



Flatland Fly Fishers

Wichita, Kansas

www.flatlandflyfishers.org

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May is finally here and another Kansas trout season is over. Now we will have to go to Colorado or Missouri for a trout fix. For me this year started slow at the Slough with some days catching only one or two fish, but as the season went on I got better at finding out which fly would work for me. I fished two to five days a week and put in a lot of time working on casting in the wind and making good presentations. I tried



each time out to learn something new about where the fish were and what they were doing and why. The last of March and the first part of April were the best fishing of the season, with ten to twenty fish each time out. Now that the trout season is over it's time to start fishing for blue gills, bass, carp, catfish, etc. So far blue gill fishing at the pond that I have has been fair with some small bass in the 10" to 15" range.

The club trip to Roaring River will be May the 9th. Roaring River is a great place to go if you're just starting fishing for trout. Roaring River can also be a challenge for the more experienced angler when you are going for big fish. Whether you stay in one of the local resorts or camp in the camp grounds, next to the river, you will have a great time and catch fish. Be sure to check with the fly shop guys to find out about river conditions before heading out. You can go on line and find out more information. You will need to buy a three dollar trout tag each day that you fish the river. A Missouri license is also needed which you can purchase at Roaring River or on-line.

The Bluegill fest will be May 16 at a lake located at 6711 West 53rd. The lake is east of Ridge on the south side of 53rd. The lake has plenty of blue gill and bass, a floatation device is allowed but there is no boat ramp and gasoline engines are not permitted. We will be able to get in to the lake at 7:00am and fish until lunch. The lunch menu will be hot dogs, brats, hamburgers, chips and some sort of dutch oven dessert. You need to bring your own beverage.

Casting instructions will be the main focus at the May meeting. Hope to see you on the water or at the May meeting.

Next Meeting May 7, 7:00 P.M.



A Fly Fishing Jones

Gary Tatro

Each of us brings something different to the fly fishing experience; each of us in turn, takes something different away from fly fishing. Unique contributions, leading to expectations that vary greatly depending on the amount of energy and enthusiasm expended. These levels of expectation should be tempered to match the depth and breadth of our commitment to the sport. Some will be casual practitioners of the sport and will be perfectly happy (as should be) with a passing interest and a couple of outings each year that are perfectly fulfilling – they are drawing no more from the account than what they have invested. At the other extreme is the fly fisherman with a working obsession of the sport – no longer a sport, but a lifestyle. They too draw no more from the account than they invest; because they invest all they have - time, energy and at times, more than just a little money. Neither group of fly fisherman, nor all those in between, is wrong; but each may have a difficult time relating to what the other sees as the sport of Fly Fishing. It is something different to each of us - and this is what makes it a wonderful and worthwhile endeavor, as challenging and diverse of experience as each of us wants it to be.



I am no stranger to pursuits that take over your waking and sleeping thoughts; pastimes that are ill-fitted to the term hobby. For more years than need be remembered, I was a Traditional Bowhunter. You could say, without getting any argument from those in my life that have probably suffered from these pursuits, that I am obsessed. The passion for Traditional Bowhunting ran side by side with my love of Fly Fishing. As the years passed, I came to the realization that I could no longer pull it off. No more could I split my time, energy and money for both. I had to choose. I chose the one that sustains my spirit, the one that comforts me most in both failures and successes; I chose of course, Fly Fishing. Fly Fishing has never failed to challenge me, never wavered in its ability to put a smile on my face. Few things in life are as satisfying as catching a coveted gamefish on a fly who's genesis was an idea hatched in your sometimes feverish fishing mind. Fly Fishing was, and always will be, an integral part of my life; it is a large part of who I am.

