

LINES & LEADERS

NEWSLETTER OF THE CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMAN'S ASSOCIATION

SEPTEMBER MEETING

SUBJECT: FISHING IN ARGENTINA

by WALTER CIHORKI

PLACE: VETERAN'S MEMORIAL CLUBHOUSE, SUNSET

RIDGE DR., EAST HARTFORD, CT.

WHEN: WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1989

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

PROGRAM-7:30 P.M.

DON'T MISS OUR OCTOBER 11 MEETING !

OUR SPEAKER WILL BE AUTHOR, FLY-TYER

J. EDSON LEONARD

SEPTEMBER PROGRAM

The September show will include slides of fishing in the Neuquen Province, which is in the northern section of Patagonia. Walter "Butch" Cihorki took this trip in 1987 with his friend Ernest Schwiebert and three other anglers. They were the explorers for what is now called Thomas and Thomas' Patagonia adventure. The slides shown will include the legendary rivers Malleo, Calefufu, Limay, Traful, the Boca Chimehuin and the Quilquihue. Fish taken range in size from three to ten pound. Included with the photos of fish taken and released will be views of the spectacular scenery.

Hope you can join us.

REMEMBER TO BRING YOUR FLIES!

WE NEED TO REACH OUR GOAL IN ORDER TO GET OUR RAFFLE UNDERWAY.

PLEASE REMEMBER TO BRING ALONG YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE NEXT MEETING

THANK YOU

FROM THE VEST OF THE PRESIDENT

September starts a new CFFA season. I hope this one will be the best: best in terms of your fishing success, new knowledge, and your active participation in our Club. You can partially satisfy the last of the best -BRING YOUR DOZEN FLIES. As of now we don't even have 25 dozen. If we don't reach the quota I will have to cancel my grandiose plan.

Our first program sounds very interesting, fishing in Argentina with Walter Cihorki. He had the opportunity to fish with Ernie Schwiebert in Patagonia (southern, somewhat arid area of Argentina).

I went back to the Farmington on the anniversary of last year's success, the fourth of July. It provided the same fireworks, fifteen to twenty nice trout. With my busy summer schedule I didn't return until August 10. I would title that day

At the End THERE WAS A RAINBOW.

My alarm went off at about 5:30 and after a leisurely start I was on the road by 6:30, time enough to beat the Hartford traffic. I was still so satisfied by the ice cream pastries I had eaten the night before that I passed the donut shop in Canton without hesitating. It was a beautiful day but somewhat cool for an August morning; cool enough for at least a jacket. There was only one other car in the parking area when I arrived at 7:30. I love stocking foot waders but they are a nuisance to put on when you are anxious to start fishing. I found prewetting the wading socks allows them to slip over the rubber more easily. As I approached the river I saw the other fisherman in his crushed red felt hat. We had met last year in the same spot. He went to the right of the island so I went left and we met again at the southern tip. We were both fishing stonefly nymphs although I had seen a few rises but I figured I would come back for them. I went below him in the pocket water and as I watched, my companion landed three brook trout. Having no luck with my nymph I made the transition to a dry, yellow stonefly. I had seen some large yellow midges and this pattern had been successful in the past. My first cast took a fat holdover brown about fourteen inches. Soon I caught another brown, smaller this time. My friend in the red hat, although an admitted wet fly fisherman, was now interested in my fly as his success had waned. However success with the yellow fly was short lived so I changed to a Lafontaine caddis emerger. Victory returned and for the next hour or so I worked my way down through the pocket water catching a mixed bag of browns, brookies, and three small salmon. Near the end of this stretch my triumphs ceased so I went back to the stonefly nymph and caught five more. Finally I reached the end of the pocket water and entered on to a beautiful run. It was now approaching noon; a few fish were still sipping in the film. Switching back to dries I took four more on a variety of small patterns. The last was the best: he came up to inspect a size sixteen Vermont caddis but no take. I shifted to a size eighteen beetle. It was good enough. He came up and as he turned I set the hook. A respectable battle followed ending with a gentle release of a fat colorful fifteen inch brown.

