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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

March 2021

Volume 15 No.03

The March Meeting is Cancelled

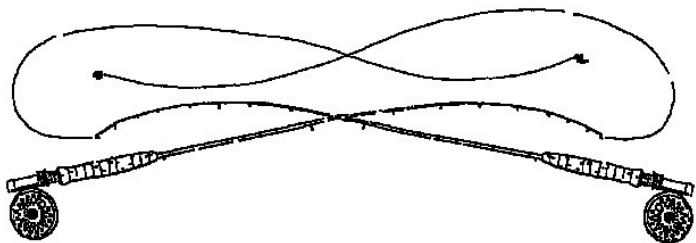
Chapter News:

The MTFA-State Council Pre-Derby Meeting is scheduled for 1 pm on Saturday, March 27, 2021, at the Bennett Spring Restaurant meeting room. We will plan for the Derby which is a social event, a contest, and a fund raiser.

Your 2020 Trout Permit has expired. Time to renew. A Trout Permit is required for all winter fishing in trout parks and for all fishing year-round in Lake Taneycomo upstream from U.S. Highway 65 bridge.

March 1 is the beginning of the Catch and Keep season in the Missouri Trout Parks. You'll have to have your license (unless exempt) and the daily tag.

**Tri-Lakes Fly Fishers Expo April 2021 is cancelled.
The 2021 Sowbug Roundup has been cancelled.**



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"Most insects aren't any bigger than a size #12 on a fly hook. In tailwaters, it's often #16 and up. This is surprising to most that fish can sustain themselves off such a small meal, but they forget to account for the sheer number of insects in the water. Biomass (the entire living matter in a river) is how biologists measure the health of a river and most trout rivers have a huge biomass. Think of the river more like a conveyer belt, that is continuously delivering small meals down river to the trout." Allen Gardner, [The Catch and The Hatch](#)

Wanna know more about mayflies?

[Understanding Mayflies with Tom Rosenbauer - YouTube](#)

Headline: "Official 'gobsmacked' over huge brown trout caught ice fishing". I'm gobsmacked, too. Why would a huge brown trout go ice fishing? How did the game warden sneak up on him? Which side of the ice was the fish on?

The Legislative Action Center of the Conservation Federation of Missouri has listed the proposed legislation that affect conservation for 2021. You should be able to see their site [here](#). It seems that HJR 55 and HB 369 (SB 301 is the companion bill) are of the most concern to CFM. They are against one bill and they support the other. Other bills are listed. You can follow their discussion or you can refer to the Missouri House of Representatives site [here](#) to search for the bills directly.

The Missouri Trout Fishermen's Association is a member of the Conservation Federation of Missouri.

We support the Conservation Federation of Missouri and Missouri Conservation's effort to protect and restore our waterways and to educate ourselves and others, so that we may understand their successes and concerns to problems that exist and methods by which these problems can be resolved.

Fishing Reports:

2.5.2021, Bennett Spring, last Friday of C&R season. Keith Coffey, Todd Christell, Harry Morgan, Bob Randall. Early on, the fish were hitting good. Keith caught about 18 fish on a wooly bugger, then they stopped. Todd arrived early, only two cars in the lot near the Gut Hole, fish went crazy in the outflow stream for a grey scud, then they stopped. Bob arrived next and got in on some good fishing after the feeding frenzy, catching them on a grey scud with an orange head. Then they stopped. Harry arrived mid morning. They had already stopped biting. There was a group or groups who must have a pact to meet up for the final weekend. You couldn't swing a fly rod without hitting one of them. At one point there were eleven fishermen in the outflow stream from the lower outflow to the Gut Hole. After lunch, we moved upstream to try to get away from the crowd. Harry caught a few fish stripping a wooly bugger and a grey scud trailer. Also caught one nice one on just a dark grey scud. Bob caught a couple near the spring creek bend on a size 18 dry fly that Keith tied. He calls it a mosquito. It looked like an Adams with black grizzly. He used the stripped quill of the hackle to form the abdomen. Harry caught several in the afternoon on a wooly bugger with a grey scud dropper.

