

LINES & LEADERS

NEWSLETTER OF THE CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMAN'S ASSOCIATION

December Meeting

Subjects: From Washington to Maine by
Lionel MacDonald, Fishing on Prince
Edward Island by Gary Bogli, and Dave
Foley on the rainbows of the Bow River
Place: Veteran's Memorial Clubhouse, Sunset
Ridge Dr., East Hartford, CT.

DOWNSTAIRS

When: Wednesday, December 14, 1988

Time: Fly Tying-7:00 P.M.

Program-7:30 P.M.

DECEMBER PROGRAM BY MEMBERS

Our program for December will be provided by three of our club members. Lionel MacDonald will be showing a mixed bag of slides from Washington State to New Brunswick with stops in Maine and New York. President Gary Bogli 's segment will cover a trip to Prince Edward Island, Canada where he caught numerous brook trout. Dave Foley takes us to Western Canada to the Bow River, starting just below Calgary, in quest of the famous big rainbows. Included will be some of the spectacular, scenery encountered.

Our meeting this night will be downstairs and you may enter from the parking lot. Come and share the experiences of these three members.

George Degen
Program Chairman

"From the Vest of the President" But It Was Just Nice Being There!

Sunday November 6th the leaves need raking, the garage is a mess, the lumps on the family room ceiling need removing and I should work on my grades, but it is sixty degrees and I haven't been fishing in over a month. My wife said, "It's so nice why don't you go." I don't have to be told twice, so faster than a speeding bullet I was on Route 84 heading toward the Willimantic River. It was my choice because it had rained hard the day before so I felt the Farmington would be too high.

Have you noticed how the colors changed from brilliant hues in October to the browns of reluctant oak leaves and silver of the naked branches as they glimmer in the sunlight?

When I arrived at the westbound rest area I checked our sign and was pleased to see it had weathered well. The river was up a bit but seemed very fishable. Apparently others did not share my opinion as I found myself alone in the river. The water was 52 degrees which I thought was fine. Seeing no visible insect activity I tied on an elk hair caddis and was content to be casting again. It gave me pleasure watching my fly dancing along the edges of currents close to the banks. Next I tried a nymph, then I added a strike indicator and finally went to a streamer. The result was the same in each case, nothing. I fished the waters that had yielded many a prize in the spring but now seemed devoid of life.


I worked my way back down stream to the Abutment Pool where I met a fisherman. He was from Worcester Massachusetts and fishes Connecticut streams often. His success was only slightly better than mine, he landed a brace of dace. Standing on opposite abutments we chatted across the stream for about twenty minutes. It was time to return home. The sun was getting lower and the sky losing its warmth. The fishing was poor, but it was nice just being there.

As the holidays approach and the thought of gifts is on your mind consider one of our schools, fly tying in January or fly fishing in March. It would be the gift that lasts a life time. As winter closes in you might consider getting together once a week with a couple friends to tie flies. It can make this darker season pass more pleasantly.

I wish you and your family and friends a happy holiday season and a healthy fish filled new year.

Happy Hatches,

Gary Bogli



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AN AUTUMN DAY

by Dick Lerche

Driving along Route 4 in Farmington on our way to fish the Farmington River was nostalgic for me. I had grown up and gone to school close by. As my son Ken and I drove by my old high school I proceeded to recount some of the things that I had accomplished or had been responsible for (both good and bad) at the school. Ken maintained an attitude of interest which I commend him for, since these stories are sometimes repeated. (Old age setting in!) We continued through Unionville where we turned onto Route 179. Then we made a left onto Huckleberry Hill Road which is just before the bridge over the Farmington where we scouted out some promising water. We decided to continue to Riverton, since we had never fished that area. The foliage was near its peak. Taking Routes 44 and 181, we drove parallel to the west branch of the Farmington with its spectacular views until Route 20 brought us through Riverton. Many times, we stopped and walked in to see what the stream was like at different points. GORGEOUS.

After Riverton, we crossed the river and followed River River Road a mile or so just above the People's State Park entrance. We found a stretch of fast flowing riffles on a bend in the stream. Ken and I jumped into the water and began to cast furiously. Ken went downstream, and I went upstream. I prefer fishing nymphs, streamers and wets. By midday and I had had only a few hits and then finally got a nice fish on. I was in a spot where the river narrowed and the stream ran slowly. The fish fought a great fight and a thirteen inch brown came to my net slowly. Ken was moving my way, having not had much luck downstream. This commotion made him put his rod down and clamber up to where I was landing this very feisty fish. The trout made several jumps out of the water, which really gave both of us a charge.

