



MO Fishing

December 2007

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Our next program will be a presentation from concerned citizens from the Eagle Rock area. they will be voicing their dismay with the DNR and the proposed concentrated animal feeding operation (CAFO) near Roaring River State Park, Roaring River and Table Rock Lake. The group includes: Jim and Sharon Riedel, Beverly Johnson Sweeney, Sharon Hopkins, John Robinson (former state tourism director) and possibly Terry Spence. The proposed CAFO is 1.5 miles from the park and 0.5 miles from Roaring River. The group (Friends of Roaring River) has been seeking support and has expressed their concerns with pollution from the operation. They are trying to convince the DNR, Jefferson City and others of their concerns to these issues with the CAFOs contaminating the waters in the Roaring River watershed.

There have been several articles in local newspapers over the past year following the story. Our club has not brought this issue to an open discussion. It was mention once or twice this past year in small group discussions. It will be an informative meeting and should shed light on the conflict between the CAFO and our natural resources.

Hope to see you on Thursday

**Missouri Trout Fishermen's Association - Springfield Chapter
Activities for September 2007**

December 6.....Regular Meeting @ 6pm – Springfield Nature Center
December 15.....Annual Meeting to install Officers and Christmas Banquet at Heritage Cafeteria 6 PM

Regular meetings are the first Thursday of the month at 6:00 p.m. at the Springfield Conservation Nature Center, unless indicated differently on the activity calendar.

Membership

A 2008 membership renewal notice has been sent to each address on the 2007 MTFA roster. The form has been completed with current data from the roster. Please review the information and verify it to be correct. If you find any discrepancies, circle in red and make corrections next to data, so corrections can be made. If you did not receive a form or notification, please contact Howard Hawkins. Our membership continues to grow and is now one-hundred and thirty seven members. Please note the dues continue to be \$15 for individual and family. You may return by mail with the address on the form or bring the form with payment to a meeting and give it to Howard Hawkins. Thank you for your help with the membership and updating club information.

Officers for 2008

President - Larry Wegmann, First Vice President – Charles Gregory, Second Vice President – Dave Duncan
Secretary – Dorothy Prugger, Treasurer – Rod Pennington

MTFA Christmas Party

The MTFA Christmas Party will be held at the Heritage Cafeteria on December 15, 2007 at 6:00 PM. This is an annual event with fellowship, seasonal celebration and installation of 2008 officers. Joe, Norm and Gerald, the social committee has been planning and will provide details at the December meeting. Circle Saturday, December 15 on your calendar and hope to see you there.

Library News

The MTFA library has five new items:
#322 - DVD, First Cast to Double Haul #323 - DVD, Best of the Bear Steelhead #324 - DVD Best of Bear Tying Tradition #133a - Barr Flies (this book is on how to try the Copper John and others) #132a - Fishing Knots

A Great Day on the Creek
By Larry Armstrong

Being at the Cloud Nine Ranch and on the creek is, in itself, is a great day, but there is more? Having not had much time this summer to go fishing and the weather being hot, I had only made two or three short fishing trips to the creek.

We got a break in the heat and a small rain shower and I had a free day to do whatever I wanted. When the rain began to lighten up I decided it was time to try and do some fishing.

Having taken up the challenge of fly fishing about four years ago, I decided to try and improve my skills, which needed a lot of work. So I gathered up my gear and got out the White River fly rod and reel that Deanna gave me for Christmas about three years ago and tied on my favorite fly. It is a small grayish one with a gold beaded head. I put on a small strike indicator about 30 inches up the 2# test leader line. I then loaded it all on my ATV and headed to the creek. It was about 9:30 and I was all alone at my chosen spot on the creek. I waded out and started getting the feel of my equipment after not using it for awhile.

It was only a very short time before I saw that strike indicator disappear. I set the hook. What a great feeling to feel that resistance on my line and the rod bending sharply as the trout began its dance. It raced up and down the stream and made several jumps trying to beat me at the game. After giving me all it had and the pleasure of the fight, out there on the end of my line, it was satisfying to be able to release this weary opponent.

It was a cloudy, cool morning and the trout were aggressive. In about a two and a half hour period I hooked, battled and released 19 beautiful fish. Three or four more had fought me for a minute or two and won, but that was OK. When you enjoy the sport of catch and release it's the hook and battle that counts, not the release. Just to feel the pull and watch the dance is all the reward one asks for.

As great as the day was, it was going to get better. Back at the camper, I was telling Deanna what a great day of fishing I had and we were trying to decide what time to go up to the restaurant to eat. I said I'd like to go back to the creek again, if I had time. Checking the schedule of fishing times, it showed that I could fish up until 8:00 o'clock. We decided to eat early to give me that time on the creek.

