



LINES AND LEADERS

CFFA

APRIL 1980

Vol. 7 No. 4

Meeting Notice

The April meeting of the Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association will be held at the Holiday Inn, Roberts Street, East Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday, April 9, 1980 at 7:30 P.M. Take the Silver Lane-Roberts Street exit off I-84.

This month's program is Spring Fishing. It will feature slides and discussions by club members of spring fishing conditions, insect hatches, successful fly patterns and fishing "hot spots". Prior to the meeting several CFFA members will be on hand tying their favorite fly patterns.

AN IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PEOPLE WHO THINK THEY ARE CFFA MEMBERS

CFFA dues for calendar year 1980 are now past due. Although notices have been placed in several issues of Lines and Leaders and sent directly to club members by mail, some members have still not paid their dues for this year. If you are in this category, this will be your last issue of the club newsletter unless your dues are paid prior to April 15th.

Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association

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



THE CORNER POOL

Ed Fidrych

Larry Johnson

This month we would like to call your attention to three important events which you should take note of and reprint a humorous article from the Pacific Northwest about the interesting game of "One-On". We know of at least one person who believes trout are a hoax, and that "One-On" is played in the East as well.

We are pleased to note that CFFA member Leo Leggitt was pictured on the front page of the Manchester Evening Herald on Thursday, March 13th. The photo was taken during the fly tying demonstration at last month's meeting.

On Friday, April 4, 1980 Vin Ringrose, Legislative Chairman, will be on the Arnold Dean Talk Show on WTIC to talk about fishing. The program will run from 7:00 to 8:00 p.m. Because last year's show was such a success Vin was invited to join Arnold again this year.

CFFA member Ed Roberts has offered to conduct a fiberglass rod building course next Fall. The only charge for this would be the cost of the blanks and other materials needed for the rods. All interested club members should contact Ed or either of the editors at the next meeting so that we can determine the level of interest in the course. A sign-up sheet will be provided at the meeting.

Finally, we would like to remind you that this year's CFFA Outing has been scheduled for Sunday, May 18, 1980 on the Willi. Look for more details in next month's newsletter.

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Steelhead Fishing is a Hoax - John Wilkins - Clearwater Fly Casters

(Reprinted from a recent newsletter of the Olympic Fly Fishers of Edmonds, Washington.)

For years thousands of anglers have swallowed a yarn promoted by outdoor magazines and chambers of commerce in the Pacific Northwest. According to this myth, numbers of rainbow trout in some of the Northwest streams run out to sea, where they grow to great size and from where, after a few years, they return up the rivers as "steelhead" trout.

Even learned ichthyologists have debated, with straight face, the question whether the steelhead is a distinct species from the non-migratory rainbow. The Fish and Game Departments of these states are in on the hoax, going so far as to establish legal seasons and limits for steelhead. And I must admit that even I was fooled for several weeks after moving to Seattle from the East. But after several trips to famous "steelhead" streams, where I tried every dry fly in my book and even stooped to nymphs with no success, I suddenly realized the truth--Steelhead do not exist!

When I state this conviction to Seattle friends they think I am kidding, but my reply is always: Did you ever catch a steelhead? "Well, no", they admit, "but we've seen steelhead caught!" which just goes to show what a remarkable thing is mass hypnosis. But one must be fair to the Northwest. Actually, a tremendously exciting sport does exist here. It is unpublicized and to the best of my knowledge it is peculiar to the Northwest.

The sport doesn't even have a name, though as its fame spreads, it will probably become known as "One-On". The only One-On game I have witnessed was played last Winter on the Skykomish River. Against my better judgement I was persuaded to brave a freezing morning to try for the imaginary steelhead. A friend had assured me that winter steelhead were more plentiful than summer ones, so I decided to try winter fishing once, before staking my reputation on the belief that steelheads don't exist.

Crunching across frozen stubble, I reached the river an hour after sunrise. About 20 men were on the bank and in the river. I assumed that they were steelheading, as they all had rods, but I was to learn that they were in the first inning of a game of One-On.

