



**Puget Sound Fly Fishers**

**August 2016**



***Don't forget the picnic!  
No meeting this month.***

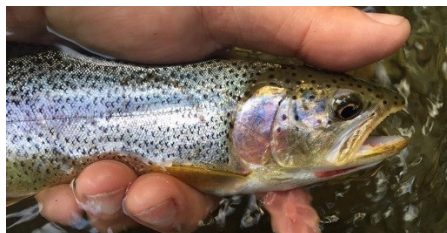


**August Program -**

**Go Fishing!**

**The Leader Line  
By Paul Fournier**

**This Place**



There is a place around the corner  
Just a few miles away  
Teeming with life  
It is a reflection of us

A place vital to our existence  
Right in our back yard  
A shelter for wild fish, insects, plants and animals  
To deny its health only hurts us

We share this place  
Hidden deep within plain sight  
The symbol of our great home  
We do not own this place yet together we thrive

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*(Continued from page 1)*

At the July meeting we shared a report on the Chambers Creek clean-up effort. We had a great turn out and look forward to doing it again soon. My son Ryan enjoyed it so much that when we returned a few weeks later to fish all he wanted to do was pick up trash and remove rock dams. Our future is bright when young people see the value of a clean environment. Please consider attending the next clean-up event. Stay tuned for details.

Mark your calendars, the Annual Club Picnic is coming up on Saturday August 13<sup>th</sup>. This is a family friendly event and is sure to be a good time. The Picnic is being held at Nolte State Park, lunch will begin around 12PM at the NTSher1. Many members and guests arrive early to fish for Bass in Deep Lake. For details and questions about this event contact Joe Johnston at [steelheadak@me.com](mailto:steelheadak@me.com) or 253-335-9830.

There are a ton of great fishing opportunities to enjoy. Beach fishing for SRC is hot, King Salmon have arrived, streams are teeming with hungry fish and lakes are warmed up with spiny fish. Don't let this month go by without wetting a line.

Have you been thinking about getting more involved in the club? We are seeking volunteers who bring new perspective and a dynamic approach. Currently, we have the following positions available for the coming year:

Vice President  
Secretary

If you are interested in volunteering for one of these positions or would like to learn more let me Paul Fournier [pfournier@gmail.com](mailto:pfournier@gmail.com) or Mike Koslosky [mikek1801@gmail.com](mailto:mikek1801@gmail.com).

Voting on the new board members takes place at our September general meeting (9/8).

Just a reminder: No Club meeting in August, please plan to join us at the Club Picnic instead. Enjoy your time on the water and please stay safe.



## PSFF NEWS

*Our Next Meeting*  
Thursday, **September 8th**  
6:00 PM - 9:00 PM  
Tower Lanes Entertainment Center  
6323 6th Ave.  
Tacoma WA 98406

### September, 2016 Program (no meeting in August)

Bob Triggs, PSFF club member and owner of Little Stone Flyfisher Guide Service in Port Townsend will be our September program speaker. His topic will be fly fishing for sea-run coastal cutthroat trout. As was the case in December of 2014 when he presented "Playing and Landing Big Fish" we are in for a very informative and motivational program.

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## FFF EVENTS



### *Regional FFF Events in 2016*

August 2-6th - Livingston, MT / International Fly Fishing Fair  
[www.fedflyfishers.org](http://www.fedflyfishers.org)

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## **Club Picnic 08/13 – Saturday**

By Larry Vaughn

This is our Annual (Non-Pink year) Club Picnic. Held two years ago at Nolte State Park it was a hit with families so we are doing it again this year. Arrivals start at 8:00 for those who will be fishing. The picnic begins at 12:00 and runs all afternoon with games, contests, and play until folks get tired and pack-up.

Joe has reserved NTShelter1 for our use so we will be meeting up there around 11:15 to start setting up our shelter and getting the BBQ going.

**Potluck Lunch Menu:** We all generally contribute to our Potluck Lunch with the following suggestions as to what to bring/prepare by alphabetical (last name) breakdown:

A-M : Salads, Side dishes, etc.

N-Z: Deserts

For meat, the club will provide hamburgers, hot-dogs, and buns.

We need volunteers to man the BBQ.