COME JOIN US AT THE HEBRON HARVEST FAIR

DATES: SEPTEMBER 7,8,9, & 10

TIME: 6-8PM ON THURSDAY, ALL DAY FRI, SAT & SUN

WE NEED VOLUNTEERS. IF YOU CAN HELP MAN THE BOOTH PLEASE CONTACT BRUCE COLE
AT 693-2250. HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE!

DIRECTIONS:

- ROUTE 2 EAST, TAKE EXIT 8
- LEFT AT END OF EXIT ONTO ROUTE 94 (HEBRON AVENUE)
- FOLLOW ROUTE 94 WHICH BECOMES ROUTE 85 10-12 MILES
- THE FAIRGROUNDS WILL BE ON YOUR RIGHT

MARK YOUR CALENDARS

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF FLY FISHING AUCTION DINNER DATE IS SET

JOIN US ON THURSDAY NOVEMBER 2, 1989 AT 5:30 PM

AT THE WAMPANOAG COUNTRY CLUB, WEST HARTFORD, CT

SEE NEXT ISSUE FOR FURTHER DETAILS

From the Vest cont'd

It was time for a break and some food. I drove back through the center of New Hartford and stopped at the Six D's restaurant. The food was good and the grape-nut pudding was delicious. The day was so beautiful I didn't want it to end so I called my wife and received permission to stay through the evening hatch.

Before going back to my favorite haunt, I checked out the Church Pool. It was crowded as usual. I watched and talked to some of the fly fisherman as a few fish were landed.

It was nearly four o'clock and time to get back to fishing. This time the parking area already had four cars. I repeated my sojourn of the morning down the stream past the island and into the pocket water sprinkling the surface with casts. The results were invariably the same, nothing. As I worked my way down, one frivolous fish made a splashy rise behind a rock. I noted his location and on my way back up stream I cast to him. He was still hungry and took my caddis eagerly as it swung by his lair.

I had anticipated more action but for now it was dead. I decided it wiyld be better to be nearer my car whne it got dark so I struggled two hundred yards back against the current. By this time I was tuckered. I found a protruding rock at the head of a run where I slumped with my rod resting in my lap. it was extremely peaceful in the red glow of the sunset. The only fisherman I saw was now a half mile down stream and no one was in sight upstream. I must have sat there for thirty minutes or more observing the change in light on the trees and foliage, smelling the aromas of the stream and abundant wild flowers, and listening to the sounds of the river. It was very peaceful.

I was hoping the insect activity would increase, except for mosquitoes of course. My patience was rewarded. One then two light colored mayflies emerged from the stream. I decided on a size fourtenn pink poly parachute. My first cast hooked a nice brown of better than twelve inches and within the next half hour I caught and released three more. Two of these were smaller fish with both pectoral fins clipped indicating they were stocked this year. I find this marking most distateful. The sun was now behind the trees, I had a great day and started to lease but a small distrubance on the surface near the bank caught my eye. I made a searching cast and was rewarded by an eager strike. It was a strong fish and it took off up stream and I let it run against the drag of the reel. Next it moved across the current toward the middle of the river but I was able to check the run and finally guide her near me. It turned out to be a brightly hued sixteen inch rainbow, the only one I caught all day. It was time to head home.

I got thinking about what makes a good day of fishing. Today I caught and released twenty-six trout. Is it the number of fish caught? Sometimes I find myself obsessed by numbers. Is it a good day just to be on the stream with a companion or someone you meet and chat? Is it a good day just to be on the stream and observe all of nature's bounty whether you catch any fish or not?

All the answers seem to be yes.

