

Lateral Lines

The Monthly Journal of Winchester Trout Unlimited
Chapter #638

I hate to go out in public, and the public are there. -- Anonymous

January 2023

Volume 28, Number 1



5 January 2023, Winchester TU Meeting

7:00 PM

Lake Frederick Community Lodge
Lake Frederick, VA

Dinner before the meeting

→ **5:00 PM** at Region's 117 Restaurant

Please notify Wayne (703-919-2952) before the meeting if you will be dining with us. We have only 10 slots available.



BarFly

The next Winchester TU BarFly

7:00 PM at Escutcheon Brewery

Wednesday, 18 January 2023

All BarFly events will be held on the third Wednesday of the month in 2023.

Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing

The next Winchester PHW meeting

6:30 PM at the Lake Frederick Community Lodge

Wednesday, 11 January 2023

All PHW meetings will be held on the second Wednesday of the month in 2023.

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See you at the 5 January 2023 WTU meeting.
Bill Prokopchak, Newsletter Editor, 540-722-2620



HARMAN FLY FEST PROVIDES A UNIQUE FLY-FISHING EXPERIENCE FOR VETERANS

by Wayne White with Charles Smith

Army Veteran Charles Smith of the Winchester Project Healing Waters program along with volunteer guide Drew Patterson braved the elements of winter fishing to learn some valuable lessons at the Harman 10th Annual Fly Fest, 2-4 December 2022.

Some 80 military Veterans from the Washington, D.C. National Capital Region and Virginia Region participated in this unique fly-fishing experience along the private trophy trout waters adjacent to Harman Cabins property on the Potomac North Fork South Branch in Hopeville Canyon in West Virginia.

The Quantico Healing Waters program, which established the event in 2012, hosted the outing again this year with lodging accommodations provided by Harman's Luxury Cabins.

In addition to the excellent Trout fishing, the local community has provided overwhelming support to the Veteran participants over the years. And for that support, and in keeping with the spirit of the season, the Quantico program established a food drive for a local food bank five years ago. This year the Veterans participants and volunteers contributed 2200 lbs. of food stuff and raised \$800 in donations for the local operation.

For Charles, the Harman event was "an awesome experience." His answers to questions below provide his insight and reflection on the trip and the camaraderie shared with his fellow Vets.



Charles with a beautiful Rainbow

"Harman Fly Fest" continues on the next page.

HARMAN FLY FEST -- continued

Charles, a Florida native, joined the Winchester program in May 2022 shortly after his medical retirement from the Army. He served for 19 years as a combat medic and deployed three times to Iraq and other Middle East areas of operation and served in multiple stateside assignments during his service. Fly fishing has added another dimension to his transition to civilian life, and his thirst for learning is reflected in his love of the sport.

Q: What challenges did this outing present compared to your other fly-fishing trips?

A: *"It was COLD! And that was a new experience for me. I was excited to learn more about the challenges of winter fishing. I never realized that the rod guides could freeze up with ice. One moment casting is free and easy and then, all of a sudden, the line is not moving. I quickly learned from my volunteer guide that sticking the rod in the water would remove the ice allowing me to get back into action.*

"The fish were also a challenge. The early morning cold made them very lethargic and non-responsive even when placing a fly right in front of their nose. But once the temperature began rising ever so slightly, they came alive and all of us started pulling in some beautiful Rainbows.

"The threat of hypothermia was a serious concern. Besides helping improve our fishing, I learned that guides must watch for signs and the effects of the cold and know when to get people out of the water to warm up. Beyond the weather, the limited back cast area on the stream forced me to improve my roll casting, and ability to shoot line."



Veterans at the Harman Fly Fest get an early start on the private water.

Q: How did your guide help you in fishing this unfamiliar stream?

A: *"Drew was originally to be as my guide, but he was reassigned to another Vet for the outing due to the need for his expertise. I did room with Drew and through our many conversations made a good friend. I did not realize he lives so close to my home in Gore. So, I guess, I have a new fishing buddy.*

"Jim Moffit was my guide. He is a Marine Veteran from the Ft. Belvoir program who began with Healing Waters as a participant there. He has since become their intro to fly tying instructor. He had fished in the Harman waters before and was a great guide! He enjoyed that I was well off in my fly-fishing knowledge. Jim gave me a better understanding of where the fish love to hang. Besides his pointers, reading the stream was neat using what I had learned during our program meetings and personal study, and then applying it. This also helped me to make better line mends for a nice drag-free drift. Getting the fly at the right depth in the water column was also an important lesson. You could see the fish holding in the current. Adjusting the indicator slightly to get that fly at the right depth with a drag free drift was like hitting a light switch that turned the fish on! At that right depth they smacked the fly hard!

