



MO Fishing

September 2007

Volume 9 No. 8

We will not have our regular meeting this month. This month the club will be focusing on providing support and instruction for the students at MSU who have signed up for the class the MTFA is teaching.

Inside this issue is a message from Kim Schultz that you should find useful, especially when you head over to MSU, this Thursday, August 30th, to help introduce a student to the world of fly fishing. Week one of the MSU class is at:

6:00 –9:50 PM
August 30, 2007
Cheek Hall – Room 205
Coordinator – Charles Erickson

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

- September 6 MSU class
- September 13 MSU class
- September 20 MSU class
- September 22 MDC Great Outdoor Days –Bois D’arc Conservation Area
WOW Fish Pond
- September 27 MSU class
- September 29 MSU outing at Bennett Spring State Park

Regular meetings are the first Thursday of the month at 7:00 p.m. at the Springfield Conservation Nature Center, unless indicated differently on the activity calendar.

This month, why not stop at MSU and help with the class?

Want Ad

Wanted:

Sage RPLXI 3 piece, 5 Wt. Rod
Call Eric McMillan Home: 889-3007
Work: 888-4237

Here is the link for the FFF Club Wire

The August issue is now available on the following web page link:
<http://www.fedflyfishers.org/ClubWireArchives/CWArchiveMain.htm>

**Seven Days on a River, Part II,
By Kim Schultz**

After spending the weekend with Jenn, we departed Montauk at 2 PM. Jenn returned to St. Louis. I continued my week's journey by driving to Salem looking for Hwy 19, then heading south for the Eleven Point River. This stretch of road passes through some rough country; it winds over hilltops and weaves through valleys, essentially running parallel with the Current River to Eminence. I encountered a roadblock manned by the State Highway Patrol before passing through Eminence stopped traffic in both directions. I was informed by the officer that they were conducting a safety check; it's my belief they were checking for sobriety, since it was near the Current River and the Jacks Fork River. I was allowed to pass not even a beer in the cooler.

I drove Hwy 19 for several hours before arriving at Greer on the Eleven Point River. It was near sunset before I began to set up the tent. My son, Sean was to arrive later in the night driving from Nashville and spending a few days with me, camping, fishing and visiting the springs in the area. Sean drove in at midnight; we spent a few moments unpacking his vehicle before turning in for the night.

The next morning, we fixed and ate a late breakfast. We sat in our camp and made plans for the next few days. We decided to shuttle a vehicle to Turner Mill access, which was a thirty mile round trip before taking the canoe down stream. The sky was dark with a threat of rain, but only a trace of precipitation fell on us. The trip from Greer to Turner Mill is approximately 5.5 miles by stream and took us 2 hours. We walked up the spring creek at Turner Mill to reminisce one-hundred forty years ago to another time. The twenty-five foot steel wheel remains in the creek with stone foundations near the mouth of the spring to hold water and where the mill house stood. One should wonder how this stream has changed over the century with logging, milling taking its toll on this stream. It has been almost one hundred years since man has razed the stream banks and scoured the stream for the lumber that once stood tall. Fortunately, this area is inaccessible with the old mountains, steep bluff providing a barrier and has provided some protection to this area. We spent an hour visiting the site and walked back to the parking area to pack the canoe then returned to the campsite at Greer.

On our trip back to the campsite, we decided to visit Greer spring. It is located one half of a mile up stream from Hwy 19 Bridge. It is at least a 1.5-mile hike to the spring from the parking lot with tall trees and poison ivy for ground cover. I had my camera and took a tripod to snap a few pictures of an outstanding spring that spews 122 million gallons of water a day. It is the 2nd largest spring in Missouri and the 10th largest fresh water spring in the world. In addition, it is very picturesque with lush green ferns, moss and deciduous trees. The rocks are jagged with white water cascading 75 ft for the next mile before mixing with the warm water of the upper Eleven Point River. We left near sunset, returned to our campsite for an evening meal.

