

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.

NOTES FROM THE SEPTEMBER BOARD OF DIRECTOR'S MEETING

Treasury balance as of 8-31-74 was \$3481.60. CFFA has been awarded the McKenzie Award as the outstanding club of 1974. ECCFFA will participate in the Experimental College at the University of Connecticut in the form of a fly fishing clinic.....A survey of the Jeremy's was conducted and 105 trout, all browns, were found between Coiro's Bridge and the Hewitt Dam. There were two fish, 14" and 15". Work outing on September 22 on the Yantic River.....CFFA will have a permanent meeting place at the Knights of Columbus Hall on Bloomfield Avenue in Windsor....."I Support Quality Trout Fishing" buttons will be on sale at the monthly meetings for \$0.50.....CFFA dues will increase if approved by the general membership. Increase has been approved by the Board of Directors.

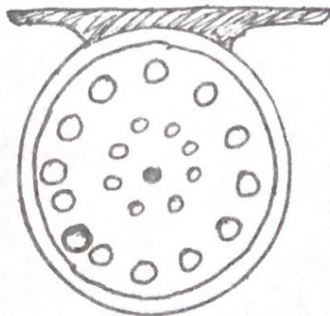
Eastern Council of CFFA

The October meeting will be held at the Mansfield Middle School on Wednesday evening, October 23, 1974. Starting at 6:45 P.M. We'll have a fly tying clinic; everyone's invited to bring their equipment(or use some of our limited supply) to solve their fly tying problems, trade ideas and techniques, learn and teach. At 7:30 P.M. we'll show the movie "Lee Wulff on the Atlantic Salmon"- a really fine film you won't want to miss.

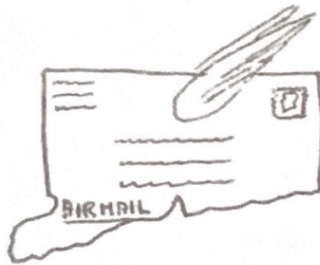
Anyone who would like to contribute any stories, tales, cartoons, ideas, jokes, or anything that may be of interest to the general membership, please forward it to:
Ron Zawoysky
Hunter Rd., RFD #2
Vernon, Ct., 06066

CFFA DUES INCREASE

It has been proposed and approved by the Directors that the following increases be effective in 1975: \$2.50 increase in the single and family memberships, \$5.00 increase in the supporting memberships, and all other memberships remain the same. The proposed increase is primarily to defray increased hardcore expenses (35% this year alone). Hardcore expenses include membership, corresponding secretary, indoor facilities, and publicity. According to CFFA by-laws, the general membership must approve the increase by a 2/3 vote of the membership present at a special meeting which will be held before the October General Membership Meeting.



Quotes from letters sent from Ken Parkany
to Gary LaFontaine



Connecticut Posts by Parkany

When my wife returned from the Post Office she dropped the manila envelope on the kitchen table, the paper sounding with a satisfying thump. "A letter from Ken," she said. "You know, you two are over-burdening the postal system."

"We'll teach them to raise the price of stamps."

"What do you two write about so much?"

In our letters we mention children, jobs, and life-philosophy, but mostly Ken Parkany and I -- in our Connecticut to Montana exchange -- write about fly fishing. We discuss myriad aspects of the art and the sport. Ken's letters are a mixture of intelligence and wit, and I eagerly await each due post.

I often regret missing the activities of the C.F.F.A., and Ken whets my tortured soul as he relates the encounters with fine anglers in the East. As if fishing alongside Ernest Schwiebert on the Brodheads was not glory enough for the 1973 season, Ken fished on the Jeremy's with Doug Swisher and he wrote, "How did it come about? I guess that Doug learned through the grapevine that E.G.S. had fished with me, so he wanted equal time. -- Obviously! -- Actually, Doug read Don's (Don Phillips) article on the boron rod in the next issue of Fly Fisherman Magazine, called Don, and arranged to come East to try it out. Don then called me and asked if I could be willing (??) to show Doug the Jeremy's. Silly question!! Willing?? I couldn't sleep for two nights."

As I know after fishing for a week with Ken on a Montana trip -- when he demonstrated the skill and adaptability of the fine angler that he is -- it is an honor to share stream-time with him on any occasion. -- Many of our letters, before his trip to

Montana, dealt with his preparations for the excursion.

