

Alpine Fly Fishers

Our Next AFF Meeting
Tuesday

November 27

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



FFI
Charter Club



The Dead Drift - November 2018

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Mailing Address

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President's Line

By Larry Gibbs

November, oh what a month that brings back memories. The smell of a turkey roasting in the oven, or maybe a fat and juicy ham. Mashed potatoes and stuffing covered with gravy. Sweet potatoes with melted marshmallows. Green beans and bacon bits. Carrots coated with an orange glaze. Scoops of cranberry sauce along with olives and pickles. Hot dinner rolls smothered in butter. A big slice of pumpkin, pecan or apple pie with ice cream. Is your mouth watering yet? The smells and tastes of Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving. Let us not forget that it is called that for a reason. We give thanks for being able to live in a country as great as the **United States of America**.

I was able to get out onto the Yakima River again in late September. Had a great day and my biggest fish was a 20 inch Rainbow. He put up a good fight and gave the 5 weight Sage X fly rod to a true test. It handled it well. I was out with Aron Larson from the Worley Bugger Fly Co. and we had a lot of fun. Fall was starting to show her colors, a few leaves were out on the water, but the main leaf hatch had yet to start. That is always a trying time, not hooking a leaf, yet the fish are able to pick out their food from all that clutter and grab a bite, sometimes picking your fly instead of the real deal.

I plan on spending most of this winter practicing my casting with my left hand. Casting only with my right hand gives me lots of pain halfway through the day so I have to get proficient again with my left to even out the pain. I used to be a fairly good caster as a lefty, but I did not keep up with the practice and my muscle memory and timing are off.

Our **December** meeting will be on the **3rd** Tuesday of the month, the **18th**. We will have a very nice raffle. A winner will be drawn from the list of people who attended our meetings in 2018. The more meetings you attended, the greater your chance of winning. We have a nice rod and reel as the main prize. Also an engraved aluminum fly box with the club name (it may even contain some flies). This is our main fund raiser for the year, which pays for our guest speakers and a few bills the club has to maintain. Please come and enjoy the festivities and buy a bunch of raffle tickets. 😊

Bring any digital photos you have of your fishing and or travel exploits in 2018 and give them to Steve Egge so he can put together a slide show for our December meeting.

I want to thank Mike Koslosky for his comprehensive presentation at our October meeting. It is obvious Mike put a lot of effort into his subject matter. I do wish more club members could have been in attendance to hear this. Oh well.

See you in November. Bring some photos!!!!

Good fishing.



Larry

Fly Fishing International

Fly of the Month

November 2003

DRAPER DRAGON

By Bob Bates



There are many dragonfly nymph patterns in existence. Some are so simple that one wonders how they can be called a "dragonfly nymph." Others are so realistic that it might be better to let them crawl back into the water. This pattern solves one of the problems with tying good dragonfly nymph patterns: Making the body flat and wide without smashing down something like a lead wire body. The two shank welded construction of the Partridge Draper hook, model H3ST, makes the flat, wide dragonfly body easy to tie. The current cost for this hook (2003) is about \$9.75 for a package of ten hooks, but if you look around the fly shops as I did recently you might find some with the 1994 price of \$7.50 for a package of ten hooks. Several local tiers copied the pattern, and as expected added their own touches to it. The late John Propp tied the fly above. Dragonfly nymphs live two or three years, making them an important year-round food source. Some species are less than an inch long and others are up to 2-1/2 inches long. They make a good mouthful for any fish. Dragonfly nymphs are real bullies and will eat anything smaller than they are. According to Ernest Schwiebert in *Nymphs*, 1973, "The nymphs catch other subaquatic organisms by lying motionless like a muskellunge in the weeds. Although they are capable of rapid movements, they usually trap their victims with a lower labium that snaps out like the tongue of a frog, its hooks pinioning them securely." So when you fish a dragonfly nymph, use a full sink or sink tip fly line. Let the fly sink into or near weeds, and then start working it with a hand twist and an occasional "jet propelled" strip. Vary the retrieve until you find one that fish like.

