

Alpine Fly Fishers

Our Next AFF Meeting

Tuesday

March 23

ZOOM MEETING

6:45 PM to ??


FLY FISHERS
INTERNATIONAL
Charter Club
1000 Stewards member



The Dead Drift - March 2021

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President's Line

By Larry Gibbs

Thank you Ron Zarges for being the Programs Coordinator for over four years. Ron started that position back in October of 2016. He recently asked me to find a replacement for him. He has done a great job of finding guest speakers for us all these years, so again, Thank You for doing such a great job. Ron has speakers set through March and has a few other possible presenters for down the road. That gives his replacement a little breathing room.

I called Doctor Robert Alston and asked if he would take over the reigns as Program Coordinator and he agreed. Fantastic.

Okay, I am not a computer tech. If any club member is interested in taking over the Alpine FF website, please send me an email.

On the lighter side, remember when everyone would get a daily newspaper? For many people one of the first things they would do was open to the obituary page. Well, in this digital age, if you Google a name you get the obits from across the country. Just for the heck of it I entered my name and found out that obits of various people with my name were listed as having passed in over a dozen states. There sure were a lot of me out there all these years, and I never knew them. :-)

Again on the lighter side, in 2021, the March equinox happens on Saturday, March 20, at 2:37 A.M. Spring is less than a month away!!! WOW. Dust off the fly rods, tie some flies, clean and treat your fly lines and give them a good stretch. Check your supply of leaders and tippet. I used to fish year round, in fact, some of the best fishing was during the winter. But as I age on down the road, I can't take the cold anymore, so that ended my winter fishing. But spring? You bet! The Yakima River is calling and far off I hear the sounds of the Clark Fork River in Montana whispering my name.

Covid 19. To me that should be a swear word. Wash our mouths out with soap as we wash our hands if we utter it. But, it is still out there. The vaccinations are slowly progressing, but slowly is the key word. I had hopes for starting our in person meetings in September. Talking with Dr. Robert Alston, we decided to push that to a month sometime in the future. Robert is finding us some good speakers. He told me he is aiming for speakers from far away, since the Zoom guest speakers can come from anywhere. That means we will be seeing programs on destinations we don't usually go to, hence, introducing us to new possibilities once this Covid (ok, wash my mouth) threat has been reduced. Then once we do start having in person meetings, we will start using the pool of speakers who live near by. Sounds like a good plan to me. Thanks for taking on the programs job Robert. All of you take care out there.

"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

March 2007

QUIGLEY CRIPPLE

By Bob Bates



Bob Quigley developed this pattern some time in the 1970s according to my references. Since then the number of Quigley Cripple patterns has proliferated tremendously. Depending on what mayfly is imitated, sizes range from 8 to 22. The 8 is for a Green Drake and the 22 that a friend ties imitates a Blue-winged Olive (Baetis).

Tying technique is the same for all sizes and colors.

Mayflies hatch in our streams and lakes from spring to fall. Some of the insects don't escape from their shucks or the water surface film. Such trapped insects are easy targets for hungry trout and other fish. When fly anglers understood this, they began developing emerger patterns. This is one of the better emerger patterns, and that is why it is copied so much. You notice that I didn't say "best" because I know somebody would argue with me.

Many of us will put on a greased high floating dry fly when we see fish splashing. However, the fish might be taking emergers trapped in the surface film, or more insidiously, nymphs. Look carefully before you cast. An emerger pattern is usually fished like a floating pattern, that is dead drift. For small sizes use light leaders, and if you use a floatant put it only on the hackle and wing.

Material List:

Hook: Any dry fly style, Tiemco TMC 100, Mustad 94840 or AC80000BR as above, etc. size to match natural.

