



LINES AND LEADERS

CFFA

March 1979

Vol. 6 No. 3

Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association

Monthly Meeting

- PROGRAM:** "Stream Entomology" with CFFA member Ken Thompson.
- WHERE:** Knight's of Columbus Hall on Bloomfield Avenue in Windsor.
- WHEN:** Wednesday, March 14, 1979
- TIME:** Fly Tying - 6:45 p.m.
Program - 7:30 p.m.

Ken Thompson has a wealth of information to pass on concerning stream entomology for those preparing for the approaching season.

Slate of Officers

During a short business meeting preceding the annual banquet on February 10, 1979, the following slate of officers was nominated and elected for 1979.

President	Joe D'Addario
Vice President Conservation	Bob Anderson
Vice President Promotion	Gary Bogli
Vice President Activities	Elmer Latham
Corresponding Secretary	Howard Weldon
Legal Secretary	Dick Smoragiewicz
Treasurer	Norm Holcomb

Give them your support through the coming year.

'An active member club of the Federation of Fly Fishermen'



A Quill and a Flyrod



by Don Johnston

If you read "A Quill and a Flyrod" last March, I stated that the temperature hovered near zero when nearly 200 people attended the 1978 Banquet. We outdid it this year.

Temperatures fell below zero and the crowd topped 200 at Dunfey's Tavern on February 10 for the 1979 Banquet featuring Gary LaFontaine, CFFA member and author of "Challenge of the Trout."

"New Thoughts on the Caddis" was an excellent program, and sent everyone scurrying for "sparkle" yarn.

Leo and Mark Leggitt, whose many excellent articles have appeared in Lines and Leaders, were each awarded the Ted Barbieri Award. This award goes to a general membership individual (non-board member) for outstanding service in support of the objectives of CFFA. This marks only the second time this award was presented, but it was impossible to split this father and son team. Hence, two Wheatley engraved fly boxes were awarded.

The CFFA Scarlet Ibis Award, a 7 foot Boron rod for 3-4 weight line was presented to Elmer Latham.

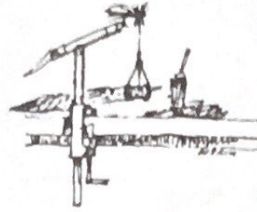
The first CFFA Scholarships (\$250 each) were presented to George William Benz and Ken Thompson. A special gift of appreciation was presented to Mrs. Joe D'Addario, who handled the Banquet reservations once again.

NEW EDITOR

It was three years ago, the March 1976 issue to be exact, that I began my duties as editor of Lines and Leaders. When I put this issue to press, I will hand over the task to Jenny St. Jacques of East Granby.

I trust that you will give her the support you gave me during the past years. All items should be sent to Jenny St. Jacques, 21-C Seymour Road, East Granby, Ct. 06026.

Under the Tyer's Lamp



Leo R. Leggitt

Mark S. Leggitt

Master Tyer
Myron Schulman's Caddis House Nymph

This month we are continuing the Master Tyer feature which was started last year in this column. As you may remember, the intention is to periodically present a local tyer whose reputation has earned them the title of Master Tyer, and to give you a little insight into their background of fishing and fly tying experience and to present the complete instructions for the procedures used in tying one of their favorite flies.

The tyer we are presenting this month is certainly no stranger to those who regularly attend the CFFA monthly meetings as he is currently the program chairman and in the past has held various club positions and has left his influence on many club members through his instructions in fly tying courses. He is the dynamic fellow with the bushy face and booming voice which requires no amplification to be heard and one who goes out of his way to promote all aspects of fly tying and fishing. This is Myron Schulman, who unlike many of us, is a native of Connecticut; having been born 31 years ago not far from the Yantic river where he caught his first fish and where he still fishes regularly. He credits his father for getting him started fishing at the tender age of 3 (he has a picture of himself and the fish), but it wasn't until he was 8 that he caught his first trout and has been at it ever since. Myron started tying flies about 10 years ago under the tutelage of Walter Burr, and joined the CFFA club the following year.