Obituaries, when I read one, usually strike a cord with me; not because I shudder at the thought of death – none of us get a pass on that one. No, it always bothers me because typically within the first sentence or two, the poor soul who has passed on is immortalized as the former employee of Dewey, Stickum and Howe; and had been their loyal employee up until the moment they shuffled off this mortal coil. I, for one, do not want to be remembered for what I did to keep the bills paid and the wolf away from the door. The job does not define me; I would rather be remembered for what I loved. Yes, that's right, along with mention of family and friends in that first sentence or two, there will be mention of a life long passion for Fly Fishing (feel free to ask my wife Jo for conformation – I've left strict instructions) and no record of where I worked. I like my work, but hey, I'm dead here, let's talk about what I loved, what I was passionate about. That is, and always will be, Fly Fishing. You may have noticed I haven't made any mention of Fly Tying; this would be because there is no clear line that defines the two – for me you really can't have one without the other - so they are one in the same.



A Fly Fishing Jones

Gary Tatro

Fly Fishing obviously provides a great deal of enjoyment and entertainment for me; what it has also done is provide a common ground from which friendships have grown. These friendships have substance and are cherished; just as the Fly Fishing that spawned them. It is essential to have friends that share, or who at least understand, the beleaguered mind that comes from a Fly Fishing Jones. Paramount to all of this is a spouse that understands and tolerates your Fly Fishing and all the weird hours, trips to the latest hot spot, hooks and feathers ground into the carpet and that ever growing stack of rod tubes in the corner of the bedroom. Say what you will, but a fish and a fly rod don't do that great of a job keeping you from being cold and lonely.

I envy anyone whose interest in Fly Fishing was handed down to them from their father or other family member. My family was not at all interested in fly fishing and probably decided early on that it was at least (slightly) better than a life of crime for a young boy. I picked up the itch as an eight year old reading *Outdoor Life and Field and Stream*. I didn't know anything about it, but I knew there couldn't possibly be a better way to catch a fish than what was revealed to those inquisitive eyes in the slick pages of a magazine. Some saved money from mowing lawns and a trip to the Hardware store and I was the proud owner of an 8 ½ foot six weight fiberglass rod and the line and reel that all came packaged together. Within a couple of days the local bluegill population had to keep their heads low as I beat the water to a froth. Hopefully the years have brought some improvement to the skills – I know they have done nothing to dim the enthusiasm. I'm careful to not force my love (obsession) of Fly Fishing on my own son. Nothing would make me happier than to see him follow in the slightly crazed footsteps of his Fly Fishing addled father; but I want it to be by his own hand, not mine. I think he knows (I hope he knows) that any and all help he needs or wants is there for the asking. But this should serve as warning; this Fly Fishing thing is contagious and there is no known cure other than a lifetime spent having more fun than a grown man should be allowed to have!

Tight Lines

May Club Meeting

At the April monthly club meeting, we discussed rigging options for setting up our fly rods. For our May monthly meeting, it's time to put these skills to use. We are hoping, with our fingers double crossed, for nice weather, as this month we are planning to go over to fish the Island Pond at the Nature center. We are putting together a group of members to basically 'walk-through' and give advice and pointers to individuals who may want a little bit of help, from rigging and casting, to line stripping techniques and fish fighting. Be sure to bring your rods out if you own a rod, as we do have general use club rods, but are limited to how many we have on hand. Bring your latest and hottest fly patterns too, so that if you are catching a lot of fish, maybe we can talk you into tying that fly for one of our club meetings!

Hope to see you there! *Rory*



A Time for Compromise

by Rory Wiske

If you're anything like me, you've made the transition from tying trout flies to tying warm-water flies by now. I always go through the same funk at least twice a year: once before trout season, and again as the water begins to warm in the spring. "What hooks am I out of? What materials did I use up last year?" It never surprises me that the task ahead turns into a mind boggling inventory of the bins, drawers, and shelves of 'too much fly tying equipment and materials' in, on, and around my tying desk.

