



LINES AND LEADERS

CFFA

Vol. No.

Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association

Meeting Notice

PROGRAM: "BORON ROD BUILDING" presented by Don Phillips

WHERE: Knight's of Columbus Hall on Bloomfield Avenue
in Windsor

WHEN: Wednesday, May 9, 1979

TIME: Fly Tying Demonstration 6:45

Program Begins 7:30

Don Phillips will be on hand with a slide presentation about the building of boron fly rods, for which he holds a patent.

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





Jenny's Gists

Melvin J. Schneidermeyer, Deputy Commissioner of the Dept. of Environmental Protection (DEP) announced on April 19 that the Department of Health Services (DOHS) advisory which cautions against eating fish caught in the upper Housatonic River remains in effect for the start of the 1979 fishing season.

The advisory warns that fish from the Housatonic contain polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) which may be harmful to humans. The advisory further recommends that these fish not be used for food and requests that anglers release unharmed all fish caught in affected waters.

The warning applies to the Housatonic River above the Stevenson Dam, including Lakes Lillinoah and Zoar as well as the entire stretch of the river to the Massachusetts border. The warning does not include Candlewood Lake or Lake Housatonic. All fish species are covered by the advisory.

During this summer, as part of the PCB control program being implemented by the DEP, studies will be conducted in an effort to revise this warning. A fish sampling program will be jointly conducted by DEP and DOHS. From June through August, using gill nets and seines, DEP's Fisheries Unit will collect 800 specimens comprising twelve fish species. Eleven warm water species will be collected from the four impoundments of the river (Bulls Bridge and Lakes Zoar, Lillinoah and Housatonic) along with trout from the Falls Village-Cornwall stretch. The Laboratory Division of DOHS will analyze the samples for PCB concentration over the next year.

In addition, DOHS will perform a study evaluating the health effects of PCBs on humans who eat Housatonic fish on a regular basis. Members of sportsmen's associations and their families will be sought as volunteers. Analysis of blood samples will enable researchers to determine the extent of potential health hazards from eating PCB-contaminated fish.

Tight Lines

Under the Tyer's Lamp



Leo R. Leggett

Mark S. Leggett

MINIATURE FLY-TYING VISE STAND

For the tying of small flies (size #20 and under), it becomes an almost necessity to employ the use of a small tying vise if one is to do a good job and work unhampered around the fly. We have looked around and have tried various ideas and finally found that holding the fly in a small curved end hemostat to be ideal, but to work satisfactorily as a vise it has to be supported in the proper position, securely and easily. The stand we are showing this month to hold the hemostat does a competent job and has the bonus feature of being small enough to be streamside portable as well as being easy to construct due to the use of wood and standard metal components. Average home-shop woodworking ability is about all that is required in the way of skill and the plans can and should be altered to suit your personal requirements, such as base size and pedestal height.

The plans should be pretty much self-explanatory, but we shall elaborate just a little to make sure all details of construction are covered anyway. Items #1-#2-#3-#4 are all made from wood and item #4 is the only one that needs to be made of hardwood such as maple or birch, the others can be made of softwood such as pine, but almost any kind would be suitable. Now lets get started--- for items #1 and #2, use a piece of 3/4 inch stock, 1 1/2 inches wide and about 8 inches long. Cut off a 2 1/2 inch long piece for item #1 and the remainder will be item #2. On one of the 3/4 inch sides of item #1 cut or plane off to a 30° angle as shown in the diagram. In the center of item #1, and 3/4 inch from the unbeveled edge, drill a 3/16 inch hole. Mark contacting area of item #2 on center of beveled edge of item #1 and coat with white glue. On the end of item #2 coat end grain with glue and rub it in until the glue soaks into the wood, recoat and assemble to item #1. Let assembly dry and hold together with elastic bands to maintain pressure and check alignment until glue sets and parts wont slide out of proper alignment.

