



LINES & LEADERS

Newsletter of the Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association

Volume 27, No. 2

October 1999

Organized "To Preserve and Promote the Pleasures and Traditions of Fly Fishing and to Conserve Game-Fish Waters."

OCTOBER MEETING

Harold McMillan
Housatonic River Fly Fishing

This month's speaker, Harold McMillan, will be doing a program on fishing the Housatonic River.

Harold is the owner of the Housatonic River Outfitters on the banks of the Hous in West Cornwall, CT. The Housatonic is a fantastic local fishery with prolific hatches. Bring a friend and learn how and where to fish one of our beautiful local rivers.

PLACE: Veteran's Memorial Clubhouse
Sunset Ridge
East Hartford, CT

DATE: Wednesday, 13 Oct

TIME: Fly Tying - 7:00 p.m.
Program - 7:30 p.m.

VIDEO TAPE LIBRARY RULES

- *2 tapes per person.*
- *\$2 per tape per month.*
- *Return at fly tying classes, board meetings, monthly meetings, etc., to any Board member.*
- *\$2 late fee per tape per month.*
- *Will only be rented at monthly meetings.*
- *First come first served.*



FROM THE VEST OF THE PRESIDENT



Ed Mitchell's program on Albacore and Bonito came at an opportune time. By all accounts, this is going to be an excellent year for catching both species. Of course, that is only a prediction but all the signs for a good year are there. I can't wait to try out Ed's tip on landing an albie at the boat (pumping the rod). All I have to do is find a couple of cooperative fish. Ed, save me a couple okay?

As many of you already know, Don Rose is stepping down as our Treasurer. We are all going to miss him at the board meetings. He always kept the discussions lively. If anyone is interested in volunteering for the treasurer job, please give Don or me a call. Don is planning on sticking around to help you get started.

As I said last month when I found a banquet speaker, I would let you know. Well, we have one, but all the details are not in yet. I can tell you that this year's CFFA banquet will be different than most of the others. We should be hearing names like Mosquito Lagoon and Indian River, and words like snook, tarpon and red fish. I think everyone will be very pleasantly surprised.

For the past couple of years, the board of directors has been talking about changing the name of the club. Well, we decided to do it, it's not a radical change, we're just changing Fly Fishermen's to Fly Fishers'. We expect to have it done sometime before the year is up, so that we'll go into the year 2000, as The Connecticut Fly Fishers' Association.

I don't have very much fishing news. It's been so hot and the rivers have been so low that I really haven't been fresh water fishing for a while. It did give me an opportunity to fool around with my computer though. I've met fly fishers from all over the world via fly fishing message boards, and fly fishing chat rooms.

For a long time, I resisted getting a computer. Now my kids are calling me Cyber Chuck. I certainly would miss the people that I've come to know in the chat rooms. One of the sites is having a fish-in, as it's called, in Pennsylvania next April. I think I might go. Actually, I'm planning on it. I'd love to meet the fly fishers that I've been chatting with for the past several months. And, well, ah, it's a good excuse for a fishing trip. Right honey?

Take care,
Charlie



Club News

FOR SALE – FLY RODS:

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CLUB TRIP Cape Cod Fishing 16 & 17 October 1999

There may still be room!

Come and join fellow club members for fishing at the Cape. Here's your chance to fish the Cape's famous kettle ponds or go fishing in the surf. The stripers were lots of fun last year. In the ponds you can find smallmouth bass and rainbow trout.

Lodging will be at The Moorings Lodge in Falmouth Heights for the nights of 10/15 & 16. There is room for 16 people. Since there is limited room, the first 16 to sign up will get reservations. Your expected cost of about \$105.00 per person. includes tax, and provides two nights, two breakfasts and one buffet dinner on Saturday. If you would like to stay additional nights it will be extra.

Please call Larry Johnson, 860-246-0728 for availability and confirmation of costs. Larry will also be available at the October membership meeting.

COMING EVENTS

CFFA Board Meeting	6 Oct 99
CFFA Membership Meeting, Harold McMillan	13 Oct 99
CFFA Fishing Trip	15-17 Oct 99
International Festival of Women Fly Fishers, Stratton Mountain, VT	21-24 Oct 99
CFFA Board Meeting	3 Nov 99
CFFA Membership Meeting, Ed Mitchell	10 Nov 99
The Fly Fishing Show, Marlboro, MA	21-23 Jan 00
The Fly Fishing Show, Somerset, N J	28-30 Jan 00
Eastern Fishing & Outdoor Expo, Worcester	3-6 Feb 00
CFFA Fly Fishing Expo & Banquet	12 Feb 00
World Fly Fishing Expo, Wilmington DE	11-12 Mar 00

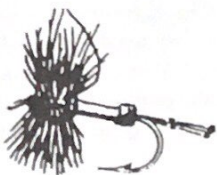
NEW MEMBERS!

