

"Fly Fishers of the Bitterroot is a nonprofit club dedicated to sharing our passion for fly fishing by promoting fellowship, education and stewardship of our fishing resources."

www.flyfishersofthebitterroot.org



MAY 2020 NEWSLETTER

Meeting is Tuesday May 5th, at BJ's. Cancelled

5:30-6:30-Social hour; meeting starts at 6:30 pm; Program at 7 PM

President's message;

Hi folks,

I hope that you all got my message about the **May meeting cancellation**. Better safe than sorry... I'm not sure if all of you have heard that John Foust passed away. John was a Bitterroot treasure. His wisdom, skills, and especially his sense of humor will be missed by all of us who enjoy the art of fly fishing. I understand that there will be a celebration of his life sometime in the future. If you would like to participate please let Elna know. I believe that you may find out about the event through Trout Unlimited in order to get in touch with her. All of us who knew John are poorer for his passing.

So, A big THANKS to Heather Barber for going the extra mile to give us her presentation online. That may be a sign of the times as at this time, our meetings are in limbo.

I have been getting lots of yard work done while Dorreen is experiencing "cabin fever". At least I can go fishing. The fishing has been excellent by the way. I've been out on my pontoon boat.

Went out on the West Fork today (April 19), and had an exceptional day on the surface with small dries. The hatch is March Browns, but the fish were not picky. Any small well-proportioned fly would get their attention (sizes 14, 16, and 18). It was not necessary to go that small, but if you use a dropper, go smaller. The West Fork was clear and at 150cfs, so a bit skinny but easy for pontoons. Keep an eye on the USGS site "USGS 12342500 West Fork Bitterroot River nr Conner MT", for changes in the flow. We're pretty close to the runoff so get out there while you can and stay safe.

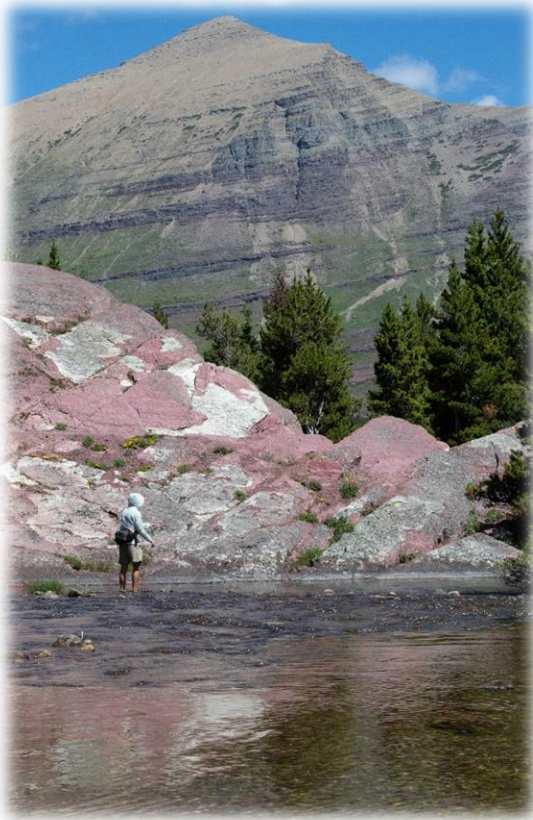
Keep your distance, wash your hands, and stay safe and healthy,

Phil



Cancelled

MAY Program 2020-



Red Rock , Glacier Park

**Topic: The Remarkable
Power of the Annual trip**

**Guest Speaker: Bryan
Dufresne**



Cosley Lake & Falls

Bryan Dufresne is a lifetime Bitterrooter and fly fisherman who teaches English in Darby, MT. Recently, Bryan began to fuse his two passions- language and fly-fishing- by sharing his adventures with the readers of *The Ravalli Republic* and *Northwest Fly Fishing*.

