

# Lines and Leaders

**CFFA**

**1974**

**Vol. 1 No. 3 March**

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Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association

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"Lines and Leaders" is Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association, Inc., periodic publication, distributed to its membership and allies of conservation. Mailing address: CFFA, P.O. Box 42, Windsor Locks, Ct. 06096. Forward all manuscripts and material for publication to this address, attention of the editor. CFFA regular membership meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month, September through May. Meetings are held at either the Federal Savings and Loan Auditorium - Windsor, or Raymond Public Library - East Hartford. Notification of meeting place is announced in the monthly 'Newsletter', and local news media. Directors meet on the first Wednesday of every month. CFFA should be notified of any change in your address as this publication is delivered via bulk rate mail and therefore cannot be forwarded. CFFA's objective: Organized to Preserve and Promote the Pleasures and Traditions of Fly Fishing and to Conserve Game Fish Waters.

I have just finished reading "Lines and Leaders" and with my present enthusiasm would like to share my feelings. As the wife of a fisherman and sportsman to the nth degree, who has been a fisherman's widow in the true sense for more than 32 years, I can truly say the first 1974 issue of "Lines and Leaders" is exciting beyond words. I have always read my husband's fishing news and shared his interest. Although not an actual fisherwoman, I feel I know almost as much about the sport as he does (well-maybe not quite as much) from having just lived with it. However, nothing in all these years has given me more pleasure. Knowing these very special people who have put hours of work and dedication into this fine publication is my good fortune. Congratulations! Keep up the good work and I know it will continue and grow. I shall enjoy every issue along with that great and very special man, my husband.

Jane Barbieri

Dear Ken,

I just got around to reading "LINES & LEADERS" Vol.1 - #2, and was horrified to see your name given as the originator of THE PENNSYLVANIAN CORK BUG. This is a lure not a fly by any stretch of the word, and has no place in a journal of a group calling themselves FLY FISHERS.

Furthermore, it really should be called THE PELLET FLY as it is simply an imitation of the fish food pellet. Al Zeigler would have thrown anyone using such a creation off the Henryville waters when he was alive.

I'll try and make the dinner next month and will see you then.

Cordially,



Col. Henry A. Siegel

Dear Hank,

I was horrified to see your name associated with so many errors. Correction 1: no one's name, let alone mine, was given as the originator of the Cork Bug. My Uncle Steve sent the tying instructions to Ron Zawoysky at the latter's request. Steve Parkany, alias Professional Fisherman, has been tying the pattern to death, so to speak, and has been very instrumental in promoting its use since it appeared in the July, 1970, issue of Outdoor Life (copy of "The Marvelous Cork Bug", by Ronald S. Kommer, enclosed for your perusal). Correction 2: The Cork Bug is a FLY, at least according to no less modern authorities than a) A.J. McClane (Encyclopedia) - "very thin cork is sometimes used for dry fly bodies...", b) the late Joe Brooks (Trout Fishing) - "Although some (imitations) are not meant to resemble a real life insect, we nevertheless class them as artificial flies...", and c) the CORK BUG originator, Ron Kommer (article) - "...the perfect all around trout fly...". Correction 3: In spite of evidence to the contrary, if you choose to call it a "lure", then at least you should be consistent and call it "THE PELLET LURE", not fly. However, after reading the enclosed article you will see that due to the Cork Bug's effectiveness on native and streambred trout, your affectionate appellation of the pattern is hardly appropriate. Hope to see you at the banquet and



CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION, INC.

FLY FISHING SCHOOL

FOR: Beginners and Neophytes

Classes:	No.	Date	Time	Location
	1.	3/22/74	7:00 PM	Raymond Library East Hartford
	2.	3/29/74	"	
	3.	4/5/74	"	
	4.	TBD	TBD	Pond (April, before opening day)
	5.	TBD	TBD	Stream (May)

TBD: exact date/time to be determined

Equipment: furnished or bring your own to classes 4. and 5. only.

Literature: provided free upon enrollment .

Fee: \$15.00

Size: 25 Students per class; first come first serve.

Diploma: A certificate, suitable for framing, will be presented to each student upon completion of the course.

Note: Enrollment open to members and non-members alike, of all ages , regardless of sex. Just fill out the application below. DO NOT send a remittance with the application; the enrollment fee will be payable upon notification of your acceptance.

K. Parkany, Director

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CFFAFFS Enrollment Application

Date .....

Please check all appropriate boxes, Print required information, and forward to:

CFFA Fly Fishing School
c/o John Cannata, Registrar
19 Grande Road
E. Hartford, Ct. 06118

Name.....Home Ph.....

