

# Lines and Leaders

CFFA

Vol. 2 No. 8 November

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 the Windsor Locks Civic Center, 1000 Main Street, Windsor, Ct. 06096. For more information, contact the editor, Ben Parkany, at 860-253-1111.~~ 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. Meetings are held at the Knight's of Columbus Hall on Bloomfield Avenue in Windsor.

NOTES FROM THE OCTOBER BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING

The treasury balance as of 9-30-1975 was \$3714.94.....Turner's Falls Dam has been ordered to put in a fishway.....Proposal in and money has been appropriated to lower the Leesville Dam and put in a fishway. CFFA supports this effort and urges its members to write to the state to speed up this project.... The Hunting and Fishing Day outings at Rockville and Franklin were both successes.....Committee set up to study how to motivate general membership participation.....CFFA will nominate themselves for the President's Award for the National Wildlife Federation.....Eastern Council of CFFA-Fly tying school to be held again. The November program will be a Salmon program..... The Jeremy's River was shocked and very few fish turned up; no small fish at all. A work outing will be held on the Blackledge River on October 19, 1975.... A speaker system has been purchased for \$175.00.....CFFA will hold an auction in early spring. A movie day is anticipated for next spring. A fly fishing clinic was suggested. Motion made and carried to have only members eligible for doorprizes at general membership meetings. Motion made and tabled to charge admission for non-members.....The November program will be a fly tying program and December's will be "The Way of a Trout" and a casting film..... The preparation for the fly tying school has started; an advanced school may be held.....Selling Ad space in "Lines and Leaders" will be discussed..... A sedimentation test will be made on the Yantic River.

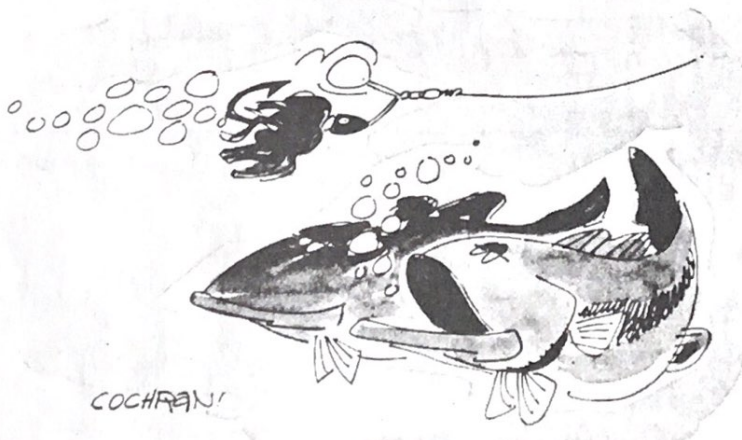
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Anyone who would like to contribute stories, tales, cartoons, jokes, ideas, or anything that would be of interest to the general membership, please forward it to

Ron Zawoysky  
336 Hunter Road  
Tolland, Ct., 06084

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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"According to the water temperature, the oxygen content, and the solunar table, I should attack that thing, but I just don't feel up to it. . ."



"Get the net!"



CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION

NOTES from EASTERN COUNCIL of CFFA

NOVEMBER MEMBERSHIP MEETING

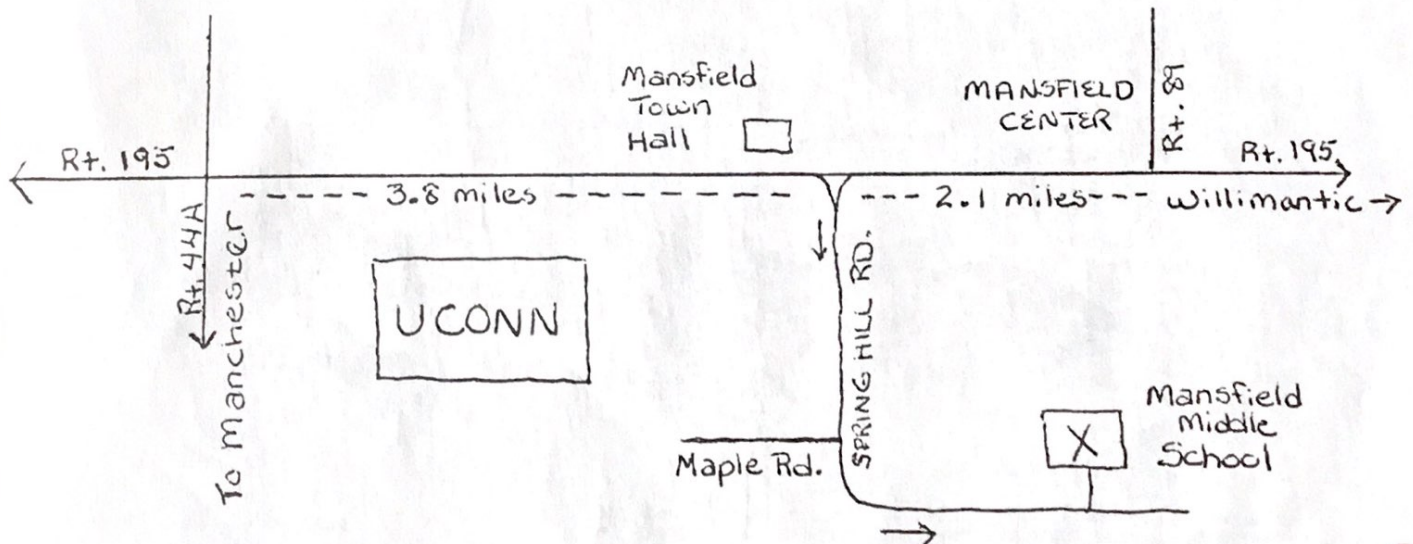
WHEN - Wednesday evening, November 19, 1975.