Thread: Tan or color to match natural, 8/0 – 14/0

Tail: Olive or tan or color to match natural

Body: Stripped hackle quill or dubbing with or without a rib. Tan or olive or color to match natural

Thorax: Tan dubbing or color to match natural

Wing: Deer or elk hair, light color or color to match natural

Hackle: Tan, brown, light ginger or color to match natural

Tying Steps:

1. Put thread at about mid shank.
2. Select a number of marabou fibers suitable for the hook size. Secure marabou at mid shank and wind thread rearward while holding the marabou on top of the hook. Wind smoothly because this is the underbody for the quill. Tail is usually medium length.. Leave thread at bend.
3. Secure quill by winding thread forward. Keep quill on top of hook while winding. It isn't too difficult because of the quills stiffness. Wrap thread smoothly.
4. Wrap quill forward to thread, secure and trim excess. Easy if the quill is flexible, but if it isn't flexible it will split. Soaking the quill in water for a little while to over night will help solve the splitting problem. One important caution: STAY CLEAR OF THE POINT OF THE HOOK. The slightest touch will mean a split quill in two or three wraps. Starting with the finer part of the quill will be easier to wrap and require lots of wraps. Also mayfly bodies don't have that many segments. Starting with a thicker segment of the quill will give a better looking body, but it is more likely to split if it is not properly soaked. A little experimenting might be needed.

5. Put dubbing on the thread, and wrap forward one eye widths or a little more. When putting dubbing on thread, use a tiny amount and twist it only one direction between thumb and first finger. Some tiers use dubbing wax, etc. to help keep the dubbing on the thread, but other tiers argue against using wax. Some people lick their fingers, but sanitation comes into play there.



6. Select a small bunch of deer or elk hair. Clean out under fur and shorts. Stack and tie onto hook at front of thorax. Place clump on top of hook, tips forward and positioned to make about a bodylength wing. Hold the hair tightly so it wont spin or slip down sides of hook. Make first turns very tight so hair will stay on top of hook, then wind thread forward about one eye width. Return thread to front of thorax. Take care to prevent the hair covering the eye.

7. Clip rear of hair at rear of thorax.

8. Select a feather with little web and barbs about one and one-half times the gap. (The easiest way is use saddle hackles and read the package label.) Prepare hackle by pulling or cutting off a few barbs. Secure hackle at front of thorax with the dull side toward hook. I always leave a little bare shaft between the barbs and first turn of thread.

9. Pull the hackle forward to put a little kink in the shaft and wrap feather around hook two to five times. Put one or two thread winds over hackle at back of wing to hold it in place. Bring the thread in front of wing and secure hackle as close to the front of the hackle as possible. Trim excess. (One set of tying instructions said to make one wrap of hackle in front of wings before tying off feather. It wont bother the fish, but I think that it spoils the look of the fly.) Finish the head and trim thread.

10. The last step is to put a little Super Glue, Zap-a-Gap or Krazy Glue on the quill and a little head cement on the threads. (I like the bottles of Krazy Glue, etc. with a brush.)

Closing comments: All of us should have a few Quigley Cripples in our box for those special occasions. However, it pays to know what mayflies will be hatching and when. Above all have fun tying the flies and then catching fish with them.



Just a little Grouseing



I thought poaching was a sick bird, like illegal. Yet here is a blatant case of the government allowing poaching. I live in Pierce County, population at around 905,000. King County is just to the north of where I live and it has a population of 2,260,000. King County has 2.5 times more people than Pierce County. So, why are they allowed to poach people from Pierce County for jury duty? Yes, I received a summons for jury duty in the King County District Court in Auburn.

Back of Beyond

Stephen Neal

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

A Song



Please indulge and old man as I contemplate an emotional reflection. The past influences how we experience the present, and how we experience the present focuses us on the path we want to take into the future. Life is a song; it is each individual's expression of their journey through the stars. It is ours but for a brief moment of starshine, sing it true and deep from your heart. Your song may soar, glide, or crash no matter the outcome; sing, it marks humanities passing from today into tomorrow. It is your starshine. The following song is my rendition of the songs that Mom and Dad sang to me.

