

Alpine Fly Fishers

*Our Next AFF Meeting
Will Be Tuesday
October 25*

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



The Dead Drift - October 2016

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President's Line

By Larry Gibbs

Many thanks again to Ron Vargas for taking on the duties of the Program Coordinator.

As our meetings have started again, naturally we will also have the raffles. There will be fly cups of various flies, fly boxes, leaders, lines, fly tying materials and fly fishing equipment. I have added an additional item, a dessert for a raffle winner. My wife will cook up a dessert or other 'goody' the day of each meeting and some lucky winner will be able to take it home and enjoy.

We usually have eight smaller raffles during the year and one larger 'fund raiser' raffle at our December meeting. Actually, all of these raffles are fund raisers but the December meeting is intended to make the more money for our bank account. The nice thing about raffles is that a number of you get to take some neat 'stuff' home with you at the end of each meeting.

We use that money wisely. We pay for our liability insurance, our yearly fee with the Secretary of State to remain a non-profit organization, a few pieces of video related equipment, and we usually donate some money to a few well deserved charities. We did not do that in 2016 since we had a lower than expected income from our raffles in 2015. It would be nice to be able to donate to at least one charity program in 2017. Where we spend most of our money is for our non-club member guest speakers, something that we all can really enjoy.

We had our first meeting last night after our summer hiatus. Some of our familiar faces were not there because they are out fishing, places like the Babine and the Grand Ronde, or the roaming the hills of eastern WA looking for fur and feathers for tying. But we had a decent turnout and we also had two visitors, Brett Cook and Ethan Stroh. I hope both of you come back next month.

The raffle went over very well. Guy was the winner of Lynne's very rich chocolate cake. Also, Dave somehow managed to end up with that cute little size 1 disc drag, large arbor reel. Thank you Bill Aubrey.

Stories were told last night, exploits from all over the greater northwest and beyond, so it sounds like many of our club members had a very productive and fun summer. Now we are into our fall fishing time, a great time to fly fish for trout!

Our speaker for our October meeting will be Steve Egge doing a power point presentation on his trip to Mexico earlier this year. That should be interesting.

Good fishing.



Larry

Federation of Fly Fishers Fly of the Month

October 2012

Night Dancer Shrimp

Published by Bob Bates

Federation of Fly Fishers - Washington Council



Opening Comments:

September-October is the time of the year when many northwest U.S. steelhead addicts have their flies and gear ready. However, there is still time to tie another pattern that just might guarantee you fun with a steelhead. However, with this pattern there is more than a glimmer of hope. Russ Osenbach from Mount Vernon, WA was tying this pattern at the 2012 Washington Fly Fishing Fair in Ellensburg, Washington. For him it is a proven pattern. He has caught steelhead with it from southern California to northern British Columbia, Canada. It has the same colors as Frank Amato's Night Dancer: Red, Black and Purple. Anglers all over the western US and Canada used Amato's pattern successfully, so it is logical to have many variations of it. Trey Combs in Steelhead FlyFishing tells us that he liked it so much that he tied many variations of it. The usual way of fishing this and other steelhead patterns for many anglers is to use a floating line, cast across and downstream so the fly swings below you. If a fish boils at the fly duplicate the cast to see if it comes back. If it doesn't, then hike upstream ten steps or so and repeat the process of casting, swinging, taking one step downstream until you hook the fish or give up change flies and move to the next hot spot.

Materials list:

Hook: Daiichi 2059, Alec Jackson size 5

Thread: 70 denier, black (Danville 6/0, UNI-Thread 8/0, WapsiUltra thread)

Tinsel: Lagarten, small oval silver

Rear Hackle: Webby, Red

Body: Floss, black

Body veiling: Krystal Flash, UV Purple

Middle Hackle: Webby, black

Front Hackle: Webby, purple

Step 1: Twist the thread counterclockwise to flatten. It will give you a small flat base that holds the materials better.

Step 2: Tie the tinsel on the bottom of the hook. Use only four thread winds to hold it.

Step 3: Make three wraps of tinsel forward, one tight against the other. Tie it off with three winds of thread, and clip off tinsel. Take a single thread wind back to where the oval is tied in. These three tinsel wraps give a little flash and keeps the hackle from falling off the back of the hook.

Step 4:

Take a webby hackle (Chinese, Whiting or saltwater), pull all the fluff off the feather and break off the stem. Tie it in with three or four thread winds. Then fold the barbs back (doubling) as you wrap the hackle forward in three or four close turns. Secure it with three or four thread winds, and clip off excess feather. Wind thread back to the feather to help hold the barbs down. This is the tail.