"I have been doing a lot of research. And, of course, the following list of rivers is much too long to squeeze into the amount of time available, but we'll start big and eliminate later.

"The following are listed alphabetically and, at the moment, the only preference is the Clark Fork of the Columbia (a real must) : Armstrong Spring Creek, Big Hole, Bitterroot, Firehole, Gibbon, Gallatin, Madison, Odell, Rock Creek, & Yellowstone."

To be ready for these rivers, Ken sought recommendations on fly patterns and tied a massive stock of fur and feather creations. We often discussed theory of fly usage. "While we're yet on the subject of flies, I'm looking forward to learning all I can about fishing this fly. In fact, that is one goal for our trip: learn how to fish a Muddler. I recommend it to others (only because the experts do) but I can't ever catch anything with it."

In Montana Ken quickly picked up tricks of the Muddler, busting up fish in rushes (including an 18 in. Brown from the Gallatin). When he returned to Connecticut streams, with confidence brimming in the pattern, I recieved notices of success, "Fishing a #6 Muddler stretcher, I took 2 bows." - "Guiding one student on the Willimantic, he took two on a Muddler. I somehow took three nice ones." - "At the Natchaug, caught a 13½ in Brook trout." - "The Farmington was low, but I caught a 14 inch Brown on a Muddler."

Ken, in all of these pre-Montana letters, constantly poked fun at the Penn. Pro -- his uncle Steve. These snide comments were very unfair, as I discovered when they disembarked from the plane in Missoula -- Steve in truth was a harmless innocent, of gentle face and mood, who did nothing more irritating during the week of the trip than keep a firm grip on my shirt-tail, stumbling and muttering, "I don't want to get eaten by a Grizzly Bear, you *Knaw*."

It was a great trip in Montana, with two great men. Although the Clark Fork was in poor shape due to low water, we did fish Rock Creek, Big Hole, Gibbon, Gallatin, Odell, Madison, and Yellowstone. The angling success was erratic, but the enjoyment was always complete.

Ken related in a letter events of the trip home. "During the longest leg of our return flight (Billings to Chicago), I fell asleep shortly after takeoff. Steve was on my left by the window and a nice young thing, a classic example of feminine pulchritude, was on my right. -- There I was, wading in the middle of the Yellowstone. After a few false casts the line straightened, the #2 Muddler reached out and dropped on the swift water with a distinct splat. It only drifted a few feet before it was sucked in by a strong and sizable Cutthroat. I lifted the rod hard. -- I smacked the girl on my right, landing a firm blow to the side of her head. I promptly awakened, of course. She was upset, obviously, and I was surprised. Apologies and explanations later, she still insisted that I was 'fresh.'

"I begged Steve to keep pinching me so I would stay awake. I didn't want to chance a retaliatory blow from this female should the incident repeat itself. Man, was I tired. For weeks my sleepful dreams found me in the surroundings of our trip, as though they were implanted in my brain. So much for Montana. We'll be back."

Ken also wrote in the same letter, "Post-trip depression?? That's putting it mildly. And it didn't result from being in the land of marginal trout fishing now, but from being away from the greatest experience an angler can ever hope to have!"

Our letters discuss fly fishing, East and West. We talk about rod making, fly tying, book collecting, angling philosophy -- all the adjunct joys of the art. One of the prime joys of the fly fishing experience is the exchange of letters to share thoughts with a friend like Ken.

(More Parkany Post quotes in future newsletters)

"A LESSON LEARNED"

(OR TIP-A-CANOE AND STEVEY TOO)

by Ken Parkany

Nephew of the Professional Fisherman

If I can stop laughing long enough, I would like to relate a personal experience while it is still fresh in my memory. It occurred at a local reservoir while I was yet a "Keystone Angler" in northwestern Pennsylvania. My two "fishin" uncles, George and Steve, and myself were Crappie (Calico) Bass fishing from shore in a small bay. Uncle George is a swell easy going guy, who, when embarking on a fishing trip, would rather leave early enough in the morning to catch the evening traffic. Uncle Steve is all heart, a portly character who covers his now shining dome with what I will describe mildly as a grubby fishing (?) hat, and who constantly reminds everyone, especially me, that he has been known to have been called a "Professional Fishman."

