

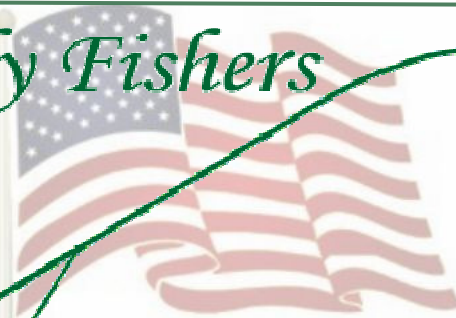
# Alpine Fly Fishers



**FLY FISHERS**  
INTERNATIONAL

Charter Club

1000 Stewards member



Our Next AFF

## ZOOM Meeting

Tuesday

February 22

6:30 PM to ??

## The Dead Drift - February 2022

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### **President's Line**

*By Larry Gibbs*

I received the last of my virtual auction items from the FFI a little while ago. A nice reel and fly line and other 'stuff'. I do hope we can have an in-person meeting this March. I am sorry we had to cancel the January and February in-person meetings. I know that Zoom meetings are not perfect but at least we have a chance to see one another, even on a screen of some type, which is a whole lot better than not having any contact at all these past 24 months. But, with the start of in-person meetings you will once again get the chance to win some really neat raffle items and maybe even something Lynne cooked up in the kitchen.

It is also a time when we can start to rebuild our bank account. We have had to pay for a number of things plus the guest speakers all for the past two+ years, and that did cause the account to go down a bit, but we still have enough to continue on with no problem, as long as we slowly rebuild the fund.

When I started reading Stephen's 'Back of Beyond' this month the first thing that popped into my head was the old Peter, Paul & Mary song, 'Puff the Magic Dragon'. I think when you start to read his latest, you will see why and maybe that song will echo around in your head for a while like it did with me.

On the National front, we will have another Virtual Expo this November. If you didn't sign up for the last one, make sure you do for this one.

More locally, Steve Jones, president of the WA State Council, is checking for a good location for the one day fly casting event, we hope it will be this summer. I thought of a good location up near Bonney Lake but when I priced it, the \$9,500 per 10 hour day sort of put it out of our reach. Steve will find a place, most likely somewhere up in King County and there are several fly fishing clubs up there that are willing to help out.

**NEWS FLASH:** The WA State Council has decided on having that one day casting event at a King County location: Senior Center at Lake Ballinger Park. The date will be Saturday, August 13. More on this later.

Yes, we have a Zoom meeting later this month, on February 22. Marc Williamson will be giving us a presentation about 'Reading Still Waters'. His presentation at the January meeting was informative, about reading moving waters. I believe we all can agree that reading still water is a lot harder if you do not know the body of water. I hope his presentation gives us some good tips on doing just that.

We are aiming for an in-person meeting on March 22. 😊

*"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

February 2008

### HENRY'S FORK CALLIBAETIS

By Bob Bates



New fly patterns come about for several reasons. I won't list them all so we can get right to the reason behind this pattern, a need for fishing. On many fishing waters one insect hatch will decline and another overlapping hatch will start. For a time period you don't know what the fish are taking, the old pattern or the new one. Some of the Oregon lakes present this problem to their anglers. The fish are real picky when a Callibaetis mayfly comes off. But when a caddis comes off, a Tom Thumb often works. Norm Domagala of Monroe, Oregon faced this often. At the FFF 2007 Fly Fishing Show & Conclave he showed us how to tie one solution to the problem. It also has two materials that I had not seen before and one old time item that could be used more. Like most, if not all, patterns this one can be considered a marriage of two other patterns: a mayfly and the Tied Down Caddis, with a little Tom Thumb thrown in.

It is fished using a floating line and nothing on the fly to make it float better. When the fly gets too wet Norm uses drying crystals, or you can simply use a chamois. The fly floats low in the water so it is hard to see if the surface is rough. In the morning if the surface is glassy twitch it a little. If it is a windy day cast somewhat crosswind and let it ride the rough water. Mostly fish take it because it is the right size. Keep a close eye on your line. Try to cast the line so it is straight. Recast or straighten the line when it gets crooked.

