

## LINES & LEADERS

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### NEWSLETTER OF THE CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMAN'S ASSOCIATION

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DECEMBER MEETING

SUBJECT: FISHING IN IDAHO

by NEIL BANTLY

PLACE: VETERAN'S MEMORIAL CLUBHOUSE, SUNSET

RIDGE DR., EAST HARTFORD, CT.

WHEN: WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1989

TIME: FLY TYING-7:00 P.M.

PROGRAM-7:30 P.M.

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#### DECEMBER MEETING

At the December meeting, Neil Bantly's slide presentation will take you to the Frank Church River of No Return Wilderness Area in Central Idaho where he travelled by horse and pack mule along 15 miles of Big Creek.

This undiscovered National Wilderness area is one of the few places remaining where you can fish all day and not meet another fisherman. Primarily a native cutthroat stream, Neil Bantly caught and released forty to fifty fish a day, including Dolly Varden, White Fish and Cutthroat up to sixteen inches. You won't want to miss this presentation.

FROM THE VEST OF THE PRESIDENT DECEMBER 1989

After serving more than a decade on the Board of Directors of CFFA as Education Chairman, Vice President of Promotion and as President, I will step down next year. I have enjoyed working for CFFA and will continue to help in areas where I can. It has been a pleasure to work with the many dedicated Board members and the general membership. CFFA has a wonderful blend of people from all walks of life who possess unique talents and share a love for fly fishing.

I apologize for missing the last meeting. My other hobby, skiing dictated that I help at our annual ski swap and sale. I wish to thank Dale Matthews for taking over for me.

Between the precipitation, soccer and home I have not been unable to do any fishing since my last letter. A buddy has been to the Rhode Island shore on numerous occasions and had sporadic luck. I understand from Myron Schulman that Palaski has been excellent and that we may see him at the banquet, landing a large steelhead. Paul Kakonan happen to be there filming and caught Myron in action.

The fly raffle is about to get under way. I received just over 60 dozen flies. The prizes will be: three prizes of ten dozen flies and eight prizes of five dozen flies. Tickets will be \$1.00 each and you will be mailed a book of five tickets. If everyone sells their share our insurance costs will be easily met. If you need more tickets they will be available.

I hope you all have happy and safe holiday.

Happy Hatches,

*Nary L. Boyle*

## HACKLES, PALMERS AND OTHER STRANGE NOTIONS

Wow! A few of you folks apparently have been looking for a series of articles on fly tying, techniques and history. This is quite a challenge to satisfy those needs. As they say, "Keep those cards and letters coming."

There are Cabbage Patch dolls, Nintendo and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. Now comes the San Juan Worm!

No, this isn't a hybrid species of the Red Wiggler but a recently popularized fly which has been used with success in the West and in some eastern locales. Some CFFA members have been reported to use this fly in Connecticut waters with success.

I don't know the tyer's name who created this fly. However, this fly may have been originally used on the San Juan River in New Mexico below the Navajo Dam. The fly has taken both browns and rainbows.

### SAN JUAN WORM

(Reference Fly Tyer, Fall 1989, "A Handful of Worms," by A. A. Gennaro)

Hook: Mustad 37160 or 37140; Tiemco TMC 200, TMC 2302, TMC 2313 or TMC 400T; Daiichi 1730 (Kamasan B-810); or any other style having a bent or curved shank.  
Sizes #6 thru #10.

Thread: Red nylon

Body: "Fluorescent red," "neon red," "hot orange," "fire orange," or pink floss, yarn or Vernille. Overwrapping with Sunset Amnesia monofilament is optional.

Rib: Red copper wire. Regular copper or brass wire can also be used.

Head: Red tying thread or small bulb made from the body material.

Tail: Short piece of body material (optional).

Before you place the hook into the vise, flatten the barb of the hook. This will make it easier to release your fish as well as improve hooking efficiency. Also, if the Mustad Bait Hooks are used, the points should be offset to improve the hooking capability.

Tie in the ribbing at the end of the shank. Take the body material and tie it in at the end of the shank. Leave a length equal to the gap of the hook for the tail. Bring the thread forward to the eye. Wrap the body material forward to about one eye width from the eye. Now take the ribbing and wind forward in evenly spaced wraps to create the impression of segmentation. Tie off the ribbing and trim the end.

Take the body material and wrap around the hook a few times to make the

head. Tie off and trim the body material and thread. Whip finish or complete the fly with a series of half-hitches. The pattern is completed.

Another related pattern follows:

#### UNWOUND VERNILLE WORM

Hook: Mustad 3906B, 79671, 79580, 7957B, 7957BX, 9671 or 9672;  
Daiichi 1710 (Kamasan B-830), 2220 (Kamasan B-800); Tiemco TMC  
5262, TMC 5263 or TMC 3761.  
Sizes #6 thru #10.

