

# Alpine Fly Fishers

Our Next AFF Meeting

**September 26**

As always, at the

Puerto Vallarta

215 15th St. SE

Puyallup at 6 PM



FFI  
Charter Club



## The Dead Drift - September 2017

### In this issue:

Page 2 & 3

**FFI Fly Of The Month**  
(Think Purple)

Page 4 & 5 & 6

Back of Beyond

Page 7

In The Past

Page 8

AFF Meetings 2017

A Fly Fishing Quote

Photos Please!

Flies Needed

October Guest Speaker

Page 9

Free December Drawing

WSC Website Address

Page 10

Guided Fly Fishing Trips

Page 11

Calendar

Editor Information

Mailing Address

Board of Directors



### **President's Line**

By Larry Gibbs

Please help out a lonely Fly Tree and bring some flies to the September meeting so we can start adorning it with lots of pretty and useful flies so some lucky winner at the December meeting can take them home. I will be bringing the tree to our meeting.

I do hope most of you were able to get out and do some fishing this summer. While age and arthritis have limited my fishing, I did enjoy the trips I made to the Yakima and Columbia rivers in WA and to Montana to fish the Clark Fork & Flathead rivers. I may not go fishing as often as I used to but I still really do love being on the rivers, casting and catching fish and looking at all the scenery. This year on the Clark Fork/Flathead I didn't get to see very much scenery, all the smoke from the many fires in western Montana hung very heavy in the air. I went over there in the middle of August, the temperature was 93 degrees during the day, but you are on the cooling waters of the river.

The fishing was great!!! Naturally, I used the Clark Fork Trout fly shop as my guide service. The first day I fished with Brooks Sanford and we did the Cascade to Paradise drift. This is a fun drift. You start on the Clark Fork for trout, then you fish the Flathead for Smallmouth Bass, then back onto the Clark Fork, mostly for bass. By lunch time I had 21 fish to the boat, 20 trout (Rainbows/Cutthroat/Cuttbows and a couple Whitefish) and one Smallie. Then we strung the streamer rod and went onto the Flathead. Fishing smallies is always a kick and no matter how big or small, they fight like crazy. We had 31 smallies to the boat, many a very respectable size.

The next day I fished with Steve Temple, owner of the Clark Fork Trout fly shop. We did the 14 mile drift from St. Regis to the 14 mile bridge (the old ferry landing). This was an all trout fishery and I had a lot of fun catching all three types of trout with 6 of them in the 17 inch class. Great fighters and all looking really healthy and fat. I did a little nymphing at first then we switched to dry flies and stayed with that the rest of the day. I got 23 fish to the boat and had a number of 'missed' fish that were so quick to go after the fly that they would miss it. Always a hoot. **Think Purple Haze.**

One thing I did notice on both days was that most of the time, we would get one fish in a spot and that would be it. The others would shut down. But that is ok, the river is huge with lots of water to fish. It is only about a seven hour drive to St. Regis and with some great rivers to fish, why not indulge yourself and head over for some great fishing from now and well into the fall.

For a shorter trip, head over to Ellensburg for some great late summer and early fall fishing on the Yakima River. Check out the Worley Bugger Fly Co. fly shop.

Good fishing.



Larry

# PURPLE HAZE

Published by Bob Bates

**See editors note Re: Color**



## Opening Comments:

Ilene Hirsh from Salem, OR called this a variation of the Parachute Adams as she tied it at the 25th Fly fishing Expo, in Albany, OR and later in an email. So out of curiosity I did an internet search. First I tried just “Purple Haze” and received 2.9 million hits for vegetation (cannabis), Jimmy Hendricks, etc. When I entered “Purple Haze fishing fly” I had only 139,000 hits, but there was a bewildering array of patterns: dry flies, wet flies, emergers, bead heads, streamers, etc. all named purple haze. Also two or three different people were given credit for designing it. When I looked at just parachutes there were many ways of tying it. The only common factor with this attractor was it caught a lot of fish. People caught fish in streams and lakes. Even my doctor used it, as does Ilene, on the Madison river.

