



LINES & LEADERS

NEWSLETTER OF THE CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION

NOVEMBER MEETING • Tuesday, November 10, 1987, 6:30 pm

Due to the Veterans Day Holiday Wed., the 11th of November our meeting place will be closed. Therefore, our meeting will be held on Tuesday the 10th of November at Veterans Memorial Club House. **Please note change.**

The program will be a Fly Tiers Tie Along in which all attending will have the opportunity to bring their vise, light and tools and tie along with whoever they choose from the eight skilled tiers listed present. We hope as many as possible will participate and those who choose not to are most welcome to observe. We look for an educational evening from the tiers stand point and expect the conversation around the tables will include how to, where to, and when to fish the various patterns tied. If we participate, look and listen everyone should take home something of value learned through the sharing experience.

Ernest Boutiette will run you through one of the popular Wulff Patterns.

Gary Bogli is going to feature a Poly Hoop Parachute he has used quite successfully.

Elmer Latham will tie the Burlap Pattern. Now you'll understand why he signed his column Burlap.

Gary Steinmiller brings to his table the famous Goddard Caddis.

Myrow Shulman will spotlight an effective Saltwater Pattern.

Paul Beaudreau, innovative tier that he is, has come up with two new ties. A moth and a beetle. You'll do them both.

Gene Miller will present a Fur Nymph that he thinks very highly of.

Jim Booker will take you through the Muddler Minnow. Jim is not a member but is joining us courtesy of Walt Stockman, owner of S&M Fly Shop, who could not come. Thanks Walt. Jim ties commercially but its interesting to note that he does not fish.

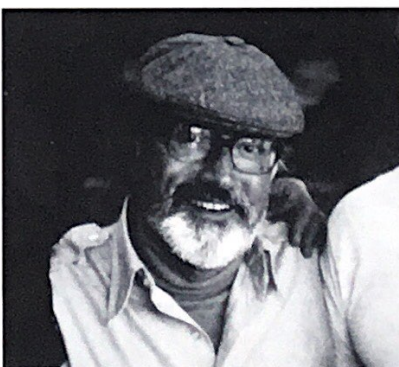
Hooks and materials will be provided at no cost.

Member Profile

CFFA is 19 or 20 years old, depending on where we define the starting date. Meet Charter member Vin Ringrose, who has been with us since 1968, when CFFA drew up its by-laws, and elected Ted Barbieri as the first President.

Vin began as our first conservation chairman, and became our second President serving from 1970 to 1973. Since that time, Vin has remained on the Board of Directors as Legislative Chairman, and has been CFFA's representative on the DEP Citizen's Advisory Council, serving as the council's president from 1980 to 1984.

Some of you may have heard Vin on Arnold Dean's sports talk show on WTIC, where he has appeared on the night before Opening Day for the past



Note: Vin can always be counted on when you need that extra hand.

decade, representing CFFA and talking about fishing.

Vin is a practicing pediatrician in New Britain, where he opened his office in 1961. He has four grown sons, two of

whom are married, but no grandchildren as yet. Vin and wife Carol live in Kensington with a small brook running through the back yard. Rumor has it that a trout or two live in the brook, but the good doctor when asked starts talking about "suckers and eels".

He also has a small pond in Berlin that serves as the casting instruction site each year for CFFA's fly fishing school. The pond is supposedly stocked annually with Bitterroot brown trout fry, but since no one has caught any grown-up fish lately, that story is subject to raised eyebrows as well!

Vin has been lucky enough to fish all over the world ("Heaven is the River 'X' in Argentina," he says), but his favorite fishing is dry fly fishing for brown trout

(continued on next page)

The Corner Pool "From the Vest of the President"

... Peace and Patience.

No matter how hard we try to eke out one more day of fall fishing, inevitably winter comes – sometimes gently, sometimes with a vengeance. According to *The 1987 Old Farmer's Almanac*, this promises to be one of those vengeance years. It would appear that this faithful predictor, reliable since it was first published in 1793, will be right again. Certainly, that's the feeling of all who have fished in Vermont and even Northwest Connecticut the past few weeks and found themselves wading through snow before they could wade through water.

