



LINES & LEADERS

NEWSLETTER OF THE CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION



March Meeting—

Subject: Dale Spartas of Norwalk, CT will take us on a Fly Fishing Adventure.

Place: Veterans' Memorial Clubhouse, Sunset Ridge Dr., East Hartford, CT.

When: Wednesday, March 9, 1988

Time: Fly Tying—7:00 P.M.
Program—7:30 P.M.

Dale was the author of the article in *Fly Fisherman Magazine* (July 1985) about the rebirth of the "Housey" which brought about a tremendous interest in this fishery. He is well known for his extremely fine photographic work. His program will cover the different stages of growth and the migration patterns of Atlantic salmon, the development and success of Maine's Salmon Registration Program, and then go on to visit several of Maine's salmon rivers.

From Maine he will take us to New Brunswick, to the Miramichi and Tabusintac Rivers. By float plane the journey continues north to Quebec's Petite Corniell where salmon were taken on #4 weight trout rods and dry flies. A visit to Newfoundland's Castor River brings salmon and wild brook trout to the fly.

Dale's trip ends in Iceland, where he joined Ernie Schweibert on the Midfjardara to fish for salmon. Several other rivers are covered to catch salmon and the huge Icelandic brown trout.

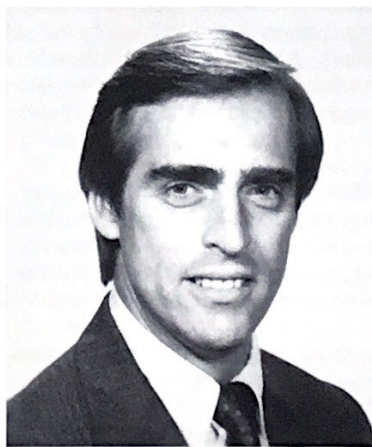
Flies and fishing techniques will be discussed, and questions answered.

Member Profile

Our member in the spotlight this month is Ken Parkany, a member of CFFA since the 1960's. In fact, in November 1970, Ken won the "Name the Newsletter Contest" with his "Lines and Leaders" entry.

Ken has been active in CFFA from the beginning. He started by working on the Conservation Committee, graduated to Membership Chairman, then to Vice President of Promotion, and then to President in 1975 and 1976. Ken won the Scarlet Ibis award three years running in the mid-1970's. During his tenure as Membership Chairman, he conceived and organized the CFFA Fly Fishing School, and acted as its director for the first three years.

A true outdoorsman, Ken began fishing and hunting as a small boy, with his Dad. Today he continues the tradition,



sharing these experiences with his son, Brian. The experience of a lifetime was realized in May, 1987, when he flew by bush plane to the wilds of British Columbia, Canada, to fish for ten- to thirty-

pound King Salmon. Ken asserts, "Dreams do come true!"

Ken received his MBA from the University of Hartford in 1981, and is now the Area Director of Marketing for Pratt & Whitney, a position he has held since 1985. His job requires much traveling throughout the United States, so whenever he has free moments, Ken is most likely to be found with his wife, Linda, and their three children—Brian, Wendy and Kim.

Ever the individualist, Ken is known for yelling "Yabba, Dabba, Dooooo," loud enough for anglers on both sides of the Continental Divide to hear him, whenever he catches a fish. In the early 1980's, Ken's "Afield and Astream" column for the Hartford Courant was an outlet for his creativity as a writer, as well as a source of information for the outdoorsman.

When asked why Ken does what he likes best, he states, "To please myself!"

Back Casts

by Ken Parkany

The human brain is a magically wonderful recording machine. Try this. Just close your eyes, press the play-back button and suddenly—drops of nostalgia erupt into a downpour of reminiscences that instantly flood your mind with a kaleidoscope of memories. And with mental boots donned, you begin wading through long-forgotten experiences that mysteriously trigger an explosion of more images—and still more remembrances—of rivers past. And before you know it, the swollen currents entering your pool of memories forces you streamside, where you can then sit on the bank, relax—and enjoy the rises!

