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[www.ozarkflyfishers.org](http://www.ozarkflyfishers.org)

## President's Message

*Mike Swederska*

### IN THIS ISSUE:

FISHING WITH JACK	2
BCA IMPROVEMENT PROJECT	3
RANDOM THOUGHTS	4
MONTAUK CLASSES	5
16 <sup>TH</sup> C&R PARTY PLANS	5
DONATIONS – CASTING GAMES	6
WHITE FLY HATCH COMING	6
TYING TIP	8
COLD WATER FUND DONATIONS	8
WAYS & MEANS	9
STREAMSIDE	9

Fly-Fishing memories, the things that we remember fondly about our times fly-fishing. Quite a few years ago I started to jot down short notes about my fly-fishing excursions. Like a lot of other things in life, I never did it when I was younger and now I really regret not doing it. We all remember certain things about a trip or two but a lot of details slip away with time.

Over the years, when I have switched my fishing vehicles and cleaned out the consoles, I would always find my fishing log. My log consists of notes on scraps of paper, circles on maps and a plethora of other odds and ends. I never threw away a thing when it came to my little notes. It was always a lot of fun to look thru them every couple of years. Sometimes I would laugh at my self for some of the things I did make notes on and today they seem a little silly.

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Last month I received a FishPond fishing journal for my birthday. The new journal is very organized with day entries, places to put notes and a calendar going all the way to 2013. I have thought about going through all my earlier notes and putting them in this new journal. As I looked through them again I couldn't bring my self to rewrite them in the new book then throw them away. I will start this year putting my trips in the new log, but the old days will stay just where they are.

The type of information that I always felt I needed to put on paper hardly touched on the actual fishing. When I found a new fishing creek the location and any landmarks to find it again was the first thing I always put on paper. Then it was how I accessed the creek, and any information I had about the landowners. After that it was things like time of day how long it took me to get there and if I would come back again. I then kept track of what flies were working and if it was an incredible fishing experience. If I out



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smarted a big fish I would jot that down, too. You really don't need to go into detail because just the littlest notes will jar your memory. Keep it short and simple.

Today I don't fish without my digital camera. These things are just amazing. I thought that when Kodak came out with the throw-a-ways it could not be improved. My log really expanded with all the pictures I took. Pictures are worth a thousand memories. I still have several of the waterproof throw-a-ways from those years in my garage that I may use. I was thinking of just handing them out at the next outing to members like I have seen done at wedding receptions.

I started carrying the camera just for fish pictures but about five years ago when I got my first digital I started to take pictures of the creeks themselves. I now actually enjoy the creek pictures more than the fish pictures. As I approach the next hole to fish I snap a picture. Today I look at them and know just where the fish I caught was lying and how I fished that spot. Also it helps me remember just what size the creek is since our memories lose prospective of size. I am sure that the big fish your buddy caught gets just a little bigger each year you hear about it. Creeks seem to get smaller as we remember them.

As I get closer to the age where I cannot do the activity I love so much, I will go back and relive a ton of my fishing trips, maybe even try to put them together in some kind of fly fishing book. But no mater what, I am darn glad I started to keep some kind of record of all my excursions in fly-fishing.

## **Fishing With Jack**

*Terry Finger*

The summer of 1975 was an unsettled time for me. The previous year I had completed my M.S. in fish ecology at Syracuse and had moved to Oregon to begin work on my Ph.D. My Master's had gone very well and I had been exhilarated by the thought of living in the northwest and continuing my graduate studies. But the research area that I thought would be interesting, systems ecology, just wasn't, so in 1975 I was backtracking, rethinking my goals, and trying to arrange a new doctoral program

in fish ecology, where I knew I belonged. I was not handling the redirection well.

Early in the summer I returned to New York to teach a field course in the Adirondacks, and in August I drove back to Oregon to face the very uncertain prospects of developing a new plan for graduate school. I knew nothing would break before September, so I decided to try to unwind by taking my time and fishing on the way back. The summer before, on my first trip west, I had enjoyed fishing and camping on a creek a little off the beaten path in Yellowstone Park. With my unsure future gnawing at me I wasn't really in the mood for exploring new waters, so starting there seemed as good a place as any.

