

Alpine Fly Fishers

Our Next AFF Meeting



FLY FISHERS
INTERNATIONAL

Charter Club

1000 Stewards member



No Meeting

Go Fish

The Dead Drift - August 2021

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Editor Information

Mailing Address

Board of Directors

President's Line

By Larry Gibbs

Make sure you check out page // of this issue, Nope, disregard that. I wanted to have a complete list if all seminars and classes and events you can view during Fly Fishers International's Virtual Expo this November, and the list was supposed to have come out in July. But, alas, that was not to be. It is rather important however since some of their classes actually start as early as August or so my understanding goes.

I will post a special report on the seminars, classes and events when they do post them.

Our newsletter just got a big bump in readership. With my okay, Sam Matalone has placed a link to our newsletter on the main page of the WA State Council website. He hopes to bring other affiliated clubs into the action and have all of them with links to their newsletters. Should make for some interesting reading, especially if you are interested in the area the club is located.

Sam Matalone has become our webmaster by default. Since no one in our club has offered to take over the role and I was working with Sam on getting our new website up and on line and since I am not exactly a whiz with website stuff, Sam has offered to help out until we do find someone. He is on the Board of Directors for and is also the webmaster for the WA State Council's website. Sam is an excellent, maybe I should say an exceptional fly tyer and he loves fishing, especially steelhead fishing. Which is what brought him to join our WA State Council even though he lives in Texas (note: they don't have any steelhead in Texas, but they do have some great fishing).

August already. This summer is flying by for me. I will finally be able to get out on the water to do some fishing, it has been that sort of a late spring and early summer. Life just happens sometimes and this has been one of those years this past 10 months that diverted my fishing efforts into other directions. But now I will be able to start to do some fishing. I am really looking forward to getting back on the rivers of Washington and Montana.

Contact you all again as soon as I hear from the FFI regarding the Virtual Expo.

"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

August 2007

GUN METAL PHEASANT TAIL NYMPH

By Bob Bates



There have been many variations of the Pheasant Tail Nymph since Frank Sawyer, River Keeper on the Avon, first tied it in the early 1900s. Gary Barnes, Rigby, ID, was tying this fish catching version at the 2007 Western Rocky Mountain Council Fly Fishing Exposition, in West Yellowstone, MT June 30, 2007.

Pheasant Tail Nymphs imitate several mayfly nymphs so you want to move the fly through areas where fish might be feeding on them. In shallow moving water I usually use a floating line and throw the fly upstream near shore and then work outward, wading if appropriate. (Too many anglers immediately wade into a stream so they can fish the far bank, and they scare near shore fish.) Let the fly drift drag free. This fly is not heavily weighted so you might need a sink tip line or non-lead weight on the leader to reach some fish.

Lake fishing has its own approaches. Floating, sink tip and full sinking lines are all useful. If you are alone in a boat you can rig up five rods and be ready for a variety situations and water depths. One time a floating line, a pheasant tail nymph and cooperative rainbows made me late for dinner. This version of the Pheasant Tail Nymph might have worked better. Unless the mayflies are hatching you might have to go down for the fish. You want the fly to move just over the weed beds so use a countdown method to control the depth. If you start picking up weeds shorten the time you let the line sink. Also vary the retrieve until you find something the fish like.

There is more information and history on the Pheasant Tail Nymph in the Fly of the Month September, 1998.

Materials list:

Hook: DaiRiki 075 #14-16

Bead: Glass gun metal blue bead

Thread: Griffith shear thread 14/0, tan or brown

Rib: Brown copper wire

Body: Pheasant tail

Throat: Peacock herl

Hackle: Whiting Brahma or other soft hackles like partridge or pheasant

Tying steps:

1. Smash the barb down so it will easier to put on the bead and release the fish you hook. Slide bead to front before putting hook into vise. (If your fly shop can't get the beads try a craft store.)
2. Start thread at about the midpoint of hook.



3. Lay the copper wire on side of hook, and wind thread over the wire toward rear of hook. Stop winding just above the barb.

4. Pull four natural pheasant tail fibers straight out from the shaft to match their ends. Cut them off and tie them on hook to give shank length tail.

