk about the H & L Variant or House and Lot, but the tying instructions were a little confusing. One book had a picture of it, and the hackles were extremely long - three to four times the gap width - which does fit one definition of variant. Most tiers and other references said that it should have normal size hackle. Certainly Ed Thomas from Montana who tied it at the 1993 FFF Show and Lory Watkins from Washington who tied the pictured fly at the 2002 FFF Show use a normal hackle length. Fish it in a stream is like any dry fly using a floating line and drag free float. At one time I thought that "drag free float" was just something magazine writers made up to fill space. However in the 50's, Yellowstone National Park browns and rainbows convinced me that it is important.

For a real thrill on stillwater, cast it in the path of a big chain feeding fish and watch the fly disappear. The trick is to judge where that fish will come up next.

### Materials:

Hook: Mustad 94840 or Tiemco TMC 100, 100BL or 900BL, 10-18

Thread: White 3/0 and Black 6/0

Tail: White calf body or calf tail hair

Body: Rear half stripped peacock quill, front half peacock herl

Wing: White calf body or calf tail hair, upright and divided

Hackle: Furnace

### Tying Steps:

1. I always smash the barb first. Start the thread at mid-shank and make a thread base rearward. Lory starts with white thread, and Ed uses black from start to finish.
2. Cut a bundle of calf body hair or straight calf tail a little bigger in diameter than the hook's eye. Clean out the fuzz and short hair and stack it. Tie on a shank length tail, trim butts and wind a thread base forward to near the eye before bringing it back to the 1/3rd point.
3. Cut another bundle of calf hair about twice the size of the first. Clean out fuzz and short hair and stack it. Tie in bundle with tips forward one shank length. Hold the hair toward you (assuming that you wind away from you over top of hook) to it on top of the shank. Trim butts to match butts from tail, taper the body a little and make a smooth thread base for the body.

FOTM Cont. on page 3



4. In tying flies to catch fish there is usually more than one way to accomplish the task. Ed and Lory tie the wings differently. Try both ways and see which you like.

5. **A.** Ed's method: Divide hair and use a figure eight to put wings into almost a spinner position. Post each wing by winding up the wing bundle and then down again. If the thread slips off the wing, then use a little less thread tension, more calf hair or both. Do a figure eight on top of wings and drop the bobbin. Now just pull up wings to position them instead of pulling the thread. Put one or two thread wraps behind the wings.

**B.** Lory's method: Pull up tips and wind thread in front of wings to stand them up. Divide hair and wind thread in a figure eight to keep hair divided. Post each wing. Put a drop of cement on the base of each wing and body. At this point Lory ties off the white thread and attaches the 6/0 black thread.

6. Strip about 2 inches of the fuzz off the butt part of a peacock herl using your thumb and first finger. If you have never used this method of stripping herls, you will probably break a few before you get the pressure right. (I find that a newly trimmed thumb nail helps.) Attach the quill under the shank and pull down on quill as you wind thread rearward to the bend. Return thread to mid-shank. Wrap the stripped quill forward. If the quill splits or breaks as it is wrapped, soak it in water first.

7. With a little practice the quill will run out and the herl start at the point 3/4ths back along the shank from the eye. If there is a little too much stripped quill, wrap a little forward of the 3/4th point and then back to the 3/4th point so the herl starts there. Then wrap the peacock herl forward to the mid-point, secure and trim. (If all else fails, wrap on the quill and tie it off. Then tie on herl and wrap it forward to the mid-point.) Some recipes call for counter wrapping the quill and herl with fine gold wire.

8. Tie on a hackle and secure shaft under hook to in front of wing or put shaft between the wings and tie down. Pull hackle forward before starting to wrap. Put three wraps behind wings and three in front. Stop wrapping on top of hook and secure. If you clip off a few fibers on top when trimming it is OK.

9. Finish the head and put on a little cement.

I cannot guarantee that this tie is identical to the pattern that President Eisenhower used, but even without that information there are many expert fly casters who use the H & L Variant. It is a great dry fly.

Sorry, this early in the Fly Of The Month series they did not have a Step by Step (SBS) presentation.

Larry

Here are a few variations of the H&L Variant fly.  
Fly Anglers On Line and flyshack.com contributed to these.