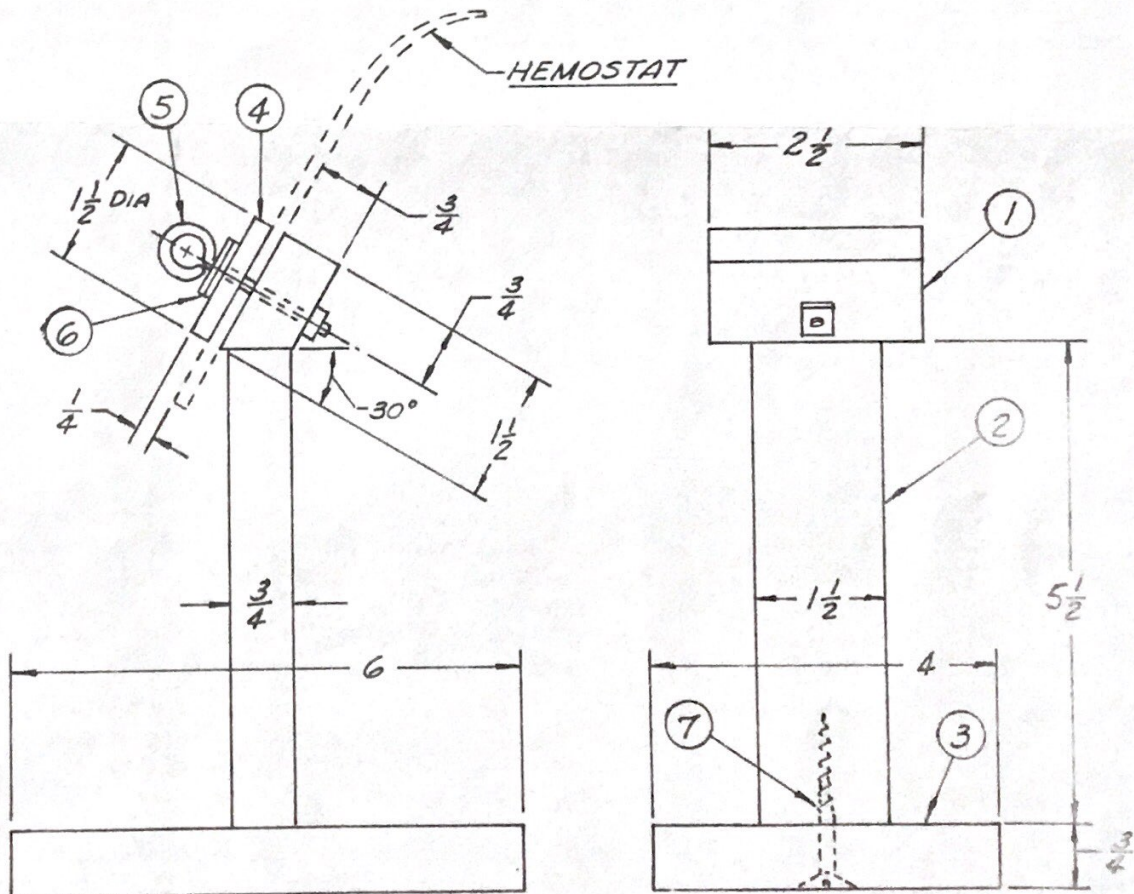
While assembly of items #1 and #2 are drying, make the base, item #3, of 3/4 inch stock. A rectangle 4 by 6 inches would be a reasonable size to start with. In the center, drill and countersink a 3/16 inch hole for the item #7 assembly screw. We have chosen to screw the stand to the base so the parts will disassemble easily for adjustments in stand height or base size or rotational position of head-to-base if desired. It may easily be glued together later when final adjustments are made. The lead-in screw hole in the end of item #2 should not be greater than 1/8 inch in soft wood or the screw threads may pull out. In hard wood the hole could be a little longer. (Always test on a piece of comparable scrap wood for correct lead-in hole size for thread pull-out versus splitting of the end grain).