But winter needn't be all that bad. For those who ski, and even for those who don't, a drive to Vermont can be absolutely delightful on a sparkling cold day. Manchester, home of the American Fly Fishing Museum offers terrific scenery, sports and shopping for every member of the family . . . and since it is also home to Orvis, of course that includes you!

300 years ago, Izaak Walton wrote of Sir Henry Wotton in his classic book *The Compleat Angler*, "it (angling) was an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent . . . a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness; and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practiced it."

That's the beauty of fly-fishing, you see, because even in the dead of winter when we can only remember these days of cold autumn water, our sport still offers "habits of peace and patience" that provide feelings of accomplishment and contentment.

Malcolm MacKenzie Patricia McLean

Vin Ringrose cont'd . . .

close to home. "You have to fish elsewhere to appreciate how wonderful our fishing really is." His two favorite streams are the Willi and the Brodheads at Henryville, PA., where he and good pal Joe D'Addario, (another CFFA ex-President) pursue finicky risers with tiny flies.

The only other recreation that gets him anywhere near as enthused is his passionate devotion to the Boston Celtics, but that's another story for another day.

"As long as the Good Lord is willing," the doctor plans to stay active in CFFA. Now that's fine with us, Dr. Ringrose, but how about stocking some REAL trout in that pond?



Fall is a very busy time for me. Starting another year with a new seventh grade class and coaching South Windsor's girl's JV soccer team takes up most of my time. This means little time for fishing and that is a shame because the fall can be one of the best times of the year as water temperatures lower to a more comfortable level and the multi-hued landscape abounds. The weekend weather certainly has been against us especially on Sundays. I have had two salt water trips cancelled due to inclemency. Recently I did get out for a few hours and decided I would fish open water. I even planned to keep some fish as I have been on a diet to allow my size 34 pants to fit properly. I started out at the picturesque Skunkamug in Conventry. The weather was overcast so I decided to wear my old Australian style hat instead of my new club hat. I soon wished for the large visor of the new hat because the sun came out and I left my sun glasses at home. After switching from my 8' rod with a sink tip to a 7' Boron for a three weight I caught a nice 11 inch brown, bright and fat. He had succumbed to a 16 Vermont caddis or cheater Adams but I couldn't bring myself to keep him – maybe the next one. Well to make a long story short thirty dace and another river later I was on my way home with an

Going . . . Going . . . Gone!

Whoops! If you missed it, you'll have to save up and wait till next year for the American Fly Fishing Museum Auction!!!

The date was October 1st. The scene was Wampanoag Country Club. The occasion was the second annual CFFA sponsored auction to benefit the American Fly Fishing Museum of Manchester, Vermont. If you missed it, you missed an evening of good food, great conversation, and incredible bargains on quality sporting art and fly fishing equipment.

John Merwin, curator of the museum joined us as auctioneer "par excellence". He was so good, in fact, that when he received two bids on a one day guided trip on the Battenkill, he deftly changed

empty creel. So dinner was Chinese take out instead of trout.

I am always extolling the virtues of methods or gimmicks that are successful for me. One such device that I wouldn't be without is a test clip. This tool is used by most fly fishermen as a hackle plier. It is plastic and when you depress the top a wire hook protrudes from the other end allowing grasping. I use it to hold hooks especially small dries while attaching them to my leader. Just by rolling the tool between my left thumb and index finger the leader twists to begin the clinch knot. I also use the test clip to pick flies out of their compartments. When not in use it is attached to my retractor string just above the clipper. Try it you may like it. I don't leave home without it and even carry a spare in my vest.

