



# The *BUFFER*

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The Newsletter of Buckeye United Fly Fishers, Inc., Cincinnati, OH

Volume 39, Issue 4

Web site: <http://www.buckeyeflyfishers.com>

April 1, 2015

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## Notes from the President

Ken Dixon ([krjdix@outlook.com](mailto:krjdix@outlook.com))

April has arrived, and even though we will still see temperature swings and most likely some wet weather, fishing season has arrived! If you have not already done so, remember to take time to check out your gear before you head to the stream. Nothing can ruin the anticipation of that first fishing trip like getting to your favorite spot and finding you don't have the right leaders, tippets, flies, etc., or that you have a tear in your waders and you don't have repair materials with you. By the way, don't forget the sun screen. If you are not already aware, the B.U.F.F. website has links to the USGC stream data so you can check water levels and flows before heading out. One last reminder, Ohio and Kentucky Fishing Licenses expired on March 1, and those for Indiana and Michigan on April 1. Be sure you renew before hitting the waters.

March was again a busy month for the Club. We had Advanced Fly Tying Classes throughout the month and saw the start of our Fly Fishing 101 series. The 101 classes will continue in April. Other classes scheduled for the month include a one night "Introduction to Fly Tying", along with "What's Bugging U", an entomology class. April trips include the Spring Steelhead Trip and the White Bass Fishing trips on the Whitewater River in Indiana. Our Conservation Group will be participating in the Spring Litter Cleanup on the East Fork of the Little Miami and the Mad River Monitoring Event. Check out our website for details on these and other upcoming events.

At our March Meeting, the 2015 Officers and Directors assumed their offices. I want to welcome our new Board Members; George Hupp, Jim Boude and Hugh O'Donnell, as well as all those returning to their positions this year. I also want to thank retiring Board members Duane Bentley, Steve Walker and Tom Agin for their years of service.

I am looking forward to seeing everyone at the 2015 BUFF Banquet on April 11. It sounds like the Banquet Committee has done an outstanding job preparing for another wonderful event.

Tight Lines and be safe out there.

# All in a Day's Fishing

Steve Coomer ([stevecoomer@mail.com](mailto:stevecoomer@mail.com))

Stepping carefully, aware that it might be quite some time before another human ventures near, I pick my way down the last few precipitous feet to the stream. Shrugging off the pack, I find a huge flat rock and sit, sinking back against another equally huge stone. In front of me the view has contracted to that of a small room. A room walled in by steep hillside, rhododendron, hemlock and the ancient rock of the smoky mountains. An immense dead tree burnished by the water and as bleached as old bone lies in front. And thru all this runs the stream. The river is broken by rocks ranging in size from that of an easy chair to the size of a moving van. The stream drowns out all sound other than its own.

I sit back and close my eyes. The sound of the river washes over me. I take a deep breath and exhale, letting it all go. Work, bills, disillusionment, compulsion, all slowly drain out and wash downstream. After a while, (ten minutes, two hours, who knows) I open my eyes and watch the river. At first it is all of a piece, a huge rush down the mountain. But then it begins to separate, a vortex here, a small calm there, joining separating, recombinant spaces and flow. And slowly the river separates into possibility, places that might hold a fish. And so it begins...

All winter I tie thread and hackle and wrap dreams and wishes on tiny hooks. Each version of a Tibetan prayer flag is an offering to the fish gods, they are clothed as much in hope and expectancy as grizzly hackle and peacock herl to make a winter's prefiguration of the possibility of trout. As a middle aged man fast approaching old age I sometimes feel a bit put out by the current "fad" of fly fishing. Nowadays, with enough money, a person can stop at any of the small towns surrounding the national park and emerge outfitted in a couple thousand dollars worth of tackle an hour later. I don't begrudge these people their fine tackle and fashionable outdoor wear. It just seems their fishing has an empty space at the core. I'm not sure everything can be bought out of a catalog or taught on the grass out back of the fly shop. Instead it is bought with time spent outdoors, here in a perfect world not yet ruined by man. That's what fly fishing gives me, or perhaps that's just the rantings of that middle aged man fast approaching old age. Like a leaf in an eddy grumbling at the river rushing by.