The CFFA would like to welcome the following new members:

Jacob Kaplan
David Kaplan
Andrew Phillips

You folks are encouraged to participate in all the activities CFFA has to offer. That way CFFA grows and becomes more vibrant. If you have any questions or suggestions please do not hesitate to approach any of the board members listed on the last page. Your suggestions regarding the Lines & Leaders are most welcomed.

Ed.



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Fly in the Oinkment *By Charlie Place*

It was a fishing trip. Four of us from the Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association had rented a cabin on Loin Lake. We were there for a week of fly-fishing. No radios, no newspapers, and no television. It was going to be a wonderful week. Except for the animal next door.

I turned the car onto the dirt driveway, happy that the ten-hour drive was at an end. A black streak shot across in front of us just as we rolled up to the cabin. As I slammed on the brakes, two coolers shot from the back seat onto the car floor. "What was that?" Ernie shouted as he straightened his glasses.

"Don't know," I answered, as I watched the mysterious blur disappear under the cabin. We leaped out of the car, hurrying to inspect our coolers. No damage was done, and we began to unpack, keeping a nervous watch over our shoulders. A minute later Jerry and Paul turned into the driveway. We watched as the ink-colored speedster jetted from under the cabin back across the driveway. Jerry slammed on his brakes. We heard the familiar sound of coolers crashing to a vehicle floor. Jerry jumped out of the car. "What was that?" he asked, wide-eyed.

"Don't know," I answered as the dark quadruped disappeared into the underbrush.

"You know" Ernie said. "You know, I think that was a pig, one of those pot belly pigs people have for pets."

Just then we heard a young voice call, "Pumbaa! Pumbaa!" The name sounded familiar to me. Then it hit me. "Your kidding," I thought, "We're in a movie." We all turned and looked up the driveway. A young boy was walking toward us. He was wearing a Boston Bruins hockey shirt that hung to his knees and a baseball cap stuck on his head backwards. "If this kid's name is Timon....," I thought. "Mister," he said to Paul. "You seen a pig around here?" His voice cracked a bit. Suddenly the pig dashed out of the bushes toward his upset owner. The boy kneeled down and hugged his missing pet. "Where you been Pumbaa?" he said, "I thought you were lost." We all walked over to check out the standing roast. It was a long drive and I was hungry. I had a vision.

Pork chops, mashed potatoes, and gravy. My stomach rumbled. Feeling guilty, I said, "Nice pig."

We talked with the boy for a while and petted his pig. He told us that he was on a fishing trip with his dad, and they had rented a cabin about a half-mile up the road from us.

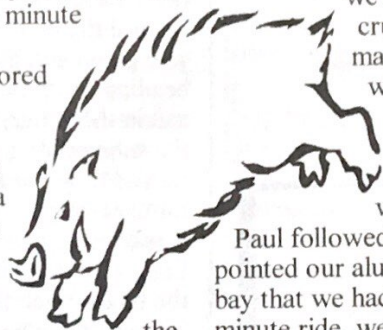
After supper we walked down to the dock and checked out the two boats that came with the cabin. They were both sixteen-foot Alumaways with twenty-five horse motors. Each had an electric motor up front. I know that sounds too good to be true, but Ernie is a good friend of the owner.

Back at the cabin we spent the rest of the evening studying a map of the lake, that Ernie's buddy had sent us. Loin Lake was full of northern pike, and we didn't want to waste time and gas cruising around looking for them. We marked all the locations that the voracious waterwolf was likely to dine. After a good nights sleep and some bacon and eggs, we were recharged and ready to do some serious fishing. The boats were loaded and we took off. Jerry and

Paul followed us for a while then split off. Ernie pointed our aluminum yacht toward a long and narrow bay that we had marked on the map. After a twenty-minute ride, we idled into the bay and shut down the motor. "This spot is about as fishy looking as it gets. I'll give you a clue," Ernie said. I pulled forty feet of fly line off my reel and made a cast towards a submerged log. My fly was half way back to the boat before I saw a dark shadow following it. Suddenly, the shadow shot forward and attacked the red and yellow streamer. A couple of minutes later I landed a nice eight-pound northern. "Fish on," Ernie said excitedly, "Fish on," barely able to keep from shouting. Another eight pounder went into the net. "Two casts, two fish!" he exclaimed, "Unbelievable."

