



The **BUFFER**

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

www.BuckeyeFlyFishers.com

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BUFF Celebrates 40 Year Anniversary!

Buckeye United Fly Fishers will celebrate its 40th anniversary at our regular meeting place and time in the Lakeview Room at Voice of America Park. We hope you can join us in this celebration as we look back at the club's founding, history, and achievements.

There will be a special program, recognitions, displays, and club mementos for all attendees. Reservations are required and reservations signups will be open through the website link (www.buckeyeflyfishers.com) until midnight Sunday, October 8.

A special meal (\$24.95 value) will be offered at the regular \$15 cost to all attendees who wish to dine.



**Buckeye United Fly Fishers
40th Anniversary Celebration
Wed., October 11, 6:00 pm
Lakeview Room, Ronald Reagan Lodge
Voice of America Park**

BUFF was incorporated in Ohio on 10/3/77. Cincinnati members attending Miami Valley Fly Fishers meetings were encouraged by a representative of the Federation of Fly Fishers to start a fly fishing club in Cincinnati. From the founding group of ten members, BUFF has grown to be one of the largest fly fishing clubs in North America with around 350 members.

BUFF has a unique history and one that we can all take pride in. We are grateful to those whose foresight and guidance laid the groundwork for today's BUFF. Come join us as we take look back and celebrate the club's history and recognize those who have helped lead the club along the way. It will be a fun, memorable evening—don't miss it!

BUFF 40th Anniversary Team

(Jeff McElravy, Bob Miller, Jim Boude, Jim Vota, Haruko Mizoguchi, Ken Mandel, Bob Gustafson)

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IMPORTANT—Late Breaking Info Regarding the BUFF 40th Anniversary:

We are asking for help from all BUFFERS to avoid some issues we've been experiencing in planning for the monthly meetings attendance –

- 🐟 Late additions (after the midnight Sunday deadline) lead to confusion on food quantities and room seating setup. Please use the online system before the deadline. (However, call for late reservations/cancellations if necessary—we don't want to discourage attendance!)
- 🐟 Some people are showing up w/o using the online reservation system
- 🐟 Some people are making reservations and then not showing up (club has to pay the caterer for dinner absences)

Please note: we will be using the reservations system for the October 11 BUFF 40th Anniversary celebration. We expect a larger gathering with guests and former BUFF members on hand and want to be sure we accommodate everyone for this special event. The club is subsidizing the cost of the special anniversary meal, so an accurate meal count for this meeting is very important.

Thank you for your help!

New York Nomad's Trip Report

by J.R. Jackson

I have to start out by saying that Ed Dahmann, Tom "High Hole" Agin, Don Kail, and Jim "U-ey" Neckers are all to be commended. They traveled a whole lot of miles to spend a week fishing with a "guide" who had absolutely no idea where to find fish, and sometimes didn't even know where to park the car. We made more U-turns in a typical day of fishing than any of us could count, and one night we got lost coming home from dinner and ended up on the wrong side of the mountain (where we may or may not have seen The Yeti, and most definitely saw the results of a defunct government research project to genetically engineer a new strain of frogs capable of outrunning... er...outhopping ballistic missiles...you'll have to ask Neckers or Agin about that one).



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On Saturday, the boys made the 649 mile journey from Cincinnati to our cabin just a few miles outside of Roscoe, NY, "Trout Town, USA". All arrived before dark, and after getting cars and a few cans of Yuengling relieved of their contents, we journeyed to the Roscoe Diner for dinner. Sunday morning marked the official start of the Catskills portion of our trip, which we commenced by visiting Catskill Flies and the Beaverkill Angler Fly Shops, located in downtown Roscoe. After getting some advice from the folks working in the shops, we spent the next three days splitting our time between the East Branch of the Delaware (where we sat down for lunch on a rock wall that turned out to be infested with evil snakes), the Beaverkill, and the Willowemoc.



The historical nature of the Catskill streams is unparalleled, at least on this continent, with regard to fly fishing. We fished pools with names like Hendrickson and Wulff, named for those who fished them, and in doing so built the foundation upon which modern fly fishing stands today. As for the aquatic inhabitants of those pools, if there are PhD pools all over the world, many of the Nobel Laureates live in the water we fished. The fishing was as technical as any of us had ever experienced, with trout literally rising all around our flies, but rarely actually taking one of our offerings. After fishing a large pool just outside of the American Museum of Fly Fishing on Willowemoc Creek, Jim Neckers told me, "Thanks J.R., I've never seen trout do that before." I felt like that one phrase pretty well summed up most of our feelings after matching wits with the fish in that pool. On the plus side, the fish we did catch in the Catskills tended to be big. Fish over 15 inches in length were not uncommon, and there were at least a few caught that were closer to 20.