To complete the vise stand, a wooden clamp plate item #4 is made of hard wood, 1/4 inch thick and 1 1/2 inches in diameter. Drill a 3/16 inch hole in the center for the clamping screw. The clamping force to hold the hemostat in the stand will be furnished by the item #5 eyebolt, assembled as shown with two item #6 washers to protect the wooden clamp plate and to reduce clamping friction. The eyebolt nut goes on the other side of the head as shown. The eyebolt can easily be turned by hand for the required clamping force; if not, a rod may be utilized for additional leverage. Some means of preventing the nut from turning is desirable. It can be done by gluing the nut in place, by inserting a small brad or nail adjacent to the flat side of the nut.

We marked the nut outline on ours and carved out a recess for the nut to sit in then glued it in.

We have found two methods of operating this vise. One is to clamp the hook in the hemostat and slide the handles between the plate and the head, straddling the eyebolt and tightening to secure. The other method is to open the hemostat and place one handle on each side of the eyebolt with the finger holes extending beyond the plate and then close the hemostat around the eyebolt, between plate and head. Hooks may then be clamped and unclamped by this method without removing the hemostat from the stand each time. You will need to try various methods until one is found that suits your needs. Here is a list of materials needed for the project:

ITEM	NAME	SIZE	ITEM	NAME	SIZE
#1	Head	3/4 x 1 1/2 x 2 1/2	#5	Eyebolt	#10 x 2 Inch Long
#2	Pedestal	3/4 x 1 1/2 x 5 1/2	#6	Washer	1/2 O.D. (2) Rrq'd
#3	Base	3/4 x 4 x 6	#7	Screw	#10 x 2 Inch Long
#4	Plate	1/4 x 1 1/2 Dia.			



ARE FLY FISHERMEN PEOPLE?

By ROBERT G. DEINDORFER

ONE memorable summer a fisherman who had been watching an overgrown trout feed on live ginger-colored midge flies decided the way to land it was to tie a bogus look-a-like. No matter how many tackle shops he stopped by, however, he couldn't find the exact shade until the Sunday morning he happened to notice a feather in the hat of a woman seated directly in front of him in church. From the looks of it, art had seldom come closer to imitating nature. He snipped part of the feather off during an especially rousing hymn, tied it into a small dry fly and landed the trout that afternoon.

Apocryphal? Perhaps. Yet that story assumes the dimensions of a parable among fly fishermen. Besides observing the traditional dramatic unities, it illustrates the essential steps by which long odds can be reduced to ultimate triumph: research, persistence, ingenuity.

Whatever spin fishermen and bait casters might think, fly fishing amounts to the most subtle and challenging form of angling. At its higher levels it can take on the shadings of an art form. And the cranky, fussy perfectionists who wear a hatful of feathered lures in season are not inclined to quarrel with that view.

Along streams like the Neversink in New York, the Battenkill in Vermont, the Gunnison in Colorado and the Manistee in Michigan, fly fishermen forever cast, cast, cast out their lines. There's the shape of an early far-off time about them as they do the best they can trying to spook trout out of some dark pool with little more than their own skill. Until the end of the season they're part of the landscape, isolated, alone, whistling to themselves or uttering fishing profanities, thoroughly contented in the outdoors they hold so dear.

But the sport isn't really ever out of season. During the winter, fly fishermen sit home oiling reels, varnishing rods, tying new flies, dreaming their dreams.

If the fly fishing code seems to take on a number of perplexing shadings, that's simply the way things are. On some streams in upper New York state resident purists wouldn't think of trying to bamboozle the trout with anything except flies they tie themselves. As a further refinement, a retired army colonel in Massachusetts won't even buy all the fixings. He raises his own chickens for the soft neck feathers known as hackle, because he finds they give the fly a longer float than store-bought rooster feathers.