A filmy red gauze covers the western sky as evening comes creeping thru the bare trees. Here in the space between winter and spring, nights are cold. A cool breeze begins to bite as I pull on a fleece and begin the process of building the fire. Tiny twigs, then slighter bigger, then bigger still, with a homemade fire-starter made of cotton ball and Vaseline tucked underneath it all. Water is set to boil over the fire as evening becomes night. I lean back against a log, looking up thru bare branches. Here, far from city lights, the broad band of the milky-way stretches across the dome of night. The beautiful starlight has taken years to reach me. Years passing thru the coldness of space to light up this night woods, this perfect place. It seems a good place to reflect, as good as any. It's been a fine day on the stream. It seemed the trout too were tired of spring and all day pretty rainbows had come easily to a fly.

Nowadays after sitting too long stream side my ankles struggle to work again. It takes a bit of hobbling before all the glitches are worked thru. The price of a lifetime spent wading icy waters my friends tell me. When I'm old, too old for this, I want to remember. I find myself slowing down, looking, and trying to burn detail and experience into my being. The sound of the wind moaning thru the treetops up on the ridge, the dark mystery contained in a trout's eye, the mottled color of lichen on ancient rock. All of it down to the

most minute detail. I don't want to lose it, though I will return eventually. Not far away, high on a mountaintop overlooking these streams I love so much will be my rest. I've given instructions for my ashes to be scattered to the wind there. No service, just my granddaughter hiking in, taking me back, maybe remembering me for a moment, shrugging and hiking back down to her car. But for me finally, a return to these mountains I love so much, to stay.

As a younger man, whenever events would conspire against me, I nurtured this fantasy, this reverie of just walking away into these mountains; of becoming a hermit, alone and untroubled by the mendacity of man, with only these trout for company. Long detailed daydreams of just what drainage I could stay in. What wild foods I could gather and store to hold me thru the barren winters. What shelters I would need in each season. Even now staring into the campfire with the sound of the stream floating thru the still night woods I find myself at home here. I fit here. Here I am whole, complete. Thank the gods for Einstein and his getting rid of the silly notion of time as absolute. For a week here in these mountains has more weight, more meaning, and more life in it, than months back in the other world. Spend time here and you will feel the truth in that. And you do not need a physicist to show you the energy this place possesses. You can feel it in the stream against your legs, see it in a storm raging against a mountaintop, and feel it in the sun on your skin. Life here has an edge, honed sharp against these ancient stones.

I was at least an hour or so from camp A mile upstream then a hard climb up a side trail to this tiny stream. I took this stream personally. I'd checked on this stream at roughly six or seven year intervals for three decades to see if they were still here, wild brook trout, native trout. Pushed as far back as you can go and hanging on by a thread. That thread in this case being tiny streams like this one, tucked in the back of the beyond. This one was no wider than my fly rod is long, made up of tiny stair stepping pools and mini waterfalls. I tied on a little beadhead nymph and began to fish. Bow and arrow casts, dapping, sloppy slinging half casts with half of these ending up in the bushes. I fished three or four tiny pools without a strike and I found myself holding my breath. Were they finally gone, pushed too far? Then a strike and a lovely six inch brook trout, in perfect scale with the bathtub sized pool. A light rain began to fall. It wasn't supposed to but things have a way of doing that in the mountains.

Two decades ago I hooked a brook trout impossibly large for this tiny rivulet, somewhere between ten inches and a foot long. I had it on long enough to see it clearly before it came unbuttoned. And every trip gave up a trout at least eight or nine inches long, big for this tiny sliver of perfect cold water falling down the mountainside. Always beautiful, today with the gloomy rain and bare wet woods they seem even more vivid, painted jewels as perfect as anything I've ever seen.

Slowly I fished in the rain, but not slowly enough to avoid committing the ultimate sin of being alone in such a place. I fell. Not the usual slip while wading and wet your ass, no this was going to be hard. Luckily one of the hundreds of dead trees that made getting around so hard was stretched from bank to bank and I caught myself in time before things got out of control.

Later climbing around a jumble of logs that made passage up the stream bed impossible, I saw below a big pool. The size and shape of a pickup truck bed. It lay between walls of three or four logs. I crept up behind and swung the nymph out. The little four weight bent deep and a big arc of orange thrashed on the end of my line. I struggled over and around the logs knowing the fish was coming off. But it didn't. I beached it in pouring rain on a tiny rock bar at the pools tail. The fish was at least ten or eleven inches long, my grail fish. I worked the hook loose without lifting the fish from the water. I bit off the fly and reeled in the line and began the long journey back to camp not noticing the rain.

