

# Lines and Leaders

**CFFA**

Vol. 2 No. 2 February

Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association

EDITORS  
Ken Parkany  
Ron Zawoysky

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS  
Rich Colo  
Jay Conant  
Peter Kemp  
Gary LaFontaine  
Howard Weldon

STAFF  
Monica Bond-Typing  
Bill Hall-Typing  
Mark Philippe-Courier  
Peg Sievers-Typing  
Lyn Smith-Cartoonist  
Tom Walek-Circulation Mgr.

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NOTES FROM THE JANUARY BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING

The treasurers balance as of 12-31-74 is \$3119.02.....Eastern Council of CFFA-The February meeting will be held on the 26th and will feature Paul Kukonen. The March meeting will be a fly tying seminar. A suggestion box, announcement board, and a swap board were suggested.....Water watching program has begun on the Farmington River. Vibert boxes in the Jeremy's were checked and are in good condition although none of the eggs have hatched yet.....The five year Jeremy's River report is in progress.....There are a few fish still dying in the rearing pool although the problem appears to be clearing up. The insurance for the pool will be \$59.00 per year.....The fund raising committee hopes to be more active in 1975. CFFA windbreakers will be ordered for 1975.....Connecticut State budgets may be trimmed for 1975.....Upcoming programs are as follows: January- Lou Tabory, February- Banquet, March- "The Way of a Trout" and another film, April- The spring outing on April 6 featuring a casting demonstration by Bill Cairns, May- Paul Kukonen. ....There are 137 members signed up for 1975 with 120 being renewals.....26 CFFA announcements were sent out for 1974. Sportsmen's show committee meeting to be held.....CFFA will try to continue to do joint efforts with the Farmington River Watershed Association.....CFFA will discontinue relations with the Housatonic Fly Fishermen's Association until they become reorganized. ....CFFA will affiliate with both TU and FFF again this year.

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

Ron Zawoysky  
Hunter Rd.-RFD #2  
Vernon, Ct., 06066

Also, anyone that would like to sell, swap, or needs a particular item, forward the information to the above address, and it will be printed in the next issue of "Lines and Leaders".

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*The Fisherman*

Along a stream that raced and ran  
Through tangled trees and over stones,  
That long had heard the pipes o' Pan  
And shared the joys that nature owns,  
I met a fellow fisherman,  
Who greeted me in cheerful tones.

The lines of care were on his face.  
I guessed that he had buried dead;  
Had run for gold full many a race,  
And kept great problems in his head,  
But in that gentle resting place  
No word of wealth or fame he said.

He showed me trout that he had caught  
And praised the larger ones of mine;  
Told me how that big beauty fought  
And almost broke his silken line;  
Spoke of the trees and sky, and thought  
Them proof of life and power divine.

There man to man we talked of trees  
And birds, as people talk of men;  
Discussed the busy ways of bees;  
Wondered what lies beyond our ken;  
Where is the land no mortal sees,  
And shall we come this way again.

"Out here," he told me, with a smile,  
"Away from all the city's sham,  
The strife for splendor and for style,  
The ticker and the telegram  
I come for just a little while  
To be exactly as I am."

Foes think the bad in him they've guessed  
And prate about the wrong they scan;  
Friends that have seen him at his best  
Believe they know his every plan;  
I know him better than the rest,  
I know him as a fisherman.

Edgar Guest



Mont. Montana Missives Ct.

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]

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(from letter received 5 Nov 73): The Far Far West -  
".....The trip was great, with very decent fishing and great friends to share the trip with on each stream. Rather than hop to many streams I spent three days apiece on four streams. All of the fishing, in effect, was research for the book, so Muddler or Muddler variations received heavy use.

Lower Snake River, Idaho, below Hells Canyon Dam: I floated the same section three days in a row, fishing it with Floyd Wyant. I got a chance to test Floyd's series of Skit patterns (I showed you a sample of a Royal Coachman Skit that Floyd sent to me). With a special retrieve utilizing the downward tug of the rod to make the fly skitter on the surface, we nailed those smallmouths - and what busters. Up to 3½ lbs. of fury. I can get pretty jaded about the fight of a fish, but not these. A regular Muddler, a standard Green Marabou Muddler, and a Spuddler were all effective.