The songs began upon my conception, I was sung too while growing in the amniotic fluid of transformation. They were songs of hope and love. From incredible lightness of being, I opened my eyes in Fresno Community Hospital at 12:09 am on the 9th of February 1950. My conscious mind does not remember the experience, I have only the songs my mother recounted to me, telling my Dad that she hoped I was as handsome as he was, but she wanted me to be taller. I gave a lusty cry when the Doctor gave my butt a slap. ("Thanks' Doc for that welcome") My parents had my name picked out, I would take my father's first name, to forestall me being called junior, they would call me by my middle name Stephen, if I been born a girl, I would have been Stephanie. We rode home from the hospital in the front seat of a used pre-war manufactured automobile; I was tenderly cradled in my mother's arms, (this was in the distant past, "I'm Old" a time before car seats and seat belts). As he drove us home to our dairy farm my dad beamed, his joy, pride and hope all jumbled together on that car's faded grey bench seat. I am the progeny of Bill and Gloria, a working-class American couple. I was the first of 4 children, by the end of January of 1956 we would be a family of six. Mom and Dads' covey of one boy, three girls. "Dad and I were outnumbered".

Bill and Gloria were raised in the midst of the great depression, Bill born 1921, Gloria 1923, the stream train that was the great depression rolled into the station in 1929 and lasted through 1945. Bill, called Junior by his family, became the oldest sibling when his older sister was killed by a drunk driver on her way home from school. Dads upbringing was accomplished in Fresno's (at that time) south east edge of town, his youth was spent outside as were most of his contemporaries, for entertainment he jumped into hand dug pit traps to catch foxes, (he came out on the short end of that stick), rode willow trees to the ground when they were cut down, (he had the welts from the flailing branches to prove it), played street hockey with the stems of palm fronds serving as hockey sticks. Loose rules, fancy foot work, hip checks and fast elbows were freely employed to score. Dad was a rooster, small of stature but stout of heart. In the rough and tumble of Fresno's Depression era living, being a rooster got him through the twenties and into the thirties.

Gloria, 18 months younger than Dad, started her life in the Hollers of the Mississippi River on the Illinois side, Brewster Holler to be specific. Like her future husband she spent her childhood playing outdoors, while Bill rode willow trees, she swung on vines from tree to tree above the gullies that drained the Midwest plains into the Mississippi river. She did her best to avoid the copperhead snakes that shared the family farm and their garden. Gloria was the middle child, her partner in the game of life was her older sister Shirley. Shirley the extrovert, Gloria the introvert. Shirley provided the impetus for Gloria to grow beyond her shell, but also tried to force a cat's tail down Gloria's throat. Her older sister was her best friend, teacher, co-conspirator, or tormenter by turns.

While Junior plied his bravado to carry him through trouble, Gloria employed, dig your heels stubbornness when pushed too far. On one very cold morning walking to school she had had enough, she sat down, refusing to go forward or to retreat because it was just too damn cold. The quite middle child just pulled rank, older and younger brothers and sisters held no sway with this small, bundled obstacle in the middle of that snow covered clay road.

Gloria's father had restless feet and a strong need to travel. During the week, the kids attend school, tended the garden, fed the chickens and in their free time entertained themselves in the outdoors accompanied by their mother, who often left the dishes in the sink to play with her children. She was a child of the hollers herself. When the weekends and summer vacations began, they knew to have everything ready for their dad when he got home from work. Soon after his arrival, you would find them all in the car two adults and five kids on the road discovering America. During the depression somehow, they had gas in the car, a bazillion spare tires stacked on top, rudimentary camping equipment and the clothes on their backs, the open road beckoned, my grandfather answered, off they would go, the world was their oyster to be plucked inspected and consumed.

Continued on page 5 —————>

Mom's family, the Keller's' were a nuclear family, their thirst for life sucked everybody else into their orbit. Their home in Brewster holler and their later home in Fresno was the hotbed of activity for neighbors and family it was the place to be. The Keller's were lovers of the outdoors, books, and travel. Their travels taught them that strangers were undiscovered friends and soon to be members of their extended family. For their time they had an exceptionally large world view of life.

While Gloria and her family explored the East Coast and Midwest car camping, Junior's world was the San Joaquin Valley, Sierra Nevada's, and San Francisco. In his pre-teens he hiked into the Sierra's via the old Auberry road to camp near present day Shaver Lake. His boy scout troop accomplished this by pulling all their gear in hand pulled wagons. "After all my Sierra Nevada backpacking trips this story still boggles my mind".

