



LINES & LEADERS

NEWSLETTER OF THE CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION



October Meeting—

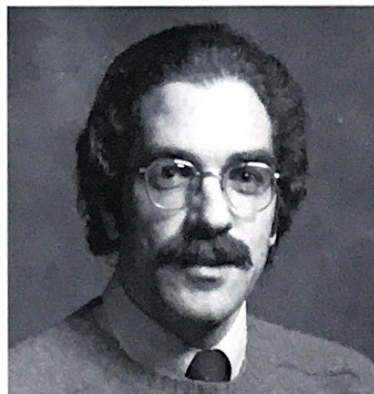
Subject: The Fly Fisherman—Who is he?
Place: Veteran's Memorial Clubhouse,
Sunset Ridge Dr., East Hartford, CT.
When: Wednesday, October 14, 1987
Time: Fly Tying—7:00 P.M.
Program—7:30 P.M.

Our Speaker will be G. Edson Leonard, former Contributing Editor to *Field & Stream*, Columnist to *Fly Tyer Magazine* and author of "Flies," a best seller for 35 years. Mr. Leonard will share his memories of sixty years of fly fishing with us. This will be a night to remember.

Member Profile

The first time I saw Dan Record, he was darting around the basement of East Hartford's Veteran's Memorial Clubhouse, making sure that all of us in fly-tying class had enough hackle, just the right size hook, and plenty of patient instruction as carefully placed feathers went flying every time clumsy fingers accidentally loosened the line of tightly stretched thread.

The next time I saw Dan Record, he was standing in front of a class of eager fly fishermen casually casting, sans rod, a piece of kite string the full length of that same basement. This was in March. It wasn't until a few months later when we tried our luck at the casting pond in Berlin that I fully appreciated the scope of Dan Record's talents.



As CFFA Education Chairman for the past seven years, Dan shares those talents by keeping a remarkable schedule of top-quality instruction for area fly-fishermen. A secondary school physics

teacher in Portland, Dan organizes and teaches fly-tying, fly-fishing and rod building classes. But Dan's brand of quality instruction isn't something he saves just for CFFA—in 1986 President Reagan bestowed on him the "Presidential Award for Excellence in Science Teaching."

Dan has published several articles in national journals and magazines on lasers, physics curriculum, **and fishing**. His most recent was a feature article that appeared in the June 1986 issue of *Fly Fisherman*. The article, entitled "The Willi" was written to inform fishermen about "catch and release" fly fishing on Connecticut's Willimantic River and to encourage the development of additional trout management areas.

(continued on next page)

The Corner Pool

Words and more words
... Let's hear from you!

Though we all eagerly await spring and the first catch of the year, there is something about the cool waters of autumn, the smell and feel of the air that makes the last fish just as special as the first.

But, before that final trip of the season fades into a long cozy winter of fly tying, rod building and dreaming about next year, take a minute to remember your best fish story, dig out your best fish picture, and send them both to *Lines and Leaders*.

As noted in our last issue, *Lines and Leaders* serves CFFA best when members use it as a forum to share information with each other. Letters and comments from members have made it very clear that they want to read about other members' experiences. PLEASE share your stories, your knowledge, even your dreams of spring with us. And remember, no fish story is complete without a picture of the catch, or at least the broken leader . . . Send us the story of your latest trip, or better yet, use this as an excuse to go once more. We're waiting!

Malcolm MacKenzie, Patti McLean, Editors

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Dan Record cont'd . . .

Dan is also a noted lecturer and guest speaker. For the past several years, he has presented programs and demonstrations throughout Connecticut relating the pleasures and traditions of fly fishing. As anyone who has taken the CFFA fly fishing course knows (including this writer), he is also an accomplished caster who conducts fly-casting demonstrations and seminars for various clubs and schools around the state.

In addition to all this activity, Dan enjoys photography and collecting fly-fishing memorabilia. Married for 16 years, Dan has two children, Kristen, age 11 and Daniel, age 8, to whom he has imparted his love of our sport.

Dan Record is truly the epitome of the old saying, "if you are going to do something, do it well." Not only does he do it all . . . all he does, he does well.