What would I call the most indispensable variation on the Muddler for general trout fishing? The Spuddler without a doubt. It's the deep-work special (but not very deep), that will outfish a Muddler in that area below two or three feet of water.

Metolius, Oregon: Everything I dreamed it to be; a giant spring river so lush and varied that it startles with each minute. I was momentarily lost, because I've never seen anything like this. When a hatch started at about 1:30 P.M. of the first day, I was alright because I could stalk risers. Rises continued till dark, and I caught 8 very fussy fish (rainbows/browns) the first day. Six were under 12 inches.

The drifting Muddler and/or the retrieved Muddler (numerous types of retrieves) bombed on the first two days as I worked them in the morning. But the Muddler is a versatile fly indeed and a copper-ribbed No. 16 Muddler cast upstream like a nymph nailed some decent trout on the third day.

I was ready for the mayfly hatch ( a Baetidae) on days number 2 and 3, matched with a Blue Wing Olive no-hackle purchased from and recommended by a local sporting goods shop. My dry fly fishing on quiet water, after a year of mostly streamer fishing, I'm sure was sloppy. I concentrated hard on regaining a "touch". The Metolius is my dream stream and I wasn't going to ruin a rare chance to fish it. I didn't want to fish it fast for a quantity of fish, but rather to fish it correctly for a sense of self-satisfaction.

I did improve, catching 8 trout on the second day - one over 16 in. and seven over 12 in.. With care I was not spooking the better fish, and catching eleven trout in less time on the third day includ-

MONTANA MISSIVES CONT'D:

ing one of 17 in. and most over 12 in. - I almost didn't leave the river for the rest of the trip, but friends at arranged spots were waiting\*

Upper Cowlitz, Washington - Henry Landers introduced me to sea-run Cutthroat trout, known locally as Harvest Trout. The fish were plentiful, ranging up to 16 in., and very strong fighters. Fly choice was not critical, but a Muddler and a Drab Weaver did as well as anything. A no. 12 Scarlet Ibis took one of the fish when I tried it for a moment.

Cowichan, Vancouver (British Columbia) - Cory Mann, absolutely one zaniest folk God ever blessed and a great person to spend fishing moments with, showed Ardyce and I his home island of Vancouver. Off-tour time, as we cast the Cowichen for rainbows and browns, Cory and I relived college life. We were fraternity roommates at U. of M. (Univ. of Montana, Ed.), and ironically, Cory at that time used a fly rod while I was basically in a spin-lure stage.

Cory is a very good nymph fisherman, although not scientific about the entomology as he chooses between three or four basic color nymphs. He agreed to test out the small Muddler fished like a nymph, casting as I trailed behind and watched. He worked upstream, muttering every once in a while, "real good", as he landed a trout. "It works fine", he concluded.

The trout were feeding on a genus Nemoura stonefly (stomach sample taken), matched well by the Muddler in coloration and size at least. I asked Cory to choose another nymph and keep fishing, and he picked a no. 14 Copper Ribbed Hare's Ear from my box. With this close match of the insect he didn't do quite as well. I used the Muddler and it did very well for me also. Any conclusions? No, not hardly, but the Muddler is a very decent sunken/dead drift fly. My theory, from watching the fly underwater, is that the springiness of the shaggy deer hair (referring to Gaper, not Bailey tie of the Muddler, Ed.) presents a life-like illusion.

That was the trip, with a feel gained for a few more rivers. I definitely did not get to know any of them well, but we were introduced. These are the two distinct joys, the familiar and the new, and I love the duality of fly fishing experience..."

\*"A strange incident on the Metolius, as any sudden forming of a bond of friendship is strange, with a man who left cobalt treatments for cancer to go fish favorite streams a final time".

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ABOUT TRUDE FLIES

Ed Curnow, noted guide, fisherman, and sometimes author, has spent a great deal of time developing revised ties and methods of fishing old patterns. The Trude patterns, ties and fishing techniques, have been one area to which he has devoted considerable time and effort. Here is what Ed has to say about the Trude:

"Western Fisherman: Finally a pattern to match most Western hatches. Eastern fisherman: Don't discount it. IT WORKS! Classic fly patterns are designed as may fly imitations for Eastern chalk streams. Now here is a fly to match the caddis and stoneflies of the West. Easterners, look at it too, as you will find many caddis and stoneflies, particularly on late July and August afternoons.

