A Publication of the Heart of America Fly Fishers

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May 2013

PRESIDENTS MESSAGE MAY 2013

The last goodbye to a good friend.



For those of you who hadn't heard, we lost one of our dear friends and club members last month.

James Robert Bebb passed away April 19 after complications from Lou Gehrig's disease (ALS). Jim was an active member of HOAFF for a number of years, and served as president of the club for the 2010 – 2011 term. A long-time banker, Jim was a tremendous asset to our club and we will miss him.

If you'd like to read Jim's obituary, visit the Basehor, Kansas Sentinel website, www.basehorinfo.com. The family suggests donations to Basehor United Methodist Church, 18660 158th St, Bonner Springs KS 66012. Please list Jim Bebb in the memo line to benefit Youth Scholarships.

In other news, I hope you saw Mark Borserine's email blast about Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing. HOAFF is now hosting a monthly program beginning in May at the Church. It will be the first Monday of every month at 7pm and everyone is invited to participate. Any members interested in passing on their knowledge of fly fishing are welcome. Come if you can... feel free to drop in any time.

See you at the next meeting! -Peet

HOAFF MEETINGS

May 20, 2013 – Member Meeting

Jake Allman KC area MDC fisheries officer

– talking about local fishing opportunities

June 17, 2013 – Member Meeting Casting Games – Mark Borserine

July 15, 2013 – Member Meeting

Jeff Williams - AG&FC Chief Trout Biologist







May 2013 _______ 1 _____ Across the Stream

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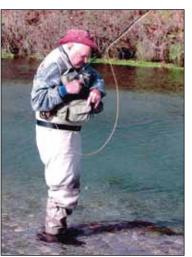
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Long-Time Member of HOAFF Passes

Royce Roberts passed away on March 6, 2013 at the age of 80. Royce was a teacher in the Shawnee Mission School

District until retirement. He was a Rockhurst University graduate of 1959 and received his Masters in Education at Kansas University. He spent the majority of his retirement volunteering as a Master Gardener with the Extension Master Gardener (EMG) educational volunteer program sponsored by K- State Research. His other major interest was his devotion to fly fishing.



ROARING RIVER OUTING

BY: CHRIS HOLMAN

On April 19-21 HOAFF hosted a successful outing at Roaring River, with most of the members staying at the Roaring River Resort just outside the park. The weather was beautiful, but the river was high due to recent flooding in the area.

The high water made the fishing tougher than usual, although fish were being caught pretty consistently



on San Juan worm's and egg patterns. The turnout was good, 16 in attendance by my count, including not only the usual core group but also Carol and Michelle from "Girls Gone Fishing" and other HOAFF members who have not attended outings recently (or ever in some cases).

The outing was a learning experience for many of us. I taught

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May 2013 ______ Across the Stream





Don Murrel's middle school-age son and his buddy how to play "31" (a card game we like to play on outings, where the winner goes home with all the flies), and then the two kids proceeded to school us old-timers in the game, pairing up to win the flies on Friday night



At Left: Carol Falkner at Roaring River

Above: Chris Holman Chases Fish

Top Left: Left to Right - Michelle Kee, Chris Holman, Mark Borserine, Scott Laurent

Gaston's White River Resort 1777 River Road Lakeview, AR 72642 870-431-5202 www.gastons.com

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Lucy Oberle & Rick Kirchberg











secret weapons, the "nuclear egg," and on Sunday she proceeded to present a clinic on how to use it effectively at the lower end of Zone 2. And Peet learned that his theory that "more is always better" does not necessarily apply when it comes to charcoal briquettes and bratwurst. The Club is planning to return to the Roaring River next April 25-27, plan to join us if you can.

and almost winning again on Saturday night. Mark

Borserine taught Michelle Kee about one of the Club's

BLUE RIVER RESCUE 2013

BY: KEVIN CARRIL



The "Line-Up" at the Blue River Rescue

The weather was great again this year as our club members spent a morning wacking invasive honeysuckle and picking up debris along a section of the Blue River that our club sponsors under the Streamteam program. A dozen club members and family members capped off the morning of work with an enjoyable noon time lunch. I would like to thank Bill Brant for planning this project and Carol Falkner for directing the work, she is an easy taskmaster. Thanks to Mark Borserine and your trusty chainsaw and to continued on page 4















Don Vanlandingham and your helpful trailer. We couldn't have completed as much work as we did without the assistance of Ron Carruthers and his grandsons Michael and Jacob or without Don Murrell, his son Parker and his buddy Carson. And last but not least, I would like to thank Peet Chrissey for his support of this project as President of the club and for his hard work that Saturday morning. If you didn't make it this year, considering joining us next year.