Address.....Bus. Ph.....

Age....City.....State.....Zip.....

[ ] CFFA Member [ ] Non-Member [ ] Will use own equipment
[ ] Have no equipment

[ ] Beginner(never fly fished) [ ] Neophyte(tried a few times)

Note: Enrollment fee is payable upon notification of acceptance. Send no money with this form.



by Gary J. LaFontaine

(During his holiday visit east last Christmas, I introduced Gary to local resident "Muddler" expert, and fellow CFFA member, Joe Garman, of Manchester. In typical angler fashion our conversation eventually touched upon a controversial subject: Trout intelligence. After his return to Montana, Gary chose to elaborate on this subject in a letter I received on 5 March 73. The following excerpt is reprinted here with the author's permission.....Ken Parkany )

#### Intelligence or Instinct

"...I have to explain something to you and Joe about that evening. I meant to explain what I was talking about when I said that brown trout are not any smarter than any other type of trout. Because I do not talk with any verbal dexterity at all, I boggle what I want to say. Usually, my writing is a little clearer.

My opening statement was 'I doubt that brown trout are any smarter than any other type of trout.'

The return answer to this gauntlet statement was 'I think that brown trout are smarter. Look how much harder they are to catch.'

Right then, if I possessed any verbal acuity whatsoever, I should have separated the dual statement of the answer. I was thinking simply in terms of laboratory intelligence. In other words, with nothing implied as to catchability, brown trout are not any smarter than any other trout.

This is purely speculation on my part, because I know of no such laboratory tests (there have been tests proving that a small-mouth bass is more intelligent than any trout, for example).

Now, I ended up defending my opening statement by arguing the second half of the statement; that brown trout are harder to catch (I ended up against this statement).

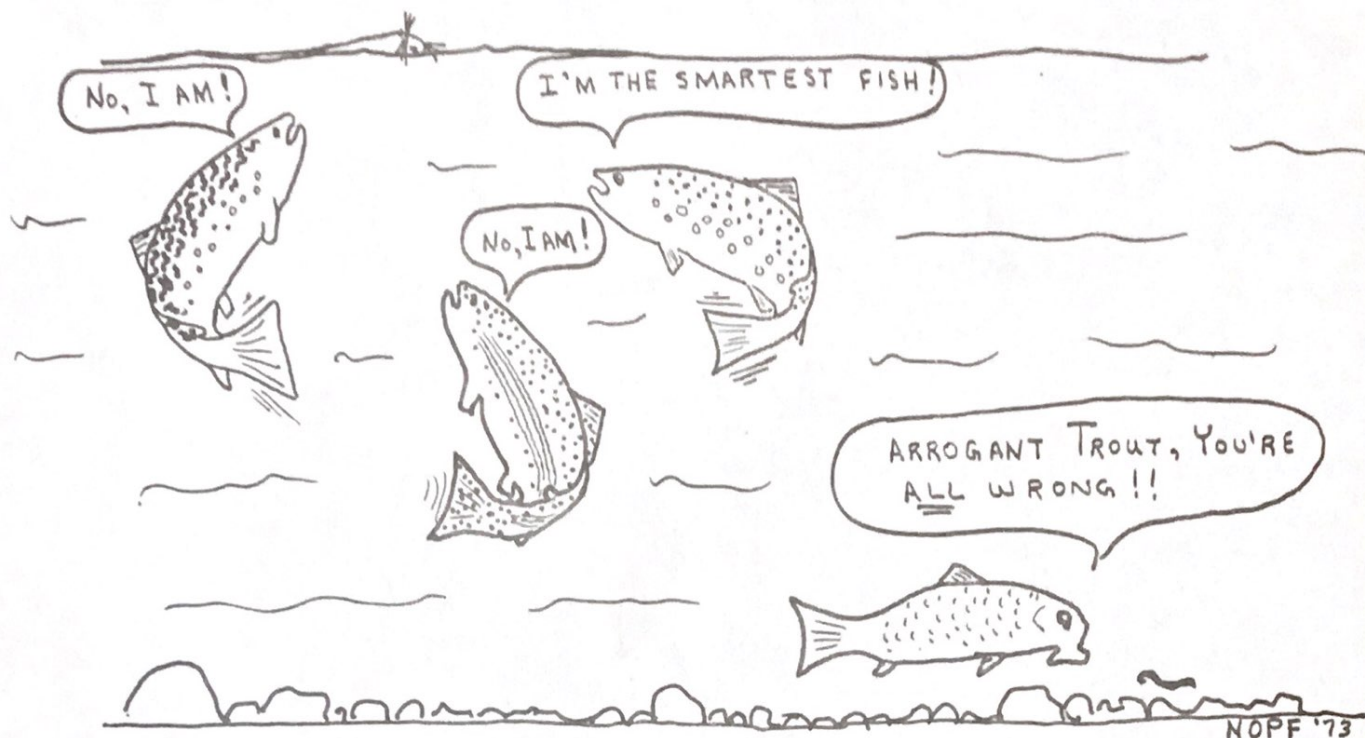
This, with rigid limitations, must be conceded. Brown trout in daylight hours with certain tackle are most difficult to capture.