It is the Trude pattern. Although it is an old classic pattern, it has not been tied to match many of the traditional caddis and stoneflies. In most areas of the West, it will imitate sixty to seventy percent of the trouts' surface food. The Trude also imitates many terrestrials, such as grasshoppers, spruce moths, pine butterflies, beetles and flying ants.

The tied-down wing of the Trude catches a pocket of air, thus allowing it to float. At the same time, it floats down in the surface film, as opposed to a mayfly imitation which floats high on the surface film. This gives a roundish profile rather than the slender image of a mayfly.

The Trude has a versatility only surpassed by the Muddler Minnow. It can be fished dry with a dead drift, skated or used as a wet fly. When all else fails, try dressing it heavily and skating or twitching the fly. Caddis, stoneflies and terrestrials move their wings when trapped in water. This creates a ruffle or disturbance. Twitching the fly will often give that bit of realism which will bring that wary lunger to the surface.

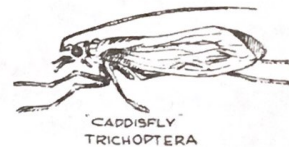
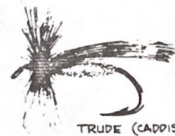
For years fisherman have used the Sofa Pillow and Squirrel Tail. A few fishermen are now using the Royal Trude. These are simply Trude variations. Here is a selection of Trudes which will match most hatches both East and West. Match the size and color of your local hatches, and this should give you one more weapon in your arsenal of fishing tricks."



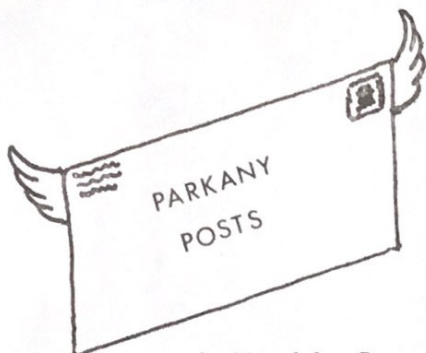
compliments of  
Ed's Tackle Shop  
Box 625  
Ennis, Montana, 59729

TRUDE FLIES

The Trude patterns are a very versatile group of flies, allowing a fisherman to imitate caddis, stoneflies and terrestrials without maintaining a cumbersome inventory of flies. The Black Trude is excellent when black ants are on the water and the Hopper Trude a great grasshopper no matter what the locale. The Olive Trude imitates many small Stonefly hatches and leafhoppers. The Spruce Trude is ideal when the Spruce Moths are in the air and the White Trude (one size only) was developed to imitate the Pine Butterfly. These are but a few of the possible uses for the Trudes but serve as an example of their flexibility. We are certain you will be able to "match a hatch" with them no matter where you are.



Pattern	Hackle	Wing	Body
Gray	Grizzly	Gray Squirrel	Gray Wool (poly is also excellent)
Blond	Light Ginger	Elk(light)	Creme wool
Royal	Coachman Brown	White Calftail	Red floss with peacock herl butt and shoulder
Yellow	Grizzly	Gray Squirrel	Yellow floss
Black	Black	Black calftail	Black wool tied thin
Olive	Olive	Dyed Olive Bucktail	Olive Wool
Brown	Brown	Brown calftail	Brown floss
Spruce	Tied the same as the Blond Trude but with heavier body and fuller wings. Gives a better silhouette in larger, fast water.		
Hopper	1 Grizzly 1 Brown	Gray Squirrel	Yellow poly tied flat
White	White	White deer with some black mixed	White wool



## TRIP TO PARADISE

submitted by Gary J. LaFontaine

excerpts from a letter by Ken Parkany

The trip to Fisherman's Paradise was just that! Present were Steve, Ted Fauceglia, Joe D'Addario, Don Phillips, myself, and our wives + Vin Ringrose. The accomodations and food were excellent. Saturday we fished all day from 8:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. with no break for lunch (believe it or not).

The tally for 6 of us was 58 trout on Saturday from 9 in. to 18 in. Yours truly was the "maverick" of the group. I was chastised severely for using a fly larger than size 18. I chose not to accept the continuous challenge of midge-rising trout (mostly because I lacked the proper fare to tempt them with. My midge supply is severely depleted and pattern variety severely limited).