#### Materials List:

Hook: Gamaktsu S10 sizes 14 and 16

Thread: Ultra thread, 70 diner, tan

Tail: Horse hair paint brush dyed with brown Rit

Back: Coastal deer hair, Dun

Body: Wonder Wrap from Montana Fly Products, flat rubber, gray

Hackle: Henry's Fork Hackle (CDC) from Montana Fly Products, grey

#### Tying Steps:

1. Start thread at back of hook and wind a thread base ending at mid shank.
2. Tail is from a horse or boar's hair paint brush. It has to be a high quality paint brush which are expensive, but sometimes they can be found at garage sales. Big brushes can be cut with a hacksaw. Has to be a light color to take the brown Rit dye. You can dye it several times to get the right color. Darker hair is not good quality. Cut a few fibers, stack them and tie them on to make a shank length tail. Cut off the butts at a slight angle
3. Cut a bunch of deer hair. Clean out under fur. Trim tips, hold trimmed hair about mid shank and tie deer hair securely. Tie on with butts facing back. If deer hair flares excessively use less thread tension toward the bend. Make deer hair bunch about twice as long as the tail, so it easier to separate it from the tail. This is dun colored hair, also use nearly white for light colored caddis and very dark for the nearly black caddis like the ones on Hosmer Lake and other waters.
4. Tie on the Wonder Wrap material at back of body. It is the gray strip that Norm is holding up.
5. Pull on the material when wrapping to thin it a little. Wrap forward to about 1/3rd shank length back from the eye. Overlap wraps to get a little segmentation. Stop wrapping at front of deer hair tie down. Tie down securely because it is under tension and will snap out. Leave about a sixteenth of an inch of the body material beyond tie down point for extra security. Put a little glue on it to keep fish from tearing it up. Use a clear lacquer like Sally Hanson which dries quickly.
6. Pull deer hair forward and tie down. Put a little glue like Sally Hanson's on threads.
7. Use Henry's Fork CDC (Cul de Canard or butt of the duck) like hackle. The CDC is on a thread which makes handling it much easier. Capture about 1/16th of an inch of the strand on top body. If you try to grab the tip it will break off.
8. Pull fibers back as you wrap. Make two or three turns around hook to makes a little thorax. Tie off and leave about a 1/8th inch post on top to make a little more body. Pull all the fibers back and wrap in front of post. (If spinners start can make two wings out of CDC.)
9. Pull up the deer hair and wrap in front of deer hair to make a small head. Put a little glue on thread and wind it in.
10. Last step cut deer hair at an angle. Trim thread and put glue on threads with a small bodkin so none of the glue gets on the CDC.

#### Closing Comments

This is a proven pattern for the mixed insect hatches in the Oregon lakes. Try these ideas where you live and one of your problems might be solved. The name might be a confusing when all we talk about is lakes, but it is simply the name of the CDC material. Besides I bet that fish in some streams would hit it.

# Back of Beyond

*Stephen Neal*

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

## 1090 N. Armstrong

Mid-afternoon, storm light has altered time, my mind knows its midday, but my body says twilight and wants to rest. Indoor LEDs are lit to assist my old eyes in this writing project. Beyond the windows, rain falls in sheets, the dogs lay morosely at my feet, defeated by the down pour outside. Oh! They have been outside, the kitchen floor bears witness, with their muddy foot-prints displayed prominently upon its surface. A mop is definitely in my future. Their outdoor time was short, wet, and muddy, their wetness reminds me of one of my campers from Camp Sequoia. At Y (YMCA) camp, all campers were tested for swimming ability on our first day. On command, one young man jumped into the water and was back on the dock in less time than it took him to jump. When I asked him if it was cold? He answered no, he said it was wet. Water sports were not his activity of choice for the next two weeks. I think our dogs agree with that long ago wet assessment. If the floor could articulate, I'm pretty sure it would concur, it was not its best look. I need to get thoughts to paper before I pick up the mop, so back to the story.