5. Wind thread forward to a little in front of mid shank. Make first wrap of pheasant tail cover the tie down thread. Wrap remaining pheasant tail forward to thread, secure and trim excess.

6. Take one piece of peacock herl bend it around thread, secure it right at front of body and make a couple of wraps forward to a point that leaves a little space behind the bead. Tie off peacock herl and trim excess.

7. Take one wrap of wire at the tail so the fish's teeth will not damage it, spiral wire forward to front of herl, secure and trim excess. Wind the wire in the same direction as the peacock herl. Do a quick whip finish

8. Push bead back and bring thread in front of it. Hold feather by tip, stroke most of the fibers back and tie it in by the tip.

9. Wrap feather one turn stroking the barbs back as you wrap, secure and trim excess.

10. Form a neat little head, whip finish and trim thread.

Closing comments: This is an easy fly to tie, and Gary says that it catches lots of fish. To me it just looks like a fly that should catch fish. It has the magic of pheasant tail, a little peacock herl and a soft hackle.

Editors Notes:

A fly like this would be great for Euro Nymphing or even Tenkara fishing. Just replace the glass bead with a tungsten bead and it will be heavy enough to get down to the bottom very quickly. You can vary the hackle color as well. That is the neat thing about tying your own flies, they can all be custom made. Larry

Back of Beyond

Stephen Neal

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

Oven Heat

There are two ways of spreading the light; to be the candle, or the mirror that reflects it. – "Edith Wharton"

While fishing at Lake Chopaka in the early spring I recognized that I wanted to bring my grandsons here when school released in June. We missed last year due to the pandemic, and I knew if I did not start planning now, the summer would be gone, and we would miss another year. That was not acceptable. My thoughts immediately turned to logistics, what do I need to equip four middle school age boys for a week's fly fishing in June. I needed to come up with a minimum of four fly rods preferably more (for unforeseen oops!), reels, lines, flies, waders, and boats. Yep! That is a plethora of stuff, and we have not even gotten too, tents, sleeping bags, cots, chairs, tables, firewood, food, and water. Plus, personal stuff, hats, sting ease, lip balm, sunscreen, toilet paper, toilet items. You get the picture.

The maxim that it takes a community, is so true. My friends and family came through without being asked. Sean tied flies and loaned me a rod and reel, Bob provided a cot and more flies, Steve offered up a new just-delivered tent, which I politely declined as between my son and I we have at least 6 tents. Garry offered up whatever we needed. My son and daughter's families came up with food, PFD's, sunscreen, wipes. My son did a deep dive on the internet and found boot-foot waders for the boys at \$45 dollars apiece, and between my son and I we came up with enough watercraft to get all five of us on the water at the same time. I asked each boy to plan and prepare a dinner and breakfast. This plus my meal responsibilities set the menu for the week. The equipment needed to support myself and four boys for a week is an impressive amount of stuff. To get us and our food/gear to our chosen campsite, filled my truck and a small utility trailer. The trip was coming together nicely.

Sunday, Father's Day was our packing day for an early Monday morning departure. After we got everything loaded into the truck and trailer, a screw was found in the truck's passenger side rear tire. Little did I know that it was a first in a series of hurdles that we would have to overcome before we made it home. Our early departure had to be moved back to facilitate a stop at Les Schwab for a tire repair. The usual 5-to-6-hour drive to the lake was extended by a road closure, we had to take the longer road into the lake. Between the tire shop and road reroute it was 4 p.m. when we arrived at the last available campsite on the Lake. We stepped out of our airconditioned truck into oven heat and were a bit surprised. I had been checking the extended weather forecast for Lake Chopaka, it had predicted highs in the 80's and overnight lows in the 50's, a very doable summer camping temperature. It was in the mid-nineties in the shade and over a hundred in the full sun. Hot or not we had a camp to setup, the boys and I got on with it.