# Back of Beyond

*By Stephen Neal*

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

## Way Out There - Take Two

Sometimes, a story is not finished; it keeps tugging at your mind, pulling you back. After I wrote Way Out There, it kept turning over in my mind; additionally, friend's anecdotes triggered remembrances, thoughts, and ideas. Here is Way Out There – Take Two.

Its been too long, since Terry's Mom's, last visit. Too make it occur, we needed to pick her up and return her home again. That necessitated two round trips to Elko, Nevada, that's 48 hours of asphalt windshield time (and some more, 16 hrs. due to dirt road diversions). More than enough time, for my mind to wander round, a land that I'm drawn to. My iPod kept the music flowing as the lines of this story were written in my mind.

Leaving the driveway, I had two passes to choose from. On my first trip, Chinook was closed due to the Norse fire, Snoqualmie it was. Snoqualmie Pass via I-90, edges by Cle Elum. Its name, is a white derivation of the Indian name of Tle-el-Lum meaning swift water, for the nearby Cle Elum River. The Kittitas tribe of the Yakama Indians were the original inhabitants. Cle Elum's roots are based upon a man's railroad dreams, with the discovery of coal for fuel and abundant forest to supply railroad ties, a town was born and a dream realized. Once you leave the environs of Cle Elum your vistas change, from woodlands, to valleys of grazing cattle and horses, hay pastures and ridges of sagebrush and short grass. Ellensburg is known throughout the intermountain west for the quality of its hay, which commands a premium price on the market. It is also known for its college (Central Washington University), the Ellensburg Rodeo, and for its wind. Ellensburg has a thriving wind generation business. Ellensburg also hosts the Washington State Council Fly Fishers International (WSCFFI) Fly Fishing Fair in May each year. Just south of Ellensburg we left I-90 and headed south on the east side of the Cascades, skirting the Yakima River on its run through Yakima towards the Columbia River.

On the second trip I headed towards Yakima east over Chinook Pass; in the ascent of WA-410, we drove by Crystal Mountain Ski Resort. The remnants of the Norse Peak fire were clearly visible in the darkness of the White River Canyon. Smoke lay heavy on the road, burning hot spots, were scattered on the uphill slopes of the resort. After crossing the pass, we entered the American Fire area; more smoke and burning hot spots littered the forest. The struggle to contain the fire was written large upon the land, signs of Thanks, to the fire fighters were posted on trees, homes, gates, and business marquees. This was no movie set, designed to entertain, just pure raw nature renewing itself. We passed through, just two days after a heavy rainfall; the heavy rain, allowed the road to be reopened. Less than three days earlier, this was an area of bolting wildlife, seared lungs, flames, thick billowing smoke, ash, heavy equipment, and struggling fire fighters, focused upon containment and protection.

A short distance from the fire area, a beautiful and regal elk stood his ground, as he straddled the white line of 410, as we approached. Our truck engine, entered a slow idle during our brief stop; as eye contact was established; he made a decision, and bolted into the surrounding forest, leaving us holding our breath. Dropping down from the pass, Washington's lush western slope of evergreen forest, gives way to drier forested canyon lands, leading to Yakima. The road braids with the rivers flowing to the Yakima. The American River, Bumping River, and Little Naches, keep you company as gravity pulls at your vehicle and the rivers waters. With so many things to look at, as the road and rivers weave downhill, my fisherman's mind kicked in, I found myself searching for fishy spots.

Unlike I-90's, slow transition from forest to grass lands, Washington's 410 and 12's, transition from forest to grassland, to Yakima's orchards, in abrupt changes. While Yakima, is known for its apple crop, its true claim to fame, at least for beer drinkers, is that 75% of the Hops grown in the U.S. comes from Yakima. That's worth a toast or two.

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From Yakima I-82 heads south towards Kennewick and Oregon, at Umatilla you turn left onto I-84 headed towards Pendleton, OR. For me Pendleton, conjures memories of warm bright colored woolen Indian blankets, Pendleton shirts and Roundup's. My first Pendleton Indian blanket came from a Navajo Reservation trading post in Arizona; I now own three. The family that I buckarooed for near Jiggs, Nevada, sent their wool to the Pendleton Mills and received wool blankets in payment. Home grown wool, keeping the family warm.