Bryan will explore how peppering his life with annual fishing trips has given him enough memories to fill the night air of a thousand campfires. Along with finding himself waste deep in some of the most magical places on Earth, the annual trip has led to new friendships, new fishing destinations, new fishing knowledge, and opened the door to sharing his adventures through freelance writing.



Grayling



Dawn Mist Falls

FLY OF THE MONTH- May 2020

FOTM April 2020

The Bead Head Nymph

By Greg Chester



Bead Head Prince Nymph Materials

- Hook - # 12 heavy nymph hook, 2 XL. i.e. Tiemco 3761
- Bead - 1/8" Dia gold bead. Tungsten best but pricey. Brass works fine
- Thread - 6/0 red or black
- Tail - Brown or black goose biot
- Ribbing - Med silver or gold tinsel or gold/silver wire
- Body - Peacock herl
- Wing - White goose biot
- Legs - Brown hen hackle or any brown soft hackle. i.e. partridge, grouse, etc.
 - Option 1 - Medium leadless wire can be added after installing bead and before tying on thread.
 - Option 2 - The original pattern didn't have a bead, just lead wire to help sink it.



THE WAY IT WAS..... JIM CARRIER

In the 1980s Jim Carrier worked for the Denver Post as the "Rocky Mountain Ranger." The Post considered itself the leading newspaper in the Rocky Mountain region, and Carrier traveled around the West, covering topics that he found interesting. Today the Post is but a shadow of its former self and struggles to stay alive. In 1986 Carrier was in Yellowstone National Park on assignment from June through December and wrote a daily column for the paper. He did note that the park attracted fly fisherman and discovered that in 1985 the park issued 160,000 free fishing permits, the last year that permits were free. He also found that the town of West Yellowstone had a fly-fishing museum and the office of the Federation of Fly Fishers, as well as five fly shops, as many as there were churches or bars. Yellowstone, too, would change with the fires of 1988 that affected 36% of the park and caused its closure.

I finally got my feet wet fly fishing.

I was pushed in, really, by my boss, who led me by the arm to a fishing shop and ordered me to make a commitment. He tied his own flies, had a closet full of equipment and, I suspect, wanted to fish the waters of Yellowstone with me.

My reluctance, I think, stemmed from ignorance. It all looked so complicated. There was a uniform, waders and boots and a vest stuffed with enough lines and tools to perform a heart transplant. Then there were the flies --imitation bugs, thousands of them, it seemed, that the fisherman chose with the care of an entomologist.

I heard of one fanatic who cut open a fish, looked at the bugs inside and proceeded to tie imitations right by the water. Another one told me she pumped a fish's stomach to choose her weapon.

I just wanted to catch a fish, not earn another degree. I bought a beginner's outfit for \$100 that included a long black whip called a graphite rod, a reel, and a fat yellow line I thought sure the fish would see. I also bought a magazine that had stuff in it about knots and casting. From the rows of boxes filled with flies, the clerk helped me pick out several--an elk hair caddis, a leech pattern, a couple of nymphs. By the time he closed the box, I had forgotten which was which.

In the bow of the canoe, it didn't seem to matter. The guys with me were catching fish right and left, using triple-hooked metal lures and spinning rods. I chose a big ugly thing and opened the magazine to knots. In short order, they had their supper in the boat, the magazine was soaked, and I had caught everything in sight except fish--the bow, my shirt, every other line in the boat. I was suddenly aware that here in this Garden of Eden with my fly rod, I was going to starve to death.

Thank God people took pity on me. First, somebody caught my supper.

Back in West Yellowstone, Maggie Merriman showed me how to cast. She took me to the old railroad depot, now a beautiful fly-fishing museum, and out of the wind worked on my technique. 'The purpose of casting is control of the line,' she said, 'to get the line, leader and fly out to where the fish are.' She worked with a clock, with a folding rule, with music, with a rod strung with pink yarn, and, finally, with my rod. She taught me how to look forward and backward, to correct my own errors.