"Fly selection was also important. Jim's knowledge of fly selection for winter fishing was awesome. Since fish food in winter is usually limited, we used small midge and mayfly nymph emerger patterns ranging from size #16-22. The little rainbow warrior worked like magic on those fish!"

Q: What was the most important lesson learned during this outing?

A: *"It was all about SAFETY. Proper traction and a wading staff are a must. That "third leg" greatly helped me navigate unfamiliar water, allowing me to always have two stable points of contact while standing in the stream. It was also my eyes when the water was stained, or leaf litter masked a hole where I could have fallen into. The carbide studs I installed on my wading boots really made a big difference on the slick rocks and in some of the faster currents. Feeling more secure in the water, I was able to focus more intently on my casting and presentations."*

"Harman Fly Fest" continues on the next page.

HARMAN FLY FEST -- continued

Q: The Harman cabins offer great accommodations, how was your experience?

A: *“Phenomenal! Amazing! Spectacular! It’s obvious the owners of the Harman Luxury Cabins really care about our veterans, making available all their cabins to Healing Waters for the entire weekend. All cabins are adjacent to the stream. Wake up, have a cup of warm coffee, all the while looking out on the stream and scenery. Once you’re ready, it is only a few steps to the stream, and you’re already fishing. Harman has 17 cabins with one cabin offsite about three miles down the road. That’s where Drew and I stayed and that was neat. Cabin17 is on the public put-and-take section of the stream. You can bring your catch back to the cabin and cook it right there. The cabins all have full amenities, Internet, and satellite tv, full kitchen, and an outside grill. The cabins also have a nice fireplace inside and a campfire outside. The Quantico program arranged for all meals to include streamside lunches. The cooks did a great job!”*

Q: What was your best memory and overall impression of the trip?

A: *“My best memory was my last attempt to catch a fish before heading home. The last day was the coldest and most difficult fishing with little success for anyone. I was skunked all day and with pressure to make it home in time for dinner, I decided to give it one more shot. I put on one of the flies I just learned to tie -- a little peeping cased caddis larva. I gave myself a limit of 20 more minutes of fishing before packing it up. Within two or three drifts, I hooked up with a nice powerful 20-inch rainbow on my fly. After landing and releasing the fish, I thought what a great way to end the trip. On the ride home I continued to think about that last catch and how I was not skunked!”*

“Overall, this trip goes above and beyond the Healing Waters’ mission to help veterans with their healing journey. This outing was very emotional for me; it was an intense experience interacting and sharing this time with over 80 veterans! We had so many heart-to-heart talks on and off the water. These types of discussions continue to amaze me especially how the veteran community helps each other sharing experiences from their different times in service. We share a bond that many would never understand. Trips like this give us the ability to work through a variety of issues we have in a safe environment while fly fishing. Fly fishing is one of the best nature-based therapies that continues to help me find meaning and purpose in my life.”

Final Note: Charles is currently studying for a degree in Wildlife Conservation to pursue employment with the Virginia Department of Natural Resources. His long-term goal is to help the local communities preserve the sport for future anglers.

Special thanks to Jim Bensinger, Program Lead, Quantico Healing Water, and all the volunteers who support the Harman Fly Fest Outing. And thanks to Drew Patterson for volunteering on behalf of the Winchester Program.

For more information on Harman’s Cabins visit <https://www.wvlogcabins.com/cabins/>

Veteran participants and guides at the 10th Annual Harman Fly Fest 3 Dec 2022



The next Winchester PHW Program meeting is Wednesday, 11 January 2023, 6:30-8:30 PM in Rachel’s Kitchen, Shenandoah Lodge, Lake Frederick.

Note: All Winchester Project Healing Waters meetings will be on the second Wednesday of the month in 2023.

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Barbara's Books

Compiled by Barbara Gamble

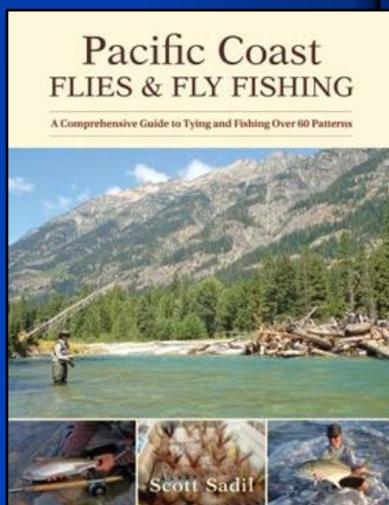
Pacific Coast Flies & Fly Fishing: A Comprehensive Guide to Tying and Fishing over 60 Patterns

Author: Scott Sadil
Paperback: 248 Pages
ISBN-10: 081177080X
ISBN-13: 978-0811770804
Publisher: Stackpole Books
Publication Date: February 1, 2023

From Alaska to the tip of the Baja California peninsula, Pacific Coast fly fishers enjoy a wealth of angling opportunities that have inspired their own selections of new and traditional fly patterns. For the first time in the sport's history, Scott Sadil offers a lineup of proven patterns to take advantage of the region's unsurpassed reach of flyrod prey: Trout, Salmon, Steelhead, and both the inshore and bluewater species along the east and west coasts of the Baja peninsula.

