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www.ozarkflyfishers.org

President's Message

Mike Swederska

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This month I don't have much to report. Ted Calcaterra has the Ozark Fly-Fishers joint outing with Feather-Craft on May 20th. This outing is a lot of fun and Feather-Craft along with Ted Lammert gives this club a great discount at this event. As you may already know the store is open to club members only on that Sunday. Don't eat a thing before you come because I hear the new caterer will have some good eats.

I would also like to at this time ask all members to contact me if you would like to be a tier at one of our general meetings. We don't care how long you have been tying just that you come and have fun showing us your favorite pattern. I know that when I tie, my mouth moves more than my hands and I really get a bang out of talking to other members. Even if you're a very new member and don't feel you know anybody, please tie. Trust me, you will get to know everybody really fast. Call me or email me. I will discuss everything with you so you know just what to expect. It is a real joy to tie in front of others. They say when your up in front of a crowd just imagine them naked. When you're in front of a crowd tying, just imagine them as spin casters. It works on the jitters every time.

NEWSLETTER DEADLINE: **June 8**
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So I would like to tell a little story if I might.

I always have people asking me how long I have been fly-fishing (especially when I am tying) and my answer is when I was old enough to know I did not like carrying the heavy minnow buckets for my dad. I was around 9-10 yrs old, making it 1962-64.

I started out as a kid walking the small creeks of Missouri with my dad, fishing to anything that would hit my top water minnow. Yeah, I said it, 'Top Water Minnow'. I learned to cast from my



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knees with an 8' fiberglass South Bend. The darn automatic reel weighed a ton but I thought it was so cool. I hooked the minnow up thru his lips then I could cast him 15 feet or better, never losing him on my back cast. If you lost your top water on the back cast dad would get pretty darn excited. I always thought "ripping fish lips off," meant just that.

It seemed we were always arriving in the dark on Friday night. We would drive the old 57 Ford station wagon down on the creek bank, build a fire and seine for minnows. That was an experience that not many kids get today. Seining in the dark, never knowing what you were going to turn up. After sleeping in the back of the wagon fighting mosquitoes all night, I would wake up to the smell of dad's coffee, eggs and bacon. Then we would start working our way up the creek sneaking up on every hole of water that dad thought would hold a bass. Of course he always got first cast. If we got stuck on the bank with the wagon the local farmer would come with his tractor and pull us out. Great memories. To this day that is the only way I am happy fishing. I have to walk the creek, sneak up on a hole and cast my fly with a perfect landing. If I would have a bass hit the fly, well then, that is just icing on the cake. If there is no take on the fly, I'm reliving my childhood experiences. Priceless!

Today, different people own the same creeks with different attitudes toward fisherman. Now there is barbwire around every creek. Even the ones that dad and I fished. It seems as if they did that just to keep people out, not animals in. Also, lots and lots of no trespassing signs everywhere you look. You know when you find a great fishy looking creek it will be untouchable. I now know that purple trees mean keep your sorry city slicker butt out. It seems today that selfish land barons own every creek, warm and especially cold water. I cannot find any kind of small creek like I fished with my dad today that is accessible to the public. I have always felt like a thief when working my way up a creek, hoping that nobody spots me. In my earlier years, I was on a lot of different creeks without seeking the landowner's permission. I now know that that is definitely wrong. I once was chased off with a shotgun by a crazy landowner and once was enough. That is when I learned purple trees mean shotguns. Even if you're correct in your

access to the creek, the shotgun always wins. So now if you want to creek fish you are taking a chance on losing your life. That is just darn crazy.

Now my fishing season always starts with a phone call to all the landowners that I have made acquaintance with over the years to ask for permission to fish their creek in the upcoming year. I also send Christmas cards during the winter months and ask if there is anything I could bring them from the 'big city' when I come down to fish. I also spend a lot of time without my fly rod scouting out the owners of possible new waters to fish. I have spent many a weekend just driving around shaking hands and asking permission for future fishing.

This is one of the many reasons I belong to OFF, FFF, TU as well as supporting the Missouri Conservation Heritage Fund. This fund is about many different things, but for me it stands up for the creek fishing that I love so much especially through the Cold Water Fund.

As an adult I have discovered wild trout in small creeks...Not something my dad would have gone for. They were not big enough to eat and that is what trout parks are for. One of my lifelong dreams is to own my own little piece of trout heaven. For years now I have been watching for any piece of property that comes up for sale with anything that looks like trout habitat. With that said. I know how rare it would be to find that piece of heaven and how expensive it would be. Even here in Missouri it would take somebody with the money of Ted Turner to purchase what I was looking for.

