

Lines and Leaders

CFFA

November 1978

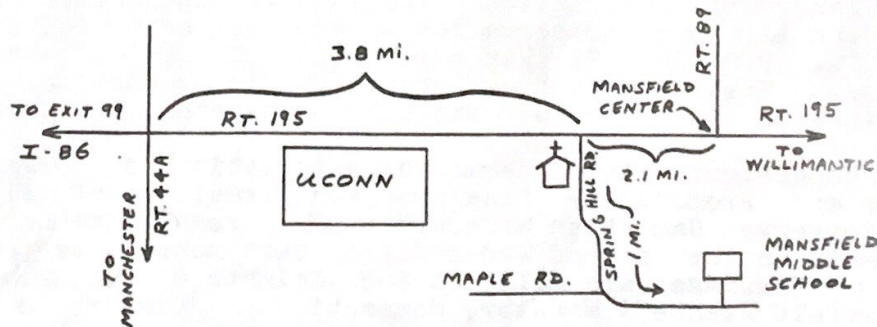
Vol. 5 No. 3

Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association

Monthly Meeting

PROGRAM: Bass Fishing
WHERE: Mansfield Middle School on Spring Hill Road in Mansfield.
WHEN: November 8, 1978
TIME: Fly Tying - 6:45 p.m.
Program - 7:30 p.m.

CFFA will conduct its November Membership meeting at a special location, the Mansfield Middle School in Mansfield. The featured program for the evening will be "Bass Fishing" and will be preceded by the usual fly tyers (tying bass bugs). We hope all of you regulars will come over into Eastern Council's area and enjoy a fantastic program.



A Quill and a Flyrod



by Don Johnston

The winter winds will soon whistle through the barren trees as we head into another New England winter, and begin to look forward to next years fishing season.

It is also time for all of you members to try your hand at writing something for LINES AND LEADERS. That's right, YOU!

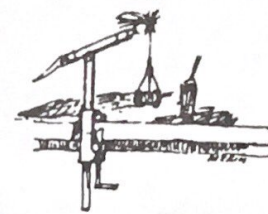
A select few have been carrying LINES AND LEADERS for some time and need a little help. Why not sit down some evening and put your quill to the paper and share some thoughts with your fellow club members.

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 * publication is delivered via bulk rate and cannot be forwarded. *
 * *
 * The Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Association is "Organized to Pre- *
 * serve and Promote the Pleasures and Tradition of Fly Fishing and *
 * to Conserve Game-Fish Waters." CFFA regular membership meetings *
 * are held on the second Wednesday of each month, September through *
 * May. Meetings are held at the Knights of Columbus Hall, 500 *
 * Bloomfield Avenue, Windsor, Connecticut. Eastern Council meetings *
 * are held on the fourth Wednesday of each month at the Mansfield *
 * Middle School, Spring Hill Road, Mansfield, Connecticut. *
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Under the Tyer's Lamp



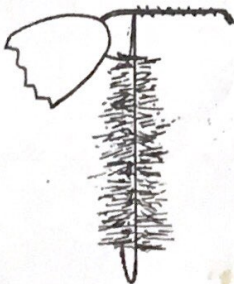
Leo R. Leggitt

Mark S. Leggitt

The Vermont Caddis

Fall is with us now and soon we'll be hanging up our fly rods for the season. But before we do, let's try one more crack at some quality dry fly fishing. The Yantic River's fly fishing only section should provide the setting. And the Vermont Caddis would be the perfect fly. It's high floating, visible, durable, and yet quite easy to tie. Try a few size 14's in the pockets behind the larger rocks in the faster runs and we think you'll see what we mean. Good luck!

1. Tie in black Danville's Prewaxed thread to a Mustad #94833 or #94840 size 14 hook. Wind to the bend and form a loop about 2 inches long. Wrap thread forward.
2. Place liberal amounts of hares' ear and mask dubbing, including the guard hairs, through the dubbing loop. Clamp your hackle pliers to the bottom of the loop and spin the looped dubbing into a tight yarn rope. Wrap the rope forward on the hook and tie off.
3. Trim the body to a cigar shape, though keep it rough.
4. Tie in a brown and a grizzly dry fly hackle. Wind both, tie off and trim. Form a head of tying thread, whip finish and apply head cement.