Although this particular bay is known for harboring schools of Crappie, the only thing that appeared to be harbored there on this bleak, blustery March morning were a few sailboats. Bitter monotony was broken only by the wind; we would all cast in unison and then watch our bobbers drift with the wind from our left to our right, reel in and repeat the procedure. We covered the whole bay sitting in one spot, which is great if one enjoys watching his bobber float and conserving his bait at the same time.

Before long, three hardy sailing enthusiasts arrived, who began maneuvering a canoe towards their sailboat moored in the bay. They were obviously seasoned navigators, for they made excellent progress directly into the high wind and whitecaps. With such little action, fishing wise, our attention remained focused on the sailors as they prepared to launch. They appeared about ready when a gust of wind loosened their canoe from its mooring and quickly swept it to shore. Fear not, though, for big heart Steve was soon to the rescue as he was the closest one of us to the beached craft at the time. I might say here, that paddling a canoe or anything else he'd never done before is not beyond accomplishment of the "Professional Fisherman". So, paddle in hand, Steve began making valiant attempts to enter the canoe. Now I had had only one lesson in canoeing while in scouting, and something reminded me that no one, especially a 200pound fisherman decorated with hip boots and all the other paraphernalia, should sit at one end of a canoe when he is the only, er, navigator. We all tried to warn him, but he was either too far away or too involved to hear us. Knowing him, he probably wouldn't have heeded our advice anyway.

After what seemed like eons he was finally in and somehow headed towards his destination, directly into the gusty wind and whitecaps. Even in the face of what appeared to be insurmountable odds, considering his experience with a canoe, he seemed very determined to conquer the elements. He must have thought the paddle was a magic wand for he paddled like He--, faster and faster, first one side and then the other. Quite a comical sight to say the least. It appeared as though a giant alligator was emerging from the depths with its jaws opening and closing in rhythmic fashion. Of course the inevitable happened when the front of the craft, caught by a gust of wind, rose straight up, aimed at the sky, and kept going over. In a wink, the 200 pound ex-navigator was plunging helplessly towards a new destination, a very wet one.

To Uncle George and I the entire incident was too hilariously funny for us to realize the seriousness of the situation. Our increasingly frequent bursts of laughter had now reached the point where we were literally rolling hysterically in painful laughter. But we managed to notice big heart Steve, an accomplished swimmer, fortunately re-surface and begin doggy-paddling to shore. Then, as if heeding the old proverb, "if at first you don't succeed.....", he took off his boots, reentered the lost craft, and again embarked on his mission of mercy, this time successfully from the middle seat of the canoe.

This particular day turned out to be bleak in more ways than one for the "Professional Fisherman", but he obviously became a little wiser after learning the hard way. Not only do I constantly remind him of one of his most "darkest moments", but I still approach hysteria when I think about "Tip-a-canoe and Stevey too".



"Whoever defined a canoe as an object that acts like a small boy, was wrong. It doesn't always behave better when paddled from the rear."

"Fishing, like most enterprises in this global lunatic asylum, suffers from an overcomplication which arises from the deplorable instinct of the human mind to make the attainment of the desired end as difficult as possible."

from In Defense Of Worms,
by Frederic F. Van de Water, 1949.

THE FEATHERED HOOK

THE "FLYMPH"

by RON ZAWOYSKY

This fly is used to imitate the emerging nymph and is a suggestive rather than an imitative pattern. Since it is a transition pattern between the wet fly and nymph, it is so named the fly(ny)mph. The flymph is extremely effective just before a hatch, although it has produced very well when fishing blind. It can be fished from opening day through the season's end, although smaller sizes tend to be more effective as the season progresses. The fly is tied on a standard wet fly hook (3906-B) and can also be weighted. It can be fished from top to bottom with good results, however, hold onto your rod when the line straightens out at the end of the drift. This is where the fly ascends rapidly from bottom to top much like a natural and you are very likely to get a good hit. The following is a list of patterns that I have found effective along with tying instructions:

<u>Bull Moose</u>	<u>Blue Quill</u>	<u>Black Flymph</u>	<u>Brown Flymph</u>
<u>Head</u> -black	black	black	black
<u>Body</u> -blue-gray	peacock quill	black	hare's ear
<u>Ribbing</u> -gold tinsel	gold wire	none	gold tinsel
<u>Hackle</u> -brown partridge	blue dun hen hackle	black hen hackle	brown partridge

Tying Instructions for the Brown Flymph:

1 Tie in tinsel ribbing and then dub hare's ear on the thread.



2 Wind the dubbed body fairly sparse and fuzzy.



3 Wind tinsel ribbing on.



4 Tie in a brown partridge hackle and wind (hackle length is about as long as the shank length).



The flymph can be tied on any size hook from 10 to 20 and it is a good idea to have several sizes of each pattern. This pattern lends itself particularly to the beginner because of the ease in tying, however, the veteran should not ignore it because it can bring deadly results.