We drifted around the bay for a couple more hours and caught several more small pike. Fishing slowed, so we decided to move to another area that we had circled on our map. It was only a short way and close to the place where we were to meet Jerry and Paul for lunch.

(Continued on page 4)





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As the electric motor slowly moved us into the small cove, Ernie pointed to a car-sized rock. The water was deep at the base of the boulder and strewn with sunken logs. It was a perfect place for a huge northern to hide and ambush any unsuspecting prey. I motioned to Ernie to make the first cast. He picked up his fly rod with a big fish fly already tied on. I excitedly nodded approval. The fly was about six inches long and tied with a strip from an old rabbit fur coat Paul had given us. Ernie made the fifty foot cast. The brown fly with copper flash landed about an inch from the base of the giant gray rock and began to sink slowly. The fly's long tail undulated temptingly as it swam toward the bottom. Ernie gave it a pull. I thought I saw a flash, but nothing happened. He gave the coat fly another jerk. Still nothing. He gave the fly three short strips, then hesitated. Suddenly there was an enormous swirl and the fly was gone. Ernie set the hook hard. His rod bent almost in half. "Big fish," he shouted, "Big fish." The monster pike shot toward the boat. Ernie reeled in as fast as he could. The green and gold brute dashed under the boat, heading for the middle of the cove. Ernie stuck his rod in the water, loosened his drag and then walked the submerged rod tip around the boat. I quickly moved to the motor in case we had to chase the toothy torpedo. Ernie kept the pressure on. The pike was about a hundred feet out and not giving an inch. Ernie tightened the drag. Slowly she began to circle the boat. Each time she circled, he gained some line. The female fish was tiring and just using her weight to keep away from the boat. Ernie applied more pressure. I thought his nine-weight rod was ready to snap. Carefully Ernie moved the heavy fish toward the net and me. She made one more try for freedom, then gave in. I slid the net under the tired fighter and gently laid her in the bottom of the boat. Ernie removed the fly, being careful of the pike's razor sharp teeth. We took a picture, measured her length, then slid the forty six-incher back into the water. Ernie hung on to her until she swam away under her own power. It was time for celebration. I reached into the cooler, dug around in the ice, and pulled out two chilled bottles of "Mango Madness." I handed one to Ernie. We took a long drink and then started the motor.

Before we could move, we saw another boat speeding toward us. We thought it was Paul and Jerry. To our surprise, they turned away. Then we saw that it was our neighbors, Pumbaa, the kid, and

his father. Pumbaa was in the front of the boat, head held high into the wind. The kid was in the center, hanging on to his baseball cap, and his dad was at the motor, his long blond hair streaming out behind. "If his fathers name is Simba....," I thought.

We met Paul and Jerry. They had kept a couple of small pike for lunch. Jerry fried the fillets in butter along with some potatoes and onions. After lunch we made coffee and swapped fish stories. Ernie only added two inches to his trophy. His fish was the catch of the day, so far.

Later, back at camp, I walked down to the dock to try out a new fly rod. I made a few short casts then pulled more line off my reel to try a longer cast. On my backcast I snagged what I thought was a tree. Suddenly line started screaming off my reel. Surprised, I turned and looked just in time to see Pumbaa's posterior disappear into the woods, decorated with a large yellow streamer. I didn't know what to do, so I grabbed the fly line with my left hand and squeezed, hoping the fly would pull off the fleeing porker's rump. It did. I looked around quickly. Nobody was in sight. You couldn't see the dock from the cabin, so I figured I was home free. Whew! I didn't want to hear about that the rest of the week. I was just a few feet from the cabin when Pumbaa dashed from under the porch and raced away. I no more than opened the screen door when Ernie gleefully said, "Heard you caught a real hog down at the dock." Paul and Jerry roared. Paul added to my embarrassment and oinked a couple of times. It was going to be a long week. I was dumbfounded. How in heck did they know? You can't see the dock from the cabin. Nobody was around. Then it hit me like a ton of spareribs. The pig must have squealed.