But here's the score ( and my partners will reluctantly admit that I fared well both in tally and size for the two days):

Saturday 9-28-74

# 14 Royal Trude	2	9 in. - 11 in. Brown
# 16 Skues Olive Nymph	2	11 in. brown and 18 in. 'bow
# 18 White Midge Pupa	1	9 in. brown
# 8 Muddler	4	14 in. to 15 in. brown and 1 16 in. 'bow

Sunday 9-29-74

# 14 Breadcrust Nymph	1	9 in. 'bow
# 20 Black Ant	3	11 in. to 13 in. brown
# 20 Brown Ant	1	12 in. brown

Parkany Post:

Trip to Paradise

The ones that weren't rainbows were fat browns. All were taken on 7X and 8X tippets, except the ones taken on the Muddler (4X). The huge 18 in. rainbow on that little nymph was a real breath-taker. I believe that that was my 4th or 5th fish and I was ready to quit after that. I stopped fishing for about a  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour just to watch that fish revive in front of me in the still water.

The 1st hour was zero because of the glare and reflection. A grey sky (cloudy) and a cloudy green water made it terrible. I couldn't see my fly, leader, or nothing. It was disgusting until my vision became accustomed to it. But it took an hour or so for it to happen. That was one noticeable difference that took some getting used to.

Another was the abundance of trout, most of which moved about completely oblivious to the threat (?) of the many anglers present. (A bus load arrived from Pittsburgh -- a T.U. chapter -- Chauncy K. Lively and wife among them.)

Normally a trout fisherman must seek his quarry, via stream reading. Well, that's completely taken care of. Virtually wall to wall trout. There is the apparent super scrutinizing ability of the trout. They'd rise, put their nose literally right to the fly and drift with it for 3 or 4 feet. Then they may or may not take. This requires patience of Job and nerves of steel.

The fish might take a pattern on their 2nd scrutiny that they refused on their first. But the pattern had to be exact. If it wasn't, they wouldn't rise. If it was close they'd rise and refuse quickly. If it was exact they might take right off or subject you to the 1st degree. Instinct? Or intelligence?

The strongest fighter was the 16 in. brown that took the Muddler dry (only one, the rest took it wet). Of course, the "park-like" atmosphere of the project made for some pleasant fishing.

I saw a few other big fish taken -- 16 in. to 20 in. -- and they came to a Honeybug fished like a worm -- 3 foot leader, lots of weight on the leader. Steve (the Penn Pro) said that the big ones rarely are taken on dries. My experience there substantiates his.

Parkany Post:

Trip to Paradise

The others did well and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the trip. Everyone, every flyfisher owes it to himself to experience the unique fishing available at Fisherman's Paradise. -- Ted Fauceglia is deadly with Leonard 7 foot for a 4 line, 8X tippet and midges. He did as well as I in quantity, but all on midges. Extraordinary. This guy has talent. Don't know where he got it in just a year and a half? And tie -- C. K. Lively saw his flies and said, "You got it all, fella."

1/3 of my fish were taken on a Boron 7'-3", 1/3 on Steve's Golden Eagle, 1/3 on my 6'6" Orvis Superfine. (The results were the same -- deadly -- no matter what tackle I used. One of the "God's on my side" days. Couldn't do anything wrong.)

Needless to say, we're planning a trip next year -- maybe to Yellow Breeches at Allenbury.

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EASTERN COUNCIL, CFFA - FEBRUARY MEETING