Thread: Red nylon.

Body: Strip of fluorescent red, neon red, hot orange, fire orange,  
or pink Vernille.

Rib: Red, copper or brass colored wire.

This pattern is even more simple to tie than the San Juan Worm.

Tie in your thread in back of the eye. Wrap the thread toward the rear completely covering the hook shank. At the rear of the shank tie in the ribbing and then the body strip. This strip is laid on top of the hook shank and bound to the shank with the ribbing wire. The body strip should extend from the rear of the hook about 1 -1/2 to 2 times the length of the shank. This will be the undulating tail of the worm. Let the strip also extend from the front of the shank by about one shank length. Tie off and trim the rib. Whip finish or half-hitch.

#### TIPS

Fine copper wire can be found in old extension cords. I cut the cord in 8 to 10 inch lengths and split them as needed to get at the wire strands.

Vernille is really Ultra Chenille.

Both of these flies can be fished in a dead drift fashion similar to nymph fishing.

Now go back to your vise and tie up a couple dozen. That way you can contribute a dozen to the Club for the 100 Dozen Fly Raffle.

If you have any questions on these patterns, or any other, or if you have any requests for a specific pattern, tying technique or tying questions in general, I will do my best to answer them in the Lines & Leaders. You may get in touch with me by sending your questions or requests to the Editor of the Lines & Leaders or to me: The Royal Footman, 10 Bradley Brook, North Granby, CT 06060.

*The Royal Footman*

Mike Stewart

## A Splendid Day on the Esopus

I have a place in Ulster County New York ,in the Catskills.In my little woodland valley(actually that's its name--Woodland Valley) my cabin clings to the side of a mountain within earshot of a prosperous trout stream--one of many tributaries that flow into Esopus Creek. I have fished these waters since I was a boy, and while I am a rabid devotee of fly fishing in Connecticut, the lure of these fabled Catskill waters has me tightly in its grip for much of the season too.

So with that stated, I want to describe the great fishing that I had on the weekend this fall when I journeyed from Connecticut to close up my mountain hideaway for the winter.

I am alone on the three hour drive to New York. Since cold weather threatens, my wife refuses to come. The kids, sniffing the air and catching the faint hint of manual labor in the wind also demur--they claim to have more pressing engagements. The Berkshires are in peak foliage--riots of red and gold dappled maples--but the Catskills are a week or two away from perfection, being further south, no doubt. New York State requires me to purchase a new licence for October fishing, and in Phoenicia, the small town nearest to my shangrila, Herman Folkert is only too happy to sell me a nonresident license for a usurious \$27.50 (certainly CT is not as rough on its fishing guests).  
I AM READY!

I spend that late afternoon scouting along Woodland Brook to get a feel for conditions in preparation for the next day's fishing on the "big river" the Esopus. The water is good--heavy and gray, fast, but it will allow a dry fly. And I see what I'm looking for. Not surprisingly there are signs of the Slate Drake (we as often call it after the wetfly used to imitate it--Leadwing Coachman)--if you want to be disgustingly formal then call it Isonychia Bicolor. By whatever name, it's sporadically climbing onto streamside rocks and shucking its skin.

I enjoy a calm and suitably calculated afternoon the next day tying five identical flies that I KNOW will knock them dead on the big river. After rereading my dog-eared copy Art Flick's old Streamside Guide--the chapter on I. Bicolor especially--I tie a variation of his dry imitation. I chose to believe it's a uniquely new pattern, just invented by yours truly on the spot (though it has certainly been "invented" by others before me). So I use an inventor's prerogative and give it a name worthy of its somber hues--Coachman in Mourning; it is tied thus:

### O'Neil's Coachman in Mourning-Dry

Wings--none  
Body--peacock herl  
Hackle--dark dun or black  
Tail--very long, from same hackle neck  
Hook--#12  
Silk--black or olive

After greasing my line with ancient mucilin the consistency and color of cheap hair pomade (the can was assuredly purchased more than 20 years ago, and I have just discovered its hiding place), I don my uniform and drive off to the Esopus. My uniform is scruffy but wonderfully comfortable and includes my old army fatigue shirt, almost in tatters but still supporting my USAEURAR armpatch with the Rainbow Division fiery sword that Ike favored--the shirt has only two of its original six buttons and is missing one of its spec/4 patches; a ratty green baseball cap with the words BURPEE SEEDS above the visor; a venerable fishing vest bulging with pounds of valuable trout equipment, and covered with badges and obscure insignia proving piscatorial membership and brotherhood of one sort or another--an old metal button with the legend STONEY CLOVE ROD & GUN CLUB--1965--LANESVILLE, NY is a prime example; my hip boots; my net (a raffle prize won at the 1988 Ct. Flyfisherman's Assoc. annual feast!); rod and reel--ancient Orvis bamboo and metal. I am sporting a newly purchased 7 and a half foot tapered leader of 3 lb. test strength.