THE SEASONS OF THE BEAVERKILL

Mark S. Leggitt

The first snows of winter are settling softly outside my window now and my tying is interrupted by thoughts of large trout and seasons gone by. The Laborador, dreaming of the new day ahead, lays quietly sleeping beside me. Blue smoke curls up from the charred bowl of my pipe, its aroma filling the air with a likeness of vintage French brandies. A brace of retired Edwards rods lay silently in the corner and boxes of hackled flies await their sorting and cleaning. A newer Hardy is slipped from its case and the aroma of cobbler's wax used in the rod bag fills the air. As I admire its unique craftsmanship, my thoughts drift back to an extraordinary day in September where every section of the river I was fishing brought a different hatch ending with a chocolate colored Isonychia amidst the drizzling rain.

Our thoughts often drift back to favorite reaches and past seasons; of worn waders and pale lines. One stream comes to mind most often, its subtle character and varied hatches providing the moods and enigmas which can never be forgotten. Come with me as I travel back through the seasons and the hatches on the storied Beaverkill River's No-kill water, perhaps the East's finest tribute to modern stream management.

The chilled winds of April scatter winter leaves onto the surface of Barnharts Pool. The trees are grey and barren now but life awaits silently inside them and the nights laden the meadows with a snowy-white frost.

The rips at the county line are alive with the harbingers of dry-fly fishing and flashes can be seen deep in the runs to the emerging Epeorus nymphs. Although the water temperature drops to 40 degrees at night, the midday sun warms the exposed river to fishable temperatures.

I have often gone fishless through this hatch which has led me to work out several prototypical patterns to match the hatching characteristics of the Epeorus family. My work has resulted in the design of an emerger pattern which incorporates strips of lead laced to the hook shank to form the flattened appearance of the natural. Polypropelane body material and a length of grey poly yarn as an emergent wing complete the pattern. The imitation rides the current properly and has proven itself remarkably successful when rising trout refused my dry flies.

Around the first bend, the cold water chute fans out and the first true character of Barnharts can be found. Here the river slows to a gentle pace and the deer often forage in the nearby fields. The backdrop of evergreens are mirrored on the smooth currents that carry the first Paraleptophlebias to the widening rings. The trout rise almost lethargically to sip in the multitude of slate-colored duns and tiny blue quills or dun variants produce their share of

(continued on page 5)

Seasons of the Beaverkill (continued from page 4)

stream-wise browns. Occasionally, a well-balanced no-hackle fly will fool a trophy-sized fish that can run anglers into their backing and provide for many sleepless nights. Barnharts is truly the flyfisher's dream.

A light, misting rain is falling, dimpling the surface of Barnharts like so many rises. The early season brood of Baetis nymphs are nervously moving about the gravel bottom. Anglers, chilled by the rain, wait silently under the protection of the trees. Soon the first duns are seen riding on the surface, their chilled wing muscles unable to lift them from the water. As the trout begin their leisurely feed, cherished Paynes and Leonards flick pale lines out in the haze. Soon they will bow to the pressured runs of heavy fish that threaten to carry them into the heavy rips below.

Swallows chatter noisily in the trees above the tailwaters of this great pool. The river narrows here and the uneven bottom composition causes a multitude of conflicting current movements. This run, as the entire pool above it, is a right-handed caster's dream with the deepest currents hugging the southern bank.

Pale buds line the branches now and the season of the subvaria has arrived. The most opulent of the early season's hatches is just beginning and slate-colored wings can be seen riding the flows and eddying in the backwaters. As the fish begin to surface feed, I select a pale, quill-bodied variant with iron blue hackles to work these faster flows. My imitation is taken readily amongst the naturals. Occasional twitches of the fly account for reel-screaming runs that carry me a hundred yards downstream through the rips above Hendrickson's Pool. Time and again the drama is replayed and as the shadows begin to lengthen, I leave the Beaverkill's largest pool.

