

Alpine Fly Fishers

AFF Club Picnic

Tuesday

June 26

At Stephen & Terry's
House



FFI
Charter Club



The Dead Drift - June 2018

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By Larry Gibbs

The 2018 WA Fly Fishing Fair is over. I was glad to see some of our club members there. Thanks for coming over to the Dry Side of the state. The WA State Council had a rod/reel/line raffle. A complete Orvis outfit. A 6 wt Recon rod, a Hydros fly reel and line. A great raffle. I managed to sell all 200 tickets in the two days of the show so we could have a drawing. **GUESS WHO WON?** Yep, me.

In the middle of May, the Clark Fork River over in St. Regis, was flowing at 60,000 cfs. Just for info, the median average for the past 88 years for that time of year has been around 16,000 cfs. The melt started a bit early this year. A flow like that is great. It will scrub the plant growth off the bottom of the river, keeping it fairly weed free for the rest of the summer. Even with a flow that high, the mountains of Montana that drain into the Clark Fork are still at 140% of normal snow levels. So, the river will stay high for a while, way into June, but when it comes back down the water will be cool and clear, filled with hungry fish, just waiting to grab your flies. This would be a great year to go over and do some drifts on the Clark Fork River with Steve Temple of Clark Fork Trout.

Speaking of river levels, the Yakima River should get a good scrubbing this early spring and be in great shape all summer long with the irrigation flows coming out of the three lakes feeding the Yak. This would be a very good year to drift the Yak with Steve Worley of the Worley Bugger Fly Co.

Our May meeting was a little on the light side regarding attendance. I know some of you were out of state and some out of the country doing some fishing. I hope you had success. Mike Clancy gave us a good understanding of the program they have to teach the young future fly fishers at their academy.

Don't forget, June 26 is our annual club picnic. Stephen and Terry Neal have agreed to let us have it at their place again this year. It is always nice to get out into the country. With the view from their place, you can see where Stephen gets many of his inspirations for his 'Back of Beyond' stories.

I want to thank Stephen for writing those stories. It isn't easy to always come up with a new story line but I believe Stephen seems to always keep his eyes wide open so he can see a new thread for another great story.

See you on June 26 at the picnic.

Good fishing.



Larry



Fly Fishing International

Fly of the Month

June 2002

BEAD BROOKS STONE

By Bob Bates



One of the activities associated with attending an annual Federation of Fly Fishers Show is testing the local waters. In 2001 a friend and I checked out some of the streams around Livingston, MT while our Council President sat all day in a meeting. We tried a small tributary, caught some small fish then went to the Yellowstone river. There were no fish working that we could see; so we tried the usual collection of flies without luck.

Then I tied on a Brook's Montana Stonefly. I cast upstream so it would sink as much as possible. An 18-inch brown grabbed it and played with me until I could bring it in for the release. It wasn't a big fish by Montana standards, but rest assured I'll tie a few more Brook's Montana Stoneflies for a trip to the 2002 FFF Show.

One concern was getting the fly down quickly. Lots of options are available, but this one by Matt Minch looks pretty good. He tied the pictured fly at the 31st FFF Conclave and Show (1996) in Livingston, MT. Matt has been fishing with a fly rod for over 55 years and commercial fly tying for about 30 years. He has fished from Pennsylvania to New Zealand, and now lives in Montana. He fishes and guides about 200 days a year and has plenty of opportunity to test fly patterns. This pattern has worked for him and his friends.

He told us this pattern was derived from two other patterns that were given to him by Jack Parker from Idaho Falls, ID. One was a pattern that Zack Parker, Jack's son, had in the Patterns of the Masters, 1995 edition, page B11. Matt revised the patterns taking what he felt were the best features, added new materials, and then used Charlie Brook's "tying-in-the-round" and came up with the Bead Brooks Stone.

He fishes it and its smaller version, Bead Golden Stone, with a short upstream cast and dead drift. A high rod technique lets him guide the nymph through holding water. Also he tries to get the fly as deep as possible.

