

# Alpine Fly Fishers

Our Next AFF Meeting

Tuesday

October 23

As always, at the

Puerto Vallarta

215 15th St. SE

Puyallup at 6 PM



FFI  
Charter Club



## The Dead Drift - October 2018

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### **President's Line**

*By Larry Gibbs*

Finally I was able to get out and do some fishing. The last time I had fished was in September of 2017 with Steve Worley, owner of the Worley Bugger Fly Co. We fished the Green Bridge (Thorp) to the new Diversion Dam takeout. Walking up that little hill to my truck told me that I should not fish again until I had my heart problem resolved. So, a year later, in September of 2018, I was finally healthy enough to start fishing again. I was back on the Yakima River, fishing with Aron Larsen, a guide for the Worley Bugger Fly Co. We fished Bristol to Green Bridge. The water was in fantastic shape, low and clear. The farmers and ranchers downstream no longer needed the irrigation water supplied by the Yakima River, so the flows were reduced and the fall fishing was just getting started. This was the transitional period, as the river had dropped several thousand CFS recently as was still dropping, so the fish had not totally adjusted to the changes, but they were hungry. I had a very nice day.

Then, two weeks later, I was in Montana. I fished with Steve Temple, owner of the Clark Fork Trout guide service one day, and Brooks Sanford the next day. The Clark Fork River was in great shape. I caught a lot of fish especially on the second day because a weather front had moved in, dumped some rain and had lots of clouds. I managed to hook up and bring in some really nice trout. Two Twenty inch (measured) Cutthroats and an eighteen inch Rainbow were my best. The fish are very fat and full of energy. They either jumped high out of the water or fought like bulldogs trying to keep deep. The river flows have been above normal all summer due to the excess snowfall and there has been plenty for the fish to eat.

During my year sabbatical (I guess that is one thing to call it) while I did not fish, I did manage to acquire a number of new fly rods. I was finally able to take them out and give them a great testing. I always try to match the fly rod with a fly line that is the best one for that rod. If you check with the maker of the rod, they will have the answer. When I was in Boise this year for the FFI event, I managed to acquire a new Sage X fly rod. This was a very nice rod to cast and it has enough 'backbone' to get the fly out even in some really strong winds. The Orvis Recon rod was also a good casting fly rod. The Hardy Zephrus is another great rod that can take on winds and large flies with ease. Even the light weight Hardy Shadow was good for smaller flies. The TFO Axiom II also did a great job of casting and fighting the fish.

As you can tell, I had a great time collecting rods this past year and now a I will have an even better time fishing them.

The Fall is a great time for fishing, get out there if you can and catch a fish or two or.....

Good fishing.



Larry

# Fly Fishing International

## Fly of the Month

October 2002

### LLAMA POPSICLE

By Bob Bates and Jim Cramer



I planned to write about the Popsicle tied with marabou this month. However, the plans changed when I saw Jim Cramer tying his Llama Popsicle at the 2002 FFF Show in Livingston. He didn't invent it, but first saw this fly tied by Jay Murakoshi. Llama hair has a nice feel to it, and many tiers claim that it has a good action to entice fish. There are not many flies where one of your tools needs to be wire cutters, but this is one.

A couple of authors credit George Cook for designing the Popsicle in the early 1980s (1985 according to one). When asked what he was going to call it, he looked at the colors and said "Popsicle." His pattern certainly is colorful with orange and red marabou and a purple schlappen hackle. Many other fly tiers like John Farrar with the Skagit Spey Series and Bob Aid were also developing successful marabou patterns for salmon and steelhead in the early 1980s. (See Steelhead Fly Fishing by Trey Combs, pp 418-425) Quite a few steelhead anglers have adopted the Popsicle with numerous variations as their standard steelhead pattern. They should try the Llama Popsicle. In the early days of steelhead fishing "you had to be on the bottom to catch them." Therefore, we used HiD or Super HiD full sink fly lines or shooting heads. We caught fish and also lost a few lines on the rocks. Then some radical anglers began using floating lines in early fall and resorted to sinking lines only in late winter. Pretty soon everybody was using floating lines most of the time and sink tips in cold water. Now many of the good steelheaders are using sink tips most of the time. Things change, but the one thing that hasn't changed much is the presentation. It is cast across or down-and-across with a wet fly swing. Mend the line so you have a straight line to the rod and reel.

