

Alpine Fly Fishers

Our Next AFF Meeting

Tuesday

September 25

As always, at the

Puerto Vallarta

215 15th St. SE

Puyallup at 6 PM



FFI
Charter Club



The Dead Drift - September 2018

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Mailing Address

Board of Directors

President's Line

By Larry Gibbs

I spent a few days in Boise at the Fly Fishers International 'Fly Fishing Fair'. I had a great time. The heat was brutal, if you were outside. I really felt sorry for the casters who were over at a city park. The temperatures hit over 107 degrees with lots and lots of humidity. The casting instructors were over there for most of the day, for 4 or 5 days in a row. That really had to be tough on them.

Meanwhile, back at the air conditioned indoor facilities where I spent my time..... This is where all the fly tyers, vendors and the various workshops and seminars, as well as the dinners, were being held. It was very enjoyable. I really worked the raffle table and silent auction items on Thursday, winning all kinds of really great looking flies and some fly tying materials. You will be seeing some of the winnings at our own raffles starting at our September meeting.

When I went to this event, I told myself that I was not going to get another fly rod. Heck, I already have three or four new rods that I have not fish with so why would I want another? Well....., turns out I did end up with a new fly rod. The new Sage X model. Okay, I am weak, but it is a good weakness to have. :)

As I have mentioned before, what I really enjoy about these Fly Fishers International events are the people you get to meet. Some are people I have never seen before and others are long time friends that I only get to see once a year or once every few years. Being able to kick back and trade fishing stories and life stories is great.

I checked out a lot of the vendors at the show. I was very impressed with a new tippet material sold by Hitena. It is called Paranix, which is a Multi-polymer material. (*I wrote that like I know what it is, yea, right*). You can scrunch it into a tight ball and have it looking like a massive birds nest, then simply & gently pull on the ends and it straightens right out. Now to get it out on the rivers and give it a good testing.

Next year the FFI is going to be holding this event in Bozeman, Montana. It will be at the university. That should be a very good show to attend. Good class rooms, grassy areas for casters. I trust the school has air conditioning. This will be taking place July 22 - 27, 2019. There are some fishable waters in the area as well.

Don't forget about our TFO Rod/Reel raffle board. The board will be available at all of our meetings. Once we fill all the squares, a winner will be picked and that person gets a choice of one of two TFO fly rods plus a TFO reel and a rod/reel case. This is a fund raiser for our club. That is what keeps our guest speakers funded, and we do like guest speakers.

Good fishing.



Larry



Fly Fishing International

Fly of the Month

September 2002

BLUE RAT

By Bob Bates



Check your calendars!!!!!! For a lot of folks on the western part of North America it is time to start thinking about that anadromous rainbow trout called a steelhead. The next two or three months will see an increase in the number of fish heading upstream to spawn. There are other times to fish for steelhead, but for many people September, October and November are the peak times to chase them. A variety of flies can be use to hook a sea-going rainbow trout. They range from simple trout flies, some people say that by using them you are insulting the prestigious steelhead, to flies from the Atlantic Salmon world that are too beautiful to use.

The Blue Rat pictured above, tied by my older son Hilary Bates, is definitely on the beautiful side but not "too beautiful" to use. At times it has caught fish when nothing else would attract them. A downstream cast quartering with a floating line is the usual technique. Most of the time for me there was no question about the hit. Some fish almost jerked me off of my rock.

The Blue Rat is a member of the Rat series of Atlantic-Salmon flies. According to Dick Stewart and Farrow Allen in *Flies for Atlantic Salmon*, the Rat series was introduced in 1911 by Roy Angus Thompson whose initials R.A.T. gives the series its odd name. Many people contributed to the Rat series, and in particular the Blue Rat was designed by Poul Jorgensen for fishing in Iceland. There it is said that "any fly will take salmon as long as it is blue." This fly is definitely blue. Although it was tied for Icelandic salmon, the Blue Rat works for steelhead thousands of miles away.

Materials:

Hook: Partridge CS10 or other salmon hook, 3/0-2

Thread: Red

Tag: Gold oval tinsel

Tail: Peacock sword feathers

Rib: Gold oval tinsel

Body: Rear blue floss, veiled on top with blue floss

Front peacock herl

Wing: Gray fox guard hairs

Collar: Soft grizzly hackle

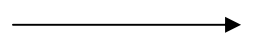
Cheeks: Jungle cock

Head: Red thread

Tying Steps:

1. Debarb hook before you start tying. Wild steelhead must be released unharmed.
2. Attach thread and tinsel about mid-shank. Wind tinsel to rear and stop before reaching point of hook, wrap tinsel forward making sure there are no gaps, secure at tie in point, but don't trim. Secure the tinsel on far side of hook so it will be out of your way for attaching tail and body materials.
3. Collect several peacock sword fibers and attach them at front of tag to make about a gap length tail.