After landing him, I relaxed and gave Ken my rod to see if he could repeat my luck with the same nymph. Bingo! A couple of casts and he latched onto a beauty of a rainbow. It proceeded to go deep, then run and show some acrobatics in his struggle to free himself. The leader held and Ken reeled him in. Ken's adrenaline was pumping pretty good. After lifting the fish clean out of the water in an attempt to net the fish I yelled at him to keep the fish in the water etc. etc. A few more aerial maneuvers and Ken was able to slide the fish into the net.

I think a father gets more out of seeing his kid's excitement than catching his own fish.

We fished a little longer and the weather turned cold and rainy, so we packed it in. We finished off the day by stopping into 3D's restaurant on Route 44. A recommended stop if you are hungry!

A great day - great foliage, great fish and great food.

What DOES it Look Like in Winter?

by Lionel MacDonald

Do you think that as a reader of these very words, that you would be able to read at all if dedicated teachers had not exposed you to your potential of forming and understanding words? No. Without their expertise and no help from anyone else you would probably flounder for a long time. You might never get to read.

Caring enough to pass on, to share, to give, is the name of the game. That is the way I have always felt about and toward my sport of fishing, and I know many others who feel the same way. So I share some of my knowledge here.

Have you ever gone to the area of your favorite fishing stream at a different time other than when you could have a great day of extraordinary success? Take today for instance. The temperature outside is hovering at just under thirty. The sun is bright. The wind is out of the northwest. If there were no wind the temperature would be higher. There is ankle deep snow on the ground. The day is bright and crisp. Take yourself to your favorite stream and see how different it looks at this season.

I have been fishing the Willi since spring of 1957. Until the TMA section was established several years ago I had never fished above the iron bridge where it crosses the river in Willington. Since the TMA area has been open, I rarely go below the Nye Holman State Forest. That three mile stretch of the Willi holds all the trouting experience I need for that size river. This time of year I really enjoy just walking the river paths.

You can just pick any area and walk as you do in spring or summer. The chances are that, unless we have had lots of rain, the level of the river will not be too high. But it will be clear, very clear. And you will be able to spot some of the rocks you have bumped into during fishing trips. Remember?

It was dusk. You were done and ready to pack it in for the day when you spotted two good size boils. You stopped to observe more closely and those boils were trout sucking in emerging caddis. Good boils. Good boils mean good trout. They were both coming up consistently. You restrung your rod and were approaching the area of best casting advantage. You were wading as quickly as you dared without making telltale waves that would spook the trout. And that is when you bumped into that underwater rock. It threw you off balance to a point where it nearly caused you to take a header. But with a few nimble steps you recovered. Those steps however caused a wave, enough to alert the first trout and he scattered. The second fish was ten feet or so below and just behind a large rock and some branches. He held his lane. Up he came again.

Cont'd

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL NOTICES
ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS

- Those members whose membership expires in December, 1988 renewal notices have been sent out to you.

- You should have received it by now.

- Please make an effort to return these forms with your payment as soon as as you can.

- Please take the time to do it now!

- Mailing reminders is getting costly - we would rather use our monies more productively.

- If you did not get a renewal notice (I am far from perfect), your membership may be good until 12/89 already.

- If it is not please use the form printed below.

- Please try to respond by December 30 so that we may continue our service to you uninterrupted.

Thank You,

Dick Lerche
Membership Chairman

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No Fish Fishing

by Ernest "Boots" Boutiette

Paul Beaudreau, Charlie Place, Jerry Wade and myself have made an annual trek to Maine for the past nine years to river fish for landlocked salmon. We generally go in June or September and sometimes both. I will write of a few interesting episodes to show you that there is more to fishing than catching fish. On one fall trip we found that the salmon hit best an hour before daylight. Myself and another fisherman who was with us were fishing a pool about an hour before dawn when he decided to go to another pool. About thirty seconds later I heard him screaming "Moose, Moose, Moose!" A moose had run across his path at a distance of four or five feet. This incident plus the fact that he caught four or five salmon, his first, had made his trip.

Another afternoon I entered the water at the tail of a big pool when I noticed a big sucker on the bottom with his nose between the rocks. There was also a salmon laying about a foot to his left. The salmon would edge up to the sucker and try to push the sucker from his spot. The sucker would turn and attack the salmon with his nose. The salmon would then return to his previous spot. I watched this fight for position over and over. It was still going on while I left.

I once bought an ultra super fast sinking line. It was the worst line I ever owned. It could not be cast. One trip Mike Baio was with us and wanted to use a fast sinking line. I gave him the ultra and he waded to the center of the pool. It was fun to watch Mike, who was just learning to fly fish, flail. The line would bounce off his head, wrap itself around him. Thank God there was no tree overhead as he would have hung himself. Fortunately he did go on to learn how to control it.