Now, a common sucker (very common in Montana rivers) is almost impossible to catch on a fly. Is the sucker that much more intelligent than the brown trout?

No, probably only a little more intelligent. A sucker's indifference to a fly is predicated on certain biological instincts.

My contention, then, is that a brown trout is more difficult to capture than say, a rainbow, because of instinctual habits, not intelligence.

Consider this: Often fishing an evening rise, I will continue fishing until late in the night. Until darkness my



catch is approximately 75% rainbows and 25% browns (on the Clark Fork which is about 50-50 in population). Those browns are difficult to take. But with the advent of darkness, there is a complete reversal. The catch becomes 75% browns and 25% rainbows.

If catching fish is determined by species intelligence, it is amazing how much smarter rainbows become in the dark (and suckers remain as hard to catch in darkness as in daylight on a fly).

Even in daylight hours, using certain techniques, the catch is predominantly brown trout. I think that more browns are not caught because most fishermen do not angle for them correctly.

In August, floating down the Clark Fork, place a grasshopper imitation precisely near every bit of cover within a few feet of shore. Over 80% of the catch will be brown trout, and not rainbow, Brook, Dolly Varden, or Cutthroat, which are present in the river.

A Dolly Varden is a very close relative to a brook trout. It is very rare to catch a Dolly on a fly, and then usually the fly is a big streamer. Why? Intelligence? No, just different habits.

What habits make the brown trout so difficult to catch?

1. Nocturnal in preference; and this means that only a large daytime hatch will bring a majority of browns to feed, and then, with the triggered response, the fish will feed selectively.

2. Stay near cover, or under cover, in shade; and this means accurate, spot casting, and in the shade the trout sees the fake much more clearly.
3. Stay in quieter water; and this lets the fish see the fly more clearly.

I'm sure that there are many more biological reasons for the difficulty in catching the brown trout, and, all in all, the fish is more of a challenge.

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NOTES FROM FEBRUARY'S BOARD OF DIRECTOR'S MEETING:

The club treasury as of 1-31-74 is \$4368.34. The state may ask CFFA to organize a fly fishing day at Quinebaug Hatchery. The fly tying school has 23 members and is doing good.....Hockanum River clean-up to be looked into.....Holdover fish have been seen and taken the upper Jeremy's..... Outdoor Facilities committee to be organized. Sturdivant's Pond is state leased again. Chaplin pond may still be available. Fingerlings may be stocked in the rearing pool.....A fund raising committee meeting was held and the following suggestions were made: CFFA mugs and windbreakers, CFFA Sportsmen's Show, Montana trip raffle, well known speaker, bake sale, one day fishing trips, auctions, fishing prints, tag sale, other schools, annual fishing contest, etc.....No interest from water companies about opening reservoirs. Laws may be passed to force them to open the reservoirs. Regulations made on minimum flow. Questions concerning changing the date of opening day and fly fishing only areas will be on 1975 fishing license applications. 800,000 trout will be stocked by the state this year..... The following is a list of spring programs: April-Outing; May-Doug Swisher; June-Salmon fishing in Iceland.....173 members to date-31 new and 142 renewals. This is 6 ahead of last year.....The Sportmen's Show created a great amount of interest in CFFA. CFFA was asked to participate in a salt water seminar in September.....The Eastern Council of CFFA will hold its first meeting on February 27, 1974 at the Rockville Fish and Game Club. The program will be fly tying. A second meeting is planned for March 27, 1974. These meetings will be held on the 4th Wednesday of each month.....Vin Ringrose is no longer President of the Eastern Council of FFF. The Eastern Council of FFF is to put together a film on fly fishing in the East and CFFA will participate in it. The next meeting of the Eastern Council of FFF will be on April 20, 1974.

