

Alpine Fly Fishers

Our Next AFF Meeting

Tuesday

January 26

ZOOM MEETING

6:45 PM to ??


FLY FISHERS
INTERNATIONAL
Charter Club
1000 Stewards member



The Dead Drift - January 2021

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President's Line

By Larry Gibbs

In January, we will have a guest speaker, **Gene Rivers**, giving a presentation on fishing the Madison River. I am deeply familiar with this river as I baptized myself in the Madison back in the late 80's, thinking I could step from one big rock to another. Nope. Couldn't do it. I hope many of you can step onto the computer and join in to watch this presentation.

During our December Zoom meeting, we were able to do the drawing for the Loop fly rod outfit that Steve donated. The winner of the outfit was **Howard Inks!!** Four other winners of a wooden fly boxes with the club name and two dozen flies were also drawn. Those winner were: **Dean Hamilton; Ron Zarges; Duffy Christy & Bruce Jones!!** In addition, everyone who purchased squares also received a dozen flies. Merry Christmas! So, for the five above mentioned, they also get the extra dozen flies!!

There were fifteen of us on the December Zoom meeting. I wish more could have been there but I think we will grow in that area. Ron's guest speakers may increase our numbers. He is making a list and checking it twice - oh wait, that is what Santa does. Well anyway, Ron is diligently working on getting some really good speakers for us. Thanks Ron.

I called Howard and he wants the Loop fly rod outfit and box of 4 dozen flies donated to Project Healing Waters, so I will take care of that for him. That is really nice of Howard.

The FFI finally got their website back after their provider (or whatever you call them) had to shut down due to a cyber attack. I am really glad to see them back. You can log onto their site at <https://flyfishersinternational.org/>. They have a whole world of information on videos, so go there and start doing some searching for something that interests you.

Christmas is almost here. Wow. Seems like forever ago when we had our last Christmas club meeting in December 2019. Covid wasn't a thing. We had some great plans for 2020 then it all seemed to turn upside down. They are just now starting to come out with some shots to help fight this virus. However, the problem with viruses is they mutate at such a fast rate so this will most likely be an ever present problem that we will have to adjust and adapt to. But remember, the fish are still swimming in the rivers and lakes and saltwater. They will still be very interested in flies and all kinds of bugs to eat so as soon as you can, get out there and offer them some tidbits.

**Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
2021 is right around the corner.**

"Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink, I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains." Henry David Thoreau

Good Fishing & Stay Safe



Larry

Fly Fishing International

Fly of the Month

January 2007

PLAN-B

By Bob Bates



Into each angler's life there comes a time when the guaranteed, favorite fly doesn't work. That is the time to switch to Plan B. Lee Davison from Rigby, Idaho www.snakeriveroutfitters.com tied his version of Plan B at the 2006 FFF Conclave in Bozeman, Montana. I say "his version" because the original Plan B was developed by a friend and guide, Brenda Swinney, <http://www.mightyreel.com/>; however, the main similarity between the two is the name. Lee has caught fish with his Plan B so it is a proven pattern. Similarly, Brenda's pattern is proven so you might see it in the future.

On the South Fork of the Snake River and other clean rivers stoneflies provide a good food supply for the fish. They are a big mouthful. If you are fortunate, like Lee, the stoneflies hatch over a long period of time: June to September. When they are ready to hatch the stonefly nymphs crawl along the bottom to a handy rock, log or other object sticking out of the water. There they leave the shuck and eventually fly off to do their thing. The females come back to the river to lay their eggs. Sometimes they fall into the water with no way to escape. It is then that the lucky trout have a chance to feast on them.

A floating line is used to fish this pattern. You can wade and throw it into good spots. However, it is most convenient to use a boat on the larger Western rivers. Cast the fly to any spot where the stonefly might fall into the water. Don't forget the general rule to cast the fly within 2 inches of the shore because fish frequently lay in the quieter water at the edge of stream. It is a real thrill to have a big trout rip the surface trying to get your fly.