Plaudits to members of the Board for their outstanding work on your behalf: George Degen for his tireless efforts in giving us outstanding programs, Dan Record for his thorough organization of our schools, Mike Baio and Bob Martinchek for their effort in conservation work (they desperately need your help for their ambitious Willi project), and Malcolm MacKenzie for our truly outstanding *Lines and Leaders*.

Don't forget our next meeting is on *Tuesday* November 10th and bring your vise and tie along with us.

Happy Hatches,
Gary Bogli

the prize to two days, and sold it to both bidders!

Also joining us for the evening was John Swan, Duck's Unlimited Painter of the year for 1987. John is an avid fly-fisherman who drove all the way to Connecticut from his home in Maine just for the event. He brought along an exquisite oil painting which he donated to the sale.

The auction raised funds for the museum – while offering participants the fun of bidding and the satisfaction of knowing they were supporting an outstanding facility.

John Merwin sends his thanks to all who attended, and joins us in looking forward to an even bigger auction next year. And, John sends one more message . . . as you're heading up north to ski this winter, please take a few moments to swing by Manchester for a visit and a chat.. Thanks, John!

Jack is coming . . .

Reflections on the Life of a Fisherman

by J. Edson Leonard

To those of you that missed the opportunity to hear Mr. Leonard at our October Meeting, and to those of us that would like to muse over his reflections, Mr. Leonard has graciously allowed Lines & Leaders to reprint his talk. It will be on two parts, the first of which is in this issue and the second in our next issue.

Fly fishing once was just another way to catch fish. Then it became a hobby. Then a technology. Then a science. A science that mushroomed into a career. A career that had its own vocabulary. Before long advertisers and public relations experts saw the gold mine that lay ahead in fly fishing, and the vocabulary exploded.

Years ago fly fishers fished the March Brown, the Hare's Ear, the Gordon Quill, the Hendrickson, the Coachman, among others. Of course, they still do. But today's Knights of the Split Bamboo think of those flies in the terms of biological Latin: *Stenonema vicarium*, *Epeorus pleuralis*, *Ephemera subvaria*, *Isonychia bicolor*.

This, in itself, is no mean accomplishment. It proves that Latin is not dead. And it sets apart the status of the angler who knows or has memorized the Latin terms from the angler who doesn't or hasn't.

That may be all for the better. The cost of a wetfly may be as little as 90 cents and the cost of its Latinized counterpart—the emerger—all of two dollars.

The career of fly fishing is a strange one. A delightful sort of mania. An elusive perennial fever that never registers on a thermometer, yet is diagnosable, nevertheless, especially to those not yet smitten by it. Symptoms easily recognizable are the sounds of a flyrod whistling while it is wafted in the living room. The squawks of a reel. The hunched shoulders over a fly vise. The loud, irate howl at the sight of moths in the fly box.

Sooner or later the flyfishing career poses problems for the careerist, and they are frightening. He becomes faced with the horrible fact that now he must have a job in one of the distasteful professions or trades of industry, commerce, or the arts just to support the chosen career of flyfishing. And there often is conflict. But some make a living at it. By writing about it. Painting pictures of 10-dollar flies and leaping trout. By making rods

... or tying flies with Latin names to catch Latin trout. By selling all of it over a counter.

Other careerists take other avenues. They turn into lawyers, doctors, professors, mechanics, accountants, engineers, game wardens, bartenders, even publishers of fishing books. All—just to afford the essentials of the flyfishing career.

Whatever the choice... any is almost tolerable, so long as it supports the noble career of flyfishing.

All careers have plateaus to attain. But the fly fisherman, being different by holy writ, attains his by undergoing a unique and real metamorphosis said to be like that of a mayfly. It is this metamorphosis that makes the flyfishing career so interesting and demanding, particularly to the newcomer. For he must survive as a nymph, a dun, and a spinner in an environment no less threatening than the one endured by any trout or salmon.

As a nymph, he must learn the mechanics of wafting a flyrod about in places that scare other householders to death. The names of dozens—even hundreds of flies. And nine times out of 10 he will begin tying flies, invariably becoming an expert within two seasons.