A schoolteacher by profession, Myron has a lot of time to go fishing and due to a very understanding wife, he certainly takes advantage of that time; having been on the stream for some 56 plus times this past year, catching and releasing an excess of 500 trout. His meticulously noted log book can yield when, where, kind, fly used and stream conditions for each trout caught. He says his most enjoyable type of fishing is with the midge dry fly and it is no surprise that this is also where he considers himself most skillful in trout fishing. If he has a one "best" fly it is a #20 Henryville. His most memorable fishing experience occurred this past season on the first of september while fishing Pennsylvania's Falling Springs, where he consecutively caught 5 trout over 15 inches long. Like most of us Myron has visions of conquest and his is to catch allspecies of fresh and salt water gamefishes.

The fly Myron likes to use when conditions are suitable is one that he innovated which imitates an emerging nymph from its stick house, hence the name Caddis House Nymph. Here it is...

Construction

1. Place a Mustad #9672 (3XL) size #10 hook in the vise and tie on black prewaxed 6/0 thread near the hook bend. Note--this fly can be made weighted by wrapping on a few turns of lead wire along the hook shank at this time--Myron doesn't.
2. Tie in a 3 inch length of grey sparkle or dazzle yarn which will be used for an underbody to build up bulk in the fly. This type of yarn is used so that when fly is worn, the underbody will still retain an iridescent "look alive" quality.

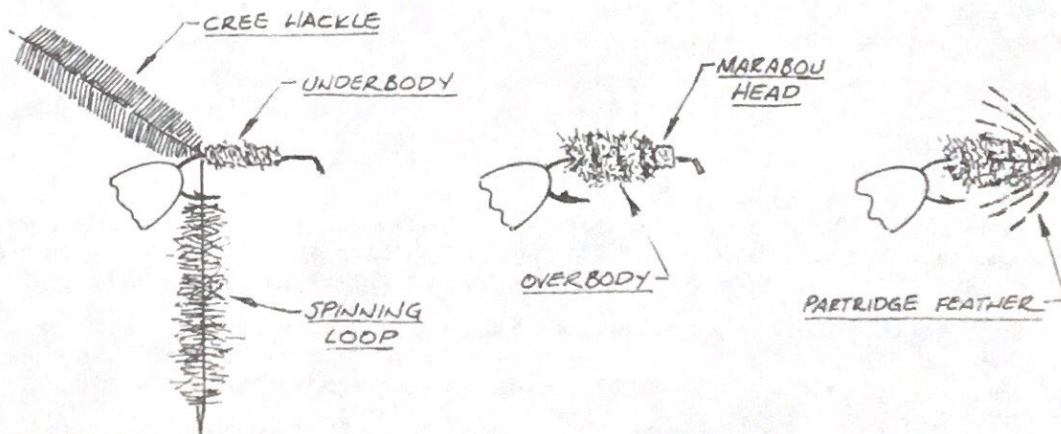
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Spiral the thread forward and wrap the yarn forward building up the underbody for about $\frac{3}{5}$ of the distance to the hook eye, tie off yarn and wrap thread over the underbody back to original position at hook bend.

3. Tie in a cree hackle feather by the tip that has been prepared by trimming the feather barblues to about $\frac{3}{16}$ inch long on both sides of the feather stem.
4. Make a spinning loop with the thread at the hook bend about 3 inches long, secure the loop with several turns here and then spiral thread over the underbody to its forward end.
5. The dubbing to be used for the fly overbody is a mixture of hares ear fur combined with grey, olive, and brown segments of dazzle yarn all blended together. Myron uses a small electrical blender for this. Wax the spinning loop and fill with the above mixture, spreading it along and trapping it between the two threads of the loop. Attach hackle pliers to the lower end of the filled loop and spin the pliers, thus twisting the loop into a very tightly twisted chenille-type strand. The bugger looking---the better.
6. Grasp the hackle pliers and take one turn of twisted body material mixture around around the hook in back of the cree feather, then wrap forward with closely spaced turns covering all the underbody and tie off at forward end of underbody.
7. Palmer the cree feather forward 3 or 4 turns, embedding it firmly into the overbody, and tie off at forward end of body. With bodkin, pick out any body fibers that appear to be matted down under the feather. This represents some extra sticks on the caddis house.
8. To represent the head of the emerging caddis, tie in by their tips at the forward end of the body (house) about 10-15 strands of white marabou fibers and wrap to build up a head for about $\frac{1}{2}$ distance to hook eye ($\frac{1}{5}$ hook length)--tie off.
9. To complete the fly, tie in the tip end of a partridge feather by the stem and take two turns, tie off and finish with a few turns of thread, half-hitch snugly and cement. With tweezers pluck out some partridge feather barbules to leave a very sparse collar, perhaps only 12-15 barbules spaced around the head as these represent caddis legs and should not be too plentiful.