#### Materials:

**Hook:** Steelhead or salmon hook, Daiichi, Alec Jackson, Partridge, etc. hooks, 4 - 2/0

**Thread:** A or Kevlar, Orange (Color and type of your choice)

**Wing/Hackle:** Llama hair with holographic enhancer, several colors of your choice.

**Head:** Orange thread or color of your choice

#### Equipment Needed:

**Layout board:** 1- X 3-inch board about 18 inches long. About 5 inches from one end place two small finishing nails about a quarter of an inch apart on a line running across the board. About 10 inches down the board place another nail. Clamp the board to a table or have a friend hold it when you start spinning the dubbing loop.

**Spinning hook:** Coat hanger wire or light brass rod about 7 inches long. Form a hook at one end. Wire: 0.006 Stainless steel - on a spool in a bobbin. The key to this durable pattern is building your own dubbing brush with 0.006 stainless steel wire.

1. Attach the wire to the spinning hook with a simple twist. Lay the hook on the layout board so the hook is trapped by the two nails. Pull out enough wire so the wire can be laid around the third nail and let the bobbin hang. Pre cut the llama hair to length - about an inch and a half or slightly longer. Cover the wire on the board with a light coating of cement and immediately spread out the patches of llama hair on the wire over the length between the nails. Lay on thin layer of Enhancer followed by another thin layer of llama hair. Use the same color pattern as on the first layer.

Pick up the bobbin and pull out enough wire to reach the spinning hook. Coat the wire with cement. Lay the wire on top of the llama hair and next to the hook. Keep tension on the wire. Carefully lift the hook from between the two nails and attach the wire to the hook with a simple twist. Cut the wire loose from the bobbin.....

FOTM Cont. on page 3





Keeping slight tension on the spinning hook, spin the hook in your fingers until you feel the wire loop start to shorten. Experience will be your best guide. Too much twisting will break the wire, not enough will not trap the hair securely.

Before removing the dubbed loop from the third nail, brush the llama hair in both directions with a small-animal currycomb. Don't be afraid to use a heavy hand as you want to comb out any thick clumps next to the wire core.

2. Put a hook into a strong vise and attach the tying thread near eye of hook and line with thread. Stop above point of hook where dubbing brush will be secured.

3. Secure the dubbing brush with hair sloping away from the eye, and wind thread forward to near the eye. Cut off any excess wire at the tie down point.

4. Wrap the dubbing brush tightly with very close wraps onto the hook. Brush the fibers rearward as you wind forward. Picking out tied down fibers as you wrap will make the final brush out easier. Stop about one eye length back from eye.

5. Secure wire dubbing brush to hook. Trim excess dubbing brush, and wrap the end tightly.

6. Usually some llama hair sticks out over the eye. To eliminate, pull back all of the hair with fingers just behind the eye, and quickly pass a cigarette lighter under the eye. It burns off all the wild hair.

7. Form a neat head, whip finish and coat with cement.

8. Finally pick out any tied down hair with a bodkin or dubbing needle, and brush the fly vigorously with the currycomb.

This same technique could be successfully applied to several popular steelhead patterns. For example, with the correct colors and judicious trimming of the llama hair brush after wrapping a very interesting and beautiful variation of the General Practitioner could be made. Also llama hair could replace marabou in many of the patterns mentioned in Trey Combs' book. The possibilities are almost endless. This is a great pattern, but you will have to look around for llama hair.

# Back of Beyond

*By Stephen Neal*

*In Wildness is the Preservation of the World*

*“Henry David Thoreau”*

Its moving time, and all that it entails. Between house hunting, buying, personal consolidation, packing and moving. My time for writing has become crunched. My deadline looms; so, this article and next months will be reprints from my archive. For those of my readers whom subscribe to the Fly Fishers for Conservation this will be a refreshed read from a 2008 Fly Dope. For those of you, who subscribe to the Kaweah Fly Fishers and the Alpine Fly Fishers this will be a fresh read. It is a bit of a trip down memory lane, my grand-daughter is now 18, living in the Midwest attending nursing school, and my son and his family live with me in Washington. 10 years has brought change.