But he must also learn these basic covenants handed down by his elders:

- (1) Thou shalt possess of flies, no fewer than 409 duns of both sexes; one-half as many nymphs; twice as many spinners; and several dozen miscellaneous creations of thine own choosing. And thou shalt know them by their Latin names.
- (2) Thou shalt always be seen with thy fishing vest bulging with at least nine compartment boxes filled with said flies, and one leather wallet so filled with feathered stuff as to be mistaken for a squashed hen.
- (3) Thou shalt not pilfer from thy companion's fly boxes when he looketh the other way.
- (4) Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's roosters, nor his hens, nor stealthily enter his chicken coop in search of grizzly hackle.

There are many more, and what cannot be memorized can be replaced by those made up for any given occasion.

As is true of all careers, people within the sacred circle have a remarkable influence on one another. That of flyfishing is influenced largely by fly fishermen—fishermen who may appear through strange circumstances—some-

times the right person, at the right place, at the right time. Those chance meetings sometimes develop into lasting relationships, I have found.

Forty-two years ago I met my wife-to-be at a yacht club, after a day of striper fishing—flyrod, of course—in the Chesapeake. Need I say those years have had a lasting influence on both of our lives... The poor woman has been fighting the stuff that falls from my fly vise, and discovers over and over again, in strange places, left-over cartons of clam worms for trolling, dead and stiff as a scorched noodle.

Yet, she never says a single word. Not a single word. She recites paragraphs... and paragraphs... and paragraphs.

Many fishermen have influenced every phase in the metamorphosis of my fishing career. Some have shaped it. Not a few have warped it. Some you doubtless know or know about.

- Ray Bergman patiently showed me how to tie the rolled-wing dry fly.
- Arnold Gingrich once called me a dunderhead although, at the time, he did not know it was my head he was dundering. Having known Arnold, I doubt that it would have made any difference, if he had.
- Jim Bashline calls me a curmudgeon and depicts me as having chipped the rust from my typewriter again, whenever he reviews a book I've just completed.
- Jack Samson, editor of *Field and Stream* some years ago once told me that I write it like few other guys, and I'm still not sure if that's good or bad.
- John Lowell Pratt, president of A. S. Barnes, said 40 years ago, that whatever else I would do, 'Flies' would be my monument.
- Edward Ringwood Hewitt refused to have anything to do with the book.
- Vince Marinaro disagreed with me about the validity of the winged wetfly... and I with him.
- A young lady school teacher introduced me to her class as the author of a wonderful new book on worms.


And a guide in Labrador, after I had caught a 6-3/4 pound brook trout from an unnamed creek, said thereafter the place would be known as Colonel's Creek, because I look so much like a Kentucky Fried Chicken.

There were others—many you may never have heard about, and I will profile but few of them tonight. Yet, each was, in

(continued on next page)

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Life of a Fisherman cont'd . . .

his own right, as great a fisherman as any of fame. For what is fame but too often the result of the man — and not always the right one — being at the right place, at the right time.

Those I speak about never wrote a book. Except one, none was ever written about, so far as I know, until I wrote about them. And to speak of them impersonally is quite impossible.

Fortunately, my father was my first mentor. He was a fisherman who fished with flies, worms, minnows, crawdads, and hellgrammites. But always with the flyrod. He may not have known the difference between a March Brown and Cahill, but he could switch it to the right spot in front of a trout. And he enjoyed wading the streams and rivers of Pennsylvania with me tagging along, from the time when I was old enough to get a line in the water. He made fishing a part of his life — a big part — and he initiated me into the ways of it. Fishers then were not the aquatic biologists they are today. Nevertheless, we probed the mysteries of nymphs and pupae that collected in the bamboo-legged seine Dad had made.