Everyone is encouraged to bring your favorite beverages

**Volunteers:** We will need volunteers to arrive at the shelter at 11:00 to help set-up the shelter and get the BBQ going.

# HOT SCOOP

## September Door Prize!

What's the value in wearing your nametag at our regular meetings? Normally, I'd say that it was to show your pride in membership as well as allowing those who don't know you or have forgotten your name to remind them of who you are. It's helpful to new members as well, when attempting to identify those who have had reference made to them throughout the meeting.

It has another hidden value too. Each month a door prize is drawn for with those wearing their nametags as the eligible folks for that prize. Normally the prize is nominal; a box of flies, a fly fishing tool, a hat or something small to show appreciation for those who wear their name tag. But in September, at our annual meeting, a very special prize will be given. September's door prize is a new fly rod, namely a Ross Essence FC. This is an 8'6" 5 wt. 4 piece rod. The tags are still on it. It has never been lined. The rod comes complete with sock and cordura covered Ross tube, as well.

Don't miss out on this drawing. Show your pride. One lucky member wearing their name tag will go home with a new rod.

## COMMUNITY EDUCATION

Our club needs your assistance. We are going to provide the materials and instruction parts of fly fishing to the Boy Scouts of the Puget Sound area as they are earning credit toward a Fly Fishing Merit Badge. We need enthusiastic volunteers to help in two areas of instruction; fly tying and knot tying. Expertise is not required, just assistance in helping the Scouts past any stumbling blocks as they try to follow the instructions. You don't need to be an expert but your assistance would be a great help to both the Scout and our instructor.

The Northwest Jamboree is being held at a

campground in the Army's North Ft. Lewis area on Friday, Aug. 26<sup>th</sup> and Saturday Aug. 27<sup>th</sup>. You will only be required to bring your own lunch. All the materials, awnings, tables and chairs will be provided as well as cold water and sodas.

If you have half a day (or all weekend) where you can provide assistance;

PLEASE CONTACT:

John Brett  
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[jmbrett99@yahoo.com](mailto:jmbrett99@yahoo.com)



## PJ's TIPS

Tying Tip -  
Memory ... What?

You get this great tip on the latest HOT fly so you belly up to the bench and start gathering the materials. "Damn, I'm out of those hooks" or "Crap, I used up all that color xxxstuffxxx"! Keep a small note book on your bench and make a shopping list as you use up or get short on materials. Works great for jotting down experiments and methods on old and new flies.

# Looking for help?

**Are you trying to learn a new technique?**

**Looking for a fishing partner?**

**Do you need help with anything having to do with Fly Fishing? Look no further!**

The Puget Sound Fly Fishers has a group of knowledgeable folks who want to share their skills and are looking for folks who need help with everything having to do with Fly Fishing. If you are looking for someone to assist you we will make sure that a person with the specific skill you need help with gets in touch with you.

**Please contact anyone in the list below:**

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## **60<sup>th</sup> PSFF Anniversary Celebration Dinner**

We are in the early planning stages for our dinner celebration which will be held on November 5, 2016 at The Emerald Queen Casino Conference Center in Fife. The committee for this event is John Brett, Joe Johnson, Greg Shimek and myself. We welcome anyone that would like to get involved and help us with the program.

We are looking for advice on entertainment, speakers, etc.

There are a nice variety of menus available, and the Board decided on the \$35 menu and established a budget of \$2000 for gifts, prizes, etc.

More to come later. Save the date. Mike Clancy

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## **Puget Sound Fly Fishing Fair**

Mark your calendar for July 29, 2017 when PSFF will be hosting a fly fishing fair for the community. Our goal is to introduce the general public to the sport and to provide information and activities for local fly anglers as well. The event will be held at Pierce County's Environmental Services Building located in Chambers Creek Regional Park. The site has a commanding view of South Puget Sound, the Olympic Mountains, and is next door to Chambers Bay Golf Course, host of last year's US Open.

There will be two tracks; one for beginner or novices new to fly fishing and the second for those of us already immersed in the sport. There will be guest speakers, seminars, demonstrations, activities for kids and families, gear representatives, vendors, other clubs, watershed and wetlands conservation groups, and representatives from state and federal resource agencies.

There will also be a chance for you to pass on some of your equipment during the swap/buy/sell/trade taking place throughout the day. Save your used stuff and hold off on posting it to Craig's List, Ebay, or Washington Fly Fishing.