Ilene wrote in an e-mail “It’s used to match BWO, duns, drakes, and tricos.” From the internet search it works great in the spring time and in the fall to match different hatches. Just change the size to match the insect. You can also change the hackle colors to match the insects. So how do you fish it. For streams I always think “drag free drift.” You want the fly to look like a drifting insect. If there a “v” wake coming off the fly that’s drag, so change your ways. Cast upstream with a slight hook in the leader so the fly is slightly off to the side of the line. Cast across stream with an upstream mend. Remember when mending a line on the water, you cause drag. Cast downstream with a wiggle cast, and hope the fish hits before the line straightens. Another way of achieving the same effect is to throw your line up a little. It will fall with a series of curves like a wiggle cast. If you cast too high the line will land at your feet. In lakes, remember the wind. If you can cast and let the fly sit, great. However, there are times when you want the fly to look alive, so wiggle it a little. If there is wind, use the above suggestions for moving water, and have fun.

## Materials list:

Hook: Tiemco 100, sizes 10 – 18 (Or other dry fly hook)

Thread: Black or color to match body

Tail: Natural brown elk

Body: Flex Floss, Purple in color (LG)

Post: Calf tail or poly yarn, white

Hackle: Grizzly and brown

Thorax: Peacock herl

## Tying steps:

Step 1: Start with a good thread base, and leave the thread at the point.

Step 2: Tie on a small bunch of elk hair. Clip off excess flared elk hair.

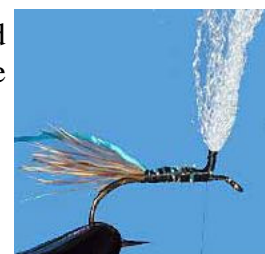
Step 3: Tie in a piece of Flex Floss. Be sure it is secured to right in front of the tail. Wrap the thread forward to about the two thirds point and trim excess Flex Floss.



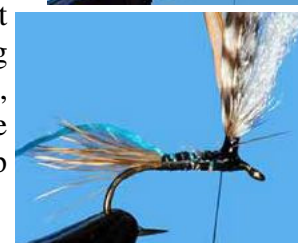
Step 4: Attach a bundle of poly or calf tail at the one quarter point.



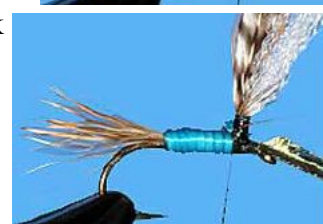
Step 5: Pick up the poly or calf tail, and wind thread around it to stiffen the post, and create a base for the hackle. At first you might have to hold the poly up as you wind the thread around it. Leave the thread at the back of the post.



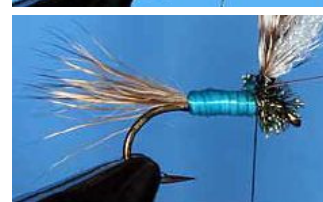
Step 6: Prepare two feathers, brown and grizzly, by trimming off some of the fibers at the base. If you use Whiting 100 feathers you must trim the fibers rather than pulling them off and thinning the shaft. Secure the feathers, tips forward and dull side down, one at a time to the shank of the hook. Wind thread over the feathers to the base of the post, hold both feathers upright along the post and wind thread around feathers and up post. Return thread to the hook shank, behind the post.



Step 7: Wrap the Flex Floss forward to the post, secure and trim. Secure one peacock herl in front of post and return thread to rear of post.



Step 8: Wrap peacock herl rearward and secure behind post. Trim excess.



Step 9: Wrap both hackles together down the post. Make each wrap tightly below the other. Make at least three wraps with each hackle. Anchor the feathers by passing the thread over the material there by catching the feathers and around the post. If you hold the feathers at a downward angle, just a little, it helps capture the material.



Step 10: Keep tension on the thread and wrap around the post 3 -4 times. Apply glue to the thread after the first two wraps and continue wrapping the thread around the post. This will anchor the thread. Trim the excess feather.



Step 11: Half hitch or whip finish around the post and under the hackle. Trim poly to give a shank length post.



### Closing Comments:

As I watched Ilene tie this pattern I thought it be a pretty fly for the Fly of the Month. It wasn't until later that I found out how popular and useful it is. Tie a few and test them .

**Editors Comments:** The color of this fly is wrong. A Purple Haze has an actual purple body. I 'borrowed' a couple Purple Haze fly photos from the Big 'Y' Fly Co. This is a very successful fly on the rivers in Montana and the Yakima River. In August on the Clark Fork the Purple Haze was THE fly one day, and a Purple Wulff did well also. Up on the Kootenai the Purple Adams did very well per Brooks when he guided up there following day I was with him. The Color Purple should be in your fly box.