We are so lucky to have little cold-water wild trout sustaining creeks available to the public anglers. There are not many but we do have them. Today the number of fly-fishers has really increased since I was a kid. It seems that the trout parks are so overwhelmed with anglers that you have a hard time getting the wonderful fishing experience you are looking for. MDC came to one of our general membership meetings a year or so ago to review their new trout plan. Included in that plan was the goal of adding miles of trout water access for the public... My heart has not slowed down. All I could think of was getting more creek water to fish without ever having to worry about that darn shotgun. How wonderful

it will be to have a mere ten miles more of open trout water in our state just waiting for us to fish. Trout parks are absolutely the perfect environments for a lot of fly-fishers, but for some the solitude of a little creek is heaven.

Oh! One other thing, I have not cast a minnow since I was 10 or 11 years old. The story about the battle that was waged between dad and me is for another day.



A Tale of Two Flies

Terry Finger

Since the earliest days of fly fishing, anglers have been obsessed with flies constructed of materials that possess supernatural fish-catching properties. Our history is filled with stories of magical hackle necks with remarkable tone and breakup, magical combinations of hackle, wing, and body colors, and magical dubbing mixes, all of which make the wariest trout as giddy and easy to catch as a yearling bluegill. Angling historian Paul Schullery even wrote a novella, *Shupton's Fancy*, about an obsession with a magical fly.

Many anglers also have their own personal stories about special flies. Anyone who has fished long enough has had at least one of those days when a certain fly, previously unheralded, makes fish abandon their usual caution and seemingly line up to be caught. Logic dictates that these exceptional days are the result of the fly imitating a certain, perhaps rare, food item that happened to be particularly abundant. But such food items are often not readily visible to us, and attributing magical

properties to the fly makes for a better story, so on exceptional days angling legends are born. I have one such story of my own, a tale that spans more than twenty years and three states. It began in Oregon in the 1970's, but wasn't recognizable as a story until a few years ago after separate incidents near the end of two decidedly mediocre fishing days.

In June 2004 I spent a week fishing several midwestern spring creeks. The streams are small but fertile, and support good populations of sizable trout. Anglers following conventional wisdom on these and other spring creeks generally use small dry flies on fine tippets, but on several previous trips I had found unconventional tactics considerably more effective. Following the advice of a friend who had fished the area for many years, I used fairly large (#8 - #10) Gartside Sparrows, Woolly Buggers, and other streamer-like flies except on the rare occasions when a hatch occurred.

But during the first two days of this trip the unconventional tactics weren't working any better than the conventional approach. By the second afternoon I was combing my fly boxes for something different. I knew these streams, like most spring creeks, supported significant populations of scuds, but I rarely fished scud imitations. I grew up on free stone streams that did not contain many scuds, and I have never liked tying scud flies, particularly those with plastic shellbacks. But there in the corner of one box were a few scuds I had tied years earlier and never used. I rigged up a two-fly cast with a #12 and a #16 scud and immediately began catching fish. Lots of fish. The scuds continued to be effective for the next several days and a nice tally, including three 20" fish, saved me from having a lackluster trip.

Later that summer I spent some time on a favorite reach of a large western river. Portions of the river are quite popular, but the stretch I like is in a remote canyon within a federally designated wilderness area. A trail along the canyon wall follows the river for seven or eight miles. Whitewater rafters float this part of the river during spring run off, but by August the water has receded, the rafters are gone, and the river is left alone by all except the few anglers willing to make the hike.

The trail stays high above the river throughout most of the canyon, but it dips low in a few places that provide easy access to the water. One such spot has become a favorite of mine over the years. My usual approach is to hike in to this access point, change into waders, cache my hiking boots, fish up or down river for the day, and then return for the hike out. There are two very fine, deep runs adjacent to this spot, and I've developed a personal tradition of ending my western fishing trips by working these runs. The water has, in fact, achieved legendary status in my mind, because more often than not, my final few casts here have, almost magically, produced a fine fish, sometimes the best of the trip.

On this particular trip I had followed my usual routine, but the fishing was poor. Even great rivers have their days. I had taken a few fish, but most were small and the few decent trout that had chased my flies either struck short or turned away. At the end of the last day I returned to the access point tired and a bit dejected. I then worked down through my two legendary runs, but the magic failed there as well. I was ready to quit, but I had to wade back upstream to reach the place where I had cached my hiking boots. I thought I might as well fish a stonefly imitation deep on the way upstream, but I really didn't expect to catch anything and I was in no mood to risk losing one of my nice flies on the rocky bottom. I looked through my fly boxes for a disheveled fly and found a large nymph I had tied many years before but never used. I rigged it up and on the fifth or sixth cast I took a beautiful 19" wild brown. That fly and that fish made the long trip home a lot happier than it would have been otherwise.