As host of this community wide event Puget Sound Fly Fishers will need help from you, its members, showcasing our club as we celebrate 60 years in the sport of fly fishing. We have incredibly talented members across a wide range of disciplines and will be reaching out to you over the coming months as we identify needs for the fair. Be part of the celebration, you deserve it.



# The Release

By Walter Hodges

"The fish you release may be a gift to another fisherman, as it may have been a gift to you."

Lee Wulff, 1939

Catch and Release became important to me many years ago, after many years of killing fish. You can't go back, but you can imagine what it might have been like to be ahead of the curve. Lee Wulff was the man who thought up and first spoke to the concept of catch and release fishing. He was the original. Some years ago, over a glass of bourbon on her porch near the Beaverkill River in the Catskills, Joan Salvato Wulff told me he liked a good story. Maybe he'd like this one. A tip of the hat to Lee Wulff.

There are classic moments like this in all of our lives - fleeting, fragile and priceless. Over time they become almost a glimpse caught out of the corners of our eyes. This moment beats in the heart of a native 13 lb female steelhead holding almost effortlessly at the slow edge of the fast water in the current at the bottom of Tony's run on the lower Dean River in British Columbia.

It was my first year visiting Adam Tavender, prince, squire, lord, servant of the lovely Judy and their Dean River Nakia Lodge. Normally, it was next to impossible to get a slot into Nakia, but my friend the steelhead fly-fishing icon Dec Hogan had arranged a group trip and an opening appeared. He called with an invitation to spey cast the lower Dean. You gonna turn that down? Me neither.

Everyone was catching fish on this late June trip. Apparently one of those better years on the Dean. Early in the season, it was pretty much a wet fly game, but there were fish everywhere. Now honestly, I know there will always be the folks with the pearl handled six shooter spey rods, who go around quoting from this and that experience had on this and that waterway around the world. A steelhead to the fly to these people is like getting laid the 258<sup>th</sup> time. It's always great, but what was his or her name, and what does it honestly matter? I'm a cheap date, and I don't date that many steelhead, so these occasional encounters with storied fish make an impact on me. I remember every one of them.

These were Dean River fish. Barely out of the salt. The greatest seduction on earth - pure focused energy. A Dean River fish isn't simply a fish. It's an idealized concept similar to wishing upon a star. These fish come into fresh water already angry. Genetics I suspect. Generations of fish spawned in the river above the falls a short distance upstream in the gorge. Over the years, the same waterfall took its pound of flesh from weaker fish, and genetically reduced the local population of commuting steelhead to a finely honed and composite family of seriously pissed off *Oncorhynchus Mykiss*'s.

For those who haven't been to the lower Dean, you actually have been. You've been there in a steelhead daydream. The Dean empties into salt after a gorgeous two hour float plane ride to the northeast of Vancouver Island's Campbell River. A little rain a few days earlier had left the river a shade of turquoise, on the absinthe side of sea foam lime. Visibility was about three feet. As the glaciated river meets salt water, the fly fisherman is sheltered by the tall peaks of the Coast Range intimately to the north and east and the open freshwater/saltwater fiord of the Dean Channel to the south-southwest. British Columbia's evergreens are an herbal wrap around the entire body of the Dean. As the geological teenagers, Kimsquit Peak and Scarface gaze down on your minute presence, you'll find yourself standing inside a road-less bowl of rock and water, evergreen and snow, current and tide - a glacial bouillabaisse of fishing potential. While watching for grizzly bears, from the corner of your eye, you'll catch glimpses of Bilbo Baggins and Frodo. It's just ethereal. The lower Dean.

It was now the 6th and last full day of fishing. The rest of the guys had gone in early for another dis-

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tracting dinner (I think it was something out of Mexico involving tequila, chocolate and chilies). I stayed a moment longer at Tony's run for just a bit more. Alone on the lower Dean. How is that possible?

If "taking" is a reasonable description, she "took" the orange General Practitioner. Asked some time ago to describe "the take" of a Dean River fish from the viewpoint of a serious steelheader's perspective, Dec Hogan fittingly and hilariously described "the take" by exhaling deeply, taking a huge drink of wine, putting down his glass of red, clearing his throat, standing up from his chair at the Nakia dinner table of friends, assuming a drill sergeant's ramrod attentive stance, inhaling deeply, and then suddenly violently flailing his arms in the air, shaking all over, and screaming the words "GIMME THAT!!!!" Oddly enough, those were in fact her exact words.

