



# LINES & LEADERS

NEWSLETTER OF THE CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION

## ANNUAL OUTING

Saturday, May 14th, 1988  
Nye Hollman State Park  
(Exit 69 from I-84 follow signs)  
Noon-1:30 p.m.

Hot Dogs, Hamburgers, Chips, Soda

### Bring Your Fishing Gear

#### Spring Clean Up

*by Larry Levesque*

On Saturday, March 19, the second conservation project planned for by CFFA was completed with much success.

A spring clean-up day was held at the Willi. An abutment pool bridge was replaced.



*Before*

Two work parties headed by Bruce Cole and Mike Stewart helped with brush and trail maintenance. After clearing brush some of the workers helped on the bridge.



*After*

Some new members of CFFA were there along with regular members and some people who had attended fly fishing school.

All work was done in just over five hours thanks to the help of some hard energetic workers. They proved that being members of CFFA means more than just catching fish.

P.S.: Mike Baio and I want to remind all that we'll be needing help for the fall clean-up.

#### THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING FOR HELPING WITH BRUSH AND BRIDGE

- Burton Phelps
- Jim Blozwalis
- David Kusma
- Rich Whitehead
- Bruce Cole
- Mike Stewart
- Carl Sentivany
- Mike Baio
- Larry Levesque

# "From the Vest of the President"



The other day I picked up the diaries I had kept on the Willi and Jeremy rivers. As I leafed through them, vivid images rushed across my mind like a slide show out of

control. I saw scores of fishing companions, wild flowers and the beauty of spring in its pastel greens and hues of rust. Spring has splendor more beautiful than fall.

You know I remember less about the fish I caught than my partners. Oh, there are some catches that will forever stick in my mind, like that five pound rainbow in Vermont, my first trout—caught on a drop line in a torrential downpour and a seven inch sea-run brookie caught next to the Trans-Canada Highway on Prince Edward Island. I can still hear the rain beating on the hood of my poncho and feel a drop run down my forehead to the tip of my nose where I try to push it away with my tongue.

The sounds of a stream are the same but different too. The smooth quiet runs, the rushes of the rapids and how they change with the fluctuation of the seasons. Can you smell the skunk cabbage and that warm May breeze or the rain in the air before a storm?

Even without a diary many memories return. With a few notes nostalgic

journeys which might otherwise lay hidden in the cluttered closets of our minds gush forth as if a dam burst. I wish I could say I had kept notes regularly as some of you have but I'm a slow learner. My earliest notes go back to 1973: "April 21 Mt Hope 6-12, air temp 50-65 water temp 45, brookie in bend of brook caddis hatching all morning, stone & cranes too." That brook has since been defiled, remaining as a sterile gravel run. There are notes of many streams, friends and fish—the day Pete Traini caught his first trout on a fly. Another entry May 5 1982 my comments were: "The Hendrickson hatch has waned but still fish taking. There seemed to be more fishermen than I have seen in the fly stretch (between the abutment pool and below the highway), about 14. Most people seemed enthused although today was tough." The next page indicated nine browns caught. That was tough? Another—"Finally met the stream checker—pleasant young man. One boy (I was with my kids from school) who has fished with the club for three years finally caught his first trout."

The point of all this rambling, and I could go on, is to inspire you to keep your own diary. Just a notebook will do. In fact, I received a fancy fishing diary last year, but never used it. It seemed too difficult to fill all those calendar days. A simple notebook works fine. If you keep a Willi diary make a copy before you

relinquish it to the state just in case it gets lost.

Between our school casting sessions April 9th Leo Legitt, Jeff, a student, and I followed Doc Ringrose to our rearing pool to view "the monsters." We discovered some very fat and healthy rainbows between 12 & 15 inches. They should be swimming and leaping in the Willi after 23rd. Speaking of our rearing pool the owner of the property where our pool is located is selling. If anyone is interested in buying a cute little cape with a fish pond, get in touch.

Bruce Cole is planning an outing on the Willi for May. There will be plenty of food and good company so join us. We are considering a family outing in the fall. If you have any suggestions or would like to help, get in touch with Bruce.

I want to thank Lyn Smith for his help during the fly tying school. His name was mistakenly left off our first recognition.

