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MTFA_Springfield@yahoo.com

MO Fishing

The Newsletter of the Springfield Chapter of the
Missouri Trout Fishermen's Association

Formed in 1972 to serve all fishermen in the Springfield area

February 2021

Volume 15 No.02

The February Meeting is Cancelled

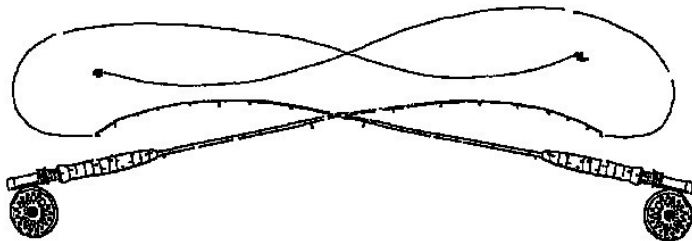
President's Message: The rain's added to the already full lakes, ponds & streams. That's ok, the fish don't mind. Hope everyone that can get out to take advantage of this. I've been having some health issues & not getting out like I want. It can't last forever. Gotten reports that the grey scud with a hot spot is the winner.

We're still not meeting monthly & I don't know how long we'll be hamstrung by this pandemic business. Other activities are also affected, the fish fry, & the chili feed come to mind. What about EXPO? The Sowbug Roundup has been postponed to March 24, 25, and 26, 2022.

So much for doom & gloom. There's light at the end of the tunnel. Not sure if it's a truck coming at us but if it's true daylight.....WOO WEE!

Stay masked & keep social distance so we can enjoy the good the good times.....when they get here.

Tight lines, Dan Ditzler



Springfield Chapter Officers

President: Dan Ditzler

417-737-0885

desert8mule@gmail.com

President Elect: Joe Winget

417-224-1771

jwinget@pwplawfirm.com

Secretary: Bruce Hinkston

417 838-0713

BWHinkston@mchsi.com

Treasurer: Dennis Stead

417-380-3687

dmstead@aol.com

Event News:

The last day of Missouri trout parks Catch and Release season will be on Monday, February 8. The Catch and Keep season will begin March 1. No fishing in trout parks from Feb 9-28.

Your trout permit will expire Feb 28.

Indecision:

--No news, yet, about the 2021 MTFA Derby, a group social and fund raising event of the Sgf, Branson, KC, and SL chapters. It is normally held in May.

--The 2021 Branson Fly Fishing Expo is currently on hold until there is more information on covid restrictions for the summer. The next Expo planning meeting will be Wed, Feb 17th, 6:30 pm, at the Branson/Hollister Lions Club.

Cancellations:

--Tri-Lakes Fly Fishers Expo April 2021 is forced to join the List of cancelled events for this year.

--The 2021 Sowbug Roundup has also been cancelled. This is the event sponsored by the NW Arkansas Fly Fishers at Mountain Home, AR.

Chapter News:

Good news about the MTFA commemorative monument at Bennett Spring: Mike Rissell is responsible for having the names inscribed on the plaques. It seems Mike had removed the plaque last spring, during the time when we were unsure about the possible cancellation of our annual derby. As we know, covid prevailed, the derby was cancelled, and Mike never received the appropriate names. Whether we are able to have the 2021 derby or not, we now know that the plaque is safe and will eventually go back onto the memorial stone.

Fishing Reports:

1.4.2021, Bennett Spring, Mike Kidd, Matthew Peet, Larry Olson, Bob Randall: From Mike, "great day at Bennett Spring. I caught 45 on gray scud with orange head size 16." From Bob, "Fished below the Whistle Bridge in the morning. Water was a little higher and swifter than before. The tail-outs below the riffles seemed to be empty. Went upstream and fished a pool right below the bridge using various flies. Caught 7 trout, 2 river chubs, and a smallie. After lunch fished the outflow stream upper section. Caught 20 or so."

1.5.2001, Harry Morgan has been fishing Lake Stockton for white bass. He cleaned up on them three trips in a row, but this last one ... well, he says, "I caught 0. ... Three times before was the best fishing for white bass I have ever experienced. Yesterday was a great day to check out my new Garmin fish finder." Anybody looking to buy a used fish finder?