# Back of Beyond

*By Stephen Neal*

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

## 90° Scotch

The raft with its bow line secured, is tucked in tight, in the shallow water on river right. Steve's truck and trailer are parked across the road. Its exhaust manifold and heat shields pipping and popping as they cooled in the high desert's night air. Our river gear is haphazardly stacked around our cots, It's 2:30 AM, Pat, Steve, and I sip Diablo Tecate's as we let our bodies slow, before slipping into our sleeping bags. Above our heads, stars fill the heavens; our view is unobstructed, no clouds, no smoke, no dust particles, just pure unadulterated starlight showering down upon us. We were on a first name basis with our neighbors of the Milky Way. We could reach up and touch each star, and marvel at the pure light wave of energy flowing towards the earth.



I have never spent a full night at Mack Flats, I have learned that nights at Mack Flat are no more than two or three hours in length, and this trip was no exception, we were up at 5 AM. We yawned and stretched as our bodies and minds tried to process 40 winks worth of sleep into a Mack's Flat night. Steve's coffee got us up and going, we stuffed our bags, rolled the cots, and loaded and lashed the gear. While sipping Steve's coffee and humping gear, I intermittently gawked at the scenery, being revealed by early morning sunlight, filtered by the canyon walls. A day in Mack's Flat is only about 6 hours long no wonder the nights are so short. We usually pull into camp around 1 AM and are on the water around 7 AM. (I once spent a long day here, 6 ½ hours, that was the time Pat's truck had a flat, we needed to change the tire before we embarked.) A sky full of stars, and morning light, those short hour days provide enough beauty to fill a life time.

Pat shot some pictures then clambered on board as Steve bent forward in his stroke, his back, and arm muscles bunched as he pulled through his oar stroke. Each dip of the oars drew us closer to the river's powerful downstream current. At the top of the oars arch, water droplets that had clung to the blades, slipped from the oars. Low angled sunlight lit each drop, they flashed like sapphires, before rejoining the river's embrace. Each of us relaxed, as we merged with the river's current.

The history of the Deschutes River in Oregon goes back thousands of years. As the earth evolved and Pangea separated, joined, fold upon itself, and separated again. The mountains became hot and plastic as they were pushed upwards, it flashed and burned. The waters flowed through the cataclysmic changes, carving a canyon as it flowed toward the Pacific. The waters and mountains bore witness to the coming of native Americans, then trappers and explorers, railroad surveyors, settlers, and railroad builders and fishermen. The waters of the Deschutes, cold and clear, produced an environment that nourished and protected Salmon and Steelhead. They grew strong and pure, able to survive their journey to the sea and back again.

Like fishermen before us, we came to swing flies for Steelhead, our prospects were not good, fewer than 1000 steelhead a day were being counted at the dam on the Columbia, daytime temperatures were projected to be in the mid 90's, daytime water temps would reach 70 degrees. It was a bleak forecast for Steelhead and for fisherman. Our fishing strategy was straight forward, head for the lower part of the river, fish only when water temperatures were at their lowest. From dawn's early light, until full sun hit the water. Then willow up in the shade for the rest of the day.



Continued on Page 5 →

And that is what we did, we put twenty miles under the raft the first day, and set up camp. Each morning we flopped or rolled out of our cots around 4:30 AM hit the water by 5:15 AM and fished until 7:15 or 7:20 AM. Then we chilled around camp until the heat of the day dissipated. Then it was, tits up, near 10 PM, then repeat.

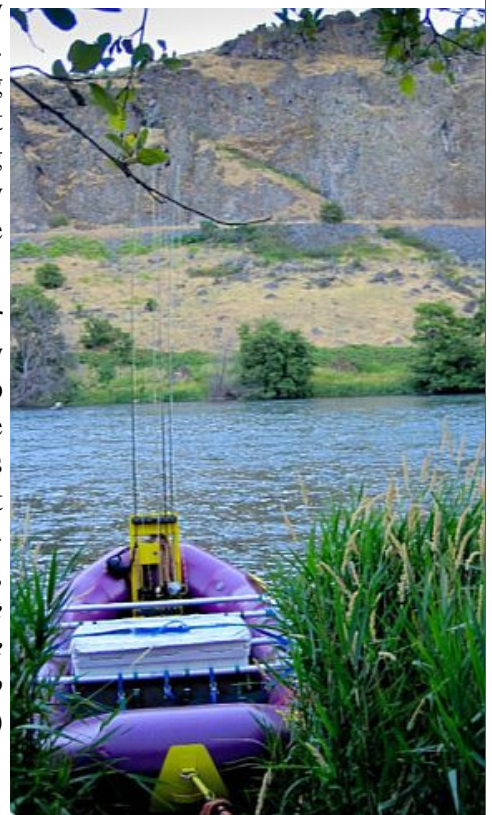
Sounds boring put that way doesn't it. So, let's get into particulars. The nights were on the edge of warm, un-zipped sleeping bags held back the chill of early morning but kept the night comfortable by being able to stick out a leg or arm. Morning commenced as Steve walked by to grind his fresh