I am sad to say this may be the last time we look so elegant. It has been a great year for *Lines and Leaders* and I thank Malcolm MacKenzie for making it possible. I hope someone will come forth and help keep our newsletter flowing. Its up to you!

Happy Hatches,  
Gary Bogli

## Brown Trout

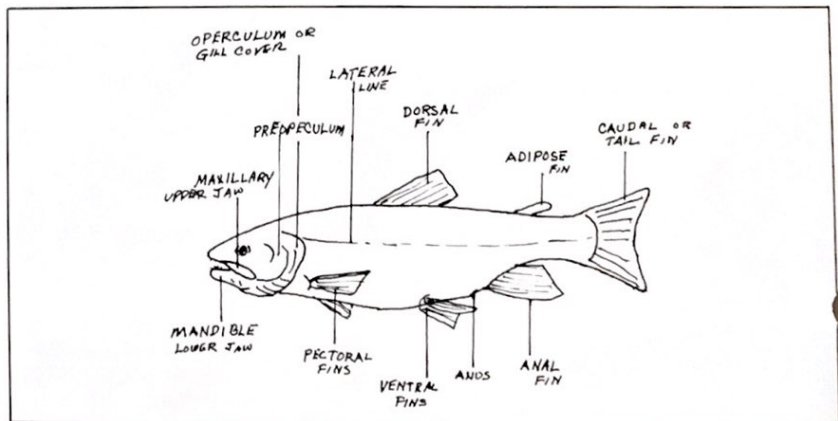
by Lynwood V. Smith

At the March 9th meeting I was handed a Willimantic River trout diary. And on Sunday, March 12, I fished the "Willie." It was a beautiful day. I managed to catch a brown trout and put him back into the river. After four hours and not catching another fish, I returned to my van. I noticed the diary on the dashboard. And I recorded the fish I caught. Chuck Phillips wants to know what fins were clipped. I had forgotten to look at the fish, because I was thinking of the season to come. Then I thought of all the new faces I saw at the Wednesday meeting and wondered how many really knew what fins were what. So I am presenting this crude drawing of a trout in case you do not know what fin is where.

After you hook the trout and you are going to measure and look at the fin clip, just make sure your hands are wet and you don't hold the fish too long out of the water. Return him and slowly revive him for another day's catch.

As an added piece of information in case you don't already know, the brown trout (*Salmo trutta*) is not a native to the country. The brown trout was a gift from Germany by Baron von Behr to Mr. Fred Mather in New York. The first of several shipments arrived in New York, February 1883. Mather put some of the trout in the new hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island and sent some up to Caledonia hatchery at Northville, Michigan.

The following year, eggs of the Lock Leven strain came from Scotland's Howietoun hatchery. Connecticut got its *Salmo trutta* in 1893. The trout was spread throughout the United States. It wasn't until 1972 that Kentucky and Texas had considered planting. So a thanks to Mr. Fred Mather's wise thinking, you and I can fish for brown trout in the States. I hope you do well this year.



## Major Eastern Hatch Sequence-Mayflies

The following information is reprinted from the April, 1983 issue of *Gordon's Quill*, the newsletter of the Theodore Gordon Flyfishers. Willi may be slightly earlier under normal conditions.

Name	Common Name	Size	Approx. Date
1) Baestis Vagans Cingulatus	Blue-Winged Olive	16,18	4/10 to early May
2) Epeorus Pleuralis	Quill Gordon	12,14	4/21 to 5/21
3) Paraleptophlebia Adoptiva	Blue Quill	16,18	4/23 to 5/21
4) Ephemerella Subvaria	Hendrickson	10,12	4/25 to 5/25
5) Ephemerella Invaria	Hendrickson	12	5/15 to 6/14
Rotunda	Hendrickson	14	
6) Stenonema Vicarium	March Brown	10,12	5/15 to 6/14
7)    Fuscum	Gray Fox	10,12	5/21 to 6/21
8) Ephemerella Dorothea	Sulphur	16,18	5/30 to 6/20
9) Epeorea Vitera	Sulphur	12,14	6/3 to 7/2
10) Ephemerella Guttulata	Green Drake	6,8	6/3 to 6/4
11) Isonychia Bicolor	Dun Variant	8,10	6/10 to 7/7
12) Ephemerella Cornutta	Blue-Winged Olive	14	6/7 to 6/20
13)    Attenuata		16,18	6/14 to 7/7
14) Stenonema Ithaca	Light Cahill	10,12	6/14 to 7/7
Canadense		12,14	
15) Ephemerella Varia	Cream Variant	8,10	6/21 to 8/7
16) Potomanthus Distinctus	Cream Variant	8,10	6/21 to 8/7
17) Ephemerella Lata	Blue-Winged Olive	16,18	7/5 to 8/1
18) Pseudocloeon Carolina	Tiny B-W Olive	20,22	May, Aug. & Sept.
Dubium		24,26	July, Aug. & Sept.
19) Tricorythodes Atratus	White-Winged Black	24,26	Late June to Mid-Sept.
Stygiatus		28	