## Dreamtime

It is night time on the Pacific Coast. We sit just below an ocean fog bank, near the end of the Cayucos pier. Heavy ocean waves roll in beneath us, heard and felt more than seen. Across the water to the south, the muted night lights of Morro Bay glow. Occasional beach camp fires, flicker and wave within the heavy moisture laded marine air. Approximately every thirty minutes we undrape ourselves from our camp chairs to haul hoop crab nets from the ocean floor. We strain our eyes to catch glimpses of crab movement against the background of dark water and even darker seaweed. Seaweed and grasses snagged by the rising net, along with too small crabs are returned to the sea, before lowering the crab net back to the bottom; where fish swim and crabs scuttle.

Crabbing is slow, nothing of any keepable size wishes to dine on the dumpster delicacies we pulled from the trash in Morro Bay. Crabbing as opposed to fly fishing is bereft of much movement. Most of your time is spent huddled in a compact mass to preserve body heat in a moist air mass. It is more of a time for slow conversation, contemplation and observation. Tonight, is wind down time; the week-end was a full-bore work epic cutting and sawing trees, a massive pruning effort with a full second day grinding all the wood piles into mulch. So, Monday night became our decompression event, sore muscles were allowed to relax and lengthen, while ocean waves rolled onto the shore and crabs were enticed to feed on skeletal fish remains.

The pier is neither deserted nor crowded; a family group amble's past, stopping long enough to question our endeavors. What we are doing and what kind of fish are we using as bait? Their questions answered they disappear into the fog shrouded pumpkin glow of Cayucos. Young and experienced lovers with whispered conversations walk hand in hand to the end of the pier and pause before treading the heavy creosote embedded timbers back to land. Diehard vacationing night fishermen cast into the dark sea and wait for a take. Occasional flashes of struck matches brought to cigarette ends, highlight upper lips and noses, before returning to darkness, as the ocean breeze carries the flame away. Teenage boys on bicycles, their approach announced by the rumble of loose timbers vibrating around their spikes, pass by as they cycle out into the ocean as far as the pier will let them. It is dreamtime and we have slowed. We have become one with the earth there is nothing to rush for, or too, we become aware of our time and space and it fills us with ease and relaxation. As I gaze south my mind fills with scenes that have vanished.

The Chevron pier was erased from this view in 1983 a series of El Nino driven storms destroyed it, the waves broke on top of the pier, their ceaseless pounding turned it into kindling. The oil tankers that used to fill up with the crude oil pumped from Bakersfield no longer ply the waters of Estero Bay, an inland pipeline ended the maritime transport. Production cost and relicensing fees have shuttered the old PG&E plant, no more plumes of exhaust gas fill the sky above Morro Bay. The family cabin in Morro Bay is now a part of my past. My residency has been revoked and I am now relegated to tourist status. But the beauty of land still endures, and I am content to sit with my son and granddaughter as crab nibble at our offerings.

After a deep restful sleep, aided by long rolling ocean waves lapping on a sandy shore. Tuesday morning found us kneeling in a canoe exploring Morro Bay's estuary (where fresh water meets the sea and life is born to support the bounty of our ocean planet). Harbor seals and sea lions sagely ignored us as we initially labor to find the proper balance and rhythm of paddling a canoe; to arrive at one's desired destination with the least amount of effort. Overhead large chevron shaped formation of brown pelicans transport themselves to unknown destinations with slow deep wing beats. While seagulls' wheel in erratic flight paths like fighter planes intercepting bombers.

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**Back of Beyond — Continued from page**

For most of our travel time the bay floor was less than paddle length in depth. Sea grass and clam flats were easily spotted and then left in our wake as we paddled around bird nesting grounds. The air and water were filled with sound, movement and motion like an un-choreographed dance that somehow finds its own rhythm and then flows into a beauty unlooked for, but more than appreciated when discovered.

We hiked over the ridge of the sand spit to arrive ocean side, just south of the Morro Bay Jetty. Morro Bay has disappeared behind the substantial sand dunes that we crossed. It is early enough that no one else shares the beach with us, beside the Jetty no other signs of man intrude in our world. It is easy to imagine that this is the way things looked when the Chumash Indians populated the Central Coast.



The vista to the south is open, fresh and undisturbed the shore stretches to Point Buchon.

Like all true beachcombers we pick through the wave deposited detritus, looking for shells, unusual wave shaped and polished rocks. My granddaughter's pockets soon overflow into mine and her father's pockets. We all carry half clam shells to be given as gifts to all of her important friends and relatives as soap dishes. The day closes with shared stories around the camp fire.