Myron fishes this fly with a sunken line, quartering down or upstream -- lets swing below and retrieves for a couple of feet before recasting.



SECOND ANNUAL HUNTING AND FISHING TAG SALE

WHEN : SAT MARCH 24 10:00-3:00

WHERE : ROCKVILLE FISH & GAME CLUB
SEE MAP BELOW

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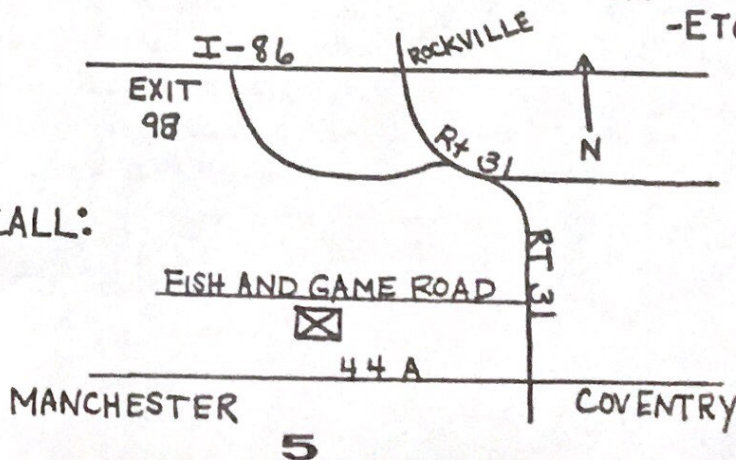
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Peanut Butter

by Jay Conant

It had started to rain and the fishing wasn't worth a damn anyway so Herman and I crouched up under a big oak tree to wait out the rain and shoot the bull about fishing and some of the strange characters we'd known. It wasn't long before Herman chuckled and began to tell about Rufus Bartholemew Zogboam — an old-timer he'd known some years back.

"Yep. Ole Ruf — that's what we called him — he was a character, alright. Southerner. One of them damned bass fishermen. You know the type."

I did.

"Well," continued Herman, "seems about twenty years ago — just after he retired from the bourbon factory — must've been a taster or somethin'. Always carried a pint of the stuff with him — usually in the pouch in his waders. Wanted it handy to calm his nerves in case he hooked into a big fish. Never saw him break a bottle. Not a one. Took a few good spills, too. Must've known the good stuff from the bad — he sure drunk enough of it. Never the good stuff, though. 'Got to watch out fer that good stuff,' he used to say. 'Too much refinin' — bad fer yer plumin'. Rot the hell out of yer pipes.' "

Herman paused for a second. "Let's see, now. Where was I? Oh, yeah." He lit the stub of his cigar, took a couple of puffs and continued.

"After he retired ole Ruf decided he'd try trout fishin'. He'd always wanted to and never got around to it durin' his workin' years. I use the word 'work' loosely, of course. Well, he'd always wanted to fish the Battenkill. Seems he'd read about it in Sports Afield, or one of those. So after he retired he came to Vermont figurin' to spend the summer fishin', but the place got to him and he ended up spendin' the next fourteen years here. Right up 'till the day he died, rest his soul."

Well, I couldn't see anything strange about Rufus yet. I mean, spending your final years on the Battenkill isn't so bad. And being able to fall while still maintaining enough presence of mind to realize what's important to salvage and what isn't certainly seems to have its advantages. But I could see Herman was getting wound up so I settled into a more comfortable position, relit my pipe, and pulled my hat down lower to keep the rain out of the bowl.