Pacific Coast Flies & Fly Fishing champions the fly patterns and fly-fishing adventure unique to these waters.

This book includes over 60 fly patterns, instructions for tying each pattern, and an image of the completed fly.



An introductory essay for each fly describes the development of the fly, the fishing situations in which it's typically used, the angling problems it might solve, plus the fly's historical antecedents. The patterns are divided between flies used for trout, flies used for Salmon and Steelhead, and flies tied specifically for saltwater species.

To date there has never been a single book that embraces the wealth of flies and fly-fishing adventure available to Pacific Coast anglers. Over the past three decades, author Scott Sadil has written more than any other writer about the full range of the Pacific Coast's angling opportunities. His well-known work stands at the center of the Pacific Coast fly fishing community, one of the largest in the world today.

Scott Sadil grew up fishing and surfing in Southern California and is an author of essays, feature articles, and fiction about fly fishing. His work appears regularly in the significant fly-fishing magazines, he is the angling editor for *Gray's Sporting Journal*, and he writes the fly-tying column for *California Fly Fisher*. He is the author of the books *Angling Baja*, *Fly Tales*, *Cast from the Edge*, *Lost in Wyoming*, and *Goodnews River*. He lives in Hood River, Oregon.

-- Richard Anderson, California Fly Fisher magazine

Sources: amazon.com and the publishers

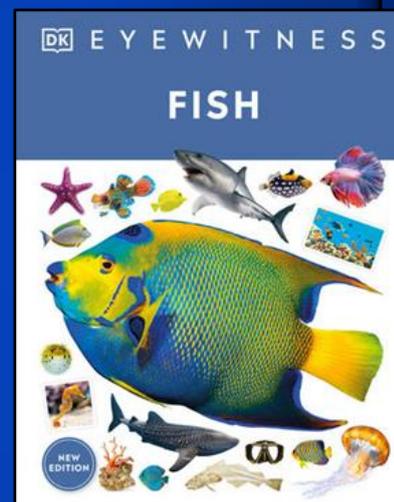
DK Eyewitness Books: Fish (New Edition)

Author: Steve Parker
Hardcover: 72 pages
ISBN-10: 0744062535
ISBN-13: 978-0744062533
Publisher: DK Children
Reading Age: 8 -12 years
Publication Date: December 20, 2022

Dive into a watery world where many wonderful fish of all shapes and sizes swim, in rivers, lakes, and oceans.

Become an eyewitness to the fascinating world of fish, in this picture-led reference guide that will take you on a visual tour of the many different types of species and the ecosystems they live in. Children will be mesmerized by striking color photographs of tropical fish, eels, seahorses, and more, with a unique "eyewitness" view of the natural history of fish, how they behave, and how they survive.

This unique, beautifully illustrated guide reveals the lethal jaws of a piranha, a porcupine fish "puffing up," how a dogfish swims, growth rings on a fish scale, what a fish looked like 400 million years ago, and a fish with legs!



Using striking full-color photographs and illustrations, discover how a school stays together, why some fish swim upside down, how a stingray stings, and why fish need water to breathe, and much more.

Part of DK's best-selling Eyewitness series, this popular title has been reinvigorated for the next generation of information-seekers and stay-at-home explorers, with a fresh new look, up to 20 percent new images, including photography and updated diagrams, updated information, and a new "eyewitness" feature with fascinating first-hand accounts from experts in the field.

This all-encompassing fish guide is a must-have for curious children aged 9+ with a thirst for learning, as well as teachers and parents.



Sources: amazon.com and the publishers

Winchester TU Recycles Aluminum.
Bring your cans to any Winchester TU event.



Bud on the Run: December Workday Report and Plans for the 10:00 AM, Saturday, 7 January 2023, Workday

by Bud Nagelvoort

photos by Bud Nagelvoort and Bill Prokopchak

It all began at 10:00 AM on December 3, 2022, or I should say, 10:10 AM after pent up social niceties were exchanged, or was it December 10. (Apologies. Time gets misplaced after one reaches a certain level of senility.)

In any event, the regular rowdy crew of Bill, Bob, Fred, Terry, and Bud signed in and proceeded to relocate big rocks remaining on the north side of the crossing to the south side after a long discussion as to whose truck would be involved, Bill's (only slightly damaged in similar action in November) or Bud's. The issue was serious because heavier rocks were being moved in December.



Above: Bob reaches for his first rock of the day.

Left: Fred and Bud load a 150 pounder.

Below: Terry handles a 150 pounder alone.