'Casting is visual. Fishing is visual,' she said. You watch the fly, and when the fish strikes, you lift the rod to set the hook in its mouth. Unlike the old bobber and worm days of my youth, this took concentration. Maggie also preached simplicity--she had fished for years without waders and a vest. She made a list of stuff I could carry in my shirt pocket.

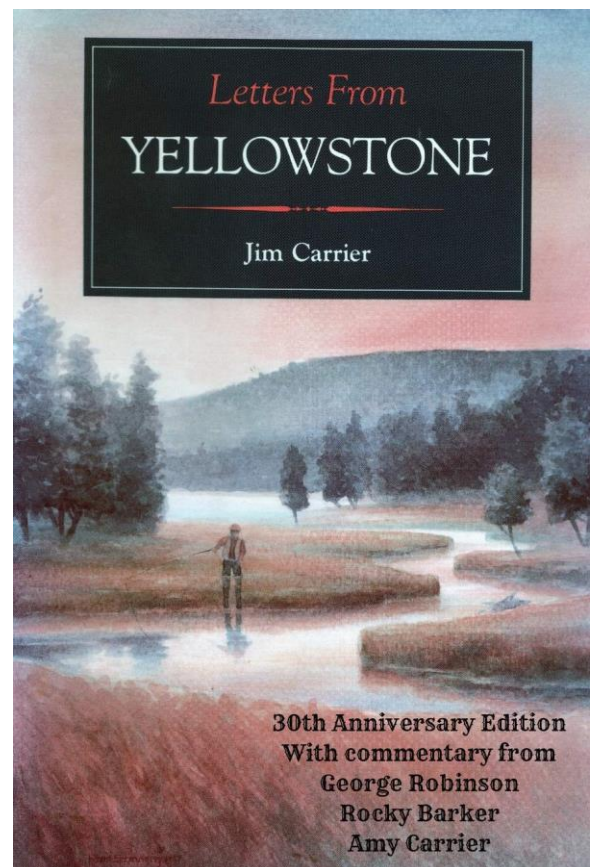
Next a fellow from Aurora, Tom Vitolo, wrote and offered to take me fishing in his boat on the Yellowstone River. Tom had fly-fished 20 years, and as we floated, he put the boat within easy shot of the quiet, shady spots along shore. My job was to lay the fly in there, imitating a real bug landing on the water, and let it drift, naturally. On my sixth cast I caught one. Tom jumped out of the boat and netted it. He also took my picture--except the fish was almost hidden by my hand.

I worked hard the rest of the day, trying to imitate nature without much luck. But I began to understand the lure of fly fishing. It's a problem-solving sport. I was so engrossed in that fly that I didn't think of anything else--not even the gorgeous scenery drifting by. 'It's an intellectual pursuit,' said Mike Brady, a guide at Bud Lilly's Trout Shop.

The sport has an elitist reputation. It began with the gentry of England, and in this country, with wealthy members of fishing clubs. Today, fly fisherman still only represent 10 percent of the fishing public. Just for the fun of it, I stopped one day along the Yellowstone River and asked the first 10 fly fisherman their occupation. In order: doctor, physician's assistant, college professor, high school senior, physicist, secretary (with the physicist), photographer, electronic technician, research chemist and chemical engineer. The physicist, somewhat defensive, suggested my sample was biased. Compared to other places, he said, it takes money and time to come to Yellowstone to fly fish.

Incidentally, the boss and I did fish the park without much luck. Our first day out on the Yellowstone, I caught a 20-foot pine tree behind me. The boss, not to be outdone, hooked a 25-footer.

Jim Carrier, Letters from Yellowstone, 1987



"Coming as it does at the end of winter, presenting the first floating hunks of protein to fish awakening from the numbed slumber of the cold-blooded, the Skwala hatch provokes trout into madcap acts of foolishness. For a few days, there is no finer fishery than the Bitterroot-low, clear water punctured by tipping heads, brawny fish sucking down bugs like Jersey cops at a spaghetti social. Good luck figuring out which days those are going to be." Jeff Hull, Streams of Consciousness, 2007

2020 FFB CLUB OUTINGS & EVENTS SCHEDULE

- **May 14-17** – Clark Canyon and the Beaverhead: A new one...think large “ice-out” Rainbows and Browns cruising the warmer, shallow waters. I’ve seen Club members catch 27-inch “Bows” from shore on size-18 Chronimids....!