Matt said in Patterns of the Masters, Vol. 5 (1996) page A21: "The dark colors, the flash of the chenille, and the movement of the tail and hackle make this an extremely effective large stonefly imitation."

Materials:

Hook: Mustad 9672 or other 3XL hook, 4-8

Bead: 5/32" black brass for hook sizes 6 & 8; 3/16" for size 4

Thread: Black mono 3/0

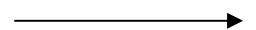
Tail: Marabou fluff from dyed brown grizzly saddle

Body: Black short flash chenille

Hackle: Brown dyed grizzly saddle

Thorax: Dark hare's ear color squirrel dubbing from Spirit River

FOTM Cont. on page 3





Tying Steps:

1. Pinch down barb, slip bead over point to eye of hook. Start thread behind bead and wind to rear of hook.
2. Tie in dyed brown grizzly marabou-like fluff. Make the tail a gap length long.
3. Tie in flash chenille at bend, wind thread forward about 2/3rds of the shank length, apply head cement liberally on thread wraps, wrap chenille forward to thread, secure and trim excess.
4. Tie in hackle, dub squirrel onto thread loosely and wind it forward to bead. Wrap hackle forward through dubbed thorax three or four turns, burying the hackle stem, and secure behind the bead. Trim excess hackle.
5. Put a little more squirrel dubbing on the thread and wrap it between the hackle and the bead. Whip finish. This secures the bead and covers any visible thread.

A Bead Golden Stone is tied the same way but using a smaller gold bead, yellow 6/0 thread, brown-olive flash chenille, antique gold dubbing on Mustad 9672 or equal hooks, sizes 8-12.

You now have two stonefly nymph patterns that can be fished in many situations. And from the stories Matt told they really work for him, so they should work for you and me also. I'll bring some Bead Brooks Stones with me this August.

Back of Beyond

By Stephen Neal

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

There and Back Again

(a Steelheader's tale)

Time paradoxes have given fishermen more than a few sleepless nights over the years. Five friends plan a day fishing, conversation introduces a want, which turns into an executable, texts messages are traded, phone calls try and fix the variables. But time and commitments change the equation. With four of us retired and one working it should be easy to carve out some joint fishing time. Do you here that? It is universal laughter ringing out amongst the stars. In less than 30 minutes all our speculative planning for a Friday trip was litter. Bob was informed that he had grandchildren babysitting duty for Friday. Mike went from providing the boat, to fishing on the Columbia with his brother, Sean was free on Friday but needed to house shop on Thursday. Steve was working Thursday but free on Friday, by some miracle I was open both days. Conflicting needs and responsibilities had coalesced into a log jam. In time, log jams are ultimately broken or circumvented; we couldn't break the time continuum, so we altered our course. Bob and I would fish for Coho and Sea Run's on Thursday, Steve and I would pursue Steelhead on Friday.

Bob and I spent Thursday fishing, we met at 8 AM, drove over to Key Peninsula fished three different beaches, stopped and had a beer and lunch at Sean and Barbra's; then returned home that afternoon in time for dinner. A nice and neat fishing trip minus any catching. The fishing trip with Steve, was not as neat. It was a "there and back again" adventure. Our targeted fish, steelhead, that added road time to our piscatorial pursuit. One of the paradoxes of time is that it can be bent, while Steve and I do carry around a modicum of knowledge, neither of us know how to bend time. Damn! More universal laughter. So, we bent ourselves. Something had to give, road time was fixed, daylight hours for fishing, fixed, winter run steelhead season, fixed. Family obligations, fixed. The only variable we had control over was sleep.