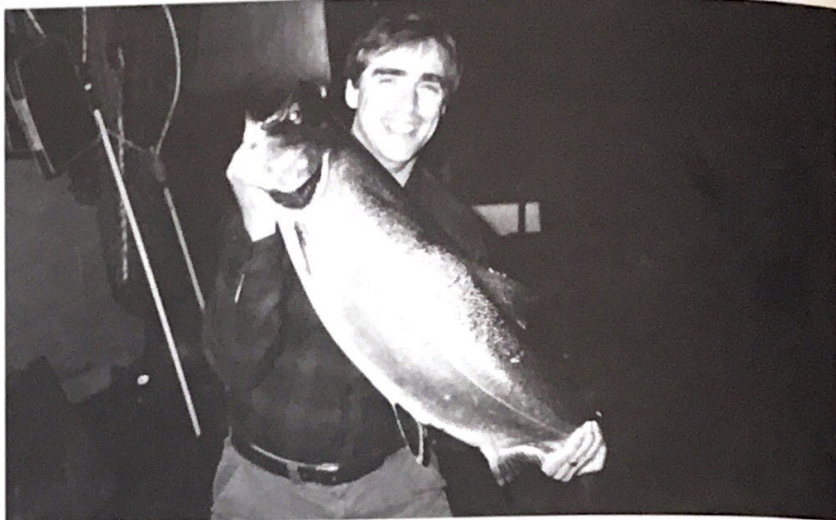
It happens something like that—if not exactly. And, is it fun! Whether you're alone or with other fishermen, "looking back" has its unique rewards. Especially since we anglers spend more time talking (or thinking) about fishing than doing it. Let's be honest. Wouldn't it be both heresy and hypocrisy, if not a miracle, if a gathering of anglers had a conversation without someone saying, "Remember when...".

Yes, mental memorabilia seems to touch the heart, mind and soul of what makes an angler tick.

How vividly I can still recall, after twenty-plus years, attending CFFA's membership "kickoff" meeting held in the basement of a bar & grill on Route 75 in Windsor Locks. The place is gone, but not the memories. (CFFA's real beginnings pre-dated this January, 1968 "kickoff" meeting, but it's ironic, I think, that CFFA's long, action-packed life had its origins in such a short-lived, though perhaps equally "action-packed", establishment. In both CFFA and the Sportman's Grille, talk flowed freely and camaraderie was a key ingredient). Still, that first membership meeting was an event that literally changed my life. And, quite honestly, I have so much to be thankful for, because of my involvement in CFFA.

Involvement! Well, that's just another name for a genuinely rewarding experience—and it's also another story! But it was this involvement that allows me now to, as Leon Castonguay puts it, "draw upon the well of memory" and savor its refreshing and thirst-quenching attributes.

Like the quaint and picturesque adopted home of CFFA's Director's meetings in the early years: the "Blast & Cast" Club in South Windsor. We rotated responsibility for bringing/preparing "dinner" for those monthly meetings. And some of these meals, like the late Dr. Ed Poriss' "Baked Bluefish", would challenge any of the best in today's gourmet restaurant. Combine a meal like that with



It's great to see Ken's smiling countenance and writings in Lines and Leaders again.
Editor

a glass (or more) of wine and a warm, crackling fire in that huge, stone fireplace, and you sometimes—for some individuals (like former legal secretary, Mark Levy)—created a remarkably successful sedative. But Mark's snoring could only on rare occasions be heard over the din of usually loud, long and lively discussions.

Attempts to shorten discussions, and even the meeting, were always fruitless. Although one thing we did when Jim May, former Indoor Facilities Chairman, wasn't there—which was rarely—was to dispense with reading of the previous meeting's minutes, an event which always added 15 minutes or more to the agenda. Getting home before midnight was a rarity.

But those meetings, like all "CFFA time" was, retrospectively, time well spent, if only because you were around some very special people, who unselfishly devoted so much of their time and talents for the benefit of so many others. I wish you could go back with me—in my mind's eye—to those early days. I wish you could hear the determination and feel the intense enthusiasm of Ted Barbieri, CFFA's Founding President; the eloquence and political savvy of his successor, Dr. Vincent Ringrose; and the boundless energy of CFFA's third president: Joe D'Addario. Together, their knowledge, talent, perseverance, generosity and enthusiasm launched an organization that repeatedly made conservation history in Connecticut. And all without a lot of fanfare and notoriety. These are the kind of guys who, if they were NFL players, would be on "The All-Madden Team". It was their leadership that gave CFFA national recognition in the early 1970's, when the Federation of Fly Fishermen (FFF) awarded the CFFA the coveted "MacKenzie Cup", presented annually to an FFF-affiliated organization for outstanding conservation efforts.