The two of us ran/stumbled/lurched/swam/jumped/leaped and Key Stone Copped our way downstream toward the salt. I had nothing to do with this, other than I was last seen running across the gravel bar, holding the rod high and trying valiantly to not break something critical like the odd leg, arm or skull. Fifty yards of this nonsense and she had put up what can't be described as a valiant fight. I can't put sufficient words to the experience.

I estimated the fish to be 13lbs. Sea lice on her side and the color of my grandmother's dinning room crystal chandelier. Hell, I was so excited to bring this female to my side, estimating was about the best I could do. Everyone who has ever caught a steelhead on a fly knows the feeling of total disbelief that it's actually happening.

She gave up just as she came to my side. Quit. Nothing left. I honestly thought she was dead. My joy gave way to a surging wave of concern. I was frantic that I may have fought her too long, or out of inexperience, may have done something more or less than I should. These fish are bred angry and strong. I get this once in a lifetime moment, and suddenly it all turns to a matter of life and death in a matter of seconds. Please, just let her live.

I was in two feet of water next to a gravel bar, and kneeled down to take the barb-less hook out of her mouth. Her gill plates were barely moving. I was certain she was gone. To fight like this and not live – where did that idea come from? My left hand cradled her upper body softly behind her pectoral fins and my right hand gently kept her tail upright. I had collapsed onto my knees and sat in the water with her in my hands. Gently rocking her back and forth in the water and talking to her as though she could hear me. As though I had mistakenly caused a traffic accident and was cradling a victim by the side of the road. While talking to her and begging her to live, I inadvertently looked at my watch on my left hand. It was 5:00. Time to live or die. Right now.

I kept thinking I felt some movement in her body, but it was just the water pushing her into my hands. If I let go, she wouldn't be able to swim. I was barely holding her upright, as her body gently bumped against my hands like some kind of ghost ship cradled against a pier in this, the last unsheltered harbor on earth. Still barely a slight movement from her gills. Time can stand still for magicians and fools. Finally I just looked up in desperation, hoping for someone to tell me what to do next. Now that nothing mattered but life. All alone, brilliant blue sky, golden warm late afternoon sun on the mountains and a shaft of sunlight in the area where we huddled together. Kimsquit and Scarface silent. She fighting for her life. Me the hapless assistant / nurse / killer / perpetrator / fisherman / executioner / life saver. Take your pick it all fits.

I just sat there and sat there and sat there with her, drifting in and out of reality. My legs had lost circulation and were numb. Oddly, I honestly almost went to sleep. Virtually unconscious and then momentarily hyper alert. Over and over again. For some stupid reason, I remembered an oddly similar moment years ago with Gary at a Mark Knopfler concert, listening to *Telegraph Road* in a symphony hall and simply drifting away with the epic tune. Unconsciously aware of nothing and everything all in the same moment.

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The next micro second happened in one long drawn out panorama and I remember every inch of it. The fish simply exploded out of my hands. That's the only word for it. She spontaneously combusted and covered me with a shower of Dean River water. In that same instant where I was drifting away, I was jolted alert and conscious enough of my surroundings to just catch out of the corner of my eye a glance at a giant tail disappearing into the river. The spray from the explosion was still in the air, caught in the side lit glow of the sun, and out of thin air a rainbow of color formed from the spray and followed her path in a left to right arch in front of me and back into the river, and like her was gone forever.

Totally drenched, I looked up into the eyes of no one in particular and screamed, "Did you see that!? Can you honestly believe that!?" With no one to talk to, I simply rolled over onto the gravel bar, looked up to the sky and screamed. I saw my watch. It was 5:15. As part of some improbable gift, she and I had lived together in another world for every second of fifteen minutes. Stuff like that isn't possible, but there it was laid out in front of me on a warm summer breeze from the Dean. I laughed my way back to camp. Somehow, both of us were still alive.