THE FISH

(Reprinted from FFF September 1999 Clubwire)

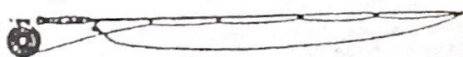
Once upon a time in Montana a handsome and wise beyond his years fly fisherman was on the mighty Missouri River. Casting his wand, a 1 weight with 6x tippet and a #20 Griffith's Gnat, he probed the dark waters in search of his wary prey. To his dismay, the sun broke through the lightening skies, and all the trout were put down, except one. The trout rose nearly imperceptibly, leaving the water scarcely bulging in its wake.

Intent on outwitting his alert quarry, the fly rodder changed tactics, and tied on a clipped #18 Pheasant Tail, the only fly he had vaguely resembling an emerging midge. The fisherman's arms were mighty, his cast strong. The fly reached out in its final arc, as something in the water "clooped!" The fly touched the water with nary a trace, and in seconds, as if in slow motion, the line twitched in the current. The virile young man set the hook, and the rod bowed under the weight of the fish. Slowly, the line moved, pulsing, throbbing. Gripping the rod like Moses with his staff, the fisherman fought the mighty fish for several trying minutes, taxing both himself and his rod. He lowered his net into the glimmering water and gently landed the fish, while cars and trucks came to a screeching halt to observe the commotion. The fly fisherman hid his fish, half-hanging out of the net, from the prying eyes of his observers. The fish was quickly measured at 24 inches and deftly released.

The fly fisherman smiled as the 8 pound carp swam away, hoping they would both live happily ever after.

By Bruce Yoshioka of the Missouri River Flyfishers of Great Falls, Montana and maker of MT Landing Nets

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R & R

By Ernie Boutiette

My R&R is when I am fishing. I am now a dedicated salt water fisherman. Bass and blues are okay, but I look forward to false albacore fishing. I go on three trips a year - pike in the Northwest Territories of Canada for the last two weeks in June, the ocean for albacore for a week in mid-September, and a week at Grand Lake Stream for landlocked salmon in October. I will write this article on pike as this will be new to most fishermen. I have a saying that if I am paying to fish, I want big and a lot, and pike fishing meets this criteria. Of course, I am talking fly fishing. Charlie Place was the one who got me to fish pike. After spending two years fishing silver salmon in Alaska, he suggested pike. When I asked him why pike, he gave me a classic answer, and I quote, "Because they are there." As neither of us had even seen a pike, flies would be a problem; but we viewed them as overgrown pickerels and tied flies accordingly - most in yellow, red and white - and we hit the nail on the head. Of course as the only two fly fishermen in camp, we were considered a couple of ignorant weirdos, but when Charlie and I had some one hundred pike days, we became liars. We would admit to only 25 or 30 pike days as we did not want to seem to be a couple of braggarts. I have been going to this same camp for seven years and am booked for 10 days this year. There will be at least 75% fly fishermen now. Why pike? I have caught many of 41" which weight between 18# and 20# and are called trophy fish at camp, with a top

fish of 27# and 48" long. But I have yet to attain my goal, a 30# pike and a 30# lake trout. I forgot to mention that the lake is loaded with lake trout. My biggest is 23# caught fishing with Charlie. Roger Plourde and I flew out to a lake called Dunvegen and landed over 100 pike that averaged over 36" and I called them footballs as they were so fat. All caught on salt water sliders now always on one of my two rods. The same day Charlie Kelly and Doc Wasley fished deep for lake trout with lures and landed 22 over 20# with a top of 30#. This is Scott Lake in Saskatchewan, a 40 square mile lake with hundreds of bays to fish pike. Accommodations are two man cabins which border on the luxurious, with gas heat, flush toilets and hot shower. When you wake up and look out the large picture window you are looking at miles of lake. This alone is worth being there.

Maybe this will be my 30# - 30# year. Hope springs eternal in the heart of a fisherman. This is R&R at its best.

Ernest Boutiette

P.S. Meals are super, cooked by a professional chef. I forgot wine with the evening meal plus Labatts on tap, compliments of the camp. Also a shore lunch each day. It can be deep fried pike, baked pike, pike bisque, pike stew, etc. A truly delicious fish.

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OCTOBER MEETING:

**Harold McMillan
 Housatonic River**

Wed., Oct. 13

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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 Lynn & Mike Stewart, 215 Loomis Street, North Granby, CT 06060. Change of address notices should be sent to CFFA, P.O. Box 380260, East Hartford, CT 06138-0268.

COPY DEADLINE: Second Wednesday of month previous to publication.

CFFA Hotline: John Springer - ☎ 664-3688 email: AMTRKANGLR@aol.com