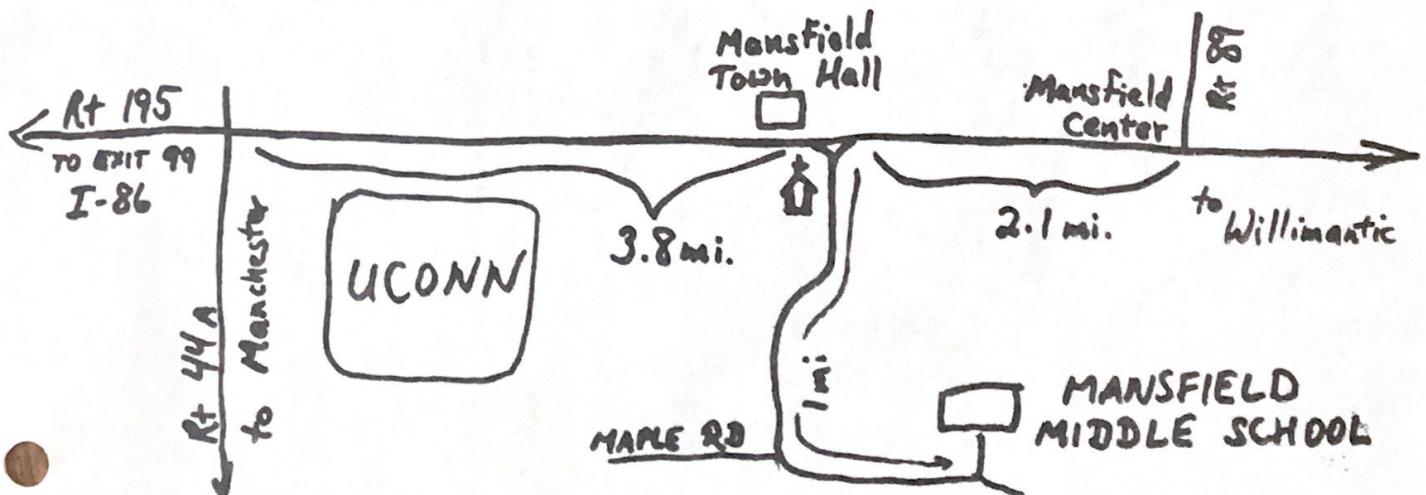
PROGRAM: PAUL KUKONEN, well known New England fisherman and fly tier will present and narrate films of fantastic fly fishing.

WHERE: Mansfield Middle School (Map Below).

WHEN: Wednesday evening, Feb. 26, 1975.

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

REMEMBER: This program is open to the public, so bring a friend, come early to get a good seat. We'll have door prizes and refreshments as usual.







# PISCATORIAL OUTPOURRI

by Rich Colo

## THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY WHAT?

Everyone seems to be confronted at least one time in his fishing life with the problem of fly fishing that small feeder stream "that no one else knows about." A veritable hatchery of small brook trout. The problem arises when we try to cast a fly in this haven of alders and hemlock. Our only recourse to the garden hackle is using the roll cast to get our imitations out where we want them. This works fine when fishing wet but we find it very difficult to keep that dry fly from sinking. Every time we attempt to dry it off by casting: Oops, there goes another fly in the trees.

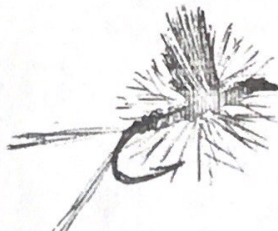
Tom Maxwell, of Thomas and Thomas, showed me a unique creation made especially for this situation. The fly does not have to be dried off and will float indefinitely.

The construction of the fly is as follows:

1. Hook = Size 10 - 18 3X fine dry fly hook.
2. Wing = Single strand of poly yarn tied in a vertical position. Make wing at least  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch higher than normal. Trim poly to appropriate shape. Lacquer base.
3. Hackle = Tie parachute style around lacquered portion of wing.
4. Body = Dub appropriate color of poly. Don't use yarn. Use some of poly dubbing material now on the market.
5. Tail = Use polar bear. Three strands on each side of the hook forming a V. Use waterproof majic marker to get appropriate color.

The fly tied in this manner is unsinkable. The reason the wing is longer than usual is that the body of the fly sits right in the surface film; therefore the correct height of the natural is better copied by extending the wing slightly on the imitation. The parachute hackle will keep the fly from breaking the surface film. The V tails will keep it upright. You can roll cast it all day with no problem. In small unfished streams the selectivity of the fish is usually minimal therefore the representation is adequate.

Hopefully this fly tied to approximate the mayfly of the moment will open water to you which previously was passed up.



Because trout which are caught on flies are lip hooked, they can be released unharmed to be fished for and caught another day. Because trout which are taken on bait are frequently hooked in some vital organ, which is high in the throat, they cannot be expected to survive upon return. Damage from spinning lures in the form of tearing by big hooks and drowning by heavy equipment falls between the two. Therefore fishing with flies only is permissible in created Trout Refuges, but caught fish must be carefully returned. Since there is little or no killing, there need be no closed season, therefore no opening day.