"From the Vest of the President"



During my trip to Florida in August I became desperate and fished my brother's \$10 Zebco spinning rod, using a sinker made of a shell with a hole worn by countless washings in the surf all the while dodging sand fleas at the water's edge. All this to catch catfish!

The Saturday of Labor Day weekend I ventured to the Housatonic. The water was very low and there were few fish working. I managed to take ten—four trout and six bass on a "strymp." Yes, I told you I was desperate! Normally I fish dry flies to a fault but I have had success previously with this fly so I tried it again. I learned about it last summer at the National Conclave from its originator, Harry Murray who is a pharmacist-fisherman or a fisherman-pharmacist in Edinburg, Virginia. The strymp is a cross between a nymph and a streamer thus the name. He wrote about it in the 1985 Scientific Anglers *Fly Fishing for Bass & Panfish*. The strymp is tied on a weighted streamer hook. The tail is ostrich herl, the body is spun rabbit fur and it has a soft hackle in front. Center

the fur in your loop when you spin and dub the body. It can be tied in different colors—black, natural rabbit, white, and olive. Try it, I have taken trout on a dead drift and also fished it as a streamer.

Your Board of Directors is working hard to keep the club running smoothly. I hope you were able to help out on the conservation project at the Willi. George Degen has been working diligently ferreting out programs that will entertain and inform. I truly appreciate his efforts. If you have any suggestions please speak up. The Board meetings are open and held the first Wednesday of every month downstairs at Veterans Memorial.

CFFA is helping The American Museum of Fly Fishing put on The Second Annual Hartford Dinner Party and Auction October 1 at 5:30 at Wampanoag Country Club. I can honestly say that I had a very enjoyable time last year. It included good fellowship, good food and outstanding items for silent and live auction. All this plus you are helping to keep our fly fishing heritage alive.

Happy Hatches,
Gary Bogli

The Forgotten Fly

by Ernest Boutiette

The fly that I, as well as most fishermen, do not use today is the wet fly. In fact, if we polled anyone who has become a fly fisherman in the last twenty years, I would bet that they never fished with a wet fly. We have relegated them to a bygone era; but if you read any book written by a noted fisherman, pre 1950, you would find that wet flies were used extensively and with great success. Most fishermen believe that the nymph has replaced it. I do not believe this as wet flies are actively fished and nymphs are generally fished dead drift. I started fly fishing in 1947 and I would use wet flies at least 50% of the time because I had better luck with them than with streamers. I am guilty of not using wet flies for many years; but use streamers for all my sub surface fishing. Wet flies are not too hard to fish; but as in fishing any type of fly, you must develop a certain technique to fish them successfully. A set up that I most often used was a leader from six to nine feet long with a dropper loop 18"-24" from the tip and a sinking line. As this set up made casting a little awkward, maximum casts were thirty to thirty-five feet. You often used a much

shorter cast when pocket fishing. This type of fishing was with short casts to get behind rocks or debris. You moved the flies fast and the dropper fly was usually visible and bouncing on the surface. My favorite and most productive method was the Ray Bergman hand twist retrieve and imparting further action with a slight rod action. My favorite flies were to put a simple fly on the dropper. This was almost always a fly with a fuzzy white body and a golden badger hackle and change the point fly until I caught trout. I usually caught over 50% of the trout on this dropper fly; but if I put this fly on the point as well, no fish. I never really figured this one out. My favorite flies were the Orange Fish Hawk, Light and Dark Cahill, Light and Dark Hendrickson, Quill Gordon, Hare's Ear, and Dark Coachman. My favorite sizes were #12 and #14 although I used #6-#8 when the river was high. Each year, at the end of the season, I wonder if I had used wet flies I might have been more successful on certain days when the fishing was not too good. The odd thing is that I always carry the above wet flies with me. Maybe next year I will give them a try.