### My First Fish on a Fly

by Timothy Reluga

It was a bright, sunny day. As we turned off the highway, I wondered if today would be the day I caught my first fish on a fly? We stopped at an old cemetery and unpacked our fly rods. It was a good hike to the Blackledge River. When we got there we split up. I fished the upper part while my dad fished the lower part. We fished it for a half an hour. Dad caught one brown trout and let it go. Then we went back to the truck and drove down to the Salmon River Fishing Preserve.

After driving for a short time, we came to the fly fishing area and my father said, "Let's try here." Dad caught two rainbow trout this time, but I still didn't catch anything.

Then we drove down stream out of the preserve to where a small stream runs into the river below a small waterfall. We decided to use a "Pale Evening Dun." After five minutes my dad caught another brown trout. Then a large fish jumped in front of me! I cast to where it jumped and got a strike. As I brought in the fish, I saw it was a six inch salmon smolt. I let it go. I had caught my first fish on a fly.

Editor's Note: Great job Tim.



Loading the live carts.

### Spring Stocking

by Larry Levesque

Spring is finally here and marks the beginning of several conservation projects planned in '88 for CFFA.

Saturday, March 12 was the date of the first stocking in the trout management area of the Willi. Approximately 1000 fish, mixed of rainbows and brookies, were released mainly by live carts.

John Puzles was the conservation officer in charge. He did an excellent job of making sure the trout were well dispersed. This should help bring some more good fishing to the no-kill area. CFFA members also stocked 2-3,000 fish on the Jeremy on March 28, and helped to stock 12,000 fish on the Natchaug on April 2. Buckets were used on the Natchaug because of the large numbers of fish to be stocked.

Some of the new members of CFFA were there to help out along with regular members. Thanks to all of them and the following for their help.

Now here is your chance to try catching fish with all those flies you've been busy tying all winter!



Activities Vice President Bruce Cole on the right with members Steve Behrens, middle and Pat Barber.

### THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING FOR HELPING WITH STOCKING:

Carl Sentivany, Burton Phelps, Jim Blozwalls, Steve Behrens, Jerry Wade, Lionel MacDonald, Rick Welcome, Ryan Welcome, Jim May, Bruce Cole, Bernie Marois, Paul Derynioski, Pat Barber, Chuck Relugh, Dave Siemer, Mark Talbot, Bill Titone, Marilyn Titone, Hal York, Rick Chisse, Mike Steward, Bill MacDonald, Bob Marino, Jim Principi, Robert Tapp, Mike Baio, Larry Levesque

## Carrots or Crustacea

by Ken Parkany

Some of my most memorable experiences afield or astream include savoring the "salmon-pink" flesh of our native Brook Trout. I'm sure that the Vermont environs of *Salvalenus fontinalis* heightened the pleasure, but there is no way to describe the taste of that trout, prepared by wrapping in foil with some butter and lemon and heated by hot coals from a wood fire. Until one day the flesh was not pink — but white!!!

How could this be? A native brookie "decked out" in white? I first thought the fish to be diseased, though it didn't smell or taste funny — just different! This experience goes back a few years to when disappointment left lasting impressions. For I was disappointed to discover that not all native brookies have pink flesh.

Returning home, burning with curiosity, I read in one of my many fishing tomes (don't recall which one now, but it might have been Bergman's *Trout*) that a crustacean diet causes the pink or salmon-colored flesh. And some years later this was also confirmed by a fisheries biologist. Well, "they" say that a little knowledge is dangerous. I'm not quite sure if it was my new-found knowledge or not, but, for some reason my interest in "belly-fishing" for native Brook Trout waned soon after that. At the risk of being accused of "prejudice," I didn't want to kill a trout only to find its flesh tastelessly white, by comparison to the pink.

