



"...and then there is that dumbass hat."

--anon.

We have all lost a friend in the passing of Chuck Tryon. This special edition of the newsletter commemorates the pleasure of his company for as long as we each knew him. As for me, in tribute I will adopt his *nom d' plume* while he was the editor of the River Rap for many years: "Ye Ed."

Chuck was my friend and fly fishing mentor. He and Sharon welcomed me to the club when all I wanted was to find out something about the long rods that I had inherited from my father-in-law. With their good will and unbounded but quiet enthusiasm Chuck and Sharon trapped me into what has become some 21 years of wonderful sport, occupation, hobby, and in reality, a mild form of dementia.

One of our friends has noted that Chuck was not only a great story teller but a great listener. To that I would add that he had a marvelous sense of humor and an appreciation for the ridiculous. For years after a fishing incident with Chuck in which I wound up flat on my back in a stream, clutching a large section of dead Aspen to my chest in a most unnatural fashion, Chuck would cajole me into telling the story, all the while adding little bits and pieces of commentary. To my knowledge he never told the story himself—his pleasure was gained from laughing along with me and not at me. In like fashion, he would demand that I relate a tale from my theatre days in which a small boy, flying through the air in a professional production of Peter Pan, proceeded to lose the contents of his stomach from 20 feet above the stage. Chuck loved that story and never seemed tired of hearing it, laughing long and hard at each telling, and enjoying the reactions of his audience.

Chuck forgave and forgot personal injury but woe betide the person who wronged one of his friends or far worse, wronged Mother Nature. Then there was no barking, just the quiet determination of a bulldog biting a butt. It was not vindictive, it was just righting a wrong.

So, boys and girls, dear old Mom Nature and fish of all ages, we've had the pleasure of the company of one of the good guys. There are a lot of happy trout out there now—those of the past that Chuck released to eat another bug and those of the future who will now have dodged at least one more sore lip.

--Max

We have lost a Flyfishing icon...

A few personal reflections:

Chuck was a conservationist.

I loved his enthusiasm for the sport.

He was a great teacher, taught me how to double haul.

He was a writer, I enjoyed seeing him pull out his pad and pencil for the newsletter.

He did his part to move the RFFA forward.

I miss that great sense of humor.

He was a listener and a story teller.

Who could forget the bubfly?????

He was a gentleman.

He was responsible for starting the Rolla City recycling program - Though he would not take credit for it.

He was easy to talk to.

He was a Friend.

He and Sharon are together now.

--Steve Luecke

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I remember Chuck as always willing to help anyone learn how to fly fish. Any time I saw him he had a smile on his face and he always enjoyed talking about fly fishing and joking around. He will be deeply missed.

--Sam Potter

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Wow, how sad, what a Great loss and a great man. I will never forget staying with him and using his camera on my first trip to Mountain Home. I'm sure he was with you in more ways than just what he taught you.

--Doug Goodman ("Little Doug")

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Thank you so much for sending his obituary to us. ***We are sorry*** to learn of his passing. Take care & ...

**--Tight Lines - Gretchen & Al Beatty
Flyfisher magazine**

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Thank you for letting us know about Chuck. Sorry to hear about his death. I have no pictures of his. ***I liked him*** the short time I knew him. I will remember him in prayer for the family.

**--Phillip Cassibry
Chaplain, US Army (COL., Ret)
(and our only Life Member)**

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Ode to a Crotchety old Editor
By Mark van Patten

I am sure by now you have all noticed a different look in the *River Rap*, Roubidoux Fly Fishers tattle-tale newsletter. The newsletter dates back to the origin of the Roubidoux Fly Fishers Association. In the beginning a couple of would be newsletter editors tried their hand at delivering a timely tome with bits of brilliant wisdom, and bitter defeat at the fishing hole. Those neophytes of the pen and word were miserable failures, myself included. Then one foggy Christmas day a brave man agreed to play. His name was and still is Charles Fly Tyer Tryon.

With a vintage 1928 Underwood typewriter, he pondered the mysteries of the world of fly fishing while pounding keys so worn the letters were all but invisible. Scraps of paper napkins and old Krogers receipts, with frantic scribbles scraped from the tongues of RFFA members were his fodder. This bastion of journalism worked his magic, pleasing members with a newsletter promptly delivered to their mail boxes each month.

Neither rain, nor sleet, nor caddis hatch could keep this flat topped crusader from spreading the gospel of fly fishing, and the many lies spewed from the mouths of fly fishing fanatics. Month by month, year by year, the *River Rap* never failed to appear. Faithful as a well worn hat, the typewriter, the man and the postal service brought smiles, groans, joy and despair to the homes of the members of the Roubidoux Fly Fishers Association.