roasted coffee and boil water. I slowly dressed, pulling on shirt and pants, then waders and boots. All around me shadows became silhouette's. To the background sound of river and downstream rapids, bird songs were added, gentle eddies of forgotten wind rustled the grass and tree leaves. The rich pungent odor of crushed sage brush filled my nostrils, taking me back to Nevada range lands and a younger me. While I sipped coffee with undertones of blueberries and munched on nut bars and almond butter packs, I checked my rod, reel, and dry fly. After my last sip of Steve's warm get me up juice, I shouldered my sling pack and stepped into the river.

To step into a rivers water in twilight heightens the other senses, sight takes a back seat to sound, smell and feel. My wading staff and feet became my feelers and anchors and the rivers current gave me direction. Deep resonate rumbling sounds, like large boulders rolling along the rivers bottom reach my ears. From, my evening reconnoiters, I identify the sounds as one emanating from a submerged rock wave, downstream on river right. My single spey cast was done, with feel and rhythm. The 12-foot rod loaded from its water anchor and I knew the cast was true when the line sang through my fingers, as I stopped the rods forward motion. I mended up-stream then carefully stepped downstream to follow my drifting fly. At the end of my fly's swing, I pull my rod twice up stream before I retrieve my line, and cast again. I covered the water with a tactic passed from Harry Lemire to Sean and onto me. History walked beside me in the waters of the Deschutes.

In this aquatic stroll, downriver the world fell away and a deep peacefulness replaced that which was me, I had become the river, canyon, and the sky. It is shortly after this that I got my first take, but I reacted to quickly, I pulled the fly from the fishes' mouth. Two cast latter I had learned my lesson I let the fish turn before setting the hook and was rewarded with a hook up, my reel spun as my line shot downriver, the steelhead was into my backing by the time I got my drag set right and began to reel in; and then the fish was off. My whole-body zings with joyful energy and I'm high for the rest of the morning. The day grows brighter and I continue to fish until the sun hits the water.

Back in camp we shared our experiences, around us our wading gear drips as it hangs from handy tree limbs. I turn my I-Pod on, soft and low and let music fill our camp. The rest of the morning fills with camp chores, snacks, books, and naps. Sometime around 11 or 11:30 AM, the afternoon canyon winds start to blow. At first it is gentle but by noon it is rockin' and rollin'. Afternoon casting practice is a bust, the wind can't make up its mind which-a-way it wants to blow. Up-stream, down-stream, cross canyon, down drafts, up drafts, we get it all. Mariah, collapsed our cast from every direction. (*Way out here they have a name for rain, wind, and fire. The rain is Tess, the fire is Jo and they call the wind Mariah. Mariah blows the stars around and sets the clouds to flying. Mariah makes the mountains sound like folks, was up there dying.*)  
Mariah – Aland J. Lerner



Mariah gave us a gift, with day time temps in the mid 90's it kept us comfortable in the middle of the day as we sat in tree and tarped shade. Under our resident Doctor's order to stay hydrated and to ward off scurvy we had our first beer of the day with lime juice. It's 5 O'clock somewhere became a well-used phrase. Entertainment was never in short supply. Steve and I shared music, swapping favorites and background stories. We watched the Burlington Northern and Santa Fe trains navigate the rail line through the Canyon, while Pat shared his knowledge of railroad operations. We discussed fisheries around the country and the effects of hatcheries on declining fish populations. With the Colorado rapids, just downstream of our camp, we observed paddle boards, kayaks, pontoon boats, drift boats, rafts and even a swimmer take different lines through the rapids. In the evening, we sipped scotch and toasted departed friends and missing friends.

Steve as our resident Doctor not only kept us hydrated and scurvy free but he also kept us supplied with great coffee. Steve has completed his course work and testing on coffee roasting and preparation, he holds a level two certification, and his knowledge and skill was used to serve us extraordinary cups of coffee. We had coffee ground, measured, brewed, and pressed at the proper time and temperature. He now packs a digital thermometer, which he used not only on the coffee but on the river and our scotch as well. Our drams of evening scotch were served at the temperature of 90° in the shade. The perfect temperature for Scotch in our Camp that we christened Oreana; Oreana is Spanish for un-named un-marked.

