

Alpine Fly Fishers

*Our Next AFF Meeting
Will Be Tuesday
October 27*

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



The Dead Drift - October 2015

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President's Line

By Larry Gibbs

This certainly was a dry summer. I know the sunshine was nice, but when I see what it has done to the woods around my place, I was really wishing for a few days of rain. Usually you can't see very far back into the forest because the undergrowth is so thick and lush. Not this year, as all of it was down on the ground, wilting from the heat and lack of water. Thank goodness the rains finally came the first part of September. I think it is too late for many of the trees in the forest, especially the Maples as they all started dying and turning brown during the middle of summer. Even the evergreens were hurting and showing signs of stress. But we now enter into our fall weather. I trust we will get some decent rains to resupply the ground water that has been depleted this year. However, the great predictors of weather have indicated they think we will have a dryer and warmer winter than usual, that is not good. Looking at the extended forecast for our area I would say they could be right. Time will tell.

The Yakima River kept a decent flow going, thanks to the many reservoirs that supply the water for the irrigation needs of the Kittitas Valley. They actually imposed some Hoot Owl restrictions on the river, but I think this was due to misinformation, as the water in the river never hit 70 degrees and always had plenty of oxygen content. I trust the game department will double check the test results next year so they won't have to place restrictions. That is assuming we get enough snowpack to resupply the lakes that feed the river. Now we have the fall flows on the river, a great time for fishing.

We had our September meeting, our 'Liars Cup' meeting where we get to tell everyone about our fishing exploits during the past few months. Some great stories were told. We also had three guests. Brianna Cunningham was there with her new in-laws. It was good to see the Cunningham family again. Richard Stone was there to check out our little fly club as was Brian Shepard. I hope you all enjoyed yourselves. Please feel free to come back.

If Richard or Brian join our club, since they are new to the IFFF, that would mean we get at least one more rod credit. We only need one more and we will get that free TFO rod from the IFFF. Last year we voted on waiting until we accumulated 18 points which would give us a TFO Lefty Kreh TiCr X Series 9 ft, 5 wt 4 pc rod. A \$260 rod, around \$284 with tax. One of the top of the line rods from TFO. This will end up on a \$300 rod board. We will need to sell 60 squares if we have each square be \$5 or only 30 squares if they are \$10 each. You decide. Let me know at the October meeting.

Good fishing.



Larry

International Federation of Fly Fishers

Fly of the Month

~ 3P Nymph ~

October 2006

By

Bob Bates



Dick Nelson's 3P Nymph has the three best wet fly materials -- Pheasant tail, Peacock herl and a Partridge feather. These three materials show up often in fly tying literature and separately in many patterns. Pheasant tail has a great reddish brown overall color and movement. (The individual fibers move and if you look at it closely there are fine hairs on each fiber.) Peacock has colors and an iridescence that flies made with it are irresistible to fish. Finally partridge is a standard for soft hackle flies because it moves so easily in the water. However, they have never been combined so effectively until Dick did it. He had 2 3/4 months in the hospital to think about it after his triple coronary by-pass surgery. I guess it should not be considered unusual because Dick is a noted fly tier and teacher who has been thinking about fly patterns for many years. He received awards and honors from the FFF: The Buz Buszek Award in 1987, the Charles E. Brooks Memorial Award 1997 and the Dick Nelson Fly Tying Teaching Award was named in honor of him. He has always been around the demonstration fly tying tables at FFF Conclaves. At the 2006 Conclave in Bozeman Lillian, his wife, did the tying while Dick made sure she followed his printed instructions. Dick let me copy his instructions, and as I studied them later what impressed me the most was that this was a great teaching pattern. The handling of materials is precise and gives a new tier all they need to tie a fish catching fly. It also teaches a classic style of tying. Before bobbins we did all of our tying this way. It is a mayfly nymph imitation so plan your fishing approach accordingly. It depends on your water and conditions. In stillwaters I would start with a floating line or one of the sinking lines depending on depth. In shallow water over weeds use a floating line. Deeper waters call for a sink tip or full sinking lines. The retrieve should be one that will let the materials move. A hand twist or short strip/pause would work. In moving waters varying currents will make the fly look alive. Maybe use a strike indicator (bobber) to help identify takes.