Materials List:

Hook: Dry fly, size 8

Thread: Brown or black, 3/0

Tail: Antron yarn: cream, light silver or gray

Body: Variegated crystal chenille, red and olive

Over body: Brown foam 3 mm

Under wing: Antron yarn, cream, light silver or gray

Over wing: Deer hair

Change the colors to match insects in your area.

Tying Steps:

1. Tie on a piece of Antron yarn to make a gap length tail.
2. Select a suitable color sparkle chenille, and tie it on at the bend. Move thread to a point about an eye length back from the eye.
3. Wrap chenille forward, secure, trim excess and spiral thread rearward to a point in front of the point.
4. Trim a piece of foam and secure it over the hook point. Use a wide tie in to attach legs which will secure and prevent them from laying next to each other. Pick up front foam and spiral thread forward. Repeat tie in process for foam and legs. Trim legs.
5. Tie in Antron Underwing. Trim excess fairly close to thread.
6. Select a clump of deer hair, clean out under fur, stack and tie over under wing. Have tips of deer hair about end of foam over body. Whip finish over wing tie in. Put a little head cement on the whip finish. Reposition fly in vise so it is upside down and put super glue on threads and chenille. It will make a much more durable fly.

Tie a few of your own Plan B patterns so you will be ready when the stoneflies in your area come out to taunt the fish.

“Flies on the Web” Winners!!!

This is the tenth ‘Flies on the Web’ drawing. I am also counting everyone who tuned in to the Zoom meeting so this month we have **6** winners!! That makes **36** dozen flies given away to you club members who made any type of contact with me (email/phone/Zoom meetings, etc) since I started this about half a year ago. Speaking of flies, if we add in the winners of flies from the Loop fly rod board, which totaled to **22** dozen flies, then that means that this year I have given away a total of **58** dozen flies, or **696** flies. How neat is that!!

So, the winners of the December “Flies on the Web” are: **Ron Zarges & Randy Newburn & Walt Ayers & Brian Miller & Paul Watanabe & Stephen Neal.**

NORTHWEST FLY ANGLERS

Zoom guest speakers

During our Alpine Zoom meeting in November, Peter informed us that the NFA is going to be inviting all of us to sit in on some of their guest speaker presentations during their Zoom meetings. That is really nice of them to allow us to join in on the fun. Please make sure you have your microphone muted so we do not disturb the NFA members. You can press down and hold your space bar on your keyboard if you need to talk.

I will be sending out emails a day or so ahead of time to inform you and give you the link. Looks like they meet on the third Thursday of the month. More later. This will be a month by month event, but not every month.



Watch FFI Online

To watch these videos go to the FFI home web page at <https://flyfishersinternational.org/>
Then click on **EVENTS** then click on **FFI ON LINE** then click on **PREVIOUS WEBCASTS**
The below videos can then be accessed on that page.

Season 1 Watch FFI Online Season 1 on YouTube Here: Webinar titles include:

FFI Annual Membership Meeting FFI CEO Patrick Berry - Who We Are and Where We're Going / FFI Women Connect: Introduction to Women Connect with Patty Lueken / FFI Women Connect: Virtual Buggy with Ann Miller / FFI Women Connect: Fly Tying with Al & Gretchen Beatty (5-Episode Series) / FFI Women Connect: Fish of the Amazon with Dr. Paul Reiss / Fly Tying Group: 3 Ways To Tie A Parachute Fly / Fly Tying Group: Soft Hackles For Pan Fish / Fly Tying Group: Taming Elk Hair with Jerry Coviello / Learning Center: A Better Cast Catches More Fish / Learning Center: Mental Preparation For Fly Fishing Success / Learning Center: Be An Archer With Your Cast with Molly Semenik /

Season 2 on YouTube Here: Webinar titles include:

Legends of Fly Tying: Al Beatty / Legends of Fly Tying: Gretchen Beatty / Legends of Fly Tying: Peggy Brenner
Legends of Fly Tying: Scott Sanchez / Legends of Fly Tying: Jim Ferguson / Legends of Fly Tying: Mike George
FFI Women Connect: Gary Bulla in the Baja / Conservation: Black Bass Diversity - Their Conservation and Fly Fishing Opportunities / FFI Learning Center: Leadership Development Workshop