1.8.2021, Bennett Spring, Bill Huyett and Bob Randall. Mostly fished the outflow stream and the Gut Hole. Probably caught 20-30 fish each. Success on soft hackles, grey scud, and pellet flies. We fished the main spring creek between the bend and the Gut Hole without success, however, Bob's brand new Orvis Clearwater 9' 5wt rod and reel combo proved to cast very well. There were several members of the KC Chapter of MTFA fishing. It's good to see an MTFA patch on the back of someone's vest and know that you have a connection with that fly fisher. From Bob: fishing zones 1 & 2 all the time, I have only fished zone 3 about 100 yards downstream from the Whistle Bridge. Although, I have driven the road down to the wooden bridge many times, I never realized that there are some pretty good looking riffles further downstream that nobody seems to be fishing this time of year. I'll have to try that out next time.

1.11.2021, Bennett Spring, Mike Kidd: Nice day at Bennett Spring with Ron Ward, Larry Olson, and Bob Randall. I caught 52 on gray scuds with orange bead heads size 16 dead drifted . From Bob: Larry Olson and I tried fishing the riffles and pools that are above the wooden bridge to about 150 yards upstream. It looked like perfect habitat with alternating pools and riffles, large rocks to break up the flow, with a feeling of a wild mountain stream ... kinda-sorta. At least it wasn't crowded and it didn't have the feel of a stocked trout park as long as you kept your back to the swimming pool and the camping spots across the street. Larry saw two fish but whatever they were eating wasn't what he was throwing. I, on the other hand, saw nothing. I couldn't even scare up a fish by wading. I thought back to the previous trip when I observed many trout darting upstream past me to get to a better position to slurp up some overflow trout pellets coming out of the hatchery raceways at feeding time. Why would I expect to see or catch many trout when the food is way, way upstream. I have to remind myself that I'm not really fishing wild trout. After an hour of looking at water, we moved up above the Whistle Bridge and had some success with grey scuds, a sparkle dun, and dead drifting a tigertail.

Continued on next page

Fishing Reports continued:

1.11.2021, BSSP continued: another angler who was fishing upstream last Monday said he had some success. He fished above the dam with dry flies and said that a hatch was going on. Later he fished below the stone bridge down to the elbow (the bend to the left) using dries, giving them a little skate movement or sometimes just letting them hold for a little while at the end of the drift. He also said that he has had success in the pools between the riffles above the old wooden bridge in the past.

1.18.2021, Bennett Spring, Mike Kidd, Keith Coffey, John Bush, Todd Christell, Larry Olson, and Bob Randall. All caught fish, Mike only fished in the morning and left after lunch to go catch blue gill and crappie at Lake Taneycomo. The morning fishing was mostly in the outflow stream and the spring creek from the Gut Hole to the Whistle Bridge. Successful flies were grey scuds, pellet flies, wooly buggers, zebra midge, san juan worm, soft hackles, and a new one, the hot spot pheasant tail. After lunch, Larry, Todd, and Bob fished above the concrete dam. Todd did well with a RS2 fly ([Recipe here](#)) fished just below or at the surface like a soft hackle or like a Klinkhammer. Things that did not work were the starling and herl, Griffith's gnat, various dries. There were several midge hatches with very, very tiny adult midges flying around. After lunch there was a mayfly hatch. Bob tried several dries but somehow didn't match the hatch. -Here's a link to one of the new fly patterns John Bush was using successfully at Bennet Saturday. In the video, it is tied in UV pink, but John was doing well on UV Hot Orange Ice Dub and Hot yellow ice dub. The tyer in this video has an interesting way of tying in the wing case. Click: [hotspot pheasant tail](#)
-MTFA-Springfield held a trash pick up event at BSSP. See photo next page. We need to start doing this each time we go fishing. Thanks to Mike Kidd for the idea.

1.22.2021, Bennett Spring, Mike Kidd, Keith Coffee, Bill Huyett, Todd Christell, John Downing, Bob Randall. From Mike Kidd: "Mtfa Springfield had a good turnout at Bennett Spring today and lots of trout also attended. Gray scuds seemed to catch most!"

Notes from Bob Randall: John Downing joined MTFA about a year ago to learn how to fly fish. Then covid hit. This day was his first fly fishing adventure. John landed his first trout and it was a pretty nice fish. It fought well and I'm sure, left an imprint on John. He's hooked. -- -- I spoke to Keith Coffee about his adventure. Keith likes to cast and strip a wooly bugger with a soft hackle below. Usually, he is successful with that combo. Not this day. He noticed a hatch going on and switched to a renegade dry fly in about size 18. He landed a dozen or so with that offering. Keith also observed a hatch of white, fuzzy insects. Ben Havens, the hatchery manager at BSSP, says they might have been "a [wooly aphid](#). They look like snow floating or lint floating when they fly. They are about the size of a pencil eraser."