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Anyone who would like to contribute any original stories, tales, cartoons, ideas, jokes, or anything that may be of interest to the general membership, please forward it to:

Ron Zawoysky  
Hunter Road-RFD 2  
Vernon, Ct., 06066

BAFFIN ISLAND MEMOIRS: PART I

From the Diary of Jim Randall

(The southern tip of Baffin Island, Northwest Territories, Canada, is approximately 2000 "crow-flying" miles due north of Hartford, Ct. Four times longer than its width, Baffin Island, if stretched across the United States, would reach from New York City to Denver, Colorado. Most of the island lies north of the Arctic Circle...Editors note.)

August twenty-third, nineteen hundred and sixty-nine, left Bradley Field, Windsor Locks, Connecticut at nine-twenty A.M., flew north over Massachusetts and New Hampshire. We have excellent view of the White Mountains, especially Mount Washington, as our route follows a course to the leeward side at six thousand feet. Seat belts were fastened as a slight turbulence was encountered by wind tumbling over the peak. Smoke from the cog railway was clearly visible as we passed.

Continued north over the Allegash Region of Maine to Baie Comeau, on the North shore of the St. Lawrence River, which is twenty-seven miles wide at that point. Landed at one-forty P.M., cleared customs, ate lunch and refueled with one-hundred octane, normally eighty or eighty-five octane is used, however it was not available at Baie Comeau. As we prepared to leave it was discovered that the battery would not turn over the engines, so we got a booster shot from airport personnel. After taxiing to the runway apron for take-off clearance, communication was lost with the tower; finally made contact and took off at three-sixteen. The original flight plan was filed for Knob Lake, but because of the radio trouble these plans were changed after being airborne to go to Seven Islands. However, the radio trouble cleared and plans were again changed to the Knob Lake destination. Excellent weather prevailed throughout the day until fifteen minutes from Knob Lake, when rain squalls hit. Due to poor visibility and Schefferville mud a rather difficult landing was made at six-seventeen. About this time we were beginning to wonder why, after all those miles, the battery failed to recharge, so Ned, Joe and Henry decided to check out the problem in the rain, of course, while I sat in the terminal making notes and watching the luggage. While no final decision was reached concerning the battery, it was decided we should arrange for overnight lodging. A Schefferville native was commandeered to transport us to the Montagnais Hotel where we feasted on average meals and bedded down for the night. This hotel has to be the noisiest place in town, probable because it was a Saturday night. We did not exactly appreciate the band playing downstairs into the wee hours of the morning. The most aggravating experience was the character vacuuming the halls at four A.M., and letting the machine bang against the walls and our doors. At nine-forty Sunday morning we were taxiing for take-off, airborne at nine-fifty A.M., enroute to Fort Chimo. The only way to get from Schefferville to Fort Chimo is by air. We touched down on one of Fort Chimo's very nice runways at eleven fifty-two A.M. Lunch was eaten at Felcian Airways, a bush-pilot organization catering to sports. Henry put a deposit on a polar bear skin, which we will pickup on our return trip. A heck of a time we had trying to start the engines after refueling at at Chimo; finally got started by manually turning the props and were airborne at one thirty-six P.M., on our way to Frobrisher, Baffin Island. While at Chimo, Ned was questioned at length about our plans and destination. Nineteen sixty-nine is the year new regulations went into effect concerning non-resident private planes flying north of the fifty-second parallel for purposes of hunting or fishing. It is for this reason that we chose Baffin Island which lies within the Northwest Territories. Twenty minutes out of Chimo we spotted several icebergs in Ungava Bay; they are too far away to photograph but they stand out very well. From a distance they look pure white and beautiful against the blue-green water and grey skies. It is hoped we will be able to photograph

some as we continue across Hudson Strait. We are cruising along at about twenty-seven hundred feet, just under the cloud layer. As we climbed to five-thousand over the Straights, all possibilities of pictures were lost. Approaching the south shore of Baffin Island the clouds became scattered and we could once again see land and water below. Baffin Island, I believe, is the largest island in the Northwest Territories with about one hundred sixty-nine thousand square miles of rocks covered with mosses on much of the island. There are no trees on the land, but many small wild flowers that grow profusely during the summer months. The island would be a rock picker's paradise as quartz and semi-precious stones are abundant. Winters on the island are harsh with temperatures falling to forty and fifty below zero and gale force winds. Unlike snow in New England we were told it is possible to walk on newly fallen snow because it is so dry and finely grained that it packs immediately.

We arrived at Frobrisher in fine weather. One of the first chores was to remove the battery and put it on charge; this is where we found that the problem was a dead cell. We also found out that a new battery was not available, but that one could be sent in from Montreal on the next 737 flight. It was decided to continue with manual starts during the remainder of the trip. Overnight lodging at Frobrisher is difficult to find. We finally put up at a construction camp, called the West Forty. The room Ned and I occupied had two thirty-inch wide mattresses set on a metal spring and frame, a closet, and one window about two feet by one foot which looked out on a cement block wall. The room demensions were about twelve feet by seven feet and not particularly plush. Cost for overnight ran thirteen dollars each and six dollars for breakfast, lumberjack style.