FOTM Cont. on page 3





4. Attach blue floss at front of tag, and wind thread forward smoothly over sword fibers and floss. Stop thread at about the one third to one quarter point, and trim excess sword fibers and floss. Wrap floss forward smoothly to tying thread, secure on top of hook but don't trim excess. Spiral tinsel forward in two or three turns, secure and trim excess.

5. It's hard to see in the picture, but there is a thin veil of blue floss over the body. Lay excess floss back over body and use a thread wrap or two to hold it there. Trim floss at about mid-tail and comb it out so it looks like a veil and not a rope. (This combing isn't necessary, but it looks nicer.)

6. Secure several peacock herls in front of floss body, twist herls and thread together, wrap forward to about one eye width from eye, secure and trim excess herl.

7. Cut a bunch of gray fox hair off hide and clean out under fur leaving only the guard hairs. Tie on wing so it extends to about the middle of the tail. Trim butts on an angle, and wind thread over them. (If you don't have fox you might be able to use squirrel tail without getting into too much trouble with the "keepers of purity." Also, the steelhead won't mind.)

8. Select a soft grizzly saddle hackle with fibers about 1-1/2 to 2 gap widths long and attach it in front of wing. Stroke fibers back as you wrap hackle two or three times around hook, secure and trim excess. Wind thread back over fibers a little to hold them backward.

9. Place a jungle cock feather on each side of wing. They should be toward the front of the wing. If you don't have jungle cock just skip the cheeks. Also the original pattern called for a veiling of blue king fisher over the cheeks, so if you don't have it consider it optional.

10. Whip finish with a nice head and coat with head cement.

A picture of a Blue Rat tied by Poul Jorgensen is on page 66 of *Flies for Atlantic Salmon*. It shows the blue veil over the body and the blue king fisher on the cheeks. Steelhead and salmon are attracted to pretty flies. So after tying a few Blue Rats, go out and feed them to some big fish.

Back of Beyond

By Stephen Neal

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

Aeolian (Wind)

In my footsteps upon this third rock from the sun, I have encountered many wind performances. The only admission price is one's attention. Air molecules in movement, wind as we call it, is annoying or welcomed. Our attention to the wind is usually based upon one's immediate needs or wants. Most people scarcely register it, and yet we are immersed in it. Wind whistling through a bunkhouse walls or a cracked window sends chill down our back. Unbidden thoughts of cold, loneliness and poverty enter one's thoughts. Our home is sculpted, savaged, renewed, and remade by wind. It is part of the fabric of our souls.

One of my simple joys in life is to watch the wind set the grasses to dancing. On my recent decent down the John Day River canyon my eyes were often drawn to the movement of grasses on the canyons walls and slopes. As the river of air flows over the earth's surface, its passage bends the grass. Like dancers carried away by music on a ballroom floor, the grass sways sinuously to the tempo of its gusts. Poaceae or Gramineae (commonly called grass) exposed to the winds full strength, bows deep towards the earth, those in shelter of rocks, barely nod their heads. All of this activity is caused by the current of air, flowing over and around the earth surface. Its movement releases one of the many songs of the earth. The name of the tune that the grasses sinuate too, is unknown to me. But it fills the canyon with its music. Each section of the orchestra, rock, water, grass, arroyo, trees and brush adds notes and timbre to Earth's wind song. I settle back into my perch on the boats stern and enjoy the performance.

Growing up in the San Joaquin Valley of California it was hot-hot in the summer time. In April, when the salty sweat from my brow stung my eyes, I was already more than ready for October. I remember wishing fervently for a small breeze to help cool me down. In the fifties, radio songs like Tumbling Tumbleweeds, Kin to the Wind and They Call the Wind Mariah, fueled my youthful imagination. As I ventured further out into the world I began to experience other aspects of the wind. Santa Ana, winds of Southern California and the Diablo, winds of the Northern California entered my vocabulary. That small breeze that I was wishing for in that summer long ago, felt like a spiny cactus, when it ran down the middle of my back, while horseback in Nevada snow. While living in Nevada, Washoe Zephyr entered my lexicon of wind names; this summer afternoon wind, would flow down the eastern slope of the Sierras, raising dust across the sagebrush range I rode.