# Gar

Steve Lilly ([sjlilly@fuse.net](mailto:sjlilly@fuse.net))

In our rivers, only lampreys, sturgeon and paddlefish are more primitive than gars, which have been plying Earth's waters for at least 65 million years.

Columbus Dispatch

Gars have the unique ability for getting oxygen not only through their gills like other fish but also through an air bladder that functions like a lung and enables them to poke their beak out of the water and get a gulp of air. Until 70 years ago monstrous Alligator Gars, up to 10 feet long and weighing over 300 pounds, were found in the Ohio River. The Indians would work their tough bony scales into arrow points and breastplates, and the ribs were fashioned into needles. Today they are gone from around here and two endangered species, the spotted gar and the short nose gars, are only found in Lake Erie and the lower Scioto River. Fortunately the Long nose Gar are doing quite well and are among our largest fish at over 4 feet long and weighing more than 14 pounds. They have become a sport fish for many anglers who stalk as they lie motionless near the surface where they can be lured with a small piece of fayed rope that gets entangled in their many teeth, a hook isn't likely to penetrate their tough bony mouth. Before they are released the rope fiber needs to be picked from their teeth otherwise they might not be able to get their mouth open and would starve. One method is to immobilize their head and prop open their jaw, then with pliers cut and pull away the fiber.



## Hooked on Fly Fishing: One Woman's Perspective

Sue Jones ([jonesm4@miamioh.edu](mailto:jonesm4@miamioh.edu))

Many of my friends wonder why I go fly fishing. After they say “yuck” and “I’d rather go shopping,” I explain the wonders of the sport.

First of all, shopping is necessary. Fly fishing creates a wonderful opportunity to explore new stores (Cabelas, Orvis, Bass Pro, LLBean, independent fly shops) and catalogs galore. You need fishing clothes, clothes to wear on your way fishing, special boots, shoes, socks. I would not take my evening bag fishing so need new purses, bags, specialty bags, etc. And you are never finished buying. One of my favorite shirts is the one that pictures a lot of Orvis gear and a message “Whoever dies with the most toys wins.”

Another reason I fish is “Why should my husband have all the fun?” When Ed started fishing, I would sit on the bank and read a book or look at the birds. He was having a lot more fun than I did. My first fish, ever, was a 3 inch baby brown caught in the Firehole River in Yellowstone Park. I was so excited; Ed was not. Later that week we went to Montana, hired a guide and went to Story Lake out of Livingston, MT. Story Lake is privately owned and on top of a mountain. Small but loaded with rainbow trout. The Story family was one of the first to take cattle to Montana and their history is told in Lonesome Dove. My first fish was a beautiful rainbow trout caught on a #18 Royal Wulff. I was so excited but the fish got off almost immediately. The guide said “Do you know how to land a fish?” I didn’t even know how I caught it, much less how to land it. After a few lessons, I was able to hook and land a beautiful 18 inch rainbow. I was HOOKED.

I prefer fishing with a guide who does most of the work. I prefer fishing with a fly that is has no “yuck” factor but is beautifully tied. I do not particularly like to wade but will when I have to. I like it when someone else nets my fish and takes the hook out but I will do it.

I love fly fishing. Not just for the new wardrobe, the thrill of the hunt and catch, and the beautiful scenery (trout do not live in ugly places). I also find that the ability to share fishing experiences with my husband is a connection we will always have. He loves to have me to go fishing with him and is just as excited when I catch a nice fish as when he does. Buffers who go to Sunnybrook know that he will spend the day netting my fish, even if he doesn’t get a line in the water.

Any of my reasons to fish is a reason women should try it. How can you not love the experience? Instead of stressing about tight clothes, my focus is on “tight lines.”

## Spring Casting Tune-up

Gary Begley ([loopdude1@hotmail.com](mailto:loopdude1@hotmail.com))

It’s time again to resume your acquaintance with that long lever you spent so much money on- before heading to the water this spring. Come shake the cobwebs off Tuesday April 7, 2015 from 6:00-8:00 PM at the Springdale recreation center.

The BUFF casting instructors will be there if you would like some tips, or you can just enjoy the chance to cast inside under the lights. If the weather is nice, we'll meet outside. Some of us will be there around 5:00 PM if it's a beautiful spring day.

The club's casting analyzer will be ready for those interested in an electronic critic of their cast. Contact: Gary Begley [loopdude1@hotmail.com](mailto:loopdude1@hotmail.com) or 513-932-4205 if you plan to attend.