The five of us were mighty happy when the sun dropped behind the ridge, and we were no longer being bathed by the sun's full force. Little did we know that there was a heat dome building over the Pacific Northwest. The next morning, we donned desert dress, shorts, loose fitting long sleeve shirts or tee shirts, broad brimmed hats, buffs, lip balm and sunscreen. Our camp was in full sun, our first objective that morning was to put up the awning and three extensions to maximize camp shade. A good part of that shade was taken up by the ice chest and dry food boxes, we had to move them with the sun to keep them just warm not sun hot. Our drinking water was warm and got warmer as the week progressed.

After a breakfast of bacon and eggs we set about assembling the three watercrafts. We put the pontoon boat together first and recuperated in the shade as necessary, then started on the Scadden raft, once we had that on the water, I set the boys free. I saw this as a good opportunity to help them cool down and to get acquainted with the pontoon and raft that they would be rowing and manning. This instigated a mad dash to don swimwear and PFDs, after a brief, these are the safety rules and the area you must stay in, they were instantly in and on the water, embracing its cool liquid bliss. As I assembled the NRS raft the boys rambunctious play on the water and boats kept me entertained. Soon they semi mastered the use of the oars and were racing back and forth in the cove, I had designated as the safe play zone. Pirates and Adventurers, they became as their imaginations were inflamed.



Boats were boarded and abandoned, planks were walked challenges given and answered. Hostages were taken and recovered, and the games morphed as the rules were changed to benefit the moment. Through it all their boat handling skills improved, and the heat of the day was forgotten as they played.

While they cavorted in the water, I finished setting up the last raft and began to rig up five flyrods and putting together their gear. Forceps, nippers, float, indicators, tippet, split shot, knot tying card and flies. When they came dripping off the water, I passed out their kits and demonstrated knot tying, then had them tie their first flies on their tippet. Once they had their rods setup, they headed down to the water's edge with casting muscles quivering to be used. Youthful joy induced overcasting, power over skill. While there was a lot of too-much wrist action in their casting strokes and snagging of grass and reeds behind them, they were getting their flies out on to the water. Miraculously only three flies were lost to the grass gods. In incremental steps I would intercede before their miscasting techniques became ingrained and let them try again. When they became bored from lack of catching, I called them in, I did not want them to become frustrated. They quickly pulled out cards and board games to pass the time before dinner. That evening we relaxed in our chairs around the unfired fire ring, (a burn ban was in effect), and traded stories and laughter till the cool of the night called us to bed.



That first morning our neighbor Ron had stopped by to see if I had a compressor to fill a flat tire, while I do have a compressor for my air bag suspension, I am not equipped for tire inflation. Ron had to make a long round trip to Tonasket to get his tire repaired, when he returned, he gave us the latest weather report that blew my expected highs in the 80's out of the ballpark into the stratosphere. Day time temps were now expected in the high nineties and hundreds. A Heat Dome was moving over the PNW.

While setting up camp I was watching the lake, the more time you spend outdoors the more this becomes second nature. Everything in nature is a message about what is going on around you. The mood of the lake was off it was hunkering down to weather whatever was coming its way. More fishermen were leaving than arriving. There was a little surface action in the evening but the rises I was witnessing were small fish, nothing over 6 or 8 inches and Chopaka is a big fish lake. The blue damsel flies were coming off in large masses but few if any fish were rising in response. The next morning as we departed camp to fish, I took a water temperature reading, the lakes surface was 72 degrees Fahrenheit, not a good temperature for trout. My fish finder showed fish deep in the water column below 18 feet. They were deep and I had not brought any break away indicators for fishing deep and even if I had, I am not sure I would have used them; that would have put too much stress on the fish, and their survivability would have been pretty darn low. I had come prepared to fish with blue damsel flies and sedges, as they are great flies for Chopaka in June. The blue damsel flies were hatching in impressive numbers, but the fish were deep in the water column trying to ride out the heat wave. Getting my grandsons on fish was facing a major hurdle. One that I would not overcome on this trip.

We fished until 2 p.m., with nary a bite or strike. We tried surface flies, woolly buggers, San Juan worms and leeches, but we had no takers. As we rowed back to camp dark clouds began rolling in. This heartened us, as a freshening breeze and the cloud cover brought the temp down by about 10 degrees. With the hot temperatures and the no catching the boys fishing enthusiasm had waned. The approaching high mountain storm put a little spring back in their steps, and they were ready for a swim and snacks. Our afternoon was filled with swimming, very brief and light sprinkles, more boat play, and card games under the awning. While untangling fouled fishing gear and rerigged their rods for evening casting, I quizzed them on what they were seeing on the lake and the surrounding hills and wildlife. It is my small way of getting them involved and connected to the world around them, to read its messages and to be able to respond.