Bill and Gloria's lives were about to intersect for the first time in the 1930's. While Dad was a third generation Californian, Gloria was about to become one. On their way home from a family vacation out to California in 1936, Gloria's family stopped in Flagstaff, Arizona, the five kids had been pleading their case for staying in California since they left the Golden State. In their camp spot that night around a campfire they decided as a family that California would be their new home. They wired their family back home to sell the farm. They settled in Fresno in a white house on White Ave., just North of Belmont, not far from Roosevelt High School. "An inside family joke, we lived in the White House".

Bill and Gloria's lives crossed at Roosevelt High School, Mom, caught Dads' eye in high school, but they would not formally meet until after WWII. While Dads' days were rocky, Mom sailed through high school graduating a year early. Bill was good at schoolwork but being the small guy in high school re-enforced his survival skills, take a defiant stand when pushed, became his best defense. When a group of boys would force him into one of the many school lockers, he fought tooth and nail; when it was a gang of girls that forced him into the lockers, his mother's admonishment to never hurt a girl stayed his fight. His stand on no violence towards women did not lessen his pain or embarrassment. In spite of his underdog status, Bill grew into a champion of the little guy and he watched out for others. These were the survival traits that he took with him into WWII. His High School guardians were his teachers, on noting his absence they called the custodian to find him and release him from his locker prison.

After High School Gloria went to work for Bank of America, and with her sister Shirley, they bought a house. Bill went to work for his father who owned a plastering business. WWII would soon upend Bill and Gloria's life trajectory. On December 7th Bill headed to the Marines to enlist, his father talked him down, told him it was going to be a long war and that he would be in the thick of it, soon enough. He encouraged him to take a summer job in Sequoia National Park. Grampa wanted his son to walk free in the Sierras, breath the mountain air and let the mountains fill him with its goodness before the coming darkness.

Too soon Bill and Gloria's mothers would each have two blue stars hanging in their home's front windows. Gloria went to work as a clerk/secretary at Hammer Field, managing personnel files and training schedules for fighter pilots training in P61 night fighters for deployment in China and India. Many of the men she worked with, some who had crushes on her or her on them disappeared in the carnage that is war. One smitten pilot did a portrait of her based upon her high school graduation picture, he left her clothes off, revealing bare shoulders. Upon his departure Gloria and her mother retreated to the bedroom to dissolve into giggles and suppressed laughter. Mom was officially a pin up girl. Gloria fought the home fronts' war of rationing, shortages, black out curtains, telegrams of condolences from the war department, casualty lists, and the worry for family and friends on the front lines.

Bill was drafted in 1942, went through basic training and Radio School. He then was assigned to the 115th Regiment, HQ Company 29th Division and was sent to England to train for the invasion of Fortress Europe. He volunteered for Ranger Training, upon completing his training he returned to his original company for D-Day.

When Bill jumped into the surf and sand of Omaha beach with the 29th Division on June 6th, 1944, I believe he still held a little of the Sequoia Mountain Air with-in-him. The LCI carried him all the way to the beach through the carnage of shells, destroyed landing crafts broken and destroyed bodies of friends and buddies. It tore him up inside to pass on by and not to be able to help. As his fellow soldiers fled the boat, they discarded equipment, in their haste to be gone from this hell on earth.

Not Dad, he had already made peace with himself, he held no illusion of surviving the war let alone this man-made hell of death and flying steel, his training kicked in. He began to pick up all the discarded handheld radios that he could carry. Live or die he had a job to do and he was going to get those radios on the beach, and hopefully across it and beyond. His trait for shouldering more than his load, was forged in the hell of WWII. Unbeknownst to him those first steps on Omaha Beach were his first steps back towards home. He still had a lot of hell to face, lost friends' wounds, surgeries, and healing. Then back into combat, more wounds and surgeries, more lost friends, and personal sacrifices. He fought through France and into Germany then was evacuated after more serious wounds to convalesce and finally home to Fresno and the San Joaquin Valley.