Right: Ron Carruther's Grandsons

Above Right:: More Fun at the Blue River



Explosion on the 'Pan

BY: STEVE JENKINS

So far, the trip had been ordinary -- unremarkable. Expectations have a lot to do with how I feel about a fishing trip. I was expecting the Green Drakes would be more active. I was expecting some interesting caddis activity in the evenings. And, I was expecting to be frustrated with the PMDs – sulphurs. But, at the time, only the frustration would have met those expectations.

We have come to understand that some years the Frying Pan green drakes are spotty, at best, and some



years they are abundant. Maybe this year was the spotty year. The first day only one smallish brown trout was fooled by the Grey Wulff I generally use to imitate the drakes.

It wasn't much better with the PMD imitations, although these bugs emerge most of the day. Toward the end of the day, a grey soft hackle began to produce as the caddis were returning to the stream for the nightly egg dance.

The Frying Pan is "fabled" water in Colorado. It is mostly fished below the dam at Ruedi Reservoir, a stretch of about 15 miles before it empties into the Roaring Fork at Basalt. While there are many stretches of private water, it is still worth the trip. The big attraction is the Green Drake hatch which starts at the mouth around mid-July and moves upstream. I've seen drakes on the water near the dam into October. The other big attraction is the "olives" - the Baetis mayfly family. While there are normally two "broods" annually - in the spring and the fall -- on a cloudy day, somewhere these little devils will be hatching. The PMDs are the "hat-trick" of the mayfly hatches. They tend to begin about the time the drakes start their march up the creek, but will generally be over by mid-to-late August.

Over the years, fly patterns have evolved, like the Grey Wulff for the drakes. But, I generally work two flies when the drakes are active, and that second fly will likely be a haystack pattern, tied in the appropriate drake colors. Toward the end of the daily hatch, you will find the Ausable Wulff on the leader with the haystack back in the box. After having this all worked out, it may be easy to understand why expectations abound.

I wish I had a solution for the PMDs. Those on the 'Pan are size 16 or 18, and have a reddish cast to their bodies. Over the years, I've tried just about every kind of fly pattern and can't really say one is any better than another. In late July, a yarn-wing dry pattern seems to work the best, but by August, it is no better than a small haystack or a "Catskill" style, and none of these is the answer. Sometimes, the fish will even ignore an emerger or pheasant tail nymph dragging behind the dry fly.

So, the drakes are the favorites. Some years we will easily catch 25 + fish on drake patterns in one afternoon. And, the 'Pan has some nice sized fish that are eager to "pig-out" on these big flies. Finally, by the middle of the afternoon on the second day, there was some respectable drake activity and the Grey Wulff did its thing. Neither the haystack nor the Ausable Wulff produced. But these 14 fish were below my expectations, even if one was a nice 16 in. rainbow. The wind had arrived that day, and casting two big, bushy flies is hard enough without the wind. Maybe because I finally decided to save my ear and fish only one fly the catch-count suffered.

The wind brought a change in the weather on the third day. Rainy days in late August are rare in those mountains, but that is what we awoke to. It slacked off and actually quit before noon, yet, the clouds remained. Experience has shown that a cloud cover is a bonus for fishing this stream. With the rain















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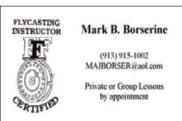














gone and the clouds, expectations began to rise. On most of my trips to the Frying Pan, I'm fishing with a friend or two. This time it was my Arizona buddy, Doug. We fished together for many years when we both lived in Upstate New York. There is one stretch of the stream that Doug really savors – I call it his "private water", but it isn't private. It is a long stretch of pocket water that he certainly has mastered. We believe that fishermen pass this up because of the current and the big rocks - the water is ugly. Doug would be totally happy to fish this stretch over and over for a week.

So, for the third day, with the clouds, Doug wanted to fish his private water. He went downstream to begin, and I started in just across from the car. When we reconnected for lunch, I had two, both taken on a big, ugly nymph and he had about six, two taken on a size 12 Royal Wulff. Neither of us had seen a green drake. It was probably about 1:30 before we were back in the stream, and the clouds had thickened and we could hear thunder in the distance, as it rolled around the mountains. Doug went downstream, again, but I headed upstream for about a half-mile toward a pool where a small branch of the stream rejoins the main stem. Above this stretch is a long run of great water. But, I stopped at the pool, first. With no drakes to be seen, I fished a light olive, pheasant-tail soft-hackle. This was good enough to catch three trout before I saw the first drake emerge.

I switched over to the Grey Wulff with a drake haystack on a dropper.