Continued on Page 3 →

Step 5: Tie the tinsel on bottom side of hook. Wind thread back to hackle then forward to about mid shank. Tie in a single strand of floss wrap it back to the hackle. (Having the floss spool on a bobbin makes it easier.) Hold the hackle back and put two floss wraps tight against the barbs forcing them into a cone, and wrap the floss forward to mid shank, secure it and trim. Tie down the stub of floss, and leave the thread at the front of the body segment.



Step 6: Spiral the tinsel forward in three evenly spaced wraps, secure on bottom of shank, trim excess and cover stub of tinsel.



Step 7: Take three strands of UV purple Krystal Flash, and tie it in on top of shank with two thread winds. Move thread forward so there is a little space from first to last thread wind, bring Krystal Flash back underneath and secure with three thread winds. Clip off Krystal Flash about equal to hook point.



Step 8: The Irish shrimp style uses a middle hackle that is the same color as the wing. Since the Amato Night Dancer has a black wing, pick a webby hackle, and install it at mid shank. Fold the hackle back as you wrap it four or five turns. Secure and trim excess hackle.



Step 9: Repeat Steps 5 to 7 as you build the body to about two eye widths from the eye. Complete the body veiling before moving to Step 10.



Step 10: Pick a purple webby hackle and secure it as in Steps 4 and 8. Wind it four or five turns and tie off on bottom of hook with two turns of thread. Pull hackle back, wind thread back over the excess before clipping it. This makes a very secure hackle and a small head. Flatten the thread as you do this. Put in a whip finish of four or five turns. Put on two or three coats of head cement, letting each coat dry thoroughly.



Closing Comments:

Northwest anglers should get busy, and tie a bunch of Night Dancer Shrimp flies. Then head out and go fishing. Steelhead are coming into the rivers. Michigan anglers have all winter to tie flies for the springtime fishing. This fly has good credentials, and it is worth tying.

Back of Beyond Stephen Neal

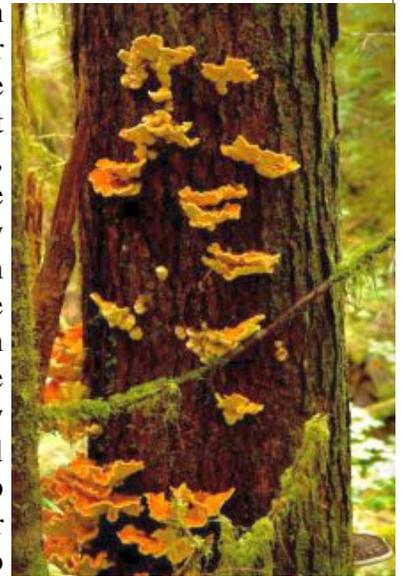
In Wildness is the Preservation of the World - "Henry David Thoreau"

Travels with the Blue Tooth Enabled Coyote

As we hiked a few moons back, Sean (Coyote) was talking about his encounters, events, incidents and happenings on the Olympic Peninsula. His love and reverence of this vast acreage of Ocean, Mountains, Rivers and Rain Forest was pouring forth in the words he was speaking. Native American, English and Spanish names of rivers and places rolled off his tongue and through his lips. Here are just a few named places, Bogachiel, Quinault, Queets, Hoh, Sol Duc, Calawah, Elwha, Kalaloch, Destruction Island (Isla de Dolores), Ruby Beach and Joanie Rock.

The Rivers names were spoken of in hushed tones of veneration and the high vibrato of excitement, these are rivers of dreams, chrome Steelhead, Kings, Coho (Silver), fights over fishing rights and use, protection, conservation, over use, Indian Rights and logging interests, floods, draughts, fires, homesteaders, loggers, fisherman, Indians, poachers of fish, wildlife and trees, guides and eagles, elks and bears. Sean (Coyote) briefly interrupted his story telling to inquire if I had spent any time on the Olympic Peninsula? He had come to the realization that it was not satisfactory to just talk about the OP he needed to take me there and show it to me.

The moons have rolled over and morning is breaking, summers grasp is loosening, fall is pulling it away. As daylight filters through the closed venetian blind on our bedroom window, a heavy rain falls outside. It is the day of departure, the blue tooth enabled coyote is due this morning for our OP tour. As Sean and I drive over to Pat's the rain begins to lift, by the time Pat and his equipment is loaded in Coyote's Dodge Ram Pickup the sky above is more sun than clouds. Our adventure has begun. The rattle of the Dodge's diesel propels us across the Tacoma Narrows and onto the Olympic Peninsula as we push north towards Port Angeles. Coyote has his route all planed out and Pat and I are content to watch, listen and learn. This is all new country to me, I have heard and read about the OP but now it was time to put my shoe treads on its soil. We passed quickly by the towns, the river and the forest is what called to us, our first non-bathroom break was on the banks of the Elwha to rejoice in its rebirth from lake to free flowing river. We pushed on skirting Crescent Lake before stopping to camp on the Bogachiel (gets riley after it rains or muddy water). Sean swiftly backed the camper into his chosen spot and we set up camp, more specifically I set up my tent. Sean and Pat built the campfire and I poured us each a finger of Basil Hayden whiskey to celebrate our successful and safe journey. With camp preliminaries out of the way we sat down to a warm and tasty dinner around our campfire. In our comings and goings around camp we visited with a lady who was bike touring from Port Angeles down to Portland she was on the first leg of her journey. We wished her well on her adventure. She was the first of many bike tourers that we saw on the road and in the campgrounds.