The weather is chill and overcast, threatening to dump more rain as it did the night before, and the dry fly dope is clotting badly (a secret formula of Herman's, it contains a high volume of paraffin). Only by keeping the bottle in my breast pocket next to my chest and pulling a heavy sweater on over the fatigue shirt does the fly dope warm sufficiently to become its proper liquid form.

I start at the end of the Herdman Road--the big dry fly hole where two summers before, I saw Ron Pool playing an enormous 2 foot rainbow in the middle of the day. Had him on for 45 seconds and then--ping!!! The river's heralded fall spawning run of huge browns is what I hope to participate in this afternoon.

I am happy with the way the Coachman in Mourning is behaving in the fast water. Fish are paying attention to it, but I discover before too long that they're just "spitting at it" as old Joe Holtzer used to say. And now, stooping to examine the boulder where my foot rests, I discover why the stream-birds are noisy and why the occasional fish hits the surface--a passel of small duns, number 18, number 20, are drying their wings and walking slowly across the rock; having escaped the death so many others of them are experiencing on the water, they calmly go about their business, readying for the next chapter in their brief life above water. "Have fun little buddies," I breathe, madly hunting in my flybox for anything--anything at all!--that might match this hatch.

And, I find it... For the next two hours, until it gets dark, I have the dizzying pleasure of catching over 20 native trout (of which I will keep the largest nine), losing two #18 black gnats to huge fish that stay on briefly, jump so I could enjoy seeing their girth and gleaming flanks, and then break off decisively. I miss a slew of others, leaving many a sore jaw and a lesson learned.

Eventually, I decide to go upstream from the dry fly hole--a walk on the overgrown railroad tracks will bring you to the right place if you know where to cross through the dense underbrush--and as I break through to the upper river, I see a young fellow 50 yards upstream.

He's in midstream and fishing a fly on a long line. I want to get ahead of him, so I slowly wade through the shallows near the high grass, milkweed, and horsemint (wild plants created just to snare my fly on every fifth cast it seems). We wave silently to each other as I come abreast of him. He's in his 20's I guess, and dressed in a much more acceptable fishing garb than I (Abacrombie and Fitch would have approved). But, as I station myself upstream at the head of the run, and in three minutes catch four wild rainbows, I see that while the young fellow casts well and has chosen excellent water to fish, nothing is happening for him. Soon he comes to shore and I talk with him. I give him one of my remaining #18 blacks and tell him to fish it on a short line across and downstream without floatant. Like a jassid, it should ride just in the foam of the current, neither a wet nor a dry fly classically, but if you have an idea where it ought to be--awfully hard to actually see the little bugger--you can strike when the fish hits, 'cause you can see the fish plainly enough. Young fisherman is grateful and asks if he can give me a fly in return, which I'm happy to accept. Such a gift, such unexpected largess, may prove to be next year's diamond in the rough. His fly is a #18 green body--tied with a bit more material than I'd have applied myself, but well crafted nonetheless--with a pale gray hackle and delicately rendered wings. He slogs away and I admonish him to knock 'em dead! Note I did not wish him "Good luck". I know that wishing a fisherman good luck is bad luck about to be realized. I suppose this is a common enough belief among fisherman that you wonder why I even bother to explain it, but I run into so many people who know nothing of this superstition it make me wonder what they're teaching in the schools these days. I also did not mouth that clubby, stale, over-used parting bromide "tight lines." TIGHT LINES? God help us!

Later that evening, the catch is treated thusly:

1. I photograph them--since they are all fat native rainbows of a certain delightful size, they are worthy of the camera.
2. The fish are then cleaned and readied for distribution.
3. But for two that I keep for breakfast, I venture forth into the night and give them to friends--people who value fresh caught trout but who for one reason or another have not had any in years. What better way to revel in my good luck than to share it with my mountain friends? I can think of none.

Aunt Helen Muehleck, whose husband Fred provided their house with trout until he died ten years ago, gets the last three. I ask her why she's going to freeze all three instead of enjoying at least one, fresh, for breakfast the next morning.

"Mike," she says, looking me straight in the eye, "I have a houseguest staying with me tomorrow, and if I have a trout for breakfast, I'll have to give her one too. No Thanks! They're just too precious!"

I've always liked that about Aunt Helen. She doesn't beat around the bush, and her priorities are rock solid. Very trouty priorities, with which I would never argue. Would you?