This triggered inventiveness, you can be sure, and it was natural for me to turn to imitating the creatures we caught, with fur, feathers, and quill — even with some highly coveted subjects from my mother's Sunday hat. I still shudder at the recall of some of those monstrosities that flew from my vise. But the twig had been

bent. Forever . . . And as you might suspect, my grades at school worsened. The pencil sketches of hellgrammites, mayflies, caddisflies, and stoneflies that began to clutter the margins of my text books were far more to my liking than learning about the Punic Wars and the theorems of Pythagoras.

Dad got off his comments with a lot of Kentucky windage and the words fairly twinkled. You would think he was aiming one way, when all the time he was aiming in another. But even with the Kentucky windage, the words always hit the mark. Once, he said, when I was trying to find the reason for something or other, "Sometimes, when you look too hard for the answers to all things, the joy of the knowing disappears. It's better to be a little surprised and have pleasure for it. Catching a trout is a little like pleasing a woman. If you have pleased her, for heaven's sake, never ask why. Just remember what you did."

Being a nymph then, I did not always grasp his metaphor. Flitting about in the currents of reality, I wondered if I would ever emerge to become a dun, and what to do about it, if I did. Dad reacted to that quandary like this: "The river has a way. It will take you to the best places, if you let it. And it will tell you about the fish, if you listen."

It was not until after I had read James Alexander Henshall's phrasing of similar thoughts in his *Book of the Black Bass*, that Dad's words came into full focus:

"How far, how very far, we have traveled down the stream since then! We may look back, and through the gaps in the trees, and over the hills catch a sparkle of the stream behind and above us; but, Alas! we never can go back... never return. Our course is ever on, on and down... and the stream is ever widening and growing deeper, until it will soon be lost in the great gulf of the unknown."

The value of my father's words is in the remembering. He was, indeed, the right man, at the right place, at the right time. And he had bent the twig of my fishing tree to start another fishing career. I am thankful that I appreciated him long before he waded the river for the last time. Doubly thankful that I told him so before it was too late.

(To be continued next month)

Your favorite fishing photograph could have been here if you had sent it in.

Editors

It could also have been Jack's photo. . .

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presents

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A school for beginners ...

CLASSES: There will be six lessons. Classes will meet on the following Friday evenings at 7:00 P.M. in the Veterans' Memorial Clubhouse (lower level), Sunset Ridge Drive, East Hartford, CT. Directions to the Clubhouse are printed on back of this form.

No.	Date	Subject
1	1-8-88	Bucktails: Dark Edson Tiger and Black Nose Dace
2	1-15-88	Streamers: Black Ghost and Black Marabou
3	1-22-88	Wet Flies: G.R. Hare's Ear and Dark Cahill
4	1-29-88	Nymphs: Scraggley and Dark Stenonema
5	2-5-88	Dry Flies: Adams and Light Cahill
6	2-26-88	Panfish Flies: Bass and Bluegill Attractors

EQUIPMENT: All necessary hooks and materials will be furnished. Students must supply their own vise, bobbin, thread, scissors, etc. It is suggested that each tyer bring a portable lamp and a notebook.

INSTRUCTORS: In addition to the main instructors, several CFFA tyers will be on hand to assist students.

CLASS SIZE: *Limited* to the first 25 people submitting applications.

TUITION: CFFA Members . . . \$25.00 Non-Members . . . \$30.00

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Please *print* requested information. Forward application form and tuition (checks payable to C.F.F.A.) to: Dan Record, Education Chairman, 9 Sequoia Drive, Cromwell, CT 06416.


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Doc's Darling

by Howard J. Lockward, M.D.

Illustrations by Patricia McLean.

If you want a fly which caught 16 fish and looked as good as when it was first tied, before it was lost on a sweeper on the other side of the stream, try a Doc's Darling.

This is a streamer which has a standard wing pattern. The change is in the body which is translucent as well as bright, like the belly of a small minnow.