We spent three beautiful days fishing for Steelhead on the Deschutes River of Oregon, and enjoying each other's company; fish were hooked, but never caught, long distance releases being the right way to handle them in this season of the sun, high water temperatures and low fish numbers.

This article is dedicated to the memory of John Peterkin a good friend, a fine fisherman and a teller of fishing tales, you will be missed.

My deepest appreciation goes to Steve Egge who invites me on these trips, that he plans, supplies, and executes with style, friendship, and warmth. Bless you.

I want to collectively thank, Steve Egge, Pat Blackwell and Sean Gallagher, these three gentlemen have been with me on every trip I have made down the Deschutes River of Oregon, they have provided great friendship and they have shared with me their knowledge and love of Steelheading and Steelhead. For that I am humbled and blessed.

May you be blessed with great friends, may Oreana camps be part of your future and may you sip 90° scotch in the shade with good friends.

Hope to 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*



~ In The Past ~  
The Newsletter of the Alpine Fly Fishers  
'The Fly Line' -  
Vol. 1 No. 8

**October of 1973**



Next meeting: Date: October 1, 1973  
Place: Noel's Restaurant  
6:00 - Liars Session  
6:45 - Dinner & Meeting

Program: Slides of the Cole-**Higgins** expedition to Yellowstone Park. See the famous Madison, Firehole & Yellowstone Rivers. Added Attraction - Echo Lake Fishout Slides.

Draw Prize: Bring some extra money. **Gary Strodztz** has donated a 7 ft. midge rod (Fenwick blank) as promised. (see below). Also, there will be some flies. Tickets will cost more for this one.

Last Meeting: Bruce Crawford, fish biologist for the state game department outlined his program of management of the high lakes in King and Snohomish counties. The club has volunteered manpower to aid him in his studies which may include tagging, etc. This is the first time a truly systematic approach has been taken in the management of this priceless resource.

FFF: The club is now affiliated with the Federation of Fly Fishermen. **Gary Strodztz** had offered to donate a rod to the club when we became affiliated, and has come through admirably. Many thanks, Gary. If you haven't become an individual member, Cal and Gary both have application blanks.

Fishing Prospects: Until the recent rains, the rivers were too low and fishing was slow. There should be some fresh fish in from the salt water now, though. The low lakes are cooling down and trout are becoming active. Tanwax Lake in Pierce County is supposed to be good in the fall for large rainbow. There are also some nice bass that will take a fly. The high lakes can be hit with winter at any time now, but the fall colors will make any trip into these well worth the effort. There are several lakes in Eastern Washington that will reopen October 1. These lakes offer you're your best chance for taking heavy trout, but if you keep some to eat they may taste a bit muddy.

Fishouts: Dry Falls Lake opens October 1 and is the site of our next fishout. We had originally scheduled it for October 6 & 7, but the Washington Fly Club is going to be there on that weekend. We may want to change and can discuss it Monday evening. Those who have fished Dry Falls in the fall say it is better then than in the spring. This lake has mostly Rainbows, but a small plant of Browns yields fish in the 3 to 4 lb. class. I'll have a handout at the meeting for those who are interested.

Patterns: Dragonfly and Damsal Fly nymphs are a staple in the diet of Dry Falls fish. There are many patterns to imitate these insects, one of which is the Heather.

Hook - size 10, 2x or 3x long  
Tail - a few red hackle fibers  
Body - Rear 2/3 - dubbed insect green fur ribbed with narrow gold tinsel. Front 1/3 - peacock herl  
Hackle - sparse, short grizzly

Dyed rabbit fur makes an especially juicy looking body on this fly.

Bring A Guest - Once again, and I'll say it every issue, try to bring a guest. The more the merrier. The summer lull is over, so the turnout should be good this meeting.

Regulation Changes - The quality minded fishermen are real winners this year. Two rives now have portions reserved for winter fly fishing only, two more lakes are "quality" or fly only, and fishing from power boats has been banned on 10 more rivers. The voices of organization, quality oriented fishermen are being heard with increasing clarity.

Caution Advised - All indications are that this fall will see a record number of hunters in the field. To reduce the chance of getting shot by some idiot who has never hunted before, you late fall fishermen should wear bright clothing when fishing streams and ponds.

Tight lines! See you October 1.