There are in fact moments in all our lives. Fleeting, fragile, priceless. Balancing between here and there, between the imagined and the possible. Moments caught briefly from the corners of our eyes. She and her attitude went upstream toward the falls and hopefully on to give life to her offspring. Me, I'm still looking for dinner, a glass of bourbon, a fine cigar, and I'm always trying to find my way home after dark. Since that moment, I've not been steelheading much, and I've never caught another. But if I never catch another steelhead, all in all, I'm willing and able to call it good. Oddly enough, after all this time, I can still clearly see that moment, and honestly, there's a serious question in my mind as to who actually released whom on that Dean River afternoon.

Note to Lee Wulff. Thank you for that thought in 39. How in the world did you get your head around the idea before anyone else did? I think of that fish on the Dean often, and without her release, my world would be the less for it. God, I hope she survived the last couple miles. At the oddest of times I think of her, and wonder about her offspring. By now she's gone, but her children are out there right this second with their attitudes and their strength and their mythical proportion. They are there right now, holding almost effortlessly at the slow edge of the fast water in the current at the bottom of Tony's run on the lower Dean River in British Columbia.

WH

## **Fishing stories:**

By James Lindsey

Many moons ago, when I was still a young man, I worked for a large photographic store chain. As part of their business they had a complete photo processing service which offered customers one day turn around on their D & P (develop and print).

Of course to run this service, they had to purchase processing chemicals, machinery and support for that machinery. One of the vendors that supported our company was a French immigrant named Pierre. He had migrated many years ago and his English was excellent, with just a hint of accent. As a man who was respected for his quick response time and quality service, he was courted by the business owners that he supported.

He enjoyed visiting and telling stories and I became friends with him. He once told me a story of an ocean fishing trip he was invited on. The boat was large enough to be a status symbol and there were four or five of these nouveau riche business men on board, along with fishing gear, good food and plenty of beer. As the day progressed these complete gentlemen consumed some food and a good deal of beer, and became boastful of their personal achievements and toys. "My boat is bigger than your boat." kind of thing.

One man was wearing a Rolex watch, and it became the focus of conversation. The accuracy of the movement, the solid construction of the case and wrist band and, as they were in fairly deep water at the time, the depth the Rolex could survive.

"Why, this watch is water proof to one hundred meters." bragged the owner. "I'll bet you twenty dollars it isn't." chimed in another, not wanting to be out done. "Well, " said the captain of the boat, "we are in 300 feet of water, let's find out!" By this time the beer had done its work, and no one was showing very good judgment.

A heavy duty rod and reel were found, and a large heavy sinker attached and the Rolex was affixed a yard or so up the line. The rig was pivoted over the side, and the weight allowed to free spool to the bottom. The captain confirmed the electronics said the depth was just over 300 feet, and the laborious task of winding up the line was begun.

At about 200 feet, there was a sudden, powerful pull on the line.

When the weight arrived on the surface, it was all alone. Some fish had had a very expensive dinner.

**Pictures from the Jason Borger sessions**  
Thanks to Dane Meyer



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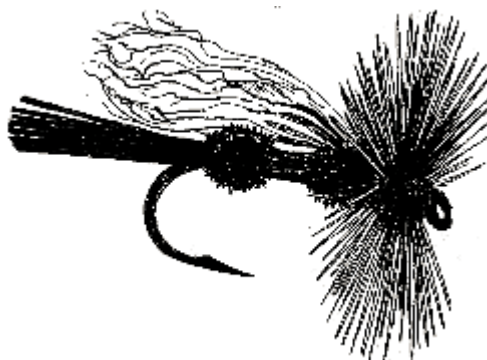
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# *Fly of The Month (flashback)*

Credit to FFF Website

Federation of Fly Fishers Fly of the Month  
**August, 2000- Royal Trude**



## **The Royal Trude and its cousins: A Midwesterner's gift to the West** **By Jim Abbs**

Most of the trout waters of world have similar insect populations, explaining---in part---why flies designed in New York also catch fish in Idaho, the English Hampshire or even Eastern Europe. Basically, many insects, like mayflies, caddis and stoneflies are universal inhabitants of places where trout live. However, the truly insightful fly anglers realize that local patterns and local variations can make a big difference.