While waiting for this Covid nightmare to end, Wayne and I conducted a thorough "recon" of Clark Canyon, and other environs in the Big Hole.....

We did a lot more driving than fishing, as Wayne had never been on the lake before. We circumnavigated the whole thing, interrupted with bouts of fishing. I had a hookup of a very large fish on a black Midge Pupa right off the bat, but I was using the only rod I had ready to go, which was a 4-weight, with 5X tippet. I brought a

Knife to a gunfight, and never slowed him down. I hope he enjoys the Midge. 😞

The ice sheet (the lake is 80% open) was moving around with the wind, and closed us out of that spot quickly. We spent some time checking out the campground for the May outing, and Wayne agreed it is very nice, with a beautiful view. (Horse Prairie). A quick trip to the inlet, (and past Ted Turner's Buffalo herd) and then the wind changed again, so around the lake and up the Interstate to the East side. There were many fish rising in the Lee side, especially in the shallow water. It appears they are beginning to check the gravel beds

for nest sites. We didn't throw anything that fooled them. It might get very good in a week or two. 😄

As the wind changed again, we headed back towards Dillon, and Poindexter Slough (which I had never been to). With so many people out of work, and out of school (and it being a Saturday), you had to bring your own rock..... The Lake, the Beaverhead, and the Slough were extremely busy.

The final stop was a couple spots on the Big Hole, that I swore Wayne to secrecy on. 😬

As a Post Script, we found gas for \$1.25 a gallon! near Dillon. Next recon.....Browns Lake..... 😊 *Your fearless Cruise Director*

Late May - Browns Lake: This one is an “impromptu”, “short-notice” one, that will depend on ice and weather conditions. It might as easily be “day-trips” as well as an outing.

June 7th **SPECIAL NEEDS DAY**—not this date...don't know if will happen this year or not.....

June 10- 14 Noxon Reservoir and the Clark Fork: Imagine fishing a place where you can catch any one of 9 different species of fish, on 9 different casts.... Trout, Bass, Pike..... that's what happened last year!!

July 15- 18 Georgetown Lake: This is the “Big One” Big Trout, Big Bugs (Sedges), Big Fun at a beautiful lake... Dries and Nymphs, Moose and Mayhem....! **PHILLIPSBURG BAY CAMPGROUND.**

August 16 **ANNUAL PICNIC** *** SEE NOTE BELOW!

September 9- 13 Hebgen Lake and the Madison River Legendary “Gulper” fishing at a legendary location, at the gates of Yellowstone. Quake Lake, Wade Lake, and other area locales as well, wherever they're biting! RAINBOW POINT CAMPGROUND-- LOOP C

This year's picnic will be at Camp Sula (located by the Sula Store on 93).

Some of our members will be going up for the weekend and have reserved their spots so if you would like to enjoy great fishing, extra visiting, etc. please call for a reservation at 406-821-3364 and talk to Emily. There are many spots available for your RV. The picnic is Sunday, August 16th starting at around 3:30. Sula is only 10 miles past Steve's place up highway 93.

Call Daneel if you have any questions.

FISH REPORTS AND KODAK MOMENTS



Club members Jay Melzer and Peg Miskin along with Bill and Donna Wichers traveled to Ascension Bay in Mexico early March on a bucket list fishing trip. Jay and Peg were in the central Mexico town of San Miguel D' Allende prior to fishing, taking in the sights and restaurants that San Miguel is famous for.