My impressions of the game were confused because of its chaotic violence, but as best I can remember, One-On goes something like this: One squad of players wears eskimo-like uniforms of parkas, boots, heavy mittens and the like. They play in the squatting position, beating themselves for warmth and periodically leaping upright to run in a stationary position. A continuous chant of curses is part of the game. The rods rest in forked sticks and the hooks are baited with gobs of salmon eggs. These players are called "plunkers". One could swear they were fishing rather than playing One-On.

The other squad, known as "drifters", wears waders and lines up on a bar. The man farthest out stands in water above his hips, his fingers blue, his nose red, his expression tense. These players do not chant curses; they mutter in low voices. Every two or three minutes a drifter casts a red ball about the size of an orange. When I saw these so-called lures I realized that the men weren't really fishing. Further proof of their not fishing was the fact that they didn't carry landing nets.

Now and then a drifter leaves his spot, which is taken by the next player in line, and everyone moves up one position. Warmed by driftwood fires, substitutes line the bank like football players on a bench. The main purpose of the fires, however, is to provide hazards in the game. An interesting feature of the game is the air of haughty disdain which the drifters maintain toward the plunkers. The whole setup at first seemed ridiculous. I talked briefly with some of the players but they had a language all their own, studded with terms such as "strawberries" and "bumps" and "rooters". One player stared at my Lady Beaverkill with disgust and referred to me as a "cracker".

I started to leave--but a faint cry from far upstream caught our attention. The players tensed. The cry sounded again from much nearer--"one-on". "One-on!" shouted the plunkers and drifters. Furiously they started reeling in, and the drifters dashed for shore. "One-on! One-on! One-on!" came the cry from upstream louder and louder. There was a sound like a tornado approaching and a crazed figure charged up from around the bend--"One-on!" He held his arching rod with both hands. His line was attached to something in the current that yanked him along. A snow flurry had hit, so I couldn't get a good look at the river, but apparently the thing in the water was as important to the One-On game as a football is to football.

The runner was upon us in seconds. He jumped two fires. Then he was in the water doing a few strokes of the Australian crawl with his rod in his teeth. Then he was back on shore spreading wreckage in his wake. I think the game is scored by an involved point system--say, three points for jumping a fire; four points for tromping on a plunker; five points for snarling a drifter's line; six points for smashing someone's rod; one point for each lure hanging from the runner's garments or flesh when the game ends. Probably there is a point bonus if the runner reaches Puget Sound with the mysterious object still on the end of his line. Kind of a Decathlon!

The runner disappeared downstream with the thing in the water splashing like mad and dragging him along. The game entered a new phase; a half-mile away the runner was shouting: "Twenty pounds!" "Twenty pounds!" I never did find out what the thing in the water was. Everyone I asked just laughed. Well, this is a screwy part of the country, but I enjoy living here. I have two ambitions: (1) to learn to play One-On, and (2) to convince my friends that there is no such thing as steelhead.

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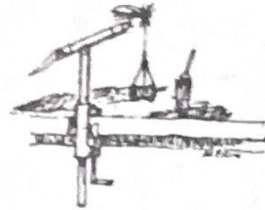
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Under the Tyer's Lamp



Leo R. Leggitt

Mark S. Leggitt

Paraleptophlebia Nymph

I really didn't feel like wading wet that day although Lord knows, it was hot enough to. Instead, I chose to wear short socks and cut-off jeans inside my chest-highs. The idea was a mistake, I knew that from the start, but what the hell. I'd sweat it out and let the wader's insides dry in the late afternoon's sun. Besides, there was a mild hatch coming, and in late July you don't pass any opportunity to fish for rising trout. I grabbed a rod and headed out.

The flies which were gracing the riffles above the camp were the *Paraleptophlebia debilis*, a sister hatch to the fabled Blue Quills or Mahogany Duns of Opening Day fame. These are a delightful hatch and like their sister, command a nice rise of fish from almost all streams where they are found. A smaller fly, the average adult is only 6 to 8 millimeters long, a size 18 or 20 hook. Their body is a dark reddish-brown and wings a smokey-grey. The spinner's colors are the same except the wings are clear, and the nymph is mahogany brown throughout.

