

Lines and Leaders

CFFA

1974

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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.

MINUTES FROM THE SUMMERS BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETINGS

Treasury balance as of 7-31-1974 is \$3528.45. No more swimming in Dianah's Pool on the Natchaug River.....Two work outings were held on the Jeremy's River this summer. The work included fixing dams, cleaning trees, and stocking trout. There has been a poor response on the cards turned in with fishing results. A mailbox is already at the lower end of the Jeremy's and one will be put at the upper end. The water watching program is continuing. There will be a work outing on 8-25-1974 On the Yantic River. A committee has been set up to talk to the Farmington River Watershed Association.....The property that the rearing pool is on has been sold and a new agreement will have to be worked out with the new owners. The leasing of some water is still being looked into.....A centralized permanent meeting place with seating for at least 200 is being looked into. The 1975 CFFA Banquet will be held at the Grantmoor on the third Saturday in February. There will be no more monthly raffles.....An order of windbreakers will be purchased by CFFA and will be sold at the monthly meetings.....Proposal to have DEP acquire or manage area of the Connecticut River in Windsor Locks for recreation area. Engineer needed to look over the regulations of the minimum flow bill. Fly fishing only on the Willimantic River from Roaring Brook to Route 44.....Special panel discussion featuring Ernie Schwiebert, Bus Grove, Roger Eddy, Dan Lufkin, and Bill Clede will be held on September 21, 1974. Thomas & Thomas will put on a program on rod-building for our regular September meeting.....There are 235 members in CFFA this year as compared to 210 at this time last year.....CFFA is being publicized in more places.....A committee has been set up to study the possibility of increasing the CFFA dues for 1975. The Hartford Sportmen's Show will be on March 6,7,8, and 9, 1975. A much larger raffle is being planned for the Annual CFFA Banquet next year. The charter for the affiliation of the Charter Oak Anglers with CFFA has been approved by the Board of Directors.

SPECIAL CFFA MEETING

PROGRAM: "The Future of Fishing: Can Quality Fishing Survive in Our Heavily Populated States?"

This program will be a panel discussion featuring some of the most noted authorities on the subject. The panel will include Dan Lufkin, Roger Eddy, Ernie Schwiebert, and Bus Grove. Bill Clede will act as moderator. To help pay the cost of this special program, a donation of \$1.50 per person is asked. Children under 12 will be admitted free. This is a program that nobody will want to miss!

WHERE: Penney High School in East Hartford

WHEN: Saturday, September 21, 1974.

TIME: 8:00 P.M.

Anyone who would like to contribute any stories, tales, cartoons, ideas, jokes or anything that may be of interest to the general membership, please forward it to:
Ron Zawoysky
Hunter Rd.-RFD #2
Vernon, Ct., 06066



STATE OF CONNECTICUT
DEPARTMENT OF ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION



STATE OFFICE BUILDING HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT 06115
CONSERVATION AND PRESERVATION DIVISION
FISH AND WATER LIFE

April 16, 1974

Mr. Joseph Daddario, President
Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association
3 Roxbury Road
East Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Mr. President:

This is to express the department's appreciation for the Connecticut Fly Fishermen's contribution to the first public fishing seminar held at the Quinebaug Valley Hatchery in Plainfield, Connecticut on April 13, 1974

The casting instruction furnished by members of C.F.F.A., the fly tying exhibits also manned by C.F.F.A. members and most certainly your showing of "The Way of a Trout" played a major role in the success of the seminar.

Although the weather was far from ideal, more than 1,000 anglers and potential anglers visited the hatchery and took part in the seminar. If we had been blessed with a little better weather, attendance would probably have been double or triple the number we had.

Both the department and the anglers who attended the seminar owe C.F.F.A. members a resounding cheer for their unselfish contribution of their time and skills.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Cole W. Wilde".

Cole W. Wilde
Chief

CWW:ml

cc: Vincent Ringrose, M.D.

