



"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."

September 2018 Newsletter
Meeting is Tuesday September 4th at BJ's.
5:30-6:30-Social hour; meeting starts at 6:30 pm

Hello everyone

Well, that was a fast Summer! I just got back from a great trip to Alaska, so I am scrambling a bit to get a newsletter out. The Club activities were fast & furious this year, starting with the May clinic and ending with the recent Annual picnic. Sorry I missed it, but I heard it was a good event. As Fall starts to show, the fishing will only get better- so keep those rods going and remember to get pictures for the slideshow next February. And don't forget about the newly introduced "Hebgen Lake Outing " scheduled for Sept 5-9.

As the Clubs events and outings wind down, it is time to focus on the club's future at the Annual meeting & Elections that occurs in December. Several long term Board Members will be stepping down and we need others to step forward & carry us on. Without a Program chair, there are no programs ; without a Raffle Chair there is no raffle and no funds for the club; without a VP for 2019 there is no President for 2020..... you all getting my drift? Working on the Board and for the club as a VP & then President for the last few of years has been a rewarding time. I have made friendships and shared fun times with many of you. Now I need others to share the load & help keep this club viable, fun & passionate about ourselves! Sounds like I am back on my soap box again, doesn't it?



-Tight Lines, Estelle

I hope you never lose your sense of wonder,
You get your fill to eat but always keep that
hunger,
May you never take one single breath for granted,
GOD forbid love ever leave you empty handed,
I hope you still feel small when you stand beside
the ocean,
Whenever one door closes I hope one more opens,
Promise me that you'll give faith a fighting chance,
And when you get the choice to sit it out or dance.

I hope you dance....I hope you dance.

Lee Ann Womack



September 2018 Program



Hannah Nikonow

*from Backcountry Hunters and Anglers,
MT Chapter Board Member*

Topic:

The Who & what of Backcountry Hunters and Anglers

A presentation from the Montana Chapter of Backcountry Hunters & Anglers will include an introduction to the national organization and a summary of the Montana Chapter's activities. This will include highlighting hyper-local efforts as well as National BHA's Public Waters Access campaign, which is a new effort to achieve the BHA mission to improve public fishing and hunting access and opportunity nationwide. We believe that streambed walking access, so essential to our outdoor opportunities, is not being discussed or defended at a national level – and in some states, sportsmen are literally losing ground. Public Waters Access focuses not only on engaging and informing anglers and other sportsmen about stream access; it also works to combat the greatest threats to access, state by state. This Backcountry group has emerged as one of the most effective lobbying groups in Helena, on the same par with TU and Audubon.

Hannah grew up in Worland, Wyoming and obtained a degree in journalism from the University of Montana. Today, she works as a communications specialist for a habitat conservation organization in Missoula, the Intermountain West Joint Venture. The Intermountain West Joint Venture is an effort to increase habitat through various partnerships. Her foremost passions include hunting with her wirehaired pointing griffon and exploring new fisheries. Otherwise, you can find her experimenting with wild game recipes and pickling any vegetable. Dedicated to the conservation of wild lands, Hannah volunteers for the Montana Chapter of Backcountry Hunters & Anglers as the Region 2 board member.

Upcoming Programs and Events

October 2nd: Doug McKnight of Yellow Dog Outfitters

November: TBD

December: Annual meeting And Elections.

2018 September Fly of the Month

Callibaetis Spinners

By Greg Chester

Greetings

With an FFB Hebgen Lake outing coming up I thought I'd offer some Callibaetis Spinners that have worked well for me during gulper activity. Both of these patterns float well and are relatively easy to see. I missed Denny Westover's recent Lake Fishing presentation but can imagine he presented versions of this bug along with gulper fishing techniques.

The Deer Hair Spinner floats really well but is a bit fussy to tie, so I've shown a hackle version that also fishes well and is much easier to tie.

I tie them on a standard #14 dry fly hook and include a few #16's to be prepared. Key to this bug is well defined split tails, slightly longer than normal. I use medium dun Microfibers or spade hackle fibers, about 4 per side. Split the tails by whatever means you're comfortable with such as employing a dubbing ball. I prefer to split tails with thread tension prior to adding the dubbing. It's a bit fussy to do but makes for a clean, slim transition into the abdomen.