My state of mind perked up a bit when, on my first afternoon of fishing, I encountered a wonderful hatch of a large reddish-brown mayfly. I'm still not sure just what fly it was, but a #12 Catskill-style Red Quill worked fine. So many nice fish were rising at the head of a deep run that I had the rare luxury of skipping the pesky fourteen and fifteen inchers to get to the good fish. Then I happened to look up and saw another angler approaching from upstream. I had never met anyone on this stretch of the creek before, and I began muttering angrily under my breath about my luck, moronic anglers, and life in general. But the fisherman stopped nearly a hundred yards upstream, sat down, and just watched as I continued to catch fish after fish.

When the hatch ended and I waded to shore, the angler greeted me by proclaiming cheerily "Rising rather well, weren't they?" I had heard his cultured accent before during my undergraduate days in Boston. He introduced himself as "Jack," and we had an enjoyable streamside conversation about fish, rods, and flies. He immediately impressed me as not only a very knowledgeable angler, but also as relaxed as only someone with lots of time to fish can be. I realized that he saw no need to intrude on my fishing; he knew both he and the fish would be there tomorrow, and the next day, too.

We fished that creek and the surrounding area for two weeks and I learned that Jack's life was a little unsettled, too. He had taught English in the Boston public school system, but he tired

of the racial unrest associated with busing, resigned, and drove west for the summer in an old van that contained all of his belongings, including a cat and a mounted bull elk head. The difference between us (aside from the cat and elk head) was that Jack had the uncanny ability to enjoy the present without any concern about what he would do in the fall. For now, he was fishing. The rest will work itself out later.

Jack was an observant, careful angler and an entertaining personality. He seemed to know everything about the social life of Yellowstone and made friends with nearly everyone in the small streamside campground. One night he forgot to stow his bread away. It was promptly stolen by a black bear and the incident became the talk of the campground. Jack simply dismissed it as a part of life. The following afternoon we experienced the most extraordinary fishing of the entire trip during a prolific caddis hatch. We returned to camp, a bit giddy with our success, and found that three departing campers had left their remaining bread for Jack. With a flourish, Jack looked skyward and proclaimed it the miracle of the loaves and the fishes.

At the end of the second week I sprained my ankle quite badly and, after nursing it for two days, realized that I wasn't going to be able to fish for a few weeks. Unhappily, I left for Oregon early the next morning and had no contact with Jack until many years later. I didn't even learn Jack's last name that summer, but I did learn quite a bit about fishing and a little about life, too. I never have been able to fully duplicate Jack's ability to live in the present, but a little of his carefree attitude did rub off. I stopped fretting about my graduate studies, plunged in, and everything did work itself out. I arranged an enjoyable and successful doctoral program with a thesis topic of my choosing, the ecology of sculpins. Of course, things worked out well for Jack, too. I later learned that he returned to Boston but never did teach English again. After a stint as a rather infamous fly-tying taxi driver, Jack made fly fishing his full-time profession, piecing together a decent, happy living with tying, classes, and writing.

*Footnote:* Over a decade later I finally did learn Jack's last name. The summer of 1975

was a distant memory when I returned to West Yellowstone in 1987 to tie flies at the Federation's National Conclave. I was relaxing outside the exhibit hall with the late Tom Widmar when a gentleman with a Boston accent walked by and said hello to Tom. When I asked, Tom identified him as Jack Gartside, who by that time had a national reputation. Any connection to the events twelve years earlier didn't come to me at once, and it all seemed implausible even after it began to emerge from the depths of my memory the following day. I explained to Widmar that I was hesitant to ask Gartside if he was indeed *the* "Jack" of long ago. Tom volunteered to help and went off to find Jack in the exhibit hall. Widmar returned a few minutes later and, with a grin, said "He wants to know if you have a loaf of bread on you."