The fishing trip through Worldcast Anglers, was hosted by Missoula guide, Tony Reinhardt. Six other anglers from Montana and Florida met in Cancun, flying south to the remote private island of Punta Pajaros to stay at Casa Blanca Lodge. Permit and bonefish were the targets altho some snook (almost eaten by an alligator) along with a couple of tarpon (jumped but none to hand) were on the agenda. In total 6 permit were caught - Peg had a 2nd one on that ran through her backing twice and popped the fly after a 20 min battle. Flies of choice were Flexo Crabs and Spawning Shrimp. Bill Wichers wanted to test out other bugs catching some bonefish on a Pink Hopper and a small sardine on a San Juan Worm! He also "had one on" at the dock by the Lodge. Not really...it was caught on rocks!

As the anglers arrived the Coronavirus pandemic was rapidly spreading in the US. Mornings and evenings, when the power was on, were spent monitoring the situation, receiving texts from worried family members and friends and concerns for those at home in the US. On arrival they all self-quarantined for 14 days. Tony Reinhardt spent his 14 days in a camper parked in his driveway before he could join the family in their home.



NEWS AND NOTES

If you have perused the 2020 Montana, you may have noticed that treble and double hooks are now banned on several streams. Wording in the regulations is as follows: "Single-pointed hooks only. No treble or double hooks. Anglers may remove treble or double pointed hooks from the lure and replace them with a single hook, or the shanks may be cut off the other hook points to leave a single hook. Lures with multiple hook attachments may still be used but any treble hook must be replaced by a single hook." So, if you have any of those old Flatfish lures from the 1950s that had four or more treble hooks dangling from a four-inch lure, please give them to a museum.

Streams impacted by this regulation are:

- Mainstream Flathead River and tributaries, from confluence of North and Middle Forks to Highway 2 bridge upstream of Teakettle FAS.
- Middle Fork of Flathead River--mainstem and tributaries.
- North Fork of Flathead River--mainstem and tributaries.
- South Fork of Flathead River--mainstem and tributaries (does not include Hungry Horse Reservoir).
- North Fork of Blackfoot River--from North Fork Falls downstream to Highway 200 bridge.

Restoration of Colorado's Uncompahgre River

Colorado's Uncompahgre River has its headwaters high in the San Juan Mountains and flows north for about 75 miles to meet the Gunnison River. This was mining country, and a glance at a DeLorme Colorado Atlas shows the mining claims in the area. The headwaters of the Animas River, which flows south into the San Juan, are just a few miles away. Silverton is to the south, Telluride to the west and Ouray to the north. Mine dumps and tailings piles dot the landscape and are easily visible today from U. S Highway 550 (the Million Dollar Highway).

Uncompahgre is a Ute word that means something like water running red. The river drops more than 3,500 feet between the headwaters and the town of Ouray, just about 10 miles to the north and carries toxic mine wastes. When I first saw it in 1960 it lived up to its Ute name. Then later in the century several decades of gravel mining in the flatter section north of Ouray resulted in a highly braided river. The Uncompahgre River was a mess.

Over the years Colorado attitudes toward extractive industries began to change. Fly fishers took an interest in the river when Ridgway Dam was completed in 1987, creating a tailwater fishery, and with time a bunch of different entities became involved in often unrelated projects to clean up the river. Restoration work was

begun on the Camp Bird Mine in the mountains above Ouray. In 1994 the Bureau of Reclamation, Colorado Parks and Wildlife and Trout Unlimited began work to improve the tailwater and improve access.

Recently the town off Montrose has become an active participant with an announced goal of improving the river in the Montrose area so that it will be of a quality to receive a Gold Medal fishery designation. Montrose has received grant funds from Great Outdoors Colorado (GOCO). GOCO was added as an amendment to the state constitution in 1992 through a citizen driven initiative and is funded by lottery money "to protect and enhance the state's wildlife, parks, rivers, trails and open spaces." In 2019 the Colorado Water Conservation Board contributed \$400,000, and in the same year the Montrose Urban Renewal Authority designated \$1.1 million dollars to the work. A key player in this is Mayfly Outdoors, the parent company for Ross and Able Reels, which has donated land. The company is located by the river and is encouraging similar "outdoors" businesses to move to the area. Meanwhile the Uncompahgre Plateau Collaborative Restoration Project is active on the plateau, which rises to the west of the river.