Other fly fishermen use barbless hooks and release every fish they catch. On the chalk streams of England sportsmen achieve a purity of some sort by casting only if and when they see a rising fish.

Not the least of many tribal customs is a confusing definition of happiness. For authentic virtuosos, the actual landing of a fish is of noteworthy, but not transcendental, importance. Few people with an impressive catch of fish ever go home by way of the back alley, of course, but fly casters generally care about something more than filling up a frying pan.

Although the total numbers are relatively small, some blokes who fish with 8-foot bamboo rods carry this another step. They actually take a perverse pride in boasting of what others would consider failure. "Yes, yes, out all afternoon and not even a look at a fish," an old-timer told me with curious relish last summer.

Several seasons ago a resident expert named Emil Grimm went so far as to swear off a particular stretch of the Battenkill. Not enough trout? On the contrary. He'd caught dozens of fish, including a couple the size of a daydream, which was the reason he was moving on to some less productive water. The fishing there had been all too good.

For a true fly fisherman, a day on the stream offers an assortment of pleasures, not all of them fish. In their view, the experience is the sum of such elements as the sweet scents of the season, the sun, the isolation, the birds, the animal life, the wild flowers and trees, the beauty of the out-of-doors. The total adds to why fishermen come back.

Generally the men who fish with artificial flies bring a lot of this marginal description into their conversation. Perhaps nothing illustrates this more than the day Walter Squiers of Arlington, Vt., began talking about his salmon trip into Canada the previous summer. Happily, in infinite detail, he spun an epic commentary describing literally everything under the sun—cloud formation, foliage along the banks, the warmth of the morning, indigenous birds, the depth and shape of a pool in the river. According to a visiting New Yorker with the presence of mind to clock him, Squiers' lyrical monologue came to exactly 9 minutes before he ever got around to mentioning the fish.

Under the circumstances, non-fly fishermen can't really be blamed for raising an obvious question. Are fly fishermen people? But the question is downright rhetorical. Of course they aren't. X

BOD MEETING MINUTES

The CFFA Board of Directors met on April 4th.

Negotiations with the State are continuing with regard to the \$2500 EPA grant awarded to CFFA. If CFFA chooses to accept and use the grant, it must be used to mount a public awareness project on the Willimantic River and must be used by October 31, 1979. The project has specific requirements spelled out in the grant which will require a large manpower and time commitment from the club.

The balance in the club treasury as of 3/31/79 was \$7,906.32. Both the annual banquet and the fly fishing and fly tying schools were very successful this year and are one reason for our present balance which is slightly higher than usual at this time of year.

The following guideline was established for governing the sale of items at general membership meetings . . .

An individual or organization with products for sale who is presenting a general membership meeting program may make it known at that meeting that he has items for sale and distribute literature about such items as long as the items are a natural outgrowth of his program presentation. The BOD reserves the right to determine what items fall within this restriction. The individual may not conduct actual sales of these items at the meeting.

CFFA rearing pool fish have not been stocked yet. The stocking date is presently unknown and is subject to when the State will let us use the stocking truck.

CFFA membership presently stands at 220.

Snow White — A Variation For Anglers

by Jay Conant

Once upon a time, long ago, there lived a lovely fair maiden princess called Snow White.

Her hair was platinum blonde. Her lips were red as a new red rose. Her skin was white as snow.

Everyone loved Snow White except the wicked queen, who came armed with a magic wand, and wanted to do Snow White in. I'm sure you know what happens next, what with the mirror on the wall, and the poisoned apple, and Snow White going into a deep sleep.

Well, one day a handsome young prince happened along, decked out in his Hodgeman waders, his Orvis vest with waterproof pockets, and his newly purchased Leonard rod, complete with Hardy reel. He was headed down to the stream to catch the evening rise.

"What's this?" said the prince. "A lovely maiden with platinum blonde hair! She looks like she's in a trance. I'll bet one of those crazy witches zapped her. Maybe I should give her a great big smooch on the lips. I wonder if that old wives' tale really works?"