For both patterns I use tan 8/0 Unithread and Super Fine Callibaetis dubbing.

For the deer hair version I incorporate a thin strip of orange foam to split the hair into a spinner configuration. The foam adds terrific visibility and floatability. Use hollow short tipped deer fibers such that you'd use for a Sparkle Dun. Post the deer vertically in the thorax area then first split them with figure 8 wraps of thread, then further split them with the foam strip.

For the hackle version use 1 long saddle hackle or 2 neck hackles, medium dun. This gets plenty of hackle on the bug to aid in visibility and floatability. Once you've wrapped the hackle trim it flush on the bottom to aid in representing the split wings.

Call if you have questions. 363-0033. Good tying and good fishing!!



JOB OPENINGS

2019 PROGRAM CHAIR-is also a Board position

2019 RAFFLE CHAIR- is also a Board position

2019 Member at large- 4-5 Board positions Open

**Come on people- we need your commitment & support to keep this club at the top of the game!
Contact a Board member for more info**

"Angling knots are like basketball referees--as long as they're doing a good job, you don't notice them."
William G. Tapply, Pocket Water, 2001.

"The water, heretofore so silky, splintered upward like a burst piece of metal, and through the hole where the river had been appeared the snout, the Muddler-festooned snout, of the largest trout I'd ever seen, dreamed, or read about--a once-in-a-lifetime trout...."
W. D. Wetherell, Upland Stream, 1991.

CLUB SLIDESHOW SCHEDULED FOR FEBRUARY 2019!

Bob Prince has again graciously agreed to do a slideshow for us in 2019. I decided to get you all thinking earlier about getting those photos to him! Start sending them to him **NOW** !(*while you still remember the who, where and when.....*) *Let's see if we can get a lot of different folks contributing—doesn't have to be fish pics either-maybe a great sunset/landscape etc.....*

Send in JPEG format, 1-1.5MB size to: **robertwaprince@gmail.com**

THE WAY IT WAS.....

Tales of the Angler's Eldorado.... Zane Gray, 1926

Zane Grey was a New York dentist who fished the Delaware River and its tributaries for recreation. He made a career change and began to write westerns, becoming so successful that he was able to fish and hunt and engage in other outdoor activities. He hiked through Death Valley, mapped wild rivers in Mexico, roped mountain lions in Grand Canyon and was the first to catch a fish over 1,000 pounds on rod and reel. Grey also was an early environmentalist and was an early advocate of releasing fish. He campaigned against overgrazing, reckless logging and the indiscriminate netting of fish at a time when few considered the impact of such activities on the quality of fisheries. One of his favorite rivers was the North Umpqua in Oregon. He fished there many times, wrote about it often and named many of the favorite pools on that river.

So I found myself out again on the sand bar, casting and recasting, gradually wading gradually wading out until I was over my hips and could go no farther. At that I drew my breath sharply when I looked down. How deceiving that water! Another step would have carried me over my head. If the bottom had not been sandy I would not have dared trust myself there, for the edge of the current just caught me and tried to move me off my balance; but I was not to be caught unawares.

Apparently without effort, I cast my fly exactly where I wanted to. The current hungrily seized it, and as it floated out of sight I gave my rod a gentle motion. Halfway between the cast and where the line would have straightened below me, a rainbow gave a heavy and irresistible lunge. It was a strike that outdid my first. It almost unbalanced me. It dragged hard on the line I clutched in my left hand. I was as quick as the fish and let go just as he hooked himself. Then followed a run the like of which I did not deem possible for any fish short of a salmon or a marlin. He took all my line except a quarter of an inch left on the spool. That brought him to the shallow water way across where the right-hand channel went down. He did not want that. Luckily for me, he turned to the left and rounded the lower edge of the pool. Here I got line back. Next he rushed across toward the head of the rapid. I could do nothing but hold on and pray.

Twenty yards above the smooth glancing incline he sprang aloft in so prodigious a leap that my usual shout froze in my throat. Like a deer, in long bounds he covered the water. The last rays of the setting sun flashed on this fish, showing it to be heavy and round and deep, of a wonderful pearly white tinted with pink. It had a small head which resembled that of a salmon. I had hooked a big female rainbow, fresh-run from Taupo, and if I had not known before that I had a battle on my hands I knew it on sight of the fish.