## Parky's Farm 2015 Activities

Ed Jones ([jonesee@miamioh.edu](mailto:jonesee@miamioh.edu))

Most BUFF members know of the disappointing season we had at Parky's Farm last year. After a decade or so of positive experiences with kids and families at Parky's program pond, we were blindsided by a massive fish kill November, 2013. Attempts to continue regular programs during 2014 by utilizing a smaller pond were not satisfactory, and the season was eventually cancelled. I'm pleased to announce that we will be back at the program pond for 2015. Restocking took place during the 2013-14 winter, and there should be a good supply of bass and bluegills eager to attack flies or hot dog morsels. We will not anticipate 5-7# Largemouth for a while, but there should be a good number of eager 12 inchers and nice size bluegills - including hybrids.

If you have not participated before, Parky's provides a great opportunity to support BUFF by helping folks catch fish. Frequently their first fish! BUFF and Parky's will bring all the equipment and bait, so all you have to do is show up, bait some hooks, and release a few fish. Parky's thanks us by allowing catch and release fly rodding before and after any scheduled event.

The 2015 schedule includes activities on the following dates: May 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; June 5, 12, 17, 19; July 10, 17, 24, 31; August 12 and 14. More details for each date may be found on the BUFF website calendar, so mark your schedule and plan to join us. Activity times generally begin between 9 and 9:30 and usually last for one or two hours – but sometimes longer. Generally 4 to 5 volunteers are needed each date except for longer special events (when bus loads of kids come from schools and activity centers). Then we could use 8 to 10 helpers. We have a casual arrangement with Parky's; no need to sign up for individual sessions in advance, and it's OK to show up late.

Please let me know if you would be interested in helping with Parky's Farm activities for 2015. A sign-up list will be available at the April and May BUFF membership meetings, or you may contact me at 513-523-6523 or [jonesee@miamioh.edu](mailto:jonesee@miamioh.edu). Doing so will not commit you to any specific activity or date, but I need a list of potential volunteers who may sometimes be available.

Parking permits will be required, so let me know if you need free one-day passes. Most BUFF volunteers purchase a \$10 annual permit that allows access to all of the Great Parks of Hamilton County sites - a great deal - and then you don't need the day passes.



Parky's Farm is located at 10073 Daly Road, Cincinnati Ohio. Directions may be found on the website at "Community, Parky's Farm." See you there!!

## Women's Casting Clinic

Sue Jones, ([jonesm4@miamioh.edu](mailto:jonesm4@miamioh.edu))

All women who are interested in learning to cast or "tune up" their skills are invited to come to the Women's Casting Clinic. This event is for women only although some men may be helping with the casting instruction.

The clinic will be held prior to the regular BUFF meeting, May 13 at 5:00 – 6:30 on the grassy area next to the VOA Clubhouse. You may arrive at any time during the session. In case of rain the date will be June 10. BUFF fly fishing instructors will be available to help women learn basic casting steps or improve their casting ability. This is a chance for women to get one on one help in a non-threatening, non-judgmental atmosphere. Please sign up on the Buff web site trips and activities registration and complete the activity waiver form to participate. The forms may also be completed at the event.

Please bring your own equipment if you have it. There will be some BUFF fishing equipment available for those who do not have their own

## 2015 Banquet Guide Donations

Mike Rubush ([rubush1me@hotmail.com](mailto:rubush1me@hotmail.com))

I hope that you are planning to attend the BUFF Awards Banquet on Saturday, April 11, 2015. This is not just a great time to mix and mingle with fellow fly fishers, but a fantastic time to buddy up with a friend and bid on some great Guided fly fishing trips. There will be a lot of guided trips to bid on this year. Several trips have lodging included. If you want to get an idea of the type of guides and the trips we will have, check out "Support our sponsors" page (<http://www.buckeyeflyfishers.com/links/sponsors.htm>). I will highlight just a few of the trips that will be up for bid this year. Be sure to bring your check book or Credit Card.

### **Sunnybrook Trout Club - \$ 800.00 Value of Fishing and Lodging!**

**This is a 3 Day Fishing trip for Two anglers at the beautiful Sunnybrook Trout Club!**  
**(<http://sunnybrooktroutclub.com/>)**

This package includes Trout Club fishing fees for 3 days (day of arrival / day between / day of departure) and shared accommodations (one room with 2 beds, private bath) for 2 nights at Farrell House Lodge.