So the prince laid his Leonard against a tree, knelt down, and was about to test out the old wives' tale when along came Grumpy, one of the seven dwarfs, who was also a fly fisherman. "Wait a minute, there, princy, ole boy! Don't you know what you're about to do?"

The prince looked up, somewhat startled. "Why, yes," replied the prince. "I'm about to awaken this lovely princess from a trance that one of those crazy witches put her in."

"That would be the biggest mistake of your life. Don't you know what that would mean?!" Grumpy asked incredulously.

"Oh, that," replied the prince. "Didn't you know that princes are immune from witches' spells?"

"Boy, are you ever dumb," sighed Grumpy. "If you put the make on that broad you'll be stuck for the rest of your life. Why, she'll be so damned thankful she'll follow you to the ends of the kingdom and you'll never get any peace and quiet. Before you know it, you'll have half a dozen little princelings to drag around and you'll end up trading in your fishing gear for a minnow pail filled with

dirty diapers. You'll be lucky if you can afford to buy a fishing license, much less use it. If I was you, I'd just keep right on walking down to the stream -- and take a different path home."

The prince thought for a minute. "It couldn't be all that bad. And besides, that hair would make terrific Platinum Blonde streamers."

"Platinum Blonde streamers! Hell, there's no salt water for hundreds of miles. What good are Platinum Blondes going to do you? And if you really insist on your Platinum Blondes I've got a pair of scissors in my vest. You can take enough hair to last you the rest of your life."

But the prince, somewhat naive, would hear nothing of it. And so Grumpy, not much on sad stories, headed for the stream to confront a wiser species.

Several years passed, and one day while Grumpy was fishing a small brook he came upon a quiet pool. He was just about to make a cast when he noticed a middle-aged man on the bank idly tossing rocks into the pool.

"Hi," said the man. "How's the fishing?"

"Well, it wasn't bad until some jerk started pegging rocks into the pool and scaring all the damn fish."

"Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't realize...."

"Hey, aren't you the guy who went off with Snow White?"

"Yes. Yes, that's me. You're Grumpy, aren't you?"

Grumpy walked over and sat beside the prince.

"Say, where'd you get that rod? It looks somewhat unusual," said the prince.

"Oh, that," chuckled Grumpy. "You remember that wicked old queen? The one that zapped Snow White? Well, I got to thinking that that magic wand of hers would make a nifty little rod for small streams. So I just went up to her and told her that I needed a good small stream rod and that her magic wand would do nicely, and that if she didn't give it to me I was going to expose her wickedness to the entire kingdom. I told her to go consult that crazy mirror of hers if she thought I was bluffing. She said she would except that once when she was out witching she forgot to take off her mask and she looked into the mirror. As luck would have it, the damn thing broke. Her luck had been so bad since then, she said, she'd gladly give me the wand and anything else I wanted. She still had three years to go on the mirror and I guess she didn't want to extend it any. I told her the wand would do nicely, thank you, and took it home and put guides, a grip, and a reel seat on it. Makes

a dandy rod. Nice delicate action. Very quick. Handles a three-weight line perfectly.

"Here, why don't you give it a try?"

"No, no," sighed the prince. "I'm a little out of practice. Haven't done much fishing lately. The six kids keep me pretty busy. And Snow White keeps finding something around the castle that needs fixing. Last week it was the bridge over the moat. The week before it was patching the castle walls. Who knows what it will be next? And besides, fishing licenses are getting so expensive.

"You know, sometimes I wish I hadn't"

"Yeah, I know how you feel, princy, ole boy. But its never too late, you know."

"Yes, I guess you're right. I could"

"I've got a little place over on the other side of the kingdom," Grumpy said. "It's small, and you'd have to share it with me and six other guys. And the beds might be a bit too small. But it's a homey place. You're more than welcome to"