Riding in the Great Basin of Nevada saying like; there is nothing to stop the wind but a barbwire fence and its full of knotholes or it's so windy we're using a log chain instead of a wind sock, or the wind is so strong it blew the bit right out my horse's mouth, were used to describe the power of the wind. Wind touches all parts of our lives and we have woven it into our language and our way of life. We can all appreciate this description of a talker; She speaks ten words a second with gusts to fifty. Or "loose as ashes in the wind" to describe a foot loose or unreliable person. Throw caution to the wind, to describe a rash action. Someone who stretches the truth, "he's been known to tell a windy or two". To wish some one a safe journey – fair winds.

Writers often use the wind to describe the human condition:

"There is muscular energy in sunlight corresponding to the spiritual energy of the wind", Annie Dillard.

"Words empty as the wind are best left unsaid", Homer.

"Political language... is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind", George Orwell.

"There are many winds full of anger, and lust and greed they move the rubbish around, but the solid mountain of our true nature stays where it has always been", Rumi.

"The wind blows its own music", Bert McCoy.

"You find out the strength of a wind by trying to walk against it not by lying down". C. S. Lewis

"When the wind is blowing, and the sleet or rain is driving against dark windows, I love to sit by the fire, thinking of what I have read in books of voyage and travel" Charles Dickens.

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Since mankind began naming things, he has bestowed the name of the wind on his offspring. Aira, Anil, Bavol, Camdan, Camira, Canace, Makan, Mariah/Mayrah, Solana, Windgate, and Windham, are just a few of names that have been used. Here in the US, we honor the wind, two of our state names, Arkansas and Kansas mean South wind, and people of the South wind.



Geographers and climatologists studying our home (earth) to unravel its mysteries, name specific winds, to identify them. Here are a few of the names that give meaning to the winds movements. These names convey feeling of cold, death, life giving rain, dryness, dust, prosperity, relief, despair, fear and joy. Aeolian, the Greek god of wind, brings all these things to man.

Bise*, a cold, dry wind from the north flowing over the Alps into southern France and Switzerland.

Mistral*, a cold wind that blows over the northwest Mediterranean coast funneled through the Rhone Valley

Bora*, a cold, very strong wind on the coast of the Adriatic Sea and northern Italy

occurring when pressure is high over the Balkans and low over the Mediterranean.

Brickfielder*, a summer wind in southeastern Australia that brings hot air from the outback to the cooler regions
Sirocco*, a hot dry, dusty wind that moves air from the Sahara into northern Africa and Italy, in Egypt they call it Khamseen the word for 50 because the wind is said to blow for 50 days.

Samoon*, a hot, whirling wind in the Sahara and Arabian Desert that plays a role in reshaping dunes; it can move vast quantities of sand, from the Arabic word, meaning “poison”.

Etesians, Föhn wind*, a wind that draws air up one side of a mountain, where it cools and sheds its moisture as precipitation and then warms as it compresses coming down the other side of the mountain.

Chinook*, a föhn wind that carries warmed air down the Rocky Mountains and quickly raises the temperature in the valley below.

Trade winds*, these winds blow from the northeast in the northern hemisphere towards low pressure regions along the equator, they are reliable enough to plan trade routes around.

Doldrums, a calm, when the winds disappear.

Williwaw*, a stormy cold wind that blows down the mountains in Alaska.

Willy-willy*, a local whirling wind in Australia that raises small columns of dirt or dust devils, from the ground.

As fly fishermen, Aeolian makes an appearance most of the time we fish. We change casts too contend with the wind, side arm, reverse cast or lower releases are employed, at time we even grab heaver rods. No fishing trip is untouched by the movement of molecules and we adapt, hunker down or go home; depending on what Mother Earth chooses to share with us.

My good friend Bob Papazian came through here on his way to Alaska. During his stopover we got together to cast flies to lake trout, on Coldwater Lake. Coldwater Lake was formed in 1980 when Mount St. Helens erupted. The resulting landslides dammed up Coldwater Creek forming, the lake. Our morning started off calm but as the day warmed, the up-canyon wind began to blow, and Bob had to apply extra elbow grease to get us back to the dock.



During our time on the water Bob and I were in awe at what, the out rush of molecules had wrought during the eruption of Mount St. Helens. While the forest is reestablishing itself, sheared off and fallen trees are still evident from the eruption 38 years earlier. The wind set in motion by that eruption was traveling over 300 mph. Everything within 8 miles was wiped out, for another 19 miles it leveled all the trees. The wind Bob was rowing against was just a gentle reminder of the eruption wind that arrived from Mount St. Helens, 61 seconds after the decapitation of the beautiful cone shaped mountain. Every tree that covered that creek, now lake was laying down, pointed North, or vaporized. OMG!!! Neither Bob or I had a cast or rod for that. We accepted our mountain breeze with joy.