The next morning, we were greeted by low hanging clouds and diffused sun light. We packed up and headed up stream on the Bogachiel to hike the Ira Spring trail. This nature trail was constructed by a retired ranger on his own time and his own buck. His trail highlights the rainforests ecosystem while tracing a route just above a lush rainforest meadow. Sean waxed powerfully on meeting the retired Ranger and his detail to fine trail work. The rangers trail work reflected his respect for the rainforest. It worked with the rain forest not against it. The Coyote kept urging Pat and I to greater speed, we were spending too much time taking pictures and we had places to go and other things to see. After a brief riverside lunch of crackers, sardines and dark chocolate peanut butter cups we headed back to the truck and Kalaloch.

On our way to Kalaloch we made a brief stop at Ruby Beach but the crowds and tide were against our exploration, this is a place that calls for further exploration, Pat and I both said out loud almost simultaneously, that we would be back. Coyote pointed out Destruction Island setting about 3 miles off shore. The Spanish had

landed there in 1775, they sent a row boat to shore, the boat was met by the Quinault Indians. The Indians wiped out the landing party they did not take kindly to the Spanish performing a possession ceremony. The ship's captain called the island Isla de Delores – island of sorrows. About 12 years later the English landed on the island and sent a boat ashore the same fate awaited them when they landed near the mouth of the Hoh River.

After a tip from Coyote I have done some further research, the account above is one version of the story, other versions say it was the Hoh Indians. The Indians version said they would never have attacked shipwrecked sailors. The true story is lost with the people who participated, just another hole in the fabric of time and place. Kalaloch (“a good place to land”, “canoe launch and landing” or “sheltered landing”), our tour guide the Blue Tooth enabled Coyote has a special affinity for Kalaloch. He spent many wonderful family vacations at Kalaloch with his grandparents, aunts and uncles and



mom and Dad. This is a place that brings peace to his tricksters' heart. We set up camp in the rain, I moved quickly to get my tent set up to minimize the wet tent syndrome. I prefer to sleep with dry bedding if at all possible, I know just call me picky. After quick back and forth dashes to dodge rain drop, we retired to the camper for a drop or two of Pat's offering of Speyburn single malt Scotch. While basking in the glow of another successful journey there was a knock at the door, Greg McDonald was stopping by to say hi. He was on his way to setup camp on the Queets, we were going to spend the next two days on the Queets with Greg, he declined our offer of a sip as he had an hour of driving ahead of him. As Greg pulled away we dawned rain jackets and hiked over to the lodge for dinner with a view. Sean had requested a table near the window but alas our window view looked out on the deck which hid the ocean so we made do with a view of the rain filling a dog bowl with liquid sunshine and intersecting water rings. Over dinner the winds of the old days blew through Sean's soul and those memories tumbled like sweets from a jar. Sean pick up the sweets and reflected on his childhood and the family members that came to his rescue during the hard times. The time spent at the beach we overlooked, this beach of sheltered landing, had also sheltered him in his journey from child to adult. His closeness to his aunt Joanie was knotted together with this shore and it rocks, grass, trees and footsteps left in the sand. He spoke of the places he wanted us to visit on the morrow, Joanie's rock, named for his aunt, the living or dancing tree, the nature trail on the east side of 101, the drift wood forest packed against the ocean cliffs and the wind sculpted trees. These sweets were part of his being and they needed to be shared.

Thursday morning dawned overcast and damp, but the rain had passed on through during the hours of darkness. I packed my wet tent and we stashed the truck and camper in the overflow parking and hiked out to the NatureTrail. It was early enough in the day that we did not need to dodge 101 traffic to cross the road. We followed the rain dampened trail back into the land of big trees and small wonders, wood burls, brightly colored fungi, rain wet spider webs, 1000-year-old giants and



baby, middle-aged and merely old trees framed the clouds in the sky overhead. Sean urged us on, while Pat's and my eyes and senses kept both of us looking back or further and deeper into the surrounding beauty. The Coyote part of him kept asking which direction we needed to go and in spite of his tricks and quick smiles we made it back to the road and plunged through the screen of wind sculpted pines, spruce and firs onto the beach. We stopped to take pictures of the Living (Dancing) Tree and then headed down to Joanie's Rock. While Pat and I photographed, Sean sank into his memories and meditated on the now and then.