Of course, Ted, Vin and Joe would be the first to admit that they don't deserve any credit (because that's the stuff they're made of). And there were so many others, some directors, some not, who played important roles in CFFA's early history. Names like Karl J. Van Valkenburgh, Al Dixon, Larry Weidemier, Walt Burr, Walt Telke, Jim May, Bob Bennett, Walt Stachura, Blair Crawford and Ken Allard and...see, I told you.

CFFA's history is replete with successes and failures, good times and bad, but always with a singular purpose: to improve fishing for ALL fishermen, not just fly fishermen, in Connecticut.

Along the way, there were issues "cussed" and discussed, that later became laws, regulations, policy or backbreaking labors of love called affectionately "The Jeremys", "Salmon Brook", "Yantic", "Roaring Brook" and of course, the "Willi" (Gee, I just remembered how suddenly and easily a torrential downpour wiped out two long, hard weekends of back-breaking effort on Salmon Brook's West Branch in Granby. I sometimes thought in those early stream improvement days, that beavers had an easier time fighting against men with dynamite, than CFFA's conservation committee did against Mother Nature). Other discussions sparked fly fishing and tying schools, clinics, annual outings, banquets and a host of other activities.

And even this newsletter, *Lines & Leaders*, has its own peculiar history and origin of its name. Ain't I right Walt (Telke)?

And these few topics are just the beginning of the hatch, so to speak. It's happened, hasn't it? From a few drops of nostalgia, here I am rambling on about a whole creel full of memories. And I've only just begun—

A Dream Fulfilled

Cascade Mountain Trip

by Lionel MacDonald

Who ever heard of Index, Washington? Who ever heard of the Skykomish River? How many of us have ever hooked a fish of thirty pounds on a flyrod? I can answer "Me" to all three questions.

It was planned that I would fish, and my wife Betty would visit with her very dear friend, Ann, who lives in Index. As I checked over an atlas map of Washington State, I found Index just off State Highway 2. The Skykomish river ran just next to it. The north fork of the Skykomish splits the town of Index.

Both Betty and I had exchanged letters with Ann in Index. One of her letters to us said she had a fisherman friend, Jack Mitchell, who would be more than happy to take me on the river and show me places to fish for steelhead and west coast salmon. Traditionally, the time of year we had chosen to go visit Ann was a good salmon time.

I rewrote Ann asking her what flies I might tie to use to catch the fish. She replied with half a dozen pattern names of which I knew very little, and one name was completely unfamiliar. It was the Stillagaumish Sunrise! I wrote back to find out about it, but before I received her reply, I found the pattern in a book at our local tackle shop. Turns out it is the same as a Skykomish Sunrise, except that it has a yellow body instead of red.

I tied flies for western steelhead for about six weeks, a few each night, to where I had about four dozen flies ranging in size from six to two. Ann had recommended I tie mostly skunks, so I did, and in a full range of sizes.

I would be bringing my nine-foot SWE (Scarlet Ibis Award Rod) and my ten-foot, three-piece Orvis graphite rods. Both rods handle a nine-ten line. I also brought full sinking and floating lines.

Flight day finally arrived. We left Bradley International Airport at 8:30 A.M. Breakfast was served halfway to Chicago. There we had an hour lay-over. Before we boarded our 747 for Seattle, Washington, I spotted another rod bearer. We clearly had fishing rods in common, so I went over to him and began an exchange of where each of us was headed and what for. He and a friend were headed for British Columbia. Soon enough, seats and rows were called and on board we went. Dinner was served between Chicago and Seattle. That leg of the trip seemed long. The feeling did not last long, however, because after disembarking and collect-

ing our bags, we landed at the car rental counter and discovered it was only 1:30 in the afternoon!

Ann had booked us for one night at the "Inn at the Market" so that's where we headed, to downtown Seattle. During part of our tour of the city, I ran across "Eddie Bauer" and the shop called the *Banana Republic*. I've received Bauer's catalogs for years. Here I was at Eddie's heart! The *Banana Republic* is another safari clothes shop originating on the west coast.

According to the map, Index, Washington is northeast of Seattle. So Wednesday we got onto Route Five and into Index. The trip was close to an hour and a half and Index was right off Highway Two. The main Skykomish River ran parallel to Highway Two. At the small town of Goldbar it forks to the north and south. Index has no gasoline station. There is a general store which also houses the Post Office, one bar and grill, one primary school, one fire truck (no fire house), and an inn called "The Bush House", which is historic. Ann had booked us a suite there for a few nights until we could make up our minds if we would stay or find more suitable accommodations. The railroad train screaming right by the hotel in the middle of the night was the only objection I had, so we stayed.