1.29.2021, Roaring River, Todd Christell, Harry Morgan, John Downing, Bob Randall. Successful flies: RS2, pheasant tail nymph, san juan worm (cream), John Deere jig, harvester midge, and a brown glo ball. Water was high and a little murky. Had to change flies often.



Fishing Pics
Bennett Spring, 1.4.2021

Photo by Mike Kidd



Photo by Bob Randall
small mouth bass



1.8.2021, Bill Huyett

1.12.2021,
Bob Randall



1.18.2021, lunch at the pavilion:
Christell, Keith Coffey (standing), Bob
Photo was taken by Mike Kidd.



l to r John Bush, Todd
Randall, Larry Olson.

MTFA-Springfield trash pickup at Bennett Spring. Mike
Kidd gets the award for most trash picked up.

Photo by Mike Kidd



Todd
Christell



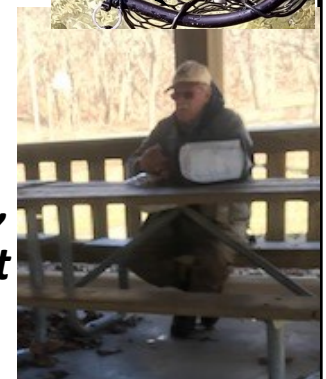
John
Downing's
first
trout



Lunch time, socially distanced so that it takes more
than one picture to get us all. Mike Kidd,



Bob Randall,
John Downing,
Todd Christell,
Bill Huyett



Missouri Blue Ribbon Trout Slam by John Bush continues: On Saturday, December 12th, after a few weeks break due to Thanksgiving, work, and stuff with my church I picked back up on the trout slam. I loaded most of my gear up in my car Friday evening and then set an alarm for 5:30 in the morning. I believe that when the colder months get here, it's often beneficial to not get to the stream right at daylight as it gives the water a chance to warm up a little and thus get the fish a little more active. I woke up the next morning, ate a small breakfast and packed my ice chest with drinks then loaded the car and drove the 2 hours and 20 minutes to the Eleven Point River. The destination for the day was Greer's crossing, with a possibility of the Turner Mill access as a backup.

It was a cool 39 degrees when I got there around 9:30 AM, and I pulled in to find a few picnic tables, a boat ramp, and a bathroom as well as a few campsites on a small side road. I changed into a sweatshirt, fishing shirt and jacket and decided to survey the area before actually getting my gear out.

The boat ramp was situated in a small side cove with no current, and at first glance I could tell the water was fairly deep, and not likely to hold trout there. But on the walk I noticed a trail going to the North of the ramp as well as another trail that appeared to head west back towards the bridge on highway 19. I decided to venture down the trail to the North first and walked probably a couple of hundred yards before finding a spot that looked like it would be safe to get in and shallow enough to wade. Once I passed the end of the cove with the boat ramp, the water and current became quite swift and deep in most places. I marked this mentally as an option to try but wanted to check out the water by the bridge first. I backtracked and followed the 2nd trail back up to the bridge. The water to the south of me again looked deep, but there were some spots about waist deep that were slow enough that you could get to a gravel bar in the middle.

I also noticed that the water under the bridge, while still fairly swift was slow enough to wade. I climbed up to the side of the road so I could look down into the water from the bridge and hopefully spot some fish from a higher vantage point. While I was surveying it from the bridge, a couple of other anglers came down from the North side and I saw the start fishing a hole that I thought looked like it should hold a few fish. Sure enough, after just a couple of minutes one of them rolled a fish and I saw the flash and could hear him telling his partner that he had just missed a nice one. Now knowing for sure that there were at least some fish in this hole I finished checking out the other side and went back to my car to get my gear on. Once back to my car, I decided to start with a weighted egg pattern with a Cerise San Juan worm trailer as the water was a little high and had a slight green tint with lower visibility. I rigged up my 5 weight Hardy Shadow and walked the trail back to the bridge. **Continued to next page**

John's Trout Slam Story continues:

Once there, I decided to try fishing a drop off before crossing over to the hole on the North side of the bridge. I made a few casts, but didn't get any strikes so I got my wading staff out to assist with crossing. Again, the water was a little swift but only about waist deep at the most and manageable. The anglers I had seen earlier were nowhere in sight now so I had the hole pretty much to myself.