A harrow sits in the fenced corner of the field, abandoned in place years ago. Its teeth still puncture the earth it once prepared for planting; its age revealed by the thick patina of rust. Its appearance signifies hard use, off kilter teeth, a bent and rudely re-straightened frame, and deep gouges, a result of close encounters with the rock rich soil it once tilled. It may have some useful life left, but it is unlikely that it will ever be used again. The pioneering family has sold out and moved on, leaving the harrow behind, no longer worth the time, nor money to dispose of it. It is, a silent sentinel to a bygone era, more yard art than tool of labor. To most it would appear as mere junk, but to me, it is an icon of my past.

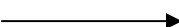
I have an affinity for old farm equipment. Growing up on a busted dairy farm laid out on the San Joaquin valley floor, south of Yosemite and west of Kings Canyon/Sequoia, between the California Coastal Range and the Sierra Nevada Mountains; I grew up, playing on and around rusty old farm equipment, IH tractors, horse-trailers, plows, mowers, scrapers, harrows and more... Artifacts of a living that hadn't paid because of hard luck, a mastitis infection crippled our milking herd and a cotton crop that failed to turn a profit. Dad, turned to carpentry to pay the bills, he partnered up with his brother, father, and brother-in-law to build homes and small commercial buildings.

Those silent rusting remnants of a bygone adult world, far beyond my childhood reach, fueled my imagination. I rolled downhill from the high Sierra's in the skeleton of an old logging wagon, bringing timber to a San Joaquin valley lumber mill. My imaginary horse team untiring and swift. The wagons tall wooden spoked wheels striking sparks as the iron rims struck rock in a rutted mountain road. I hung, by my knees off the old horse-trailer turned trapeze, and soared above the crowd, more graceful in my dreams than a five-year-old could ever be. With discarded rusty wrenches and broken screw drivers I made, make believe repairs to the milk chilling equipment in the old dairy barn. Seated in a metal sprung perch, I guided the old hay mower, laying down perfect windrows in the garage shed and never broke a blade.

For a boy between four and nine years of age, those leftovers from an age passed by, were my wordless partners in adventure, discovery, and possibilities. Those old and used iron constructs, were my jungle gym, they stretched and trained my muscles and fired my imagination. Only twice did my eagle eyed and attentive mother have to rescue me from situations beyond my physical abilities. That old dairy farm was a wonderful and miraculous place for a boy to explore and grow. But those assorted metal playmate were the playground of my single digit years. That old dairy farm held a plethora of wonder for my budding mind to experience and explore.

Our disused cattle wash water catch basin, was turned into a neighborhood dump, it was my launching pad for my three wheeled trike/wagon. The earth removed in its creation was a perfect downhill ramp for thrills and spills. When my feet could no longer keep up with the spinning pedals, it was time to bail off, retrieve the trike and do it all over again. I must admit that a time or two I went off the backside and ended up in the dump instead. There were times that I returned home triumphant but in need of a bandage or two. In those days of my youth, it was customary to burn trash in a fifty-gallon drum. But even with a screen mesh cover, sparks could still escape. In my time on the dairy, we had two fires that were started by sparks from that burn barrel, the first fire took the hay barn and feed troughs. The large broken concrete pieces left after the steel poles were salvaged were great for building forts, defending the Alamo, or hitting the beaches at Normandy, many hours of childhood fantasy play was facilitated by the remnants of that fire. In the second fire, I was a willing participant, swinging a gunny sack to put out the fire as my dad drove a tractor with a disk to slow the fires spread, my mom, in her frantic searching plucked me from the smoke and flames and banished me to the house. Damn foiled again!

Dad supported and fed my outdoor thirst, he created two forts/playhouses for my sister Rhonda and me. Hers was constructed upon an old water tank or fueling platform. Mine was in a monster eucalyptus tree complete with a rope ladder that dropped from a trap door in the floor. Dad even installed two WWII field radios so that we could ring each other up, pretty darn upscale for the 1950's. The tree house features prominently in an oft told family story.

Continued on page 4 

My parents hosted a birthday party for me. The invitees were eight-year-old boisterous school friends, what could go wrong. I eagerly shared my tree house with them, what a treat. Wrong! I watched in amazement, as my school friends once inside, burst into uncontrollable frenetic release of boyhood energy. They began to push, shove, and bounce off the side walls, a wall let go, and one of my friends fell out, and broke his arm. Un-quelled by that catastrophe, they proceeded to steal the birthday cake and run around the yard until Mom or Dad corralled them and restored order. That was the last school friend, birthday party my mother held for me!!! That was fine with me, I much preferred my solitary play to that unrestrained youthful exuberance.