I walked upstream quite a ways to avoid any other fishermen or passer-bys. I wanted to fish alone, catch a little sun and maybe even a fish or two. I knew of a truly great pool, which stretched out for 200 yards and held some dandy beasts in it's depths, and I chose it's headwaters in which to begin my afternoon. Here and there a mayfly would escape the water, but the sivery-golden flashes in the runs spelled out the story. I had learned my lessons earlier in the week and knew that a sinking line and nymph were in order.

The *Paraleptophlebia* nymph that I chose to fish with was created from a design offered by Ernest Schwiebert in his classic, Nymphs. It is an unusually intricate pattern suited equally to tempt the tyer's abilities as the trout's palate. And, as I felt of so many of Schwiebert's patterns: their successes cannot be denied; my luck would be obliged.

I began casting at the headwaters which emptied into the pool. The main flow was 6 feet deep but only knee deep where I stood. The fly sank rapidly because of both the full sinking high density line and the small pieces of lead which were used in the fly's construction.

The line bellied and swung twice without being followed. On the third cast there was a gentle tug and as I struck back a foot-and-a-half-long barrel-chested giant shot forth out of the water. For a split second time stood still, the bright sun glistening against it's spotted sides and the fly sunk solidly into it's

jaw. Then it crashed back into the run sending spray flying in all directions. She ran long next, well into the heart of the pool and the reel's backing. I clambered for the shallows to get a small advantage in position.

And then the run stopped. Cold. Dead. Silent... I circled slowly down along the bank. Finally I was below her position. I tightened up but there was no fight. Pump and reel, pump and reel, the weight came freely. Soon I could see the white belly in the shallows. She was dead, an artery blown in her first mighty run. I lifted her into the net and removed the nymph from her jaw. And I trembled in the heat...

Try this little nymph the next time the Paraleptophlebias are on the water. Maybe a great lady awaits your cast.