I made 3 or 4 casts, and noticed that my indicator didn't seem to be large enough to keep my flies afloat without pulling under due to the weight, so I decided to cut them off and put on a larger indicator. Once this was done, I made a couple more casts and saw the indicator dip indicating a fish had taken my fly. It wasn't on for more than a couple of seconds before it threw the hook, but at least I had a hookup in just the first few minutes. I made a few more casts, a little further out into the seam and the indicator dipped again and I set the hook. This time, I felt the fish and he immediately took off. This was one of those fish that when you've fought a few you can tell is larger than average. He started taking line and going across the river while I was frantically trying to keep him tight and get him on the reel at the same time. I never did get a good look at him before he finally managed to throw the hook.

Reeling in, I wondered what went wrong so I checked my hooks and found that the hook on the egg pattern had become dull. A little frustrated that I didn't check this before fishing, I pulled out my hook hone and sharpened it back up. It may not be the reason the fish got away, but it is the excuse I'm going to use. I made several more casts after that but didn't get any more strikes, so I figured that the large fish had probably spooked the others in the pool and I should rest it for probably at least 30 minutes before trying again.

I next tried a couple of spots a little further upstream with no success before crossing back over and wading out to the little gravel bar I had spotted when I scouted it out. I made several casts before hearing a large splash on the other side of the river. Instinctively thinking this was probably a large fish, I looked over to instead spot a fairly large otter swimming in the current on the far side. I continued making casts off a shelf in front of me trying to work the water over. After a bit, another angler walked in and asked how I had done. I told him I had hooked a couple, and he walked out across and caught 2 or 3 out of the same pool I had hooked the large one in earlier. Eventually, after he went back further upstream I finished working the shelf and decided to give the hole another try as it had been several minutes.

Will John get the Silver? Continued next month or [Click here for full story.](#)

Missouri Blue Ribbon Trout Slam by John Bush continues. John is fishing the Eleven Point

River: I crossed back over, and tried my egg and worm again with no success. I decided to switch flies to the Guide's Choice Hare's Ear and Pheasant tail dropper that I had used successfully elsewhere. While I was re-rigging, the angler I had talked to earlier came up and started talking and in sheer coincidence, it turned out to be Darrel Nelson from Tulsa, Oklahoma whom I had met a couple of months back at the Branson Fly Tying Rendezvous. (For those who don't know, Darrel also won the best dry fly category for this year's contest). We exchanged phone numbers, and he mentioned he had caught 3 or 4 out of that run. He was working on the trout slam as well and planning to head to Barren Fork creek after that. I gave him some possible places to try that I had marked to try on my next trip there and we parted ways (I heard from him later that he caught a fish there in one of the spots I told him about).

I had finished tying my flies on while talking, and made maybe 4 casts before my indicator went under again and I set the hook. This time, the fish was hooked well and after a couple of minutes fight I landed a nice 13 inch rainbow. I took the hook out and kept him in the water in my net while I fumbled to dig my phone out of my waders for a quick picture. I noticed that this fish had a pinkish orange tint on all of its fins that I hadn't seen elsewhere and admired it for a minute before releasing it for someone else to catch.

By this time, it was around 1:30 PM and I debated on fishing longer or investigating some of the other spots. I decided to fish it a little longer and made a couple of casts before getting caught in a tree. I broke my flies off, but managed to get at least my indicator back using a small tool that my wife had got me for Christmas a few years back. The flies were already badly beat up from being used the last few trips so it didn't bother me to tie on new ones.

I again made several more casts without any strikes, so I decided to go back to the car and at least look at one of the other areas. I walked the short maybe 5 minute walk and put my gear up, but left my waders and boots on. I then drove up to the next spot I was going to try and turned onto a dirt road. I started down the road, and had to move slowly as it was one of the roughest I'd driven in a while. I went maybe 2.5 miles before deciding that this was rougher than I cared to finish driving so I turned around and pulled out a map to find the coordinates of one of about a dozen potential spots I had marked for the North Fork of the White River.

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John Bush's Trout Slam Story continued from previous page:

Content with the fact that this fish had completed the Silver level of the trout slam, I entered the coordinates, and started driving. My GPS took me on a road that led to a private gate with a pass code, but luck smiled on me this day as there was a local lady coming out the gate and I managed to stop and talk to her for a few minutes. After hearing what I was doing, she gave me a shortcut as well as a location that she said was actually a better spot than where I had been heading and was also on public land. She warned me that the water was fairly swift again, but still wadeable so I drove to check it out. I don't really have a name for it, so I'm calling it location X for now.