Jack Gartside has a well-deserved reputation as an excellent angler, free spirit, and innovative fly tier. Next month I'll discuss several of his extraordinary fly patterns. In the meantime, his website, [www.jackgartside.com](http://www.jackgartside.com), can provide a taste of all things Jack

## **BCA Mill Creek Stream Improvement Project**

*Nick Gironde*

The Heart of America Flyfishers along with other contributors to the Coldwater Fund have expressed a strong interest in volunteering time to help the trout fishery on Mill Creek. Many groups have posted an announcement in their respective newsletters about the trout habitat project starting this year on Mill Creek within the Bohigian Conservation Area. So now comes the time to help with that project. On Saturday September 15th I will be at the Bohigian CA with materials and tools to build 15 Skyhooks to be placed in Mill Creek. We will be meeting and working in the pasture on the very south end of the property. This will be the bulk of manual labor needed for this year's portion of the project. Volunteers need to be on site no later than 10:30 am, I'll be their much earlier. Please wear pants and leather shoes and please bring leather gloves, safety glasses and a hat if possible. Don't forget your lunch, sunscreen, bug spray, water and

maybe even a flyrod for when we are finished. If all goes well I expect this to take no longer than 6 hours, hopefully much shorter. I'll explain plans for this area that day.

Please contact Mike Swederska (314-799-1998 or [shur-way@sbcglobal.net](mailto:shur-way@sbcglobal.net)) by Sept 7 if you plan to participate so we can prepare a list of volunteers and organize the work.

P.S. Fishing stories are welcome that day!!

## Random Thoughts

*Ty Livingstone*

I missed you guys last month. I had a stack of lame excuses for not writing a column, but the best one was a three week trip out west. I could go on and on about all of the spectacular fishing and experiences that I had, but you might get miffed at me in a jealous rage. I always get a little envious when I read other columns about great outings (although it does provide a great diversion and some superb day dreaming), so I thought I would save you the pain and agony. You are welcome.

Consequently, you have to put up with my philosophy (or whatever the heck you want to call my random musings). I wanted to get back on track with regard to helping each of you establish your own legacy. First, allow me to share a story that was making the rounds (urban legend or true? Don't know and don't care!) and it is about a couple of Neanderthals that you don't want to be affiliated with (at least I don't!). It illustrates a point and I think you will get it.

Two Minnesotan fisherman drove out to a frozen lake in their new \$64,000 Hummer with everything they needed for a late winter extravaganza, including their trusty Labrador retriever. However, the lake was frozen solid and they wanted to take the easy way out to get into their honey hole and brought dynamite along to create access. They lit the 40-second fuse on the stick and tossed it as far as they could, and off dashed the Lab playing a little

fetch. As the dog returned with the burning stick, one of them had a sidearm and fearing for his life, began shooting at the dog to stop it. The dog was wounded but took cover under the vehicle, with the sizzling stick in mouth. In an instant, the dog went to heaven and the SUV went to the bottom of the lake. This story does have a happy ending. The owner of the vehicle was informed by his insurance company that his policy did not cover the illegal use of explosives. The \$600 monthly payment would remain in effect until the note was paid off. Poetic justice. Darwin Award nominee. Nimrod.

Now, let's move on to the positive stuff. I just have to share this with you and I hope it inspires, encourages, and moves you in a northern direction. It is called The Paradoxical Commandments and was written in 1968 by Kent Keith:

"People are illogical, unreasonable, and self-centered. *Love them anyway.*

If you do good, people will accuse you of selfish ulterior motives. *Do good anyway.*

If you are successful, you will win false friends and true enemies. *Succeed anyway.*

The good you do today will be forgotten tomorrow. *Do good anyway.*

Honesty and frankness make you vulnerable. *Be honest and frank anyway.*

The biggest men and women with the biggest ideas can be shot down by the smallest men and women with the smallest minds. *Think big anyway.*

People favor underdogs but follow only top dogs. *Fight for a few underdogs anyway.*

What you spend years building may be destroyed overnight. *Build anyway.*

People really need help but may attack you if you do help them. *Help people anyway.*

Give the world the best you have and you'll get kicked in the teeth.  
*Give the world the best you have anyway."*

And, here is another one from an old friend:  
*"Help is giving part of yourself to somebody who comes to accept it willingly and needs it badly."* - Norman Maclean

I would encourage each one of you to have an "out of body" experience. Basically, in the next thirty days, do something for somebody besides yourself. You will be glad you did.

You think about that.