WHERE - Mansfield Middle School (See map below).

PROGRAM - Beginning at 6:45 P.M. there will be an exhibit of salmon flies and presentations. In addition, our panel of expert flytiers will be on hand to tie the time tested patterns.

Our main program at 7:30 P.M. will feature Bob Jones, Region 5 Director of Marine Area Long Island Sound, D.E.P., who will present the "Future of the Salmon in the Conn. River". As one of the most knowledgeable men in the state concerning the Atlantic Salmon Restoration Program, Mr. Jones will show us with his slides and expertise, the great strides this program has achieved as well as the obstacles which must be overcome. A question and answer session will follow the program.

All members of the public are invited. Admission is free and there will be doorprizes, refreshments, and expert fishermen of all types who will gladly answer any questions.





# 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]

" Early this afternoon Galen Wilkens and I drove up to the Gold Creek Dredge Ponds, to encounter a fascinating incident of selective feeding. After scouting the pond we spotted fish in one bay. Air temp. - mid fifties; water temp. 46°. The fish were cruising, and occasionally a fish swirled.

Observing from high rock piles, it was not difficult to figure out what was happening. Water Boatman, a true bug (Hemiptera Corixidae), were in the process of egg-laying. The insects flew, splatting to the water where each buzzed on the surface to break the surface tension. Under the surface dove a few inches and swam in a steady breast-stroke (okay, maybe it was a thorax stroke!)

I don't believe pattern choice was paramount. A #14 Hare's Ear was not a bad representation, and this was the fly we finally had hits on. It was the action of the insect that triggered the strike. The fish we watched always took the prey on the under water swim.

On opposite sides of the cove Galen and I cast to cruisers, calling suggestions back and forth. Many times we watched look-see refusals. In the clear water, it was heart-breaking, but challenging. We kept experimenting, devising, and revising. Galen got a fish to come within an inch using a retrieve combined with a rod waggle (Ed. note- Notice that Gary differentiated between rod movement -waggle- and sexy feminine movement -wiggle-! You know your rods, Gary!...KP) Casting the fly very close to the fish drew the attention, and the steady retrieve drew the strike. The method wasn't foolproof, but it was the best we could do.

Galen hooked a fish solid, estimated between 16 and 20 inches. Sunken brush rimmed the cove and eventually the fish tangled. After a lot of effort on our part, and counter-effort on the fish's part, the fish busted off.

As it turned out that day, he was our closest encounter. The sky clouded, and without sunlight to help spot the cruising fish, the action tapered to nil. Anyway, this was the first time I've seen Water Boatman assume an important element of trout fishing."

(Post-script: Gary's former fishing partner, Galen Wilkens, now resides close enough to the Beaverkill - poor soul - to make evening visits. After considerable exposure to both eastern and western "Meccas", Galen will be putting out his own shingle next spring in Binghamton, N.Y., and NOT just another tackle shop! Had the pleasure of fishing with Galen on the Beaverkill and Pennsylvania streams this summer - some great times.....KP)

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## WORDS TO PONDER

"Rivers will remain fished out; brooks will be whipped troutless next summer and every subsequent summer, until a still remote millennium arrives and men's hearts rather than their bellies impel them to seek trout water. The streams of America need restocking, it is true, but less with fish than with heart-fishermen." from In Defense of Worms, F.F. Van de Water, 1949.