At about 5:30 I gathered my gear, tied on another of my favorite beaded flies and headed back to the creek. When I waded out I noticed the water was very dingy and I thought it might not be good for fly fishing, but I was here and going to give it a try. It hadn't been more than 5 minutes until that strike indicator shot under and I set the hook and the battle was on. In the next two hours I must have seen that indicator go under some 75 to 80 times. Before the time ran out I had battled and released 25 nice trout and at least 5 had beaten me in battle and released themselves.

I may never have a second day this good, but I have the memories of this one day. Life is too short not to have a few days in your life worth remembering.

Larry Armstrong
Cloud 9 Ranch Club

Eleven Point River Float Trip October 16th through 18th

How long does it take to make ten one foot pieces of rope out of one ten foot piece of rope? About two and a half hours at sixty five miles per hour. Surprisingly the exact amount of time it takes the same type and quality (quality rope is very important) rope to cut half way though my canoe gunnels rail at the same speeds. I never knew this until Kim Schultz and I took off for a two night trip on the Eleven Point River in Oregon County. Actually I didn't know it until we arrived at the country store to re-buy the Chicken (that night's dinner) that I had thoughtfully left in the refrigerator back home. Right next to the biscuits I intended to bake and bring along for breakfast. I had no means to bake biscuits on the river and the country store not having a bakery. I substituted biscuits with croissants.

It was the middle of the week and I expected to see very few canoes on the river. We met a couple putting in at the boat ramp and never saw another canoe until the last day. A small blessing in disguise, as explaining those light flakey buttery French breakfast rolls could have been an issue, as real men don't eat croissants, at least not on a river.

We push off the canoe at about eleven and paddled a short distance upstream to the highway nineteen bridge, where there is a nice riffle with deeper pools on either side. I anchor the, "Yukon Cornelius" in the shallow water under the bridge. Kim was already out and fishing while I put my rod together. It's a wonderful fall day, actually a little on the warm side for October. Full sun with a few small clouds scattered about. One kind of reminds me of a croissant.

I tie on my trusty Olive woolly Bugger and cast my way through the first riffle. Fish on! I land a nice thirteen inch rainbow. The fish is wonderfully colored and made up in fight what he lacked in size. I tell Kim that this is as good as it gets and I'd be happy even if I don't catch another fish. I tried to stop the words as I heard them coming out of my mouth but it was already too late. Kim gave a nervous chuckle and sidestepped a little up stream, trying to create some distance between us. I force a half smile and desperately try to brush off the self inflicted fishers curse.

A short time later we floated down to the top of the first island, Kim got out and I floated down to the other end. Leaving the canoe in the shallows and wading down, fishing all the good spots as I went. Kim would fish down to the canoe, float past me where I would repeat the process. At a particular bend in the river, a particularly fishy looking spot. I eased into position and cast my now Black Woolly Bugger just above the fishiest spot I had seen so far that day. It drifted down first even with the log and as it swung past the end I raised the rod tip to set the hook. Have you ever heard the sound that a graphite rod makes when it breaks? As I first reel from the idea that I'm being shot at, I realize that I currently only possess three quarters of a fly rod, the other portion bobbing in the water at the end of my leader at the end of the log. The current too swift and the hole too deep to retrieve alone, I made good speed back up the river and enlist Kim's help along with my other rope to retrieve the rod tip. Upon returning the rod tip was nowhere to be seen, our efforts were in vain. We camped that night on a gravel bar below the third or fourth island. My totals for the day, minus one rod tip with only one fish to the hand. Kim had six or eight fish to the hand and all his rod tips.

I awoke to an overcast sky. It was still warm though, and gray skies are good for fishing. A light breakfast and some coffee that would stand a spoon and we pack up and start the process of wading and floating that we used the day before. It wasn't long and I picked up my first fish. I didn't say a word. Soon I picked up another in a riffle just before reaching the canoe. I can see Kim a little farther down his rod bent over with a fish.

This section of the Eleven Point is a Blue Ribbon area. The length limit is eighteen inches and only one can be in possession. There are no corn feed trout here, these fish work for a living and it becomes apparent every time I hook one up. I paddle down to where Kim is he has picked up several fish from the seam he is working. We have lunch standing in the river discussing the day's events, then paddle down to the next camp site. It's a

sand bar across from Little Hurricane creek. With the overcast sky and pending rain we wanted to get the tents up early. It was a good call. Soon after we set camp, the first of several showers started. We continued to fish, Kim catching another Rainbow as he was paying out line to cast. We continued to fish the afternoon away and during a break in the showers, I managed to get an evening meal cooked. We ate standing under the umbrella of a cotton wood tree as the rain had started up again. I had managed four or five trout to the hand. Kim had managed at least double that. A fire was not an option, so we called it a night. Storm after storm rolled through. The worst staying south of us but a couple produced some heavy rain and wind.