Conservation Conversations:

Columbia River and the Pacific Northwest Salmon and Steelhead Recovery with Dr. Richard Williams
Conservation Conversations: Sportsmen for the Boundary Waters with Spencer Shaver
Conservation Conversations: The Mystery of the Undiscovered Keys Bonefish Spawning Grounds with Dr. Aaron Adams
Conservation Conversations: Chattahoochee Riverkeeper with Jason Ulseth
Conservation Conversations: Bristol Bay and Pebble Mine with Dr. Sam Snyder

Back of Beyond

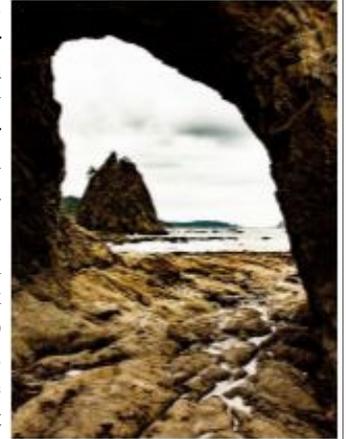
Stephen Neal

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

Hiraeth

My eyes were huge as they gazed out onto this world of immense trees, huge granite rocks and snow-covered peaks. My head wobbled as Dad strode upon the mountain trail in this new environment far from our home in the San Joaquin Valley. This was my first trip into the mountains. Dad had strapped me into his army surplus WWII rucksack. The view around me was alien. My everyday world view was from the floor in our home or from the arms of my mother and father as they held or carried me around the house. My trees were chair and table legs, my crawling surfaces were hard wood floors and linoleum. I did have some climbing experience my Mom and Dad awoke from a warm summer nap upon the dining room floor.

The wet diaper I had removed was swinging back and forth above their resting faces, it awoke them from their heat induced slumber. (Pre air-conditioning, Fresno summers were murder.) This wet surprise led to another; I had been nestled between them when they fell asleep but now, I was up upon the table, my wet diaper clutched in one hand while the other brought fresh bites from mom's freshly baked cake to my mouth. Soon I was cleaned and redressed with a dry diaper and a new cake had been baked. I have no memory of either event, just the stories told to me by my parents, my first cognizant memory would not happen until I was almost two, and it was a doozy.



On July 21st, 1952 at 4:52 am a 7.5 magnitude earthquake, struck in Kern County on the White Wolf fault. The land rose 4 feet and was felt as far away as Reno, NV. At 17 months of age, I remember standing up in my crib and grabbing the crib rail. In Morro Bay 136 miles from the quake's epicenter, I stood trying to make sense of what was happening. My whole world trembled and rolled, the crib shook and turned on its casters, the walls of the cabin shuddered and seemed to bend like a gummy toy. The sounds of the quake seemed to envelope me. The cabin wood groaned, cracked, and tore, you could hear the nails pulling back, like chalk on a chalk board. The oceans roar was tumultuous, with no rhythm in its drumming, its directional forces thrown back on itself. Downstairs I heard the cups and dishes falling to the floor after being flung into space from the cabinets above the sink. My young eyes drank in what light there was in that dark world giving shape to the room. I could see the bunk beds and the window that faced the ocean, the few streetlights visible on 101 danced and swayed. My crib moved crab-like in a circular motion, coming to rest against the empty bed behind me. In this loud tumultuous world, my remembering soul awakened. As the sound and motion of the earthquake subsided, I was lifted into my Mother's arms and the world was once again under control. If my remembering souls awaking had anything to do with the earthquake, which is highly unlikely, I plead the fifth on said incident.