The people at Frobrisher are very accommodating and friendly. I was surprised, that except for eskimos the population was primarily of Scotch and Scandinavian in appearance. All public utilities at Frobrisher are installed in conduits which are insulated and built about two feet above the ground; this is because of the permanently frozen ground (permafrost). The airport, built by the United States during the construction of the dew line, is excellent. Jets have no problem using the facility. The thirty million dollar airport was turned over to the Canadian Department of Transport several years ago. The 737 jets make three scheduled runs weekly between Frobrisher and Montreal. About noon Monday we left for Lake Harbour, an eskimo village located on the south shore of Baffin Island. Although it is the last week of August much snow was seen on the way. We landed on a body of water near Lake Harbour and set up camp for the night. This area is loaded with quartz of all colors, many close ups (pictures) were taken. One half mile from camp large cliffs were prominent; from our side of the river it looked almost like someone had carved out monument-like figures. I have wondered since if this might be a good location to find geodes.

End of Part I

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"It is a tremendous advantage in dry fly fishing to have the fly move slightly on the surface, and not remain stationary, but it must simulate the natural motion of the insect. The wrong kind of motion will frighten trout, and put them down away from feeding, whereas motion of the right kind may attract them from a long distance."

from Hewitt's Handbook of Fly Fishing,

by Edward R. Hewitt, 1933.



FISHING WITH LYN SMITH



HOW DID I KNOW IT WAS YOUR ROD I BROKE. I THOUGHT  
IT WAS A BRANCH HITTING ME IN THE FACE. I'M SORRY!



"I GET TO SLEEP ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES LONGER."

# THE FEATHERED HOOK

## THE MINI-STREAMER

by RON ZAWOYSKY

Mini-streamers, as I call them, are not new by any means. Lew Oatman referred to them as midget streamers and Edward R. Hewitt as streamerettes. Whatever you call them, they are extremely effective, especially in a state like ours where the majority of the trout are stocked fish in the 8 to 11 inch category. These streamers measure approximately 1 inch in length and are a very good imitation (size-wise) to the minnows found in our small streams like the Jeremy's River.

The streamers can be tied in any standard pattern or one that you create yourself. I prefer to use marabou for the wings rather than saddle hackle or hair, because of the lifelike action created by the marabou. However, its all up to personal preference. Below are a couple of patterns I have found effective and the instructions on tying them.

### UNNAMED STREAMER

Hook: 79580 size 14

Thread: Black

Tail: None

Body: Silver mylar tubing

Wing: Bottom-white marabou  
Top-Black marabou



### MARABOU BLACK GHOST

Hook: 79580 size 14

Thread: Black

Tail: Yellow hackle fibers

Body: Black floss ribbed with  
medium silver tinsel

Wing: white marabou

Throat: Yellow hackle fibers



### Tying instructions for the Unnamed Streamer

- 1 Build up the body with a bulky material (buckskin, wool, etc.) so that the mylar tubing will fit snugly.
- 2 Pull mylar tubing over built up body and tie in at bend of hook as if you were finishing a head.
- 3 Pull mylar forward so that it fits tightly on the hook and tie off and cut excess tubing 1/8 inch behind the eye.
- 4 Tie in marabou wing, first with a layer of white and over it a layer of black. Wings should not extend more than 1/4 inch beyond bend of hook.



I have tried many varieties of hooks and have found that the Mustad-Viking 79580 have the best hooking capabilities.

These mini-streamers are by no means meant to replace the standard size streamer, but only to supplement them when the water is low and clear or when the fish you are trying to fool are on the small side.

They have brought good results on both the Farmington and Jeremy's Rivers and should produce anywhere where baitfish are part of the diet of the trout.