Before fleece, wool was king, Pendleton wool shirts were the best. I still have Pendleton shirts passed down from my grandfather and father to me. Shirts that are more than 50 years old, still carrying on strong. Greg McDonald received them as Christmas gifts from his mother for many years and remembers telling his friends these shirts will last for 30 years. His mother is keeping him warm to this day.

Pendleton Roundup, its name rolls off the tongue like Cheyenne Frontier Days, Calgary Stampede, Reno Rodeo, Prescott Frontier Days, and my home town Clovis Rodeo. These were the rodeos of my early years, the 50's and 60's. Rodeo's, like the land, pull at my heart strings, too much saddle time in my past not to respect the old Vaquero skills. Powerful horses and athletic riders and ropers, displaying, the grace and beauty of working cowboy skills. Skills developed by those that work the land.



As we left Pendleton I felt my heart enter, way out there, (*"A lonely spot I know where no man will go, Where the shadows have all*

*the room, I was ridin' free on the old S. P., humming a Southern tune, When a man came along, made me hush my song, Kicked me off away out there."* - *Way Out There, Bob Nolan*). I-84 climbs up through the Umatilla water shed, that feeds the Columbia River. This is horse country, the Umatilla and Nez Perce Indians had horse herds rivaling the plains Indians. Early visitors describe the area being covered with grazing horse as far as the eye could see. Oh, what a wonder, that would have been to see. (*"The hoofs of the horses! - Oh! witching and sweet, Is the music the earth steels from iron-shod feet;...With scarlet and silk for their banners above, They are swifter than Fortune and sweeter than Love."* - *William Henry Ogilvie*)

Central Oregon ranch land surrounded us. Long vistas of low sun lit ridges, mountains and valleys filled our eyes with beauty and awe. The beauty of the western landscape exploded in my soul. Each breath taken, was a gift of contentment and joy. (*"I would rather wake up in the middle of nowhere than in any city on earth."* - *Steve McQueen*.) I will always take wilderness, over towns and cities. I freely admit that I am not a fan of man's drive to own land, based upon a ravenousness pursuit of wealth. I am very protective of this land we were born too; we are stewards not owners, we will pass this land onto our children and our children's children. To pollute it, or strip it of its beauty, for the pursuit of greed is a mortal sin. The Indians and the old buckaroos knew this. They mourned the coming of the money men who knew not the ways of horse, spur, and saddle, who only saw the greed of making the land pay and pay, not the true value of grass, earth, and stream, in its untouched form. (*"Water was created first, life and land were created next, land promised to take care of all life, all life promised to take care of the land"*). - *Confederated Tribes of the Umatilla Indian Reservation*.)

We flew through the high range lands of La Grange on the banks of the Grande Ronde River, and the hay fields and pastures of Baker City, OR. Just south of Baker City, we lost elevation, as the blacktop we rode upon dropped us towards Boise, ID. The Sun lowered in the west, its refracted rays cast long shadows from the surrounding hills. The suns low angled light, highlighted tumbleweeds ensnared by barbwire fences. (*"See them tumbling down, Pledging their love to the ground! Lonely but free, I'll be found, Drifting along with the tumblin' tumbleweeds"* - *Tumbling Tumbleweeds, Bob Nolan*.)

Continued on Page 6 →

Left over wildfire smoke gave a grayish pink glow to the land. It has been a tough wildfire season and I for one am looking forward to the rains of fall putting an end to all the fires, ash, and smoke. The gloaming was short, darkness fell fast; too soon the world shrunk to what could be seen in our headlights. As the earth turned the sun left the sky before we hit Boise, ID. Central Boise was just a carpet of lights, laid out in a river valley, surrounded by dark hills. In Mountain Home, ID we stopped for gas and snacks, just enough fuel for truck and body, on our last push to Elko. Our estimated time of arrival was 1:45 AM.

As we left Mountain Home we entered one of my favorite parts of way out there. On Idaho Highway 51 and Nevada Highway 225 traffic fell almost to nothing, over the next four hours, we maybe, saw six cars. The two-lane blacktop here, passes over the Snake River and along and over the Owyhee River. It bisects the Duck Valley Indian Reservation. The clouded night sky provided no star light, so our view was of fence posts, tufts of bunch grass, fence snared tumbleweeds, new laid chip seal, and flickering yard lights from scattered homes that punctured the darkness. In my mind's eye, I pictured what my eyes could not see, riffled water, placid marsh lakes, spine



tingling and pastel laced vistas, meadowed hay fields, fat meadow and river cat tails, and sweet-smelling sagebrush.