On this incident I accept full responsibility, that first hike into the Sierra's touched something deep within my soul, at that moment it awoke an unknown longing, and it has breathed within me from that moment forward. The call of "back of beyond/wildness" beckons me every time I step out my door. My childhood eyes were always turned toward the Sierra's or beyond the coastal range to the Pacific. Wherever wildness was, that is where I wanted to be. The Welsh have a word for this ineffable longing, it is hiraeth, a Magic "word for homesickness or nostalgia, an earnest longing or desire, or a sense of regret. The feeling of longing for a home that never was. A deep and irrational bond felt with a time, era, place, or person." * Wikipedia. We all carry this within us, it is an old friend that we wear like a favorite coat, it suits us. If we listen to this old friend, it becomes our NorthStar and we make it a waypoint in life.

My lode stone is wildness, My Family and Friends, and when all three come together, that deep longing well is replenished for a time, a normal life cycle as energy flows into as well as out. Our hearts pump and our lungs breath, exchanging energy. That energy propels us forward into the now where earth meets sky, where my body breaths deeper, and opens me to the moment. When all distractions drop away, and I am fully alive. This is when all your senses come online at once. Your bond with that period in time, is both physical and mental. You taste, you smell, you breath and feel the earth breath as well. The pulse of life is your pulse. Saying it is an old friend is not deep enough, it is a deep inexpressible bond with a time, my hiraeth. These moments in time are both significant and mundane, it has been said that there are no insignificant moments. That is why we need to be on our A game when they come.— The moon over my shoulder as the stars were falling above the enamel-tin-cup on our table holding a dram of light, its warmth yet to be tasted. A warm campfire burnt down to hot, bone warming embers as my hands drink it in. Hearing a fish splash on the dark lake surface as my head rests upon a pillow, just a breath away from sleep.



Continued on page 5 —————>

Entering a draw heading upward, into an early morning sunrise, my horse's breath steady as we climbed, his body heat steaming in the cool morning air. Sipping tea in the morning with Terry as she tells me about her night at work as she unwinds, her day ending mine just beginning, we laugh together at the absurdities of life. Walking on a storm-tossed beach with my cousin Trisha, as pulling dogs, chase wind driven ocean foam. The waves rear-up like panicked horses, their power felt down into our fibers as we walked its edge. An email from Cheri recommending an Artist she thinks I might like, answering her suggestion, rewards me with a deeper appreciation of the art of listening. Dimond shaped stars fall into the ocean, it is the show playing on the big screen above the Pacific, as we emerge from our waders at the end of a soggy day steelhead fishing on the Queets. The earth rotates on into night while Sean, Greg, and I settle into camp, dinner still a distant promise.

Moments like these define and fill the void of indescribable longing. These among many with other friends and family bond me to the earth and life. The difficulty is in recognizing these moments when they are happening. In the process of learning to walk we fall down, somedays that is a lot of falling. But the more we persist, the better we become, but once we convince ourselves that we know enough we stop being engaged and let it go into secondary consideration. That lack of consideration is fine until life up and slaps us and we take a tumble, that is when realize we may have given up on paying attention a little to early. Being connected takes practice and the more often we touch the pulse of life the better we get at it and hopefully the less we fall. My steelhead fishing is on a learning curve over the last ten years, my two and three trips a year have added knowledge, a plethora of equipment, rods, reels, spools, lines, flies. Rudimentary casting has transformed into casts, and the casts have morphed into distance and then into distance and placement. In the past two years meaningful presentation has begun to show up on a regular basis. In my last trip on the Klamath with Brandon Worthington, I began to connect with my fly as it moved through the water column. My fingers were teasing a feel for the fly. I had an inkling that this was possible after fishing Tenkara. I called up Sean and asked if this was something he felt when he fished, I sensed a little reticence the first time I brought it up. The next time we talked Sean got deeper into what he was feeling. With my suspicions confirmed, I now have a recognized feel, backing up my learning, more of my attention will focus on feeling the fly. My lodestone is pulling at me to make better connections with the pulse of the earth. I am still learning to recognize those moments when they come.

Hiraeth brings us deeper and more powerful connections. It leads us to a deeper care and respect for our planet which gives us our very life. Be vigilant in picking up new practices to take less and give more in your interactions with Mother Earth and Father Sky. The future is in our hands and a vibrant healthy earth is one of the greatest gifts we can give to future generations.

Embrace your dearest friend, your North Star and walk with him and your life will be richer. Feel the pulse of life and make the connection.