Years ago Propp said: "This pattern is the most effective one around. I catch fish with it all the time." The original pattern called for seal fur, but there isn't much legal seal fur around. Therefore, substitutes such as Angora goat, Turrall dubbing or other seal substitutes are used. Also early patterns used picric acid dyed feathers that had the exact yellow-green olive color needed around Northeast Washington. However, it is a dangerous material: The crystals are explosive. "Close enough" colors can be achieved with safer dyes. Besides, your dragonfly nymphs might have colors from olive-gray to muddy brown matching their environment.

Materials List:

Hook: Partridge Draper H3ST, 6-8

Thread: Olive, 6/0

Eyes: Black Mono, medium

Tail: Pheasant tail, dyed yellow-olive, optional

Body: Seal or seal substitute, dark olive

Wingcase: Church window pheasant back feather, dyed yellow-olive

Legs: Pheasant tail fibers, dyed yellow-olive

Head: Seal or seal substitute, dark olive

FOTM Cont. on page 3 →



Tying Steps:

One thing to remember when tying, don't tighten your thread too much over the two-wire-shank or you will break the weld.

1. Start thread just behind the hook's eye and build a thread base for the mono eyes.
2. Hold the eyes parallel to the shank, and put three or four thread wraps around them and the hook. Then move the eyes into their final position perpendicular to the shank, and put three or four thread wraps diagonally to hold them in position. Repeat wrapping on one diagonal and then the other to secure them.
3. Bring thread to the bend, and attach a tail that is a little less than a gap width long. Newbury's pattern doesn't have a tail.
4. Make a dubbing loop in your thread, over eight inches long, and while holding it, put thread back onto the hook where the tail is tied in. Wrap thread forward to just behind the eyes. Put a little dubbing wax on the loop and start stuffing dubbing into it. Put very little material in near the bend and increase the quantity as you move away from the bend. It helps to use a dubbing loop tool when doing this. When you think the dubbing loop is full enough, about eight inches long, twist it to bind fur into a tight yarn. Wrap the dubbed yarn forward to the mono eyes, and secure. There should be about two inches of dubbed yarn left for later use; do not trim it off.
5. Take a feather from the center back of a ringneck pheasant. Strip fibers from sides to make it about 1/4-inch wide, clip the center stem to remove tip and give the appearance of two wings. Tie feather right behind the mono eyes pointing rearward and laying flat over body so the wingcase extends to about midpoint of the abdomen.
6. Attach five or so pheasant tail fibers on each side of hook behind the mono eyes. The legs may extend from a little behind mid shank to a little past the end of the hook. The legs look nicer if the brown fibers from the pheasant tail are used. Trim excess leg fibers. Move the thread to behind the eye.
7. Now use the left over dubbed yarn, figure eight around and between the mono eyes to form a head, secure and trim excess. Half hitch and whip finish.

According to some the Draper Dragon is the best pattern in the Eleven Western States and two Western Provinces of Canada. Tie a few, try them yourself and see what you find out.

Back of Beyond

By Stephen Neal

In Wildness is the Preservation of the World

“Henry David Thoreau”

This is an article that I penned, in the fall of 2004. Just a reflection on my motorcycle commute to work. This has not been published before so it will be new to all my readers. For those of you looking for a fishing story, this is not one, just the ramblings of a wanderer on the road of life. Next month's article will be back on track as we will be in our new home. Stephen

One Too Many Mornings and Thousand Miles Behind

I spent the week-end with a restless uneasy feeling, it's like having your chonies twisted and you can't get them straight. I was functioning, but not at my best. Now it's Monday morning and I feel a thousand miles behind and the work week hasn't even started. It's chilly outside this morning and I shiver just from the thought of the cool air knifing through my jacket at highway speeds. Low angle shafts of sun light cuts through the saw teeth peaks of the Sierra Nevada Mountains to my right, as I walk around the bike making my visual inspection.