Ernest Boutiette

"Your Beat"

A Trip to the Other Side . . . Montana Fishing

by Graham S. MacKenzie

The old adage about grass being greener on the other side of the fence seems to hold true for almost everything—even fishing. Connecticut has some spectacular trout fishing, yet Connecticut fishermen always seem to be looking for better fishing and better scenery. I happen to be one of those fishermen. This summer, I had the opportunity to get a view from the "other side of that fence" when I fished some of the famous rivers of Montana with my father, Malcolm MacKenzie, John Cavo, III and his father.

After having fished the Bow River, which you read about in the last issue of *Lines & Leaders*, we travelled through the spectacular scenery of Banff National Park. Banff is one of the prettiest parks I have seen and it was worth going out of our way to see. Even so, the drive seemed slow with a car full of fishermen waiting to test their skills. Our destination was Bozeman, Montana—which was to be our home for the next few days.

We arrived in Bozeman in the late afternoon, checked into our hotel and contacted our guides David Corcoran and Greg Lilly of The Rivers Edge. We left the unpacking for later and immediately headed for the Gallatin River which David had suggested for the evening. Upon our arrival at the Gallatin, we rigged up and raced to the water—each jockeying for the best spot.

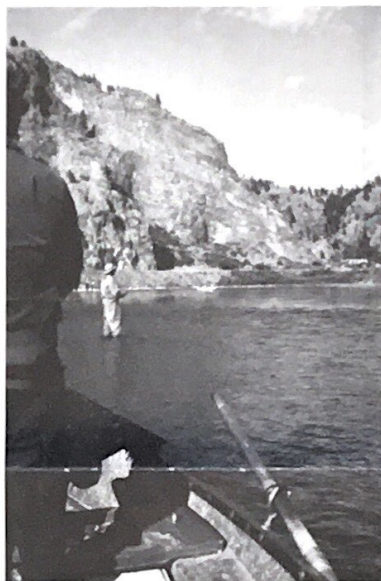
The Gallatin is a very beautiful river. The water was clear and cool. Using a hare's ear nymph, I anxiously cast into the riffles. It took just two casts before my indicator disappeared and I was hooked into a very energetic rainbow that danced and leapt across the river. Everyone experienced similar action before darkness forced us to retreat to our motel and prepare for our first full day in Montana.

We woke early, and met our guides at the River's Edge Shop to discuss our options. We decided on the Yellowstone and headed out to the river our MacKenzie style boat in tow.

As our guide for the day, David Allen, readied the boat, we donned our waders and rigged up. Wooly buggers seemed to be the favorite of the day. Drifting downstream we cast our weighted buggers right in on shore and stripped in. We had several hits and few hook-ups before lunch. In all we managed to hook a rainbow, brown and cut-throat.

After lunch we had some good

action. I hooked into several fish over 15". The fish were beautiful and very rowdy. Evening called for dry flies and light cahills were the most successful. As our pull-out spot came closer, we cast faster in hopes of hooking one more big one, but to no avail. It didn't really matter, though, because our trip was already a success.



Next day, our group decided on a two day trip to the Missouri River. Our guides for this trip were Mark Daly and Arnie Gidlow who said it had provided good dry fly activity in the past and was still doing well. The car trip was long, but colorful conversation with Mark and Arnie helped to pass the time.

When we arrived at the river near Holter Dam the water was boiling. Fish were everywhere. We immediately rigged up and started casting even before the boats were in the water. The fish turned out to be white fish, so we went on our way, heading downstream.

The wind was very strong and cold and a heavy rain added to our discomfort. We continued casting to shore, but the wind made it tough. Finally, the weather got the best of us, and we decided to make it an early day.

After dinner, the rain and wind had died down, so we decided to make up for lost time. The fish were rising and we waded downstream to find a good pod of trout. The fish were rising consistently, but unfortunately, not to my fly. I couldn't quite figure what they were taking, but finally after careful inspection

of my blue-winged olive, a good size trout sucked the fly under. I raised my rod tip and my rainbow took off down the river peeling line from the spool. He made a series of runs and leaps and eventually tired. He was over 18" long and incredibly colorful. I helped the fish upstream and he swam away a little smarter, to fight again someday. I ended on that note and sat on shore watching John. That proved to be a little too difficult, however, so I waded into the river and John and I managed a double hook-up to end the night with two pretty rainbows.