The cattle water trough in our back yard held our family turtle, it was discovered on a family outing to the Kings River. He/she lived a contented life in the coolness of the trough and the shade of the Fremont poplars that formed a wind break and fence row between the house and pasture. The turtle came and went as it pleased in the summer, but in the winter it burrowed under the trough from November until late March feasting on grass, insects, trough moss and left-over vegetable table scraps. I believe it was still there when we moved in my ninth year as we could not find him. The other animals in my young life were my chickens and our dog Buttons, a springer spaniel; his name a result of the black spots that dotted his beautiful white coat. He faithfully followed me wherever I roamed on our twenty acres and cemented the love of dogs in my heart. It broke my heart when he succumbed to the wheel of a fast-moving car and was buried under the chinaberry tree that shaded our well.

Shortly after Button's passing Dad brought home a dog, whose name has slipped my memory. What I have not forgotten, is how he hunted my chickens, he somehow always found a way to get into the chicken coup and reduce my flock of Rhode Island Reds and bantams. Dad tried without success to break him of killing chickens and digging up the dead ones. After all the tried-and-true 1950's methods were exhausted and failed, the dog disappeared never seen by us again. What happened to that dog is still a mystery to this day, I expect it was simple arbitrary parental authority that solved the chicken killing problem, leaving me and my three sisters less the wiser for the experience.

Our old dairy farm had a plethora of trees, besides the Fremont poplars, both sides of our U-shaped driveway was lined with black Olive trees, the fallen unharvest olives peppered that old dirt driveway. While you could climb into the olive trees, they didn't hold the allure of the eucalyptus that held my tree house, nor the almond tree outside my bedroom window that allowed me to climb upon our roof. It was an easy climb out the window for an unobserved escape to a grander view. The tree that I wished I could have climbed, was a huge black walnut tree that shaded the yard in front of the laundry room, with the clothesline just out from under its reach. Its large trunk provided no handhold and its branches were out of my reach. I never got a chance to enter its realm of leafy heights, nor to peer at the world from its widespread branches. I enjoyed its respite from the summer sun and sampled its walnuts, harvested from the ground in the fall. The chinaberry trees while climbable, didn't get much attention in that regard, but we did use their branches as umbrellas in our make-believe play. The holly tree on the west side of the house discouraged ingress to its limbs, its leaves too prickly for my tender skin, but its berries in the fall provided great entertainment as we watched the comical robins that gorged on its red berries, stumble around the sky like drunken sailors on ship leave.

One of my treasured memories also involved birds, it took place in the north pasture, my grandfather and dad took me on my first dove hunting excursion. In was just a short hike from our back door, and through fence, a trip I had made on my own many times. I knew this trip was special and unique, it was my first step into a world I had never experienced before, we were going hunting, my dad, my grandfather, and me. We walked out into the middle of the pasture and crotched low in the tall pasture grass. It was the end of a fall day and soon the doves would be returning from their day of foraging to roost in the trees along Fancher creek. They always came from the west above the stone fruit orchards that lay on the other side of Armstrong, at the dove's approach, my dad and grandfather would raise up and shoulder their shotguns, their guns swung as they led the birds and then their guns muzzle's belched smoke and lead. The explosion of their shells echoed off the walls of our nearby house. I would then scramble after the fallen birds and present them to my dad and grandfather. For me that was a slice of boyhood heaven, it was my first steps into, an adult world and I made it with my father and grandfather.

It wasn't too long after this memory that life took a big turn. My grandfather sold that old dairy farm, and mom and dad purchased two and half acres in the Northeast corner of the twenty acres that I used to freely roam. There dad built our new home, while still on the same property we were a universe away, no trees to climb, no water trough in the shade of poplars, no tree house, and hardest of all no rusty farm equipment to play around and upon. My sisters and I felt lost, and the four of us still cherish our old dairy farm, we carry it in-our-hearts and in-our-bones. The new owners modernized the dairy and made it pay, they named it Belmont Dairy Farm and home delivered milk and other dairy products to the citizens of Clovis and Fresno, they also sold milk from a drive-in store on the corner of Belmont and Armstrong.