Stephen

The world is out there, the journey starts the minute you leave the door, go outside and truly live.

“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



Christmas 2020

Our sun hangs roughly 30 degrees above the Southern horizon. When outside I feel like a cat laying in the warm sunshine. My shoulders roll back, my chest expands, and I luxuriate in one of those last fall days of the year. The sunlight is golden, its color enhanced from the reflected light off the wet freshly fallen yellow leaves. Few if any remain on the trees, yesterdays and last night's storm broke all the holdouts free and now they lay untrodden upon, in the puddles, on our gravel driveway and on our rich green pasture, like a carpet spread out for a child to play upon.

The neighboring pastures hold flocks of Canada and Snow Geese, their chevron flights fill the sky and there calls echo on the Enumclaw plateau. Chimney smoke rises straight up in the crisp, calmness of the day. It is a craft day, handmade Christmas gifts are shuttled from the covered Kitchen table, aka workbench, to be hung outside on the porch for sealing and varnishing. Multiple coats pull me outside as the projects progress.

The wooden gifts natural colors, yellow, burgundy, and red, pop in the light of this December day. In the house packing boxes have disgorged Christmas decoration that will be festooned about our domestic domicile. The mailbox holds the seasons catalogs and a few soon to be gifts are sequestered in our room to be wrapped latter. This is an in between day, a pause in rainstorms with a taste of sunshine, Christmas is three weeks away and Thanksgiving is in the rearview mirror. Winter is fast approaching but fall still hold sway, Jack-Frost's brush is still prominent in the artist's hand. Its just one of those days when it is great to be alive.

On this day of days, it is the right time to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May the blessings of the season be full in you and may it flow to all you love and hold dear.

The Neal's, Terry, Nicole, Cy, Nolan, Dalton, and Stephen

~ *In The Past* ~

The Newsletter of the Alpine Fly Fishers
'The Fly Line' -
Vol. 5, No. 2

April of 1977

Reed Miller, Editor



This ~ *In The Past* ~ article was published in 1977. The information it contains is 43 years out of date and is not accurate.

This is a historical document only.

Last Meeting: In spite of a disastrously late dinner (or maybe because of an extra long wet line) a good time was had by all. The good doctors, Aigner and Wanbs out on an excellent fly tying program. (For more on the last meeting see the attached message from the president).

Fishout: The first club fishout of the year will be in the Desert Wildlife Recreation Area (No, it's not a Las Vegas night club). Bring the usual Eastern Washington flies and be prepared for any kind of weather. Jim Higgins will have more on this at the meeting. There are some big fish in these lakes so try to make it.

A letter from the president:

CONDUCT OF —AND AT—THE MEETINGS

"The problems we had last meeting were no fault of ours. The extra hour we waited for dinner and the disruptions that occurred when dinner was finally served made the meeting sort of chaotic.

We're taking steps to see that the restaurant (Noels in Edgewood) doesn't screw us up like that again. But it does point up some of the problems if trying to conduct a dinner meeting and business session.

Some have said we should not have the business session. This has been discussed by the trustees twice in the last few months. Each time they voted to keep our present format. The entire club has also voted on this and again the vote was not to change.

So be it. We will continue to have a dinner meeting preceded by a 'wet line'. We will also continue to have a short business session prior to the evening program.

What little business we have each meeting really doesn't take that long, especially if you'll just have the courtesy to abide by the vote and give the speaker your attention. Conversations on the side, private joke-telling sessions and so forth are very distracting not only to the speaker, but to other members who want to listen. Confine them to the 'Wet Line' or after the meeting. That way we can get the business over quick and move on to the fun part of the evening."