With our Kalaloch visit completed we headed for the Queets and our rendezvous with Greg and the majestic, magical and mystical thousand-year-old trees of the upper Queets. According to Queets and Quinault legend, the Queets means “out of the dirt of the skin”; Kwate (the Great Spirit and Transformer) came to the mouth of the Queets River. After fording the river, he rubbed his legs to restore circulation, small rolls of dirt formed under his hands. He threw them into the water and from them a man and woman came forth, the man and woman became the ancestors of the Queets people. Kwate told them they would remain on the river and would be known as K’witzq (Queets) because of the dirt from which your skin was made.

On Friday morning Sean announced that he was going to stay in camp and rest up and also fix dinner for us that evening. He further suggested that Greg take Pat and I and show us the upper Queets Valley. Greg manfully took on the responsibilities and with cameras and lunch held in packs on our backs we hit the trail. The Queets is a glacially-carved, rain forest valley, the rivers source is the Humes Glacier on Mount Olympus. We forded the river below Sam’s creek and meandered through alder bottoms, stood beneath giant hemlocks and Sitka spruce, walked amongst the Douglas firs and big leaf maples. Greg led us across Elk bed grounds and an old homestead site, telling us the history of the river, and the natural history of the



plants and animals that call the Queets home. He pointed out great picture opportunities and likely good Steelhead runs come this winter. He had us munch on wood sorrel and we scented Elk and inspected bear signs. When we arrived back at our river crossing we discovered Sean fishing with a nice buck steelhead on his line. Ah! The trickster had struck again. So much for resting in camp and fixing dinner, he had ditched us to fish alone.

Speaking of the trickster, it is time to give you the real dirt on why I am now referring to Sean as the “Blue Tooth Enabled Coyote”. In many Native American and First Nations mythologies, the Coyote spirit (Southwestern United States) or Raven spirit (Pacific Northwest) are usually seen as jokesters and pranksters. Many native traditions hold Coyote and Raven (clowns and tricksters) as essential to any contact with the sacred. They believed people should not pray until they had laughed, laughter opens and frees us from our ridged preconception. They also believed that humans had to have tricksters within the most sacred ceremonies for fear that



they forget the scared comes through, upset, reversal and surprise. Native American tricksters are open to life's multiplicity and paradoxes that are largely missing in the modern American moral tradition". Sean like all great trickster's exhibits a great degree of intellect and secret knowledge and he freely uses it to play tricks or otherwise disobey conventional behavior. So in stepping outside the boundaries of the norm I have added Blue tooth enabled to his coyote title. Sean is exploring the use of hearing aids and one of the models he is going to try are blue tooth enabled. Pat and I told him we were going to hack his hearing aids with subliminal messages and that we were going to give the codes to Barbara also. I believe there are a few more of his friends that would love to get their hands on those codes as well.

Coyote is credited with teaching the Native Americans how to catch Salmon, Sean is my Coyote on how to catch Steelhead. Remember at the beginning of this article, I wrote about the rivers of the OP being Steelhead Rivers of Dreams. Well I had to try so I left camp just before dinner and swung a fly through some promising water for a summer run Steelhead, I came up empty but I have now wetted a line on the OP and it will not be my last time. My sincerest thanks go out to Pat Blackwell, Greg McDonald and Sean Gallagher, whose warmth and friendship made for a wonderful journey of discovery on the Olympic Peninsula. My thanks also go out to my wife who again let me travel on our anniversary.

May you have a trickster in your life and may you always laugh before you pray. Hope to see you on the water soon. Stephen

Deanna Travis
FlyAnglers Online
Publisher & Owner
DOWN THE ROAD
October 10, 2011



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

For those of us who aren't tied to a "real" job or blessed to be retired, the region around our home in Livingston, Montana is the perfect base for exploration of all sorts.

I had mentioned to my husband Trav as we passed the turn-off to Big Sky on our way back from a trip to Quake Lake that I had only been up to Big Sky once many years ago. In fact so many years ago that it's founder and creator Chet Huntley was still doing the evening news with his partner David Brinkley. (It was called the Huntley/Brinkley Report I believe on NBC.)

My youngest daughter Lisa was a skier and loved catching the student bus which ran from the high school in Livingston to the ski hills on Saturdays during the winter. There is another ski resort here as well, Bridger Bowl on the back road to Bozeman. The kids received a discount lift pass at both, but the price at Big Sky in those days was already in high roller territory. Back in the late 70's going to Big Sky was a big deal, but of course we had no idea of what it would become.

I think Trav had a good laugh because I spent the trip from the turn off all the way up to the Huntley Hotel saying wow and other assorted comments of near disbelief. Trav had been there several times for various meetings and had stayed there as well.