Change is the one constant in life but that does not make it any easier. Continents move, volcanoes erupt, tsunamis' crash into towns and cities, earthquakes raise mountains up and tear them down. But the 10-year-old me knew little of change and to watch the diary change after we sold it caused an ache in my soul. Too make it pay, the new owners cut down all the trees, my cherished eucalyptus, black walnut, Fremont Poplars, olive trees, and the almond tree that was my refuge, vanished. They had to go to maximize pasture and accommodate the corner store. My silent friends were hauled off for scrap or dumped in an earthen hole. Buttons grave became a calf pen.

The old dairy farm, continued to change and evolve, changing regulations and economics forced it to close its milking operation and drive-up store. To survive they switched to growing alfalfa and raising replacement milking calves. It sits idle now, having been sold, the stone fruit orchards across the street have been cleared and a new Fresno County Sheriff's substation is going in. The dairy itself will soon to be swallow up by houses or commercial building. Fertile ground swallowed by concrete, plastic, and steel. Highway 180 now blocks the view to the south. As a kid I could see my beloved Sierra Nevada Mountains and the Coastal range every day during the summer, only winters tule fog obscured them from our sight. The mountain ranges vanished almost completely by the middle of the sixties when valley smog took over. Now for a few brief hours after a rain, do they show in all their glory.

Isn't it funny how the sight of an old and rusty harrow, transports you back in time? It's been sixty-three years since we left my boyhood home, and I still miss my silent partners who enriched my life and gave me wings. Take the time to stop, and look back from where you came from, and you will find a richness in who you are.

Stephen

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

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*



Belmont Dairy Farm is just beyond the earth mover and construction site. Picture by Kevin Wren

*~ In The Past ~*

The Newsletter of the Alpine Fly Fishers  
'The Fly Line' -  
Vol. 6, No. 5

May of 1978

Gary Ritchie, Editor



This *~ In The Past ~* article was published in 1978. The information it contains is **44** years out of date and is not accurate.

*This is a historical document only.*

**Program:** Custom rod making clinic with Chuck Fors.

**Door Prizes:** Fly rod blank (maybe)  
Other surprises (maybe)

**Trustees Report:** The club has again been offered a deal from Orvis that we can't afford to pass up. Another graphite rod, this time complete with reel, line and backing. The selection committee chose the nine foot, three inch model with a 5 weight line. This outfit will be available for members to try out. The only requirement is that we get the testimonial letters to Orvis by October 1. This done, the club gets the outfit free. We will use it as the special door prize for the December Christmas meeting as we did last year.

A few months ago we wrote to the Dept. of Game and Fisheries, also the FFF, about doing more to curb the illegal snagging and gear being used on the Green River (Toutle trib) during the fall salmon run. Phase two of our effort, which we voted to put into effect 1st night, is another letter to the FFF urging their support, and letters to other west side clubs asking them to write the Fisheries and Game Dept. to bring even more pressure to bear.

The Trustees voted to put together a "new member kit" for who else? New members. The kit consists of membership cards, club rosters, set of by-laws, library list, list of persons to contact for fly tying, rod building or tackle tinkering. Old members who may not have gotten this stuff at first, will get them too for the first time around.

The Trustees began organizing the joint fish-out with the South Sound Flyfishers to Leech Lake. Remember, we host this one. Phil White volunteered to procure cooking gear. Gene Rivers will handle communications with the south Sound club.

# Alpine Fly Fishers



## Future Meetings

**March 22, 2022**

(We are trying for an in-person meeting in March)

April 26 / May 24 / June ??

No meetings in July or August

September 27 / October 25 / November 22 / December 20

## Washington FFI joins the Amazon Smile Program



You can donate to the state FFI council with every purchase at [Smile.Amazon.com](https://www.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](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. It doesn't cost me any more money and the WA State Council FFI gets a donation from Amazon.*

Larry

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## Worley Bugger Fly Co.