What makes these two incidents into a story is that both the scud and the stonefly nymph that had languished in my fly boxes for years were constructed with the same dubbing mix, a 50%-50% blend of otter and cream seal fur. After that summer, I was ready to believe that this mix did indeed have magical properties. It had always looked a little too light gray to my eye, but obviously the fish thought otherwise.

The scud imitation was a Trueblood Shrimp and the stonefly imitation was a Matt's Fur Nymph. I first encountered these fly patterns in the 1970's, when I was in grad school in

Oregon and tying flies commercially for Randall and Lance Kaufmann's *Streamborn Flies*. Randall's first book, the *American Nymph Fly Tying Manual*, had just been published, and sales of flies that appeared in the book were brisk. The flies still in my boxes over twenty years later were a few leftovers.

The Trueblood Shrimp was developed by and named after Ted Trueblood (1913-1982), an Idaho native, fine outdoorsman, and prolific writer for *Field and Stream* magazine. The fly is sometimes called the Otter Nymph. This very simple fly includes a tail and bearded hackle of partridge and a plump, fuzzy body of the otter/seal dubbing mix (cream Angora goat is a good substitute for seal). The fly lacks a shellback, feelers, and other details, but the fish don't seem to mind.

Randall Kaufmann credits Matt Lavell for the Matt's Fur Nymph. I have not been able to find any other information about Mr. Lavell, but his fly is a fine, easy-to-tie stonefly imitation. The tail, wingcase, and legs are wood duck flank (dyed mallard flank is a common substitute), the body and thorax are the otter/seal dubbing mix, and the rib is fine oval gold tinsel. I sometimes substitute a rib of primrose yellow silk buttonhole twist. One nice touch in tying this fly is that the wingcase and legs are made from the same feather. Tie in the rear of the wingcase before dubbing the thorax and, when folding it forward over the completed thorax and tying it down at the head, divide the fiber tips equally and fold them back along the sides of the fly when completing the head.

Randall Kaufmann tied the Matt's Fur Nymph in the photo; the Trueblood Shrimp was, alas, not tied by Ted Trueblood, but by me.

Ways and Means

Joseph Aimonette:

This month's raffle items include:

Orvis Graphite seven foot nine inch five weight rod. a swing open magnifier lamp. Finally, one pair of Hodgeman wading boots.

Remember the club has plenty fly boxes looking for member's fly donations.

Conservation Report

Bob Temper

Conservation and environmental issues have not been the primary focus of the Missouri legislature this session. The gravel mining bill has not progressed any farther since my last report. I have spent a lot of time talking about the CAFO (Concentrated Animal Feeding Operations.) bills this year. Some people have asked me what that has to do with fishing. It is all about the condition of our streams and ground water systems. Effluent from CAFOs can have a huge negative impact on runoff, streams and ground water systems that support our fisheries as well as provide drinking water. I noted with interest the article in the July 2007 Fly Fisherman magazine on pg 6 that discusses further harm that may come from the waste from poultry farms when it is used as a fertilizer. We all live downstream!!!

There have been many national issues this year which have depended upon local support and letter writing. I just received another one about a petition for support in opposition to the Bristol Bay (Alaska) mining project. It never ends.

But what about our local issues? The wet spring has helped ease the drought conditions in many Missouri and Arkansas streams. The White River system has more water than it has had in several years. With enough water in the system, the minimum flow standards will help protect the fishery without being a controversy to lake levels or power needs.

What else is happening in our favor? Recent reports of otter activity has died down. The new hatchery at Tanycomo is progressing and the MDC Trout Plan is proceeding without fanfare to improve our cold water fishing. You may recall the goal of acquiring access to an additional 10 miles of cold water access. That is tough to come by in Missouri. Unlike other states with huge areas of public water that need to be protected, much of the cold water in Missouri is in private hands and it is much tougher for MDC to acquire it. In addition to the expense, the local county is troubled by the state purchase of land since it takes that property off of the tax rolls. The state has some remedial action plans to help with that burden but there is still the purchase problem.

The Heritage Fund helps in that regard by assisting in funding when needed.