So, here it is, March 1988 (many years later) and I pick up a copy of *The Fisherman's Vade Mecum*, by G.W. Maunsell (first published in London, 1933), while scrounging through a used

book store. And for some mysterious reason, I'm drawn to somewhere near the end of the book. My eyes are scanning the page — yep, you guessed — a short dissertation on "pink flesh." And I quote:

"... Pink-fleshed trout usually taste best (but not always).

"Fish which are fed on shrimps, mollusca, crustaceans and other foods containing calcium have pink flesh and the ova are also a rich pink.

"Trout fed chiefly on minnows, gudgeon, and sticklebacks, usually have whitish flesh, and the ova are very pale. From old age or repeated spawning the flesh of all salmonidae becomes paler.

"There is carotene in nearly all crustaceans; this gives a pink colour to the flesh.

"In some trout farms they feed trout on chopped mussels and sea mullusca to make the flesh pink.

"If young fry are fed on crushed carrots the flesh becomes pink.

"The tongue of a trout indicates the colour of the flesh: A reddish tongue indicates pink flesh, a whitish tongue indicates white flesh . . ."

So, the next time you're tasting the delectable pink flesh of trout, especially if it's from a stream that harbors hatchery-bred fish, ask yourself: "Am I eating carrots or crustacea?" The former, I suspect, adds just color while the latter also adds taste!

## Swans in Salt Water

by Lionel R. MacDonald

Swans in salt water? Who ever heard of such a thing?

My fishing experiences have taken me recently to salt water. I have found out for myself that swans do not occupy only small ponds in the local town park.

When I was a small boy growing up, the only place swans could be seen was at our local park. They were regular park residents which were fed by park management and by people throwing food for them. Even most of those tidbits were taken more quickly by the ducks. The swans never really came close enough to be observed. They were always a shy bird. Gliding along on the surface of the quiet pond, they looked so calm and peaceful.

As summer came to its end and fall was on us, trips to the park were fewer and only sometimes we'd see the swans.

They are such large birds . . . such a long neck and such huge wings . . . with head and beak tucked close to the throat the rest of the neck formed a most perfect "S". Do those birds really fly? We never saw them take flight like some of the

other ducks such as the mallards or the pintails or the canvasbacks . . . they would just up and fly off. The swans rarely exercised their wings as the other waterfowl did. I'll bet they can't fly!

And so it was with swans and me. They were very large, water birds that came from someplace, (we knew not where), looked very pretty on ponds and somehow, just disappeared after the ice formed on the ponds. (Or was it us who did not go to see them at the pond?)

Fifty winters have come and gone since that time in my life and just this past winter I saw swans flying for the first time. There were three birds flying very low and straight toward us. It wasn't until they rose above the bushes and tall marsh grass and over the park road that I saw the long necks and the lengthy wings that could identify them unmistakably as swans. And my thought was, so they can fly! They looked as magnificent in flight as they do on a calm pond.

And again this summer I saw three more. These three were swimming along the shore where I'd beached my boat to do some wading to fly fish for striped bass. They were going to skirt around me until they saw my casting action. This alerted them. They began flapping their long wings and running on the water at the same time. Six or seven steps on the surface plus the power of the wings and they were airborne.

They flew past me not more than five feet off the water, and never rose more than that. What did surprise me though, was how one swam back minutes later. She must have had some young somewhere, or maybe it was the osprey she felt was a threat to a young one.

I'd observed the osprey twice plummet to the water and each time she found her mark and came up with a fish firmly taloned and wiggling. Her nest was atop one of the channel buoys. As she came in with a fish the young eagerly ate it. After her second catch I decided to go down the beach to try her spot. Turns out she was the better fisherman of the two of us.

I also observed a pair and a young swan on the salt creek which separates Harkness Memorial State Park and private property. I've also noticed several swan families on the lower Connecticut River. And if you're ever in the vicinity, check out the flock of 25-30 swans in South Cove.

So, that's it. I'd say that here in Connecticut at least, swans live summer and winter at the shore, and I understand they are multiplying at an alarming rate.

And just for the record, I did not hook any stripers or bluefish that day, but nearly thirty summer fluke fell to my white bucktail.

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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. 4th, 1989

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.

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