Fearing the swift water at the head of the rapid, I turned and plunged pell-mell out to the beach and along it, holding my rod up as high as I could. I did not save any line, but I did not lose any, either. I ran clear to the end of the sandy beach where it verged on the boulders. A few paces farther on roared the river.

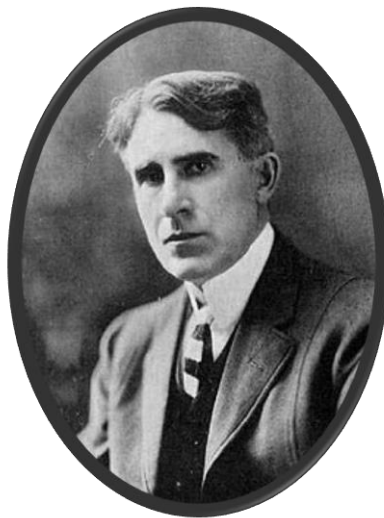
Then with a throbbing heart and indescribable feelings I faced the pool. There were 125 yards of line out. The trout hung just above the rapid and bored deep, to come up and thump on the surface. Inch by inch I lost line. She had her head upstream, but the current was drawing her toward the incline. I became desperate. Once over that fall she would escape. The old situation presented itself-break the fish off or hold it. Inch by inch she tugged the line off my reel. With all that line off and most of it out of the water in plain sight, tight as a banjo string, I appeared to be at an overwhelming disadvantage. So I grasped the line in my left hand and held it. My six-ounce rod bowed and bent, then straightened and pointed. I felt its quivering vibration and I heard the slight singing of the tight line.

The first few seconds were almost unendurable. They seemed an age. When would line or leader give way or the hook tear out? But nothing broke. I could hold the wonderful trout. Then as the moments passed I lost that tense agony of apprehension. I gained confidence. Unless the fish wheeled to race for the fall I would win. The chances were against such a move. Her head was up current, held by that rigid line. Soon the tremendous strain told. The rainbow came up, swirled and pounded and threshed on the surface. There was a time then when all old fears returned and augmented; but just as I was about to despair, the tension on rod and line relaxed. The trout swirled under and made upstream. This move I signaled with a shout, which was certainly echoed by my comrades, all lined up behind me, excited and gay and admonishing. I walked down the beach, winding my reel fast, yet keeping the line taut. Thus I advanced fully a hundred yards. When I felt the enameled silk come to my fingers, to slip on the reel, I gave another shout. Then again I backed up the beach, pulling the trout, though not too hard. At last she got into the slack shallow water over the wide sand bar.

The fish made short hard runs out into the deeper water, yet each run I stopped eventually. Then they gave place to the thumping on the surface, the swirling breaks, the churning rolls, and the bulldog tug, tug, tug. The fight had long surpassed any I had ever had with a small fish. So strong and unconquerable was this rainbow that I was fully a quarter of an hour working her into the shallower part of the bar. Every time the deep silvery side flashed, I almost had heart failure. This fish would go heavier than the 11½ -pound male. I had long felt that in the line, in the rod; and now I saw it. There was a remarkable zest in this part of the contest.

The little rod wore tenaciously on the rainbow, growing stronger, bending less, drawing easier. After what seemed an interminable period there in this foot-deep water, the battle ended abruptly with the bend of the rod drawing the fish head-on to the wet sand.

Certainly I had never seen anything so beautiful in color, so magnificent in contour. It was mother-of-pearl tinged with exquisite pink. The dots were scarcely discernible, and the fullness of swelling graceful curve seemed to outdo nature itself. How the small thoroughbred salmon-like head contrasted with the huge iron-jawed fierce-eyed head of the male I had caught first! It was strange to see the broader tail of the female, the thicker mass of muscled body, the larger fins. Nature had endowed this progenitor of the species, at least for the spawning season, with greater strength, speed, endurance, spirit and life. "Eleven pounds, three-quarters!" presently sang out the Captain. "Some rainbow, old man. Get in there and grab another."



OUTINGS AND LOCAL EVENTS

HEBGEN LAKE OUTING: SEPTEMBER 5TH-9TH.