The bike starts smooth and clean and instinctively I pull my legs in tighter to gather as much heat as I can before it slips into the wind stream. I make the first corner accelerating briefly before backing off as I approach the school zone, traffic is light just a few early arriving teachers. I went to this grammar school 50 years ago; back then the cafeteria was an old wood building that would sing, when the wind would blow through the cracks. It had, had a worn wood floor that one would not want to walk barefoot on. Splinters as big as logs threatened every step you took. It was more of a farm labor shack than a cafeteria. At 5 it all seemed normal to me. At the stop sign I catch a glimpse of the golden foothills with their flanks lit by the low angel sun light. But it is just a glimpse as I focus on converging traffic queuing up for the freeway approach. I pull up to the last light before the freeway interchange. This is a busy intersection the winery lays on my left and it is harvest season. Grape trucks arrive in a steady stream, they drip mashed grape juice, making the road slick and juicy, throw in the slick railroad tracks and broken road surface and anxious drivers, I have entered a pay close attention zone. My mind focuses only on immediate and perceived threats. Lucky for me it's too early for the water truck that washes this road regularly during the harvest season or I would be dodging thrown water and treading lightly on a wet slick surface as well.

The light switches and I accelerate into the sweeping S curve of the freeway entrance, I look forward to this curve, my tires are warm by now and I can really lean it over as I join the early rush hour traffic, with quick looks over my left shoulder I merge over to the far left lane and open the throttle up to 74. The bike and I are warm and ready to run; the cool morning air is a wee bit uncomfortable but a nice counterpoint to my concentration on changing traffic patterns. This section of the freeway just opened last year after 40 years of bureaucrat posturing and bungles'. Its path runs over the older parts of the town I grew up in. Former dirt lots that featured the play of pretend cowboys and Indians, street hockey and pickup ball games, old homes where weak beds springs announced the passion of lovers, producing the next generation of imaginary cowboys and Indians, now lays buried under concrete, steel and the exhaust of modern America.

All my senses are active and on alert while my eyes and ears concentrate on traffic, and my mind contemplates possible action to counter, bone head moves of my fellow commuters. My nose lets me know where I am in town. Cities and towns smell, smell is a lost sense to most people who drive cars, on a bike you get it all, fermenting grapes from the winery, dusty earthy smell of the grain storage silos, fresh sawdust from the lumber mills, mown grass of the neighborhood ball park, yeast from bakeries, gas from filling stations, dank guttural smell from the recycle facility. These smells come and go quickly as they are pulled away in the slip stream of my passing. The dusty grain smell lets me know I am approaching the Hwy 99 and 180 intersections.

Continued on Page 5 →

Traffic is fairly light this morning so I can lean it over at 65 in the S curve and match the flow of the traffic on 99. Now its 5 more miles of freeway, watching my fellow commuters for inappropriate, vehicular behavior.

After 15 miles of freeway it's time to leave the city and open up on the country road. My commute takes me from rural Fresno County through the heart of Fresno (the city) back out to rural Fresno County. The last ten miles passes through almond and peach orchards and grape vines. As it is grape harvest season paper trays line the road side burdened with drying raisin, just beginning the journey from the soils of California to your cereal bowl one fine morning. This is the cold part of the ride; it is a straight shot down a country road with no heat absorbing city concrete to hold the temps above normal so I hunker down tight and ride out the cold. My mind is freer now as I have left most traffic behind, so between intersections I can let it run to wherever it wants to. I tend to be more of an introspective type person so I am comfortable with my own thoughts, which reminds me of Peter O'Toole in the movie *The Ruling Class*. Peter plays a character who believes he is God, when asked how he knows that he is God he replies that when he prays he finds that he is always talking to himself. Since most of us carry on an internal dialog with ourselves, it's hard for me to argue with his logic. The crisp cold and bike ride have cleared my mind and the uneasiness has passed, the restlessness is temporally on hold from the ride, but I know it will return. But for now I am at least at peace until I walk through the door at work.

Thanks for taking the morning ride with me on this one too many mornings and a thousand miles behind, Albert Einstein said it best you can live your life like there are no miracles' or like miracles happen all the time.

PS: A thanks to Bob Dylan and the inspiration of his music.

Stephen

"When given the choice between being right or being kind, choose kind – Dr. Wayne W. Dyer

*"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. 2 No. 11



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.

Reed Miller, Editor

Next meeting:

Date: Monday, Dec. 2, 1974

Program: A film called "Pass Creek". This is a study of the effects of clear cutting on the watershed. Should be interesting.

Draw Prize: Not decided yet, but bring your money anyway.

Fishouts: A few brave souls ventured south to the Elochoman River to try for searun Cutthroats on Nov. 17. Once again this elusive trout skunked the Alpine Fly Fishers. According to a worker at the hatchery on that stream, the fish just hadn't come in yet. It gets sort of discouraging casting over beautiful, barren pools.