Trav and nephew Tom get a kick out of kidding me about having lived a sheltered life, but really living just across the water from Seattle did not expose me to the number of multi-million dollar homes at the resort – and that isn't including the ones behind the iron gates with "Private" signs, and not just a few either, probably thousands of homes. Add to that the rental condos and hotels and the small commercial centers with grocery stores and restaurants, just an incredible concentration of wealth – perhaps more incredible when you realize the whole place is populated on a big part-time basis. Most of the people who own these properties are there for a very short time during ski season, and for short stays during the summer.

It's pretty obvious the economic situation in this country doesn't affect their lives. I wonder about the people who work up there. I do recall some years ago there was a problem with getting and keeping employees. Big Sky is not really next to anything. The biggest towns are Bozeman which is probably 40 miles away and West Yellowstone is nearly that far in the opposite direction. Trust me, driving to and from to work every day in the winter is not a good thing. I know at one time someone was going to build some dorm type accommodations to help that situation but I don't know if it actually happened.

There is a college in Bozeman and that would provide summer help, but I'm told there really isn't a big pool of potential employees to pick from. One of the more popular local restaurants here in town can't stay open for dinner because they can't get wait staff: too many places to eat, too few possible employees.

It was quite an education. The local newspaper, the Livingston Enterprise usually has a color issue at least once a week, and when they do there is a large listing of properties for sale. Again, I know there has always been some big money around the area; the trout fishing has always drawn a number of wealthy folks who buy property here as has the hunting and just the great beauty of the countryside. It isn't uncommon to see several listings over 5 million. When I first moved back here from Washington State, Trav told me, "This isn't the Montana you remembered." And he was right.

There will always be some locals who resent big money and I have heard various comments about Ted Turner for example. He owns a very large chunk of property west of Bozeman and frankly if he didn't own it there would be wall to wall homes for as far as you can see. In so many places, especially if there is a view or water, the property has been developed. In some places we might want to remember the best possible use for the land is as land – land to grow wheat and cows and perhaps sagebrush.

There are places where mass development can be done without destroying the whole countryside. Big Sky seems to work very well. Better there than on every bend of the river or little valley as far as the eye can see.

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.

January 24; February 28; March 28; April 25; May 23; June ?? Club Picnic; July (No Meeting); August (No Meeting); September 26; October 24; November 28; December 19

2017 ORCIFFF Fly Tyer & Fly Fishing Expo

The Oregon Council is holding their Fly Tyer & Fly Fishing Expo
In Albany, OR on **March 10 & 11**

2017 WSCIFFF Fly Fishing Fair

The Washington State Council is holding their Fly Fishing Fair
in Ellensburg on Friday and Saturday, **May 5 & 6**

2017 WRMCIFFF Fly Fishing Expo

The Western Rocky Mountain Council & the North Idaho Fly Casters are holding their
Fly Fishing Expo In Cd'A, Idaho on Friday and Saturday, **May 19 & 20**

Northwest Fly Fishing & Casting Events for 2017

Up here in the great northwest, we are blessed with an abundance of fly fishing & casting events. I have posted notices about three of them that occur during the first half of next year. There are others as well, private shows like the O'Loughlin WA Sportsman's Show in Puyallup, the Fly Fishing Show in Lynwood, and the Spey Clave down in Oregon. But the ones I listed above are all International Federation of Fly Fishers events that are being sponsored by the IFFF councils for those areas.

The Oregon Council IFFF is sort of the granddaddy of them all, as it was in Oregon, with the help of a number of Washington clubs, that the FFF was first created as a national organization. Oregon started having these events a number of years ago, in a very small facility in Eugene. Then they moved to the Linn County Expo Center in Albany which is a fantastic facility. The show has well over 100 fly tyers each year. Also, there are many well known fly casting instructors there to offer their expertise in getting you to cast to the best of your ability. The workshops and classrooms offer great information on fishing the northwest and other locations. Drive down there early on a Friday morning, spend the day and even into the next day to take in the whole show. I go down there every year to volunteer and spend a little money on raffle and silent auction items, most of which I re-gift back to our club. Make note of the dates: Friday and Saturday, March 10 & 11.

Then two months later, the Washington State Council IFFF will be having their 11th annual Fly Fishing Fair at the Kittitas County Fairgrounds in Ellensburg. As you know, Peter and I are both heavily involved with this event, as are some of our club members. Steven Fernandez is going to be our featured fly tyer. We will have many great fly tyers at our event and some of the best fly casters in the northwest. This is a fun show to attend. We have lots of vendors so you can do some shopping and Peter runs a really good silent auction, raffle & live auction. This is the closest event of the three listed, just a hop, skip & jump over the mountain to Ellensburg. Plan to attend on the first Friday and Saturday of May, the 5th and 6th.