WHERE TO GO

by Howard Weldon

The following is an article about Latimer's Brook in East Lyme, Connecticut, supplied this writer by Eric W. Olsen. Articles of this type are welcomed by the editors of the newsletter for they provide a wider base for information than any one editor writing concerning personal experiences could ever hope to obtain. Thanks to Mr. Olsen.....

Latimer's Brook, East Lyme

I came to Connecticut in 1966, and since then have been under the influence of the irrepressible charm of this small stream and its denizens. A tributary to the Niantic River, Latimer's has its headwaters in Chesterfield and flows parallel to Route 161 for about three miles before crossing Route 1 at Flanders Four Corners, continuing over the state-operated fish ladder, under I-95, again along parallel to Route 1, crossing Route 1 again and continuing out to the river at the Golder Spur bridge.

Latimer's is unique in that it offers excellent sport for the sea-run brown trout coming in from the river, as well as hatchery-reared trout stocked by the state. Also, due to the efforts of the Fish and Game Department there is a definite strain of brown trout now native to Latimer's. This is largely a result of the Experimental Sea Trout project instituted by the state.

The trout of Latimer's Brook range in size from eight to ten inch hatchery brookies to the five and six pound sea-run browns, either of which can be anywhere along its length. Then there are the rainbows and browns that are holdovers from previous years' stocking efforts, as well as the native Latimer brown trout. These average between eleven to fourteen inches in length, with larger specimens not all that uncommon. They are all, as is the nature of their species, hard fighters and a credit to any angler fortunate enough to experience them on the long rod.

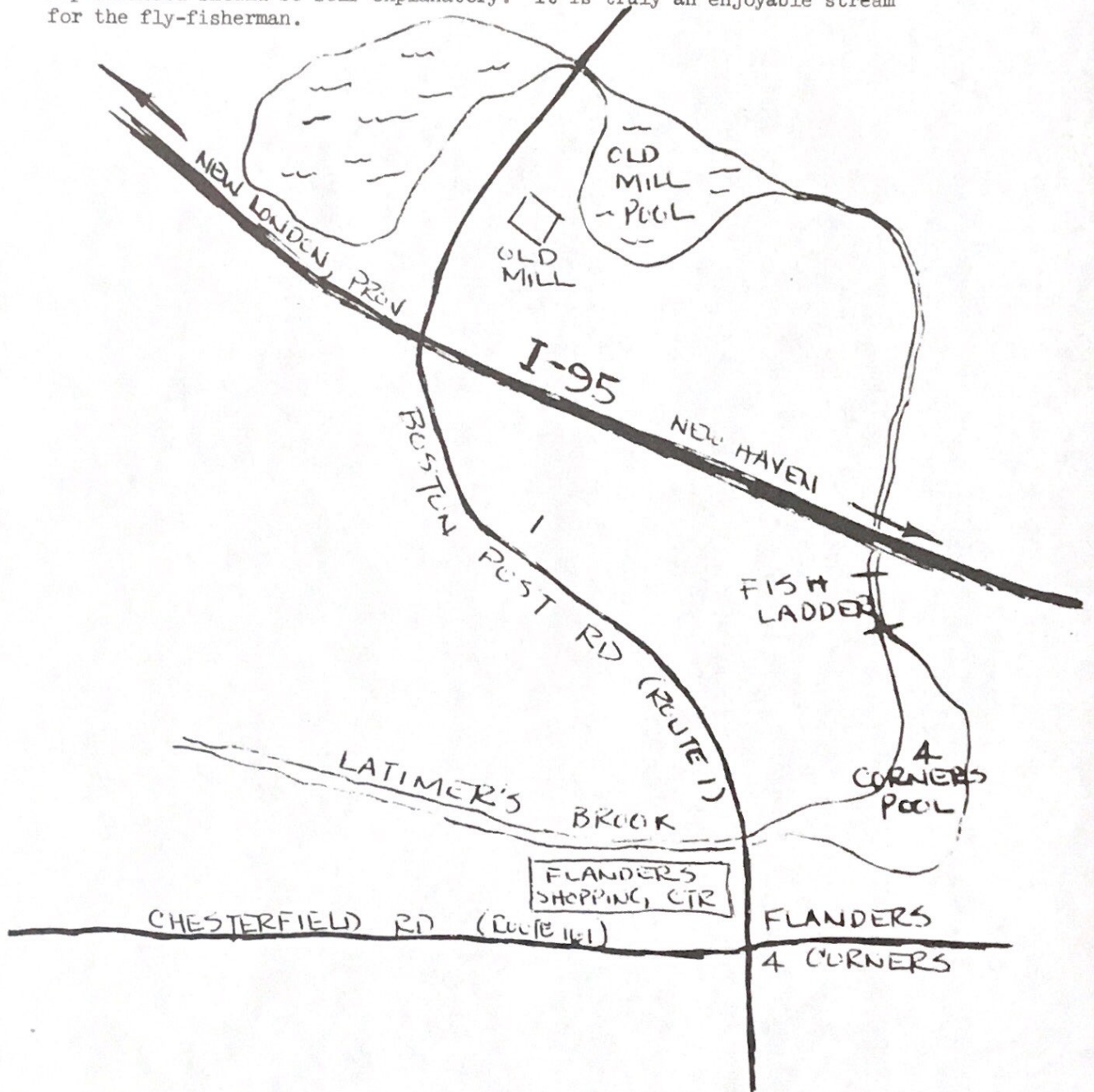
In my experience I have found the trout of Latimer's to be highly selective, but responsive to a few basic, well-presented patterns. In the early season, which I call the time between when the opening-week carnival atmosphere has subsided to the time when the days become warm enough to fish without my down-filled jacket, the effective patterns are the Hornberg fished streamer-style, Dark Hendrickson Nymph, mini-streamers in Mickey Finn and Black Nosed Dace patterns, and the old faithful Muddler. Stone Flies are also of importance in the early season, with great success being had with Art Flick's tie of the Early Brown Stone in # 12-14. In this part of the season there are sporadic hatches, mainly of Ephemerella Subvaria, which I approximate with a #14 Red or Blue Quill. These hatches are few and far between in the early season, usually occurring at mid-day. The Dark Hendrickson nymph is also effective during these hatches.

