



The BUFFER

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

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

May 1, 2015

Notes from the President

Ken Dixon (krgjdix@outlook.com)

As I am writing this, I wish I had taken my own advice from last month and spent time going over all my gear in preparation for this year's fishing. Now I am rushing to get everything checked, replaced, and restocked as I am getting ready for my first trip of the year. As my mother use to tell me, I am great on giving advice but sometimes short on taking it. I will make the trip but may be short a few items.

If you attended this year's Banquet, I hope you enjoyed your evening. I really liked the new format. The Banquet Committee did a great job. Please let them know you enjoyed the event along with any suggestions you may have to improve next year's Banquet. Thanks as well to all that attended. I hope you walked away with some of the great prizes.

Speaking of the Banquet, I want to offer my congratulations to all the special award winners. Your contributions over the past years are part of what makes this Club so great.

In addition to the Banquet, April was a busy month for the Club. The Fly Fishing 101 classes were completed, folks took part in the Mad River Monitoring program and the Spring Litter Cleanup on the Little Miami, Club sponsored fishing trips began, and the Spring Introduction to Fly Tying Class was held.

May looks to be even busier with four of our most popular trips scheduled and with a Women's Casting Clinic event. Check our website for details on all these events.

OK, time to go work on my gear. Have a great month and be careful on the water.

Tight Lines !!!

A Fishing Story

Tom Smith (tsmithconsulting@cinci.rr.com)

I find suggestions that my fishing attire is somewhat low brow quite acceptable but I do take offense at being labelled a fibber. In the end though I suppose we all have our own set of “fishing stories” you know, the real ones not the hyperbole of anglers given over to exaggeration or the fabrications of the overtly dishonest but real anomalies which push the bounds of credibility but remain none the less actually true.

In general I figure that stories that aggrandize the skills of the angler are more worthy of suspicion than those which highlight their inadequacies, such that the “I hooked the bushes for a third time” sorts of tales are, for the most part, more honest than the “it was definitely into double figures” accounts of capture.

Given that the latest odd happening on stream suggests no skill on my part, one hopes that the telling of it will have some level of credibility.



Gordon McKay in the high country searching out cooler water and active trout.

I and an old friend had hiked high into the mountains on a dreadfully hot day in the hope of finding some cooler water and active trout. It is a remote location, dangerous even from the perspective that escape in the case of mishap would prove tricky at best. The stream is home to both trout and bass although another reason for the hike in is that as one gains elevation the ratio of bass to trout leans further in favor of the salmonids.

The fishing was slow, the water warm and I wasn't fishing well. I had lost two trout before I noticed that there was a small burr on the point of the hook which had obviously limited its penetration. Not checking after the first loss is a sign that my fishing has deteriorated, I am an avid promoter of hook sharpeners and checking the fly in the event

of any question as to its soundness, that I had failed to do that was indication that I had let things slide. Then I spooked a number of fish with poor casts or line flash and in turn was broken off by a really nice fish which headed around numerous clumps of riverine grasses snapping the tippet. In fact, a combination of poor fishing and even poorer conditions meant that at the end of day one my net had remained dry as a bone.

The following morning I headed out with renewed hope, setting off from camp in the early dawn trusting that the slightly cooler conditions and relatively low light might see more active fish. I also thought that perhaps having had a day of practice, I don't get to fish anywhere near as much as I used to, would have got me "back in the groove".

After a short hike downstream I sat quietly and re-rigged a new leader, fresh tippet and tested the outfit with some exploratory casts. Happy that all was well I proceeded up river fishing carefully and seeking out likely pockets as well as constantly scanning for active fish in the clear water.

The first trout spooked at the sight of the fly on what I thought was a really good presentation; the day was looking like being just as trying as the previous one. Then I came across a fish feeding in some moderately fast flow and after it ignored the dry fly on three drifts I changed tactics and added a nymph to the terminal tackle. The fish was obviously feeding but apparently reluctant to come to the top. That trout took the nymph and so I carried on with the same set up, missing a couple of opportunities and at the same time landing a few trout. It seemed that the subsurface pattern was the way to go and each fish in turn ignored the dry to consume the tiny nymph fishing a few inches under the surface.



The combination of pragmatic functionality and hand crafted beauty. My Deon Stamer landing net.

The trout on this stream are particularly partial to feeding right in the tail-outs of the runs and it can prove tricky to get your drift into the correct spot before the leader is whisked away by the current and entangled in the ever present riverine grasses. I had spotted a fish lying tucked tightly at the back of a small run and fortunately got the cast right first time. The fish took the nymph dragging the small dry fly underwater and I struck into a solid hook-

up. It wasn't a particularly large fish perhaps twelve inches long but as soon as it began to struggle against the line a bass began chasing it all over the small pool.