The advantages of the Trout Refuge system are five fold. (1) They produce more consistent fishing above and below the no-kill area. (2) They provide more big brood fish for the entire stream which upgrades the rate of natural reproduction. (3) They provide the best sport possible within the bounds of the refuge. (4) They encourage tourism for a neighboring town. (5) They decrease the need for expensive stocking.

Bait fishing and fly fishing at the same time in the same place are incompatible because the bait fisherman is after take-home meat and the fly fisherman is interested in sport without killing. Let us put a stop to this argument that regulated fishing discriminates against the bait fisherman. Until such time as the percentage of fly fishing water for trout equals the percentage of fly fishermen for trout discrimination is against the fly fisherman.

Trout Refuges should be carefully chosen stream sections advocated, created and maintained by officialdom.

Let us put aside these silly names of "Fly Fishing Only" and "Fish For Fun" along with the insistence that the initiative for their creation stems from those not in official capacity.

Individually and collectively let us work for the recognition of a

## BREAKFAST IN BREWER

By: Karl VanValkenburg

The long awaited telephone call from Cape Breton came during the first week in September. Dave MacDonald's familiar voice, reaching across the miles, seemed startlingly close. Its faintly Scottish accents triggered memories in an exciting rush- of the beautiful pastoral valley of the Margaree, the friendly people who live there, pristine waters perling over brightly colored cobbles, and the great salmon that lay in the smooth runs.

Then came the magic words - "The salmon are in!"

The station wagon had been packed for weeks. Jim and I left directly from the office, tearing off our neckties as we settled ourselves in the seats. It seemed as though each minute lost now meant the sacrifice of precious hours astream. We chattered excitedly as we threaded our way through rush hour traffic - driving a bit too fast.

A few hours later, we allowed ourselves a short detour for the traditional visit to L.L. Bean's store in Freeport, Maine. I bought a pair of Bean's camp moccasins, which I am wearing as I write this. Age has taken its toll, They are worn and misshapen with use. My wife frequently threatens to consign them to the garbage dump, but I can't bring myself to part with them. They still speak softly to me with a north woods nostalgia.

Soon we were on the road again, pressing northward through the night. Hours and miles raced by, but our tension never abated. As though in a rocket, throbbing, thrusting, eager to burst free of the gravitational pull of the responsibilities of our work-a-day world, we sped on.

By three A.M., we had cleared Brewer, Maine, and were racing over lonely roads for Calais and the Canadian border. Then the engine sputtered and died.

Soundlessly, except for the crunch of gravel under the tires, we coasted to a stop on the shoulder of the road and looked at one another with disbelief. We were out of gas.

We'd been passing through lumber company land, and there wasn't a human habitation for ten miles in either direction. We hadn't seen another vehicle during the last hour.

For a while, we sat disconsolately in the darkness, muttering at our own stupidity. Then Jim remembered the gallon can of Coleman fuel we had packed for the camp stove. That should be enough to get us to a gas station.

After some rumaging about in the trunk, the can was produced, but I soon discovered that it was impossible to pour its contents into the recessed gas tank filler hole. We had no funnel, but a four foot aluminum rod case, of the type that opens at both ends, provided a substitute.

Jim inserted it into the gas tank opening and held it at about a forty-five degree angle with the ground. I poured the gas, standing in the road and holding the can above my head to reach the top of the tube. We shivered in the cold September night. The wind whispered through the fir trees. Glub-glub-glub the gas went down the four foot tube.

Suddenly what at first seemed ridiculous became comic, and then hysterically funny. We both began to laugh.

The first faint glow of dawn appeared on the horizon, and the lonely stars looked down on two convulsed figures - one bent almost double, gasping by the side of the road, the other leaning weakly against the rear fender of the car. We laughed until our sides ached, and the tears ran down our faces. We laughed til we hadn't the strength to laugh any more. And when we drove back to Brewer that morning, we stopped for a leisurly breakfast, because we were free, and there was no need to hurry.

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(continued from page 9)

Trout Refuge system wherein there is little or no killing, and year round fishing with the fly is permitted. Individually and collectively let us work to achieve the status of a Trout Refuge system as a management tool and a conservation measure.

Theodore Roosevelt initiated the refuge system for game. Let us do it for trout.

(The above was sent to CFFA by Steve Parkany).

(If interested, have copies made of this and mail to interested anglers and the managers of trout fisheries).



FFA



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Manchester, Conn. 06040

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