In mid-season the Stenonema hatches start, usually around the last week in May and first week of June, with Canadensis the major character in this series. The Light Cahill in #12-14 is productive at this time. Heptagonia and Leptophlebia hatches follow a little bit later, the effective patterns being #16-18 Sulphur Dun, and Chocolate Dun in #18-20.

After mid-June the terrestrials are the thing here at Latimer's. The "Pennsylvucky Cork Bug" decorates the end of my 5X tippet almost exclusively

from this time until the first killing frosts of autumn, with many good fish being taken, even in the heat of noon. I wade in wash and wear slacks and sneakers, probing the dark shadows along the tree-lined banks for cruising trout. Other terrestrials, like Dave Whitlock's Hopper, my own #22 green and brown leaf-hopper and various jassids, ants, and inch-worms are also effective. I might add here that from dusk to midnight midges on hair-like tippets make for some exciting fishing. This is when the big boys are out and dining.

Latimer's Brook is easily accessible from Exit 75 off I-95, and the fish-ladder can be seen from the highway, as can other parts of the stream. The map enclosed should be self-explanatory. It is truly an enjoyable stream for the fly-fisherman.





PISCATORIAL OUTPOURRI

by Rich Colo

It's getting around that time when most fishermen stack their gear in the corner of the cellar. They are awaiting these upcoming cold months to pass in anticipation of starting a new season **next** year. Before I go any further however, for you ardent fans of the angle, remember many of our streams in Conn. are now open until February 29th. For those of you whos' thoughts start wandering toward the anticipation of that first flight of woodcock or that first snow on your favorite ski slope, a few precautions in equipment care can save you both time and money latter on. Here are a few things you can do to help protect your tackle over the winter months.