The materials are:

Mustad hook #9672 size 8 or to suit

Thread 06M white or color to suit

Mylar body - Silver or gold (may use silk also)

Body cover - Limp nylon 30 lb test plus or minus

Wing - White bucktail topped with brown or black or any other standard pattern

Tie on mylar at the head, wind down and back and tie off, whip finish and remove the thread. At the tail end of the mylar, tie in the white thread. Cut a 9 inch length of nylon line and slip one end just through the eye, the long end to the rear of the hook. Tie in the nylon at the lower end of the hook, under the hook, with 4 turns of thread, whip finish and remove the thread. Take the short end of the nylon out of the eye and hold it firmly away from you while you take 4 turns of nylon forward toward the eye. Keep both strands of nylon tight while doing this to keep the short end under the hook. Keep tension on the long length of nylon, slip the short end back into the eye with your

right hand. Then wind the nylon forward as a body, keeping the short length under the hook, so that it is bound in tightly.

Just before you reach the desired length of the body clip off the short length of nylon underneath the hook, constantly keeping tension on the long length of nylon with your left hand.

Now take the thread in your right hand. Grasp the end of the thread between the thumb and finger of the left hand which is holding the nylon tight, and fasten the thread to the hook with 3 or 4 winds. Take one more wind of the nylon, tie it off under the hook and clip it off. The body is now complete.



Mylar body tied in, thread removed and tied in at lower end of mylar.



Nylon tied in at tail and thread removed.



Both strands of nylon held tight as 4 winds are taken forward with the long length of nylon. Keep short length under the hook and reinsert in eye. Always keep long nylon taut.



Wind long nylon forward. Clip off short end. Take one more turn of nylon. Tie in head thread and tie off nylon. Clip off extra nylon.



Tie in wing pattern as desired. Finish head, whip finish and remove thread. Add eye if desired. Fly is completed. Go try it out.

Tie in the desired wing in the usual manner. I use only a few hairs for the wing, 8 to 10 white and 8 to 10 black for the wing for our quiet Eastern waters. Most streamer wings are overtied and the reflection of this body will catch fish, even without a wing. Complete the head, tie off with a whip finish to complete the fly. Add an eye if you desire. This type of body can be used on many flies.

Nylon has been used on salt water flies for years as a body but I have not seen it tied on in this manner which is useful for small flies and gives the body translucency like a minnow.

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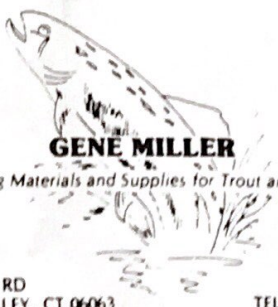


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Mark Your Calendar

Dates for 1988 CFFA Schools

NOTE: All classes meet at the Veterans' Memorial Clubhouse, except those noted by an asterisk (*).

FLY TYING SCHOOL:

January, 1988
8
15
22
29
February, 1988
5
26

FLY FISHING SCHOOL:

March, 1988
4
11
18
April, 1988
*9 (Casting Instructions)
May, 1988
*Date to be Determined (Fishing A Stream)

CFFA BANQUET – Feb. 6th, 1988

The Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association, Inc. is organized "To Preserve and Promote the Pleasures and Tradition of Fly Fishing and to Conserve Game-Fish Waters." CFFA membership meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month, September through May. Meetings are held at the Veterans' Memorial Clubhouse, Sunset Ridge Dr., East Hartford, CT.

"Lines and Leaders" is the official publication of the Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association, Inc. and is distributed to its membership and allies of conservation. Business card ads may be placed at a cost of \$5 per ad or \$40 for 9 months. CFFA members may place for-sale or want ads of a non-commercial nature without charge. Newsletter correspondence should be sent to Malcolm MacKenzie, P.O. Box 7330, Bloomfield, CT 06002.

Change of address notices and other correspondence should be sent to CFFA, P.O. Box 18268, Silver Lane, East Hartford, CT 06118.

Copy deadline: second Wednesday of month previous to publication.

Please remember those Diaries for the Willimantic River.



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