The Coldwater Fund is a designated fund within the Missouri Conservation Heritage Foundation. The Heritage Foundation is a private 501(C)3 organization (hence, contributions are tax free) formed to allow private support of the Missouri Department of Conservation. It has been in existence since 1997. The Coldwater Fund was established specifically to support coldwater conservation projects. The Fund evolved from a coalition, including both TU and FFF, which formed to support the acquisition of the Goodman Tract on Capps Creek by pledging \$50,000 toward the purchase and then saw the benefit of creating a formal designated fund within the Foundation. I'm proud to say OFF and the Southern Council both contributed to help that project succeed.

Random Thoughts

Ty Livingstone

Recently, at a couple of our meetings, I noticed a young whippersnapper entering the meeting late and sneaking quietly into the back of the room with a backpack. He unpacked his tying vise and materials, set up camp, and proceeded to tie flies on his own. He seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself. He even continued to tie when the lights went out. He was tying flies by feel...he could have been a blind man the way he was spinning...I was inspired. I knew I was watching something very special. I don't know his age (I might guess 14 or 15) and I don't even know his name. But, I can see his heart...and he has lots of it. In a way, I am envious of his passion, but more importantly, I am moved by it. Thank you, young man.

And so, this event got me randomly thinking (which I happen to be rather proficient at...now they call it ADD or something like that, but back in my day, they just called it "squirrely") about the joy of fly tying. One of the unique aspects of our sport from other sports and activities, is the fact that we can be engaged in the "building" of the stuff that we use for our activity. There are a few other sports where people build the things they use (bow and arrows, an occasional lathed baseball bat,

etc...but far and few between) but fly fishing has significantly more folks involved in the building of rods and the tying of flies. We become part of what we are doing. Not all fly fishermen tie their own flies and even less build their own rods (not to mention the narrow universe of bamboo rod builders) but overall, it is a fair amount.

Tying your own flies and catching a fish on a fly you tied is a very profound experience – at least it is for me. The first time I did such, I actually had a tear in my eye (but don't tell anyone lest they think I am a sissy). I think this is a big deal. It drives commitment for the fly fisher person and gives you a personal investment in the sport. When you commit to fly tying, you are truly investing in yourself and it can be a life changing thing. There was a day, many moons ago, when you could not buy a commercially tied fly. You had to tie your own. Not only that, but you had to find the stuff that you were going to tie with. You used whatever in the heck you could get your hands on. The craft has been handed down, like a baton, from generation to generation and the exchange of ideas never ceases. Tying is a complete world unto itself within the sport of fly fishing. It creates a connection between people that transcends so many other things. That, my friends, is a good thing.

To the outsiders looking in, we probably look a little strange, sitting there in our hunch, spinning materials. And, let's face it, the guys that wear the x-ray vision bi-focal magnifier helmets to tie size 42 midges look a little odd to someone not in the know. However, in the fly tying world they are the coolest of cool and us fly tiers actually look on them with jealousy and lust. It is a fly tier thing, you wouldn't understand. If you tie, you get it...but if you don't, admittedly we look weird. But the fire burns within. It is a little bit of art, a little bit of science, and for me, it beats sitting on the psychiatric couch. It really is therapy for me.

Like everything else, we fly tiers are a mixed bag of differences. This eclectic group has purists, progressives, radicals, traditionalists, dabblers, and die-hards, and a little bit of everything else. But, show up to a tying event, and you will see a group of friends with something in common having a damn good time. You might think about joining in if you

haven't yet. My mama knew what she was doing when she named me. Now, I just have to work hard to earn the name.

You think about that.

Welcome New Members	
Dave Aussieker Chesterfield, MO	Karl Ruhmann St. Peters, MO
Wally & Joanie Kratzer Fenton, MO	Ron Scott St. Charles, MO
<i>OFF's newest member:</i> Audrey Louise Poppen 05/13/2007	

Programs *Mike Krueger*

Ozark Fly Fishers would like to thank Andrew Peterson for his program last month. We learned a lot about the waters in Colorado. A number of our members have visited Andrew's shop and have fished out his back door in the Blue. As far as I could count there were about 70 members in attendance.

Remember we have meeting and guest speakers for you to enjoy and hopefully learn more about waters and issues the club is concerned about.

For the month of May we will be hosting Tyler Befus and his experiences in fly fishing. The program will be more geared towards kids but do not let that stop you from attending. And remember, meetings are not just for the members of the club, but for anyone who wants to attend. Please bring your spouses, kids and let your neighbors know about this special meeting where we can get a new perspective on our sport. Don't forget this special meeting will be held at the Powder Valley Nature Center. We would love to fill the auditorium.

June 21 will be the annual casting outing at Tillis park. Come and enjoy a night of casting, games and BBQ.