Last year I was trying to get a good float over a salmon rising about forty feet cross river. I kept changing positions with no luck when a huge seagull landed over the salmon. Down went his head and he had my salmon in his beak. He put it on a rock and flew away. I imagine he returned later to eat it.

My best story is the most unbelievable incident that I can relate. One morning in September about an hour before dawn Charlie and I were fishing a pool about thirty feet apart when I heard Charlie get into a big salmon. He was silhouetted against the Eastern sky so I could see his bent rod and the salmon jumping when suddenly all hell broke loose. His rod was going in all directions and there was the damndest splashing about ten feet in front of Charlie I ever saw. This story gets really weird about now. A big heron, standing about three feet tall had come out of the rushes at Charlie's back and attacked the salmon. The heron got caught in the line, the salmon was dashing around in shallow water and Charlie was talking to himself and the heron. The salmon and the heron both escaped while I laughed so much my sides ached!

Cont 'd

No Fish Fishing Cont 'd

more Charlie story. On another trip we stayed an extra day in hopes of catching a big caddis hatch. Just at dark one came. Salmon were rising everywhere, but we did not get a single one of them because as soon as the hatch started Charlie landed a bat on his backcast and had to cut it off. No fish.

The temperature this past June was around 90 degrees. Paul, Charlie and I were fishing a pool as the sun dropped behind the trees. Paul who was below me, shouted that salmon were headed my way. I saw this school that stretched from bank to bank. Hundreds of salmon were on the move. Many passed only a few feet in front of me. We saw this four nights in a row. The heat had driven them out of the shallow lake and they were heading to the deep lake. An incredible sight.

Over the years we have met many fisherman on the river and gotten to know them. One such fisherman was an Indian lad. He was a strapping six footer whom we had become acquainted with over the years. From one year to the next he had plastic hips installed, some kind of transplant or other surgery. This did not hold him down. Daily he would walk down a steep bank to the river on his two crutches with rod in hand, wade to the center of the river, put a crutch under each arm and fish for hours. Every time I saw him I knew I had met a true flyfisherman.

What DOES It Look Like? Cont'd

What strategy should you use to get that guy? His lane was between the rock and the bank. A nice lie. You had tried placing the fly just upstream from the rock so the drift would sweep down to him. Each try led the fly to the wrong side. He kept rising. It is getting darker. You can barely see to cast.

You decide to try a last resort and knock him on the head with the fly. Your decision was right! The fly landed in the right spot and he took almost instantly. He fought very well, jumped a few times, bore downstream several times and finally came to net. A surprising rainbow nearly a foot and a half long.

You unhooked him, revived him and let him swim off to the dark bank. That fish had rounded off your day.

Whether you are an ice fisherman or not, take some time this winter to do some stream exploring. It is well worth the time. It gets you outside in the clean, clear air. Be sure to dress warmly because it is colder and damp by the stream. You may even spot some wildlife on the path. Certainly you will spot their tracks. Remember your exploring and return trip will be much more enjoyable if shared with a friend. The home fires will be welcome on your arrival.

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1	1-6-89	Bucktails: Dark Edson Tiger and Black Nose Dace
2	1-13-89	Streamers: Black Ghost and Black Marabou
3	1-20-89	Wet Flies: G.R. Hare's Ear and Dark Cahill
4	1-27-89	Nymphs: Scraggley and Dark Stenonema
5	2-3-88	Dry Flies: Adams and Light Cahill
6	2-10-88	Panfish Flies: Bass and Bluegill Attractors

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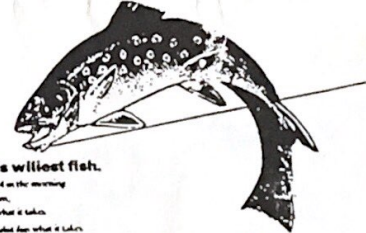
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MARK YOUR CALENDAR

Fly Tying School

January, 1989	February, 1989
3	6
13	10
20	
27	

CFFA Annual Banquet

February 4, 1989

The Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Association, Inc. is organized to "Preserve and Promote the Pleasures and Tradition of Fly Fishing and to Conserve Gamefish Waters" CFFA membership meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month, September through May. Meetings are held at The Veteran's Memorial Clubhouse, Sunset Ridge Dr. East Hartford, CT. "Lines & Leaders" is the official publication of the Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Association, Inc. and is distributed to its membership and allies of conservation. Business card ads may be placed at the cost of \$5 per ad or \$40 for 9 months. CFFA member may place for-sale or want ads of a noncommercial nature without charge. Newsletter correspondence should be sent to: Pam Murray, 34 Northwoods Lane, Middletown, CT 06457. 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