Outside the warm comfort of the truck, passing cloud bursts, wet the windshield forcing me to switch on the wipers, wayward wind gusts buffeted us, as we followed the road to Elko (*"The wayward wind is a restless wind, A restless wind that yearns to wander. And he was born the next of kin, The next of kin to the wayward wind..."* - *The Wayward Wind, Herbert Newman & Stanley Lebowsky.*) We pulled into Elko just before two AM, I cut the engine, turned off the I-Pod, climbed out of the pickup cab, stretched cramped muscles, and headed for the comfort of a warm bed. The truck engine's heat dissipated in the cool high desert air.

On my second trip to Elko, the return journey, was on my own. I took three days to get back home. I drove down the west side of the Rubies traveling south and back in time. After Terry and I married I worked on Ranches at the base of the Ruby Mountains outside of Elko, NV. Elko is where Nicole our daughter was born, she crawled and took her first steps beneath the Ruby's Peaks. Elko then was a true cow town, Ranching was the way of life. It was after Terry and I moved, that Gold mining exploded around Northeastern Nevada. But while we were there, it was a high desert community centered around ranching. The sound track to my way of life was the hoofs of my horses, the jingle of my spurs, fresh mowed meadow hay and the wind in the sagebrush and grass. In the evenings Terry and I would listen to distant radio stations, picked up by the barbed wire fence, which separated the hayfields. I had hooked my stereo's antenna wires to the fence to bring in more FM stations. Distant voices from Idaho, Montana, Salt Lake City and other filled our living room as Nicole slept in our arms.

I crossed over Harrison pass and dropped down into Ruby valley and Ruby Lake National Wildlife Refuge. This area is known for its fishing excellence, rainbow, brown, eastern brook, and cutthroat trout draw fishermen to the Ruby Marshes. As I sat in the shade of my camp overlooking the marshes, I ruminated on a little of the history that I have gleaned. Terry, my wife's roots go deep into Nevada's history her great grandmother was the first white child born in Ruby Valley. Her family has worked the land here for 5 generations. Two historical mistakes were made here, one resulted in a miss-naming the other mistake cost lives. The Ruby Mountains are named after the garnets found here, they were mistakenly thought to be Rubies.

The Donner Party traveled through here on their ill-fated journey, a bad decision to take the Hastings Cutoff Trail cost them valuable time, and left them stranded in the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

A large part of the Shoshonees Indian tribe, (as many as 1500) wintered in Ruby Valley, the abundant wildlife and warmer micro climate here, made it a good winter camp. The Ruby Lake Wildlife Refuge was established in 1938 by Franklin D. Roosevelt, its importance as a stopping point in the Pacific Flyway is unquestionable and the view from my vantage point is priceless.



Thank you, Mr. Roosevelt! The Pony Express route ran through here, the original Pony Express cabin, is now located in front of the Museum in Elko. The mail of the nation ran through this remote valley.

On the second day of my return journey, I drove north east, along the eastern slope of the Ruby Mountains; crossed over Secret Pass and headed towards Humboldt Toiyabe National Forest and the mountain community of Jarbidge. Once I left I-80 it was dirt roads and wide-open country, with nary a fence in sight. This was open range land. Nevada is the most mountainous state in the contiguous United States, it has 172 mountain summits with 2,000 feet of prominence. I do feel at home here. The climb up into the Humboldt Toiyabe forest takes you through quaking aspen forests and spectacular views of the Great Basin. I spent the night on a desert bench as the wind hurled itself against my tent. In the morning I awoke to a quarter inch of frost, iron gray skies and a damn cold wind. A winter day in early fall, typical Northeastern Nevada weather. After freezing my hands packing up the tent, I turned the heater all the way up, and pointed the pickup towards home.

*“Because in the end. You won’t remember the time you spent working in an office or mowing your lawn. Climb that goddamn mountain.” - Jack Kerouac*

I was born a wanderer, the songs, and poems that I have listed here, sparked my imagination as a child, I still carry their wonder, here in my heart. Thank you for coming along on this journey through this land. Each town or person you encounter has a story, take the time to listen and your life will be richer. And please remember we were born to this land, cherish it, protect it, and then pass it whole onto the generations to follow. We are stewards, not owners. Thank you lord for the gift of Way Out There!