# WHERE TO GO

by Howard Weldon

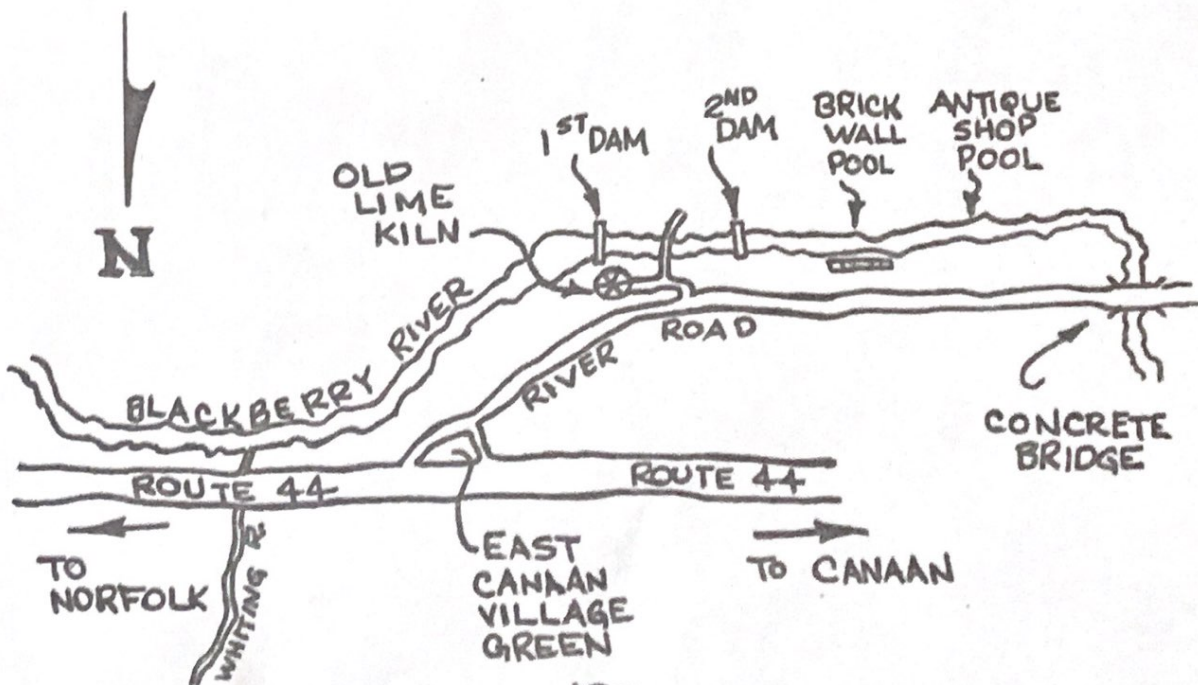
Thus far, the two streams and one pond discussed in this column have come from areas of the state in which many of our members are already familiar with some water, namely the north central and eastern areas. The following information on the Blackberry River, a stream in an area much less familiar to most of us, was supplied by Dr. Vin Ringrose, past C.F.F.A. president and recipient of the F.F.F. president's award for 1973.

The Blackberry arises in Norfolk and runs parallel to Route 44 into Canaan where it joins the Housatonic. In Norfolk it is a typically acid, cold water stream of average fertility. However, as it meanders into Canaan, it begins to pick up lime salts from the lime-rich soil and winds up as the hardest water in the state of Connecticut, and therefore, also the richest, and capable of supporting the highest quantity of fish per acre of any stream in the state. There is an abundant food supply resulting in a hearty population of holdover stocked fish and wild fish that fills every nook and cranny of the stream. The natural habitat is superb in most of the stream and it is doubtful that stream improvement structures could add very much to its natural excellence.

Vin prefers the water between the first dam alongside the old kiln and the bridge downstream. He recounts, "The deep pool behind the old antique shop always has a large fish lying at its head, and a two pound rainbow was taken there on dries in 1971, and a two pound brown at the same spot on a dry in 1972."

Blackberry fish are known for their huskiness and vivid coloration, a reflection of their lusty eating habits. No other fish in the state seem to be quite so bright or quite so plump.

The stream is pounded by local fishermen with worms whenever rains raise her water level and color her. However, the remainder of the time she is virtually ignored. Vin recommends, "Wait until late May or June and then fish it right into October. Good hatches occur right into September with my personal favorite months being August and September."



STENONEMA FUSCUM

by Jay Conant

This mayfly, first cousin of the March Brown, emerges on Eastern streams in late May or early June. It is known as the Grey Fox or the Ginger Quill, and is imitated by either one of these patterns, although the Grey Fox is the more common imitation.

The Grey Fox closely resembles the March Brown, but is slightly smaller in size and lighter in color. The wings, 7/16 inch long, are cloudy with dark mottlings at the veins. The body, 7/16 inch long, is amber colored with brown markings on the back segments. The two tails are amber, mottled with brown. The legs are amber with a brown band on each leg — characteristic of the Stenonema mayflies.

The hatch starts towards the end of May and, like the March Brown, is sporadic, though usually concentrated in the late afternoon and evening. On cloudy days, the hatch will continue right on through until dusk.