I was up before the sun. The sky mostly covered with clouds, I didn't know where they were going but they were definitely in a hurry to get there. Occasionally a few stars would show through and the wind, at least at my level, was calm. Soon Kim was up and we talked about last night's storms and how little sleep we actually got. One eye closed and the other looking for lightening. Both of us agreed that we actually fared pretty well having lost only a little sleep. Soon we had a pot of coffee down, (this batch wouldn't stand a spoon though, it just dissolved it) along with some egg sandwiches. Packed up all the wet gear and started out using the same process of wading and floating. Today we would cover a section of the river know as, "Mary Decker shoals", fishing down to hurricane creek and slightly beyond before taking out at Turn Mill access.

Kim waded down and I started at the riffle in front of our camp. I picked my first fish there after missing a couple of strikes. Floating past Kim, I started back fishing at the top of a long shallow riffle. Working both sides of the river and any obstructions I could see. Mid way I pick up a nice rainbow from a submerged rock in the middle of the riffle. I cast back to the same spot and pick up my biggest fish of the trip, a sixteen inch rainbow. I take a few more from the edge of a deep pool along the right hand side and a couple more from a pool at the end of the riffle where a large boulder lies, this fish fifteen inches. Kim made it down and again we ate lunch standing in the middle of the river discussing fish, the river and Ann's home made cookies. So went the afternoon with a few more fish on the line. By the time I made it to the last bend in the river I had managed about a dozen fish to the hand. A day I easily put above my best day at Taneycomo. Total for the trip about seventy-five combined. I've told you all my numbers, so you do the math.

It was time to take out and make the long trip back home. My son helping me unpack the canoe noticed the notch cut in the gunnels rail. I told him that was where I cut the notch to measure the big fish I caught. My tape measure wasn't big enough. "No way," he said, "That's got to be thirty inches." "Thirty two" I replied. Now you know the lie of this story.

Fair Winds and Following Seas
Kevin Smith

White River, Cotter Arkansas, Fishing Report Oct. 8th and 9th

I was on the road about five thirty in the morning and sixty five to Harrison Arkansas, then East on sixty two/four twelve to Cotter Arkansas. Turning left onto Denton Ferry road and another left into "His Place Resort" a private camp ground and fly shop along the White River. This is a great little place that Don found a few years before, mostly cabin rentals but they have a couple of tent sites and Don had reserved them sometime in advance. A couple of stops for coffee and I arrive about eight thirty. Steve was headed into town for breakfast. Don was up and moving around, getting ready to head for the river or get another Red Bull. Sometimes it's hard to tell which. Chuck was already on the water. A few minutes of, "glad you could make it's" and "you should have been here yesterday's" and I started getting geared up.

Don and I walk up to the Big Blue Pipe, there's a set of stairs and this is where most everyone wades in at. The water was up a little creating a fairly swift current. Wading across to the opposite bank was not an option. It was warming up fast with partly cloudy skies, more clouds than sun and the humidity was pretty high.

Chuck tells me he's been catching a few and after a few minutes of, "glad you could make it's" and "you should have been here yesterday's", I head on up stream. A big island creates a long seam that parallels a long deep pool. Chuck is fishing the lower end of that pool, a good spot. I take up a spot about mid way; Don is at the top the same seam. I look up stream at Don and his rod's bent over with a fish. A few casts and I net my first Rainbow. Chuck has a fish on and I see Steve has taken up position down stream of Chuck. Don moved up along the side of the Island, into a narrow, shallower fast running stretch of water. I stayed put and after a couple more fish I change to a black woolly. The olive has quite on me. It seemed that once you caught one or two you either move or change flies. Steve yelled at me and pointed out the first of three Bald Eagles we see gliding over the river. It was quite a sight.

A few more fish, a few more hours and a few more clouds and I start to wonder more about getting a tent set up than catching fish. Besides it was now past noon and both of those cups of coffee had long since worn out. I reel it up and head for camp. Steve is talking to a couple of guys and I stop on my way out. It's Mike and little Mike, (his son) two more friends of Dons from the Ozark Anglers Forum and two more of the "White River Gang" currently holding up at His Place Resort. A few minutes of, "glad to meet you" and "you should have been here yesterday's" before all four of us head back to camp. Chuck showed up next and Don shortly after. Don

was going to the Con Clave in Mt. Home. We made a plan to meet at Norfolk later as the White was already on the rise. I pitched my tent, ate and laid down for an afternoon nappy. By the time I woke up it was getting time to head out for Norfolk to meet Don, but before leaving camp we checked generation. Norfolk had two online and that's two to many to fish so we stayed put.