Correction: Last month I reported that Keith Coffey caught fish off the surface using the Royal Wulff. That was wrong, he used the Renegade fly. Bob Randall

When to take your time:

- a) make sure you tied your knots correctly and they are tightened up
- b) look over the water to see what the fish are doing, where they are, where they could be, if there is a hatch that they could be feeding on
- c) turn over a rock or use an insect seine to find out what food source could be available, size and color are things to look for
- d) wade in slowly, there might be fish closer to shore than you think
- e) feeding your line through the eye guides correctly
- f) take the time to go to the bathroom before you put on your waders
- g) when the starting horn hasn't sounded yet
- h) take the time to tie on a fly of a smaller size or to add another weight before moving on

When to rush:

- a) when some other angler is walking toward the spot you had picked out
- b) when some other angler wants to stand around talking politics

Gear Reviews

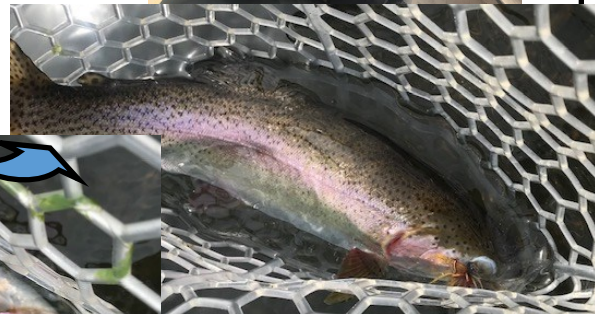
<https://www.yellowstoneangler.com/gear-review/>

Fishing Pics

Ron Ward and Mike Kidd fished Taneycomo on 2-25-2021 and caught over 10 trout between 14 and 20 inches on gray scuds size 12 and char-treuse fur eggs fished about 6 ft under indicator .



caught several in Taneycomo on gold variant sculpins fished slooowly...



14-15 inch brown trout on a golden variant sculpin on Taneycomo wading below outlet 3.



January 2021 Mike Kidd in Florida

Mike Kidd fished Lake Okeechobee in Florida in January and caught 10 bass all over 2 pounds.



Missouri Blue Ribbon Trout Slam by John Bush continues. The Quest for Gold:

On Saturday, December 19th I once again woke up early, loaded the remaining items in my car and after a short breakfast, headed to try for one of the 2 remaining streams on my list to complete the trout slam. Since most of these streams are a 2 hour or longer drive, I had made it a practice to load most of my gear up the night prior with the exception of my ice chest and occasionally my boots as I usually keep them on a dryer.

I had mulled back and forth during the week on whether to try Barren Fork Creek or the North Fork of the White River first, and had heard from Mike Kidd and Ron Ward that both were tough. I had experienced it first hand at the Barren Fork during my previous trip there. I finally decided on Barren Fork Creek as I had 2 potential spots thanks to Ron and Darrel Nelson who caught one in a spot that I had suspected should have trout prior. Throughout the trout slam, Google Maps and my GPS have normally been very helpful. With Google Maps, you can get the coordinates for any location you like and use a GPS to get there. So using this technique, I planned to drive to a small, but fairly deep hole at the edge of a bridge that I had wished for a few weeks that I had tried on my previous trip. This was the same hole I mentioned previously that I gave to Darrel Nelson.

According to my map, this was about a 2 ½ hour drive from my house. I got in my car and left with an ETA of 9:00 AM. Unfortunately, this would be the first and only time of the trips I made where a specific GPS setting let me down. After driving 2 hours and 15 minutes, I was within 15 minutes of my destination only to end up on a road that stopped at a ferry crossing. Prior to this, I wasn't even aware that there were any ferries in Missouri. So sitting at Akers Ferry on the Current River, I didn't see any instructions on how to cross and pulled out my tablet with Google maps to find an alternate route. After several minutes of studying my maps and trying a couple of roads that turned out to be dead ends, I finally decided my best option was to head back south several miles to Summersville and follow Highway 106 to Highway D to get across the river and head to my destination. I'm sure there was probably a better route somewhere, but being unfamiliar with the area I didn't want to lose more time trying to find it.

Finally, at 10:30 AM I arrived at the bridge an hour and a half later than I originally planned. The temperature was about 45 degrees, and I got out of my car and surveyed the pool with my polarized glasses. I spotted a couple of decent sized smudges under the water that were moving and obviously fish so I went back and got my waders on and pulled out my 3 weight.

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

The location itself literally only had this one pool that was on public land, and you couldn't wade either direction without entering private land after just a short distance. Darrel Nelson had also ran into the land owner downstream and mentioned that he was fairly grouchy and watching closely so I made sure to be extra careful not to go any further than was necessary. I had to climb down a few small rocks to get to the stream, but once there I had my guide's choice hare's ear and pheasant tail dropper on and after a few casts into the seam where I had spotted the smudges earlier, the indicator went under and the fight was on. The fish took off across stream, and I started applying side pressure to keep him out of some sticks, then came back and was putting my 3 weight to the test. Fortunately, my 3 weight is a softer action rod and does a great job at protecting tippet. After what felt like an eternity, but was probably only a couple of minutes I had a rainbow in the net that appeared to be close to the 18 inch size limit and would end up being the largest fish of all the streams for this adventure. I released the fish and it immediately swam right back to the pool where I had caught him. I made a few more casts without any action so decided to try the very short stretch on the upstream side of the bridge before it hit private land. This only took a few minutes, and I had no success so I went back to my car to decide if I wanted to try for another fish here or drive to the North Fork of the White. I checked my GPS and it showed that the North Fork would give me an ETA of around 4:00 PM which wasn't really enough time to fish, so despite the difficulty I opted to try for a 2nd fish here.