Tuesday, we considered canoeing to Riverton, a twenty-mile trip down stream; we were told it takes about eight hours. But we opted to repeat the same trip to Turner's Mill as the day before, taking our time on this trip to enjoy the scenery and burn images of the river into our minds. We saw deer, muskrat, wood ducks, mink and otters along the way. We noticed several MDC boats on the water with floating inner tubes. Later in the day, I talked with John Ackerson a Fishery Biologist with the MDC overseeing the trout management of the Eleven Point River. He said the river is stocked with trout once a year, on this day two thousand 12-inch trout from the Montauk State Hatchery were added to the stream. John offered and will be our guest speaker at the November meeting to discuss the MDC Trout management for the Eleven Point River. Later that day, we shuttled a vehicle to Turner Mill access for the next day. We repacked our gear as we made preparations to float, fish and camp on the river the next several days.

On Wednesday, Jim Scheve and His son Jacob drove from Springfield and arrived at 9 AM; we met at the ramp at the Greer access, packed the canoes with gear and started our float down stream looking for trout on a fly. We stopped at several spots on the river finding a few twelve-inch rainbow trout. Down stream below Hurricane creek we found several sixteen-inch rainbows before noon with Sean catching a small mouth and a rainbow smolt; proving there is some natural reproduction. We stopped at a gravel bar above Mary Decker Shoal for lunch and continued to fish the water above the boulder barricade placed there by man to hold logs over a century ago. This area is noted for holding trout and small mouth bass. Later in the day, we passed through Mary Decker shoal shooting the fast water; we planned well and camped at a spot on a gravel bar just below this riffle. We set camp, made a fire for dinner, set a time to come back for dinner, and went back to fish the water. Several sixteen inch rainbows and a few smaller twelve inch trout were taken from a riffle below our campsite. That evening, Jim prepared a fine meal of steak and baked potato over a campfire; we sat back and told stories with the sun falling below the hills, casting a shadow of darkness. Hundreds of bats were flying above us in the canopy of trees that lined the stream bank. There is a cave down stream at Turner Mill that may be the home to these bats. We called it a day by 9PM, the cover of night with a fog forming over the river and mosquitoes buzzing indicated time to take to the tents. The sounds of rushing water through Mary Decker shoal, owls calling out to each other with random hoots like a mother's lullaby singing us to sleep.

On Thursday, I woke early, made a pot of coffee and sat in a chair, watching the sun peek over the eastern bluff. A fog filled valley with Kingfishers swooping from over hanging limbs to unsuspecting fish. A blue heron flying high above the trees looking for a prime fishing spot continued to fly down stream. I sat in the chair for an hour before the others began to wake rubbing sleep from their eyes and stretching aching muscles from a night sleeps on fist size rocks on the gravel bar. We cooked a breakfast of pancakes, bacon with coffee. It was after 9 AM and we started to break camp, stowing gear in the canoes and making plans for the rest of the day. Jim looked at his fly rod and noticed his fly line was shredded on the reel and his son's rod was next to his with his line chewed to bits. Jim pulled off thirty feet of line before finding a serviceable fly line. We figured a rodent came into our camp during the night and gnawed through the reel destroying the line. Jim worked on the rods to get them ready for the day.

Jim and Jacob took their canoe and went back up stream to areas we had success the day before. Sean and I floated downstream to start our day. We caught and released several trout over fifteen inches and a few smaller trout. We fished the next mile over six hours to our final destination, Turner Mill. Jim and Jacob rented their canoe from Richard's Canoe and were scheduled to be picked up at 5 PM. We bid goodbye to Jim and Jacob on the stream. Sean and I already had our vehicle parked and we loaded the canoe and gear. It was time for Sean to return to Nashville and my time to return to Springfield. We parted our path at Winona on Highway 60 with Sean going east and my path to the west.

I have been on the road, in a tent, floating a river and casting a fly line for seven days. No radio, no television, no computer not even a newspaper, I did not miss the every day life. On my way home with the radio still off, I made plans in my head to return next month and again the following month. Life on a river is a life worth living. I do not become weary dreaming and thinking of the Eleven Point River.

Some Things

Over the years I've managed to pickup on a few things related to fishing. Some of those things have changed over time. Learning to do some things better than I used to, a few things not to do. Even a couple of things, in retrospect, that were just plain stupid things to do.

There are however two things that have long since moved from "I think" to "I believe". I'll get to those in a second. First, I need to explain what I think the difference is between the two; "I think," applies to things on which your opinion can still be changed, either from outside influences or from your own findings. For example, I used to think that you didn't need Personal Flotation Devices (PFDs) in non motored watercraft under seventeen feet. During my last float trip my opinion was altered by outside influences (Arkansas Game and Fish). I now think otherwise.