That is how our days went, breakfast, lunch on the water, and fishing until 1 or 2 p.m. then swimming and boat play and naps in the shade until the sun dropped behind the ridge. Thank God we had an afternoon breeze or even the 96+ degrees in the shade would have been intolerable. The fishing remained the same no hits, no runs, but always a few errors as I re-rigged, untangled and tried new flies as needed. To make up for no catching the boys would change boats, climbing from one to another during re-riggings or short swims, all while wearing their PFDs. Waders were ditched on the first day as they were just too hot to wear in the sun.

On our next to last day the oar keeper on the Scadden raft broke, necessitating me towing it and its two passengers back to camp. I was able to get it operational for the next day, but then our plans changed. That evening we got the latest weather report when we hiked up to where we could get cell service and called home.

Saturday and Sunday were predicted to be 106 degrees at the lake, after a brief discussion the boys voted for heading home, so Friday instead of fishing we packed up the rafts and got everything in order so that come Saturday morning we would get up at 5 a.m. and be on the road before 9 a.m. to beat the heat.

On Friday afternoon when the sun dropped behind the ridge we hiked up to the head of the lake, as we ambled up the trail, I would stop and pointed out the difference in trees, meadow and draws, areas that were cool with air movement and warm areas with little or no air flow. Good camping areas, where fish could be found, the historical significance of trees and the science of what we were seeing or feeling. I did this by asking lots of questions and letting them answer before giving them the background on my questions. I admit I felt mighty good, when my youngest grandson offered this unprompted review, "I learn a lot more from you than I do in school". Dalton is good student, and I am not better than school. He was appreciating my insights and knowledge about the natural world I was sharing with them. When I asked them, why do you think I point out all these different things to you? Darren answered, "because you love the outdoors, and you want to share it with us". My inner smile filled me up. The natural world will be in the good hands of my grandsons.

Little did we know the next morning when we left Chopaka that we were about to have to overcome the biggest hurdle of our trip. We got off the mountain fine, we did have to dodge falling rocks and got out to move what we could off the road, before continuing our journey home. When we reached Tonasket around 11 a.m. the temperature on a banks display showed 107 degrees, all was well in the truck the AC was keeping us comfortable and the truck was running well.

When we left the fast-food drive-through in Omak that is when the leisurely trip back home began to change. After we received our meals, I heard a clunk from the trucks rear end, we pulled over but could find nothing wrong with the truck nor trailer. As we crossed the Okanagan River the AC died then the truck bogged down and would not accelerate climbing out of the river valley. It died on us at the entrance to the Indian hotel/casino. It restarted and we drove up to the casino. All gauges were normal, I popped the hood, and nothing seemed out of the ordinary, I then put the code reader on the truck and found no error codes. What the heck was going on? I called my son to let him know that we were having car problems and to pick his brain. My first guess was that it might be a fuel pump or gas filter and I would head back to Omak and an auto parts store, for a filter and I would call back when I knew more.

In Omak I bought a fuel filter and crawled under the truck in a dirt lot and changed the filter, no luck there. All the auto shops in Omak were closed, Cy found one in Okanagan about 5 miles away, that was supposed to be open until 2 pm. We made a slow torturous drive to Okanagan hugging the shoulder, only to find that because of the heat they were closing early and could not help us until Monday morning. On hearing this my son and daughter got both their cars gassed up and headed towards us. They were 5 hours away. We limped back to Omak to see if we could purchase a fuel pump, but the auto parts store listed 3 models of fuel pump for my truck. To determine which model, I needed I would have to drop the fuel tank in a dirt lot with no guarantee that the fuel pump was the problem. We then headed to the Walmart parking lot to wait for my son and daughter to arrive. While the boys went into Walmart to cool down and get drinks my wife called and told me to find a hotel or motel room. I called 4 hotel/motels and was informed that everybody was booked for the weekend. With the temperature hovering around 112 degrees, I needed to find some shade. I found an RV park near the rodeo ground and the river, and we limped over there.