My phone alarm went off at 2 AM, after a quick shower I drove to Steve's house, we were on the road by 3 AM. Our destination, the OP, Olympic Peninsula, and the promise of winter run Steelhead. Traveling in the hours of the day when most humans sleep, is a separate reality. Outside the trucks windshield, the dark inkiness of night concealed the world, a misty rain blurred the world even more. Whatever was out there had no firm shape, it was various shades of dark. Steve and I encapsulated within the truck, were detached from that which gives our world shape and form. Like time travelers that enter a worm hole and emerge on the other side of the universe. Our star system was going to be different. We entered the black hole just outside Puyallup, popped out briefly at a 7-11 in Hoquiam to grab sustenance. That was a fish out of water experience, the buzzing fluorescent light was jarring, but the fat glistening hot dogs and other assorted tube meats rolling on a stainless-steel cooking grill, was truly alien at zero 500 hours. I grabbed chips and apple juice while Steve nuked a breakfast burrito in the hopped-up microwave.



Continued on Page 5 →

The Store Assistant who was placing, the soon to be burnt offerings, on the rolling grill, referred to the store's microwave as: nuclear in it power rating. In conformation, Steve juggled his nuclear hot burrito from hand to hand as we waited to pay. After this alien experience, we re-entered the sanity of the truck's cab, for our final push to our river destination.

Road signs lit by the trucks light told us where we were, but as dark as it was we had no other visible clues to our whereabouts. Exotic names flashed past us, Hoquiam, Hump Tulips, Quinault, Egge Road, we were in the land of rainforest and rivers. We popped out from our worm hole as Steve casually mentioned that we had just passed our turnoff; pulling a U turn we re-entered real time and followed the tail lights of a guide boat down a gravel road. Our slower speed, pulled us back into a connected reality, objects outside began to take shapes. We lost the guide boat in a maze of turns but found ourselves where we belonged, at the end of the road, on the banks of our fishing River of choice. It was breaking dawn. Opening the trucks awning to protect us from the falling rain we sat in our camp chairs putting on our waders and rigging our rods as the morning light filtered over the crest of the Olympic Mountains. We took a short hike in the early morning light to orientate ourselves. Above our heads, ancient woods reached for the stars, their immense size grounding us and to our surroundings.

Greg McDonald was in camp, we had made plans to meet there and exchange ropes and tarps that we had swapped the last time we had camp together. After a quick visit with Greg, on present river and trail information and his planned fishing spots for the day, we didn't want to encroach on his water; Steve and I headed up River and left Greg to his breakfast preparations. We scraped our plan to cross the river by boat and we just waded across.

The large flow we had expected from recent heavy rains had fallen significantly. Even at this early hour the river was busy with other fishermen, the eminent season closing and the river's recovery from its latest surge of storms and those in weather know, were converging. To avoid our fellow fishermen, we stayed near the river and shunned the main trail, while this caused us to do some bushwhacking, we did not put any pressure on the other steel-headers and we had our runs to ourselves.

Like my fishing trip with Bob the previous day the wet gloomy morning gave way to broken clouds but for us, the river remained in shadow. It was a glorious day for Steelheading one of those magical days when the weather, water and fish were all on their best behavior. Thank you, April, for sharing your weather powers in their most appreciated form. Everything felt just right. We began fishing around 7:30 AM, those first, waste deep wading steps wiped the hours of lost sleep from our systems. Before us lay, long sweeping runs, with nice holding water, our expectations ran high.

Our eyes covered the water looking for promising fish holding water, our muscles coiled from remembered memory, to deliver flies to water we wished to cover. Take a step and repeat. There is a synchronicity to all this motion, your body senses the water temp, the rivers current, it searches for your next foothold, your waist turns to follow the fly, gentle mends keep the fly on its proper course; and when your fly has reached it journeys end you rest it there, before giving it a twitch to induce a take. If there is no take, our muscles once again lift our spey rods, bent by the weight of our line, fly, and water anchor, they release their energy in arched fly lines bearing feathered offering across the water. A good cast is like a Tai Chi form or pulling silk from a cocoon. The best casts are smooth and un-rushed. Speed, jerkiness and power are wasted energy. As we fish, our minds and eyes are taking in the world around us: The Alder bottoms, funny how they seem to grow in circular bunches. (Steve discovered on a subsequent trip, that high water carries the seeds down in clumps and it deposits them together resulting in the circular bunching). The gray clay bank on the high side of the river is three distinct shades of gray. Cloud filtered sunlight accentuates its beauty.