MATERIALS LIST:

Hook: Mustad 3906B (Alt: Daiichi 1560; Dai Riki 060; Targus or Tiemco 3761), Sizes 8-16

Thread: Flymaster 6/0, dark brown or black.

Tail: Ringneck pheasant tail, 2 or 3 tail barbs.

Abdomen: Ringneck pheasant tail, 3 barbs.

Rib: Non-tarnishing copper wire, 0.005- to 0.008-inch diameter, (equal to 6X to 3X tippet) about 3 inches long. Ultra Wire, small, seems right for #12 hooks

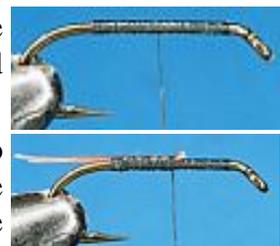
Thorax: One lush Peacock herl.

Hackle: Gray (Hungarian) partridge, one body feather, brown or gray.

TYING STEPS:

1. Attach thread at a point two eye-lengths behind the eye, spiral thread to the rear of the shank (over mid-barb, a little toward bend from point). Advance thread to mid-shank and half-hitch.

2. Align the tips of two or three pheasant tail barbs by stroking them perpendicular to stem and remove. Place on top of shank with tips projecting two eye-lengths beyond the hook bend, and tie on at hanging thread (mid-shank). Bind to rear of the shank; advance thread to mid-shank, halfhitch, and trim excess.



Continued on Page 3



3. Put a 1/8-inch right angle bend in one end of the copper wire. (Using hackle pliers helps.) Tie in at the two eye-length point. Fold back the bend, overwrap and then bind the wire to a position over the hook point. Advance thread to mid-shank, half-hitch and lightly cement the shank.

4. Align the three pheasant tail barbs parallel to each other, make the first wrap behind the wire, then wrap them forward as a flat group to the hanging thread, tie down and trim excess. Advance thread to the two eye-length point and half-hitch.

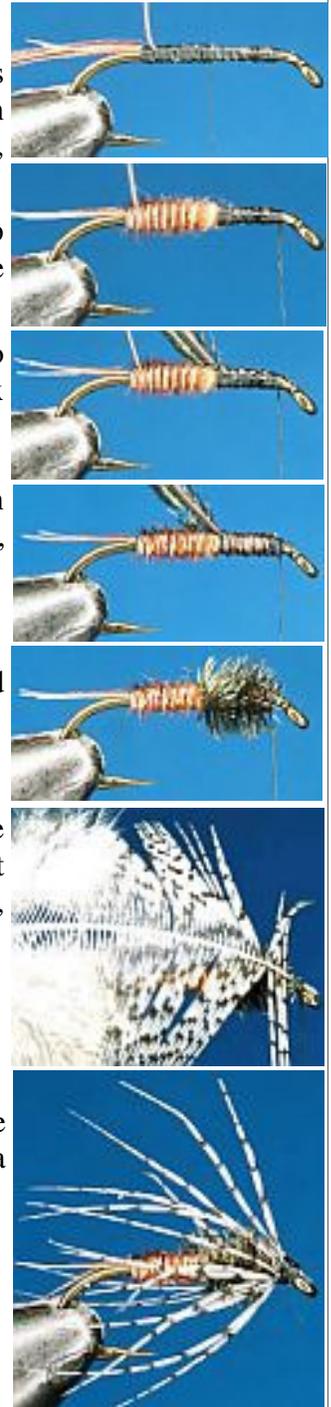
5. Trim off about 1/2-inch of the herl butt, tie on at the hanging thread, bind to mid-shank, advance thread to the two eye-length point, half-hitch and cement thorax area.