Montana Missives

by Gary J. LaFontaine

[Montana Missives is a stream of letters containing tales of Trout. They are reprinted here with the author's permission..... Ken Parkany]

(Excerpt from letter received 8 August 73): "Time-Efficiency"

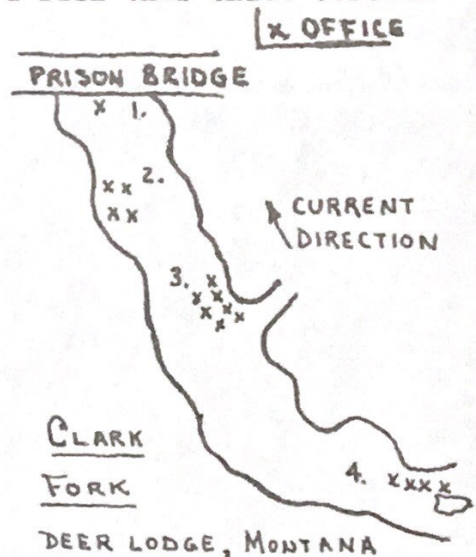
The secret that is basic to time-efficiency (and thus, trout per hour) is the familiarity an angler gains on a single stream. Now that a major part of my current work is at the state prison in Deer Lodge, I fish the Clark Fork (of the Columbia R.) -- which, by the way, is a measured 248 feet from the door of my office. Who can take the hassle of getting into a car and driving for a length of time to reach a fishing spot? Not me; not during a busy schedule. That takes plans. When I'm working, I want to be able to capitalize on a random spare hour. When I'm not working, then I plan and travel; but that is the gravy on top of everyday experiences.

So, I pick up my rod (kept strung) and hustle the 248 feet to the water's edge. Four or five times a week I fish this exact stretch of water. I know precisely which spots will produce, and I pass by those which will not produce. Thus, I can do something that the angler unfamiliar with the river cannot possibly do - avoid trial and error casting, and keep my fly where there are fish.

A Rube Wood wet fly was the "killer" fly for over three weeks. There was a daily flight of dinky white Caddis flies from the brush, which I initially matched by tying a Wright Caddis. It worked great, but when I lost the last of my Wright imitations, and was too occupied fishing to tie replacements, I scrounged in my boxes until I pulled out a no. 14 Rube Wood wet fly. It also worked fine, and I used the fly intermittently for three straight weeks with great success, whether there was caddis or no caddis on the water; and who am I to tamper with provident results?

Spot 1. is a shelving riffle curling under the bridge, and on 11 occasions of casting a wet fly sunk - across/dead drift - I hooked trout nine times. Invariably the fish caught was 13 in., but not always the same fish; and I've never caught anything but a brown in this section of the river. Only on one occasion, using a Gapen Black Bear Muddler, did I catch two trout from this spot.

Spot 2. is a bowl-like depression against the bank. Casting the fly almost directly upstream, I caught trout ranging from 8½ to 13 in. from here. I also marked each trout caught with a distinctive clipping, naming the fish - Crazy John, Dude, Willie The Wonder, Cat Lady, etc. - and consistently caught the same fish, with a mix of a stranger or two each time.



Spot 3. was my glory hole; a deep trench below an incoming rivulet. Here on an across/dead drift I caught trout in a consistent 12½ in. size, beautiful and thick fish, all of them.

Spot 4. is a run against the curl of the bank - a car body rusting and decrepit to split the current (the Clark Fork is a haggard looking river, probably due to its proximity to civilization, but beauty is transitory anyway). I took a sixteen incher one evening with a Black Bear Muddler, and the spot was consistent for producing decent fish.

Fishing these spots whenever possible, I spent 2½ hours average per trip, while averaging 16 trout per trip.

The point, if any, is that I knew each productive area of the stretch, and I knew the best approach to each spot - no angling on barren water, no testing for the proper approach, thus, no botching a productive run. All trial and error experimentation was accomplished in the first few days. This knowledge, a feel for the day to day minor peculiarities of the water, eliminated misspent time.