Elections: December is elections month. If you have any nominations (yes, you can nominate yourself) bring 'em to the meeting Monday night.

Oregon Sportsmen Score Victory: November's election was good for Oregon sports fishermen as well as the Democrats. That state had a measure on the ballot making the sale of Steelhead illegal. In spite of a massive effort against it by the commercial fishing interests, the initiative passed by an over whelming margin. Perhaps a similar measure in this state could spell finis to the commercial netting of Steelhead in Washington waters.

Fishing Prospects: Winter is here and with it comes the low point in the fly fisherman's year. The high lakes are wearing their winter garb of snow and ice. Many streams will face the onslaught of thundering hordes casting Oakie Drifters, Spin-N-Glows, Borax Flies and who knows what else to take an occasional Steelhead. Most lakes are closed to all angling, but a few are open year around and can offer a little action on those occasional warm winter afternoons. If the weather isn't too cold, you might try those lakes in the Desert Wildlife Area.

New Member: Let's welcome Jim Prince to the Alpine Fly Fishers. Jim works for Weyerhaeuser, is married and has two children. He likes to hunt and is a beginning fly fisherman.

Fly Pattern: The various patterns in the Wulff series are some of the best dry flies around for our turbulent Western rivers. These flies are impressionistic and suggest rather than imitate a specific insect. Their strongest feature, though, is that they FLOAT. The standard dressings call for wool or fur bodies, but for even greater buoyancy, use polypropylene dubbing.

GRIZZLY WULFF

Thread:	Black
Hook:	Size 8—12, 1x light
Body:	Yellow wool or polypropylene
Wing:	Gray deer hair
Hackle:	Grizzly, very full

These are primarily fast water flies. On calm, slick water they look like a ratty shaving brush.

See you Monday night. Bring a guest. Bring two guests. Bring your wife.

Editors Note: Thought I would include a picture of the Grizzly Wulff. Photo by Big 'Y' Fly Co.



Alpine Fly Fisher Meeting Dates in 2018

November 27; December 18

Alpine Fly Fisher Meeting Dates in 2019

January 22; February 26; March 26; April 23; May 28;
June ?? Picnic; July & August (No Meetings)
September 24; October 22; November 26; December 17

November Guest Speaker

Bill Wheeler

President of WA State Council FFI

“Solving the Riddle of Fly Lines”

IMPORTANT FLY FISHING DATES FOR 2019

January 23-27, 2019 - Washington Sportsmen's Show, Washington State Fair Events Center, Puyallup, WA.

February 16 & 17, 2019 – The Fly Fishing Show, Lynnwood Convention Center, www.flyfishingshow.com

March 8 & 9, 2019 – NW Fly Tyer Expo, Linn Country Expo Center, Albany, OR., www.nwexpo.com

May 3 & 4, 2019 - WSCFFI Ellensburg Fly Fishing Event, www.wscffi.org

June 23-29, 2019 – NW Youth Conservation and Fly Fishing Academy, Lacey, WA. www.nwycffa.com

July 23-27, 2019 – Fly Fishers International Fly Fishing Fest – Bozeman, MT. www.flyfishersinternational.org

2019 NORTHWEST YOUTH CONSERVATION AND FLY FISHING ACADEMY

Once again we are preparing for another Youth Conservation and Fly Fishing Academy to be held June 23-29, 2019 at Gwinwood Community Center on Hicks Lake in Lacey, WA. The Staff will be contacting over 50 dedicated volunteers to contribute their time for the success of the Academy and for the kids. This Academy is all about the girls and boys, 12-16 years old, to teach them the basics of fly fishing and conservation. The event is one full week with the staff and youth living at the Gwinwood Center and boarding in cabins. All meals are provided. Students need to bring their personal belongings, i.e., sleeping bags, pillows, rubber boots, etc. All fishing gear and fly tying equipment is provided, however, students may bring their own fishing gear.