July 26 Queeny Park

Dave Murphy, Executive Director of the Conservation Federation of Missouri, will be with us for our July meeting to give a recap of the 2007 Missouri Legislative Session, to discuss the Coldwater Fund and his new seat on the Streams Committee of the Missouri Conservation Heritage Foundation, and to begin talking about a proposed Missouri summit in 2008, hosted by CFM, to consider the future of Missouri's natural resource needs. Dave plans to be with us throughout the evening to have plenty of opportunity to listen, discuss and strategize with us, one of CFM's most important affiliate organizations.

August 23 – Queeny Park

Larry Murphy from the Southern Council will be the featured speaker. For those of us who are either new or have a limited knowledge about the Southern Council and its working as they relate to Ozark Fly Fishers this will be your opportunity to learn how our two organizations interact. Larry will be bringing with him John Walther. John has been a vendor at the Southern Council Conference for over 7 years. Larry will have a great slide presentation about the working of the council and new of great things to come. This will be your chance to learn more and ask questions.

The registration deadline to make sure a canoe is reserved for us is Wednesday June 13th. You may either call me at (636) 305-1085 or send me an email to confirm your reservation.

Directions to Adventure Outdoors are as follows. From St. Louis: take I-44 to the Cuba Exit (#208). Take Hwy 19 South (left) thru Cuba & 8 miles to Steelville. Turn right at school on Hwy 8 West (before crossing the railroad tracks and entering Steelville). Follow Hwy 8 for 4½ miles (just past the lumber yard on the right), turn right at Adventure Outdoors/Fagan's sign & follow Thurman Lake Road 2 ½ miles to the river.

UPCOMING EVENTS

May 19	Port Hudson Lake Gerald Missouri
May 20	Ozark Fly fishers Day at Feathercraft
June 21	Casting Meeting/Outing – Tilles Park
June 30	Meramec Float Trip w/ Adventure Outdoors
August 17-19	Montauk
September 7-9	Eleven Point River
October 4-6	Southern Council Conclave Mountain Home AR
November 9-11	Bennett Springs
December 7-9	Montauk
January 26	Annual Banquet

Outings Update

Ted Calcaterra

The clubs next scheduled outing is on Saturday June 30th on the Meramec River. The upper Meramec is one of the best floating and fishing rivers in Missouri. The plan is to float 6 miles from Scotts Ford to Indian Springs. This is a designated trophy smallmouth area although many trout can still be found lurking in these waters. Adventure Outdoors will furnish us with 17' canoes along with paddles and cushions. The cost is \$30 per person made payable to Ozark Flyfishers.

Membership

Kevin Miquelon


Please wear your OFF Name Badge at every meeting! It is very helpful, with three hundred members, for people to give a quick glance at your name badge and see who you are. Lots of effort goes into making the badges and bringing them to the meetings, so please make an effort to wear yours. If you don't have one (basically, you lost yours), then let us know and we will replace it. Also, bonus tickets to the raffle are an added incentive if you are wearing your name badge. Thank you in advance for your cooperation!

Junior Angler Tyler Befus, Montrose Colorado to speak at Powder Valley

Tyler is 9 years old and has been fly fishing since he was old enough to go along in a child backpack. He started fly casting and fly tying at the age of three and landed his first fly caught trout on his own shortly before his third birthday. He is the youngest member of Ross Reels, St. Croix Rod, Rio Products, Inc., Haber Vision and Whiting Farms pro staff. Tyler frequently presents kids fly fishing programs at numerous fly fishing shows around the country. He is the youngest fly tier at the International Fly Tying Symposium. He has fished the Rocky mountain region extensively for trout and warm water species. His travels have taken him to Alaska as well as Japan, is the author of 3 published books and is working on his first instructional DVD. Tyler currently holds the I.G.F.A. Junior World Record for sheefish and kokanee salmon. He lives in Montrose, Colorado with his father Brad, mother Lisa, and two younger sisters.

Tyler is a polished speaker, presenter, and interviewee. Never at a loss for words, he will charm and entertain his audience. Ozark Fly Fishers encourages everyone to bring their kids, neighbors and anyone interested in hearing this young professional's presentation

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OZARK FLY FISHERS PROGRAM CALENDAR

MAY 24	MONTHLY MEETING: Tyler Befus, Montrose CO 7pm POWDER VALLEY
JUNE 21	MONTHLY MEETING: Casting Clinic & BBQ Tilles Park
JULY 26	MONTHLY MEETING: Dave Murphy, CFM Queeny Park
AUGUST 23	MONTHLY MEETING: Larry Murphy, FFF Southern Council