When the long evenings of lashing materials to #20 hooks with 8/0 threads fade away for another six months, I find most of my tying involves 210 denier threads and #2-2/0 hooks. This is where my creativity tries to find its way out through my hands and onto the shank of what may become the next best thing in my box. However, I almost always start with the flies that have become 'go to' patterns in my boxes. The problem I run in to most often, is that mid-drift of turning out a half dozen Clouser Minnows, I realize that I'm out of dumbbell eyes or #2 saltwater hooks.

I again find myself in need of an inventory system, and this year, I think I will begin keeping a written log of all of the materials I have on hand.... Who am I fooling? It will never happen! I can't possibly sit down at my desk long enough to go through each and every drawer, package and box. I'll only end up bored out of my mind, and ten minutes in, I'll be tying that big baitfish pattern or bass bug that I thought up last week. Sure, it would be nice to have everything listed; but honestly, do I really want to refer to a list every time I want to tie flies? It's more fun to dig through the nooks and crannies, hoping to find that pack of bright yellow rabbit strips I know I have, which has suddenly vanished from the middle drawer where I saw it last. "It must have fallen behind the desk".

Down on my knees with a flashlight; the dog thinks it's surely play time. In a stern voice, growing more frustrated at not finding the prize behind the desk, I tell the dog to cool it, get out, or sit. It dawns on me: "This is why I need an inventory list". There are times when we need organization to our small space of the room where a million materials come together and collide every year: Times when our patience and tolerance run short: Times when we're leaving at 4am the next morning to hit that special lake or stream, to cast for that special fish we don't often get to fish for: Times when..... Well, you get the point.

The question now is; how specific or complicated do I want to set up my inventory system? Detailed enough that I can sit down, retrieve the list, and quickly get the materials I want; Simple enough that I don't have to go into location XJ9R for Polar Flash. Maybe all I need are labels for the outward facing drawers and edges of the shelves. Maybe, but in all of this, do I lose some of what it is I love about fly tying? The bit of joy I get when I open the middle drawer and the bright yellow rabbit strips are there. Would I really miss that feeling so much that I am willing to let my dogs think they're in trouble, when all they want to do is play: So much to let my wife think that I'm marginally disgusted with what she wants to talk about, when all that's wrong is the fact that I can't find what I'm looking for: So much that I feel like I've lost half an hour of perfect fly tying light in the evening on the table out in the back yard, while digging through the same drawer I've looked in three times now? Am I missing out? Maybe I could at least pare out a small list of the items that I use on a regular basis.





A Time for Compromise

by Rory Wiske

So many things come to be compromised when we let something that seems so insignificant to others take up so much of our time and thought. Indeed, it could be worse. If it weren't for fly tying, I don't think I, and others like myself, would sanely make it through the periods of time between fishing trips or outings. We should however, take into account the time we spend searching for items that may not be where we think they are. It would surely make our time at the vise a bit more efficient. Take time to make time.



Ketchum Release Tool

Dwan Welty

If you are having difficulties removing flies with your clamping device there is a different and better way. I discovered this while fishing and lost my clamping tool and was forced to use this tool. This removal tool slides down the tippet, over the fly and pushes the hook up and out. This tool can be found in most fly shops and comes in hook size 10-18 or hook size 10+. The name for this removal tool is "Ketchum Release" and is in the \$20 price range.

The Ketchum Release offers two significant benefits: it saves fish and it saves flies. The Ketchum Release effectively removes a fly hook without netting or handling the fish. The elimination of fish handling increases the survival rate of released fish. In addition, the Ketchum Release will not damage flies like traditional clamping devices can. By saving flies, the tool can pay for itself in just a few fishing sessions.