We are only 10 days out from the Club's first-ever trip to the Hebgen Lake area.(Sept. 5-9)....for those of us who have never been there, the excitement and anticipation is boiling over! Reading and researching the fishing in September for Hebgen Lake, the Madison River and Quake Lake, has the heart beating fast! Before that is mentioned, here are some logistics.....

Club members quickly filled up the "Electric" loop at Rainbow Point campground, but a few sites are still available in the other loops, and can be reserved on Recreation.gov....in addition, on all of the reserved sites we have, there is room for a tent, for anyone wishing to tent-camp with us. Just let us know, and you will be most welcome! We have had inquiries from members who would like to just "get a room" and join us. The GOOD news is, there are more than 10 hotels and lodges, within 10 miles of the Lake, and numerous other B&B sites! They include Best Western, Days Inn, the Madison Hotel, Stagecoach Lodge, Crosswinds, Moose Creek, Travelers, Kelly Inn, and the White Buffalo. We will have a "pot-luck" night, and warm campfires to tell lies at.....

Now,...for the fishing reports.....There are an incredible number of fishing opportunities in this area that I could go on for *pages* about, so we'll concentrate on the 2 most likely destinations for the group.....Hebgen Lake, and the Madison River.

The Madison is arguably the best river in the West for dry-fly fishing. (*Which is music to my ears...as I am no "Nymph-Ninja"*).It is born in Yellowstone, and flows for 9 miles to Hebgen Lake, although the whole river is more than 120 miles long. This first run offers some of the best fishing, especially in September, when really BIG trout run out of Hebgen to spawn. It's a glorious time to be on the Madison....leaves of gold, cooler days and nights, and re-vitalized fish. By September, the grassy edges of the river are overflowing with Grasshoppers. Hoppers, Ants, and other Terrestrials will stack them up, although Streamers come into play as the huge Browns get restless and aggressive for the spawn, and all trout are trying to put on weight for the Winter. The thought of tangling with a 30-inch Brown gives me "chicken-skin" !! Bring your Sculpins, Zonkers, and Sex Dungeons!! The really good news is the myriad of access points for wade-fishermen, for those without a tube or boat.

Hebgen Lake is called the "premier dry-fly lake in Montana". It's big, at 6,500 acres, and the trout tend to run large, with the September hatches of Tricos and Mayflies putting fish in the 17 to 25 inch range into a feeding frenzy. This lake is where the term "gulpers" was born! You can spend the day sight-casting to these beasts..."sippers" taking spinners or duns....."tailers" taking the sub-surface bugs....and aggressive "gluttons" smashing emergers... September is called the "money-month" on Hebgen ! Veterans of Hebgen say float tubes and other boats are nice, but "no problem" from shore....plenty of places to wade fish.

If this area lives up to a *quarter* of its hype.....this outing will be "biblical"!!"

UPDATE!

We're less than 2 weeks away from the Club's Hebgen Lake outing.....(Sep 5-8)

There are Club members in all the camping loops at the Rainbow Point campground, but the majority are in the C-loop



(enjoying the modern invention of electricity!)


A reminder for all going.....bring your own food (as I'm sure you will), but after each day of battling giant piscatorial




adversaries....(just Trout for some of you....) we will gather at sites C21 & 22.....to share our stories and lies.....discuss what worked where.....and what spot was hot.....etc.....etc...before exhaustion sends us back to our campsites.....

There will be a "Pot-luck" dinner on the last night (Sat. 9/8) at site C-21. Bring your own protein, and a side dish to share.

(I'm partial to macaroni salad.....just sayin'.....)  And, BYOB... 

We will have some way to grill or cook whatever needs cooking.....or, you could have a very expensive Pizza delivered from West Yellowstone..... 

Looking forward to this, and spending some time with fellow "fly-flickers."see you at Hebgen!!!! 

Ed

DARWIN AWARD: GONE FISHIN'

Confirmed by Darwin

25 MAY 1999, UKRAINE

A fisherman in Kiev electrocuted himself while fishing in the River Tereblya. The forty-three-year-old man connected cables to the main power supply of his home, and trailed the end into the river, producing an electric shock that killed the fish, which floated belly-up to the top of the water. The man had clearly demonstrated his understanding of the deadly effect of electricity, yet at the sight of all that tasty fish, he waded in to collect his catch without removing the live wire.