The nymphs of S. Fuscum are about 9/16 inch long with a heavily mottled medium brown body and thorax, medium purplish olive wing cases, and three mottled brownish tails. Its habits and emerging characteristics are the same as those of the March Brown.

Three years ago, while enjoying my annual first-week-of-June pilgrimage to the Battenkill River, I had tremendous fishing during the Grey Fox hatch. These mayflies, and plenty of rising trout, greeted me on every pool I fished that week. My fondest memories of the week occurred on my favorite pool on a cloudy, rain-threatened day. At 8:45 P. M., on two successive casts, I took two 13 inch browns. Both had been taking S. Fuscum, and both fell to a well-worn size 14 Grey Fox. All in all, I took and released eleven trout during that hatch. That day...that week...is why the Grey Fox is one of my favorite mayfly hatches.

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CONGRATULATIONS to Ken Parkany, 1974 winner of the Scarlet Ibis Award. Also a special thanks to Waldo Jones, builder of the rod used as the Scarlet Ibis Award.

Thanks to Bob Frank for his efforts in heading up the nominating committee for the 1974 CFFA officers and soliciting for gifts for last months banquet.

# Salt Spume



FISHING THE SALT

BY

PETER L KEMP

No matter where Archaeologists probe ancient mans life style, the one re-occurring artifact that is found is that of the lowly fish hook. At first they were manufactured from two small pieces of wood, then from stone, and finally from metals. The basic shape of fish hooks has not changed significantly for thousands of years.

Although all hooks are basically the same, there are an infinite number of variations, length, weight, type of shank, point, point position, eye type, etc. Most fresh water fishermen do not really care what material the hook is made from, or the finish of it. However, when we start thinking about the hooks that will be used for fishing the salt then we are faced with another variation, namely that of hook material.

The most common metal used in the manufacture of salt water hooks is nickel, either Z-Nickel or Duranickel. These being nonrusting alloys that resist the corrosive effect of salt water. However, nickel is a softer metal than the tempered steel that fresh water hooks are from. Consequently, a heavier gauge of wire is used, this results in a heavier fly which is more difficult to cast. Also, nickel hooks being of softer metal tend to dull quicker and need honing from time to time to retain a sharp point.

There are steel hooks that are tin-plated or cadmium plated that are used for salt water fly fishing, but these are subject to corrosion, particularly if the point is sharpened thereby removing the protective plating.

By far the most acceptable and widely used hook for fly fishing the salt is the stainless steel hook. Such hooks are not susceptible to salt water corrosion, they hold the sharpness of the hook, and they are only slightly less strong than the tempered steel hooks. The hook that I use is Mustad number 34007 S/S for general usage.

There are of course specialty hooks that can be used when fishing the salt, such as the English bait hook 707N. This is a carbon steel hook which has double nickel plating. Also used is a recent invention -- the Keel fly hook. For details of this hook I would suggest reading the March edition of the Fly Fisherman Magazine. I have found that it is better to 'open up' the gape of a keel hook so it will more easily pass through the fly dressing into the fishes mouth.

Sometimes I think with all the hundreds (thousands?) of types of hooks that are available to the modern angler it was a lot easier for Paleolithic Man to pick up his one stone hook and to go and fish the salt.





# PISCATORIAL OUTPOURRI

by Rich Colo

## A FEW TRICKS FOR THE FLY TYER

When tying flies size 20 and smaller, make sure to cant the hook to one side. You will notice an immediate increase in the amount of fish hooked using this technique. By canting the hook to one side you're increasing the gap significantly, resulting in a better bite. Cant the hook before you start tying. There is nothing worse than spending 15 minutes tying a size 24 midge and then while attempting to bend the hook, going a little too far and having it break.

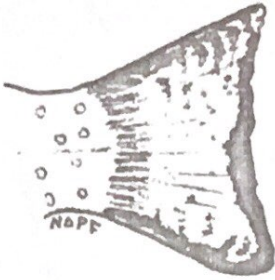
Did you ever finish the perfect fly and then look at the eye of the hook and there were a few stray hackle fibers clamped into it by the tying thread? At other times have you gone too close to the eye in tying a streamer and ended up with a bunch of bucktail or other material bunched up at the eye? The solution here is to place a needle in your hackle pliers and heat the tip of the needle until it's red hot. Pass the needle into the eye and move it back and forth. Very Important: Make sure not to touch the thread with the hot needle. This means when you're finishing off the fly, don't try to cover up your mistake by wrapping the thread slightly onto the eye. That way never works very well anyway. Finish the thread where it should be, and you will find it very easy to burn away the excess at the head. This method saves many otherwise good flies.