Dave's Paradise -

by Tony Lolli

There is a small stream not far from my home, which shall remain nameless since the amount of water displaced by as few as four anglers causes the water level of this jewel-like brook to become reminiscent of an early season freshet. I had traversed this brook without as much as a second glance while on my way to other trouting meccas such as the Willimantic and the Natchaug for several years. Finally this piece of ethereal beauty seductively called my name.

The consensus of the local gentry, and the not so gentry, was that the place was fished out several years before. How then, I asked did they hope to explain the fact that you could find, with surprising regularity I might add, a certain '71 Buick parked among the screening honeysuckle, not thirty feet from the banks of this pristine brook? I knew the car belonged to Dave, local poacher par excellence. They, of course, tried to dismiss the importance of my astute observation by claiming that Dave had this thing going with Ellen who worked at the village diner and that whenever she didn't have anything going in the diner she'd slip away to have something going with Dave in the back seat of his '71 Buick. I thought that was a fair attempt at a story designed to divert my attention away from the lunker trout I was now sure must be lurking in that brook.

That night I called my fishing partner, a life-long native to this area, and announced that we were going to fish ---- Brook on Saturday morning. "You've been out in the sun too long," he said. "Everyone knows that water doesn't hold any fish." "So they've ever got you fooled," I gloated and proceeded to tell him about Dave and his Buick at which point he proceeded to tell me about Dave, his Buick and Ellen. I succeeded in convincing him to give it at least one try.

The next Saturday morning we set out to discover Dave's secret. After three hours of dogged pursuit, neither one of us had landed, hooked, turned over, or even seen a fish. I could tell my partner was less than enthusiastic since his usual banter had degenerated into an occasional grunt, just as it had on the day he discovered a new hole in the Fenton River. It was at that time he also discovered that his waders held water in as well as they kept it out.

Eventually we arrived at what had to be THE spot. The stream danced and laughed over an eighty foot riffle, then slid gracefully into an azure pool more inviting than a nymphomaniac whose father owns three miles of prime Battenkill water. Near the head of the pool, against the far bank I observed that a spring was seeping into the brook. As I eyeballed the best way to line up the cast, I was happy I had taken along my customized five foot fly rod. It once had been an Ocean City boat rod until I whacked off the handle and changed the reel seat. Just right, I thought, for these small Eastern streams. My leader measured 15 feet and ended in a 6x spike, to which I knotted a number 18 Megasophalus americanus nymph, perhaps better known as a Quilled body whatchamacallit. After three unproductive casts I was beginning to think about switching to a number 4 Muddler when halfway through the fourth drift I sensed, rather than felt, a fish take. Using a slip strike I found myself united with a fish that stayed deep and ran off 40 feet of line. The reel sang and the rod bucked lively as I kept the pressure on to within just ounces of the tippet's parting limit. By now my partner had come upon the scene and I did not hesitate to chide him for his earlier reluctance to give this primordial brook a try. He admitted that it might make sense that the leviathan at the end of my line could be a cannibal, a fact that would explain why we had not seen another fish in the tiny brook. The limber action of my converted boat rod soon proved to be too much for the fish and after 15 minutes I netted a fine, handsome, full-bodied, 22 inch sucker.

On the way back to our car, we happened to come upon the '71 Buick parked behind the honeysuckle. I greeted its owner: "Catching anything, Dave?" "I hope not," he replied.

A DAY ON CONNECTICUT  
TROUT STREAMS

by Howard R. Voight

At 3:30 a. m. I was sleeping like a dormouse. Then a fiend in human form rattled my door and that method failing came in and shook me until I gasped and sat up. "Hurry up," came a hoarse whisper, "you are late now."

Thirty minutes later the Pater and I were in the car, two hasty stops and we had added Bill and Fred to our party. Northward we sped thru sleeping Cheshire and Farmington, across the Farmington River bridge and into Unionville, another five miles and we pulled up at the old Bunnell farm just where the Burlington Brook gathers itself together and plunges into the ravine racing towards the final leap at Buttermilk Falls.

The stream in the old days was second to none and tales have come down to us of monster trout in the big holes. These days are gone now but hard work on the brook will generally reward the patient angler.

The upper two miles of fishing fell to Bill and me, the Pater and Fred electing to work the ravine and the Falls.

The upper brook was once the easiest of meadow fishing but now the abandoned land had gone back to the wild and the resulting tangle would have brought despair to the heart of a novice. One must skulk and hide and each fish is fairly earned.

A mile of fishing showed six fair sized fish and then the big pool of the upper brook showed ahead. The brook dashing against a huge granite boulder and sweeping around in a wide back current.