Wednesday morning finds us at the end of the road in Montana De Oro, we have come here to hike the newly opened trails that lead to Diablo Canyon and Avila, but alas we arrive on the day that the trail is closed. We make do with the cliff side hike back toward pirate's cove. When I was a child the rumors were that this is the area that rum runners plied their trade during prohibition. Today, rising fog clings to Valencia peak; a low tide exposes tide pools and sharp rugged cliffs, nary a rum runner in sight. Each ragged finger notched into terraferma creates its own smugglers cove with ocean ground stones, dried sea weed and aluminum beer cans. A California king snake, drapes from a cliff side gopher hole absorbing the meager sun light to warm itself. We while away the hours poking in holes and sifting through rocks, dropping down the sides of sea craved walls on narrow trails to explore where the ocean meets the land. In the afternoon we drive into San Luis Obispo to visit the 'Hole in the Wall' Fly Shop. Rob Phillips shares his knowledge of surf fishing the central coast and we promise to return soon to put into practices his advice.

Wednesday afternoon finds us on Atascadero State Beach, with kites in the wind, we try and become one with the wind, we swoop and dive, cut corners and climb high in the sky, then skim the sand hopefully to rise once more. We crash and burn and try it all again. Cassie keeps switching from kites to sand shovel always going higher and deeper and always interrupting her Dad just when he begins to feel the wind. To close the day, we toast marshmallow and create smores and share stories until the sandman fills our eyes.

Thursday morning dawns bright and clear, the fog has disappeared, but high clouds belie a change in the weather. We are back in the canoe, we find an easy rhythm as we explore the mouth of the bay. The dance of the brown pelicans and circling seagulls continues. Brown Pelicans perform abrupt plunges from sky born positions to the bay below to scoop unsuspecting fish into their enlargeable bills. While the seagulls scream mine, mine, mine. We weave in and out and around the bay moored boats keeping a respectable distance while dreaming of living on the water and speculating on the cost.

We coast alongside the fishing vessels, most seem to be abandoned as new regulations, low takes and a pore economy drive more commercial fishermen away from Morro Bay and their primary livelihood. The working boats are mostly deep-sea rigs designed for sport fisherman.

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For a change of view, we climb Black Mountain one of the seven sisters and view the bay from a high vantage point. Mosquitoes dog our steps as we climb but a breeze at the top keeps them at bay as we trace our coming and going for the past few days. Cassie put the binoculars to good use spying out hidden gems and close up views of barely noticeable details of life on the coast. We return to the bay to witness a mass migration of cormorants, the air is full, from the sea to the clouds as they stream from behind Morro Rock down to Ragged Point North of Cayucos. When we round Morro Rock we are surprised and astounded to see the same migration stretching south to Point Buchon they keep on coming and going even after we leave for our evening meal.

Friday morning is wet, a heavy fog has settled in, as I begin to pack up camp, muffled thunder begins to fill the air, soon heavy rain squalls soak us and all of our equipment which is in mid pack. Everything is out of the tent and spread out to be packed, a frantic few minutes is spent shoving things into the jeep or back into the tent. I know that I will spend the evening back in Fresno drying everything out. Our time in Morro Bay has come to an end the road back to Fresno beckons', our time here has been too short, but we have been richly rewarded and revitalized, nature has refilled our gas tank.

A few thanks are in order: Dave Grubs thanks for the loan of your canoe, it made our trip very rewarding and special. A special thanks to my son and granddaughter who share my love of the outdoors. And to my readers I encourage you to get outside, turn off your phones and your TV's, quite your iPods and hear; nature has a lot to share and many lessons if you are willing to listen. To each of you I give this special Inuit blessing "Walk well my brother"

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

December of 1974



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: Looks like they skipped a couple months for newsletters back then, I did not skip any issues. Larry

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

**October 23**; 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

## October Guest Speaker

**Mike Koslosky**

The insects imitated by fly fishermen to catch trout.



## Who Are We?

The Fly Tying Group of Fly Fishers International (FFI) is dedicated to the preservation, enhancement and support of the art of fly tying as a historic element of the fly fishing experience. Archiving historic documents, development of educational and instructional materials, teaching and demonstrating the use of materials and tying techniques are fundamental to perpetuating the art of fly tying for anglers who fish with the artificial fly.