This tip is mainly for that close fraternity (of which I am a member) who have had the dubious honor of dropping a full bottle of head cement on their "Sunday go to meeting" pants. Besides that catastrophe looming over your head, it is a pain to keep screwing and unscrewing the cap every time you want a dab of cement. If you leave the bottle open while you're tying, it gets tacky very quickly. The solution is found on your wife's cosmetic table. An empty bottle of clear fingernail polish. Remove the brush and epoxy in a needle. Fill the bottle half way with head cement. Simply loosen the cap while tying and it still stays covered so the cement doesn't dry up. It's very handy so you're not constantly fumbling with it.

Myron Schulman, our own Conservation Committee Chairman and an excellent fly tyer, passed this tip along to me: I had mentioned to Myron how much difficulty I have in tying the down wings on the Henryville Caddis imitation. My frustration had gotten to the point where although I like to fish the fly, I stopped tying it. The wings are made from duck quill feathers and positioned in a "V" over the back of the fly. Down wings have always been a problem with me for two reasons. One is that they split easily. Secondly, when I try to tie them in the down wing position, they tend to roll. By the use of vinyl cement applied to the quills both of the problems are solved. The brand which Myron uses is called "Miracle". You simply spread the cement over the quill evenly, and then let it dry. When you want a section, insert a pin at the base and draw it through that section of the wing. The improvement in ease of tying is fantastic. Not only is it much easier to tie, but Myron tells me that it holds up much better on the stream, not falling apart after one fish. I would recommend using it on all of your bird quills.

A parting thought: "Fly fishing is the best thing one can do standing up."

Arnold Gingrich



## CAUDAL FINIS

by Ken Parkany

Last month I penned "a few lines" about our President, Joe D'Addario, and Bob Shellard (the graphic artist who suggested the idea). As a result, I was besieged by three fellas who, besides myself, call themselves editors of this publication. (This may be an indication that the editors are the only ones who read Lines and Leaders.) At any rate, they adamantly felt that I should follow through what I started by penning "a few lines" about each of them.

Not to appear disagreeable, I asked, "What can I say?" Immediately the largest of the three replied, "Anything, but don't tell them how I finally resorted to throwing my flies in the Battenkill last summer, only to watch them all get scooped up by trout, because they weren't attached to my leader!"

"A-huh", I nodded affirmatively as the next one stared at me thru his stylish bangs and warned, "and don't say anything about how I start off each season over on the Cape!"

"Are you referring to those sophisticated techniques using garden hackle?" Before he could answer, the widest of the three suddenly threatened in a foreign accent, "And don't say anything about the three rods I broke last fall, while horsing in those stripers off Rhode Island."

"O.K., guys, what CAN I say?"

"YOU can dream up something. All GOOD writers do!", was the reply.

"Thanks alot", I remarked sarcastically, and walked away wondering what I had got myself into. After considerable deliberation, however, I decided to pass up my chance at becoming a good writer; good writers, according to recent studies, are alcoholics and drug addicts, anyway. So, perhaps the following will not only illustrate their qualifications, but give you an insight of their true character.

After meeting Ron Zawoysky (engineer, P&WA) for the first time last summer, my Uncle Steve (Professional Fisherman) was prompted to remark:

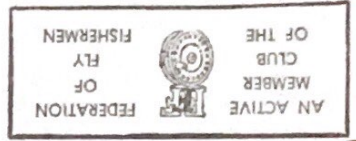
"Enthusiastic? Ron strikes me as the type of guy who would fill up his bath tub and wait for a hatch!" Well, I've heard rumors that Rich Colo (optometrist) has been doing this for some time. As for Peter Kemp (sales engineer), I'm not sure, but his wife says that he spends a long-g time in the bath room lately. And for yours truly (Nephew Of the Professional Fisherman), my favorite saying is: "if you haven't tried it, don't knock it!"

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

Fishing, however, is not Ken's number one love. He's been known to surrender to the call of his stomach in the midst of a fantastic mayfly hatch!



The Editors



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APRIL GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING

PROGRAM: Spring casting and fishing outing

WHERE: Blast and Cast (See map on page 1)

WHEN: Sunday, April 7, 1974

Time: 12:00 P.M. to dark

Come out for a very informative and entertaining outing. Refreshments will be available along with door prizes. The program will include casting instruction and fishing with barbless hooks. The program will be held, rain or shine. The public is invited, so bring a friend.



"I CAN'T GET THE FISH SMELL OUT OF MARVIN'S PANTS."

Preseason Open  
House at Quinebaug  
Hatchery - April 13,  
1974