Then just two weeks later will be the second annual Fly Fishing Expo, which is a joint project between the Western Rocky Mountain Council IFFF and the North Idaho Fly Casters club, being held in CdA, Idaho. I attended this event this year, 2016, and really enjoyed myself. If you are going to be in the area, maybe for some great late spring fishing, come to this event and check it out. I happen to be a member of the North Idaho Fly Casters club and I know a number of the other members. They are really great people and are trying very hard to make this an excellent event to attend. The dates are Friday and Saturday, May 19th & 20th.



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.

www.flyanglersonline.com

A Fly Fishing Quote:

"Fly-fishers are usually brain-workers in society. Along the banks of purling streams, beneath the shadows of umbrageous trees, or in the secluded nooks of charming lakes, they have ever been found, drinking deep of the invigorating forces of nature - giving rest and tone to over-taxed brains and wearied nerves - while gracefully wielding the supple rod, the invisible leader, and the fairy-like fly."

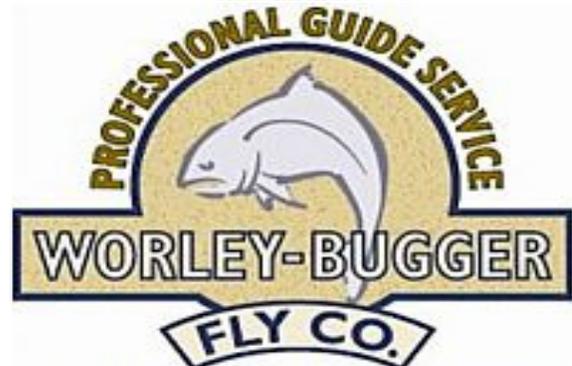
~by James A. Hensall, MD, 1855~

Alpine Fly Fishers Meetings in 2016

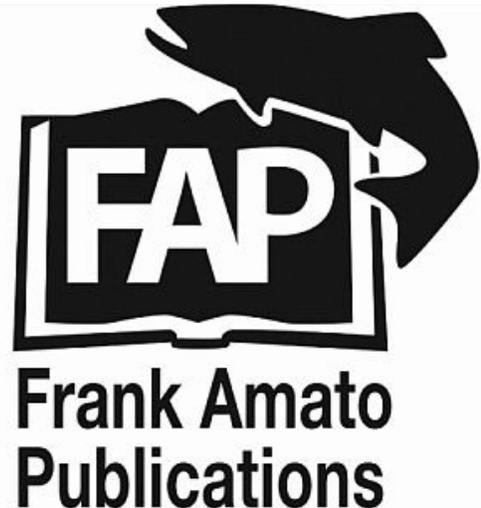
October 25 — November 22 — December 13

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Howard's House in Thompson Falls

Here is a beautiful picture of Howard's house in Thompson Falls, Montana. This photo shows his house over on the right? and the great looking tree filled mountains that overlook the whole valley in that area just above his house. Oh yea, the house and mountains are a little hard to see what with the smoke from the Copper-King fire that was burning at the time. This fire started in the middle of August and as of the first week of September it was still going strong. It was the largest fire in the state of Montana this year. It started about 4 miles east of Thompson Falls, up the Thompson River, and Howard and the other people living in Thompson Falls have had to deal with this type of smoke often.

A picture is worth a thousand words

I could write about how bad the conditions really were over there this late summer and you may have gotten some idea of what I was talking about, but you really would not have had a real clear (or maybe not so clear, kind of smoky) image of the reality of it. But, the picture above really brings it home.

That is why we like to have photos of your fishing and traveling exploits of 2016 for our December meeting. The power point presentation that Steve puts together for us really presents a fantastic idea of what you all were doing this year. Pictures that include some great scenic shots, 'selfies', fish you caught, anything that is interesting, that is what we are looking for.

I will have my lap top computer with me at the October meeting. Please bring in your photos on a thumb drive or a CD and I will copy them and get them all to Steve. He needs time to put the presentation together so please give us your pictures by no later than the October meeting. If you do some fishing in November, you can email them to me and I will get them to Steve as well.

Larry

Sowbug Roundup

Heading South this March? Check this out.

The 2017 Sowbug Roundup, a “Celebration of Fly Fishing,” will be held on March 23, 24, and 25 in Mountain Home, Arkansas. This three day event is celebrating its 20th anniversary by showcasing exhibition fly tyers, both domestic and international. In 2016, over 140 tyers attended to demonstrate timeless skills and share new ideas in technique and materials.

Audience admission to the event remains at \$5.00 for the entire three days. Children aged 12 and under are admitted free. Included in the admission cost are beginning fly tying classes and a variety of seminars related to fly fishing. There are special events for the kids including a free drawing for fly fishing gear. A specially selected group of vendors showcase fly fishing, fly tying, and related goods and services. Dave and Emily Whitlock and several of the premier rod vendors have been regular attendees for a number of years.