Hope to see you way out there, very soon.

Stephen

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

*Henry David Thoreau*

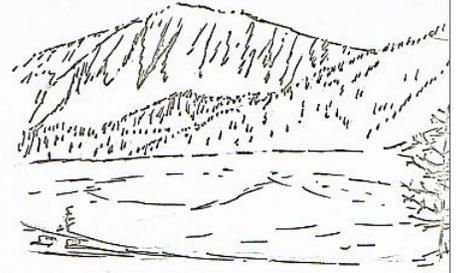
~ *In The Past* ~

The Newsletter of the Alpine Fly Fishers  
'The Fly Line' -

**Vol. 1 No. 10**

**December of 1973**

*The Fly Line  
of  
The Alpine Fly Fishers*



Next meeting: Date: Monday, Dec 3, 1973  
Place: Noel's Restaurant  
6:00 - Wet Line  
6:45 - Dinner & Meeting

Program: Jim Green of Fenwick Corp. will be our guest speaker. Enough said. DON'T miss this. Bring a guest, too.

Last Meeting: A motion was passed setting up an annual club fishing contest. Our program was the great film "The Way of a Trout".

Board Meeting: Several significant things were passed by the board:  
-Raised dinner prices to \$3.50. This will allow us to break even.  
-Established prizes for the fishing contest.  
-Nominated a slate of officers as follows:

-President	<b>Jim Higgins</b>
-V. President	Reed Miller
-Secretary	Gary Drobnack
-Treasurer	Dave Castimore
-Ghillie	Frank Spargo
-Trustee	Bob Rusher

**This ~ *In The Past* ~ article was published in 1973. The information it contains is 44 years out of date and is not accurate. This is a historical document only.**

Elections: This is our election meeting. In addition to the nominees of the board, nominations from the floor will be taken.

Oddenda: Steelhead season is upon us. Unless the weather pattern changes drastically, most rivers are going to be high and discolored. Come January 1 there will be a new treat for fly fishermen—two streams have portions set aside for fly fishing only during the winter season. This is something new for the state of Washington, and a continuation of these regulations is in our hands. "use it or lose it" applies here. If fly fishermen don't take advantage of these waters, there are thousands of the other kind who would like to crown in and fill the vacancies.

While I am talking about steelhead I'll get up on my soapbox. It's been my observation that the greater the quarry, the greater the greed exhibited by man in his quest for that quarry. The crowding, thoughtlessness and sometimes outright antagonism seen on steelhead rivers is why many people give it up.....

The following should be noted by those of you who take chances while wading during the winter.

Fat is Beautiful (1969 TU Bulletin)

You say you never worry when wading deep for winter steelhead? Start worrying. Recent scientific tests were conducted involving four men (two thin, two chubby). All four men were immersed in woolen clothing and jackets. At 74°F three of the four were capable of swimming 12 minutes without difficulty. The thinnest man quit after 8 minutes, exhausted. The same test was conducted in water of 40°F. NONE of the four could swim the required 12 minutes. The two thinnest swam for 1.5 and 7.58 minutes before quitting. One sank suddenly, unable to reach the pool wall ONE YARD AWAY and had to be rescued. The two fattest were able to swim for 9.38 and 11.42 minutes. Remember, these men did not have waders to contend with. Inflatable fishing vests are available. Get one!

Fly Tying: Reed Miller will demonstrate dry fly tying techniques during the Wet Line Monday evening.

### 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. **November 28; December 19 (3rd Tuesday)**

### Alpine Fly Fisher Meeting Dates in 2018

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

#### A Fly Fishing Quote:

*Silver*

*Slowly, silently, now the moon walks in her silver shoon;  
This way, and that, she peers, and sees silver fruit upon the trees;  
And moveless fish in the water gleam, by silver reeds in a silver stream.*

*By Walter De La Mare (1873 - 1956)*

*Quoted from "A Summer on the Test by John Walter Hills—Chapter 15 'The Harvest Moon'*



## PHOTOS PLEASE!!!!!!!



Every December, at our Christmas meeting, Steve Egge puts on a great power point presentation of photos given to him by some of our club members of fishing trips they have taken over the past year.