Jack Mitchell, Ann's fisherman friend, is a prince of a guy. After we talked for a while, we agreed we would try our luck the following day. I would need to get a license anyway, and he reminded me I would need a steelhead permit as well (their steelhead permit is similar to our atlantic salmon stamp). That evening we strolled over to the bridge to see if we could spot any fish. We did spot a few that were hugging the far bank. They appeared to be good size fish.

Thursday morning Jack came to pick me up because Betty and Ann were going to have the rental car. Jack lives in a mountain cabin directly on the north fork of the Skykomish. He fishes in the river right in front of his home, which is where he took me. We scouted the river for fish but saw none, so we started upstream. We hiked up about a third of a mile. We arrived at a long flat pool and he advised me that if there were any fish, they might be against the far bank. I waded in and started casting. Jack went on upstream into some white water rapids. Cast after cast after cast, there were no takes. I got back to shore and joined Jack in the white water. Cast, cast, cast. "Was this to be another exercise in

casting or what?" I thought. We started back downstream to water we had passed on our way up.

As we approached a pool, Jack pointed to several large fish moving up through the current. They had to be large fish because their dorsal fins and tails were out of the water. I did not know just how large these fish really were until I hooked and landed one. They continued their struggle upstream to less turbulent water, and there they held. They appeared as dark sssshadows in the water among the rocks. I observed them positioning themselves in an area of the river which seemed much cleaner than other runs. Then one of them turned on its side and started undulating. She was digging a redd here! I was observing a salmon in the spawning mode! Cast, cast, cast, no takes. Cast up current. Again. Again. Then suddenly, the line stopped. The drag of the line in the current put a bow in the line and the rod. Instinctively I raised the rod. Following the line to the leader, and the leader to its entry point in the water, I saw I had a fish on. Set the hook . . . give it a few good pumps. Just then I knew I had a fish on because the shadow in the water and my leader were moving upstream at the same rate. It's a deliberate movement, not explosive, until the fish realizes it can no longer move exactly where it wants because something is tugging at its head. As that comes about, the fish moves! He is up and down, under, over; he sulks. I observed an even arc in my rod which kept the pressure on him.

I held my standing position, which was upstream from him. After a while I helped him because I was holding him in the current. He didn't have to swim as hard to maintain his position. I saw the battle was going to be of some duration, so I got myself downstream from him. I put pressure on him to tire him out faster. Eventually he tired, and downstream he went, over the rocks and boulders, holding behind some rocks, then going downstream more.

Those fish I hooked and was finally able to land and release, were about one hundred to one hundred twenty five yards downstream from where I had hooked them. Many fish got free. Some even took my fly with them.

The first large chinook I hooked and landed was a thrill. She was very large. My fly was firmly embedded in her tongue. As I saw the teeth lining her mouth, I decided to cut the twelve pound tippet and free her. As I was doing this I saw she was pushing



The smile tells it all!

**1988 - MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL
CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION, INC.**

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(Correct above if necessary) ZIP _____	
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Dues for the year 1988 are now payable. Make check payable to "CFFA" and mail to: C.F.F.A. MEMBERSHIP AMOUNT P.O. BOX 18268 SILVER LANE EAST HARTFORD, CT 06118	

CFFA comments, suggestions, etc ...

Check if you do not want your name put on a mailing list.

Please check any committee you are now on or wish to be on.

- | | | |
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out eggs on the rock where she lay. I quickly put her back in the stream and began moving her forward and backward to revive her. Soon she came around and pushed out of my cradle. Four fishing days later I caught the same salmon on a different pattern! My first fly was still in her tongue, aside the fly she took the second time. This time I used my forceps to remove both flies and released her a second time.

About half of the fish I hooked were foul hooked in either the tail, dorsal fin, gill, back, side or any other place. They were not foul hooked deliberately. As the line pulled by the current is swept over or under them, they get hooked. The drift stops. You can tell if the fish is foul hooked or he has taken it in the mouth by where the leader appears. If it appears mid-fish or toward the rear portion of the fish, he's foul hooked. If it appears to be at the head, chances are he took it in the mouth. Most of the foul hooked fish cannot be held because of the maneuver they use to hold in the current. Those salmon hooked in the tail never get landed. They turn tail upstream and head for the Pacific.

The humpback salmon lay in the closer side of the river. I caught about an equal number of them as the chinook. On the third day of fishing, I hooked and landed two Dolly Varden trout in the seventeen to eighteen inch range. These fish felt like bait fish after having hooked and landed the larger salmon.