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Education of a Flyfisher

Steve Webb

During my four years of service on the club board perhaps the most constant and sometimes most divisive issue has been education; what is it and how to implement it. Our club's membership has a diverse range of knowledge and experience so education is something that should be easily shared. The rub, though, is how we do this. Presentations by experienced club members at monthly meetings, classes with a nominal fee charged, celebrity programs, videos, and "hands on" trips to fly fishing destinations are all valid ways to accomplish this goal but I think there is another way that is rarely mentioned. Striving to learn something on your own in addition to the above methods will make you a more complete fly fisher. What I'm advocating is more reliance on you. Tap into your own resolve, ingenuity, and imagination instead of relying on someone else. The last couple of years I've begun to realize that one of the things I like the most about fly fishing is this process of working through the unknown and the fact that you can never "learn it all". Over the last six months two fly fishing and tying experiences have reinforced this goal for me.

A Season on the Slough

Steve Webb

Trout season on Slough Creek runs from October 15th until April 15th but in reality crosses three real seasons of changing weather, unpredictable water flows, and time shifts that dramatically alter the fishing time available. Although I've fished the Slough sporadically in the past this was the first season that I have made a steady progression through the changing seasons. Usually I make multiple trips to Missouri during the late fall, winter, early spring period but this year I went only once. The economic meltdown and a tired 150,000 mile personal vehicle conspired to keep me closer to home and in turn prompted me to fish the Slough more than normal. The up side to this was that although I knew midge hatches occurred on the Slough I didn't realize how prolific these micro



insects really are. Winter midging and tying small flies to match the real thing are my attraction to the Slough. Without these tiny bugs and the trout rising to eat them, I doubt I would fish there as much as I do. Slough Creek is not without a few problems; questionable water quality, poor angling ethics, poaching and ignorance of the rules, still it can provide a good place to work through a learning process, especially if one is interested in "matching the hatch". I think this process applies to almost anything fly fishing related. There is so much quality information out there now in both print media and on the internet that anyone with a good understanding of fly fishing basics can advance their skills rapidly and fairly easily. But this information overload also fosters a need for instant success. Fly fishing has lost some of its former contemplative and self reliant nature.

For me the last few months have been a process of continuation and refinement. I fish a "soft" fiberglass fly rod with a simple click reel and carry a single fly box containing variations of midge larva, pupa, and emerging adults. My "go to" patterns have been tweaked and refined during the season to a real or imagined improvement. I could probably be more successful by stepping up and matching the "bugger" hatch but what I seek is the tiny victory that comes when a size 20 hook barely grabs flesh and launches a couple of splashy jumps. This quote from midge fishing Guru Ed Engle says it all for me. "The icing on the cake is when the trout takes my artificial fly in precisely the same way it has taken the naturals".



100 Mile Fly Season Two

Steve Webb

Season number two starts at Kingman State Fishing Lake. It's the same premise as last year; fly fishing close to home and yes, Kingman is the home of the mega Pike fishing report in the April newsletter. I can't really add anything to Rory's comprehensive and well written report. What I can add is what happens to a supposedly experienced fly angler who makes a series of mistakes and generally loses his way. A lukewarm attitude toward Northern Pike fly fishing and the fact that I was totally unprepared doomed my first attempt on a fly rod to complete failure. I went down quickly on three straight strikes; wrong fly line, wrong leader, and wrong flies. My fly line was designed for warmer water. The 40+ degree water temperature on that day caused the line to tangle constantly. Although my leader was tipped with wire I ruined it almost immediately and then did not have wire cutters to repair it. Finally nothing in my hastily prepared fly box would work. I mostly flogged the water and took photos of the other guys catching fish. The next day was spent moping around the house ruing a missed chance but I did decide I really wanted to catch a Pike on the fly.



Monday morning I started my shopping list. That afternoon I threw some cash at the list and quickly gathered a nine weight coldwater fly line, stainless pliers/wire cutters, and nylon coated wire tippet material. The last piece of the puzzle was more problematic; what fly? Rory's Buck Tail Agitator is a cool looking fly but he spends an hour tying one and a Pike spends a couple of minutes destroying it. I like "guide flies" so I went to the guy who wrote the book, Barry Reynolds. Barry's Pike Fly is built around rabbit strips, flash, eyes, and a big hook. By the end of the week I had tied four Pike flies, two in chartreuse and two in classic red/white.