I knew that it was the place and calculated where the boss fish ought to be. He was there too and by his actions had been awaiting me a long time and had waxed warm over the delay.

Strong and brave as are all his race, after his first savage tilt he fought for all that in him lay and ne'er paused until he could not wag a fin and I had him gasping on the bank. Not the biggest trout that had ever been taken here but an honest pound trout.

After carefully packing him in greenstuff I sat down to smoke and give the pool a rest. Waiting a half hour I tried again and killed a ten inch trout. Soon after, coming on traces of Bill, I struck out for the car.

Here I found Fred who had nine fair sized fish and we compared notes, ate lunch and thoroughly enjoyed the woodland beauties. When the Pater found us later we were sprawled out smoking and yarning in lazy contentment.

He showed five trout all nice ones and presently Bill joined us with eight more.

The evening fishing yielded ten more, the Pater killing one which outranked my big one by an inch, thereby making his a perfect day.

The drive home to the main highway was to be remembered. We were tired enough to appreciate the cushions and well satisfied with a day well spent.

Through the twilight we rolled with the evening songs of our lesser brethren ringing in our ears.

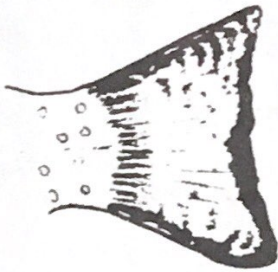
All too soon we struck the open turnpike and leaving the songsters to breathe their message to and fro across the stream we turned our faces towards home and supper.

(Editor's Note: This article was reprinted from the March, 1927 issue of Hunting & Fishing Magazine. Any reader care to give us the current fishing status of Burlington Brook???)

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"The charm of angling, and the strong hold it takes upon many of us, have never been exactly explained. This is not because angling is mysterious in its nature, like poetry, but because its fascination is so inclusive, woven of so many strands."

from Thy Rod And Thy Creel, by Odell Shepard



## CAUDAL FINIS

by Ken Parkany

In August of this year, as our September issue of Lines & Leaders was going to print, our printer regretfully informed us that their services could no longer be provided. For the past two years the Undercliff Medical Center (thanks to fellow member, Dr. Ed Poriss) has printed our newsletter for about half the cost of a commercial printer. This was done in support of non-profit organizations, like CFFA, as a service to the community. They did a great job.

But cost was a key factor in bringing you a monthly newsletter in its present format (thru May 75). Naturally, when we were forced to seek a commercial printing service, some changes were necessary to keep the additional costs to a minimum. The most noticeable difference - printing on both sides of the paper, has eliminated previously wasted space, conserved on a valuable natural resource, and reduced the weight to within first class rates. The other change concerns the size. Future issues will contain 6, 8, or 10 pages (3, 4, or 5 sheets, respectively), including the cover/address page. Prior to September, they ran 10 to 16 pages, inclusive. While some of the quantity will be sacrificed, all the quality will be retained.

We hope that you will continue to enjoy the newsletter in spite of the differences. Perhaps the reduced size will be only temporary. Someone just might come through, like Dr. Ed did two years ago, with an idea that can help us trim the publishing costs. It's your newsletter, so let us know. Meantime, why don't you at least do your share. You can help by contributing something, be it ever so small, to Lines & Leaders. We're planning a special fly tying issue. Why not send in your favorite fly pattern, or pet tying technique? Good intentions go astray, so DO IT NOW, before you forget!

Letters, articles, jokes, cartoons, ideas, or anything of interest to the general membership should be forwarded to:

Ron Zawoysky  
336 Hunter Road  
Tolland, Ct 06084

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(The two examples of nostalgia are just a couple of the many "gems" to be found in the old and outa' print.)

May, 1925: Hunting and Fishing

March, 1927: Hunting and Fishing

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CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION, INC.  
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November General Membership Meeting

Program: The program will be a fly tying session featuring several of the club's expert fly tiers.

Where: Knights of Columbus Hall on Bloomfield Avenue in Windsor.

When: Wednesday, November 12, 1975.

Time: Full session-6:45 P.M.  
Program-7:30 P.M.

This program has become extremely popular since it was initiated a few years ago. CFFA's experts will be on hand to help both the beginner and the advanced tiers. Do you want to know how to tie the latest patterns; thorax tie, flybody fly, fluttering caddis, Thunder Creek streamer, Swisher and Richards patterns, latex caddis, parachute flies, or any of the old standbys? Then come on out, and bring a friend. As usual, doorprizes and refreshments will be provided.

FLY TYING