Bill and Gloria somehow survived the carnage of a worlds war, the home front, combat, lost loves, lost friends, families scattered,

shattered, and broken. The storms of the economic depression and war had marked their lives and transformed them. Battered, injured, and bruised they found themselves delivered safely into each other's lives in 1948 and became husband and wife, from that day till my father's passing they faced the world together.

I sing this song to honor my parents, not to raise them above others or to depict them as saints or sinners. They both had warts, faults and stumbled at times. They like others of their generation faced the world and survived, to prosper and grow, to raise families and shepherd us into our adulthood and enjoy their grandchildren. They faced a constantly changing world that was vastly different from the one in which they were born. But the legacy that my parents left my sisters, and I is how they faced that world.

The songs they sang taught me to be humble, to treat each person I met with respect, no matter the color of their skin, nor their station in life. That people of different nationalities were our neighbors and friends; they faced the same world we did trying to make a life in a world that does not always give you a square deal. To honor and respect the lives of friends and fellow workers. (Dad lost many a friend in the war, war does not allow one to mourn, to heal that part of himself he faithfully attended all the funerals of the men/women he worked with and his friends until his passing).

Their songs further taught me to love the outdoors, books, learning and music. That there are many sides to a disagreement, to understand you must look at it from many directions. (During the Vietnam war Mom and Dad stood by the men who fought and died there. It broke my Dads heart to see the treatment they received upon returning home. He and Mom also stood by those who did not want to fight and die, this must have been hard for a man who answered his nations call and sacrificed much in his call to duty. Somehow, they grew to know that you could serve your country by not fighting. He and Mom supported the disabled veteran programs until their death).

Their songs taught me to help people by not condemning them for having different belief systems or sexual morays. Mankind was put on this earth to serve others. That the bible is a book of learning not a book of rules to control other people's actions and thoughts, nor to support one's own prejudices. That while money and a strong economy are important, people, honesty, and integrity, are equally important. There are many more songs that Bill, and Gloria sang to me and their songs are much bigger than this small verse. I have sung this song for you and now it belongs to you. It will soar, glide or crash depending upon the songs you sing about life. From my heart I tried extremely hard to sing their song true.

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



~ *In The Past* ~

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

June of 1977

Jim Higgins, Acting Editor



This ~ *In The Past* ~ article was published in 1977. The information it contains is 44 years out of date and is not accurate.

This is a historical document only.

Program: Earl Younglove of the WA Fly Fishing Club will talk about the Yakima River. Earl is in the Fishing Department at Eddie Bauer's.

Door Prize: Butane backpacking stove with fuel cartridge; De-liar; Berkeley Flat-Butt leaders.

Last Meeting: Fran Wood and John Callahan of the WA Fly Fishing Club presented an excellent slide show on fishing the high lakes of WA. Thank you Fran and John!

Fishouts: The next club outing is scheduled for June 18-19 at Leech Lake, located on the top of White Pass. This lake is fly only for brook trout.

Prices Lake Report: Jim Johnston of the Game Dept. reports that creel census results show that the growth rate of the fish has brookies running 12-16 inches and the rainbows are 11-12 inches. So you can imagine what another year or two will do for them.

Fishing Reports: After his race in Coeur d' Alene last Saturday, Reed Miller stopped on his way home to fish Quail and Beta Lakes. The large Atlantics in Quail are 20-24 inches with the smaller ones 12-14 inches. The rainbows were 12-13 inches and 5-7. Reed caught several of the smaller fish and foul hooked one of the larger Atlantics which gave his new rod a good workout.

Cal Cole and I fished the Deschutes River over the weekend with only marginal success. It seems the big red sides were up in the shallows with other things on their minds. Most of the fish we caught were juveniles with an occasional red side.