6. Reverse-wrap the wire forward in a spiral to mid-shank (about one eye-length spacing); then in close wraps to the hanging thread, trim excess, bind tag to shank, cover thorax area with thread, half-hitch and cement.

7. Wrap herl in close wraps to the hanging thread, tie down, half-hitch, trim and cement.

8. Prepare a partridge feather for tying in by its tip by exposing the rachis (stem). Tie the rachis at the hanging thread with convex side facing forward, trim excess tip short of the eye, bind rachis to shank by winding thread forward to the 1/2 eye-length point, half-hitch and cement.

9. Stroke the barbs rearward while wrapping the hackle forward one or two complete wraps, tie down, half-hitch and trim excess. Build a small thread head, tie off with a whip-finish knot from hackle to eye and cement.



Closing comments: This is one pattern that is not difficult to tie. Tie a bunch of them in different sizes and then go fishing as soon as you can. If it's already too close to the end of the regular season look around for waters that are open late or even all year. Remember that most of the time trout are feeding under the surface where this pattern works its magic.

Alpine Fly Fishers Meetings in 2015

The 4th Tuesday of the month, except for December

October 27

November 24 — December 15 (Third Tuesday)

Back of Beyond

By Stephen Neal

In Wildness is the Preservation of the World
“Henry David Thoreau”

A Deep Breath before the Plunge

It has been warm winter followed by a hot and dry summer here in Washington with water conservation signs and notices popping up on streets and in mail notices. Our rivers are very skinny with many being closed to protect the fish due to high water temps and low low water. Pink fishermen impatiently await the fall of liquid ambrosia to bring the fish in. Wildfires ravage the state and smoke hangs in the air. We are not even close to California draught conditions but it weighs on people just the same.

So as you can imagine when the promise of a major change in the present weather pattern was announced, the people of the Northwest were more than anxious for it to arrive. The Godzilla El Nino that is forming in the Pacific is making its presence known. It is kicking the ocean currents and disturbing the upper atmosphere. In a tantrum of growth it may or may not have vanquished the blob of warm water setting just off Washington's coast. Whatever is responsible, we are very grateful. Along with the blob of warm water the high pressure ridge has moved off our seaboard and storms can now return to our lands.

"Thirty spokes meet at a hollowed-out hub; the wheel won't work without its hole. A vessel is molded from solid clay; its inner emptiness makes it useful. To make a room, you must cut doors and windows; without openings, a place isn't livable. To make use of what is here, you must make use of what is not." Tao Te Ching. In the midst of the weather change, Steve and Donna held their Whidbey Island beach house re-opening; it held the magic of a Northwest Potlatch. It was a festival of giving, sharing, family, friends and the Northwest. The beach house is Steve's childhood home; it is steeped in family history and lore. Steve's siblings and relatives own adjacent homes in the same area. So this is an area of family and friends gatherings, celebration and retreats from its earliest history. It is the embarcadero for fishing trips, clamming, crabbing, sand castles, explorations and the first steps on the journey into the wider world. When Steve's father moved on, the beach house passed into Steve and Donnas' care. There was one small problem; it was past due for an upgrade and not a minor one. The beach house had gone through several additions and changes since its birth. It was having a tough time holding its own. So Steve and Donna had to choose between a remodel and a rebuild, with the price being virtually the same.

How do you keep the soul and memories of a family dwelling when you rebuild? Well Steve, Donna, the architect and builder did just that; the house holds its charm, ambiance and its Potlatch nature very well indeed. It is a home of giving which truly reflects Steve and Donnas' approach to life.