The Uncompahgre no longer is a mess.

AMERICA'S ENDANGERED RIVERS

A list of the 10 most endangered rivers in the US has been released. Two are from our general area--the Puyallup in Washington and the South Fork of the Salmon in neighboring Idaho. The latter flows from south to north in that undeveloped country east and northeast of McCall and joins the Salmon in the Frank Church Wilderness.

QUINULT NATION, SALMON RECOVERY AND CLIMATE CHANGE

The Quinault Tribe resides on the west coast of the Olympic Peninsula in the state of Washington. As a coastal tribe, its economy and culture are built around fish and shellfish, particularly a variety of sockeye salmon known as the blueback sockeye that spawns in the Quinault river and lake. While some apply the term blueback to all sockeye, the Quinault sockeye is distinctive and is one of seven evolutionary significant units of sockeye and is specifically adapted to the Quinault River. It is known as the blueback to the Quinault people. It is highly prized for its high oil content and taste and provides one of the first fish runs of the year and therefore is seasonally important as a food source. Up until the 1950s the annual blueback runs averaged a quarter of a million fish a year. The runs have declined dramatically over the last five years, and the tribe has closed the river to fishing for blueback for the last three years. There also has been a decline of shellfish, especially razor clams, which are harvested commercially by the Quinaults. The tribe's seafood enterprise and fish processing plant used to employ some 350 people and brought in about \$29 million annually. The plant formerly processed 40,000 to 50,000 pounds of fish a day. In 2020 that figure is about 1,000 pounds a day.

As a coastal people, the Quinault have been impacted by climate change. In the past glacier melt cooled the water in the river system, but the glacier has disappeared, negatively impacting spawning. Ocean rise now floods the main village three to four times a year. So, the tribe has two immediate needs--save the salmon and relocate the village. The cost of the latter is estimated at about \$150 million. In 2007 the Quinault Nation declared the recovery of the blueback sockeye a national priority and a year later partnered with the Wild Salmon center and federal agencies to restore floodplain forests and salmon habitat. It actively is engaged in removing blockage to fish passage and installing culverts under roads, some dating back to World War II. The tribe has closed the river to fishing for bluebacks and also suspends fishing when spawning steelhead return downriver to the sea. It has a fishery department and operates a tribal hatchery.

In 2012 the Quinaults joined with three neighboring tribes, the Quileute, Hoh and Makah to host a conference in Washington D.C. on the threat of climate change to native people, and in 2015 as a sovereign nation attended the international climate meeting in Paris. In 2020 the Quinault Nation is considering imposing a carbon tax for companies doing business on the reservation and taking legal action against big oil companies in the belief that they should help finance mitigation. Quinault president Fawn Sharp explains, "Those who are directly responsible for causing the damage should be paying for generations of exploitation." Litigation against big oil is questionable, but the Quinault Nation is committed to the recovery of the blueback sockeye.

DAN BAILEY'S FLY SHOP SOLD

April 2020 marks the end of an era with the sale of Dan Bailey's Fly Shop in Livingston. Hopefully the new owner, Dale Sexton, who worked in the shop when he was younger, will keep the famous wall that is decorated with cutouts of trout over four pounds. It gives an idea of what Montana trout fishing was like.

Many people think that Dan Bailey was a New Yorker because he was a college physics professor in Brooklyn when he made the decision to move to Montana. Actually, he was born in Kentucky and earned degrees from the Citadel and University of Kentucky and was working toward a doctoral degree when he moved west. He became friends with Lee Wulff, Preston Jennings, Charles Waterman and others in northeastern fly-fishing circles and became an expert at tying the Catskill style of dry flies. In 1936 he traveled to Wyoming and Montana with his new wife and the Jennings. Preston Jennings was author of A Book of Trout Flies.