Our last day started early. I decided on a big wooly bugger in hopes of catching one of the big browns that lurked in the river. We caught plenty of fish, but not the one I wanted. I was determined to catch a hawg brown.

At lunch time we stopped on an island to eat. Some riffles at the head of the island caught my eye. I tied on a San Juan worm and an indicator and proceeded to wade into the riffles. On my first cast I hooked a 14" rainbow. I kept casting and watching my indicator closely. I heard shouts behind me and saw John fighting a fish. As I turned around I saw my indicator dart under and I set the hook. The water exploded as a rainbow leapt through the surface and pulled line through the rod guides.

The fish was a great fighter and the biggest fish yet. He was released like the others, but took his rightful place in my memory.


I never caught the monster brown I had hoped for, but it didn't really matter. I had memories of beautiful fish and scenery that would never be forgotten. It had been a spectacular trip to the other side of the fence that provided endless miles of green grass, spectacular mountains and bright water.



Editor's Note: You'll find instructions for tying the San Juan worm that Graham refers to on page 5 of this newsletter. Like Graham I also found this to be a most productive fly.

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Your Beat cont'd . . .

Steelhead Pilgrimage

by Jim Bartolini

It began as a business meeting in Dr. Ron Ripp's Danbury office. An orthopedic surgeon, Ron's office walls are covered with trophy sized fish of every imaginable type—all caught on flies all over the world. What was to have been strictly business turned into an extended discussion on fly fishing for giant size game fish. I listened and gawked, he talked.

Ron had a full trip planned for the Lake Ontario salmon run and invited me to join him. Unfortunately, I was unwilling at that time to make a fishing trip top priority on my schedule so I declined his offer. Before I left, however, I wrote down the name of his guide in Oswego, N.Y. and vowed that someday I would make the trip. Ron claimed that there was no better place to catch trophy sized salmon or trout, not even Alaska, and as I took a final look around his office I had no doubt that he spoke from experience.

That slip of paper sat in my desk drawer for two years until the summer of 1986. While rummaging around for a pencil with a useable lead, I found the name and number. In the basket? No, not this time. Instead I dialed the number and reached The Salmon Shop, Oswego, N.Y. John Dembeck, owner and guide answered and gave me the details. One-hundred and twenty-five dollars per day for two people, all equipment provided

except flies and waders (felt soles are a must). I booked a three day extended weekend in mid-October, peak time for the Chinook and Coho Salmon run (steelhead and trout in excess of ten pounds begin to arrive in late October and continue into the winter months). Scot Soloway, a New Haven eye surgeon, was my fishing buddy for the trip. Like myself, Scot had grown up fly fishing for stream trout where anything over 14" was a memorable catch.

Scot had gone to medical school in Rochester not far from some prime fishing grounds but he had never made the time to explore the streams that feed Lake Ontario. Apparently, Ron Ripp's never had this problem.

When we began our five hour drive from Hartford the afternoon sky was clear and the autumn air was crisp and clean. We arrived at nine o'clock and there was a message pinned on the front door of our lodge (Stone Manor Inn, run by John's wife Michelle): "Scot and Jim, room 5 at top of the stairs—will wake you at 4 A.M. for breakfast—John."

Awakened as promised, we dined on Michelle's eggs, sausage, home fries, juice, coffee, etc. (\$45 per night for two with breakfast included) and we were out the door by 5 a.m. heading to town in John's Isuzu Trooper for licenses and a supply of flies at the Salmon Shop. Fitted with 9' graphite rods and #8 weight forward sinking line with 100 yards of monocord backing we were at

stream side by 6 a.m. By that time clouds had rolled in and rain began to fall—and continued for three straight days. But no matter, the salmon were there in abundance.

Over the next three days Scot, John and I hooked, played and sometimes landed fish the size of which I had previously only dreamed of. One big buck completely stripped John's reel and cost him a new fly line (even at dealer's price he was upset, although we all marvelled at the power that fish displayed as he made surging runs followed by spectacular twisting jumps).