The main floor is one large open room that encompasses the kitchen, dining room and living room. The large sliding glass double door is centered and surrounded by large bay windows that look out over Puget Sound. The doors open onto the covered patio and the beach. By opening the doors the out and in merge, the livable space just expanded exponentially. To make use of what is here, you must make use of what is not. Steve and Donnas' beach house/home, retreat and celebration center is also special because it is well built. A craftsman built this dwelling place, the walls, floors, and ceilings are straight and level. The joints are clean and there is strength and tightness in how it fits together, doors swing clear with no dragging or sag. I was very lucky to have been raised by a craftsman; he put his heart, honor, skill and pride into everything he built. That same heart, honor, skill and pride was put into Steve and Donnas' house by those that built it. Looking at the craftsmanship in this home brought my father back to me and a glow to my heart.

The celebration started the moment that Sean and I arrived, Rebecca, Donna and Steve's daughter greeted us as we arrived and we were recruited to help get things setup for the week-end long home warming. It reminded me of river trips with Commodore Egge, there was a need and Sean and I filled it, all hands on deck, we soon



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put to paid our tasks, and joined in the opening of a new chapter in the Whidbey Island Beach House. We sipped beers and dined on fresh harvested crabs from the sound gathered by Rebecca and Sam, and boiled by Steve. Chips and salsa, fresh salmon dip, crackers, bread home grown watermelon, antipasto and other treats filled our tummies while visiting, discovering, touring and wandering this North West enclave.

All attendees kept a weather eye on the sky and horizon as we enjoyed the afternoon of the day. The morning had opened rainy and while the heavy stuff had passed it spit from time to time to remind us that there was more to come. "A deep breath before the plunge" We all basked in the glory of a Northwest coastal day, a gentle breeze, high clouds, the tang of salt in the air and a high tide. The temp was shirt sleeve comfortable, the warm air mass in front of the approaching promise of moisture kept us comfortable not to hot



or too chilly just right! To our west the storm built and heavy clouds blew in over our heads. The day was hushed as if holding its breath trying to gauge what was to come.

The glories day came to a close, as the long Northwest afternoon slipped into evening Sean and I decided to make our homeward journey, Steve retrieved a bottle of Scotch and we shared a dram of friendship flavored with peat, smoke and the deep waters of time. We toasted the rebirth of his childhood home and each other, the potlatch continued on as Sean and I piled the water of Puget Sound via the ferry on our journey home.

That night while snug in my bed the promised storm arrived, buckets of rain fell but with the rain came high winds and all hell broke loose. Draught stressed trees with full wet foliage and dry root systems fell before the onslaught of the wind. Limbs shattered and fell and whole trees plunged earthward, power lines snapped and the world went dark. We bless the rain and mourn the loss of our trees. For the next week crews were busy putting things back in order. We had taken a deep breath and the plunge. But we reemerged whole with new stores to tell. Just as Steve's childhood home came back together after its plunge and resumed its place as an embarcadero, a place to end and start new journeys and celebrations.

The miracles of life are all around us, you just have to open your eyes to see.

See you on the water soon.

Stephen

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

The Whisper Of The Wind

By Len Harris

Spinner1 on FAOL

From Richland Center, Wisconsin

It comes from the Northwest with bad intentions. My eyes ice up and my casting is labored. It changes directions and thwarts my best cast causing it to land in the frozen underbrush. My hands are chapped and cracked from its endless attack. I finally get a decent cast against my bitter adversary. The reward is short lived because of no eager trout discovered on the cast. It blows the snow across my water and causes the water to dance and mock me. I plod on and thank the wind for reminding me that I am still alive and life is not supposed to be easy. The wind whispers in my ear and tells me that it is March and better days lay ahead.

Another day and another experience is before me. Today the wind is from the West is much less harsh. It is actually inviting me to come and feel its greatness. The wind engages the trees and they do a slow methodical dance. The buds are emerging and the wind tickles them and it asks the leaves to appear. This same wind carries the smells of the unfrozen earth and gives me a sensory experience unrivaled by the best perfumes. These are the days that my casts hold true and my trout are eager. The wind whispers as I exit the stream and head home. It says: "Come again."