Remember at the beginning of this article I mentioned the community, my son-in-law had gotten on the internet and booked us a room in fact he booked three but two of them were just too far to drive too. I also got calls from Sean and Garry with tips, suggestions and just to make sure we were OK. Thank you, Brian, the airconditioned motel room was an oasis in this desert heat we were experiencing. While I took a shower to wash the gasoline off me from the filter exchange, the boys turned on the TV. There were two channels, one was showing Naked and Afraid and the other Gunsmoke. After watching a little of both, they choose Gunsmoke it was their first exposure to 1950's black and white television, they watched Matt, Kitty, Chester, and Doc save Dodge City from the outlaws. They were amazed to learn that I was five when Gunsmoke first premiered on TV, and the world was still in black and white.

After Cy and Nicole arrived, we unloaded the truck and hooked the trailer on Cy's suburban, checked out of the Motel and headed home. With the truck significantly lightened we limped home at 55 mph. Thank goodness the sun had set with the windows down it was windy, but it made the drive cool enough to be relaxing. I got a little anxious crossing Blewett Pass on U.S. 97 as the truck bogged way down but we made it over the top and down into Cle Elum fine. For Snoqualmie Pass on I-90 I shifted down into 3rd gear, and it climbed it fine We got back home at 2 a.m. just as my wife was getting up to go to work. It had been a long day for my boys they had been up since 5 a.m. We got over that last hurdle and made it home, it is an adventure that we will not soon forget.

This could have been a quite different trip, but my friends and family helped me get it all accomplished and home safe and sound. Thank you to, Cy & Nicole N., Nicole & Brian A., Terry, Sean, Garry, Bob, Steve, and Trisha you all had my back and that is very much appreciated. But my biggest thanks, go to my Grandsons, Darren and Colin and Nolan and Dalton, you made it all worthwhile, you were upbeat, helpful, and enjoyed the adventure under difficult circumstances. I promise I will get you onto some fish soon and I will go camping with you anytime and anywhere. You are outstanding bright young men and very much loved. We did good, during a period of Oven Heat.

To my friends and reader, I hope to see you on the water soon.

Stephen

PS: The truck is still in the shop; breakdown cause still undetermined.

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. 11

November of 1977

Gary Ritchie, 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: Bob Wethern, Union, WA. Bob has spent many years fishing the beaver ponds in the Hood Canal area for Cutthroat trout. The subject of his slide show will be "A to Z and In-Between".

Door Prizes: - Book: "Steelhead Fly Fishing and Flies" by Trey Combs
-Leater - tote
- Cortland line cleaner

Nominations for 1978 Officers: It's time for the changing of the guard.

The Nominating Committee has come up with the following suggestion:

President	George Vaars
V. Pres	Doug Hansen
Secretary	Gene Rivers
Treasurer	Merle Herrett
Gillie	Dick Mazza

Nominations will also be accepted from the floor the night of the meeting. Elections will be held during the December meeting (that will be the only item of business).

We need to know by this coming Monday night who will be bringing ladies to the December dinner meeting. If you cannot make the meeting, please call one of the officers or write in to the club notifying us. Thank you.

Fly Pattern:

Winter steelie season is nearly on us, here's a good little number to try out on them. It's a classic.

Thor

Hook - size 2 to 6, 2x stout
Body - thick chenille
Tail - orange hair
Hackle - dark brown
Wing - white hair
Head - Black

Fishing Report: A named and unreliable source (Phil White) has reported that heard from this other guy that the Toutle is clear and that there are sea-runs in it. How come it's always the week after the fishout?



No Club Meeting in August

Future Zoom Meetings and In-Person Meetings

Our next **Zoom** club meeting will be on **September 28**. Then on **October 26** we will have our first **in-person** meeting since February 2020. Wow. That meeting will be like our normal September meeting. Everyone can spin tall tales of their exploits while fishing or travelling. We meet again on November 23. There is a change for our Christmas meeting this year, we will have it on December 28, the 4th Tuesday, 3 days after Christmas rather than a week before Christmas. This will be one of the few years we can have it after Christmas because of how the days fall in the month.