When Scot and I arrived back in Hartford my wife could not understand the Cheshire cat grins on our faces—Hadn't it rained in New York? Weren't we cold? Standing on slippery rock in icy water from 6 a.m. to 4 p.m. (without a lunch break) with cold rain pouring down all day sounds insane. It does to me now as I write these words in the comfort of my kitchen. But it didn't bother us one bit. Dress warm and have a good rain parka. There is one blessing—too cold for any biting insects.

This year Scot cannot shake free for the fall trip which I now consider a yearly pilgrimage. I have booked the lodge beginning Wednesday night November 4 with fishing and lodging Thursday, Friday and Saturday—returning Sunday.

The thought of giant trout and steelhead is enough to make my adrenaline

(continued on next page)

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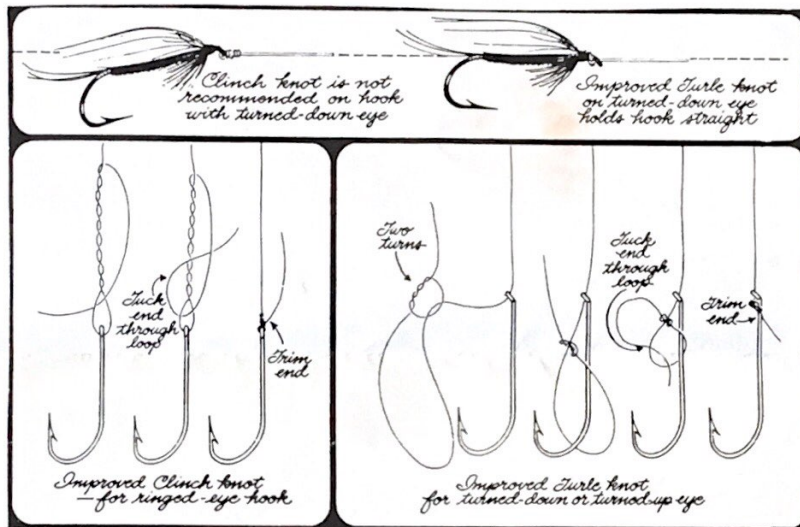


CLIFF



Graham fishing his San Juan worm.

Knots can make a difference



Pilgrimage cont'd...

override any concern I might otherwise have for weather conditions that time of year.

I am interested in a fishing companion for the trip. If this is something you have dreamed of or always wanted to do, or have done and want to do again, call me. I would like to find another convert.

Jim Bartolini 522-1196 (work) 659-3680 (home)

Turn In Those Diaries

Chuck Philips wants to be sure that you remember to bring your Willimantic River Angling Diaries to the October or November meeting.

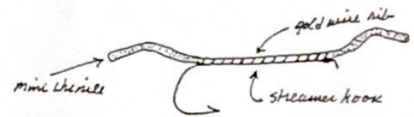
Your report is vital to the success of the management program. The Fisheries Bureau can only evaluate the fishing if we continue to provide catch information.

San Juan Worm Comes East

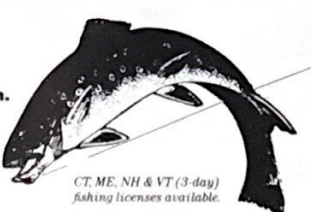
Much has been written recently about the San Juan worm fly pattern which imitates river-dwelling red worms that are actually cousins to the common earthworm. The fly, which involves an extremely simple tie, was developed in New Mexico for use in the San Juan River below the giant Navajo Dam and, hence, carries the river's name.

Here are the tying instructions for the San Juan worm as reprinted from the Ozark Fly Fisher's newsletter:

1. Wrap thread to bend of hook.
2. Tie in length of gold wire.
3. Tie in piece of mini-chenille (orange, pink or red) about 1" longer than hook shank length. Let 1/2" of chenille extend (hang) past bend of hook.
4. Wrap thread to eye of hook under chenille; tie down front of chenille loosely, letting 1/2" extend past eye of hook.
5. Rib chenille with gold wire, pulling chenille taut. Tie off at eye of hook; clip wire; whip finish in front of chenille.



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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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