## **Montauk Outing Classes**

*Al Bourisaw*

Those members that are planning to attend the August Club Outing at Montauk State Park will have the opportunity to improve their casting and tying skills. Bob Temper will be available to help those members interesting in improving their casting skills. Meet Bob at the Seary Building (across from Montauk Lodge) at 1:00 PM on Saturday, August 18th. Bob just might have that little hint that will make all the difference in your presentations.

After the catered dinner Saturday night in the Seary Building, the tables will be cleared and the vises will come out. I will have a number of the club's vises and tools along with plenty of material to get the beginner started in this exciting part of the fly fishing sport. President Swederska and others will also be available to show you a trick or two or perhaps teach that pattern that has been causing you a problem.

This is a good opportunity to improve those fishing skills.

## **16<sup>th</sup> Annual Catch and Release Party Plans** *Russ Hill*

The lazy hazy days of summer will soon be over, and although it is still summer, it is time to make your plans for our 16<sup>th</sup> annual Opening Weekend for Catch and Release trout fishing at Bennett Spring. This year the no-creel fishing begins at 8 AM Friday, November 9, and continues on Saturday and Sunday until 4 PM each day. Hard to believe this is our 16<sup>th</sup> year!

Your entertainment committee has reserved a block of rooms for the weekend at Sand Spring Resort. We'll have a private get-together Saturday evening in the Party Room for club members followed by a super dinner in the Sand Spring Restaurant.

The spring creek will be open for no-creel fishing, but limited to flies and artificials (no bait). Instead of the daily tag of summer, you need only to get a Trout Permit (\$7.00), good until February 2007, which is good at all four trout parks. You can get one anywhere Missouri licenses are sold, so you won't have to stand in line at the hatchery office. No daily tag is required.

Again, we are offering package plans for accommodations plus tickets to the private Club social hour and traditional Ozark buffet (all you can eat) dinner. Types of accommodations and rates will be found in the reservation request elsewhere in this newsletter. As always, the Social Hour is BYOL with the club supplying ice, glasses, soft drinks and light snacks. Your coolers are welcome.

Remember, this is a club weekend, not just "the guys go fishing" at this one. Last year we had many couples. Plan to bring your special "person" even if he/she doesn't fish. (We've got to be politically correct.) There is fun to be had snooping in the antique shops and mall in Lebanon—and there are several nice lunch spots in town.

To avoid disappointment, mark your calendar for Nov. 9-11 and send in your check now. Due to problems with postal delivery last year, I will confirm receipt of your check by phone, post card or E-mail. Call Russ Hill (314-275-2673) if you don't get confirmation of your check in a reasonable time.

We do understand how plans can change. If you have a problem, a full refund will be made if you cancel by Oct. 30. After that date, refunds will be made only if we can resell your room. Dinner reservations will be accepted until Nov. 1 when we have to guarantee a count to the restaurant.

Rooms will be reserved only as prepaid reservations are received. Please let us know early if you would like two or more rooms together for a group. Reservations will be confirmed early in November, advising you of your room number (phones in rooms). All sleeping rooms have a percolator, coffee cups and a small refrigerator. The housekeeping rooms have full size refrigerators, stove, utensils and plates, plus a dining table with 4 chairs. Keep in mind that there are very few of the rooms with one bed. The restaurant will be open for all meals beginning Friday morning. If you plan to stay over for the Monday fishing, see the office and make your reservation for this separately.

Now, the unexpected GOOD NEWS! Prices the SAME as 2006. Such a deal!

## Donations Needed for Southern Council Casting Games

*Bob Temper and Steve Antonic*

Ozark Fly Fishers sponsors the casting games at the annual FFF Southern Council Conclave in Mountain Home, AR the first weekend in October. A crew from Ozark goes down early to set up the casting pond. On Friday afternoon we organize and conduct the games. One for accuracy and one for distance casting. Trophies are awarded as well as a participation prize for each participant in both events. That is where we need help. We need enough volunteers at the conclave to conduct the games but we also need participation prizes. In the past we have given flies or small fishing items to participants.