The rain pounds me. It comes sideways due to the aggressive nature of the south wind. It has no intentions of allowing me to fish. It has me in its clutches and wants to show me who is boss. I wade upstream and the wind is blocked by the hillside but it is still raining. The fishing is insane. I lose track of how many trout I catch. I must walk back to the truck. The wind is waiting for me around the corner like an impatient school teacher. The wind coupled with its sister the rain escorts me to my truck. I am thoroughly drenched. The wind forgot to whisper today. It screamed and it still was an excellent day.

It is late June and the wind sleeps today. The humidity is stifling and I wish for my friend to appear. The wildflowers are bursting and filling the stagnant air with promise. The bugs are buzzing and the trout are feeding on the top. My day is phenomenal. The trout are eager and almost fly on to my hook. There is something missing this day. The stream is just too quiet. It is almost deafening. I whisper to the wind: "The day was silent and fulfilling but empty without your company."

Fall comes in like a lion. The kaleidoscope of leaves is torn from their trees by what appears to be an angry mistress. The tapestry of leaves escape across the fall landscape and shout that winter is soon to be here. The wind whips the leaves into a frenzy and it picks up a couple unwelcome pieces of trash. My wind asks me to remove this unwelcome guest from its grasp. I pick up the garbage and place it in my vest pocket. My outing is short and no trout are to be discovered. The wind whispers to me as I leave: "Thank you for coming and removing the unwelcome guest." "Come again my friend."



THE BIG ONE

from Deanna Travis
FlyAnglers Online
Publisher & Owner
October 19, 2009

Spending time with serious fly fishers is bound to improve one's fishing. Of course it helps if you actually fish, but you probably know reading about fishing helps in itself. How much better to talk with people who make their living taking other people fishing? Well, in my case I spend a lot of time listening, and I'm convinced I do learn something nearly every time my husband Trav and his nephew Tom discuss fishing.

The last memorable conversation we had before we left Montana had to do with the long-standing argument about which was more important, presentation or imitation. In the not too distant past a real fight could break out between believers on either side. Matching the Hatch of course added fuel to the imitation camp, while casting experts believed a perfect drag-free drift on exactly the right current was more important. The fact is that Tom had fought that battle in person with one of his favorite tiers from the UK who he was guiding on one of the famous Montana spring creeks.

The tier believed the pattern (imitation) is the key. I suppose if I were as famous a tier I would think so too. This gentleman has to match whatever is hatching, or lying on the stream bottom waiting for the right time to become food for the fishes. As it turns out, this person didn't catch the number of fish he expected, because he couldn't get past the fact that he did not have exactly the right fly. Oh well. Even when he was told where, exactly where, to drop the fly in the current, he didn't do it because he 'thought' having the right fly would 'do it.' Maybe there are times when just the right fly is enough. Many times it has less to do with "just the right fly" and more to do with putting the fly in just the right place.

That takes us to presentation.

Probably the best reading on presentation is a book by that name, Presentation by Gary Borger,. This is not new book, it was first published in 1995; but it still is excellent reading for a long winter. I say that because part of it does not read easily. Read a chapter and chew on it for a while, a day or two at least. Then tackle another chapter. Some parts will have you say, "Oh, that's why that works!" or "I didn't know you could do that." Regardless, there is a lot to be learned. My copy is a bit dog-eared and still keep where I can find it easily.

The one thing missed most often by anglers is to be observant. The secret to catching more fish? Observation. How to catch bigger fish? Observation.

The big secret to successful fly fishing?

Okay, you've got me, it's OBSERVATION.

But what are we looking for? It's fine to say "observation" but how do we do that?

Start at the beginning. You are going fishing. What kind of a day is it? Clear? Overcast? What is the air temperature? Warm and overcast will produce more insects than a bright clear day. If it is a really warm day the fish will be in the coolest part of the stream, as in the shade or water that is aerated. Riffles have more oxygen than flat water.