Ron Ward had given me another location to try, but warned that it was about a half mile hike down a steep hill through the woods. I had trouble finding it at first, so I drove to Twin Springs instead. I had heard from several anglers that the water here was shallow and they hadn't had any success, but thought I'd try it anyway. In several cases the scenery in these locations has been as enjoyable as the fish.

We'd had some rain the last few days, so I was able to find a few pools that were deep enough to try, but didn't have any success on finding the fish.

I turned around and coming from the opposite direction, I was able to find the location Ron Ward had given me. I parked my car off the road and hiked down the hill using a small ravine that led down to the creek as my guide. I slipped on some rocks a few times on the way down, but the ground was soft enough that it didn't cause any issues and eventually came to the creek.

Once again, this was a relatively short section of stream before it came to private land, but at least had a little more to explore than the prior areas. I fished several pools upstream and did manage to roll a couple of fish, but didn't close the deal. Eventually, it started to

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

get close to sunset and once again this was an area I was unfamiliar with, so I headed back the car to make sure I had enough daylight to see how to get back through the woods. Going back up the steep hill reminded me several times that I need to be walking and exercising a lot more as I kept having to stop and catch my breath. I got back to my car at about 4:00 and loaded up to head home.

On Monday, December 21st I once again left the house early and drove to the North Fork of the White River. This was the last stream I needed to complete the trout slam and I had tried a stretch down by Patrick Bridge after church the day before without a bite or even seeing a fish.

The North Fork of the White has been described as a big Western-style freestone river like you'd expect to find in the Rockies or the mountains of Northern California. It's large enough to use a standard 9 ft 5 weight, and in some places too swift and deep to wade without hugging the banks. It's also one of those rivers where it pays to do some homework prior to fishing it. For example, in researching this stream I found an article that mentioned it has very few mayflies, but stoneflies tend to be important. It also has a good population of scuds and sowbugs. Additionally, several stretches of the river run through private land so you need to make sure you find a public spot to enter the river. Small things like this can be helpful when fishing unknown water, especially one this large.

I arrived at my destination, the spot I referred to as location X in one of my prior outings shortly after 9:00 AM. (After researching more, I found out that location X is referred to as Kelly Hollow). I got my waders on and rigged up my 5 weight Hardy Shadow with a Guide's Choice hare's ear for weight, and a gray scud dropper. I then got in the stream and waded up and across a short distance to a spot where I had seen fish before. This time, I wasn't able to spot them but made several drifts fishing the small patch of boulders with no success.

Not wanting to spend too much time here, I crossed back to the shallow side I entered on and started wading upstream to Rainbow Springs. I had done my homework here and found that while the section where Rainbow Springs entered was private, that you could wade up to it from downstream and still be on public land. The hike upstream was about a ½ a mile and I noticed some small islands with some riffles on the way that I planned to try on the way back down. I had talked to Mike Kidd and confirmed this was one of the recommended spots from him as well as some other anglers he had come across on the river.

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

As I got further upstream, the water toward the middle of the river started getting too deep to wade and I had to hug the bank and wade through vegetation for a decent stretch. Eventually, after probably 30 to 45 minutes I found the mouth of the lower spring branch where it entered the river. There was a small sand bar on the side of it, and I could see the flashes of a few fish, but they were too deep to get a good look. I adjusted my indicator and started casting to the edge of the closest seam to me. After a few more adjustments to make sure I was getting deep enough, the indicator bobbed, I set the hook, and pulled in the first fish of the day. Unfortunately, that first fish and several others following turned out to be a sucker fish instead of a trout. For the next several hours, I tried midges, scuds, prince nymphs, the only stoneflies I owned, added split shot to make sure the flies were getting down, and pulled out almost every trick I could think of trying to land a trout. The end result was several more suckers, and few shad, and eventually a smallmouth bass. At one point, I noticed a caddis fly land on my hand while I was re-rigging but realized that my box with the few caddis larva I had was still in the car. I had intended to bring it, but forgot.

I fished this area until roughly 4:00 PM before finally giving up, and deciding to head back down to the car. I also still wanted to try the riffles off the small islands I had seen on the way up. At this point, I was expecting to go home empty handed but I decided I had a ½ mile to go so I might as well take the shotgun approach and cover as much water as I could while walking back downstream. Sometimes you get lucky just by covering enough water.