The predictable result: He suffered the same fate as the fish.

NEWS AND NOTES

Colorado's Animas River in the southwestern part of the state has had a troubled history, beginning with the development of gold and silver mining in the headwaters area in the 19th century. Toxic mine waste was simply dumped into the river, and when ranching and farming occurred, property owners pushed dead livestock into the river so that the Animas basically was a dead river. It was so bad that the City of Durango through which the river runs was forced to find an alternative source of water. The Animas was too polluted for human use.

Gold and silver mining declined in the 20th century, but the Vanadium Corporation established a mill that processed uranium ore during the 1940s and 1950s, and radioactive waste routinely was released into the river, which was a major source for irrigation. There are no reports that the fish glowed because there were no fish, but there is a higher rate of leukemia in the older population than the national average, and subsequent testing found radioactive traces in livestock, hay and soil.

That led to an effort to clean up the river that was successful enough that the Animas supported a thriving fishery through the city of Durango, and the state declared parts of the river Gold Medal water. Unfortunately in 2015 the EPA was doing some investigation at the Gold King mine near Silverton, Colorado and caused a blowout that released thousands of gallons of toxic water and tons of sludge into the river. The toxic waste contained cadmium, lead, zinc, arsenic, iron and copper and turned the entire 126 mile river a bright orange/yellow, but it did not kill fish. You would not want to eat the fish, but there was no fish kill.

The fish kill occurred in 2018 and was unrelated to the Gold King disaster. The snowpack for the Four Corners region during the winter of 2017-2018 was 39%, and the spring was dry. It was the lowest snowpack in recorded history, and Durangans called it "the winter that never showed up." Peak flow in the Animas during runoff was only 1,000 cfs compared to the normal peak of 4,700 cfs, and the river peaked more than a month early.

The 416 fire broke out north of Durango on June 1 and has burned more than 54,000 acres in steep terrain. Rain hit the area in mid June and caused landslides and flooding in the burn area. The Animas ran black. Heavy rain and subsequent runoff of ash, soil and debris from the burn scare forced the closure of the highway and the Durango-Silverton narrow gauge railroad. Thousands of fish died, suffocated by ash and debris, in the stretch of river from the burn area down into New Mexico. At this point the magnitude of the disaster is unclear because the river is too dark from runoff. Colorado Parks and Wildlife will undertake a study of the river in September to assess the impact on the fishery. Few anticipate that the Animas will retain the designation of a Gold Medal fishery.

An algal bloom that is neon green in color has developed in the Gallatin River. It stretches for miles and is located mainly in the canyon section. DEQ has concluded that it is of the non-toxic variety but that it could negatively impact bug life in the river. It is thought to be the result of increased nutrients, especially nitrogen, that have entered the river system. Go to uppermissouriwaterkeeper.org for more information and for photographs. Or simply google Gallatin River algal bloom.

FFB members may be aware that the Bitterroot River Protection Association developed a program to monitor the health of our river and its tributaries and that some FFB members volunteer in this work. See the August 15 issue of the Bitterroot Star for more information.

Club Patches
are \$4.00 each
or
3 for \$10.00



Hey everyone- There is a woman in town that will sew our patches on to just about anything for \$2.00/each.

Contact info: Susan at MONTANA SASSY SEWING CO. 329 Main Street, Hamilton. 406-961-9012

"Most people return small favors, acknowledge middling ones, and repay great ones with ingratitude." Ben Franklin

"Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead." . Ben Franklin

"Tart words make no friends: a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar." . Ben Franklin

Phyllis Diller laughs

Cleaning your house while your kids are still growing up is like shoveling the sidewalk before it stops snowing. --Phyllis Diller

The reason women don't play football is because 11 of them would never wear the same outfit in public. - Phyllis Diller

Best way to get rid of kitchen odors: Eat out. -Phyllis Diller

A bachelor is a guy who never made the same mistake once. -Phyllis Diller

I want my children to have all the things I couldn't afford. Then I want to move in with them. -Phyllis Diller