After thorough discussion and Terry's professional engineering opinion that Bud's truck had five inches more clearance. The rock transportation process proceeded with Bud's truck testing favorably its ability at age 21.

Nothing untoward happened right away. The rocks made it to the south bank with hardly any injuries to either the truck or the TU personnel involved. Except that placing the rocks in just the correct place along the stream bank entered the equation because the stream bottom was a **muck pit** next to the bank, essentially the reason the bank needed rock protection.



“Bud on the Run” continues on the next page.

Bud on the Run -- continued

Fortunately, Winchester TU has long had a member with experience in dealing with muck pits.

Other members with at least a few years of seniority will remember the *Boyer's Bog Incident* -- and such a member was present on our work crew this day, too.

So, Fred volunteered to move the big rocks currently at our bank protection site into their optimum location with his hip boots conveniently hitched high enough to keep him dry as he jockeyed the rocks along the bank to their optimum resting places.



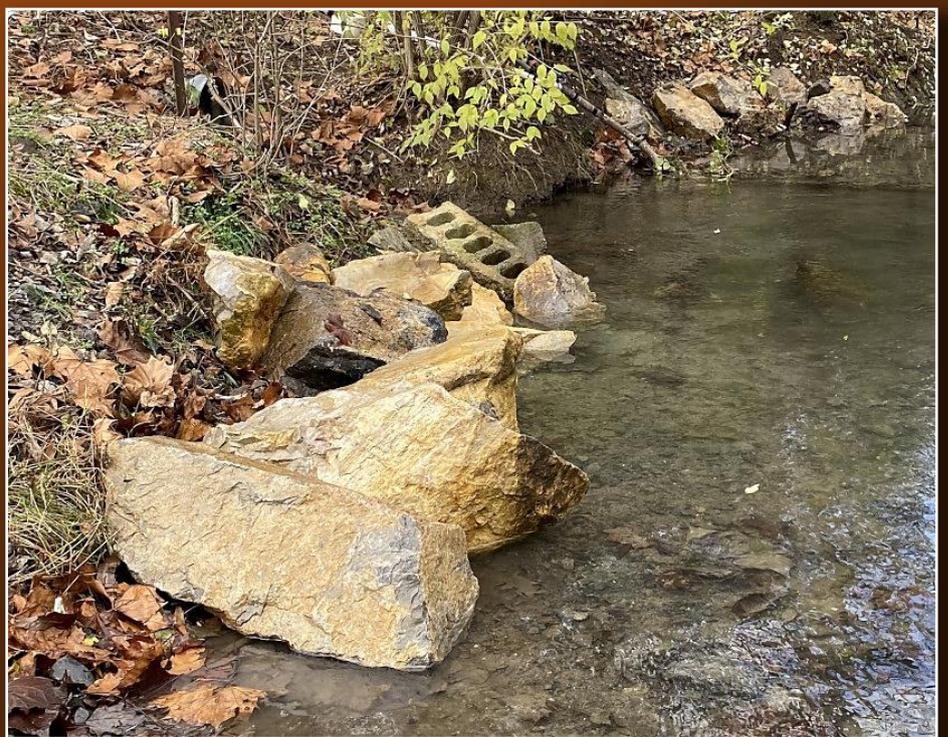
Above: Fred managed to find Boyer's Bog #2 and fell into it.

Left: Terry completes the rock placement in the boggy area, careful not to repeat Fred's incident.

Below: With all rocks placed, we will evaluate that section of the cattle crossing for further action if it becomes necessary.

Except that, even with the blessing of considerable experience in dealing with muck, Fred, bless his soul, found a way to get one boot stuck in the muck which, as fate would have it, caused him to lose his balance in three feet of water.

And as you might believe, there were four TU other members providing every element of sympathy they could, while trying to bring Fred upright... But too late.



"Bud on the Run" continues on the next page.

Bud on the Run -- continued

This episode ended the work session except that most of us agreed the story could not be told without at least some formal evidence to prove its legitimacy. Who would believe it was not made up? Well, how about the bare facts?

Next work session January 7 with, hopefully, a continuing of the New Year's Day heat wave.

We'll plan to drag a few boulders already at streamside above Right-Turn V to direct flow to the natural V above the rock location or downstream to further protect the bank at Right-Turn V.

And if nature is with us, we might even find a logical tree to drop and use at the lost V site just above Boyer's Bog.

Tight Lines ---

Bud



Above: Bob samples some cheese pretzels. There's always time for an after-action consultation over snacks provided by Fred and drinks courtesy of Bud.

Left: Not wanting to get his truck seats mucky, Fred resorts to a change of clothes before heading home.



P.S.

I also just ran across a two-page fine-print letter I have which tells a story about catching huge Salmon in Lake Michigan just two years after they were initially stocked. The Congressman I began to work for in late 1966 and I hosted a trip with the chair of the Upper Great Lakes Regional Commission and DNR reps.