In the often-turbulent freestone waters of the mountain west, many Eastern patterns are simply not as effective as bigger, more visible flies that float higher and dryer. According to many sources, the first of the truly Western flies originated as a lark. Apparently the one-time mayor of Chicago, Mr. Carter Harrison, tied a joke fly on a muskie hook, with a dog hair wing (apparently the first hair wing) and wool from a cabin rug. He presented this fly to Mr. A.S. Trude, owner of the ranch Harrison was visiting in Big Springs, Idaho. To make the joke complete, he even named the fly after Mr. Trude. However, this prank fly looked so good it was imitated with slightly different material and became a truly Western fly, totally different from anything back East.

Trude flies are characterized by a down wing, slanting back over the body, usually made of animal hair and most recently calf tail hair, often white. Other flies were developed from this basic pattern, using the down-wing feature, including such early notable patterns as the Killer Diller, Vint's Special, The Picket Pin, Sofa Pillow, Squirrel Sedge, Snake River Caddis and others. In addition, there are many Trude style flies including the Black Trude, Black Gnat Trude, Betty McNall, Adams Trude, Lyme Trude, Fire Coachman Trude, Grizzly King Trude, Pink Lady Trude and more. As a testimony to the effectiveness of Trude patterns, the Lime Trude has been the most effective fly ---based upon recorded catches---in the Jack Dennis One-Fly Contest.

Obviously, the August, 2000 fly of the month is a style of fly, not a single pattern. Nevertheless there are favorites among the Trude style and one of the most popular is the Royal Trude. To document the effectiveness of this pattern, you can turn to the record-keeping of fly angler-scientist Gary LaFontaine. Gary, in his book, *The Dry Fly*, notes that from 1980-1985, the Royal Trude averaged over 300 trout per year for him, far and away his top pattern. Even after he developed sparkle pupas and other great flies, the Royal Trude remained his overall best attractor.

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## MATERIALS

**Hook:** 1X-2X long, sizes 6-18 (Tiemco 5212, Partridge E1A, Mustad 8000)

**Thread:** Black

**Body:** Peacock herl and red floss (gold rib optional) - 1/3 peacock, 1/3 floss followed by 1/3 peacock.

**Hackle:** Brown

**Wing:** White calf tail, downwing style

**Tail:** Elk or deer hair (red hackle fibers optional)

## TYING STEPS

1. Lay down a base of tying thread, starting in the middle of the hook shank. Wrap from the starting point to the bend of the hook and back. This will result in the forward 1/2 of the hook shank bare of thread.
2. Select and stack (to get the ends even) a clump of deer/elk hair (or hackle) and tie it in along the hook to the center of the hook shank (end of base wrap). The tail length (beyond the bend of the hook) should be equivalent to the length of the hook shank. Tie in securely and wrap the thread back to the bend of the hook.
3. Select a peacock herl and tie in with the ridge of the herl facing toward the hook eye. Wrap the peacock forward at the back of the hook shank (about 1/3 of the area covered by the base wrap of tying thread).
4. Tie in a strand of red floss and wrap the tying thread forward to a point about equivalent to 2/3's of the base thread wrap. Wrap the red floss forward and back and forward again to assure a smooth body.
5. Tie in a second peacock herl with the ridge of the herl facing toward the hook eye. Wrap forward to the end of the base wrap (center of the hook shank). Tie off and trim excess herl.
6. Wrap the thread forward half way onto the bare hook shank. Select and stack (to get the ends even) a bunch of white calf tail. The amount of calf tail should be about double the amount of hair used for the tail. Calf body hair is a good substitute for smaller fly sizes. Cut the length if the calf tail fibers (at the butt end) so they are long enough to extend from the bare hook shank to about the middle of the tail. Tie in the wing with the tips back. Secure and trim excess.
7. Choose a brown dry fly hackle (or two for larger sizes) and tie in directly in front of the wing. Trim excess and complete the fly with a whip finish or a couple of half hitches.