As an angler you need to know how to cast, general line management, with the ability to put the fly where you want it to go. If your casting abilities suck, find a place to practice and work on accuracy, then line mending. There are dozen or more specialty casts which you can use to either get the fly where you need it to be, or to mend line to keep your fly from dragging. Learn the different casts - and just for fun, when you see a piece of water figure out which cast it takes to catch a fish.

What are the fish feeding on? You need to figure it out.

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Reading the water is extremely important. You need to be able to do that so you know where the fish are and why they are there. How does temperature effect fish distribution? How does current effect distribution? What is cover? There are three major lies of fish; the Sheltering Lie; the Feeding Lie and the Prime Lie. When do fish use these lies?

According to Gary Borger, "There are only two ways to fish a fly: Dead drift or with action. The fly is either allowed to move unrestrained with the flow of the water, or the fly is actively moved by the angler. But because there's such a broad variety of angling situations (resulting from so many possibly combinations of water, weather, fish, food organisms, currents, casts equipment, etc.), there are more than two techniques with which to achieve dead drift or action with the fly."

Gary Borger has a knack for naming things. He has put names on these various casts which he calls "The Foundation Strategies." Up-current Dead-Drift Tactics; Across-Current Dead-Drift Tactics; Down-Current Dead-Drift Tactics; Bottom-Bouncing Dead-Drift Tactics; Heave and Leave Tactics and Strip/Tease Tactics.

Once you have those mastered, you can advance to what Gary calls "Minor Tactics." Simply put, there is a cast or mend for just about any situation you will encounter.

www.flyangersonline.com



The Fly Fishing Enthusiast's Online Magazine
'The Fraternity of Fly Fishers'

There are several of us at AFF who belong to FAOL. It is a great site for fly fishers, lots of helpful information and many fly tying recipes and articles about all aspects of fly fishing and fly fishing gear. Check it out.



Alpine Fly Fishers
Next Meeting
October 27, 2015



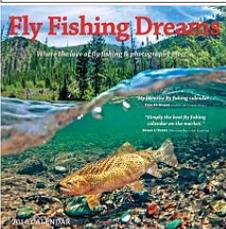
October Guest Speaker

Michael T. Williams

A Fly Fishing Quote:

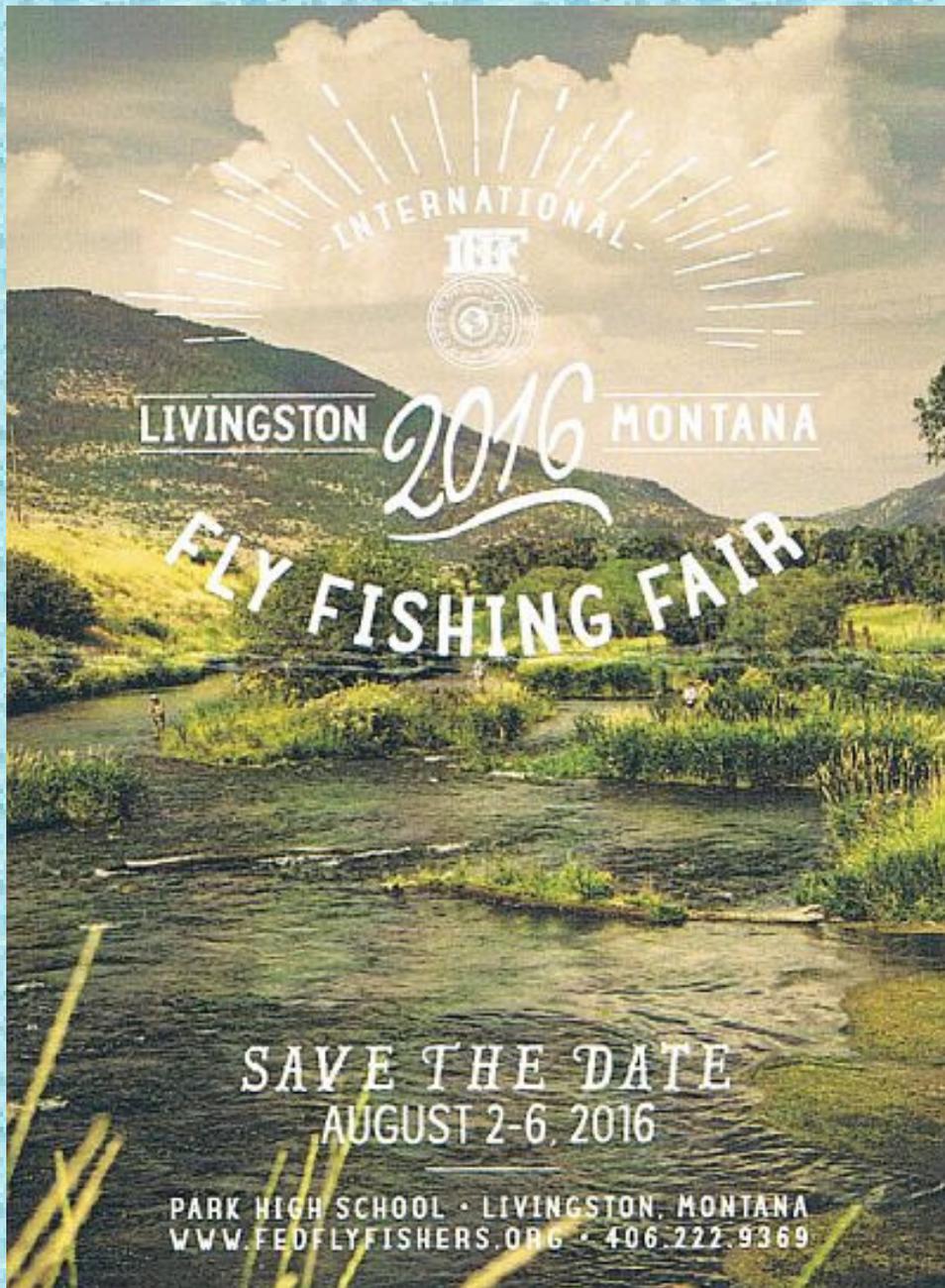
"I look into ... my fly box, and think about all the elements I should consider in choosing the perfect fly: water temperature, what stage of development the bugs are in, what the fish are eating right now. Then I remember what a guide told me: 'Ninety percent of what a trout eats is brown and fuzzy and about five-eighths of an inch long.'"

~ by Allison Moir, "Love the Man, Love the Fly Rod", in A Different Angle: Fly Fishing Stories by Women ~



2016 Calendar - Club Fund Raiser

I purchased a few of these 2016 fly fishing theme calendars from David Lambroughton as a club fundraiser. I have a limited number of them so if you are interested, please purchase one of them now. The photography is spectacular. Selling at \$10 each. **There are only five (5) left so speak up now. Email me to reserve one.**



SAVE THE DATES



2016 WSCIFFF Fly Fishing Fair

April 29 & 30

2016 IFFF Fly Fishing Fair

August 2 - 6

**Washington State Council
International Federation Fly Fishers**

www.wsciff.org

2016 WA FLY FISHING FAIR

SAVE THE DATE

Ellensburg, WA April 29 & 30



October / November 2015

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
"I saw old Autumn in the misty morn, Stand, shadowless like Silence, listening To Silence." - Thomas Hood 1799 - 1845				1 October	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27 Club Meeting	28	29	30	31 Halloween
1 November Daylight Savings Time Change	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24 Club Meeting	25	26 Thanksgiving	27	28
29	30	"The wind that makes music in November corn is in a hurry. The stalks hum, the loose husks whisk skyward in half-playing swirls, and the wind hurries on.... A tree tries to argue, bare limbs waving, but there is no detaining the wind." - Aldo Leopold 1887 - 1948				

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Visit our website at www.alpineflyfishers.org

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