WILD MUSHROOMS AND THE LITTLE McDANIEL

By Karl J. VanValkenburgh

When the fishing is slow on the Margaree, one of the nicer ways to begin the day is with a leisurely breakfast at Dave and Evelyn McDonald's Cottage Luncheonette.

Jim and I had spent most of the morning at the nearby Brook Pool, watching a parade of hopeful anglers casting fruitlessly over a phalanx of comotose salmon. The fish lay in the deepest part of the pool, clearly visible from our vantage point on the high bank alongside the road. Two monsters in the twenty pound class were stationed slightly upstream of the main body, finning quietly in the dappled and shimmering sunlight that penetrated the depths. Again and again, carefully presented flies swung past their noses without eliciting any apparent reaction.

Though the stakes were high, clearly the odds were terrible, and eventually our stomachs hinted at more profitable pursuits. We soon found ourselves seated at the Luncheonette counter, eagerly consuming generous helpings of scrambled eggs, crisp bacon, home fried potatoes and toasted home-made bread dripping with Evelyn's strawberry jam - all washed down with great draughts of steaming sable coffee. While Dave cleared off the dishes, Jim lit his pipe, sighed contentedly, and inquired about the latest news from the river.

"A nice fish was taken at the Little McDaniel pool yesterday"; Dave reported.

The Little McDaniel is lovely water - well away from the road, and consequently not as heavily fished as the better known and more accessible pools like the Forks, the Brook, or the Ross Bridge. We would spend the afternoon there.

As we talked, it became apparent that fishing was not uppermost in Dave's mind today. Evelyn made the reason known.

"Mary Hart got an awfully nice mess of mushrooms yesterday" she said. "This is the best mushroom season we've had in years, but I guess we won't get any this year. We just can't afford a day off with so many fishermen to feed."

At this, Dave, with mournful mein, lapsed into a rhapsodic description of his talented wife's mushroom masterpieces. Visions were called up of great pans of succulent fungi sauteeing gently in wine and butter, their titillating aroma challenging lucky gourmets to high gastronomical achievement. But that was in other days, for now the dictatorial demands of commerce held sway, and would not be denied.

When our meal had properly settled, we left our friends and headed for the river, feeling that faint sense of guilt that must have assailed the grasshopper as he played while the ants worked. We parked the car by the side of the road, siezed our tackle, picked our way gingerly through the rusty tangles of an ancient barbed wire fence, and started across the intervening pasture toward the tree-lined river in the distance.

We were well into the field when a flash of white caught my eye amidst the browns and greens of the herbage at my feet. I stooped, parted the cover of poverty grass and weeds with my hands, and exposed a perfectly formed mushroom. Carefull scrutiny resulted in positive identification of the common Field Mushroom (*Agaricus Campestris*), regarded by many as being near the pinnacle of culinary delights. I dropped it into my hat. After spotting the first one, as if by majic, we began to find more at every step. We picked eagerly as we strolled

toward the beckoning river. Soon the hat was full, the dark green of the brin framing a generous mound of succulent ivory colored globules. When we arrived at the stream, I set the hat, with its precious contents, safely in a shady depression and prepared to fish.

The ceremony of choosing the "right" fly was concluded by Jim selecting a Blue Charm, and I, in honor of the Scot whose name the pool bore, a Green Highlander. As we bent on our flies, testing the knots carefully, a lone angler stopped briefly to talk. He pointed out a spot in the fast run at the head of the pool where he had moved a large fish shortly before, and then took his leave with wishes of good luck.

It was a glorious, sparkling early September day. The sun beat warmly on our backs as we took our casting positions - Jim about twenty yards downstream from me.

The pressure of thigh deep icy water squeezed the boots snugly to our legs. Our casts rhythmically lengthened to reach the holding water near the far bank. We cast directly across stream, mended the line as the fly swung down and around below us, took a half step downstream, retrieved, and cast again. There is a sameness to this routine that, to the uninitiated, might seem tedious, yet salmon fishermen lose all track of time while so engaged. There are a number of reasons for this.