Mike O'Neil

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NO.	Date	Subject
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2	1-12-90	STREAMERS: Black Ghost and Black Marabou
3	1-19-90	WET FLIES: G.R. Hare's Ear and Dark Cahill
4	1-26-90	NYMPHS: Scraggley and Dark Stenonema
5	2-2-90	DRY FLIES: Adams and Light Cahill
6	2-9-90	PANFISH FLIES: Bass and Bluegill Attractors

EQUIPMENT: All necessary hooks and material 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                      NON-MEMBERS: \$30

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CFFA FTS ENROLLMENT APPLICATION

Please print the requested information. Forward application form and tuition (checks payable to CFFA) to Wally Murray, Education Chairman, 160 Rising Trail Drive, Middletown, CT 06457

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For additional information contact Larry Johnson, V.P. Promotion, 60 William Street, Hartford, CT 06105. Phone (203) 246-0728.

## AN INTERESTING BRUSH CLEARING

Kurt Jagielow

Dale, John, my son, and I were leaving Manchester one Saturday after gorging ourselves on Mexican food. Driving down I-84 toward home, we discussed the brush clearing that was to take place the following morning. Multiple bursts of lightning interrupted my train of thought. I couldn't remember Hilton forecasting stormy weather for the weekend and I hoped this wouldn't ruin our Sunday excursion on the banks of the Willimantic River. We went home and kept our fingers crossed as the area was hit with a wild storm punctuated with constant, loud claps of thunder and more cracks of lightning almost simultaneously.

Upon waking Sunday morning, the temperature was fairly comfortable and the rain had stopped. The only thing that made me grimace was the yard. It looked as though I would have to do some brush clearing of my own. The storm did a marvelous job of knocking down leaves and branches.

I picked up Dale and John and we headed for the Willi. As we pulled in near the route 74 bridge, we noticed that Dave was already there. He was walking up from the river and mentioned that he had seen an Osprey flying around. I guess it's better to see the Osprey fishing than those upstanding fishermen who throw the worm cups and beer cans all over the place. Shortly after, Joe and Tony pulled in. We cleared the trail from the picnic tables down to the route 84 bridge. We relocated about 35 feet of trail in one area because it was getting too close to the bank and was starting to erode. Personally, I think Dale moved it back so that he wouldn't spook the fish when he came upon them.

As we went along, we collected various fishing implements, baseball hats, beer bottles that some people use to throw at fish when they won't take the bait, a fire extinguisher, a plastic army helmet, and many plastic buckets which were probably from the purist minnow fishermen, not to mention the lovely styrofoam cups that hold the clam chowder that warms you on the cold fishing days.

After we finished the lower area, we made a stop by the highway entrance where an older gentleman of Yankee descent had a hot dog stand set up. The coffee he was selling wasn't too bad and the chili dogs were very good.

We moved to the abutment pool and started clearing the brush all the way past the corner pool to the mountain laurel. On the walk back to the abutment pool, we had a surprise. About 200 ft. away there were two incredibly bright gentlemen with three kids, one dog, one handgun, and one rifle. They were playing Frank Burns from M.A.S.H.,

firing shots anywhere, not paying attention to where the projectiles were going. It's no surprise that with uneducated people using firearms in such a way, that the Liberals are yelling for gun control.

Anyway, enough politics. The only areas we did not clear were the trails behind the commuter lot and right by the route 74 bridge. These areas will be done sometime in early November. The areas that were done are marked with DayGlo orange fluorescent paint. There are more markings so that you won't be side-tracked on a deer path. The spring brush clearing is scheduled for Sunday, April 1, 1990.

A very special Thanks goes out to all who helped on the brush clearing:

Joe Goodfield	David Kusma
Tony Simmons	John Massengill
Dalr Mathews	Larry Levesque

And to Bruce Cole: we didn't meet up on the river, but thank-you for the continuing effort.

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FOR SALE

I have the following flies for sale: Over 300 Dry Fies for sale including spinners in sizes #10 - #16, 75 Nymphs in all sizes to #18 , at least 100 streamers in sizes #8-#10. Many with genuine

J.C. A box of odds and ends including some bass flies. OVER 600 FLIES FOR \$240.

Also an assortment of 100 Nymphs. Most weighted for \$56. Will include box.

All flies tied by myself.

Ernest Boutiette

Tel: 289-3605

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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 members may place for-sale or want ads of a noncommercial nature without charge. Newsletter correspondence should be sent to: Fam Murray, 160 Rising Trail Drive 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

MARK YOUR CALENDAR

FLY TYING SCHOOL

January 1990

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12

19

26

February 1990

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CFFA ANNUAL BANQUET

February 3, 1990