Mountain Home is located in the beautiful Arkansas Ozarks minutes from the White River and the fabled Norfolk River tailwaters. Both rivers are renowned for their huge brown trout. From here, there is easy access to Branson, Missouri and the Branson-Springfield Airport. Because Ozark weather in March is usually quite mild, the area is a sought after destination for our friends from the more northern states. The March Caddis hatch on these rivers provides truly memorable dry fly and soft hackle fishing.

Lodging opportunities are diverse and abundant ranging from state and federal campgrounds, private RV parks, fishing resorts, and motels to high end fly fishing B&B's. The Sowbug Roundup provides a great excuse to step out of winter and experience fishing in some of the country's finest tailwaters.

Over the years Sowbug has cemented its reputation as a high quality offering in a warm and friendly atmosphere. So start planning now. Don't miss an opportunity to attend Sowbug Roundup 2017. For more information, go to the website – www.northarkansasflyfisher.org or visit the Facebook page to follow what promises to be the biggest and best Sowbug gathering yet.

2017 NORTHWEST YOUTH CONSERVATION AND FLY FISHING ACADEMY

It is not too early to start thinking about the 2017 Academy. Again we are preparing for another Youth Conservation and Fly Fishing Academy to be held June 18-24, 2017 at Gwinwood Community Center on Hicks Lake in Lacey, WA. The Staff will be contacting dedicated volunteers to contribute their time for the success of the Academy - 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 some staff and all youth living in clean, warm cabins at the Gwinwood Center. 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 WSCIFFF, and members of TU and fly fishing clubs of Washington.

The cost to each student is only \$300 for the week, sponsorships are available through TU Chapters, FFF fly clubs and private donations. No applicant will be turned away because of lack of funding.

Applications will be accepted starting January 1, 2017 until April 15, 2017. Applications may be downloaded from our website – www.nwycffa.com, - 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 have a Facebook page listed under our name for viewing pictures from previous events.

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**

Editors note: I added an extra FAOL article in this issue because it is about the Fall. I personally love the fall, it reminds me of some of the things that Deanna has written about, things from my youth. But it is also one of my favorite times to fly fish for trout. Larry

This Week's View
by Deanna Lee Birkholm
October 8th, 2001

It's Fall

I love fall. To be honest it isn't as spectacular here in the Pacific Northwest as other places we have lived or even visited, but it is still my favorite.

A few mornings ago I was up earlier than usual, there had been heavy fog during the night, and as the low morning light swept onto the cedars behind the house, there appeared hundreds of moisture-festooned spider webs all carefully hung in the cedars. Each glistening like a new Christmas ornament. As the sun continued to rise, they disappeared from view. They were still there of course, it was the angle of the light that made them visible.

The low, yellow-intensive light is the same one that illuminates my garden in late afternoon, casting long elegant shadows. Wonderful stuff.

I loved Montana in the fall too - the Tamarack trees look like pine-type evergreens, but they aren't. When cold weather starts the needles turn gold, drop to the ground and a carpet of gold is everywhere. Actually it's a good signal to get ready for winter, snow won't be far behind. There aren't very many of the showy hardwoods in Montana, it's the gold of the Quaking Aspens which light up the lower mountainsides, and Red Osier without its leaves gives a rosy glow to the stream banks. Then there is the color of the Big Sky. Years ago I named it Montana Blue. There is no proper description of it - it's just a very clean, intense blue - you have to experience it.

Michigan had its share of hardwood trees, and the 'Fall Color-Tours' were listed in the newspapers, which route to take on the weekend to see the best vistas. Everyone hoping the rain would hold off and the leaves would hold on the trees just a little longer.

It's been years since I've been in New England in the fall, but I remember vividly the brilliant reds framed against the grays of the granite. There was something about wonderful lobster in Portland Maine too which certainly added to the memories.

For us here in the west, we share some of the pieces of fall with you. The geese skimming low overhead, the crispness of the air, the crunch of dry leaves, the red berries on the Mountain Ash (or in the east Bittersweet along the fence rows and winding into the trees at the edge of the woods.) The cackle of a rooster pheasant flushed and heading out.

I spent part of my growing up years in marshes. Fishing for bass or catfish in the summer and laying in wait for ducks in the fall. There is a special feel and smell in a marsh intensified by the anticipation of a successful day duck hunting - or one day with my dad, deciding was a "butterfly day" and fishing for perch would be better. It was.

Fall is a time to appreciate the change of season, to immerse yourself in it. (Remember jumping in leave piles when you were a kid?) If you have a local fall fishery, go fish. Breathe deep and drink it all in. Enjoy the marvelous gifts nature provides. Store up some beauty and joy for the cold months ahead.