Our supplies are low. If you could donate a half dozen or so flies it would help us meet the needs for the conclave. They don't have to be fancy – just fishable flies. If you tie, it is an opportunity to practice. If you don't tie it is an opportunity to rid your boxes of those flies you just never get around to using. That will clear up spots for new flies. If none of that fits you, the next time you purchase flies, get one or two extra to drop in the collection can.

A container will be placed in the fly shops around town for you to deposit your donations

or you can give them to Bob Temper or Steve Antonic at the meetings.

Thanks for your help.



## The Fabulous White Fly Hatch is Soon Coming! *Lee Trapp*

### Dun Imitation

Hook:	Standard dry fly 12 and 14
Thread:	8/0 waxed – white
Body:	White – poly dubbing
Tail:	White – hackle barbs with dubbing ball
Wings:	Wing – two hackle tips
Hackle:	White or light cream two for fast water or one for slow

### Emerger/Dun Imitation

Hook:	Standard dry fly 12 and 14
Thread:	8/0 waxed – white
Body:	White – poly dubbing
Tail:	White – hackle barbs split
Wings:	No wings needed
Hackle:	One hackle

The emerger will outperform the dun imitation 6 to 1. It can be fished dry, on the swing, or down stream to a rising fish. Trim hackle top and bottom to make into a male spinner. Females are larger than males, #12 hook size, and do not molt. Males are #14 hook size. You can slightly weight the emerger, and fish it as a dropper 24" below dun.

For 25 years now, I have been fascinated with the White Fly hatch. My travels in the 80's took me to Pennsylvania. I would stay over weekends in late August and fish the Yellow Breeches, where the White Fly hatch is predictable and many times prolific. I had no idea then that this fly came off streams here in Missouri. None of the OFF members back then talked about it. Perhaps they were not aware due to its short duration..

In 1988, upon returning home from Allenberry Resort in Boiling Springs, where I was staying on the Yellow Breeches, and after getting rained out both evenings, I was delighted when Drew Spanogle called to invite me to fish the Meramec River at cardiac. I accepted enthusiastically, since having been washed out up east.

As we were fishing late in the day, I started to notice the brown drakes flying high over head. I told Drew that these flies proceed the Ephoron leukon up east. To my amazement, I say a white fly in the air close to the surface right next to me, then another and within a half hour, lots of them. Trout, both rainbows and browns started to rise and even jump out of the water attempting to catch the low flying duns. We tied on light Cahills and caught a few fish that evening.

A month later, I attended MDC "Day on the Water" at highway eight bridge above Maramec Springs, and it was there I met Linden Trial, entomologist for the department. She attempted to seine some E. album nymphs, and explained the two species of Ephorons.

I became fascinated with this predicable hatch, and have made a few trips to Allenberry. Upon reading an article by Ed Koch in FLY FISHERMAN magazine titled "White Magic," I had the pleasure to meet and fish with Ed. He told me his article met with resentment due to his informing everyone to wait and fish the spinner fall late in the evening. I suppose only the locals took advantage of the dying flies suspended on the water. Due to the prolific hatches, lots of flies, and fish feeding on them, makes for excellent fishing. This is not the case here in Missouri, but hopefully I will someday catch a blizzard hatch. I have heard stories told by Missouri stream campers who

have seen so many white flies in the air, they retreated into their tents to get away from the blizzard storm.

The White Fly comes off many streams in North America. The E. Leukon comes off only on streams in the east, including warm water rivers like the Susquehanna River near Harrisburg PA where smallmouth fishing is excellent. The E. album comes off streams in the mid-west and west. As far as I know there is little visible difference in their appearance. Size and color shades of gray can vary from stream to stream.

The White Fly is in the Polymitarciidae burrowing family. The nymphs live in three to 6-inch narrow holes that they build in sand, silt and fine gravel. Their habitat is slow to moderate riffles in larger rivers. The nymphs only can wiggle and squirm in and out of their cavities. Their short front legs are useless except for the males. His legs are just strong enough to hold on while matting. The nymph bodies are long and slender, (#10 - #12) and they have large and long soft gills, three tails and very short legs. They cannot walk or crawl. When time comes to hatch, they undulate slowly to the surface, the nymphal skin splits and they immediately take off. All adult duns have short and feeble front legs, therefore they cannot perch on the surface, or cling to trees like other may flies. The duns must take off as quickly as possible or die. They only live for an hour or so, and this time is spent flying in mid-air.