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And Herman rambled on. "Must've been 'long about his tenth year up here I met ole Ruf on the stream one day. We got to know each other pretty good after a while. He'd come over to my place and help me tie flies, and I'd go over to his place and help him drink bourbon. Ole Ruf never drank while he was tyin'. Never could find a convenient place to put the bottle, what with all the feathers and such floatin' around. Or so he used to say.

"Well, one day ole Ruf and I were fishin' the Jungle Stretch, but the fish weren't cooperatin'. Neither were the mosquitoes. So we decided to sit on the bank and smoke a couple of cigars before the mosquitoes carried us off, and plot a new strategy so's we could carry some fish off. Well, we were sittin' there puffin' away holdin' our own against the mosquitoes when all of a sudden I noticed somethin' strange about ole Ruf's fly. He was fishin' an ordinary ole Leadwing Coachman, but it was covered with some funny lookin' tan stuff.

" 'Hey, Ruf,' I said. 'What's that stuff you got on yer fly?'

" 'Peanut butter,' ole Ruf said, straight-faced as you please.

" 'Peanut butter?!' I said. 'How much bourbon you had today?'

" 'I had my share of bourbon, Herman, but the answer is still peanut butter.

P-E-N-U-T B-U-T-E-R. If you don't beleive me, see fer yerself.'

" So I reached over and rubbed my fingers over his fly, and tasted a bit of the stuff and sure 'nough, it was peanut butter.

" 'Best damned trout ketcher I've found,' ole Ruf said. 'Course I'm a fly purist, you know, so's I don't use worms or any of them other phony means. That's cheatin'. Nope. Strictly flies. Course I'm not opposed to sprucin' 'em up a bit. Improve the odds jest a tad.

" 'Actually, I've tried several other things on the flies, but peanut butter works best. Jelly works good, too. 'Cept it don't stay on the hook worth a damned. They seem to prefer grape. Must like the color.'

" 'Peanut butter?' I said. 'How did you ever think of that?'

" 'It's very simple,' ole Ruf said. 'I read once where peanut butter's the perfect food. All a body needs to survive is peanut butter and water. Well, hell, I figured the fish got all the water they want, so's all ^I got to supply is the peanut butter.'

" 'But Ruf,' I said. 'How'd you know the fish'd like it?'

" 'Well, dammit, Herman, trout got noses, and from the way they spit our lies out occasionally they sure can taste. So once they taste it, they got to like it. After all, Herman, you ever know anybody that didn't like peanut butter?'

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"Well, I'd known people who didn't like a lot of things, but I sure couldn't remember any that didn't like peanut butter.

" 'And besides,' ole Ruf continued, 'If you put it on right it don't foul the action of the fly none. And you don't lose many fish with it, either.'

" 'Why?' I asked.

" 'Herman,' ole Ruf said, 'I don't think you've ever had peanut butter in your whole damned life. Didn't you ever try to get the stuff off the roof of your mouth once it gets stuck up there? I once knowed a feller down t' the bourbon factory damn near swallowed his tongue tryin' to get the stuff off. Why, them ole trout get the stuff stuck up there and it kinda glues the hook in place. Besides, they spend so much concentration on the peanut butter they ferget to fight and before they know it you got 'em reeled right up into yer net.'

"Well, about that time, we'd finished our cigars, ole Ruf had finished his bourbon, and the mosquitoes were starting to get thick again. So we went home."

"Did you ever try peanut butter?" I asked.

"Nope." Herman answered. "Never did."

"Hey, Herman. It's stopped raining."

"By golly, it has. Let's go catch some trout."

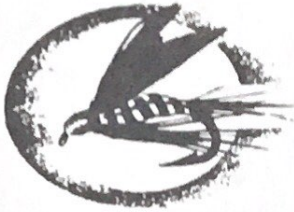
"O.K."

But the trout had other ideas.

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MARCH CALENDAR

March 7 ECCFFA Fly Tying Class
March 7 Board of Director's Meeting
March 10 Deadline for LINES AND LEADERS
March 14 CFFA Membership Meeting, see pg. 1
March 14 ECCFFA Fly Tying Class
March 21 ECCFFA Fly Tying Class
March 28 ECCFFA Fly Tying Class

March							1979		
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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	31			

COMING EVENTS

April Fishing Season Opens
May Annual CFFA Outing



CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION, INC.