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

*guided happiness!*

**Clark Fork Trout.com**  
 MONTANA FLY FISHING OUTFITTERS  
 ST. REGIS, MT

OWNER & OUTFITTER, STEVE TEMPLE

www.ClarkForkTrout.com 406.382.0161

## Clark Fork Trout

St. Regis, MT

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

Check it out!!!

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

*Closed for the winter*

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

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JOIN THE

**FFI1K**

**SAFEGUARDING THE LONG-TERM  
HEALTH OF FLY FISHING AROUND  
THE WORLD**  
**FLYFISHERSINTERNATIONAL.ORG/FFI1K**

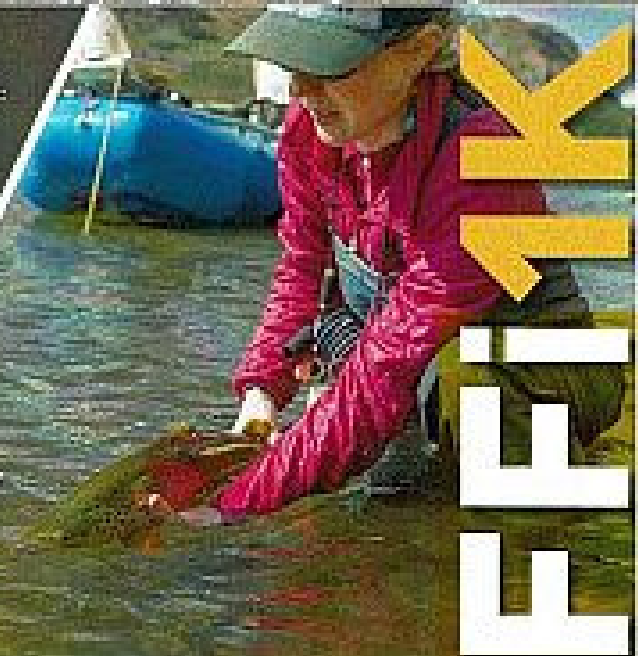
**THE FUNDS RAISED BY THE FFI1K ARE VITAL** to providing a solid foundation on which to continue to grow and expand our mission, and to support:

- **SPEARHEADING PROJECTS** that improve our fisheries and protect our fishing opportunities
- **THE FFI LEARNING CENTER's** wealth of fly fishing knowledge and resources
- **CAMARADERIE AMONG ANGLERS** built at our annual fair and other events

**JOIN US** IN SAFEGUARDING THE LONG-TERM HEALTH OF FLY FISHING AROUND THE WORLD BY BECOMING ONE OF THE **FFI1K**.

**VISIT [FLYFISHERSINTERNATIONAL.ORG/FFI1K](http://FLYFISHERSINTERNATIONAL.ORG/FFI1K)  
OR CALL 406.222.9369 TO JOIN TODAY!**

\*See enclosed card envelope for payment options.  
PHOTOS COURTESY OF: Ed Gipe, David A. Thompson



**FFI1K**

## **FFI1K - BECOME A MEMBER OF 1000 STEWARDS OF FFI**

You have a unique opportunity to invest in the sport you love.

Fly Fishers International (FFI) has been an organized voice for fly fishers around the world since 1964. We represent all aspects of fly fishing – from the art of fly tying and casting, to protection of the natural systems that support healthy fisheries and their habitats so essential to our sport. Today, our mission is to ensure the legacy of fly fishing for all fish in all waters continues by focusing on CONSERVATION, EDUCATION AND COMMUNITY.

Join us in safeguarding the long-term health of fly fishing around the world by becoming one of the FFI1k, by committing to donate \$500 per year for 5 years (total of \$2500).

The funds raised by the FFI1K are vital to providing a solid foundation on which to continue to grow and expand our mission and to support:

- Spearheading projects that improve our fisheries and protect our fishing opportunities
- The FFI Learning Center's wealth of fly fishing knowledge and resources
- Camaraderie among anglers built at our annual Expo and other events

**Join the FFI1K Now**

FLY FISHERS INTERNATIONAL (FFI) is a 501(c)3 nonprofit with the distinctive mission to preserve the legacy of fly fishing for all fish in all waters. Formed by some of the most influential luminaries in the world of fly fishing and conservation back in 1964, and dedicated to innovative strategies to inspire a new generation of fly fishers, providing FFI members the opportunity to leave a legacy in the sport we love.