Whether you cuss the wind for blowing your hat off, the wind knots in your line or bless it for its refreshing breeze that cools your brow, it is a significant part of our world. It is Earth's oldest river, and we sail before it in our journey through life. I hope this short article reintroduces you to the wind's wonder, and how it has shaped our lives.

When you step out into the world take the time to watch the grass and trees dance to the wind's tune. Listen to the music of the earth and celebrate the gift of Aeolian and the beauty of this world, that it helped create. And when the cold wind blows, and

the rain rattles your window, settle in by a warm fire and let the wind blow the stars around, as you sail before it, on your journey into tomorrow. I too will be there, and I'm wishing you fair winds in your journey and on the waters you fish.

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

* Source, 21 Wonderful Words for Wind, by Arika Okrent – Mental Floss

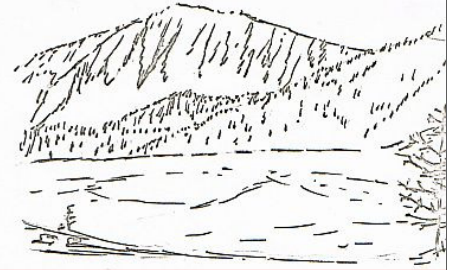


~ In The Past ~

The Newsletter of the Alpine Fly Fishers
'The Fly Line' -
Vol. 2 No. 10

November of 1974

*The Fly Line
of
The Alpine Fly Fishers*



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.

Program: A sort of summer roundup. Furnish your own program. If you've taken any slides of fishing this summer, bring 'em in and show 'em. Scheduled for sure are slides of the Toutle fishout, the Nunnally fishout and Reed Miller's Montana trip. Also, there'll be a SWAP session. Bring anything pertaining to fishing that you are willing to swap, such as files, hooks, leaders, lines, feathers, etc.

Draw Prize: The book "Selective Trout" and a pair of small needle nose pliers (just right for bending down those barbs.)

Fishouts: The Nunnally fishout was a success. Attendance was good and some really nice rainbows up to 4 lbs. were taken from the Bobby portion of the lake. Nunnally itself is loaded with the spring plant that is now 8" to 10" long. Frank Spargo came over from Pullman and Cal Cole came up from Portland. It was good to see them again. Cal, Jim and I tried Dry Falls Lake the day before the fishout. It was disappointing as big fish were very scarce. The smaller fish were numerous but very selective. Jim talked to one fellow who had been there the previous weekend. He said at least 4 clubs were having a fishout and the lake was literally paved with boats. Such is the price of success. It is pretty obvious we need more quality waters.

Dammed Forever: When this film was shown at the last meeting, several members asked what they could do to stop the dams. Well, the Hell's Canyon bill stopping Snake River dams has passed the senate and has been sent on to the house where it may run into trouble. Write your representative and ask them to support this bill.

Fishing Prospects: The fall rains finally came and with them, the sea run cutthroats. The Toutle River is producing now. Most lakes and streams closed Oct. 31, but some are still open. For example, the Eastern Washington quality lakes will be open until November 30.

A recent skin diving check of the North Fork Stillaguamish revealed over 110 summer steelhead in the 4 miles downstream from Fortson. The game protector up there is making loud noises advocating opening this beautiful fly-only stream to bait fishermen during October and November to "harvest" these fish. Dammit, a river full of fish is not a field of corn, useful only when the last ear is picked and the last stalk cut. I'd rather get skunked casting to 110 fish that refuse to strike than beat a barren, fully "harvested" river to a froth.

Flies of the Northwest: A new edition of that useful little book is available. The new issue has some new patterns, but the real improvement is the switch to color illustrations of the patterns. This lets the reader and tier see how the finished product should really look. The price will be under \$4.

Patches: Ghillie **Gary Strodz** has a lot of club patches to sell to members— Price—one measly buck.

Fly Pattern: A very successful fly at both Dry Falls and Nunnally is the Nyerges Nymph. this fly is as simple to tie as it is successful.

Thread:	Olive
Hook:	Size 10, 3xl, or 4xl
Body:	Insect green or moss green chenille
Hackle:	Brown, tied palmer and trimmer top and sides

Bring a guest: It was good to see some guests at the last meeting. Keep 'em coming. Take your wife out to dinner. Bring her to the meeting.

Reed Miller, Editor and Chief Scribe

Editors Note: Thought I would include a picture of the Nyerges Nymph.



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

Alpine Fly Fisher Meeting Dates in 2018

September 25; October 23; November 27; December 18

A Thank You Card from a NWYCFFA Student

Dear Alpine FF club:

Thank you so much for sending me to the NW Youth Conservation Fly Fishing Academy. I had a blast making new friends, learning how to tie new flies and how I can improve my casting form. I learned many new things this year about conservation that I didn't know before, such as how salmon are so essential to the ecosystem around them. Again, I thank you for sending me to the fly fishing academy. Grace.