The highlight of the whole fishing experience came Saturday. It was raining, and I went fishing in it. I do not generally go fishing in the rain, but this day I did. I was chauffeured to Jack's place and upstream I went, to my favorite stretch. I was soon onto salmon again. As I was each previous day, I was aware of two larger than normal salmon making their way upstream, dorsals and top part of the tail fully exposed to the air. I stopped to observe them. They came right up to a very close casting distance from where I was standing. I noticed one was starting to deteriorate, and the other was just in spawning color. On the fifth or sixth cast, one fish took. It was as subtle a take as they get. After assuring myself that it was a bona fide take and not a snag, I got downstream of the fish and started putting pressure on her. She exploded! She splashed water in my face! It wasn't enough that it was raining. She went from side to side, downstream and back up, all in about twenty minutes. The other fish was very close to her all the while, even appearing to bite at the leader. This was the classic fight of salmon and stream against man and fly

(Continued on page 7)

CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION

presents

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CLASSES:

No.	Date	Subject
1	3-04-88	Rods, Reels, Lines, Leaders, Knots
2	3-11-88	Flies and Fish
3	3-18-88	Water Types and How to Fish Them
4	4-09-88	Casting Instruction and Fishing (pond)
5	May	Fishing a Stream (3-5 students per instructor)

LOCATION:

(Classes, 1, 2, 3) 7:00 P.M. in the Veterans Memorial Clubhouse (lower level),
Sunset Ridge Drive, East Hartford, CT.
(Class 4) A private pond stocked with trout.
(Class 5) During this final session, students will fish the Willimantic
River with a CFFA instructor and practice course techniques
(approach, wading, stream reading, etc.). *Note:* Students must
supply their own transportation and equipment, and have a
valid Connecticut fishing license.

EQUIPMENT: For *Class 4 only*, CFFA will furnish equipment for students that do not own their
own. We recommend that students do not purchase their own equipment until *after*
Class 1. It is also suggested that students bring appropriate materials to take notes.

CLASS SIZE: Average class size is 35 students.

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

CFFA FFS ENROLLMENT APPLICATION

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

NAME _____ PHONE _____

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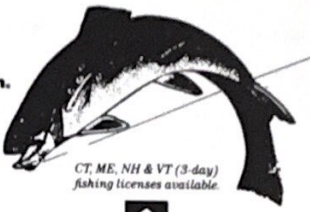


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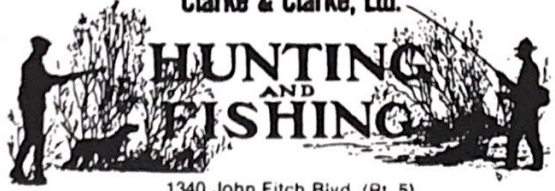
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rod. Suddenly, my graphite rod sprang straight, the line went limp and two shapes slid downstream to hide behind a rock.

From where I was standing, I could see the dark shapes. It seemed only a short while before they both moved out from behind the rock and began to make their way back upstream. To my surprise, they came to hold in the very same spot they had held when I first hooked her! What sort of salmon was this? All things considered, perhaps her jaws were not as sore as I thought they might be, or perhaps I hadn't hooked her in the mouth and that's why she was able to free herself. Did I dare hope to hook her again?

I backed up about five paces and began casting upstream so the drift would direct the fly into her path. She took again! The second take was a solid take, and she moved out and away immediately. She bore downstream twenty-five yards, only to hold behind a half-ton rock to sulk. Suddenly, she moved across-stream and started back upstream like a farm tractor in low gear. Now I had to climb back up the rocks. I had checked my watch the second time the fish took. It had been 11:05. I still had that same fish on at noon when it stopped raining. I was a quarter of a mile downstream from where I had started. We were in a section of the river I had not yet fished, and the river was very clean and

clear and thigh deep. That fish did not give up. I must have smelled, looked, and felt like a hot, cast iron frying pan because she never let me get closer to her than before.

Just when I felt she was finally ready to come in, she rolled toward the far bank and something parted. Again the rod went straight, the line limp. What a fight! Another big one got away. They almost always do, or else how could they get so big? I drew in my line to see that the tippet had indeed parted. I was happy she had won. I had tricked her twice in the same time frame, but she had the last laugh. Not alone, however, for I laughed with her, happy the pull was over.