Bailey decided to move to Bozeman, and while headed west in 1938, he stopped in Livingston for auto repairs and decided to set up shop there. Rent for his first shop was \$25 a month and he and his wife were able to live in a back room. Montana was pretty rural in 1938. Livingston had about 6,600 people, and the state's population was a little under 560,000. So Bailey sold to visiting fly fishers and began a mail order business. His first catalog listed flies for \$2.50 a dozen. By 1981, the year before he died, Dan employed thirty or more women who tied flies in the shop, and he sold 750,000 flies. His son, John, who was fly fishing advisor for the film, A River Runs Through It, continued the business until the sale this month.

Dan Bailey was an innovated fly tier and adapted eastern patterns to western conditions. He was responsible for naming and promoting the Wulff series of dry flies and developed a number of new patterns for western rivers.

He also was a leading conservationist who with Bud Lilly got the first Trout Unlimited chapter in Montana, and he served on TU's board of directors for a decade. He was a member of Federation of Fly Fishers, Izaak Walton League, Wilderness Society, Nature Conservancy and Sierra Club. For two decades he led the fight to prevent a dam on the Yellowstone River that would have flooded much of the Paradise Valley. Dan Bailey was quite a guy. For more information see Mist on the River: Remembrances of Dan Bailey (1986) by Charles Waterman.

"I've knotted line in grass, trees, and shrubs, knotted line around my fingers, around my ankles, and around my neck. I've had knots in my reel that required complete disassembly. I have, in the past, just quit, walked right off the river over a knot, seeing it as a portent, or a totem of the day to come. I used to hate knots that tied themselves in my line. I saw them as intent thwarted, time poorly wasted, and the, perfect symbolic logic for frustration." Jeff Hull, Streams of Consciousness, 2007

"The wide open of the meadow, the vibrant yellow of the aspen, and the fat bellies of the cutthroats occupied me. The fun of watching a new stream unwind before me, each turn revealing a novel set of circumstances, absorbed my focus." Jeff Hull, Streams of Consciousness, 2007

"The water was so clear that, when my first strike came, I saw the trout tip up from the bottom, drift back, tilt its nose under my fly-and it was too much. I set the hook long before the fish got its mouth on it. I moved upstream and found a run of faster current where the river bent and poured over a shallow gravel bar. I could see fish on the gravel bar with their backs out of the water, piled on top of each other as if they were spawning. But they were feeding and here, where they had less time to look at my fly, I started catching fish on almost every cast." Jeff Hull, Streams of Consciousness, 2007

John passed away on April 6, also known as Montana day (4-06). We will organize a celebration of life, but have not yet decided upon a date. Please send an email to elnafoust@gmail.com including your name and address if you would like to receive an invitation.



John Foust had a simple set of rules for life, work hard, help others and keep smiling. The plaque on the rock at Hannon Memorial fishing access calls him one of the Bitterroot River's most innovative guides. That describes what he did, not who he was. Many people think of him as a great fisherman and a fly-tying genius. Those who knew him well will remember his sense of humor and his generosity.

John treated everyone he met the same. He didn't care if you were rich and famous or just trying to get by. He did what he could to help you. He spent countless hours teaching others to tie flies or cast a line. On the river, he gave flies to other fishermen or guides when he had something new that was working well that day. But if you weren't willing to listen or appreciate what he had to offer; he didn't waste his time on you.

As an inventor, John looked at the world around him and thought how to make things simpler and easier. Whether it was for fishing, gardening, automotive or whatever, he created hundreds of helpful tools and gadgets, spending weeks or months perfecting them.

He liked to say that he was tough because as a kid he lived at the end of the meanest street in Darby and had to walk down it every day after school. He was tough, but he was also kind and loving. He adored Elna, his wife of thirty-nine years and the only one who could out-fish him. If he was passionate about fishing, it was nothing compared to his love for her.