The early morning mist lies heavily on the daisies and black-eyed susans in the meadows and the white clapboard farmhouse is just beginning its day. My headlights dance along the asphalt and as I park, I'm glad the long trip is over. The sweetness of the morning air mixes fragrantly with the quietness of the river and as I climb into my waders the morning sun is rising over the mountains.

My hands shake in nervous anticipation as the guides are strung. The Chimarra caddisflies are beginning to hatch in the riffles and I make my way down the ledges of Hendrickson's Pool. Selecting a position in the quiet backwaters, I wait for the slashing rises so typical of caddis chasing trout. Soon they come, exploding the surface of Hendrickson's and I never dreamed so many fish could be contained in such a pool.

A well-hackled Henryville is selected and cast out to the nearest riseform. Its drift goes uninterrupted. Again and again my line unfolds and each drift goes untouched. The trout are in a frenzy now, the air blizzard-like with adult flies. I change flies often. Smaller then larger. Green then tan. Still, my flies are refused. Snagging a natural from its flight is hopeless. I'm losing and I know it.

Soon the hatching activity wanes and I realize that my carefully prepared box of caddis pupae has gone untouched. Silently I move downstream to the laughter of Horsebrook Run and another season.

(continued on page 6)

Seasons of the Beaverkill (continued from page 5)

Lesson dictates the use of slow action rods when fishing the giant Perla nymphs so common to the Beaverkill's faster runs. The heavily weighted flies do not balance with the flick-flick actions of modern dry-fly rods which snap the nymph and dry the moisture from it.

My imitations of these giant stoneflies are constructed with pieces of .035 lead wire laid along the hook shank and bound in place. Goose quill tails, a dubbed abdomen of creamy-yellow wool and an overlay of chocolate mottled turkey feather ribbed with fine gold wire completes the rear portions. The thorax is constructed in much the same manner using pheasant back feathers to represent legs. This is a heavy fly requiring a weight-forward line to carry it out and my three piece Quadrate has the gentle power to handle this combination beautifully.

Horsebrook Run is a fast moving rip, strewn with boulders and glides which shelter trout eagerly awaiting the drifting nymph. As I wade down the run, the stonefly nymph is cast out and across and mended to allow a deep swinging drift through submerged holding lies. The empty cases of the Perla nymphs line the rocks along the shoreline, post-scripts to the nightly emergence taking place.

Suddenly, my line pauses in mid-drift and as I strike back, the Saint Aidan sings loudly. The first run carries us twenty yards downstream and I stumble along to regain line. The brown shakes violently to dislodge the hook but constant tension from the rod prevents his freedom. Several minutes of dashing and holding pass; the battle is stalemated. But ultimately, the heavy tippet and pressure of the rod prove too much and as I revive the trout in a quiet back water, I wonder of Man's invasion into the Trout's quiet domain.

The day is overcast and the air hangs heavily with the odor of diesel fuel as the tractor-trailers grind noisily on the bridge above. The water is emerald colored and the June Isonychia hatch has begun. Thousands of cast shucks line the rocks in testimony to the long season of the bicolor above Cairus Pool.

Although the Isonychias hatch by crawling out of the water onto nearby rocks, their large size and clumsy flight attempts cause many to fall back into the lines of drift and the trout rally to this gift.

For this fishing, I select a Dun Variant, whose Andalusian hackles sparkle in the occasional bursts of sunlight. Knotting it on, I begin working line out, feeling the powerful flex of the rod overcoming the resistance of the hackles. Upstream, a flash is noticed and I deliver a cast to the spot. An inquisitorial rise is followed by a short drift and I send the iron home. But the trout is off. Again I cast to a rising fish. The fly is accepted but the strike is short. Several times in succession this happens and I fail to hook a single fish. Only as the hatch is ending do I check the fly and find that half the bend is broken off. Quickly changing flies, I am able to land one fine fish before the hatch is finished. As I walk up the bank to the car I look downstream to Cairns and its masses. Another season is coming and I promise to return.