BRING A GUEST
JOIN THE FFF

YOU MISSED A VERY GOOD ZOOM MEETING

The February Zoom meeting is in the past. There were only eight of us from the club along with one guest, plus the guest speaker, yes, only ten in all. If you were not there, let me tell you, you missed a very informative presentation on fishing the saltwater for Searun Cutthroat and various salmon species. David Dietrich of Adventure Angling put on a VERY informative presentation about fishing the lower Puget Sound. Even if you don't fish the salt, there were bits of information in the presentation that actually can be applied to river fishing as well as some lake fishing.

Yep, you missed a very good program.

Larry



ZOOM CLUB MEETING

TUESDAY, March 23, 2021 @ 7:00 PM

March Zoom Guest Speaker Program

Marc Williamson

Spring Creeks in Oregon

Washington FFI joins the Amazon Smile Program



You can donate to the state FFI council with every purchase at [Smile.Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com/Smile)

Reward programs are everywhere these days. From the grocery to airlines everybody is rewarding a purchase by giving you credit for future purchases or contributing to a cause. Now the Washington Council of Fly Fishers International is one of the groups you can help when you purchase goods through Amazon Smile.

Amazon Smile donates 0.5% of the price of every purchase to the non-profit of your choice. It doesn't change the price you pay for goods. Amazon takes a sliver of its earnings from the transaction to donate to the non-profit you choose.

Washington FFI supports a range of education and conservation efforts every year from cash contributions. We support Casting for Recovery for women cancer survivors and Project Healing Waters serving wounded veterans. For years we've backed the annual Northwest Youth Conservation and Fly Fishing Academy that has introduced a generation of teens to our sport. Last year we helped organize and fund a successful effort to preserve public ownership of the Ebsen Fishing Access on the Grand Ronde and we helped fund new signage for fishers on the Yakima River.

It takes cash to sustain these efforts, cash we usually raise through our annual Fly Fishing Fair and other events. That hasn't been possible lately. But everyone still shops. Many FFI members shop online at Amazon. Directors of the Washington Council have joined the Amazon Smile program to help fund our work. You can help by shopping through Amazon Smile.

To join follow these steps:

Visit [smile.amazon.com](https://www.smile.amazon.com)

Sign in with the Amazon.com credentials you ordinarily use to shop at Amazon.

Search the list of charities and select **Fly Fishers International Inc. Seattle WA**. Make sure it says Seattle!

Bookmark [smile.amazon.com](https://www.smile.amazon.com) on your computer to make it easy to return to the charity site.

Every time you shop through Amazon Smile a portion of every purchase you make will help fund FFI education and environmental stewardship in Washington. Several FFI councils nationwide participate in the program so be sure to select Fly Fishers International Inc. Seattle WA when you sign up.

Since our founding 56 years ago, Washington FFI has worked to support the 22 FFI member clubs in Washington and Alaska and design ways to promote and conserve fly fishing for all fish in all waters. Washington FFI pursues projects and partnerships that educate the public about our sport and the habitats that sustain salt and freshwater fisheries. We have a track record of success creating innovative education programs, sound conservation efforts and a strong community of fly fishers statewide. Help Washington FFI continue that success by signing up at [smile.amazon.com](https://www.smile.amazon.com) and selecting Fly Fishers International Inc. Seattle WA as your non-profit of choice. Thank you.

Editors Note: I already had a link to Amazon on my computer but it did not open to Amazon Smile, so I copied the URL to the Smile site and opened up my link and pasted the new URL in it. Now I open to Amazon Smile when I click the link.
Larry

Hey, the Skwalla hatch is starting up on the Yakima River!!!!!!

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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!

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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.

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March / April 2021

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
"No winter lasts forever; no spring skips its turn." - Hal Borland	1 March	2	3	4	5	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20 SPRING !!
21	22 Zoom Meeting	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	"The March wind roars like a lion in the sky, And makes us shiver as he passes by. When winds are soft, and the days are warm and clear, just like a gentle lamb, then spring is here." - Author Unknown		

"O Day after day we can't help growing older. Year after year spring can't help seeming younger. Come let's enjoy our wine cup today, Nor pity the flowers fallen." - Wang Wei, On Parting with Spring

				1 April	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	22 Zoom Meeting	28	29	30	"April's rare capricious loveliness." - Julia Dorr

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