Pat Trotter

BRING A GUEST.
JOIN THE FFF



ZOOM CLUB MEETING
TUESDAY, JANUARY 26, 2021 @ 7:00 PM

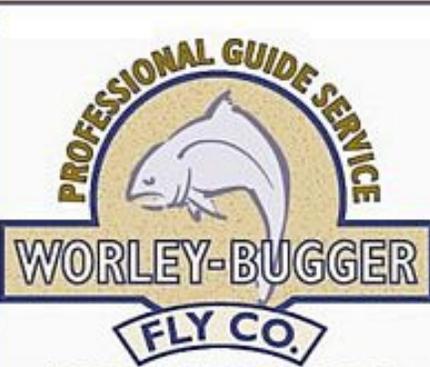


The Mighty Madison

Our January Program will be a presentation by Gene Rivers. It will cover fly fishing the Madison river in the summer near Ennis, Montana and also the Fall fishing for the “Yellowstone Runners” near West Yellowstone.

Gene began floating the Madison in 1977 and has returned many times since to this blue-ribbon trout stream. The river has changed over the years but is still a bucket list fishery.

Gene is actually a past member of the Alpine Fly Fishers and was club Secretary in 1978. He has also served as President of the South Sound Fly Fishers on two occasions and is also a past President of the Puget Sound Fly Fishers in Tacoma.



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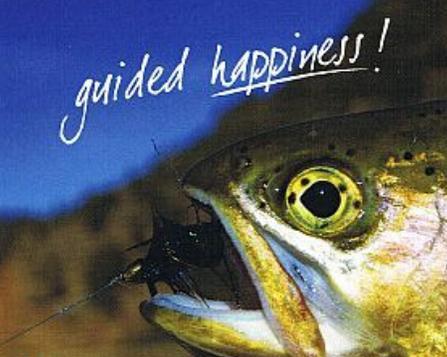


CENTRAL WASHINGTON'S PREMIER FLY FISHING OUTFITTER, PRO-SHOP
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Worley Bugger Fly Co.

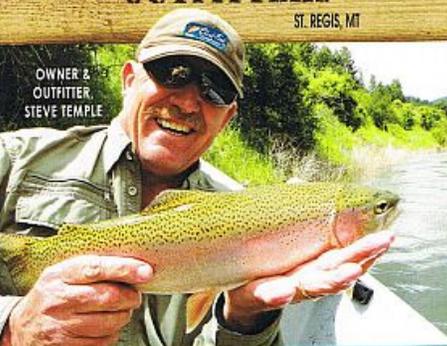
Steve Worley has some great guides and he has put together the best fly shop filled with a massive amount of fly tying materials and equipment. You really need to stop by the shop and check it out. Just take the Canyon Road exit off I-90 and turn north towards town, the Worley Bugger Fly Co. shop is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

guided happiness!





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 contact Clark Fork Trout.

Closed for the winter

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

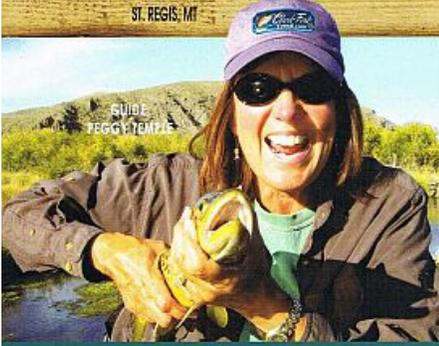




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MONTANA FLY FISHING OUTFITTERS
ST. REGIS, MT



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January / February 2020

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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"Bare branches of each tree on this chilly January morn look so cold so forlorn. Gray skies dip ever so low left from yesterday's dusting of snow. Yet in the heart of each tree waiting for each who wait to see new life as warm sun and breeze will blow, like magic, unlock springs sap to flow, buds, new leaves, then blooms will grow." - Nelda Hartmann, January Morn

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

Chocolate and Valentines Day go hand in hand	1 February	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14 Valentines Day	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23 ZOOM Meeting	24	25	26	27
28	"Loud are the thunder drums in the tents of the mountains. Oh, long, long Have we eaten chia seeds and dried deer's flesh of the summer killing. We are tired of our huts and the smoky smell of our clothing. We are sick with the desire for the sun And the grass on the mountain." - Paiute Late Winter Song					

Alpine Fly Fishers' 'The Dead Drift' is Published monthly by the Alpine Fly Fishers Club
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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 alpineflyfishers.org

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