Unfortunately, we don't get enough photos. We would all love to see shots of your exploits, scenic photos as well as fishing photos. I know our members travel all over North America during the year, so please take some pictures where ever you are fishing. Let us enjoy your trips with you, even if it is vicariously.

You can turn them in to me or Steve anytime of the year. We want them!!

### Christmas Tree Flies Needed

We had a few flies donated at the September meeting and more at the October meeting. We need flies to help decorate our Christmas Fly tree to brighten it up so some lucky person can win it at our December meeting and have hundreds of flies to remove and sort. Please give this tree a helping hand and donate some flies, it is lonely without them. Contribute to this very good cause & get your flies hooked onto our tree. Larry

### November Guest Speaker

## Gene Jackson

#### Lake Chelan and Surrounding Fishing Locations

An overview of research and the results of Spring, Summer, and Fall trips to fish in Lake Chelan and other bodies of water in that area. I will explain my decision to target "warm water" fish, and why I had to change locations numerous times to get away from trout and other fish. In addition to the type of fish targeted, I will go over how I chose when and where to fish, what the results were of each trip, and what I would do differently in the future. This presentation will also breakdown the pros and cons of each season. As part of the presentation I will review various lake details including ramp qualities, available parking, and lake depths. I will also cover locations that worked for us on the various bodies we fished and what flies, crank baits, plastics, and the specific rigging that worked best for us. And finally I will share lessons learned, including best times of day to fish, frustrations with locals, and great eating and drinking locations.

My goal for this presentation is to provide members enough information to organize their own trip to fish the Lake Chelan area. The quality fishing, great weather, and relatively close proximity make a trip to this area a "must do in 2018"!



## WASHINGTON STATE COUNCIL

WORKING TODAY FOR TOMORROW



**FLY FISHERS**  
INTERNATIONAL

### UPDATES

## Ellensburg Fly Fishing Fair May 4 & 5, 2018

The 2018 Fly Fishing Fair is going to be the best yet. Fly above tied by Steven Fernandez

## WSCFFI

Webpage

<http://wscffi.org>

The new WSCFFI webpage is now on line, check it out. It is still a work in progress.



**FLY FISHERS**  
INTERNATIONAL  
Fly Tying Group

# Tying TIMES

October 2017

Volume 1 Edition 17

**Fly Tying Group of the Fly Fishers International**

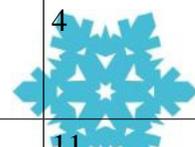
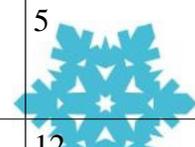
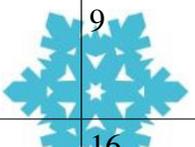
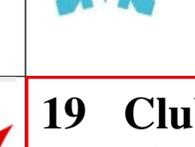
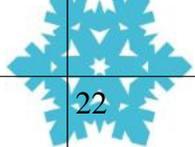
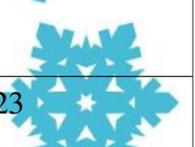
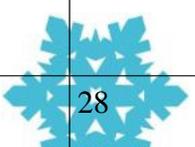
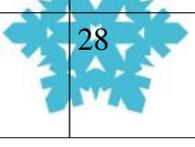
Fly Fishers International

Website: <https://www.flyfishersinternational.org>

Don't forget a great asset is the FFI website. You can link to the Fly Tying Group, read their newsletter and open up the Fly of the Month section for many, many fly designs.

# November / December 2017

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
<i>"Our Father, fill our hearts, we pray, With gratitude Thanksgiving Day. For food and raiment Thou dost give, That we in comfort here may live." - Luther Cross, Thanksgiving Day</i>			1 <b>November</b>	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	<b>28 Club Meeting</b>	29	30	<i>"November comes And November goes, With the last red berries And the first white snows.....- Elizabeth Coatsworth</i>	

<i>"In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan. Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone. Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow, in the bleak mid-winter, long ago." - Christmas Carol</i>					1 <b>December</b>	2
3	4 	5 	6	7	8	9 
10	11 	12 	13 <b>Happy Hanukkah</b> 	14	15 	16 
17	18 	<b>19 Club Meeting</b>	20	21 	22 	23 
24 31	<b>25 Merry Christmas</b>	26	27	28 	29	30

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