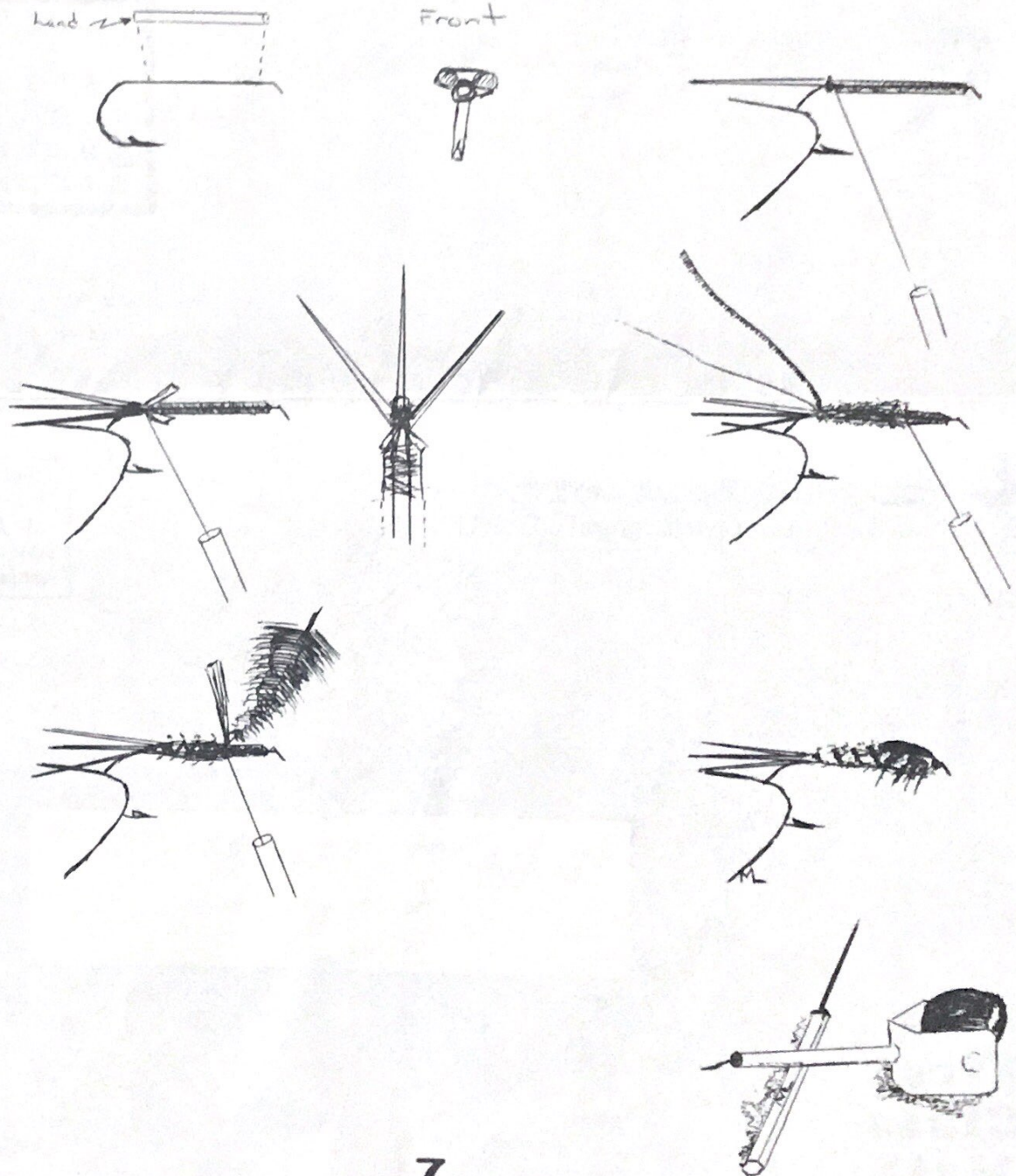
Construction

1. Place a Mustad #9671 2X long hook in the vise. Use size 16 or better still, size 18. Tie in your pre-waxed thread at the eye.
2. Lash two pieces of .010 to .015 lead wire to the sides of the hook shank as illustrated. Try to keep these on a flat plane when viewed from the front. Cover them well with thread and then cement the assembly and set aside to dry. Trim the tips of the lead to form tapers at the head and tail.
3. Tie in one fiber of a cock Ring-neck Pheasant center tail so that it lies straight back from the hook. Now spin a minute amount of dark mahogany-brown fur on the thread and wind a tiny hump or ball at the tie-in point of the fiber. Next, tie in two more fibers, one on each side of the hook, just a hair in front (towards the eye) of the spun fur ball. Wind the thread into the ball next, to separate and bind the side fibers into a wide spread ✓ as illustrated.
4. Tie in a piece of thin gold wire for the over rib. Add a piece of natural grey ostrich herl next, which will also be a rib and simulate the abdominal gills.
5. The abdomen is next. This is built of spun fur over the lead wire base. Wind the thread to a point $\frac{1}{3}$ the shank length back from the eye. Dub on thinly the fur of your choice, which should be mahogany-brown. Orvis Spectrablend "Dark Claret" is good, as is Jorgensen's Seal-ex Blend # 107-Adoptiva. Wind the dubbing back to the tail and then forward again, producing a neat taper as shown. Next, wind the herl rib up the abdomen in wide turns (about 4) and tie off. Repeat with the gold wire, winding in the opposite direction. Tie off and trim both.
6. Tie in a vinylized section of goose wing quill for a wing case, keeping the fuzzy side towards the tail for now. Also tie in, by the tip, a ginger hen hackle tip which will serve as legs. Carry the thread forward.
7. Dub on more fur and wind a healthy thorax. Then wind the hen hackle in 2 or 3 turns over the thorax and tie off. Finally, pull the goose feather over all and secure at the head. Bind this tightly and trim all waste. Wind a neat head, whip or

this tightly and trim all waste. Wind a neat head, whip or half-hitch and cement.

8. As a final step, trim the ostrich herl on the top and bottom so that the flue are evident only on the sides.

Good Luck,



APRIL 1980 CALENDAR

- April 1 Eastern Council Fly Tying-Last Class
- 2 Board of Director's Meeting
- 9 CFFA April Meeting-Spring Fishing
- 12 Fly Fishing School-Casting Instruction
- 16 Eastern Council Meeting-Lou Tabory
- 19 Fishing Season Opens

A P R I L						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		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

- MAY 7 Board of Director's Meeting
- 14 CFFA May Meeting
- 18 Annual CFFA Outing

M A Y						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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