This isn't a scenario that is particularly rare, frequently hooked fish get followed about by another, either a trout or a bass for that matter. After a spirited fight the trout came to the net and I prepared to land it prior to release. The net I use is a gorgeously hand crafted tear drop made for me by local net builder. It is a thing of both beauty and functionality but not overly large. Still I slipped the net into the water and scooped up the trout only to have the bass follow my prize right into the mesh, such that to my absolute surprise when I lifted the net from the water it contained not one fish but two, only one of them actually attached to the line. The nymph hooked trout and the overly aggressive smallmouth. I don't dislike bass particularly but I am not overly fond of having them in trout streams and so unfortunately for the bass its predatory zeal proved to be fatal. The trout was returned to the water unharmed and perhaps with slightly better prospects given that a competitor for the resources of the pool had been removed.



The proof of the pudding, two unhappy bedfellows, a trout and a bass netted at the same time.

In some forty odd years of fly fishing I have witnessed and been party to a good many oddities, I suppose that if one does something often enough all sorts of strange things happen, but this still has to rate as one of the more bizarre. Bizarre perhaps, but at least true.

(The above article is reproduced from the "Fishing Gene Blog") that was written by American Humorist Don Marquis. I try to provide a fishing article from an outside source for each edition of the Buffer. This was my selection for May. If you would like to provide comments, suggestions or complaints feel free to email me at tsmithconsulting@cinci.rr.com, or catch me at a monthly meeting.)

Green Mossy Algae (Cladophora Glomerata)

Steve Lilly (sjlilly@fuse.net)

Those who have fished our streams in the spring are well acquainted with gobs of long stringy moss all along the stream bottom that clings to every knot in our leader and completely covers our fly. The moss inhibits the use of any beaded fly such as our favorite Clouser, and with our prey down along the bottom, we can only try to coax them to come up and take our lure. The moss is a green algae called Cladophora Glomerata that thrive on a large load of nutrients, particularly dissolved phosphorus that is found in our waters as a result of agricultural runoff. The bloom begins early in the year and grows unmolested until the crayfish and snails come out of their winter quarters. They find the Cladophora to be quite tasty and before long they are devouring it faster than it can grow so that by summer the moss is less of a problem and we can happily cast any kind of fly.



Memories on the Water

Ed Jones (jonesee4@miamioh.edu)

If you live long enough, persist on the water, and say your prayers; you will probably catch a lot of fish – and maybe even make it to Fish Heaven! But how many of those individual fish make enough of an impression that you still vividly remember those years later? Thinking back, I've had some great times fishing, but only a finite number of fish actually qualify as truly memorable. Perhaps memories are fading, but most of the things that have made a lasting impression are not so much the fish or the size of the fish. It's the occasional unanticipated, unusual, or bizarre event that makes an unexpected but lasting imprint on my mind. Mostly because fishing put me in the right place at a good time. Many of my memorable events happened long ago. Maybe I was more impressionable then.

More than 20 years ago, I was bobbing around in an old float tube casting for largemouth bass in a local farm pond. That's happened many times, but this time is still vividly memorable. I was using a cheap, six-weight

rod, a Pflueger Medalist reel with level floating line and a short 6# leader. Red-winged Black Birds chattered their objections as I maneuvered in and around the cattails - too close to their nests. Several varieties of Damselflies bounced and weaved around the pond surface doing their mating dance. I had caught a few nice size bass and a couple of bull bluegills on big yellow foam spiders, but then ran into a lull - no strikes for an hour or so. After trying a few hair bugs and wooly buggers, I finally tied on one of Dan Gapen's #2 Muddler Minnows. After a couple of errant casts, I managed to place the fly into a narrow pocket imbedded in a thick growth of cattails. A nice bigmouth hit the offering, I drove the hook home, and he jumped high above the pond surface shaking his head frantically and broke the leader right at the improved clinch knot. I quickly tied on an identical fly and cast back to the same target. A bass took it immediately and went skyward three or four times before I got him close enough to put a thumb in his gaping mouth. And there they were! Both Muddlers were lined up side-by-side on the lower bass lip looking like a pair of suckling piglets. I found myself speculating that if the second fly had broken off if maybe I could catch the fish a third time. Maybe I could get a whole litter of little piggies lined up on that lower lip! Fish might have less intelligence than I thought! But what should be expected from pea-sized brains? But then what is there about pea-size intellect that beats me so much of the time?

Buff Fly Casting Class

Gary Begley (loopdude1@hotmail.com)

The casting classes are designed for beginning and intermediate level casters. The dates for this year's classes are June 7, 14 and 21. We start with the basics during the first week and expand on that information each of the following two weeks. Students wishing to repeat the class are welcome. This class typically fills up quickly, if you are interested sign up early.