Washington FFI joins the Amazon Smile Program



You can donate to the state FFI council with every purchase at Smile.Amazon.com

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 State 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 State 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

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!

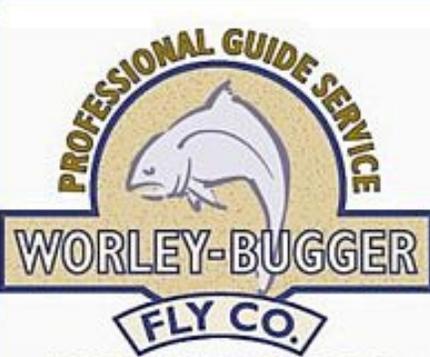
Bookmark smile.amazon.com on your computer to make it easy to return to the charity site.

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 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. It doesn't cost me any more money and the WA State Council FFI gets a donation from Amazon. Larry



1713 SOUTH CANYON ROAD
ELLENSBURG, WA 98926
509-962-2033
worleybugger@fairpoint.net

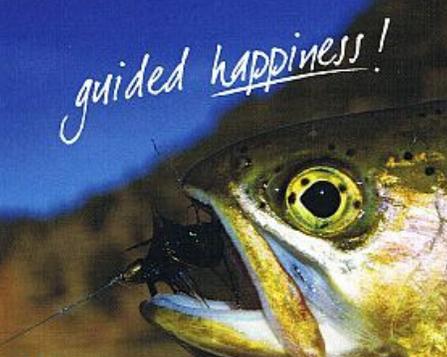


CENTRAL WASHINGTON'S PREMIER FLY FISHING OUTFITTER, PRO-SHOP
AND PROFESSIONAL GUIDE SERVICE

Worley Bugger Fly Co.

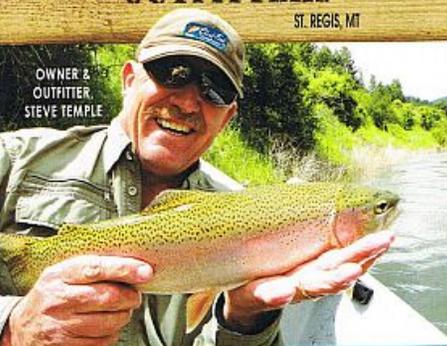
Steve Worley has some great guides and he has put together the best fly shop filled with a massive amount of fly tying materials and equipment. You really need to stop by the shop and check it out. Just take the Canyon Road exit off I-90 and turn north towards town, the Worley Bugger Fly Co. shop is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

guided happiness!





MONTANA FLY FISHING OUTFITTERS
ST. REGIS, MT



OWNER & OUTFITTER
STEVE TEMPLE

www.ClarkForkTrout.com 406.382.0161

Clark Fork Trout

St. Regis, MT

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

Check it out!!!

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

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

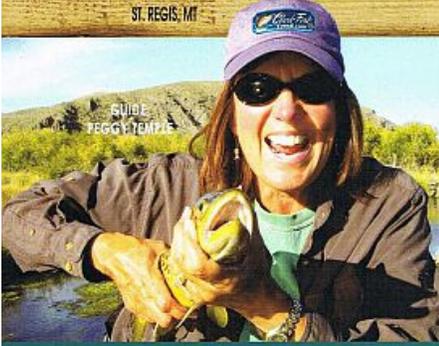




CLARK FORK TROUT, LLC
BUS: 406.382.0161 - HOME: 406.822.0922
715 Hwy. 135 - St. Regis, MT 59866
Outfitter Steve Temple #20878



MONTANA FLY FISHING OUTFITTERS
ST. REGIS, MT



GUIDE
PEGGY TEMPLE

www.ClarkForkTrout.com 406.382.0161

VIRTUAL EXPO 2021

Fly Fishers International (FFI) has transformed its annual International Fly Fishing Expo into a virtual event for 2021, completely reimagining how fishing enthusiasts from around the world can enjoy the Expo from the comfort of their own home.