FFI continues to focus on conservation, education, and community as the underpinning of our work. Our commitment to these principles provides the rock-solid foundation as we lean into the challenge of unprecedented times, and ascend to meet the needs of the evolving demographics of fly fishing.

JOIN FLY FISHERS INTERNATIONAL TODAY to help ensure that fly fishing can continue to instill the kind of passion it does today in so many of us.

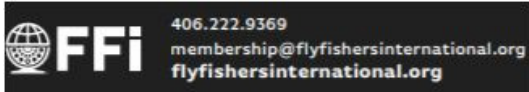
**WHY JOIN FFI? TOGETHER WE:**

- **PROTECT THREATENED WATERS AND HABITATS** for current and future generations.
- **BRING TOGETHER EXPERTISE** in fly casting, fly tying, fly fishing skills, and conservation education and development programs.
- **ADVOCATE FOR POLICIES** and initiatives for conservation issues.
- **STRENGTHEN THE FLY FISHING COMMUNITY** by sharing knowledge and experiences.
- **PROVIDE RESOURCES** for fly fishing educators and professionals.
- **INSPIRE A SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY AND CONSERVATION ETHICS** in people of all ages.

**MEMBERS RECEIVE**

- Access to an unmatched repository of knowledge through the FFI Learning Center
- Special offers and discounts • Recognition for special skills or achievements
- Access to a network of like-minded outdoor enthusiasts
- A chance to help make a positive impact on the sport

We've got momentum— Help us keep it going as a member of FFI. As participation in fly fishing has grown, FFI is providing enhanced opportunities to learn, sustained our commitment to conservation, and offers new and exciting opportunities to expand our community. JOIN US!



**Membership Categories** **Yes, I want to preserve the sport of fly fishing.**

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1-Year General . . . . . \$35 | <input type="checkbox"/> Student (22 & under)* . . \$20 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3-Year General . . . . . \$90 | <input type="checkbox"/> Business* . . . . . \$100      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Senior (65+)* . . . . . \$25  | <input type="checkbox"/> Lifetime . . . . . \$1,000     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Veteran* . . . . . \$25       | <input type="checkbox"/> Lifetime Premium** . \$1,500   |

Note: General and Veteran memberships include spouses, cohabitating partners and children under 18 years of age. Lifetime memberships include spouses and cohabitating partners.  
\*Membership eligible for up to 3-year purchase (multiply price by number of years).  
\*\*Lifetime Premium member will receive a custom-built rod from TFO Rods.


**PRINTED FLYFISHER MAGAZINE:**  
 \$10/yr U.S. residents     \$20/yr International residents  
 Lifetime and Business members will receive a free printed copy of Flyfisher. All members have free access to Flyfisher on our website.



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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
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 Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
 Country \_\_\_\_\_  
 Email \_\_\_\_\_  
 Club Affiliation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Referred by \_\_\_\_\_  
 Check Enclosed (Payable to Fly Fishers International - U.S. funds)  
 Visa     Mastercard     Discover     Amex  
 Card# \_\_\_\_\_  
 Exp. Date MM/YY \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ CVV \_\_\_\_\_  
 Please do not share my information with organizations outside of FFI.

# February / March 2022

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
<i>"The flowers of late winter and early spring occupy places in our hearts well out of proportion to their size." - Gertrude S. Wister</i>		<b>1 February</b>	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	 14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	<b>22 Zoom Meeting</b>	23	24	25	26
27	28	<i>"Probably more fish can be controlled in an armchair in front of a February fire with a fishing book and a fly catalog that can ever be knocked out in hand-to-rod combat on the river." - Neely Turner (totally changed by the editor to reflect fishing—LG)</i>				

<i>"It was one of those March days when the sun shines hot and the wind blows cold: when it is summer in the light, and winter in the shade." - Charles Dickens</i>		<b>1 March</b>	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20 First Day of Spring!!!!!!	21	<b>22 In-Person Meeting ??</b>	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	<i>"A light exists in Spring not present in the year at any other period when March is scarcely here." - Emily Dickinson</i>	

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Visit our website at [alpineflyfishers.org](http://alpineflyfishers.org)

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