One of the fish hangs on my wall here – 20-pound Coho -- I think you have seen. Might qualify for an article.

Bud

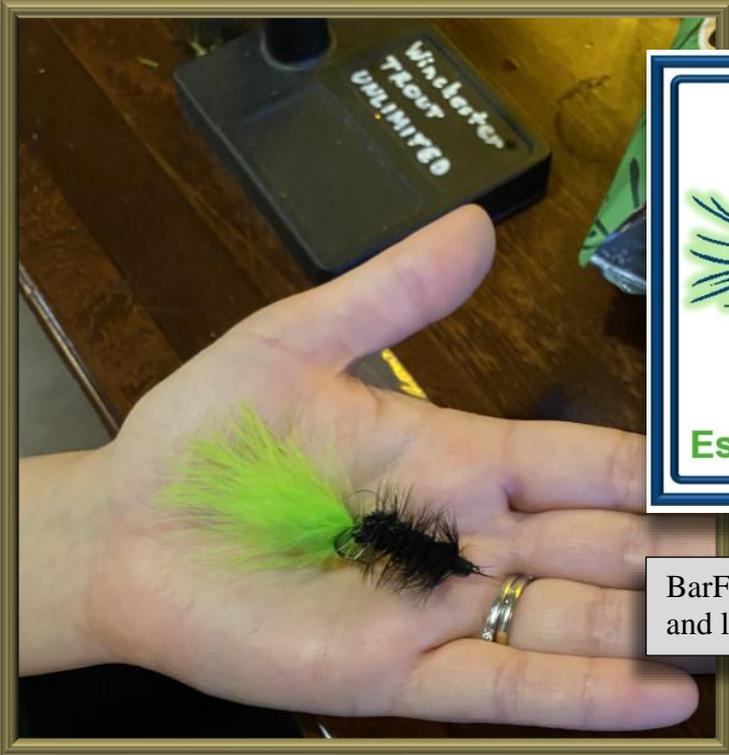
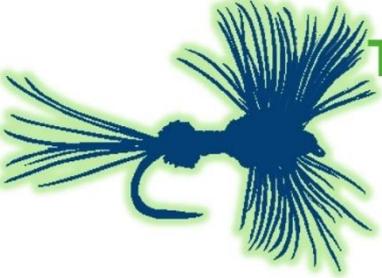
Editor's Note: We look forward to Bud's Coho fishing report in a future edition of LATERAL LINES.



Winchester TU Monthly "BarFly" Event Wednesday, 18 January at 7:00 PM Escutcheon Brewery Commercial St., Winchester

The Winchester Chapter of Trout Unlimited (WTU) will be gathering at Escutcheon Brewing in Winchester to offer anglers and **non-anglers** in our area the opportunity to learn about Trout Unlimited and to tie fishing flies.

We hope all of you can attend our monthly "BarFly" at Escutcheon Brewery.

Winchester Trout Unlimited

BarFly
7:00 p.m.
Wednesday,
18 January 2023
Escutcheon Brewery, Commercial Street

BarFly Woolly Buzzer tied by a novice. Join us at BarFly and learn about the art of Fly Fishing.

No fly-tying or fly-fishing experience is necessary.

Please invite your friends. We hope to introduce more folks to the Winchester TU chapter and support a local business that supports WTU.



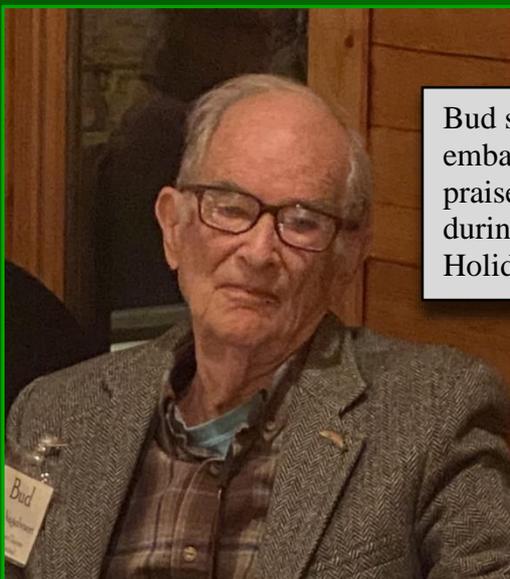
Bud and Bill Recognized at WTU Annual Holiday Gathering

Photos by Fred Boyer and others



Stan honors Bud for his lifetime of work in conservation.

Lisa applauds as Stan lists Bud's long and legendary life as a conservationist.



Bud seemed a bit embarrassed by all the praise heaped on him during our annual WTU Holiday Gathering.

