

## Red Lose, NKFF charter member passes

By Mike Arnold

Most NKFF members probably won't recognize the gentleman in the picture. Yet he was one of the original chartering members back in October of 1987 at the Camp Ernst Conference Center on the top of the hill across Camp Ernst Lake. Red Lose donated \$100.00 to NKFF to help get us started and was quick to remind us that he was sorry to see us form a separate club since the original acronym of the Loveland, Ohio club was

BBUFF standing for BUCKEYE & BLUEGRASS UNITED FLY FISHERS. Red was also one of the founder of BUFF and the original MADMEN club and one of the signers of the Madmen TU chapter at Slady Hollow club in Ohio (I think that was in 1985 or 1986). Red loved the Mad River, loved the Au Sable and Pere Marquet Rivers in Michigan, loved fly-fishing for anything and made it his lifelong hobby. Two years ago when he found out that he

had not much longer to live, Red donated ALL of his fishing gear, books, fly-tying and rod-building equipment and supplies to BUFF and NKFF and asked us to auction it off and donate the money to the Madmen TU Chapter. We did that, very successfully it should be noted, and Red sent a note thanking us. Red Lose passed onto the great river on February 15<sup>th</sup>, 2003. As my first fly-casting and Mad River mentor I will miss him as will many long-time BUFF members. Tight Lines, Red!



Red Lose (on right) gives Jason Arnold pocket billiards lesson during 1993 steelhead trip

## The Bass Bush

By: Mark England

Roger and I fished together for many a year. Roger loves to fish the creeks that wash into the Ohio River from the north side. Fishing could be excellent, at times yielding us smallmouth, largemouth, white, and rock bass in a single trip. We enjoyed both the variety of angling experiences and the changing nature of the streams from season to season.

One year, midway through the spring, Roger and I had an exceptional outing. It seemed as though we could do no wrong. We caught and released fish after fish on a variety of flies and lures. There wasn't even a pattern really. We took fish on the surface, on the bottom, under cut banks, and out of submerged

brush. We caught them in open water, too.

Finally, we stretched out on a grassy spot and looked at each other and grinned. On the banks a small bush bloomed with tiny, white star-like clusters of flowers. We had seen these up and down the creek, but hadn't given them much note until now. Now Roger, while definitely a fine outdoorsman, was no "leave nothing but footprints" kind of nature lover. Roger decided he was going to take one home for his yard and christened it the "Bass Bush". He decided that when it bloomed it would tell him bass fishing in the creek was peaking for the spring.

There's a logic to it. We all

know to look for the red bud and dogwood blooms and Roger figured this could be specific to his creek and the bass. It grew and bloomed the next year and, in fact, we did have fine fishing around the time it flowered. I believed it worked and Roger swore by it.

I believe the best time to go fishing is whenever you can get away. I only hope I reach the point in life where I have enough time to fish according to the "Bass Bush".



*"We caught and released fish after fish on a variety of flies and lures."*