*I won this trip a few years ago and I can say that it was a fantastic trip, with a wide range of trout to fish for. They have some very easy trout to catch and some of the largest, pickiest trout. I now know why Ken Dixon ties some of the best size 20 Zebra Midges!*



### **Davidson River Outfitters - \$ 500.00 Value for this Exclusive Trip!**

**This is a full day guided trip for two people on “D.R.O. Private Trophy Waters” of the Lower Davidson River! Owner Kevin Howell is willing to all so do a float trip if you prefer.**

This 3 mile section of Private water is limited to maximum of 8-10 anglers per day, so be sure to make your reservations well in advance. This is BIG FISH WATER! The average size of fish is 16” – 19” with a lot well over the 20” mark and many measured in pounds. (<https://www.davidsonflyfishing.com/>)

### **Delamere & Hopkins - \$ 300.00 Value of this Trip!**

**Local Smallmouth Bass Guided Trip for 1 Angler for a full day and includes Transportation, Canoe & Lunch.**  
(<http://www.bestgear.com/>)

Enjoy a day floating and fishing on one of our local beautiful rivers or streams for smallmouth bass. This could be the Elkhorn River in KY or the Little Miami river here in Ohio.

If you have always wanted to learn about Smallmouth bass fishing, this is the trip for you!

### **Elk Springs Resort - \$ 520.00 value for Fishing and Lodging!**

**This is a FULL day guided trip for two people fishing on the Elk River as well as one night of lodging (1 room).**  
(<https://www.sites.google.com/site/elkspringsresortwv/>)

Elk Springs Resort is the perfect place to kick back and enjoy Mother Nature's breathtaking beauty at her best! Bubbling springs, prolific fly hatches, bald eagles, red-tail hawks, wildlife, and the towering mountains makes the perfect place for a relaxing get away and did we mention the great fishing too.

## **Marion the Librarian**

George Hupps ([hupp23@zoomtown.com](mailto:hupp23@zoomtown.com))

KUDOS to my predecessors! It was a genuine surprise to discover the importance of our small library to the resilience of our club. Many members take advantage of these books and DVDs. Thanks to Bob Mackey!

Bob Mackey established the library approximately twelve years ago and has been its only librarian until 2014. Bob “took his work home with him.” Each book and DVD had a pocket and a card. The real work of the librarian was “behind the scene.” Bob recorded all transactions by hand; tracked overdue resources; and contacted members individually to encourage the return of overdue items. It was a labor of love. When you see Bob offer your gratitude for his long and faithful service to the club.

Steve Walker assumed the duties of librarian upon Bob’s retirement. After a period of time using the former method, Steve added a new dimension by “modernizing” the record keeping. Steve engaged our IT guru’s Don Kail and Ken Foltz to place bar codes on library resources and member badges. Steve guided the creation of a computerized program to: Scans books and DVDs in and out; notify members when books and



DVDS are due to be returned; notify members when they are delinquent in returning books and DVDs. These contributions save a great amount of time and make record keeping much easier. When you see Steve, pat him on the back and affirm a job well done!

Ken Foltz contributed the “hardware,” the computer and scanner that makes the new methodology work. Please thank Ken for his generosity!!!

## **April Meeting Program – History of the Scenic Rivers Program in Ohio**

Pete Moore ([petem@outlook.com](mailto:petem@outlook.com))

**Meeting Date April 8, 2015**

Program - History of the Scenic Rivers Program in Ohio  
Speakers – Rod King and Melissa Clark - Ohio DNR

Rod has been teaching in the public schools in Ohio for 30 years. His undergraduate work was at Mount Union College in Alliance Ohio where he obtained a Bachelor of Arts in Elementary Education. He later obtained a Master of Science in Secondary Education from Miami University in Oxford, Ohio and a Master of Science in School Counseling from the University of Dayton. Rod continued working on his professional development and was honored by being named a Nationally Board Certified Educator by the National Board for Professional Teaching Standards. He has also achieved “Master Teacher” and “Highly Qualified Teacher” status at Mason Middle School in Mason, Ohio.

While in the classroom he was known for a fun, enthusiastic teaching style which made learning fun. At Mason Middle School, Rod developed an environmental study area which consisted of a pond, tall grass prairie, butterfly garden, 2 outdoor classrooms, a successional zone and pine forest all on 4 acres of land. The site was named a “Wild School Site” by the Ohio Division of Wildlife. Rod has been a presenter at the National Science Teachers Convention and The North American Association for Environmental Education’s Conference. Rod also taught several summers at the Science Discovery Camp teaching a program called: “Nature Niches” One of his passions is to preserve the natural environment for future generations to enjoy. In his spare time Rod enjoys: hunting, fishing, hiking, birding, sports, movies and connecting with people.