The Fly Tying Group publishes a quarterly newsletter, Tying Times, that is intended to inform members of its most current activities; as well as share information with our members that may be useful to them in their fly tying activities. Important functions are those that are open to all members at the annual meeting, rendezvous, workshops and fly tying demonstrations during Annual Fly Fishing Fairs. A Fly Tying Skills Awards Program has been implemented to encourage and assist members to improve and expand their fly tying skills. The Video Library shares information from some of the best fly tiers in the world tying their favorite fly patterns in a visual format. We continue to develop informational materials for sharing with FFI Clubs, Councils and members for use in their fly tying and teaching events. Many of these materials are available on the FFI website. Much of what the Fly Tying Group does revolves around sharing and teaching so that all members may help us achieve our purpose of preserving the art of fly tying and the fly fishing experience.

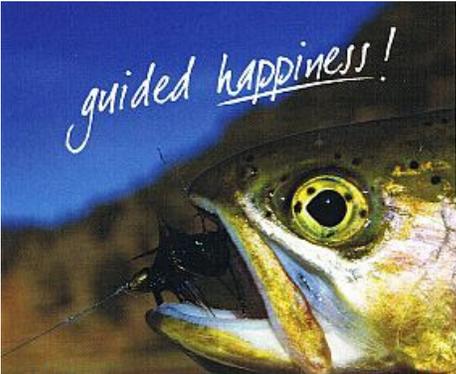



CENTRAL WASHINGTON'S PREMIER FLY FISHING OUTFITTER, PRO-SHOP AND PROFESSIONAL GUIDE SERVICE

## Worley Bugger Fly Co.

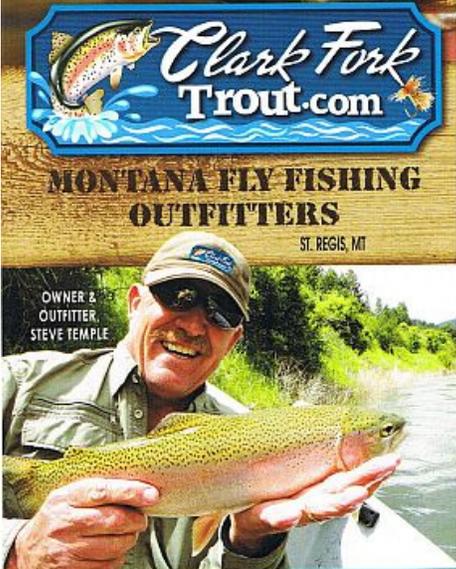
Steve Worley has some great guides and he has put together the best fly shop filled with a massive amount of fly tying materials and equipment. You really need to stop by the shop and check it out. Just take the Canyon Road exit off I-90 and turn north towards town, the Worley Bugger Fly Co. shop is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

*guided happiness!*



**Clark Fork Trout.com**

MONTANA FLY FISHING OUTFITTERS  
ST. REGIS, MT



OWNER & OUTFITTER, STEVE TEMPLE

www.ClarkForkTrout.com 406.382.0161

## Clark Fork Trout

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.

"GUIDED FISHING ON THE CLARK FORK, BITTERROOT, MISSOURI AND BLACKFOOT RIVERS AND PROVIDING FLY FISHING CLASSES BY PEGGY TEMPLE."

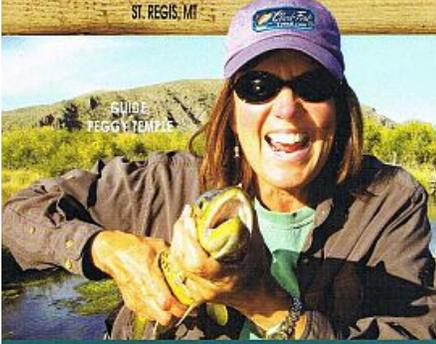


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# October / November 2018

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	<b>1 October</b>	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	<b>23 Club Meeting</b>	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31 	<i>"There is no season when such pleasant and sunny spots may be lighted on, and produce so pleasant an effect on the feelings, as now in October." - Nathaniel Hawthorne</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>"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>				<b>1 November</b>	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	<b>22</b>  <b>Thanksgiving</b>	23	24
25	26	<b>27 Club Meeting</b>	28	29	30	

Alpine Fly Fishers' 'The Dead Drift' is Published monthly by the Alpine Fly Fishers Club  
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Visit our website at [www.alpineflyfishers.org](http://www.alpineflyfishers.org)

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