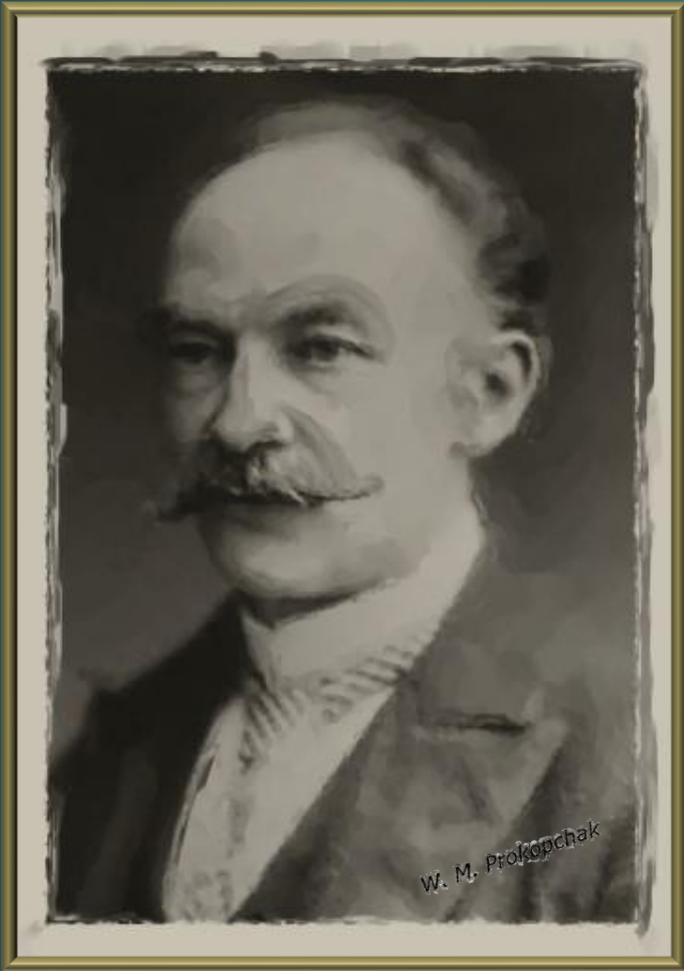


Gene presents Bill with the Ugly Fish Award for 2022.

Poet's Corner:
Poems selected
for the angler

The Darkling Thrush

by Thomas Hardy
1840-1928
England



Ink wash portrait of Thomas Hardy
by W.M. Prokopchak ©2023 all rights reserved

I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-grey,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

James River Documentary

I wanted to pass some information on to the group regarding one of our Winchester-raised, environmentally conscious young men that recently collaborated with four friends to produce an award-winning film documenting the evolution of the James River. The James was once considered the "most polluted river in the United States". Though there is still much work yet to do, the James' water quality has experienced great improvement over the past several years due to the efforts of environmentalists. The film chronicles this group's research into the history of the James and their experience of getting to know the river firsthand as they paddle and camp on its shores from the headwaters down to its midpoint near Richmond.

Here is the film's website that lists their awards, background on the movie, and which has a [link](#) to the movie trailer on home page:

<https://www.headwatersdown.com>

Here is the link to rent the movie on Amazon. The **trailer** can also be seen from this site by clicking the arrow in middle of the page.

https://www.amazon.com/Headwaters-Down-Dietrich-Teschner/dp/B0B8SFXQ97/ref=sr_1_1?crd=EV5KM4VGUQ1I&keywords=headwaters+down+movie&qid=1671630259&s=movies-tv&prefix=headwaters+down%2Cmovies-tv%2C135&sr=1-1

Although I supported the film at the Alamo Drafthouse film festival, I also recently rented it on Amazon Prime for only \$2.99. Not only will you receive an education on this river and enjoy the film, but you will also be supporting this group's efforts to produce the sequel to this movie which will document the condition of the lower half of the James River.

Bruce Sheppard

ANGLER REFLECTIONS

ANGLER REFLECTIONS



Early Winter Steelhead Fishing in Erie

by Nick Brognano

The last time I fished in the winter was when I was much younger and blood flow was not a problem. Over these many years I had forgotten the challenges that cold weather presents to a fly fisherman. It didn't take very long for me to recall "in detail" the difficulties of fishing in freezing weather. As a matter of fact, it only took four or five cast before it all came back to me. At that point I fully realized the challenges ahead of me.

It was one week before Christmas when the fishing fever hit, and I had to cure it. The long drive to Erie wasn't hazardous. There was no snow or ice to worry about. Because the driving conditions were not bad, I instinctively thought the fishing conditions would not be bad. How a person can compare or relate road conditions to stream or river conditions is difficult to say, but that is where my head was, nevertheless.