In 2012, Rod began working as the Southwest Ohio Stream Quality Monitoring Coordinator for Ohio Department of Natural Resources.

Melissa graduated from Hocking College after studying recreation and wildlife management. She began her career with the ODNR in June of 2000 as a Watercraft Officer. Melissa spent 14 years with the Division of Watercraft as an Officer, Education Specialist, and the last 5 years as the Area Supervisor for the Springfield Watercraft Office. She transferred to the Scenic Rivers Program last summer

**Dinner Menu:**

- Eight Hour Roast Beef in Vegetable Gravy
- Parmesan Panko Breaded Chicken Breast
- Garlic Mashed Potatoes
- Gravy on the Side
- California Vegetable Melody
- Buttery Corn

**Dessert:**

- Pound Cake and Fresh Berries topped with Whipped Cream

**Heart Healthy (Lo-Cal) Dinner Menu Option:**

>>> Select when registering <<<

- Hawaiian Marinated Chicken Breast
- California Vegetable Melody
- Baked Potato
- Mixed Green Salad with Fresh Vegetables

**Vegetarian Dinner Menu Option:**

>>> Select when registering <<<

- Stuffed Portabella Mushroom
- Mixed green salad with fresh vegetables



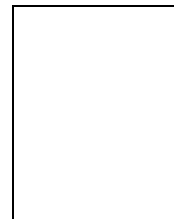
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P. O. Box 42614

Cincinnati, OH 45242

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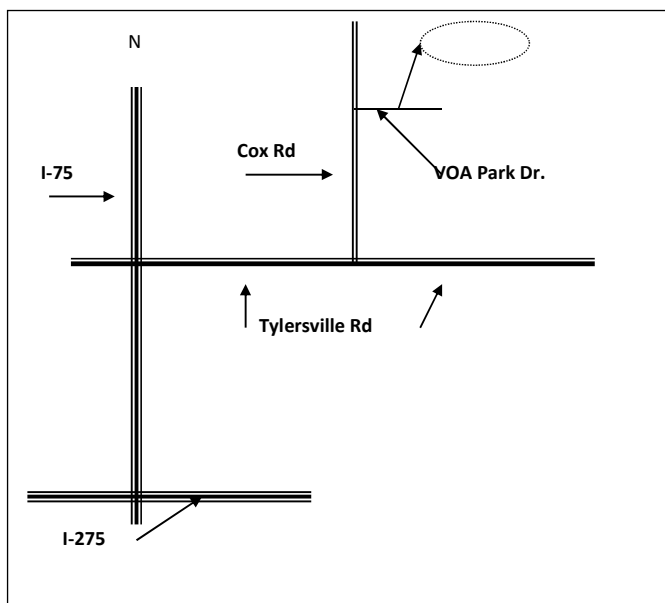
**NOTICE:** Dues are \$25 (Individual), \$30 ( Family), with a onetime \$5 Initiation Fee for new members. New members will pay a prorated membership amount according to month of initial membership for the first year. Annual dues are due January 1. Refer to BUFF website for further information. B.U.F.F., P.O. Box 42614, Cincinnati, OH 45242

Mailing Address

### Next Monthly Meeting – April 8, 2015

Call (513) 683-0286 or sign up on line at [WWW.BUCKEYEFLYFISHERS.COM](http://WWW.BUCKEYEFLYFISHERS.COM) for reservations no later than midnight on the Sunday before the meeting. Dinners are \$15/person.

Sign up from the 20<sup>th</sup> of the November through the Sunday evening (12/14) before the monthly meeting!



#### Directions:

**From I-75 --** Follow I-75 north to the Tylersville Road exit. Turn right off of the exit ramp onto Tylersville Road and follow to Cox Road. Turn left onto Cox Road and follow Cox Road north to VOA Park Drive. Turn right onto VOA Park Drive. Turn left onto first drive and follow roadway to Lodge.

#### From the Warren County area...

Follow Tylersville Road west to Cox Road. Turn right onto Cox Road and follow Cox Road north to VOA Park Drive. Turn right onto VOA Park Drive. Turn left onto first drive and follow roadway to Lodge.