Adult males are smaller than females, (#14) and have two tails, and claspers located on the last segment of their opaque light grey bodies. After they are in the air, they molt and change into spinners with transparent bodies and clear wings. You sometimes see males trailing their nymphal skins not getting completely free. The males as spinners look for a mate, copulate, then die and fall to the water as spent spinners. Note: Do not try this at home.

The females duns are larger, (#12) have two tails, remain as duns after breaking out of their nymphal skins. Soon after going air-born they mate. yellow egg sacks soon appear, and eggs get deposited into the stream. They die as duns, falling onto the surface.

This happens in less than an hour, so the hatch may all be over by darkness of nightfall. The emerging flies will take less than an hour to complete, so the last emergers can be fished for an hour or so after dark.

Here in Missouri, I have never fished a spinner fall, probably because of the lack of prolific hatches. But up east, it is common to fish till 10:00 P.M. and later, and striking to sounds of slurping rises can be challenging.

Since there are no sailboats on the water, dun dry flies are not very productive. Emergers are most effective and also can be fished as female duns or male spinners late in the hatch. They can be rigged as droppers 24 inches under a dry dun or larger emerger. (#12). Up east, I have seen glow material used to tie a dun fly pattern to make for a wonderful strike indicator. Make sure the material glows after lighting it up with a flex light or camera strobe light when making a purchase of this material.

The White Fly hatch here in Missouri is the last two weeks in August and two weeks into September. Flies to take along can and should vary, because the trout becomes very selective. White Wolffs and Millers, Cahills, and even sparsely tied white wooly worms can turn the trick. When fishing a fly as an emerger, pull it under and let it dead drift into a feeding lane over rising fish.

In my experience, this hatch is not exactly a slam dunk catch lots of fish experience. The fun for me is witnessing this fabulous hatch, and trying to catch SLTs who have their PHDs.

## **Tying Tip: Hologram Eyes**

*Al Bouirsaw*

Have you ever had a problem pasting those little hologram eyes on that bass popper or on that sculpin pattern? I destroyed a lot of those little “buggers” before I found a technique that seems to work every time. Try this the next time you are using the small hologram eyes.

Cut off a tooth pick so that the end is flat. Dip the flat end of the tooth pick in a jar of regular vaseline petroleum jelly (you don't need much).

Remove the hologram eye from the tab upon which it was packaged. Place the eye on the end of the tooth pick. It will be held in place by the jelly, but is easy to remove. The sticky substance on the eye will hold it in place as you attach it to the bass popper or fly material. As an option, a dab of superglue can be used to enhance the sticking power of the adhesive.

## **MCHF Cold Water Fund /BCA Mill Creek** *Lou Juranas*

We want to thank the following individuals for their enthusiasm in coldwater conservation projects, and their MCHF contribution to help in the preservation of stream and creek habitat in Missouri.

Contributions received as of this month's newsletter have been mailed, and MCHF will be mailing letters of acknowledge to the following donors:

### *Support level:*

Carl A. Beisbarth  
Charles E. Vealer

### *Bronze level (+\$100):*

James J. Gallagher  
Bruce D. Burleigh  
Jeremiah Nixon  
Dennis A. Schuetz

### *Silver level (+\$250):*

### *Gold level (+\$500):*

Mike Swederska Sr.

### *Platinum level (+\$1,000):*

Current Member contributions:

\$2,765.00

Ozark Fly Fishers contributions:

\$2,765.00\*

Remaining Pledge to be made

\$9,470.00

\* In accord with the Board Meeting minutes, the Treasurer will start making the Ozark Fly Fishers matching contribution after September 11 2007, at which time the CD will have maturity and be available for withdrawal without penalty.



## **Ways and Means** *Joseph Aimonette*

Some of the items in the August raffle will include an Umpqua assorted hook kit including a compartment container for each size hook, a sand pepper chest bag by Creek Company, as well as six dozen Cracklebacks tied by myself.

## **Streamside**

*Tim Wade – North Fork Anglers Cody WY*

Fall fishing in Yellowstone National Park is the last opportunity for anglers to experience what might be the best time to be standing in the water waving a stick, or walking the shoreline of a lake or river casting and retrieving a lure.