First, of course, is the quarry. A great silver Atlantic Salmon might at any moment seize the fly, tear the line screaming from the reel, jumping, twisting, flashing with uncontrollable power. There follows the long battle between fish and fisherman, which just might end with the beaching of the ultimate angling trophy.

Then there are the surroundings in which these gorgeous creatures are found. The rushing waters of the Margaree are so clear that, in places that seem ankle deep, they come up to the knees. If it looks knee deep, one had better be in waders. Beyond that, well a swim in these frigid currents is an unforgettable, breath-catching experience. The stream bed is paved with brightly hued cobbles. Red, white, slate blue, green - a patchwork of color in the limpid depths. The tints are more muted where the dry stones of the shingle separate the water's edge from the bordering dark green of the spruce and fir forest, conveniently providing room for an unobstructed back cast.

Finally, there is the sensuous physical joy of the casting itself. The Little McDaniel is a friendly pool. Its dimensions, modest for salmon waters, making casting esoterics like the "double haul" unnecessary.

I stood in the quiet water at the edge of the run. Each cast was fished out with the high expectation of a smashing strike until it had swung around through its downstream arc (the "hot spot") and lay fluttering in the current below. Then, the half step downstream, and the cadence began again. Gather the loose line, pull - lift back - flex - spring - thrust forward - flex - spring - shoot. I exulted in the sensation of the bamboo wand, alive in my hand, ever responding with a rhythmic and delicate power to propel graceful casts to their targets far out on the sparkling river. Time stood still.

It was with a mild sense of surprise that I realized I could no longer see the fly as it landed on the darkening pool. The sun had disappeared behind the trees, and I began to shiver with the cold. The casting wasn't going as well either. I had snapped off one fly,

and every now and then I could hear the backcast slash the shallow water behind me. I looked downstream, and saw Jim festooned with tangled line, muttering. We had covered the pool from one end to the other numberless times, with numberless fly patterns. We were tired, and cold, and it was time to quit. Still, it was with great reluctance that we turned our backs on the river, and splashed through the shallows to shore.

We took down our rods, retrieved the hatful of mushrooms and started across the darkening fields to the car. Dew covered grass squeaked against our boots. A pale moon hung near the horizon. The smell of fall was in the air, and from a nearby thicket, a whip-poor-will sounded its lonely call.

The light in the Luncheonette glowed warm and yellow. We eased our aching bodies onto the stools at the counter as Evelyn placed great juicy slabs of fresh home-made blueberry pie and hot cups of coffee before us.

"Any luck, boys?" she asked rhetorically.

"If its fish you mean," Jim replied, "we were skunked again." Then he added, "but just the same, I think it was a lucky day for us all" and, smiling at her look of pleased surprise, he handed her the battered felt hat heaping with fragrant wild mushrooms.

SUN IN YOUR EYES, or WHERE'S MY FLY

By Ron Zawoysky

Reflection of the water is a very important part of dry fly fishing. Think of the last time you were fishing a dry and the sun reflected off the water and nearly blinded you. Unless you were using a large fly, you probably couldn't see your fly either. How can you tell if your fly is dragging or not? Sure, polaroids will help if your fly is fairly large, but what if you are fishing a tiny size 24 jassid or black ant late in the season when the water is low and the fish will only take a perfect presentation. You must be able to see your fly and leader during the complete drift. One effective way to combat the reflection problem is to fish toward the shaded bank of the stream where the direct rays of the sun are not on the water. Another way is to fish with the sun at your back. This not only cuts down on reflection, but at the same time blinds the fish looking in the direction of the sun.

Whenever possible, a casting position should be chosen such that a good drag free cast can be made, but also reflection free visibility should be strived for. You will be surprised at how much your results can be improved while dry fly fishing if you can follow your fly completely through its drift and eliminate any unnatural drag.

FISHING WITH LYN SMITH



"Now, I suppose you want to go home."



"THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY."

WHERE TO GO

by Howard Weldon

With the advent of August comes an awakening by all serious fishermen to the fact that, at best, only about one third of the season remains. And then many despair that the months of July, August, and September do not truly excel as fishing months. Others, however, thrive on the challenge of the summer browns rhythmically dimpling to the tune of the minutae and occasionally sucking in a terrestrial in the cooling shade of an overhung bank. Quite often during this time of year one may find his favorite stretch devoid of other fishermen but loaded with trout willing to at least inspect, if not take, his fly on each probing cast.

Take, for instance, our very own stream project, the Jeremy River. The water during the month of July has been extremely low, a mere trickle, some would say, and in the pools the rate of drift of a fly approaches all of one foot per minute! In addition, the dense streamside foliation makes casting with a 7X tippet something akin to tying a number 28 grey ghost. But to those who persist, rewards will be paid....

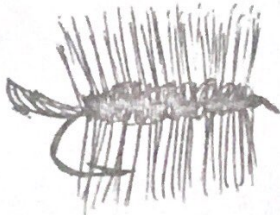
On July 6, I fished the Jeremy from 8:30 to 12:30 a.m. The fish were taking lightly and while I had a dozen hooked, I landed only 6. I missed 8 to 10 more as well. On July 13, I fished 3 hours and took 5 browns. This day the fish were more positive with their take and all fish were solidly hooked. Fewer fish were working however and I missed only two fish on this outing.

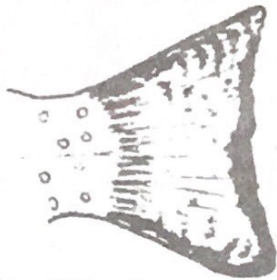
I returned again to the Jeremy on July 27 and fished 4 hours. This day proved to be a day when fish moved very little. I moved only 3 fish (with the fly that is) and managed to take one.

On each occasion I spooked at least 20 trout just walking the banks to say nothing of wading. Owing to water conditions, I found it necessary to wade into an area and then rest the area 15 minutes before casting at all. The patterns I have found most effective on the Jeremy during July are the caddis pupa and the ant. However, one who is proficient in the art of fishing streamers might do well, as I have had numerous trout follow shiners I have hooked and have had no less than three shiners actually taken. Unfortunately, number 18 hooks do not have enough bite for both shiners and trout at the same time and, fool around as I might, I was never able to land one of those shiner thieves. Nor was I able to manipulate a streamer sufficiently in the slack July waters so as to fool any of the wary trout.

Since most members are familiar with the Jeremy and its location I shall forego the usual map. Should, however, someone be interested in fishing this stream but not know directions for getting there, I or any number of club members will be glad to give directions...just inquire at the next general membership meeting.

The Eastern Council of CFFA will not have a formal meeting in September, however, it will participate in National Hunting and Fishing Day with the Rockville Fish and Game Club on Saturday, September 28, 1974. It will be held at the Rockville Fish and Game Club and will be open to the public from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.





CAUDAL FINIS

by Ken Parkany

When conditions are right, which happens occasionally, the Farmington River can provide some real good trout fishing. But when you hit it wrong, as we did in June, anything can happen. We found the water high, barely wadeable, and a numbing 53°F.; the air was unseasonably cold; and the wind was too strong for flying kites.

I was guiding Steve Parkany, Ted Fauceglia (two Pennsylvanians on vacation), and Les Scripa, who had moved to Connecticut from Upstate New York. Steve, alias "Professional Fisherman", had fished the river before. For Ted, a fanatic who was consistently catching over 20 trout a day and tying size 28 flies within a year after he started out with "just a basic fly fishing outfit", the Farmington was a new experience. Les, a graduate of CFPA Fly Tying and Fly Fishing Schools, was also seeking his first Farmington trout.