The succession of seasons is reassuring. We know winter will follow fall, a time to gather our thoughts and heal our wounds. And surely spring will come again. ~ LadyFisher

Worley Bugger Fly Co. & the Yakima River Clean Up Day October 15

As a professional guide service, outfitter, and fly shop, Worley Bugger Fly Co. is aware of the added daily pressures that affect the fish, the river and the river's environment over the length of the fly fishing season. We feel a responsibility to this magnificent resource and consider ourselves fortunate year after year to introduce others to Washington State's, Yakima River.

Since 2001, the staff of WBFC has coordinated and organized the "Yakima River Clean Up Day. Since that time, with the help of 100's of volunteers from across the state of Washington, together we have amassed well over 30,000 pounds of trash and other waste from the banks, stream beds and boat launch areas of the Yakima. In 2008, as the recession began and the downturn in the economy hit, many people here in our community were affected, especially children. That hit close to home when raising children of our own and imagining them going without the proper food and nutrition they need.

So in 2009, we established a food drive for the local FISH Food bank and with help of the local and extended fly fishing community, we have been able to raise thousands of pounds of food for them each year. Thank you everyone for your generous contributions. We know it has made a difference in our community.

On March 12th, 2013 the fly fishing world truly lost one of the great, true artesians of our magnificent sport. Tim Irish, the Yakima River's prodigal son and the first ever fly fishermen to guide the waters of the river passed away. Tim left the world the way he walked in it, quietly. Because of Tim's work within the fly fishing community and his love of the river, this day is now and forever more referred to as the "Tim Irish Memorial Yakima River Clean Up & Food Drive". To honor a man that gave so much of himself and never asked for anything in return.

Tim's efforts to bring about change in the early 1990's has had a long lasting effect on the Yakima River and all of the creatures that call the river home. His campaign throughout the 90's changed the river forever as the state listened to good old common sense and adopted the Selective Gear fishery rules and stopped planting bogus hatchery rainbows in the river forever. Since then, the Yakima has flourished into a true "Blue Ribbon stream". For over 25 years now, wild fish have been thriving and naturally reproducing in the Yakima River water shed and the fly fishing industry in Ellensburg has thrived because of it. That is quite a legacy to leave behind and to be remembered for. If you hadn't ever had the privilege of knowing or talking with him, Tim Irish was and always will be the "first" Yakima River Fly Fishing Guide and forever wears that badge of honor.

This year, the Clean Up Event will be held on OCTOBER 15th, 2016. We will be meeting at 9:00 am at the Worley Bugger Fly Co. pro shop in Ellensburg.

We will also be collecting any "Non" perishable food items that you may want to contribute for the day. For every food item that you bring you will receive "one" raffle ticket that will be placed in a drawing to be held later in the day. A host of fly fishing manufacturers, fly fishing clubs and other individuals have generously donated fly fishing goods and soft goods to encourage your support of the food drive. The prize raffle will be held at the barbeque towards the end of the day.

Participants providing boats will be designated to a section of the river for the day. If you have a particular section you would like to float, just let us know. We like to stagger boats throughout the river, so we insure a good clean up. Trash bags will be provided but feel free to bring your own if you like. We do our best to fill all available boat space, however seats fill quickly or are already spoken for by others. We can not guarantee that you will get in a boat for the day. There are plenty of river banks and boat launches that need a good cleaning. Make sure to bring your fishing gear as well. Fishing & fun is part of the day!

Because of the complexity of the event and the number of people participating, we ask that if you do plan to volunteer your time and efforts for the day, please pre-register. You may do so in the registration box below or by calling the fly shop in Ellensburg. By keeping the clean up event as organized as possible, we are able to coordinate the day so it runs smoothly and efficiently. Fly Shop Registration: 509-962-2033

Once again this year, the Worley Bugger Fly Company is proud to also be holding a Non-Perishable Food Drive for the Ellensburg FISH food bank.

Participants in the Food Drive will receive "ONE" raffle ticket for each non-perishable food drive item that is donated in the morning, afternoon or at the barbeque. The more food items you bring the better your chances are of winning some "killer" swag! So dig deep friends. It's going to a great cause.

A separate raffle will be held for a "GRAND PRIZE" drawing with the food drive donations.

October / November 2016

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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"The sweet calm sunshine of October, now warms the low spot; upon its grassy mold,
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold."
- William Cullen Bryant — 1794 - 1878 -

**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 Club Meeting	26	27	28	29
30	31					

"Dull November brings the blast, Then the leaves are whirling fast." ~ Sara Coleridge - 1802 - 1852 ~		1 November	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22 Club Meeting	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	"November's sky is chill and drear, November's leaf is red and sear." ~ Sir Walter Scott - 1771-1832 ~		

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