“Our goal is to have fun while learning and immersing ourselves in everything fly fishing,”
— Patty Lueken, Chair of FFI’s Virtual Expo Planning Committee



The FFI Virtual Expo 2021 will take place November 5-7, and will be unlike any fly fishing show in the past.

FFI is pulling out all the stops to make the Virtual Expo the premier fly fishing event of the year. Teaming up with some of the best instructors, presenters, and fly fishing personalities in the sport, FFI Virtual Expo 2021 will feature workshops and presentations on casting, fly tying, conservation, women in fly fishing, travel, and much more. Similar to fly fishing shows, there will be vendors, break-out rooms, and entertaining activities—something for everyone.

Highlights will include:

- Fantastic classes and workshops from renowned “fishy” folks
- Compelling and important conservation workshops
- Fly tying demonstrations with some of the world’s best
- An online auction culminating in a virtual live auction on Nov 6
- Great giveaways
- Specialty classes on cooking, nutrition, tricking out your camper, “how it’s made,” and other topics to interest fly fishers and non-fishers alike.

“Building off of the incredible success of the FFI Online series — during which we brought the essence of FFI out to the international fly fishing community — the Virtual Expo will bring the fly fishing show experience to you.”

— Patrick Berry, FFI President, and CEO



FFI Inaugural Film Festival

ARE YOU A STORYTELLER?



Have a phone or camera? Want to win some cool stuff? Enter the FFI Inaugural Film Festival.

In keeping with the mission of FFI to preserve the legacy of fly fishing for all fish in all waters, the objective of the Inaugural FFI Film Festival is to invite and encourage filmmakers of all ages, abilities, and experiences to tell their fly-fishing-related stories through film. Experienced or novice, young or old, close to home or in exotic locations, all are invited to submit their original films.

Deadline to submit a film is September 10, 2021.

Details of the Festival:

Overview: In keeping with the mission of FFI to preserve the legacy of fly fishing for all fish in all waters, the objective of the Inaugural FFI Film Festival is to invite and encourage filmmakers of all ages, abilities, and experiences to tell their fly-fishing-related stories through film. Experienced or novice, young or old, close to home or in exotic locations, all are invited to submit their original films.

Judging: Films will be selected by a panel of judges from the fly fishing community whose identity will be confidential until after the contest. Expo registrants will also vote for a Fan Favorite of those selected by the judges.

Festival Rules:

Open to EVERYONE and IT IS FREE!

All submissions must be fly fishing related, and can feature topics related to conservation, education, community, destination, or just a good ol' fishing story.

All submissions must be original material.

Submissions can not have been previously released in any form, including social media platforms, video posting websites, or elsewhere on the internet.

Entries cannot have been in any other fly-fishing film festival or competition.

Prizes:

First Prize - \$2,000 cash

Second Prize - Merchandise from an FFI Industry Partner. Retail value of \$750.

Third Prize - Cheeky Reel

Fan Favorite - Cheeky Reel

All winners will receive FFI hat and t-shirt as well.

Submission Deadline

September 10, 2021

Don't Miss Out!

Go to: <https://www.flyfishersinternational.org/>

Login and click on the Film Festival link for more information

August / September 2021

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1 August	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11 	12	13	14
15	16	17	18 gladiolus	19	20	21
22	23	24 No Meeting	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	"Whilst August yet wears her golden crown, ripening fields lush- bright with promise; Summer waxes long, then wanes, quietly passing her fading green glory on to riotous Autumn." - Michelle L. Thieme, August's Crown			

"September twenty-second, Sir, the bough cracks with unpicked apples, and at dawn the small-mouth bass breaks water, gorged with spawn." - Robert Lowell			1 September	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15 	16	17	18
19	20	21	22 Aster	23	24	25
26	27	28 Zoom Meeting	29	30	"By all these lovely tokens September days are here, With summer's best of weather And autumn's best of cheer." - Helen Hunt Jackson, September, 1830-1885	

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 Larry Gibbs, Editor 253-820-0475 flytier015@q.com

Alpine Fly Fishers
PO Box 1456
Sumner, WA 98390

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Visit our website at alpineflyfishers.org

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