There were few noticeable rises, and the fish were slow to test my fakes floating over head. The first fish that finally took the haystack was an 11 inch brown. But, it was now starting to drizzle. As time wore on, I got another brown on the Wulff. But, the wind was getting gusty and it was time to remove the dropper fly. Now there were a few more rises - and the drizzle was becoming sprinkles. Against the far bank, there was a noticeable ledge about a foot under the water with a drop-off of probably about three feet. I managed to get the Wulff into the groove and as it rode near the edge of the drop-off, a good fish came up. It cart-wheeled down stream and got off - big rainbow. The sprinkles were becoming light rain, and the thunder was closer. Yet, I came to fish.

More rises were now showing. The Wulff was beginning to work and a couple more browns were fooled. While the rain wasn't getting heavier, it looked like the skies would burst open at any second. Taking a break to get into the rain jacket, while keeping an eye on the rises. I noticed a rise near the drop-off ledge again. After several disappointing casts into the wind, finally the fly hit the sweet spot and the fish was on. This time it didn't get off, but ran me downstream about 20 yards toward some fast water. I don't know if it was the same rainbow as before, but it was a dandy.

After releasing the fish, I looked again at the water – Oh my! The stream was literally erupting. I had never seen such an explosion

of fish rising in one pool They were everywhere – at the head, at the tail, along both banks, in the middle. Some were coming clear out of the water and some were just lunging at drakes. These flies were everywhere. Casting almost wildly, I was catching fish on nearly every cast. Suddenly, a very loud clap of thunder, immediately after a bright flash. Lightning had hit a high hill no more than a quarter of a mile from me. It was mighty loud. So, I asked myself, "What is a fisherman supposed to do?" I knew I was standing in the stream with a lightning rod in my hand, and lightning was all around – but this explosion of fish shouldn't be wasted. So, I kept at it – crazy man!

The rises continued for about another ten minutes after the big thunder boom, and I landed another big rainbow and two browns about the same size. Then the rain finally came, and the action stopped suddenly – as though it hadn't even begun. The count was 15 fish with two rainbows to 17 inches.

In the rain, and still dazed by the action, I headed back to the car. Had Doug seen this same kind of explosion of bugs? Well, not quite, but it was interesting, he said, for a few minutes. We discussed this with some of the guides in town that evening, and their experience had been much like Doug's – a nice increase in activity, but short-lived. My activity was short-lived, too, but truly an explosion of bugs.

-Steve

Steve Hegstrom, Fly Tyer

Steve Hegstrom was one of 116 fly tyers invited to the 2013 Sow Bug Roundup held in Mountain View, Arkansas this past March. Steve said he very much enjoyed demonstrating his fly tying abilities tying his "Black Caddis" especially teaching the kids and giving away his Caddis flies to the young. Steve stated, "I enjoyed talking with other fly tyers and learning their techniques, picking up new ideas and learning new patterns. John Berry showed me how to tie "Dan's Turkey Tail Emerger". Dan Berry is his son who is the designer of the fly. And I picked up some great tips from Davey Wotton on fly tying and where to fish on the White River".

Steve was also featured in the April edition of North Arkansas Fly Fishers newsletter, Tale Waters

Steve also entered Cabela's 3rd Annual Fly Tying Competition in February of this year grabbing 1st place in the Free Style Division tying his rendition of a beetle terrestrial fly. He also took home two 3rd place trophies in the Nymph and Dry Fly Compulsory Divisions tying the Marabou Muddler and Humpy respectively.



Above:: Steve Hegstrom at his tying bench

Also, Steve enterd the Mustad Scandinavian World Fly Tying Competition. He (unexpectedly) received a 4th Place Award plaque in the Dry Fly Category and missed getting the Bronze Medal (the top 3 in each category receive medals). Steve says he wasn't expecting to place at all. "Though I came very close in getting a medal I feel highly honored to be named in the Top Ten Dry Fly Category in the world!!" "And as I saw the winners of the 8 other categories, I noticed Mike George's name. Mike received the Silver Medal in the Open Category. My congratulations to Mike; he has taught me much in enhancing my tying skills."

HOAFF congratulates both Steve and Mike on their accomplishments and honored to have them as members of our club.



UPCOMING EVENTS & PROGRAMS

May 11, 2013 – Day of Fishing Gardner City Lake – with cookout

May 20, 2013 – Member Meeting
Jake Allman KC area MDC fisheries officer
– talking about local fishing opportunities

June 15, 2013 – One Fly Tournament Lake of the Forest, Bonner Springs

June 17, 2013 – Member Meeting Casting Games – Mark Borserine

July 15, 2013 – Member MeetingJeff Williams - AG&FC Chief Trout Biologist