HAPPY HATCHES,
Gary Bogli

HOP RIVER FLY SHOP



FLIES PROFESSIONALLY CRAFTED WITH THE FINEST MATERIALS

FINE SELECTION OF MATERIALS
FOR THE FLY TYER

T., W., TH., FR., 4:00-8:00
SAT. 9:00-5:00
(203) 843-4642

GENE MONTY
518 HOP RIVER ROAD
BOLTON, CT 06043

MILL RIVER FLY SHOP

3549 WHITNEY AVENUE
HAMDEN, CT 06518
EVERYTHING FOR THE FLY
FISHERMAN, FLY TYER



GABRIEL MACARE

(203) 248-7850



JOHN'S CUSTOM TACKLE'S
229-6462

CUSTOM FLIES & RODS
FLY TYING MATERIAL
ROD REPAIR
CUSTOM HUNTING ARROWS

A & B SPORT SHOP

FISHING
FRESH AND SALT WATER



MUFFLING
MUZZLE LOADING

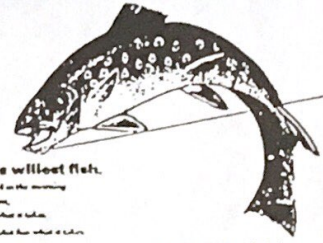
(203) 872-8052
1000 HARTFORD TPKE., RT. 30, VERNON, CONN. 06066

E.F. ROBERTS CUSTOM RODMAKER

SPLIT CANE FLY RODS
in the tradition of the old masters
FRESH & SALTWATER GRAPHITE FLY RODS.
COMPLETE GRAPHITE ROD KITS & COMPONENTS

"E.F. Roberts, builds a custom rod to fit the
specifications and desires of a customer."
— *New York Times*

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
21C Seymour Rd., E. Granby CT 06026 (203) 651-8402



The world's wildest fish.

When you get up at 4 in the morning
to try to catch a few
make sure you get what a fish
The fly fishing specialist has what a fish
Columbia's Fly Fishing Club
Cortland Fly Shop
Super Salt Plug Fly, Thomas & Thomas
Hedgebrook, Marston, James, Tom, Frank
Vernon, Ben, Whately, Vernon, Vernon
Vernon
A complete fishing store
Everything for fly fishing
Retail VCR Tapes in VHS
Fly Rod Repair Program

CLAPP & TREAT (Sole)
Fishing & more in a world

Clapp & Treat

674 Farmington Ave.
West Hartford, Conn. 06119
(203) 236-0478



S & M
Fly Tying Materials
Cortland Certified Pro Shop
Authorized Orvis Dealer

Wall Stockman
95 Union Street
Bristol, Connecticut 06010

Home 583-9714
Business 589-1844
STORE HOURS
7 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Sat. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
or by appointment

(203) 623-8752

BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

Whitehead
CUSTOM FLY TYING
PERSONAL INSTRUCTION IN
CASTING AND FLY TYING

FLY TYING SUPPLIES
ART AND BOOKS
RODS AND REELS

RICHARD WHITEHEAD
131 WELLS ROAD
E. WINDSOR, CT. 06088

Silent Remembrance

Dan Record

The door to his library was unlocked, so I walked in. As I pushed the door open, the hinges squeaked softly -- just as they had so many times in the past. Oh, those squeaky hinges -- how I would always listen for their sound. It was a signal for me to enter his world, a world that he would often escape to, but was willing to share with those he loved.

I can remember when the library was first built. He assured the family that the new addition to our home would provide him with "a nice quiet place" to conduct his evening professional responsibilities. Being a college physics professor, that meant preparing lectures, grading papers, writing research grants, and occasionally working on his book. He also insisted that the new library would allow him to "consolidate" his professional books and journals that were scattered throughout the house-- in every conceivable place. Little did anyone realize, at the time, that the first phase of his master plan was complete.

We first began to notice that all was not as initially intended approximately two months later. By that time, it was obvious that his two-hundred or so professional books and journals had not migrated even one centimeter toward the new library. Instead of the library housing the contributions of such distinguished individuals as Kepler, Newton, Gauss, and Einstein; its shelves became home for the works of La Branche, Connett, Grove, and Marinaro. The space intended for Copernicus and Galileo was given to Walton and some "Dame".

It wasn't too long before his library began to resemble a room in that famous museum in Manchester, Vermont. One of the walls became an angling art gallery, where limited edition prints by Elliott, Magee, Atherton, and Pleissner were exhibited with great pride. On another wall, he displayed the tools of the tranquil sport that occupied nearly every moment of his spare time.