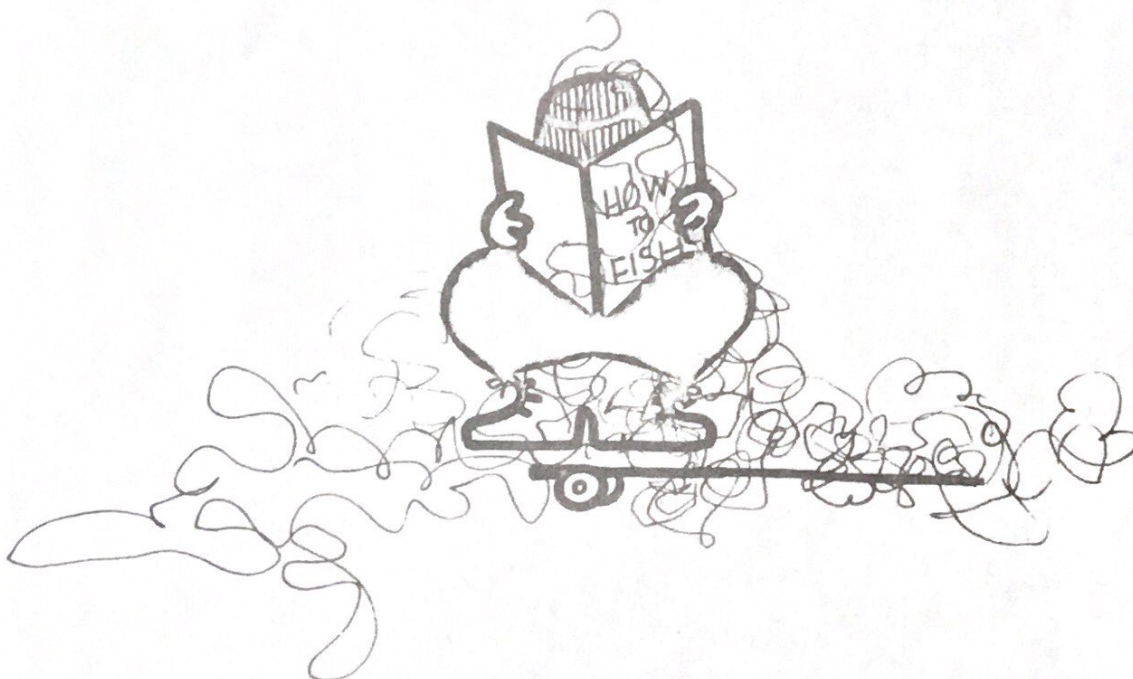
- Rods:
1. Inspect the rod carefully. Check all guides and rappings to make sure their in good shape. If any guides need replacing plan on doing it yourself at some later date. (Don't wait untill the week of April 15.) If you have to send it out to be done, do it now! Most builders are quite independent and it may take months.
 2. To clean both fiberglass and bamboo, I recommend a light detergent with warm water. Make sure to rinse the rod thoroughly. To help protect my rods, I also apply a coating of hard paste wax.
 3. To clean the ferrules (silver nickel) rub the male end in a bar of Ivory Soap and keep working it in and out wiping it off each time ^{AFTER} the initial application. To stop the fiberglass ferrules from wearing down apply some paraffin to the male end.
 4. If you wish to clean the cork handle do not use sandpaper! A slight decrease in diameter in the handle is felt quite readily. The best abrasive I found, is an S.O.S. or Brillo pad. I made the mistake once of using a Chore Girl and wiped out the handle on my 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ foot Orvis.
 5. Make sure to store fiberglass and impregnated bamboo in the rod case. Store regular bamboo in a dry place. If possible hang the sections from a nail. If you can't do this leave them in the case with the top open.

Reels: Clean reels with soap and water. After they are dried thoroughly, I apply a coat of silicone on them. The best that I have found is the spray can of WD-40.

Lines: There are many good line cleaners on the market today for the modern fly lines. Make sure when you use the cleaner to wipe it off thoroughly. With today's modern fly lines, I store the lines right on the reels. Remember to reverse the double taper lines.

Waders: Hang your waders by the feet in a dry place. Proper care of a good pair of waders can save you a lot of money in the long run. Its a good idea to spread talcum powder over the exterior. This helps to absorb any moisture.

By following these few steps you should be able to get longer and more efficient service from your present tackle. By the way, make sure and protect those flies with moth crystals.





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NOVEMBER GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING

PROGRAM: Movie on Fly Fishing

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

When: Wednesday, November 13, 1974.

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

At present, the title of the movie is not known, however, any fishing movie should get the adrenalin moving as the winter months approach. The meeting is open to the public, so bring a friend. As usual, the program will also include a gripe session, doorprizes, and refreshments.