The last storm has changed this run, there is a big rock river left, might be a good holding spot.

This place is gorgeous, those ancient Doug Firs and Big Leaf Maples make you wish you could talk to trees and hear the stories that they could tell. Wood poachers have butchered some ancient maples on river left, what a sadness.

The pioneers that settled this land, are long gone, they had to be very hardy people to make a go of it, way back in here. Cleared meadows, old graves and fishing runs named after them, are testaments to their lives, lived here.

If you lose the man-made trail, look around you will probably find an Elk trail that will get you through, and they go just about everywhere.

That is how we spent our 9 plus fishing hours, immersed in pursuit of steelhead and ruminating on the world surrounding us. We shared our thoughts and experiences during our brief fishing breaks and over lunch consumed on the river's edge, as we soaked in the beauty around us. We switched river locations about mid-day with a short ride through this land of giants, ferns and spawning streams, and when Steve landed a beautiful chrome hen, we celebrated the occasion with big smiles and a high five; that put the icing on our day.

We left the River around half past 5 and drove home, as the days sunlight lengthened. I shared some of my favorite Mark Knophler, tunes. We talked about our families, future fishing trips, work, camping trailers and other items the cosmic universe brought to our attention. Dinner was fish and chips, served fish shop style on the banks of the Wishkah River where it flows into the Chehalis River. Hoquiam and Aberdeen, river towns, there glory and vitality lost in time. An empty shell of a former fish processing plant, the old Northern railroad swing bridge, and the rusted remains of forgotten maritime structures filled our view and our minds with nostalgia.

Good food in a place that had seen better times. Night fell as we left Aberdeen, plunging us back into the dark of night time travel. Our early morning ride had been bereft of cars, but our evening drive featured a plethora of headlights. Too soon, our day of bent time and Steelhead dreams ended, Steve was safely home with Donna, and Terry was waiting for me. Soon pillow time would demand its toll.

Sometimes bending oneself to fit the existing circumstances and time constraints leads to a journey into wonder. At 68 years of age most of my wild man trips are probably behind me. But when a friend suggests that we ought to go Steelheading, I will do my best to answer the call. That's why, Steve and I have been known to drink a 3 AM beer on the banks of a Steelhead river, in our quest to bring them to the fly. I look forward to my next "There and Back Again" journey.

Thank You Steve, for a great day steelhead fishing, and yes Bob sometimes sleep is overrated. More universal laughter ringing out amongst the stars.

May you find yourself on the water soon or maybe, holding a nuclear hot breakfast burrito as your adventure begins. Hot, hot!

"When given the choice between being right or being kind, choose kind – Dr. Wayne W. Dyer

*Pictures provided by Steve Egge

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. 2 No. 6

July of 1974



This ~ *In The Past* ~ article was published in 1974. The information it contains is 44 years out of date and is not accurate. This is a historical document only.

Next meeting:

Date: Monday, July 1, 1974

Program: Bruce Crawford, fish biologist for King & Snohomish counties, will give us the specifics on the lake SMC taking program. This is the program we have volunteered our assistance for, so let's have a good turnout.

Door Prize: Don't know for sure, but they'll be good ones.

Fishouts: The Silver Lake fishout was about a month late. The bass had moved out into the deeper parts of the lake along with the water skiers and speed boat nuts. Fishing around the lilly pads did give a lot of dry fly action on bluegills.

Our next fishout is sort of a split one. For those who can make it we'll go with Bruce Crawford to SMC Lake on July 10 to catch, fin clip and release as many trout as possible. Then on July 13 and 14 we'll fish the same lake again to see how many clipped fish we can catch again. This is all subject to ice out.

Fishing Reports: There are reports of summer steelhead being taken on the North Fork Stillaguamish. Lake Chopaka has been good for trout, but a lot of the Atlantic Salmon brood stock dumped there have died. Lake Killarney has some good bluegill fishing using dry flies. Most of the Columbia Basin trout lakes are too warm now, as is Texas Ponds on the west side. A late report from the Verlot Ranger Station in Snohomish County states that nearly all lakes above 2100 ft. elevation are still iced over.