Please Credit FFF Website or FFF Clubwire with any use of the pattern.  
You can direct any questions or comments to FOM at [flyofthemonth@fedflyfishers.org](mailto:flyofthemonth@fedflyfishers.org)



# PSFF Calendar

SUN	MON	TUES	WEDS	THURS	FRI	SAT
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	August 1	2	3 PSFC Fly Ty- ing 6:00	4	5	6
7	8	9	10 Seven Seas Fly Tying 6:00	11 NO GENERAL MEETING!	12	13 Outing - Annual Picnic Nolte St. Park
14	15	16	17 PSFC Fly Ty- ing 6:00	18 PSFF Board Mtg 6:00	19 Outing - The Clark's on the Cowlitz	20 Outing - The Clark's on the Cowlitz
21 Outing - The Clark's on the Cowlitz	22	23	24 Seven Seas Fly Tying 6:00	25 Newsletter Deadline 5 PM	26	27
28	29	30	31 PSFC Fly Ty- ing 6:00			

				September 1	2	3
4	5	6	7 Seven Seas Fly Tying 6:00	8 PSFF General Meeting 6 PM	9 Outing - May- field Lake for Tiger Muskie	10 Outing - May- field Lake for Tiger Muskie
11 Outing - May- field Lake for Tiger Muskie	12	13	14 PSFC Fly Ty- ing 6:00	15 PSFF Board Mtg 6:00	16	17
18	19	20	21 Seven Seas Fly Tying 6:00	22	23 Newsletter Deadline 5 PM	24
25	26	27	28 PSFC Fly Ty- ing 6:00	29	30	

Check for Newsletter Article Deadline Date.  
Remember articles can always be submitted early.

## ***Puget Sound Flyfishers***

Club was founded in 1956 and has a long and proud history of involvement, action, camaraderie, and fun. The club's website is located at [www.psff.org](http://www.psff.org)

### **Aims and Purposes of the Club are:**

1. To improve and encourage the sport of flyfishing by social, educational and political means.
2. To encourage flyfishing as a means of conservation and increasing fishing opportunity.
3. To encourage the conservation, enhancement and quality of sport fishing.
4. To promote both "Fellowship" and "Sportsmanship" in all aspects of club and individual activity.
5. To actively assist and encourage the public to become flyfishers, and to adopt the club's mission and philosophies.

**General Membership Meetings** are held on the second Thursday of each month (except August). These meetings are for social, entertainment and educational purposes.

**Educational Activities:** The club offers classes and instruction in fly fishing, fly-tying, fly-casting and rod building. The club has an extensive library of books and videos. The club sponsors an annual Spring Clinic to promote flyfishing.

**Outings:** The club organizes monthly outings to various lakes, rivers, and estuaries. Experienced gillies provide expert information and instruction on how, when and where to fish.

**Conservation Activities:** The club has a long and proud history of encouraging flyfishing (and other selective fishing techniques) as a means of conserving and increasing fishing opportunities. The club is active in many of the important conservation issues of the day and in helping to fund local conservation projects.

**Membership / Dues:** Membership is open to anyone 18 or over. Dues are \$40 per household per year plus a one time (\$10 Initiation Fee) per member nametag.

**Affiliations:** The club is an active member of the Washington State Council of the Federation of Fly Fishers

## **HOW TO JOIN THE PSFF YAHOO GROUP.**

To receive and post to the PSFF Yahoo group you must first sign up as a member of Yahoo if you're not already signed up.

In your browser search for or go to Yahoo.com and look for the button asking if you want to join Yahoo. Click on the button and follow the instructions to join Yahoo. You will need an email address, a user name and a password. Remember these as periodically Yahoo will ask you to use them to resign in.

Once you are a member of Yahoo look at the top of the Yahoo page and find the search box. Enter PSFF in the box and press the 'Search' button. There will be a number of results as PSFF is used by several entities.

Scroll down though the list until you find Puget Sound Fly Fishers. Select the Puget Sound Fly Fishers and Yahoo will take you to the group site. You will notice a small box that asks you if you want to join the PSFF group. Select (yes.)

Another page will open up seeking your sign in information for the PSFF group. This information is separate from the information you entered for Yahoo itself. There will be a box for you to enter a short message telling the moderators why you want to join and basically who you are. Again you will be asked to select an email address where the PSFF group messages are sent.

You will need to select whether you receive individual messages or a Daily Digest. I suggest a daily digest but you can change this selection at any time later. At the bottom of the page you will have to enter, repeat, a displayed code of mixed letters and numbers. When you have done this go down to the bottom right and select 'Join'. You are done.

All new members are on a moderated basis and unable to post until approved by a moderator to help prevent SPAM and malicious posting. One of the moderators will handle your status usually within 24 hours.