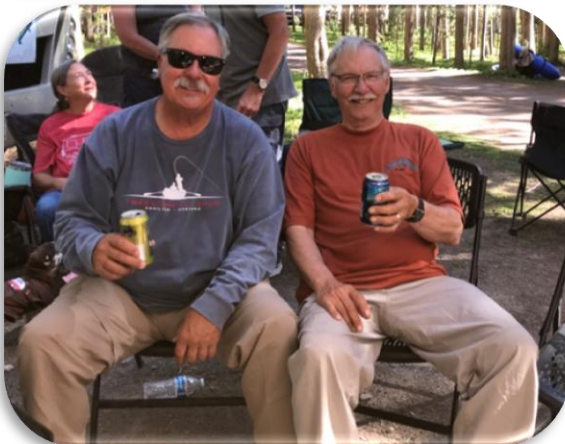
Club Fish Reports & Grins Photos

"Phil Romans took us on a raft trip on the West Fork. Well guided, lots of good fish, a couple of bigger ones. Here is Phil sitting in the raft during the 20 minute gully washer rainstorm. His quote at the end of the storm "Well, I guess I can't get any wetter than this!": *Ben Mayberry*



Georgetown Outing







FOUND: FLY BOX on the East Fork--- Sula Area- describe it & it is yours. Ken Quinn 361-1983

FOR SALE:

1) For Sale: Hyde drift boat. Seasoned, but worthy. Low side, Cataract oars, anchor, cover & trailer. \$4,000. Contact Ken @ 361-1983 or 361-0118.

2) For Sale - Excellent Condition! 13-foot Super Puma Aire raft NRS fishing frame with 2 extra frame bars for strength. 3 Tempress seats. Sawyer Cobra oarlocks. 2 new oars + spare oar. Oar keepers and sleeves. Anchor system. Self-bailing floor.foot Hardy cordura fly rod tube. Trailer not included. Priced right for club members or friends of club members: \$4,200 OBO. Jim Kalkofen, 651-356-5676, Stevensville

3) Spare oar for drift boat. I carried it in my 16' Clackacraft, but it has never been used. The oar breaks down into three pieces and fit nicely in the center console. Original cost \$99; will take offer.

4) 8' tri-hull fishing pram. Very stable fiberglass boat with flat floor for standing up and casting. Transom will handle electric or small gas motor. Boat has MT perm registration. Built by TPL which was later sold to Outback Boats in Sacramento. I car-topped the boat, but it will fit in the bed of a standard bed pickup. Front deck has some cosmetic damage which does not affect the use of the boat. Center bench with good flotation built into the bow and stern. Rows like a dream; oars with oarlocks included. Barely used 8' trailer, licensed for road use, with tail lights available for additional \$\$. Boat is currently at our cabin at Georgetown Lake. The Georgetown outing would be the perfect time to try her out. This boat is not a POS. Again, make offer. Leon Powell - *I will donate 10% to the club if an item is sold as a result of the newsletter.*
eleonfish@gmail.com

Special Needs Day



OUR ANNUAL STEAKBURN & PICNIC



○ 2018 schedule-

- September 4th club meeting
- September 10th Board meeting
- October 2nd club meeting
- October 8th Board meeting
- November 6th club meeting
- November 12th Board meeting
- December 4th **ANNUAL MEETING & ELECTION OF DIRECTORS**
- December 10th Board meeting

2019 schedule- tentative

- Jan 4th, 2019 club meeting
- Feb 5th club meeting
- March 5th club meeting
- April 2th club meeting
- Missouri outing
- May 7th club meeting
- June 4th club meeting

2018 BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Estelle Shuttleworth-President je@shuttleworthje.com

Bill Bean- VP billbean.bean75@gmail.com

Pierre Satkowiak-Secretary psatkowiak@gmail.com

Ken Quinn-Treasurer

David Ward-Programs dward451@comcast.net

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Victor, MT 59875

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

CLASSIFIEDS

The Board of Directors set a policy concerning classified ads in our newsletter. We want to facilitate our members selling unwanted, unneeded gear. The following rules apply: (1) the seller must be a Club member; (2) the seller must be noncommercial; (3) this editor has full right to edit submitted materials; they should be "Tweet" size (4) the ads will run a maximum of two times and then be retired; (5) the thing or things to be sold must be related to fly fishing; and (6) we not will charge for the ad placement and take no responsibility for its accuracy