"I Believe" applies to things on which your opinions are not so easily altered. In fact they may be impossible to alter. For example, I believe the sky is blue. You can argue all you want, talk to me about light and particle filtration, but I'm still going with blue.

So back to the two things I believe in relation to fishing:

One: *I've never met a fisherman who didn't have an opinion; I bet after the caveman (they called him Eagle Claw) chipped out the first stone hook, the first caveman he showed it to, (Chief Umpqua) had an opinion on how to make it better.*

Two: *A fisherman will share those opinions at the drop of a line. That's a good thing! I've learned more from all of you than I would have ever hoped to have learned on my own.*

"I think" opinions are debatable. "I believe" opinions are NOT.

That's why the subject of Ethics spark such a hot discussion. We all have our ethical opinions and we BELIEVE them to be true and correct. Fact is they are, and we all most likely share many of the same ethical opinions, but they are NOT debatable or open for discussion. So lets not.

In the 1976 movie, "The Shootist" starring John Wayne, his character John Bernard Books had a creed, a code if you will and it stated,

*"I won't be wronged. I won't be insulted. I won't be laid a hand on.
I don't do these things to other people and I require the same from them."*

It's near perfect, very clearly stated and not overly defined. I think creeds and codes are still debatable subjects. How about this one.

I will strive to leave the environment in better condition than I found it.

I will practice catch and release, but on the occasion I harvest, I will never take more than I need or more than the law allows.

I will always respect the rights of others even when it is not convenient for me to do so and I require the same from all others.

Clearly stated, not overly defined and allows for individual interpretation.

Future generations of fishers, outdoorsmen, and outdoorswomen believe it or not, learn from the generation before and with a little hope and guidance, will teach the generations to follow. Unfortunately there are many out there among us who seem to have never gotten the message. More and more individuals are choosing outdoor time over indoor time and that number is increasing every year.

At the entry level to the sport of fly fishing alone, individuals can get all the information they want on rods, reels, fly's to use, technique, and more gear information than a normal person can even hope to recall from every fly shop they enter, and every fisher they ask. If your not specifically looking for information related to good ethics, you'll likely never hear a word about it. All of us, new or old to the sport, must have, practice and teach a good CODE OF CONDUCT to follow. If not, what hope is there for the future of fly fishing, our rivers and streams, or the outdoors in general?

MTFA is an organization that I've heard on more than one occasion is based on teaching. I think it's time to step up to the plate (couldn't think of a good fishing analogy) and organize materials promoting a good outdoors code of conduct. If not, the next time you find a big old wad of fishing line on the bank of your favorite fishing hole, or someone inconsiderately wades through your spot, just ask yourself, who taught that person to act like that? The answer is probably no one.

I think the floor is now open for discussion.

Fare Winds and Following Seas
Kevin Smith

MSU Class 2007
By Kim Schultz

We will resume the MSU classes Thursday of this week. Our success with this program has been our capacity to teach fly casting and fly tying with one MTFA member to one or two students. This benefits the student's learning curve and the students have recognized this by providing positive comments.

When we go outside to practice casting in the grass with the students, we should consider the student's previous experiences to aid in our teaching. The student who has fly-fishing experience and has developed some abilities to cast a line, will require less assistance than a student new to the game, which may struggle and easily becomes discouraged.

The experienced student may already know what is needed to improve their fly casting and will their own ideas. Our intention is to get the inexperienced student to begin throwing a line, understand how the cast works, to understand how to get the fly in front of a fish and begin to discover the joy of fly fishing.

We should understand and teach the fundamentals of good casting and to recognize what characteristics all good casters have in common:

From the booklet, **The Essentials of Fly Casting** by Bill and the late Jay Gammel, 1993 by the FFF; they outline and describe the five essentials to fly casting:

1. Get the line to go straight back and forward, and to visualize a target.
2. Minimize slack in the line
3. Pause between changes in line directions
4. The casting arc must vary with the length of line
5. Use proper amount of power during the loading move.

We will discuss the five essentials to fly casting on the first night of class and explain in more detail how to improve our casting by understanding these ideas. Our job is to observe and provide direction for the students, these five essentials to fly casting will take you far to understanding fly casting.

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
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