The phrase "legend in his own mind" was used a lot around John. Every legend has to begin somewhere. His good and caring nature sticks in the minds of those who came in contact with him, and his story spreads. John Foust will be missed, but his legend endures.





JUST FOR FUN



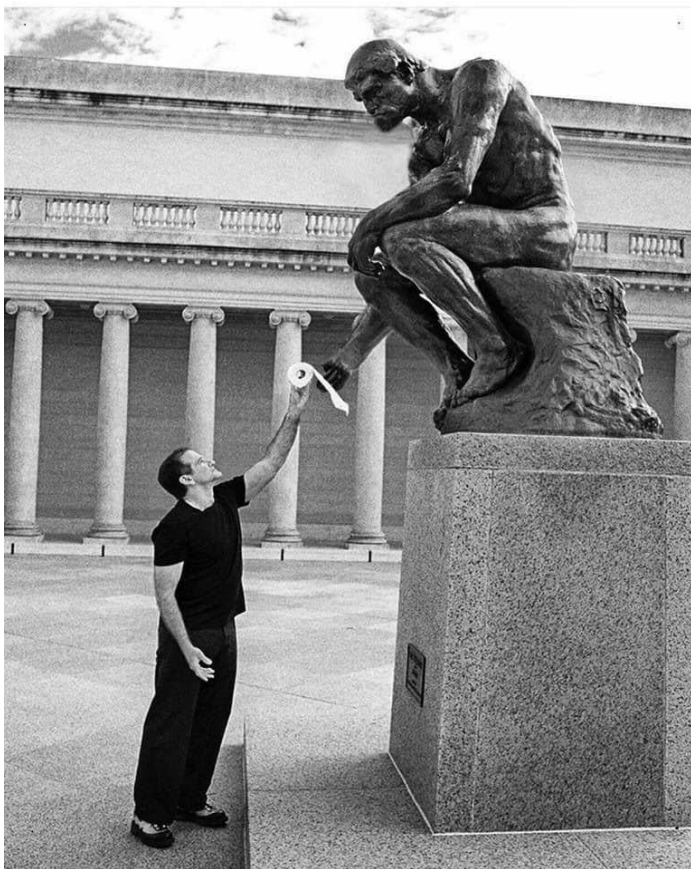
I couldn't resist....



**YOU THOUGHT DOGS
WERE HARD TO TRAIN?
LOOK AT ALL THE HUMANS
THAT CAN'T SIT AND STAY**

**End of Day 2 and the dog
is looking at me like
"SEE? This is why I chew
the furniture."**





Let's be honest. People with
Obsessive Compulsive
Cleanliness Disorder are going to
come out of this winning.

**"Social Distancing"
is boring.**

**"Exiled for the good
of the realm"
sounds much more
interesting.**

**Remember wishing the
weekend would last
forever? Happy now?!?!**

**Sometimes you might feel
like no one's there for you,
but you know who's always
there for you?**

Laundry.

**Laundry will always be
there for you.**



2020 schedule

May 5 th	club meeting
May 11 th	Board meeting
May 14-16	Clark Canyon Outing
Mid May	Browns Lake
June 7 th	Special Needs Day
June 2 nd	club meeting
June 8 th	Board meeting
June 10 th -14 th	sew3 Noxon reservoir
July 15-18 th	Georgetown lake
July 13 th	Board Meeting
August 16 th	Annual Picnic
Sept 9 th -13 th	Hebgen Lake
Oct 6 th	club meeting
Oct 12 th	Board meeting
Nov 3 rd	club meeting
Nov 9 th	Board meeting
Dec 1 st	ANNUAL MEETING
Dec 7 th	Board meeting

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Name tags and lanyards are ready and are at the check in table. If you need a name tag please contact Estelle at je@shuttleworthje.com

The club's membership period is January 1st to December 31st of each year.

Individual: \$ 25.00

Family: \$35.00

A Family is 2 people in a domestic relationship and their children under 18 years of age.

Newsletter Editor:

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