At one time during the battle I tossed a few stones at her to make her move, and she did after the second one scared her. It was all a great experience I'll never forget. Having such an experience had been in my dreams for some forty-odd years. Now it had happened and I'd captured it in my mind. I'd be able to recall it for the rest of my life. Somehow I doubt good fishing like that can be improved on or duplicated, but I'm already planning a return trip in '88. This time I'd like to do the southwest quadrant of the state, plus the north central area. Of course, I'm almost certain I'll drop in on the north fork of the Skykomish.

1987 Junior Conservation Camp

This year the Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association will sponsor the attendance of two boys or girls at a one-week Junior Conservation Camp held at Camp Workcoeman in New Hartford, Connecticut, during the month of August.

The Junior Conservation Camp gives boys and girls eleven through fifteen years of age an opportunity to gain education in the proper use of our natural resources, the safe use of firearms, woodsmanship, fly fishing, fly tying, camping, boat safety, archery, skeet shooting and more. All of the training comes from experienced and well-trained instructors.

The Connecticut Wildlife Federation developed the conservation camp program. The camp staff is composed of well-qualified adults from throughout the state who donate their time and talents to this worthwhile project. There is one counselor for every ten campers.

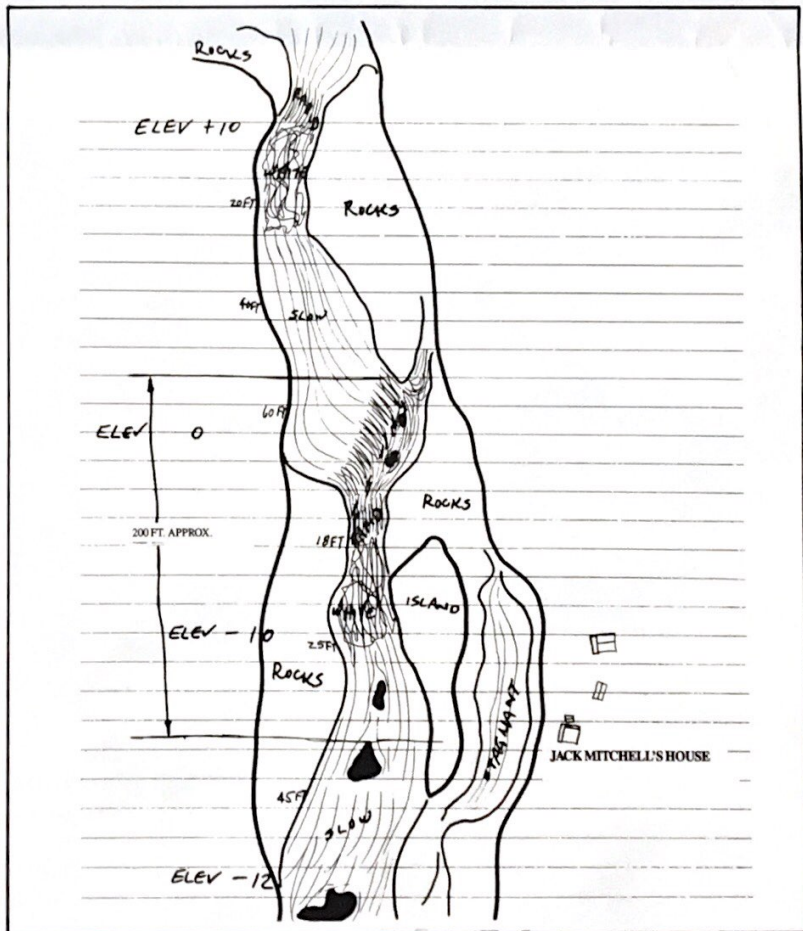
This year the tuition is approximately \$175.00. CFFA will provide *full tuition* for the two youngsters that it sponsors. The tuition includes health and accident insurance, buses for various field trips and all instructional materials needed for the week.

Any boy or girl between the ages of eleven and fifteen, in the immediate family of a CFFA member, is eligible to be sponsored by CFFA. The full tuition will be awarded through a random drawing conducted at the May meeting or Annual Outing. To qualify for the drawing, please submit the following information by April 30, 1988:

- (1) Name of adult CFFA member;
- (2) Name and age of youth;
- (3) Address and telephone number.

Forward information to: CFFA Conservation Camp Sponsor Program, P.O. Box 18268, Silver Lane, East Hartford, CT 06118.

Dan Record
Education Chairman



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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.



Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association, Inc.
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