I followed the directions she had given me to the end of a small dirt road and arrived around 3:30. The water was way too fast and deep to fish in several places, but after a short walk I again found a place to get in. I had less than an hour of daylight at this point, so I started looking for likely holding lies.

After a short walk upstream, I found some water that was about thigh deep and could see a patch of boulders on the far side of the river. The rest of it seemed too fast to hold fish, so I got my wading staff out again and proceeded to cross. If I'd had more time, I think I would have caught my fish there that day as I did spot a couple of fish, but didn't succeed in getting a take. It was sunset and getting dark so I didn't want to try to wade back across unfamiliar waters in the dark so I went back to my car and marked this spot for my next trip there.

Will John get the Gold? Continued next month or [Click here for full story.](#)

Fly Talk:

When I announced in last month's Fly Talk that I wanted to talk about fly color, my only plan was to explain that I was very surprised to observe an olive scud at Montauk State Park a few years ago. I had just been tying flies for a short time and thought that olive scuds would be only faintly olive. I used an insect seine one day at Montauk and observed clearly olive scuds. Not quite like the Spanish olives with a pimento plug at the end that come in a jar, but it was clearly olive just the same. After having said that, I wasn't sure what else to say. Now, after doing a little reading, I don't think I have room to write it all. I'll just skip around with thoughts about fly color. Skipping around is another way to say ramble, prattle, or blather.

-What color do you expect to see in a live scud? Get yourself an insect seine so you can look at them directly. If not that, pick up a few rocks and look on the bottom for critters. Match the color and size fly with the critter you just saw.

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-What color are the live midge emergers (pupae) as they rise to the surface? You can tie midges in many colors and fish them successfully. "As with all midges, midge pupa come in a variety of colors, but most of the time black, grey, blue, olive and red perform the best. Sizes #18-#24 are the best range to carry." For midge dry flies, "Colors: Black, red, white, grey, olive" Alan Gardner, *The Catch and the Hatch*

John Bush has had tremendous success with the [Dorsey Top Secret Midge](#). He's never tried tying it in any other color as it has been so successful in brown. Alan Gardner, however, has tied them in red. Could it be that the brown is more natural but the red catches their attention? I'm not sure how to determine this as I have never caught a midge pupa with my insect seine. I guess I need to seine the water for insects more often.

[Read more about my insect seine here.](#) [And here.](#)



Red worm in a seine along with scuds and sowbugs.

If you have two paint cans, one with red paint and one with green paint, you can mix them and get brown paint. However, you shouldn't think of colors as pigment mixtures, think of them as reflected light. Now you might buy yourself a fancy looking fly, let's say you bought it in your favorite color, blue. It looks blue because it reflects blue light. If you fish it in greenish water, there won't be as much blue light to reflect and fish won't see it as the same color as it was before you dunked it into the greenish water.

[Here is some color-based fishing advice from Colin Kageyama](#) (he's an optometrist who loves fishing): "Since dry flies float on the surface, the fish below see them as silhouettes. Therefore, shape and size are more important in matching a hatch than color. A simple black-colored fly does just fine in most situations. Nymphs (wet flies), which scoot along underwater, can be improved by adding bits of fluorescent color." and "Light quality had a huge effect on that. Contrast was best achieved with black and white on a sunny day, but with bright colors on an overcast day. And the water's shade, depth and level of clarity all produced some shift in lure color." Dr. Kageyama experimented with fluorescent colors at various water depths and under different water conditions. He found that fluorescent orange and yellow are the most visible colors in stained water up to five feet deep. To a human, red turns dark under the water, but a trout still interprets it as red. A fly tied with a fluorescent red hot spot is best used in clear, shallow water because the fish see the spot in addition to the rest of the fly; at deeper depths or in dirty water, red doesn't create enough contrast with the rest of the fly and it doesn't elicit as many takes.

