



# LINES & LEADERS

Newsletter of the Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Association  
Volume 18, No. 8

April 1991

## APRIL MEETING

The April 10 meeting of CFFA features CT state biologist Chuck Phillips who will present a program on northern pike. Many fly fishermen have seen the dramatic video on the In-Fisherman TV show, where Larry Dahlberg catches huge pike on flies. Apparently there is a good population of pike in our state and Chuck will tell us where. As usual there will be fly tiers prior to the start of the meeting.

**PLACE:** Veteran's Memorial Hall,  
Sunset Ridge, E. Hartford

**DATE:** Wednesday April 10

**TIME:** Fly Tying - 7:00pm  
Program - 7:30 pm

## "40% off Fisher Rod" Silent Auction

Three Fisher fly rods of winners choice will be offered at the April General meeting. Winners of the auction can order any Fisher rod in the original or GT-40 series at 40% off retail prices which range \$195 - \$320.



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## From the Vest of the President



It really felt good to be back at the Hartford Civic Center fishing show. Even though the timing isn't the best for our fly tying and fly fishing schools, this is " definitely the group we want to be with at the Civic Center. Our booth was next to those of some of our members and newsletter advertisers and right across from the Housatonic Fly Fishers and Farmington River Anglers. There were large crowds every time I was there, and we had strong support from our members in manning the booth. I want to thank Bruce Cole, who coordinated and set up the booth, and all of you who spent some time there tying flies or talking to visitors for a job well done!

It was old home week in some other ways too. CFFA member Gary LaFontaine was one of the featured presenters at the show. Our newer members may not realize that Gary lived in Connecticut before he moved out to Montana and began his writing career. Quite a few members, myself included, saw his presentation on fishing with caddis imitations, and there was quite a bit of discussion on how to tie his sparkle yarn patterns at the booth.

I also ran into long-time member and past president Ken Parkany, who has been a good friend of Gary's since he lived here in Connecticut. Ken is also a former newsletter editor and unofficial club historian. Our talk soon turned to the early years of CFFA and our fast-approaching 25th anniversary. Ken suggested that we spend our anniversary year recapturing the philosophy and events that led to the formation of CFFA and brought us to where we are today. I think it's a great idea. It will spur a lot of interest in where we are going as a club, and allow us to record our important activities and milestones while there are still a few members left who remember the early years.

Our conservation committee members stocked 1000 browns and 250 rainbows in the Willi in early March, and there are another 150 nice browns in the rearing pools waiting to go in. Quite a few members and booth visitors had been out already. I think we're all hoping for an early Spring - we can all use it. See you at the meeting and on the Willi.

Tight Lines,

Larry Johnson

# Opening Day Follies

Mike O'Neil

Another Opening Day looms closer. Here's a simple question and answer you might contemplate, in light of the potential disaster which that day always presents.

QUESTION: Why in the name of *Salvelinus fontinalis* et *Epeorus pleuralis* would you even think of going fishing on Opening Day?

Keep these facts in mind before you consider the answer.

First, the weather will be rotten. Winter will still maintain a grudging toehold and the best you can hope for is cold and grey. Remember how impossible it is to hold a knife or change a nymph when your fingers are dull-blue and frozen. And if you're going to initiate those new hip-boots the family got you for Christmas, you will slip on a slick submerged log, fall in, and fill the boots with the coldest, most breathtakingly frigid, icy water you never remembered could be so bad, because your wading technique is a mite rusty. But you don't want all those people who're crowding the streambanks to think that you're a neophyte, so you were striding in the water much faster than you should have, even though common sense already reminded you that you should've been taking those scuffy safe little baby steps to avoid the drenching you just took in front of all those snickering strangers.

Ah yes - all those strangers (I refuse to call them fishermen, even though they're equipped with rods and poles). Where on EARTH do they come from? These legions of pickle-brained yahoos and ill-mannered louts can, I am convinced, be found together on the stream only one day in each three hundred and sixty-five. One day, and one day only - and THAT day is Opening Day. For starters they have no thought (nor knowledge, apparently) of even the commonest stream-fishing courtesies. They seem to take actual pleasure in (a) sloshing grandly through the precise middle of the pool you're fishing, (b) bellying-up along side you to fish within inches of your line, or (c) letting their wild children run loose to practice the heresies outlined in (a) and (b), even as they attempt to engage you in inane conversation: HOW'S THE

FISHING, GOOD BUDDY? And these are the least of their transgressions.