He sought no praise or acknowledgement. He sought only truth. The editor of a fly fishing newsletter seeking truth is a task in which no mere mortal could succeed. But succeed he did. The phones never rang with stories of grand slams. The door was never knocked upon by excited stories of world records caught and released. The simple pleasures of a sunny day at the Current and a few small bows where the truths on which he fed.

Yet never in the many years I had received this journal of joyous jargon did I cease to be amused, educated and informed. With no disrespect to the new man behind the wheel, Mr. Tryon, I miss you. You have kept me informed though I am far, far, away and way, way, a far. You have made me smile when a smile was hard to come by. You have made me sad when the occasion was solemn. In my mind there can be no greater tribute to you than to be missed by those who longed for the next issue of the *River Rap*.

So Mr. Tryon, take no offense at this feeble attempt to credit you, and claim your place in the annals of journalistic greatness. Not so much by the look or the size, but for the ability to see truth in all the lies.

Thank-you Chuck

There are always those few people you meet in your life who seem to have the biggest impact. In 1996, I met Chuck Tryon and Sharon at my first Roubidoux Fly Fishers Association meeting. Chuck was a colorful curmudgeon with a flat top haircut and sly grin on his face. He was never afraid to speak his mind about anything: fishing, politics, or world affairs, if he didn't agree you knew it. From the moment I met him, he took me under his wing and began to teach me about flyfishing. A few years later when my wife passed away, Chuck spent a lot of time talking to me about letting go and coping with being a young widower. Sadly, he had been a young widower and knew all too well what I was going through.

Chuck passed away from cardiac arrest on February 8, 2011. His books, especially *Fly Fishing for Trout in Missouri*, *Figuring Out Flies*, and *200 Missouri Smallmouth Adventures* have guided hundreds if not thousands of people into the world of flyfishing and the Missouri Ozarks. I don't know a whole lot about Chuck's early life. He was a geologist for the Forest Service, his wife Sharon passed away much too soon and he had a passion for flyfishing that was second to none. His years as newsletter editor of the RFFA's River Rap will never be matched. "YE ED" (meaning the Editor), as he always called himself, was able to take a mundane fishing story with a kernel of truth and make it into the fish of a lifetime. He was a giving person, especially when it came to the environment, conservation issues and the sport of flyfishing.

There is no way that I can put down on paper the impact that Chuck had on my life. Chuck got sick a couple years ago and moved to California to live closer to his daughter. Ever since then I have been trying to pay tribute to Chuck whenever I can. I dug up the September/October 1997 *American Angler* magazine with Chuck's story on his signature fly... the Big, Ugly and Bodacious, better know as the BUBfly. Whenever I go to fly tying conclaves and exhibitions I have been tying BUBflies and passing on the word of their abilities to catch any fish that swims.

Chuck is now with his wife Sharon. I can envision them sitting streamside on Mill Creek or Roubidoux, enjoying the moment and tossing BUBflies to hungry trout.

Tight Lines my friend and thanks for the BUBfly. Actually, thanks for so much more. The positive impact you have had on my life will never be forgotten.

--Boot Pierce

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Obituary Charles (Chuck) Tryon

Born in Chicago on May 4, 1938, Chuck grew up in Terre Haute, Indiana. He passed away on February 8, 2011 in Visalia, CA. Preceded in death by his wife, Sharon in 1991, he is survived by his daughter Holly and son-in-law Ed Kuykendall in California, and by his brother, Ed Tryon, in New York City.

Chuck lived in Rolla for 43 years, where he retired from the Forest Service as a hydrologist for the Mark Twain National Forest. He was responsible for starting the Rolla City recycling program, although he modestly would not take credit for it. For the past two years he lived in California to be near his daughter. When he moved to California, Chuck became involved with the Kaweah Flyfishing Club in Visalia where he actively supported the club's fly-tying and casting classes. At the time of his passing Chuck was in the process of tying 20 dozen flies for one of his favorite charities, Casting for Recovery.

A life member of the Federation of Fly Fishers, Chuck was a founding member of the local Roubidoux Fly Fishers Association and was instrumental in establishing that organization as Missouri's first Stream Team. He was a great teacher and mentor to many in the sport, supporting youth programs, cancer-related fly fishing organizations, and the Project Healing Waters program for wounded soldiers and veterans. In addition to his many short articles for various fly fishing publications, Chuck was the author of 200 Missouri Smallmouth Adventures and along with his wife Sharon, co-authored Fly Fishing for Trout in Missouri and Figuring Out Flies. He will be remembered by his friends as a conservationist, a great listener and story teller, and as a gentleman.

His wishes were to be cremated and his ashes spread in his favorite spring in Missouri. Private services will be held at a later time.