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Fly Talk, continued from previous page

The following is by Steve Mathewson in 2 Guys and a River: **“Whenever I fish Montana’s Madison River in the spring, I use a tiny red nymph as a dropper. It may be a Copper John or a Dave’s Emerger (a pattern developed by Montana fly fisher Dave McKee). But the body always has red wire. I insist on it because I have had great success with tiny red nymphs. But does color really matter? Does red work any better than black or copper? Or is it simply, uh, a pigment of my imagination?”**

The truth is, the color may attract me — the fly fisher — more than it does the trout. Here are a few insights about color:

- 1. Trout see colors, yet water changes their perception. [Gary Borger](#) observes that “water absorbs and scatters light.” In fresh water, red is absorbed completely by six feet down. Trout see it as a shade of gray. Perhaps the red wire on my nymphs makes a subtle difference since I’m typically fishing it one to two feet below the surface on my favorite runs in the Madison. According to Borger, orange, yellow, and green get to ten feet before turning to gray. Blue only makes it to four feet.**
- 2. Fluorescent materials retain their colors as long as there is light. Borger makes this point and adds that “black is always black, and flash is always flash.” Surprisingly, black may be the most “visible” color due to its contrast. Perhaps that explains why a black Copper John or a Zebra Midge can work so well.**
- 3. Trout are more perceptive to the violet side of the color spectrum. Kirk Deeter made this point in a recent issue of TROUT magazine. Now I know why I’m seeing a rise (no pun intended) in purple Beadhead Prince Nymphs and in the Purple Haze patterns (essentially a Parachute Adams with a purple body) in the bins in fly shops.**
- 4. Use something bright or translucent in your attractor patterns on the surface. It’s always good to match the hatch. As Kirk Deeter says, go “as natural as possible.” But when you are using an attractor pattern on the river’s surface, red or orange will appear bright. It’s why I like a Red Humpy or the trusted Royal Wulff (with its band of red).**
- 5. The amount of variables determining the way trout see color can make a fly fisher crazy. The way trout see color depends on several variables – the clarity of the water, the light conditions (cloudy vs. sunny, evening light vs. mid-day light), and the depth of the fly. So, the best advice may be to keep it simple: The size of your fly and the pattern may matter more than color.” [Trout Flies and Color - 2 Guys and A River](#) April 18, 2017 by Steve Mathewson**

While I’m rambling, last week I used my insect seine at BSSP. I showed my catch to Bill Huyett and we spotted a scud. He thought it was brownish while I thought it was greyish. If we had each gone thru our fly boxes and found a similar looking fly of the same color that we each described, Bill would still have called it brownish and I would still have called it greyish. The flies would have been identical and the fish would have called it lunch.

Can’t talk about color without talking about vision. Video: [Underwater World of Trout | Vision - YouTube](#) Snell’s Window, light refraction, reflections such as “rod flash”, light or colored clothing

Bob Randall

Posted on the Trout Unlimited Forum by Roger Williams. Printed with permission.: “Back in the 1980's we stayed at my mothers house in Kyburz on California's American River. The house overlooked a large, deep pool where I could look down and usually see about 20 wild trout at any one time. I got to know them by size, coloration and where they liked to hold position, under the cut bank and the woody debris, behind rocks or in the tail riffle. Each had its own typical resting station and feeding pattern, such as shifting out into the current to take a nymph or emerger, or rising vertically from a deep lie, or moving on a circuit to feed and return to the resting station. Above the head of the pool was the Silver Fork Road bridge, from which the hatchery truck would come by every few weeks to dump about 500 trout into the pool. The hatchery trout were clueless, even domesticated, with no idea of how to forage for food or to avoid predators. They tended to cluster and mill about near the surface in the center of the pool. They had no interest in the natural insects in the water or in a well presented dry fly or nymph. But I had tied up some Purina Trout Chow flies which when splatted down in the water got furious strikes. These fish had no fear of humans and would even move toward me, perhaps even thinking I was going to feed them. Soon the predators would arrive, first the resident osprey, then the pair of mergansers and the king fishers. Even with the birds taking fish. the trout continued to stay in the deep pool, not running for cover. I don't know how the word would get out, but within hours the bait fishermen would show up, standing shoulder to shoulder, splashing bait into the middle of the pool, resulting in a feeding frenzy. Most of the fishermen would soon limit out. It was a clown show. After two to three days, I would not see any hatchery trout. But there were the wild trout, the same one I had gotten to know, under the cut bank and the woody debris, behind the rocks and in the tail riffle. Thank goodness that the Department of Fish and Game stopped stocking hatchery trout over self-sustaining populations of wild trout.”

Video: [Tension is the key to every cast | Trout Unlimited](#)

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If you would like to submit an article for the MTFA newsletter, please put MTFA NL in the email subject line and send to Bob Randall: bobbyleensandy@gmail.com

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MTFA Website www.MTFA-Springfield.org

Facebook facebook.com/groups/MTFA.Springfield/

E-mail MTFA_Springfield@yahoo.com