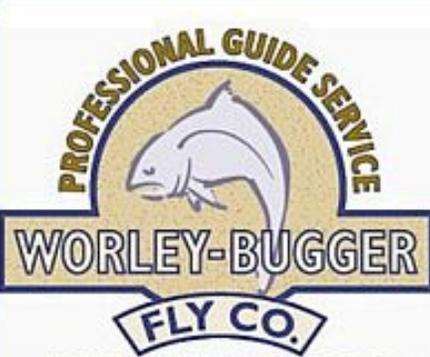
The event is supported by WCTU and WSCFFI and members of South Sound FF, Olympia Chapter TU, and Puget Sound Fly Fishers of Tacoma.

The enrollment fee for each student is only \$300, sponsorships are available through TU Chapters, WSCFFI fly clubs and private donations. No applicant will be turned away because of lack of funds.

Applications will be accepted starting January 1, 2019 until April 15, 2019. Applications may be downloaded from our website – www.nwycffa.org, via email to mtclancy39@comcast.net or call 360-753-1259. Each applicant must submit an essay explaining why THEY want to attend The Academy. A letter of recommendation is required from a school teacher or counselor.

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

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



1713 SOUTH CANYON ROAD
ELLENSBURG, WA 98926
509-962-2033
worleybugger@fairpoint.net

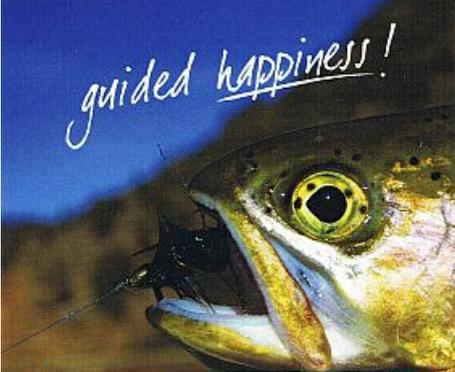


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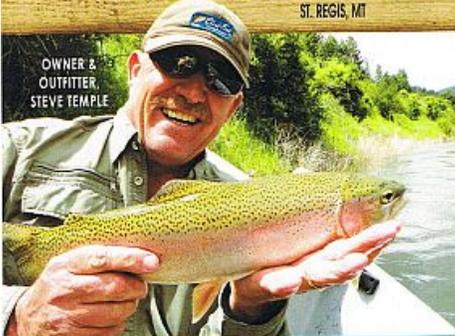
Steve Worley has some great guides and he has put together the best fly shop filled with a massive amount of fly tying materials and equipment. You really need to stop by the shop and check it out. Just take the Canyon Road exit off I-90 and turn north towards town, the Worley Bugger Fly Co. shop is on the left or west side of the road.

guided happiness!





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OWNER & OUTFITTER, STEVE TEMPLE

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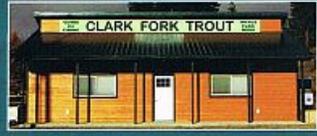
St. Regis, MT

Steve & Peggy Temple have their fly shop just on the north end of St. Regis, right across the street from the road down to the boat launch.

Check it out!!!

For a really good guided drift boat fishing trip, you should check out the Clark Fork Trout.

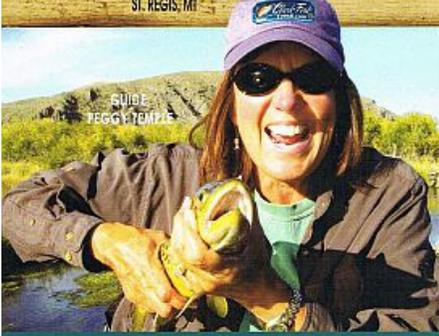
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November / December 2018

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
<i>"O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being. thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing." - Percy Bysshe Shelley 1792 ~ 1822</i>				1 November	2	3
4 FALL BACK DAYLIGHT SAVINGS ENDS	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22 Thanksgiving 	23	24
25	26	27 Club Meeting	28	29	30	



"I heard a bird sing in the dark of December. A magical thing and sweet to remember. 'We are nearer to Spring than we were in September,' I heard a bird sing in the dark of December." Oliver Herford, I Heard a Bird Sing

December 1

2	3 Hanukkah	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14 Winter Solstice	15
16	17	18 Club Meeting	19	20	21	22
23	24	25 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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If you have an email address allow us to send this newsletter via the internet. If your email address has changed recently, please share your new address.

Visit our website at www.alpineflyfishers.org

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