On Wednesday, we left the Catskills and made the roughly 250 mile trek north to Lake Placid after a short layover at Orvis Headquarters in Manchester, Vermont. Thursday through Saturday were spent mostly fishing to incredibly finicky fish on New York's Ausable River, with time also spent on the Saranac River and Roaring Brook, a small brookie stream where we all managed to hook into native brook trout. Fishing on the Ausable was frustrating, as there were plenty of rising fish, but they were extremely difficult to hook, and were generally not nearly as large as their Catskill counterparts. The exception was the Saranac River, where larger fish were caught, and in very good numbers. The fishing was so good on the Saranac that Jim Neckers let Tom Agin fish past him, only to have Tom "High Hole" him for the remainder of the afternoon when it turned out the hole Tom moved into happened to hold a ludicrous number of fish. Every time Tom set the hook in a fish's mouth, Jim would get all wound up and start yelling something about Tom not being nothin' but a hound dog, High Holin' all the time. And so a new nickname was born.

Generally speaking, the fishing on the Adirondack portion of the trip was not as good as the Catskill portion. That fact, paired with the added distance required to travel to Northern New York from Cincinnati suggests to me that if there is to be a BUFF trip to NY next year, I would focus the trip on the Catskills, and forgo the added distance to the Adirondacks. That having been said, I live in close proximity to both mountain ranges, and would be happy to host any BUFFers

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BUFF 40TH ANNIVERSARY

A celebration of this great milestone is planned during the upcoming General Meeting in October.

- One and only Don Prince will emcee
- BUFF History Display
- Dozens of historical pictures of BUFF events and members
- Special displays in the Trophy Room
- Give aways!
- Special prime rib dinner at the normal monthly price

Please reserve your seat using the online BUFF General Meeting Reservation System

LADIES, LET'S GO FISHING!!

Oct 8	Women's Pond Fishing	Oxford, OH
Oct 12	PHW Women's Fishing	Location TBD

Sign up NOW for all of these on the BUFF registration page.
Please contact Cari Vota, Director Women's Programs, if you have any questions.

Featured Story (#3 in a series of 6 stories about local fishing)

By Phil Pursley

Fishing Fork Creek in Miami Whitewater Park

It's a week since I have been fishing. I told Alice that I was going to Bacovin Jewelers Store in Harrison to have a new watch battery put in my watch. Her response was, "O...K..." She must have noticed me wearing a fishing shirt. I then confessed that I might do a little research for my next BUFFER article on the way home.



Early in the spring she and I hiked the eight-mile long, Shaker Trace trail. I must admit that it was boring for half of the

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walk. However, I did notice that about half of the trail followed Dry Run Creek. This seemed to be a great place to spend a few hours on a Saturday morning. I drove along a road that is adjacent to the trail and Dry Run, pulled my car off the road, put on waders and grabbed my trusty 3-weight rod, and headed to the stream. It was a beautiful walk to beneath the bridge where I decided to start my adventure.



My fly selection was easy. A black wooly worm with a red tail (I call him Woolly) was to be my starter. After quietly making it to the far side of the stream I cast Woolly next to a rock wall where the deep water was.

There were lots of bumps but only three fish caught in the first pool. What's a person to do when the fish are not being caught. Long jerks and slow jerks on the line made little difference. When a coach's star wide receiver doesn't catch, what does he do? He puts him on the bench. It was time to bench my "star fly" (put him in the fly box).

An olive woolybugger, a white woolybugger, and some strange flies found in my fly box produced a moderate amount of success while the white bugger did manage to coax a 12-inch small mouth bass out of a brush pile as I made my way up stream. The fishing soon got interesting when I came upon a pool of water formed by a manmade dam constructed by the Hamilton County park system. As you know, a coach cannot leave his star player out of the game too long.



My black wooly worm with a red tail was anxious to get back into the game. Woolly did just fine catching fish for the remainder of the morning. (In case you are wondering, I don't name all my flies, just a few favorites.) Also, looking up stream I saw a series of five of these manmade dams. The pools above each dam was deep and filled with fish. I will definitely return to this stream.

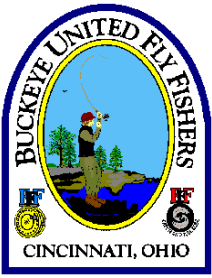
I know what many of you are thinking, at this time. Will he tell us where this spot is so we can fish it? Any of the four miles or so of Dry Run Creek along this trail will produce fish. However, if you want to fish this exact spot go to the intersection of Atherton and Willey roads and park plenty far off the edge of the road. Oh yes, don't forget to bring you black wooly worm with a red tail.

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interested in fishing the Adirondacks, so please don't hesitate to contact me (as some have already) and I will be happy to make plans on my end accordingly. Be advised that the best times to fish the northern rivers (Ausable, Saranac, Hudson, etc) appear to be mid-May to early July.

Once again, my sincere thanks to the guys who made the trek up here to visit me, it was the first chance I've had to visit with any of my friends from BUFF in person since I moved to NY in February, and the time I spent with them was an absolute treasure. We all learned a lot about fishing many different types of water, and I honestly think we all came home better fishermen than we started out. It is my hope that we'll fish together again sometime soon.





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