First there were his bamboo fly rods -- a 7-foot 1-inch "Parabolic" constructed by Jim Payne in the mid-1930's; a 7-1/2 footer made by Everett Garrison in 1934; a very rare "Midge" rod built by Paul Young; an 8-foot Orvis "Wes Jordan"; a beautiful three-piece brown-toned "Hunt" rod made by Leonard; and an unusual five-sided rod built by Nat Uslan. The six rods were hung horizontally on the wall, one below the other, section-by-section. Their perfection and beauty I will never forget.

Occasionally he would take a rod down from the wall, assemble it, and flex it back and forth -- but he would never fish with the rods. He would always tell me that they were "much too fine" for his "amateur ability". Instead, he would fish with his glass and graphite rods that he kept in the closet.

Mounted next to his rods were two hand-crafted landing nets made by Art LeClair and adjacent to the nets there was a wall display case where he kept his fly reel collection. The collection was modest in size but did contain several very important items. There was an 1869 Billinghamurst, an 1877 Leonard, and an 1890 Julius Vom Hofe reel. His "pride and joy", however, was a mint condition Orvis 1874 patent trout reel. The reel was made of nickel-plated brass and was housed in a very handsome dark walnut case. He told me that it was the first fly reel made by the famous Orvis Company and that it was the grandfather of the present-day CFO reel.

In the corner of his library there was a large oak table that he would use for fly-tying. He had the finest vise and tools that money could buy and he could handle them like a surgeon. His feather creations were truly outstanding - the envy of several members of his fly-fishing club. On the wall directly above his tying table were four original flies tied by Atherton, Darbee, Flick, and Schwiebert. Each was displayed in a custom-made mahogany frame. They were there to serve as his "inspiration".

On the left side of his tying table there was an old willow creel. Before it was retired to its place of honor in the library, the creel occupied a less-stately place in the garage. Those were the days when he would bring home many trout and no one in the family wanted such a "smelly thing" inside the house.

I remember one occasion when the creel was filled with a beautiful limit of sparkling rainbows. I was quite young then, but he allowed me to carry the trout out of the quiet woods as we walked together toward the car. The creel was very heavy, but I was so proud to be carrying it for him, I never once let it touch the ground.

As the years passed, when we went fishing together, the old creel would remain in the garage more often; until finally, he did not take it at all. Time and wisdom had taught him that there was more to his sport than a willow creel filled with trout. He realized that he had an obligation to the next generation of anglers; an obligation that could best be fulfilled through conservation efforts and an understanding of stream ecology. As it turned out, he placed the old creel in the library as a "reminder" of that obligation.

In his later years he would often invite my children into the library. Their love and affection for him soon became as strong as mine. He would always pick them up in his strong arms, lovingly hold them close to his head, and with a twinkle in his eyes, begin to explain the wonderful contents of his room.

He was a gentle man and his library reflected the gentle sport he loved so dearly. It was in the library that he taught me all I know about fly-fishing and kindled an interest in the sport within my children. It was in the same room, on a chilly November evening, that I lost my best friend. We were together that night but I did not fully understand, at the time, what had happened.

My life is so very empty now. I bark for him but there is no answer. My tail no longer wags inside this lonely room. I retreat from the library with my head hung low.

Reprinted with permission from Fly Fishing Heritage

1989 Board of Directors

President
Gary Bogli

Vice President-Promotion Larry Johnson	Legislative Vin Ringrose
Vice President-Activities Bruce Cole	Conservation Larry Levesque
Vice President-Environment Mike Balo	Education Dan Record
Legal Secretary Mike Stewart	Newsletter Pam Murray
Recording Secretary Dick Lerche	Publicity Ed Fidrych
Treasurer Mike Stewart	

Membership
Neil Bantly
Advisory Board
Ken Parkany
Joe D'Addario
Elmer Latham
Indoor Facilities
Jim May
Banquet Committee

Program
George Degen

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