Bluegills: For a pleasant change of pace, try an evening of bluegill fishing. One lake that I know of that has a good population of these little scrappers is Lake Killarney. Silver Lake also has a lot. Use dry fly flies and fish just out from the weed beds and around islands. Bluegills are very tasty and unlike trout should be cropped rather heavily as they tend to overpopulate a lake and become stunted.

Wild Trout: I had the pleasure of fishing for some native cutthroat a while back. The place wasn't all that inaccessible, but was virtually untracked and unlettered by fishermen. The only betrayal of man's presence was the clear cut this stream ran through. The loggers has left a strip of timber along the banks, though, to protect the water. Every sandbar was replete with deer tracks. The native cutthroats averaged 8 or 9 inches long, but an occasional fish would run as large as 13 inches. On my 6'-8" midge rod there was a lot of sport. As far as I know, there are still a lot of fish there because I released every one I caught. These waters are scarce and delicate and cannot sustain a good wild fish population unless strict conservation is practiced.

Fishout Cleanup: As you may or may not know, our by-laws state fishout attendees must donate some time to cleanup beyond their own campsite. The Silver Lake fishout afforded a ripe opportunity for cleanup, and as a result we have a lot of aluminum beer cans to recycle into the club's treasury. Also, when you are out fishing anywhere, pick up those aluminum cans and bring them in. Our treasurer, Dave Catimore, will take them to a recycling center and deposit the proceeds into the club treasury.

Patches Are Here: The club patches have arrived! For a buck our Ghillie, **Gary Strodtz**, will hand you one of these attractive decorations. These patches will at least double the value of your vest or fishing jacket, so buy now!

Bring a guest: Keep the guests coming in. Remember, the AFF is open to women, so you could bring your wife, girlfriend, mistress or whatever and give them the pleasure of a dinner out and at the same time do your fly fishing bit.

BRING A GUEST. BRING A GUEST. BRING A GUEST. BRING A GUEST. BRING A GUEST. BRING A GUEST.

BUY A PATCH. BUY A PATCH. BUY A PATCH. BUY A PATCH. BUY A PATCH. BUY A PATCH. BUY A PATCH.

SUPPORT THE FFF. SUPPORT THE FFF. SUPPORT THE FFF. SUPPORT THE FFF. SUPPORT THE FFF.

Don't forget. The FFF conclave is August 21-24 at West Yellowstone, Montana. This is the heart of the best bly fishing in the United States. Our club needs an official delegate, so if you can plan you vacation then, here's your chance.

Alpine Fly Fisher Meeting Dates in 2018

June 26 (picnic)

September 25; October 23; November 27; December 18

A Fly Fishing Quote:

“ All pikes that live long prove to their keepers, because their live is so maintained by the death of so many other fish, even those of his owne kind, which has made him by some writers to be called the tyrant of the rivers, or the freshwater wolf, by reason of his bold, greedy, devouring disposition.”

*Izaak Walton
The Compleat Angler (1653)*

Thanks to the Quotable Fisherman by Nick Lyons

FLY FISHERS INTERNATIONAL FLY FISHING FAIR

Come Join Us In Boise, Idaho

August 7-11, 2018

VENDORS - IRON FLY - TYING AND CASTING DEMONSTRATIONS -
KIDS ACTIVITIES - AUTHORS BOOTH - PHOTO CONTEST

WHAT'S HAPPENING:

A week-long event providing fly fishing education and fun activities starting Tuesday, August 7, 2018.

WORKSHOPS: Tuesday, August 7 through Saturday, August 11, 2018.

FISH FEST

Exhibit Hall Opens Thursday, August 9 through Saturday, August 11, 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Daily

Guest Speakers & Celebrities | Vendors | Fly Tying & Casting Demonstrations | 1-Hour Seminar | Iron Fly | Kids Activities | Auctions & Raffles | & Much More!

HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS: The Grove Hotel is our host.

REGISTRATION: Opened May 30, 2018

"When we teach a person to fly fish, we just created a conservationist." Lee Wulff

It is June which means it is time for our annual club picnic. We will be gathering at Stephen & Terry Neal's house. They have graciously opened their place again to us.

Bring some food, your choice. The club will furnish some pizza and some chicken.

Bring your own beverages.

Start arriving at 6:00 PM on Tuesday, June 26.

If you need directions, email me.

See you there. Larry

FLY FISHERS INTERNATIONAL (FFI)

Fly Fishing Fair

August 6-11, 2018

Annual FFI Fly Fishing Fair, Boise, ID. The program will be held at the Boise Centre in the heart of downtown Boise. The event, The Grove Hotel for lodging, and parking are in the same block. There are many great restaurants within walking distance. I am conducting the Youth Camp, my wife and I drove to Boise to learn about the venue, didn't want any surprises in August. Folks, this place is amazing, The Boise River runs right through the city with wonderful fishing opportunities. I know if you attend this event, you won't be disappointed. It's still in the planning stages, so more to come. It's a great vacation area.

www.flyfishersinternational.org

Remember the special free drawing at the end of 2018 during our Christmas meeting & fundraiser raffle.

This year, every time a club member who attends a meeting you must check off your name off on a sheet of paper over by the raffle tickets. This is the only way you will be counted as having attended that meeting.

I will keep track of the attendance 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 donated by Duffy. This is the 7 weight, 9 foot, 4 piece model and I will include a new TFO reel.

Another will be an aluminum fly box with our club name engraved on top and containing dozens of flies.

During the year, I will come up with one or two 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. There are nine meetings, including the picnic, where you will gain another chance to win a prize. 😊

You must be present at the December meeting to win and you can only win one of the special free drawing items.

Larry

New Rod / Reel / Rod Case Raffle Board

We started a new rod raffle board at the March meeting. I call it the Rod/Reel/Rod Case raffle board. There will be two rods to pick from.

One rod is a TFO Impact 9', 6wt, 4pc w/ a fighting butt. Included is a TFO reel, the NXT LA II. These are contained within a rod/reel rod case. The total Fair Market Value for this outfit is over \$500.

- Or -

A TFO Finesse 8'9", 3wt. 4pc fly rod. Included is a TFO reel, the NXT LA I. These are contained within a rod/reel rod case. The total Fair Market Value for this outfit is over \$340.

This will be a 60 square rod/reel/case raffle board with each square selling for \$5. Once they have all been sold we will pick a winner and that person will then decide which rod he or she wants. Once that rod is selected, we will have our third rod/reel/case raffle board for whichever rod remains.

This is a great way to contribute to the club and to get a really nice fly rod and reel.

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!

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ST. REGIS, MT

OWNER & OUTFITTER, STEVE TEMPLE

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Clark Fork Trout

St. Regis, MT

Steve & Peggy Temple have their fly shop just on the north end of St. Regis, right across the street from the road down to the boat launch.

Check it out!!!

For a really good guided drift boat fishing trip, you should check out the Clark Fork Trout.

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

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June / July 2018

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
“There are moments, above all on June evenings, when the lakes that hold our moons are sucked into the earth, and nothing is left but wine and the touch of a hand.” - Charles Morgan					1 June	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 Club Picnic	27	28	29	30

1 July	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	27	28
29	30	31	<p style="color: red; font-size: 1.2em; margin: 0;">It's summer, do some fishing!!!!</p> <p style="font-size: 0.8em; margin: 0;">"Loud is the summer's busy song, the smallest breeze can find a tongue, While insects of each tiny size grow teasing with their melodies, Till noon burns with its blistering breath around, and day lies still as death." - John Clare, July</p>			

Alpine Fly Fishers' 'The Dead Drift' is Published monthly by the Alpine Fly Fishers Club
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Visit our website at www.alpineflyfishers.org

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