END PART I



MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL INVOICE

CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION, INC.

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NAME _____
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Names of other family members for cards for Family, Supporting, Contributing, or Life membership: _____

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AMOUNT

Due for the year 1979 are now payable. Make check payable to "CFFA" and mail to:

Membership Chairman
 Lynwood Smith
 P.O. Box 3191
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Will you usually attend the Eastern Council general meetings?
 Yes No

Please check any committee you are now on or wish to be on.

- | | | |
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Scotty Says....

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Lines and Leaders

LINES AND LEADERS is distributed monthly (9 per year -- September thru May) to all members and allies of conservation. Your ad can be inside! At \$5.00 per issue (\$40.00 for all 9 issues) for a business card size ad, how can you go wrong?

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Donald Johnston
9 Michael Drive
Vernon, CT 06066



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 a letter dated 9/25/74)

Here are the latest changes - We traded in the motor home for a 14' x 70' new mobile home (hated to part with my fish wagon, but gas prices were killing). The mailing address is still Deer Lodge, but we're living in the close-by town of Opportunity.

True to form, I'm within walking distance of a trout stream - a small spring brook named Willow. Water temperatures all summer were no higher than 57°, and it's a brook trout fishery. There are prolific hatches each evening of mayflies and caddis, and the brookies are free-rising souls. The biggest I've caught from the stream is a 14 incher, but I did see a 16 inch fish landed by a worm fisherman.

It's challenging fly fishing, because in the shallow and clear water the wild trout are very spooky. I do a lot of kneeling, creeping, and downstream casting; mostly for fish ranging in size from 7 to 10 inches. The brookies are not particular selective to pattern, but in common with spring - creek trout everywhere, a freely rising fish during a hatch will not move for a fly outside of the precise line of drift. A cast with a positive or negative curve is spotted a few feet above the predetermined holding position, and if the timing fits the rise cycle the take is pretty much assured. Fortunately for the challenge of the situation, it is not easy to cast to a riser because in the cramped winding of the brook the fish hold in some tight spots.

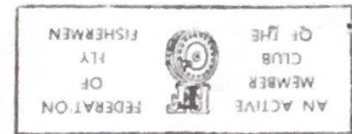
The stream passes right through the town, but as it enters the horse pastures it degenerates into a horrendous (and of course beautiful) swamp as springs seep up everywhere. Beavers (with dams) and muskrats abound. Grouse, ravens, sandhill cranes, and ducks use the small swamp as a nursery. On ambitious days I twice fought my way through to fish this stretch, and it was here that I caught the dark-colored 14 inch brook trout.

Now that Autumn is here the male brook trout are splendid in the tinges of spawning colors. I'm going wild with my camera, hoping for some good shots..... This season was supposed to be the year of the Nymph, as I intended to gather a bit more semblance of knowledge. During the winter days of fishing the weighted nymph, as I cast for Whitefish with Galen Wilkens, I learned a lot (at least it was new and exciting to me). I thought about the many spots where the method would be useful, but then in the summer season I didn't fish those types of spots (rocky riffle runs) and didn't fish the Colorado method of weighted nymph and leader.

I'm beginning to understand that the different techniques of nymph fishing are applicable to different water - types, but I do not know enough to venture any opinions.

(The Skue's Olive Nymph that you sent, which worked great, are textured of soft and vibrant materials; and they were beautiful during Baetis hatches in slow-flow areas. Contrast this with a Sandy Mite, which was developed for the tumbling flow of riffles; the body hard, with stiff hackle fibers. Both types of nymphs are valuable, but in different situations.)

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NOVEMBER 1978 CALENDAR

- November 1 Board of Director's Meeting
- November 8 CFFA Membership Meeting,
Special Location, see page 1.
- November 10 Deadline for LINES AND LEADERS

November						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

COMING EVENTS

February Annual CFFA Banquet
Watch for details!

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

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