They litter. Nay, that is not strong enough. They sluff off trails of junk along the pristine streambank and virgin forest like a collie shedding his winter coat - heaving trash with an innocence and brashness that is stunning to contemplate. Styrofoam coffee cups, styrofoam cheeseburger containers, styrofoam night crawler carriers, crushed beer cans, soda cans, empty cigarette packs, cigar packs, empty lure boxes, empty #8 snell-hook packets.

More than this, in their multitude and ineptitude, they present a real physical danger to themselves, but more importantly to YOU. One merely needs to ask Bill Adams to relate how he was hooked firmly in the lip by the backcast of such a boob. Happily, Bill's instinct for self-preservation, and his quick reflexes allowed him to grab the offending line before the perpetrator made good the forward cast, or he would have been pulled along like a snagged blue fin tuna - YIPES. Consider the high number of similar Opening Day human-hookings that are treated in Hospital Emergency Rooms throughout the state.

Now, Let us review the question and give the answer:

QUESTION: Why go out on Opening Day?

ANSWER: Because the law won't let you go trout fishing any earlier.



## 1991 Beginners Fly Fishing School

Pond Casting Session - 4/13/91  
Stream Casting Session - 5/4/91

*School Volunteers are needed.  
If you can help, please call Gary Steinmiller  
as soon as possible, at 677-2989.*

## CONSERVATION NEWS

On March 1 we stocked the Willimantic Trout Management Area. The weather was great, sunny and 60°. Approximately 1250 trout (700 browns, 550 rainbows) were stocked. We had a great turnout of help. I would like to thank the following people:

CT Fisheries Biologist: Chuck Phillips  
 CT Conservation Officer: Jerry Leighton  
 Club Members:

David Kusma	Charlie Kelly
Bob Delage	Peter Arburr
Gene Monty	Dave Harduby
Rich Staubach	Mark Lewchik
Dale Matthews	Jack Marchessault
Keith Mailloux	Ray Hartley

### STOCKINGS

Jeremys River, 4 April 1991, 10:00 am - Meet at corner of Route 2 and Route 149. See Conservation Officer Kirkley Dows  
 Dickerson Creek, 5 April 1991, 10:30 am - Meet at Eastern District Headquarters, Route 66, Marlborough. See Conservation Officer Kirkley Dows.

### BRUSH CLEARING

Willimantic TMA, 6 April 1991, 9:30 - 10:00 - Meet at Nye Holman. Coffee and donuts will be served.

If you have any questions, you can call me at 649-3681.

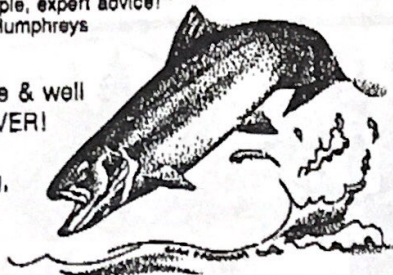
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Kurt Jagielow, VP Environment

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## Thank You!

## FISHING SHOW

"Thank you" to the following members who helped out at the Civic Center Fishing Show.

John Blake	Gary Bogli
Steve Chobot	Bruce Cole
Arnold Cosgrove	George Degan
Bob DeLarge	David Harduby
Larry Johnson	Dave Kusma
Dick Lerche	John Massingill
Dale Matthews	Frank Nott
Lou Patria	Richard Rogers
Lynwood Smith	Jim Stack
Gary Steinmiller	Tony Trani
Peter Trani	Chris Viega
John Walker	Jack Walsh
George Wark	

## INSURANCE RAFFLE UPDATE

Thanks to all of you who helped make this year's insurance raffle a success. We sold 2,131 tickets, almost 1,000 tickets more than last year. This allowed us to cover the cost of insurance and have about \$25 remaining after expenses.

I would like to give special thanks to those members who helped by tying flies: Walt Realy, Jim May, Joseph Bartolotta, John Springer, George Degen, Dick Lerche, Mike Stewart, Wally Murray, Kurt Jagielow, Stan Chace, Gene Monty, Frank Wankerl, Jon Rudolfo, and Dale Mathews.