Wildlife and fall colors decorate vistas as anglers try to gawk at all the good looking trout streams and lakes as they also try to keep an eye on the road! What an experience, to wade one of these fabulous trout waters, as the bull elk are bugling and the cows are whistling back in the background. Frosty mornings, warm afternoons and water cold enough to demand waders and fat happy trout waiting for the next fly or lure paints the picture. What more could one want?

Fall will be here and so will its colors, by themselves a good reason to be in Yellowstone. Sadly, the effects of a low snow pack and extremely hot weather over the summer has put a tremendous amount of stress on Yellowstone's fisheries.

Changes are coming certainly to other places around the planet, but in Yellowstone it is obvious those trusted weather patterns that would normally bring cool weather at 7,000 feet have changed over the past as the West deals with its eighth year of drought. Since the fires of '88', the change to the landscape afterwards seems to have also brought a more arid climate to the region. Whether by accident or design, the good old days could be behind us.

Now, more than ever, it is entirely up to us who enjoy fishing so much to begin the process of helping Yellowstone's fisheries heal. Unless in

areas where it is mandatory to kill all of one species, please practice proper catch and release methods with the rest of the fish species in the Park this fall.

Fact of the matter is, you might not find the trout numbers you expect upon arrival due to fish kills in some areas, from soaring water temperatures and stress from anglers. Closures have become mandatory to protect the remaining fishery. Because of that it is even more imperative that we do not overlook our obligation to some times *not fish* when the trout most need a break and time to truly feed on real bugs and things not fake.

Despite cool water temps and the temptation to jump right in, the trout have not yet recovered from the heat and the floods in late July. This is one junkie talking to another when it comes to telling one to stay out of the water, but this fall's fishing experience should be concentrated on protecting the one creature most dear to our habit. Please take it easy on the trout. The trout that hasn't been over exercised going into winter just could be spawning next spring because of your resisting the urge to try another cast!

Yellowstone and its bounties are for everyone to enjoy. Continuance of this enjoyment can only come from assisting the native resources that sustain our pleasure, in this case again, trout et al, as they struggle to survive during a very tough time.

It is the 'Power of One' principal and a good time to just have fun by doing what fly enthusiasts call the 'Kiss and Release' method, by actually cutting the hook and barb in order to do nothing more than have that rush of 'touching' a fish as it feeds on naturals but taking the imitation instead. No stress that way, just a bad tasting bug and the fish is gone in a matter of seconds and back to feeding soon after.

Now that you are all sensitive to the situation, relax and enjoy Yellowstone but do it by choosing waters less impacted by the recent summer extremes. Lakes and their outlets generally do well during drought and a good bet to have trout hanging around for the insect hatches they provide. Kiss one for me, would you?


## Larry Murphy, FFF Southern Council to address Ozark Fly Fishers

Larry Murphy from FFF's Southern Council, will be the guest speaker for our August 23<sup>rd</sup> meeting at the Rec Plex at Queeny Park, 7pm. We have many new members in the club who constantly hear us talk about the Southern Council. Who or what is the Southern Council and what does it mean for our club? This is your opportunity to have your questions answered.

Larry is the editor/webmaster of 'Long Casts', and has written several great articles about Ozark Fly Fishers promoting our club and activities. He is an accomplished writer and speaker and will have a great presentation about the Southern Council and how that group interacts and supports other organizations. The Southern Council's Conclave, held annually in Mountain Home, AR is rapidly approaching. This is a great opportunity to become more informed and see how you can become involved in this active organization and what you have to look forward to at the Conclave!

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## OZARK FLY FISHERS recognizes our CORPORATE EPNORSORS



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## OZARK FLY FISHERS PROGRAM CALENDAR

<b>AUGUST 23</b>	<b>MONTHLY MEETING:</b> Larry Murphy, FFF Southern Council
<b>SEPTEMBER 27</b>	<b>MONTHLY MEETING:</b> Mark Van Patten MDC – Stream Team
<b>OCTOBER 25</b>	<b>MONTHLY MEETING:</b> Swap Meet