If you haven't used it yet call this number for Generation both current and predicted, 866-494-1993. It's a voice activated system good for Table Rock, Norfolk, Bull Shoals, Beaver and Geer's Ferry plus a lot more sites including Oklahoma. You can get a list of them all by saying, "LIST" after the prompt. Some additional numbers to get current generation are, 417-336-5083 for Table Rock and Beaver Dam, Bull Shoals and Norfolk use 870-431-5311 and Geer's Ferry (Little Red River) call 501-362-5150.

So goes the day for tail water fishers and that ended fishing for the day. I managed about six to the hand with about that many LDR's (Long Distance Release). Don and Chuck had a few more than that and I'm not sure about the other guys but they all had fish on at one time or another. Jeff House, (the last member of the group) made it back from his float shortly before dark and after a few minutes of, "glad to meet you" and "you caught how many", the rest of the night was spent retelling fish stories, tying flies and emptying cans of cold beer.

Sunday morning was almost as warm as Saturday night. A blanket of fog covered the river but the water was down and after checking, only one generator was on line. Even if they started more it would be five hours before it reached our part of the river. Don and the Mikes opted to go to Norfolk. Steve was still asleep and Chuck was already on the water. I was staying with the White. By the time I made it to the water, Chuck had caught a few using a Red San Juan worm with a G-Bug drop. I fished the long seam a little but with the water down it wasn't good. Heading up stream beyond the big riffle at the top of the narrow stretch is a second small island that is usually under water. It's a long wade but that's where I wanted to go. Here's one of my little tips when wading long distances; pay out some line and drag the fly behind you. I picked up my first fish on an MP Sculpin pattern.

The island is right in front of a place called Hatches Fishing Services. You can't miss it there's a big sign. Between the sign,(on the bank) and the island is a deep pool. The center of which is bedrock surrounded by gravel with a couple of big boulders on the down stream side. Here's one of my little tips when wading long distances; don't drag your fly behind you as this is a good way to snag and lose it. This is especially import if it's the only one of a pattern you have. So went my MP Sculpin. I tied my trusty Olive Woolly and picked up a nice fourteen inch rainbow, then another, and another, and yet another. I changed to a #20 G- Bug and hooked several but couldn't keep them on the line. I changed to #18 Harvest Midge the hook is a 3x wide 2488. Hook several more but still LDR to many fish.

Tied my trusty woolly back on and it's fish on first cast. The best par was that the bedrock bottom made it very easy to see fish coming from the sides of that big pool to investigate my fly. It was amazing how far they would travel to see that little #6 woolly or even that #20 G-bug. I left that pool with twenty to the hand. Three of which were fifteen inches. If I had touched every fish I hooked I would of topped forty. It was past noon and the water was up some so time to move down stream.

I stopped to talk with Chuck and after a few minutes of "what a difference a day makes" and "wonder how their doing on the Norfolk" I head for camp. Chuck came in shortly after and then the Norfolk bunch showed up. Don and the Mikes were doing well but they started generating and had to leave the water. The White was up too much to fish by this time as well. So goes the day for tail water fishers and that ended fishing for the day.

The next morning was Columbus Day, (Happy Columbus Day!) I was heading out early as I wanted to check out a couple of accesses to Crooked Creek, (another story for another day perhaps) on the way back. Don and Chuck were the only one's to stay and fish and they did pretty well as I was told later.

If you get the chance to fish the White River, check out His Place Resort in Cotter Arkansas, it's a great place to spend a little time with some friends and after a few minutes of glad you could make it's and you should have been here yesterday's, you'll have a few good memories and a few good stories to tell.

Fare Winds and following Seas

Kevin Smith

Authors Note: The White and Norfolk rivers have been contaminated with Didymo, (Rock Snot). The moss comes from the lakes and grows in still or stagnate waters. With new minimum flow regulations in place this highly invasive plant will hopefully not get the opportunity to affect these waters more than they already have. If you fish water where Didymo is present, Please, Please clean your boots and waders with a bleach and water solution to kill any spores, (you can't see them) that may be present before your next wading trip. Bring home memories and pictures. Our waters don't need Didymo.

Editors Note: Don't forget to treat **anything** you put in the water that will get wet someplace else.

2007 MTFA -Springfield Chapter Officers

President	John Dozier	753-9118
1st Vice President	Charles Gregory	833-3169
2nd Vice President	David Duncan	833-3562
Secretary	Dorothy Prugger	862-9972
Treasurer	Rod Pennington	883-1789

Monthly meetings at the Springfield Nature Center.
The first Thursday of the month at 6 PM for
Fly tying and 7 PM for programs and business
meeting.

Education Chair - Charlie Erickson
Social Chair –Simecek/Collison/Burkhart
Newsletter Editor – Kim Schultz
Librarian - Charles Gregory
Equipment - John Prugger
Web Page - Brent Simmons
Membership Chair – Howard Hawkins
FFF Contact - Howard Hawkins
CFM/MTFA Contact – Rod Pennington
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