Invasive Species

New Zealand Mud Snail

(*Potamopyrgus antipodarum*)

The Mud Snail is a tiny snail native to New Zealand and discovered in the United States in the Snake River, Idaho in the 1980's. They have since spread to other rivers throughout the western USA. These snails have a wide range of habitat tolerances: rivers, reservoirs, lakes, and estuaries. Mud snails have no known predators or parasites in the USA.

Mud snails can rapidly reach densities greater than 100,000/m² in suitable habitat. Their invasion has generated concern about the effects it may have on native species, fisheries, and aquatic ecosystems. The spread of mud snails into new systems is considered to be primarily human caused.

How should I clean my gear? The best practices for all invasive species, including mud snails are to:

Remove any plants, dirt or organisms from your gear before you leave the body of water

Thoroughly rinse your gear with clean water

Thoroughly dry your gear

Brush your gear off after it has dried to remove any clinging snails, pay special attention to seams, boot tongue, laces and inserts.

Didymo



(*Didymosphenia geminata*)

Invasive weeds have spread across our country, damaging crops, and harming livestock and wildlife, out-competing valued native plants, and physically changing our natural environment. The economic and ecological impacts of invasive plants have been tremendous, and the problem is growing.

Since 1996, Anglers Against Weeds has been educating anglers and outdoor enthusiasts about invasive species and involving them in the fight to stop their spread. Participants learn how to recognize invasive weeds, what the impacts of those species can be, and how to actively participate in their management and control.

How Anglers Against Weeds Works

The Anglers Against Weeds program tackles invasive weeds through two primary mechanisms. In the first phase, Anglers Against Weeds facilitators visit clubs and organizations to present slide shows about noxious weeds, their impacts and avoiding their spread. In the second phase, the group is asked to "adopt" one or more stream areas where they will conduct hand-pulling projects to remove weeds from sensitive riparian areas.

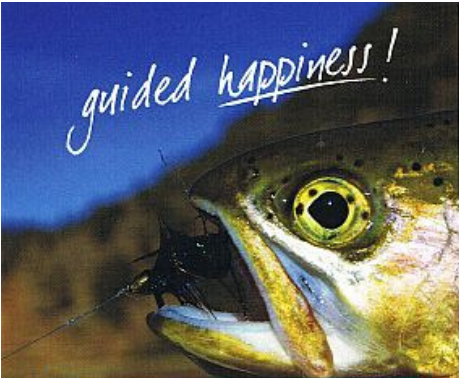



CENTRAL WASHINGTON'S PREMIER FLY FISHING OUTFITTER, PRO-SHOP AND PROFESSIONAL GUIDE SERVICE

Worley Bugger Fly Co.

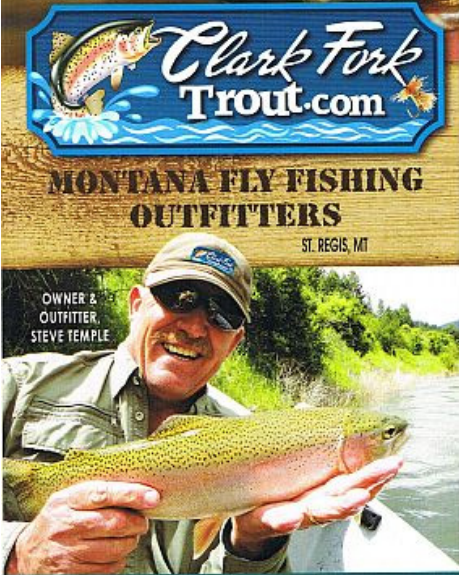
Steve Worley has some great guides and he has put together the best fly shop filled with a massive amount of fly tying materials and equipment. You really need to stop by the shop and check it out. Just take the Canyon Road exit off I-90 and turn north towards town, the Worley Bugger Fly Co. shop is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

guided happiness!



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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.

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September / October 2018

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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"September days have the warmth of summer in their briefer hours, but in their lengthening evenings a prophetic breath of autumn. The cricket chirps in the noontide, making the most of what remains of his brief life. The bumblebee is busy among the clover blossoms of the aftermath, and their shrill and dreamy hum hold the outdoor world above the voices of the song birds, now silent or departed." - September Days By Rowland E. Robinson, Vermont.

1
September

2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23 30	24	25 Club Meeting	26	27	28	29

	1 October	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23 Club Meeting	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31 			

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