Probably the smartest thing I did was to bring along warm clothing. I even had extra gloves, hats, and thermal underwear. I was more than prepared in that respect. Stepping out of the truck into the cold was the easy part. I did not expect to see as many fellow lunatics fishing but there they were. The parking lot was at least three quarters full. Walking toward the stream, I saw no one fishing the hole I had so much success in the last time I fished it. I had smartly set up my rod and rig in the warm confines of my motel room and wasted no time in flinging, you guessed it, the little pink rubber worm. The water was a little lower than it was a month ago but just as clear.

On my very first cast, I got hung up on a rock, lost my rig and wasted precious time tying on another. I was off to a "Hell" of a start. It was 25 degrees and cloudy, yet my hands worked well, and the second worm was tied. I did see a couple of fish swimming around but that is all they did. I did not give up and kept flinging the lucky worm which I had full confidence in that is, up to now. After about the fourth cast the eyelets on my rod began to ice up. Also, the fly line began to stiffen with ice buildup. I had to frequently peel off the ice. I had either forgotten all about this frustrating and frigid pattern of winter fishing. Fishing fever often overwhelms clear thinking.

Nothing hit my faithful worm, so I decided to work upstream where I had seen plenty of fish about a month ago. Unfortunately, there were none. It was like that further upriver at the upper Elk Creek. I saw one guy in a group of three land a Steelhead but that was all. The snow was light on land and shore, but large and small patches of ice were all over the water. Back to the old hole I marched because at least I had seen a couple of fish there. I just could not say goodbye to the pink worm. I am certain if there were fish, they would have hit, but nothing hit my line other than floating ice. Elmer, with his spinner had landed a Steelhead while I was upriver. After a few hours, Elmer and I decided to try another nearby spot.

Over this second spot, looking down from the small bridge above the hole, we could see a few fish. The weather was getting colder, and the fish refused to cooperate. A fellow fishing on the other side had been there awhile before he gave up and walked off. My spirits began to wane as midafternoon approached, and I had nothing to show for all my suffering. I had hoped for one final exciting Steelhead fishing experience to match the others, but so far it was a flop. We decided to call it quits and seek warmth back at the motel.

The following morning at breakfast a fellow angler told us that he had seen "A hundred fish at Walnut Creek." He said he caught some fish using dead minnows. Since we did not know where Walnut Creek was or have any minnows, we went back to where we had seen fish. The weather hadn't changed. The few fish that were there yesterday had not moved. My efforts were useless. Once more I decided to try further upstream. My only reward in that long trek was to meet and converse with a young, pretty fisherwoman who had the whitest teeth I had ever seen. That was the highlight of the day until I got back to the old hole and changed my rig before lobbing something into the water. Elmer, fishing the same old hole had landed two while I was gone using the same spinner.

I tied on a black nymph and bead head pheasant tail as a dropper both size 16. It took a few casts before I hooked onto a nice one. He swam in circles, and I held on firm and patiently. This was the most action I had since yesterday, and I was not going to lose this guy. Elmer said, "We got all day don't force him in." A few enjoyable and challenging moments like this can make up for all the torture and torment experienced up to this time. The fish was tiring, and I was confident the run to the far side would be his last when suddenly disaster struck. A small piece of ice got caught between me and the fish. It nicked my taught line, and I ended up with a shorter leader and no fish. If I hadn't skipped church that week this would not have happened, I said to myself. I was as deflated as a big balloon with a hole in it.

Nevertheless, I had come a long way to fish and knew that all such disappointments and frustrations can vanish in an instant with a lucky cast. So, I continued to peel off the ice buildup on my rod and line. Each time I did that my hands got colder and colder, yet I stood there like a determined gladiator. After a while Elmer hooked onto a Steelhead and patiently led it to the shore. When he went to unhook the fish, he discovered his hook had hooked onto my fly hook that was in the fish. If he hadn't held a taunt line from start to finish the fish would still be swimming with my dropper. At least I got my flies back. Oh well, I guess some people don't even have to go to church to catch fish.

We had planned to fish the next day but decided we had enough of the cold and ice. Traffic home was horrible. Twice we ran into bumper-to-bumper traffic. It took us an extra hour to get home. At least we had heat in the truck, nice conversation, and warm friendship. I am going to hang on to this narrative with the hope I remember to read it the next time I catch a fishing fever in winter.



Whisky/Whiskey:

The Dalmore 15

Highland Single Malt Scotch Whisky

15 years old

40% ABV

Chill filtered

by Bill Prokopchak

Dalmore 15 seems to be the forgotten single malt, at least around these parts. In fact, none of the Dalmore line of spirits come readily into the conversation when discussing fine Whisky.

I would bet a buck that you don't have a Dalmore in your collection of fine spirits. Everybody who enjoys single malts has a Glenlivet or a Lagavulin or a Macallan. Nobody has a Dalmore.



And there are a couple of good reasons why The Dalmore 15 isn't on your shelf. Well, yes, The Dalmore 15 will set you back a hundred and a half in Virginia, and it's worth only about half that. Is it a good whisky? Yes, it is a good whisky, but it has some problems.