The last 2 flies I had tied on were a Sexy Walt's worm(this is a heavy Euro nymph) and a Mercury Flashback pheasant tail. Being tired and somewhat pessimistic at this point, I left them on and started casting to the middle of the river as I was walking downstream. About ¾ of the way down the river, my indicator bobbed under and I set the hook. I could feel the fish on the end of my line, and the whole time I was bringing it in, I was repeating under my breath "please be a trout, please be a trout". To my delight, when I got it to the net it was indeed a roughly 7 inch rainbow and the final fish I needed to complete the trout slam. I looked at my watch and it was 4:24 PM, just a few more minutes of daylight. I breathed a sigh of relief as I felt I had pulled this one out by the skin of my teeth for that day.

I went ahead and fished the rest of the way down to my car but didn't have any more takes after that. Regardless, I had caught my fish and was now at gold level for the Missouri Trout Slam.

I hope that others have enjoyed my journey on this at least to some extent.

Fly Talk:

If I glue a feather to a Rapala , does that make it a fly?

- (a) No, because it has a treble hook.
- (b) Yes, because it is not made of soft plastic.
- (c) Yes, but not if I put a nibble of Power Bait on it.
- (d) Maybe, if I clip off two of the hook points.
- (e) Read the discussion at the top of the next page.



Talking to myself: When I count the fish I catch, the conversation with myself goes a little like this:

“OK, this is number six. All I have to do is get it to the net. Come on, now, don’t break off. Here it is. Damn! It got off! Well, that should count. I was trying to get it into the net. I was going to turn it loose anyway. No, I didn’t get it to the net so I’m back to five.”

A few minutes later: “There it is, number six. Wait, is this six or seven? I clearly remember saying the number six a while ago, so this must be seven. No, I think the other number six got off and I went back to five. I’m not sure, this might be seven. There’s another fisherman looking at me. How long has he been watching? Is he counting? Do I know him? Maybe he reads the fishing reports on Facebook and he’ll know whether I caught six or seven and he’ll say something. He looked away. I’ll call it seven. I think number six should count as it hit the rim of the net when it flipped off. Yes, I’ll call it number seven. My next fish will be number eight”

A few more minutes later: “Fish On! Now, just get it into the net and quit worrying what number it is. There. Another fish in the net. What number is this? I remember saying the number eight. This must be nine. Wait, was the last fish number seven or eight?”

Before I can finish this awful conversation that I’m having with myself: “Another fish on! That’s number nine. No, it’s number ten. Damn! It got off. What number was that going to be? Am I back to nine or was that going to be nine?”

A lull, a strike or two, another lull, A STRIKE AND IT’S A GOOD HOOK SET! “ Now, don’t think about the number, just enjoy this. It’s in the net, he scores again. Wait, I remember saying the number ten, but I don’t know if I landed ten or the last one that got away was ten . . . or was it number nine? I gotta quit counting fish.” *Bob Randall*

Fly Talk continued. No, it is not a fly, even if you cut off all of the points but one. It is not “constructed on a single-point hook”. If you don’t like that answer, refer to the following Rule #1:

MDC says: “Fly—An artificial lure constructed on a single-point hook, using any material except soft plastic bait and natural and scented bait ... , that is tied, glued or otherwise permanently attached.”

“The legal definition of a fly allows small jigs, which some anglers use with spinning tackle in the flies-only zone.” Jigs are constructed on a single-point hook and are constructed by tying or gluing feathers or other legal materials to that hook. Yes, I know, a lot of spin anglers get away with infractions.

What about a tandem hook fly? Refer to Rule #1. You might argue with the agent who writes you a ticket and maybe the judge will be in a good mood. You would be wise to keep this type of “fly” out of the trout parks and blue ribbon streams.

What about rubber legs? That was controversial until a couple of years ago when the MDC found an old document that clarified the original intent of the rule. “Flies containing rubber legs, foam, leather, beads, cork and a number of other materials will now conform to the definition of what is permitted in a “fly.”” Read the article in the MTFA-Springfield website [here](#). However, some things are specifically defined as soft plastic baits, as described: Soft plastic bait (unscented)—Synthetic eggs, synthetic worms, synthetic grubs and soft plastic lures. So squirmy worms are not flies. What about rubber pellet flies? Are they foam (which is legal) or soft plastic (which is illegal)? I believe they fit into the foam category and would thus, be legal. If you ever find yourself making that argument to a judge, you may tell them you heard it from me, Jim McGillicutty. Not really. ; -)

Older newsletters through 2007 are archived here: <http://www.mtfa-springfield.org/news-events/newsletter/newsletter-archive/>

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 More about us:

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