## 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)

**September 26;** October 24; November 28; December 19 (3rd Tuesday)

### A Fly Fishing Quote:

*"...there are two distinct kinds of visits to tackle-shops, the visit to buy tackle and the visit which may be described as Platonic when, being for some reason unable to fish, we look for an excuse to go in, and waste a tackle dealer's time."*

*Arthur Ransome*

*"On Tackle Shops"*

*Rod and Line (1929)*



## PHOTOS PLEASE!!!!!!



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

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

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



### Christmas Tree Flies Needed

I am afraid that this is what our Christmas Fly Tree looks like now, bare and plain.

I need flies to help decorate this pathetic looking tree to brighten it up so some lucky person can win it at our December meeting and have hundreds of flies to remove and sort.

Please give this tree a helping hand and donate some flies, it is lonely without them.

Contribute to this very good cause & get your flies hooked onto our tree.  
Larry



### October Guest Speaker

Ben Paull of OPST (Olympic Peninsula Skagit Tactics)  
regarding fly fishing the Olympic Peninsula.





## 2017 Special End Of Year Free Drawing



Remember the special **free** drawing at the end of 2017 during our Christmas meeting & fundraiser raffle.

This year, every time a club member who attends a meeting can fill out one special drawing ticket. The ticket can only be filled out at that meeting and must be turned in at the end of the meeting.

All of these tickets will be collected over the course of the year and at our Christmas club meeting next December, we will have a drawing for **at least** three (3) very nice items, most likely there will be a few more.

One item will be a brand new **St. Croix Avid** series fly rod, the 7 weight, 9 foot, 4 piece model.

Another item will be a brand new **Sage 1850 Large Arbor** reel (5/6 wt).

How about a **fly rod/reel case** for nine foot or smaller rods?

During the year, we will come up with a few more items to be included in this free drawing.

**I want to point out that the more meetings you attend, the more times your name will be in the drawing.**

Larry

### Your Washington State Council Fly Fishers International New Website Address

For the past few years the website address for the Washington State Council has been: **<http://wscifff.org>** which stood for Washington State Council International Federation of Fly Fishers.


This year the name for the whole organization was changed to Fly Fishers International, or FFI.

So, the Washington State Council's computer tech people (Jim Maus and Sam Matalone) have been creating a new website with the address as **<http://wscffi.org>**

This new site is a 'work in progress' and has limited usage for now. In fact, if you can't read some foreign languages you may be in trouble after the first part of the site. But, that will all be changed and the new website should be up and running before the end of this year. This is important since we are already gearing up for the 2018 WSC Fly Fishing Fair in Ellensburg which should be on Friday and Saturday, May 4 & 5.

Set that weekend aside for a trip to Ellensburg to attend our great event!!

**PROFESSIONAL GUIDE SERVICE**



**WORLEY-BUGGER  
FLY CO.**


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



## Worley Bugger Fly Co.

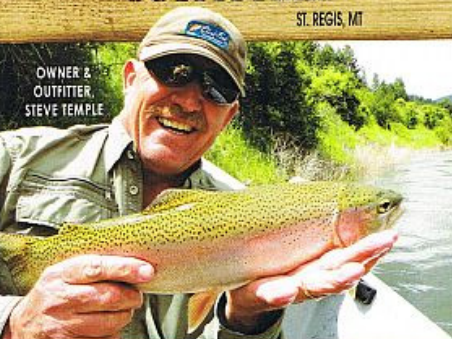
Steve Worley has some great guides and he has put together the best fly shop filled with a massive amount of fly tying materials and equipment. You really need to stop by the shop and check it out. Just take the Canyon Road exit off I-90 and turn north towards town, the Worley Bugger Fly Co. shop is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

Fall is a great time to go fishing on our rivers. Both the Yakima River and the Clark Fork are some of the best times for dry flying. Get out there and do some fishing!!!!

## Clark Fork Trout

St. Regis, MT

Steve & Peggy Temple have a brand new fly shop just on the north side 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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GUIDE  
PEGGY TEMPLE

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# September / October 2017

SUN

MON

TUE

WED

THU

FRI

SAT

"When the goldenrod is yellow, and leaves are turning brown reluctantly the summer goes in a cloud of thistledown. When squirrels are harvesting and birds in flight appear by these autumn signs we know September days are here." - Beverly Ashour, September

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**September**

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**26 Club Meeting**

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**October**

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**24 Club Meeting**

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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

Alpine Fly Fishers' 'The Dead Drift' is Published monthly by the Alpine Fly Fishers Club  
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**Sumner, WA 98390**

If you have an email address allow us to send this newsletter via the internet. If your email address has changed recently, please share your new address.

Visit our website at [www.alpineflyfishers.org](http://www.alpineflyfishers.org)

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