First, it is sold at a paltry 40% ABV. At 40%, a drop of water or a bit of ice dilutes out the complexity of what might have been a much more delightful dram. Drink it neat, please.

Second, it is chill filtered. The filtering saps out even more of the complexity you might find in a better Scotch.

Third, is the price point.

On the other hand, this is not a bad Scotch. There are interesting aromas and flavors in the glass, and it is a beautiful looking spirit in the bottle and in the glass.

Let's get on with the good points of this spirit.

On the nose we get some orange, apricot, and pear notes with hints of damp grass and fenugreek.

With the first sip we wish this were bottled at 44 or 46% ABV. It needs a bit more body. As I said above, do not add even a drop of water until you have tasted it first.

On the palate, I get the same orange bitterness and apricot sweetness with hints of autumnal spices and just a touch of black pepper.

There's an interesting funkiness to this Whisky, like the sense you get when enjoying a truly great vinegar, or home-made fermented anything. This characteristic is what sets the Dalmore 15 apart from all other spirits that I have tried. It's sort of Trombone Shorty meets single malt.

Regrettably, the finish isn't long, but just long enough to pick out sweet, candied orange and hints of the sherry casks in which it was aged – and that funkiness. And there is just the barest hint of smoky spice on the long finish.

Bottles of Dalmore 15 are readily available from Virginia ABC stores for about \$150 for a 750-ml bottle.



2023 Calendar of Events Winchester Trout Unlimited

See also

<http://winchestertu.org/>

Reminders

All Winchester Project Healing Waters monthly meetings will be on the second Wednesday of the month during 2023. The location remains the same: Lake Frederick Community Lodge.

All monthly Winchester BarFly sessions will be on the third Wednesday of the month during 2023. The location remains the same: Escutcheon Brewery.

January 2023

- ✓ Winchester Trout Unlimited Meeting – 5 January 2023 -- 7:00 PM
 - ✓ Saturday, 7 January 2023 -- Redbud Run workday – 10:00 AM
 - ✓ Wednesday, 11 January 2023 -- 6:30 PM - Monthly Project Healing Waters meeting
 - ✓ Wednesday, 18 January 2023 -- 7:00 PM - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery
- Please note that BarFly will be the third Wednesday of the month in 2023

February 2023

- ✓ Winchester Trout Unlimited Meeting – 2 February 2023 -- 7:00 PM
- ✓ Saturday -- 4 February 2023 -- Redbud Run workday -- Time to be announced later
- ✓ Wednesday -- 8 February 2023 -- 6:30 PM - Monthly Project Healing Waters meeting
- ✓ Wednesday -- 15 February 2023 -- 7:00 PM - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery

March 2023

- ✓ Winchester Trout Unlimited Meeting – 2 March 2023 -- 7:00 PM
- ✓ Saturday -- 4 March 2023 -- Redbud Run workday -- Time to be announced later
- ✓ Wednesday -- 8 March 2023 -- 6:30 PM - Monthly Project Healing Waters meeting
- ✓ Wednesday -- 15 March 2023 -- 7:00 PM - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery

April 2023

- ✓ Winchester Trout Unlimited Meeting – 6 April 2023 -- 7:00 PM
- ✓ Saturday -- 8 April 2023 -- Redbud Run workday -- Time to be announced later
- ✓ Wednesday -- 12 April 2023 -- 6:30 PM - Monthly Project Healing Waters meeting
- ✓ Wednesday -- 19 April 2023 -- 7:00 PM - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery

May 2023

- ✓ Winchester Trout Unlimited Meeting – 4 May 2023 -- 7:00 PM
- ✓ Saturday – 6 May 2023 -- Redbud Run workday -- Time to be announced later
- ✓ Wednesday -- 10 May 2023 -- 6:30 PM - Monthly Project Healing Waters meeting
- ✓ Wednesday – 17 May 2023 -- 7:00 PM - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery

June 2023

- ✓ Winchester Trout Unlimited Meeting – 1 June 2023 -- 7:00 PM
- ✓ Saturday – 3 June 2023 -- Redbud Run workday -- Time to be announced later
- ✓ Wednesday -- 14 June 2023 -- 6:30 PM - Monthly Project Healing Waters meeting
- ✓ Wednesday – 21 June 2023 -- 7:00 PM - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery



The opinions expressed in *Lateral Lines* are those of the individual authors and are not necessarily those of Winchester Trout Unlimited or Trout Unlimited National.

All water sports, including fishing, and stream restoration activities have inherent dangers. Participation in all Winchester Trout Unlimited activities is at the participant's own risk and participants agree to hold harmless Winchester Trout Unlimited and its members. A responsible adult must accompany all minors.