Sign up and further details available on the Buff website www.buckeyeflyfishers.com

Parky's Farm 2015 Activities

Ed Jones (jonese@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. 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)

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



Marion the Librarian (Time is a River by Mary Alice Monroe)

George Hupps (hupp23@zoomtown.com)

Time is a River begins with an anonymous quote, "The charm of fly fishing is that it is the pursuit of what is elusive, but attainable—a perpetual series of occasions for hope." After attending a Casting for Recovery weekend in North Carolina, Mia feels refreshed and ready to begin her recovery from a mastectomy with new energy and excitement. Arriving home early, she finds her life, as she knew it drastically changed. With no place to go, she returns to North Carolina, seeking out her Casting for Recovery guide, Belle Carson. Belle rents her a derelict family-owned cabin on a wonderful trout stream for the summer. Mia feels a presence in the cabin as she spends her time cleaning the remote cabin and making it her home. The cabin holds a mystery related to Mia's discovery of diaries of the former owner, Kate Carson, who is Belle's grandmother. Belle refuses to talk about or acknowledge her mother's family and especially her grandmother. The mystery of Kate and her life blends into the story of Mia's recovery.

Mia finds fly fishing equipment in the cabin and begins to explore the fishing stream. She discovers how learning to fly fish is a reflection on her own life. Learning to read the water, cast a line just where she wants it and hooking a fish for a quiet release helps her gain confidence in herself. The quiet water, the sun reflecting over the silver tail of a trout, the open mouth gulping of the perfectly placed fly gives her peace and contentment. Time on the river is just what she needs to begin rebuilding her life. Finding an attractive expert fly fisher on the water, who seems interested in her, lends another dimension to Mia's recovery.

Time is a River is the story of a breast cancer survivor who finds herself able not only to survive but live a full, productive and happy life. Fly fishing and connecting with the natural beauty of a trout stream and its inhabitants will make you want to read and share with a friend. Copies are available in the BUFF library.

May Meeting Program – Fresh to Salt

Pete Moore (petem@outlook.com)

Meeting Date May 13, 2015

Speakers – Craig Bailey, Knee Deep Expeditions

Craig Bailey, owner of Knee Deep Expeditions will be our speaker for the May Buff monthly meeting. He is a local guide who specializes in sight fishing for carp. He honed this skill through his guide service in Punta Gorda, Belize specializing in Permit, Bonefish and Tarpon. One can only imagine how a fishing guide in southwest Ohio can be a saltwater guide due to lack of saltwater in Ohio. The best way to find an answer is to attend the May Buff meeting!

Dinner Menu: Italian Night

- Panko Breaded Parmesan Chicken Breast accompanied by a Provolone Cheese and Marinara Sauce on a bed of Pasta

- Penne Pasta Primavera with Fresh Vegetables and a Light Cream Sauce
- Meat Balls and Italian Sausage
In a Marinara Sauce
- Fresh Baked Garlic Bread

Dessert

- Italian Cream Layer Cake

Heart Healthy (Lo-Cal) Dinner Menu Option:

>>> Select when registering <<<

- Chicken Breast Marinated in an Italian Dressing
- Mixed Steamed Vegetables
- Mixed Green Salad with Fresh Seasonal Vegetables

Vegetarian Dinner Menu Option:

>>> Select when registering <<<

- With Fresh Vegetables and a Light Cream Sauce
- Mixed Green Salad with Fresh Seasonal Vegetables

Dessert

- Fresh Berry Cup

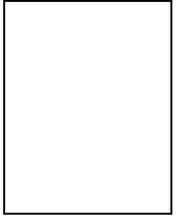


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The Newsletter of Buckeye United Fly Fishers, Inc.

P. O. Box 42614

Cincinnati, OH 45242



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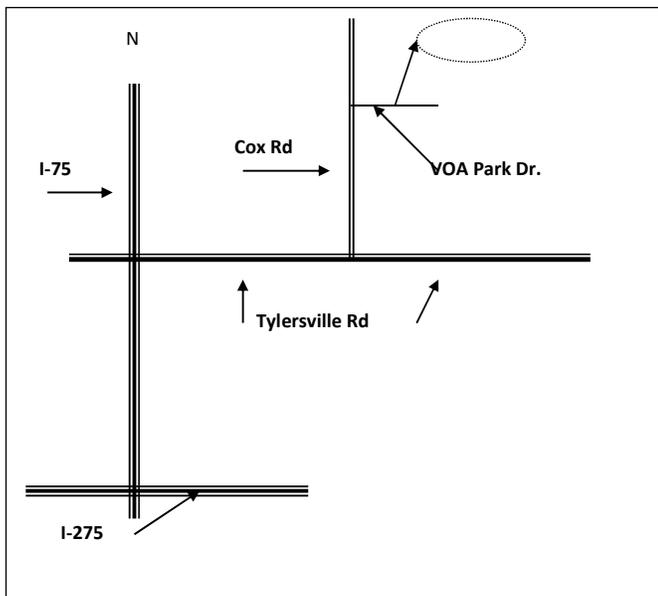
NOTICE: Dues are \$25 (Individual), \$30 (Family), with a onetime \$5 Initiation Fee for new members. New members will pay a prorated membership amount according to month of initial membership for the first year. Annual dues are due January 1. Refer to BUFF website for further information. B.U.F.F.,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

Mailing Address

Next Monthly Meeting – May 13, 2015

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

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



Directions:

From I-75 -- Follow 1-75 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.