During the morning we got a lot of exercise, but few trout. Steve, having somewhat better luck, managed to break-off all eight trout that he hooked; of course it was the fault of the rod. After lunch we moved downstream, where we met Ron Zawoysky and his friend, Russ. To our surprise, two hatches were underway, and fish were rising everywhere. Russ got so excited that he fell in and had to return to his car for dry duds. My heartbeat escalated as I tied on a #16 Lite Cahill to match the predominant flies. The other hatch, a large (#10) cream-colored fly, was coming off infrequently. We fully expected fantastic fishing, but dries, wets, nymphs, and many different presentations later -- nothing.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, Ron hit paydirt. The fish ran line off the reel and battled hard before reluctantly coming to the net. "A DACE! Almost a foot long and he fought better than some trout," Ron hollered surprisingly.

My party didn't travel 500 miles to catch dace, no matter how big, I thought to myself.

"What on," asked Steve?

"A big #10 Variant," came the startling reply.

A few minutes later, living up to his title, Steve had a strike.

"Yubba dubba doo!"

"What on?"

"A big Variant."

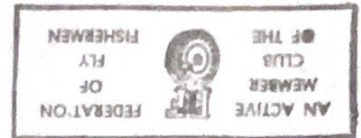
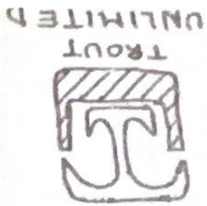
"It's a DACE," I chided Steve.

"Not with stamina and fight like this!"

"O.K., tire him out. I'll be down to help." I waded carefully into position below Steve, waiting with my net. Steve played him gingerly towards me, not wanting history to repeat itself. After getting a close look at the fish, I swept the net through the water, purposely missing the fish, and followed through so as to douse Steve.

"Professional Fisherman, my foot," I said teasingly. "Can't tell the difference between a dace and a trout. Let's move on to troutier portions of the stream."

Ron and Russ stayed behind and, we later learned, continued to take dace on the large flies. Admittedly, here was an unusual case of selectivity - Selective Dace. That has a nice ring to it; may be a good title for a new book!



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CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION, INC.
P.O. BOX 42 - WINDSOR LOCKS, CONN. 06096



OCTOBER GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING

PROGRAM: "Rodbuiding" featuring Don Phillips
on Boron rods and Waldo Jones.

WHERE: Knight's of Columbus Hall on Bloomfield
Avenue in Windsor (see map). →

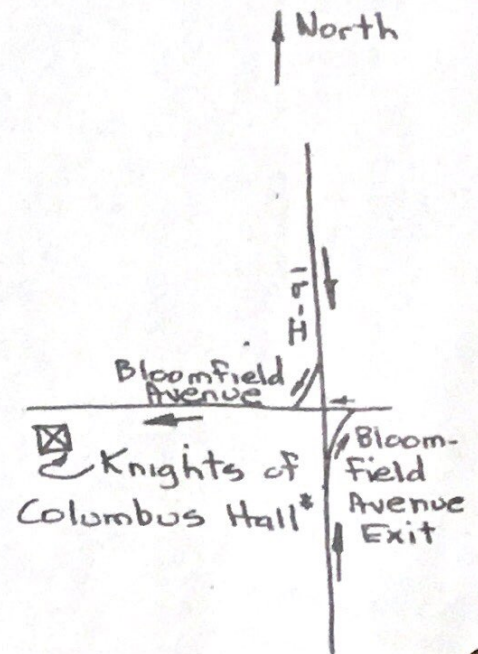
WHEN: Wednesday, October 9, 1974.

TIME: Fly tying-6:45 P.M.
Program-7:30 P.M.

This program should give everyone a good insight on the use of the new "space-age" materials for rodbuiding; namely Boron-epoxy. Don Phillips will cover this phase of the program, while Waldo Jones will cover rodbuiding in general. The public is invited, so bring a friend. As usual, the program will also include a gripe session, door-prizes, and refreshments.

"THE BORON-EPOXY ROD"

Don Phillips & Waldo Jones



*At the top of the hill.