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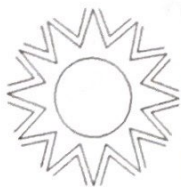
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# A Day to Remember

Dave Harduby



A day like this doesn't seem to come around too often. It was a weekend in mid June last year. I decided to spend it fishing the Alder fly hatch on the Housatonic. I have been fishing this river for quite a few years and feel that I know it fairly well. I

had experienced some good Alder hatches in years past but sometimes the results weren't as good for reasons beyond my control (rain, high water, etc.). This time it appeared everything was going to work just right!

I arrived on the river at about 5:30 pm on Friday night. The weather was perfect, around 75-80° as I remember. The skies were clear with hardly a breeze. The river was flowing at about 750 CFS which is equivalent to a little more than one generator. Wading is usually pretty easy under these flows and water clarity was nothing less than excellent. The Alder flies were out in good numbers, however, the fish didn't seem to be taking them too much. I picked up a couple of fish on Alders and a couple more on Caddis patterns.

As the evening wore on, the fishing started to pick up. I was fishing "The Elms" at this time and so were about 5 or 6 other fellow anglers. The fish started rising more frequently, so I switched back to an Alder pattern. I was beginning to catch more fish at this time. Many of the fish were good size. Some were in the 12-14 inch range. They were all very healthy with big stomachs, even the smaller ones. Some of the fish were Rainbows and judging by the size, (about a foot long or more), I believe many of these fish were held over from the year before. My biggest fish that night was an 18 inch Brown which fought me with great strength.

The next day was even better. The river was on natural flow, and was according to the tape at the power house, about 450 CFS with no generation that day. This means full access to any part of the river at any time. The weather again cooperated with perfect skies and temperatures. The fish were taking the Alders and I caught and released many nice fish. Most of the fish were in the 10-14 inch range with a few others that were larger. What really surprised me was the amount of Rainbows I was catching.

At one point, I stopped and asked myself if I had died and gone to heaven. I had good days of fishing before. But nothing like this! The water was so clear that on virtually ever cast I could see a fish come up

and at least look at my Alder, if not take it. In addition, when the hatch died down and the fish stopped rising to the naturales, they continued rising to my imitation.

After lunch, I went back and fished an area about a quarter mile down from the covered bridge. The fishing didn't let up much as I worked several pools and runs in the area. I spotted a few fish working and caught a couple of them. As I worked my way upstream, I saw what appeared to be a good size fish working the surface undisturbed. I watched him (for about 30 seconds), and in my excitement moved quickly into position to cast. Since I was downstream from him I must not have disturbed him that much because he continued to feed. I cast my fly over him several times. Because of the sun, and the angle I was on, I wasn't sure if he was coming up for my fly. Instead of raising my rod tip, I just let my fly float over the top of him. I think I must have moved to the side a little and then cast again. It was no more than a couple of casts when I clearly saw him come up. I raised my tip and he was on. I could tell by the weight that this definitely was a big fish. His slow swaying was convincing enough to let him run downstream a few yards. Unfortunately for me he didn't put up much of a fight. As I pulled him in, I was happy to see another fish around 18 inches. He had a mark on the top of his back. Probably an Osprey. I let him go and felt one of the greatest satisfactions I have ever felt while fishing. Rarely have I ever come up on such a large trout feeding so actively on the surface without any disturbance. Even though he didn't fight much, the satisfaction of catching him was tremendous.

I stayed for a little longer then went home. I must have released between 50-60 fish that weekend. I don't mean to sound like I was bragging. I'm sure anyone would have done well that day. I could also tell of many more days when I went home disappointed. That's what made this "A Day to Remember".



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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 Drive, 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 Pam Murray, 160 Rising Trail Dr., Middletown, CT 06457. Change of address notices should be sent to CFFA, P.O. Box 380260, Silver Lane, East Hartford, CT 06138-0268.



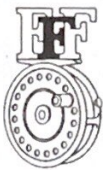
APRIL 10 MEETING: Northern Pike in CT - Chuck Phillips, CT State Biologist

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