I was ready to go but roadblocks soon popped up; unstable spring weather, work, and a minor family crisis. Finally the second Saturday in April looked promising, a one day break in a typical spring storm pattern. The Friday evening preceding P-day I decided to give my tackle a final check out. My rods, lines, and Pike flies passed the casting test on a small neighborhood pond. I was confident that I was ready. The next day's fishing was anticlimactic as the saying goes. We had only been on the water for about thirty minutes before I



had my first Pike on the fly. The fish weighed six pounds even on my Boga and had eaten one of the chartreuse Pike Bunnies. After that the catching turned slow but I did manage to land a smaller one later in the afternoon. For me the final score looked like this, seven hours of steady cast and retrieve, two Pike landed. If you are thinking, too much work, not enough reward, you would not be alone. Most of the Kingman regulars seem to think the same thing. One local who must wade fish the same stretch of bank every Saturday wondered out loud why we were wasting our time fly fishing for Pike. Maybe he was on to something as he spent the afternoon running up double digit numbers of Largemouth Bass and with some disdain in his voice claimed that the occasional Pike he hooked was ruining his Bass fishing.

This ramble is not meant to be a how to primer; there are plenty of those out there. Nor is its intention to be self congratulatory. It's more of a challenge to consider a different approach to your fly fishing education. The next time you read, watch, or hear something about fly fishing and you really want to learn more about it, don't back off. Instead push on even if initial attempts end in failure. Ultimately the missteps that happen along the way won't matter. What will remain is a sense of inner satisfaction.

Name That Fly (June)



For a colored picture go to:
www.flatlandflyfishers.org

If you think you can identify this pattern attend the March meeting.

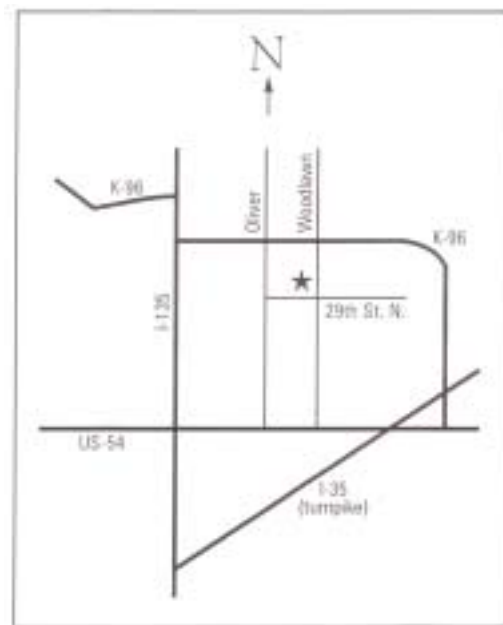
1. Put your name and name of fly on proper ballot and place in ballot box.
2. Officials of club will look at all ballots and place all correct answers into ballot box and one winner will be drawn.
3. Winner will get a copy of Bill Edrington's book and a fly tied by Bill White.

Flatland Fly Fishers



P.O. Box 49164
Wichita, KS
67201

Flatland Flyfishers meet monthly at the
Great Plains Nature Center, located at
6232 E. 29th St. N, Wichita, KS



Roaring River trip May 9

Cost : MO. Fishing license is required cost is \$7.00 a day or an annul out of state license at \$30.00, an additional cost fishing trout permit \$3.00 a day.

Lodging: The Roaring River Resort has rooms at \$52.00 and Kitchenettes at \$61.00.

At the park there is Park Cliff Cabins at \$125 a night (2) night minimum.

Camping Fees Tents \$12.00 and \$20.00 for RV with Electric and Water.

Cassville: Hotels, most chains such as Days Inn Budget and Super 8.

Most motels and roaring river resort will give discounts up to 10% if we reserve 5 rooms or more.

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