



LINES & LEADERS



The Newsletter of the Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association



Volume 33 No. 1

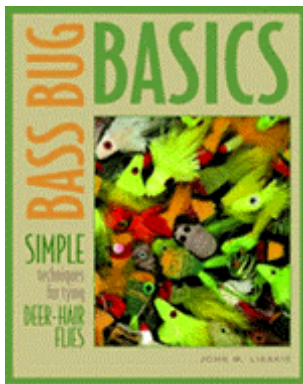
Organized "To Preserve and Promote the Pleasures and Traditions of Fly Fishing and to Conserve Game-Fish Waters."

Sept 2005

SEPTEMBER MEETING

John Likakis

"Housatonic Small Mouthed Bass"



John Likakis is a life-long fly fisher and a well-known angling writer. He is the former editor of American Angler magazine, and launched both 8-Wt. Journal and Warmwater Fly Fishing magazines. His second book, **Bass Bug Basics**, was pub-

lished in February of 2004. He is a regular contributor to several fishing magazines, including American Angler, Fly Tyer, Florida Sportsman, and Shallow Water Angler.

John will give an in depth presentation about how the smallmouth bass fishery in the Housatonic River is seriously underfished and underappreciated. While some small sections of the river receive considerable fishing pressure (notably the Trout Management Areas), more than 100 miles of the Housatonic gets almost no pressure at all. Yet, the river has one of the best smallmouth fisheries on the East Coast.

John's program will cover some of the best public-access locations, best flies and tactics, and an overview of general smallmouth habits and habitats.

The fly-tying session will cover deer-hair bass bugs and a few smallmouth specialty patterns.

PLACE: Veteran's Memorial Clubhouse, 100 Sunset Ridge, East Hartford, CT
DATE: Wednesday, September 14th, 2005
TIME: Fly Tying, Tackle Swap, Raffle:
7:00 - 7:30 PM
Program: 8:00 - 9:00 PM



FROM THE VEST OF THE PRESIDENT

It's September already. I can't believe how fast the summer just flew by. The good news is that there is still plenty of fishing left before the snow flies. I have to admit, I miss the CFFA and our monthly meetings. I think I miss seeing everyone and talking with all of you. We have a wonderful organization and I for one have forged many friendships because of the CFFA, I hope that all of you have also.

I hope everyone had an enjoyable summer and a safe one also. I didn't get out to fish as much as I would have liked to but I did get out from time to time. I promised myself to get out and fish more and I did, so the season wasn't a total loss. I plan to fish even more in the next two or three months.

Good to see everyone using the message board and posting their success stories for everyone to read. Keep the messages coming.

I did mention in May's newsletter that I would like to hear some fish stories in September, so here's mine. Lou Fabrizio and myself headed up to Vermont in June for four days of lake fishing. The fishing was okay Thursday and Friday, although we had to battle the wind and rain most of the time. We did however manage to catch fish, either by trolling with a sinking line or just casting dry flies and emergers. There was a nice hex hatch at dusk and we seemed to have pretty average luck casting emergers and stripping them slowly. Friday evening after fishing we headed back to the cabin about 10 at night to get something to eat and enjoy everyone's company and fish stories. Saturday Lou and myself headed for the boat and attached the motor and battery and headed out and fished. It was a little bit

(Continued on page 3)

CFFA CLUB NEWS

NEW MEMBERS:

CFFA would like to welcome the following new member to our organization:

★ ERNESTO FERNANDEZ – Ridgefield ★

Congratulations and welcome to CFFA!!

2005 CLASS OFFERINGS:

One of the strengths of CFFA.... Classes are now forming.

- **RODBUILDING** – Barry Whitehouse-Instructor
- **FRESHWATER FLY FISHING** – Gary Steinmiller and staff - Instructor
- **SALTWATER FLY FISHING** – Gary Steinmiller, Ted Rzepski, and staff – Instructors
- **FRESHWATER FLY TYING** – Gary Steinmiller and staff – Instructors
- **SALTWATER FLY TYING** - Ted Rzepski, Ernie Boutiette, and staff - Instructors

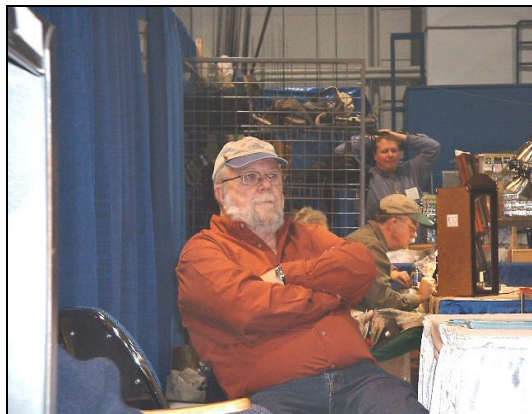
CABELA'S SUPERSTORE:

Cabela's is in negotiations to build a superstore in East Hartford. They expect it will be open by the fall of 2007.

Is this good or bad for the members of CFFA? Send us your comments.

MYSTERY PHOTO:

Of course, we all recognize this CFFA member as our very own Charlie Place, but we would like two questions answered. 1. Who took this photo? 2. What event is Charlie taking part in?



COMING EVENTS

Next Board Meeting SEPT 7
Next Membership Meeting SEPT 14

SHOWS AND EXPOS

2006 Fly-Fishing NOV 12-13, 2005

University "Arts of the Angler" The Sheraton Hotel & Conf Center, Danbury, CT
www.flyfishingu.net

2005 Northeast Hunting and Fishing Expo, CT Expo Center Hartford, CT FEB 17-20, 2006

www.fishinghuntingexpo.com

2006 "The Springfield Sportsmans Show" at the "Big E," West Springfield, MA FEB 23-26, 2006

2006 Fly-Fishing Exposition, Shriners Auditorium Wilmington, MA MAR 10-12, 2006

CFFA CLASSES/EVENTS

2006 Freshwater Fly Tying Classes *Jan/Feb 2005

2006 Saltwater Fly Tying Classes *Jan/Feb 2005

2006 Rod Building Classes *Jan/Feb 2005

CFFA Annual Banquet And Exposition * February 2005

2006 Freshwater Fly-Fishing School * March/April 2005

2006 Saltwater Fly-Fishing School * March/April 2005

2006 Cape Cod Fishing Trips:
First trip: * June 2005

Second trip: * June 2005

OTHER EVENTS

HFFA Annual Expo And Banquet, Hawthorne Inn, Berlin, CT Dates TBD

* Tentatively Planned

VEST OF THE PRESIDENT (Continued from page 1)

cloudy and with rain on and off and a little bit windy. I was fishing with my 4 wt. trolling one of my fuzzy buggers and I don't know what Lou had on but I think on this day I was doing a little bit better than he was. Lou was piloting the boat and I was in the front or I guess the bow in nautical terms. Lou decided to stop the boat and switch to his reel with the floating line on it. I was just sitting there casting and stripping and casting and stripping and nothing was happening. So I decided to reel in and wait for Lou to get ready to fish. I was sitting there with my rod in my hand the line was reeled in except for my leader and tippet and my fly was dangling outside of the boat maybe 2 or 3 inches above the water, maybe a little less. I was busy waiting and talking to Lou when all of a sudden BAM! My line started moving and my reel started singing and I was in total shock and surprise. Lou couldn't believe it either. If I hadn't been holding on to my rod it probably would have been gone. I played the fish and landed a nice 18" to 20" rainbow. I don't think I could catch a fish in that manner in a hundred years no matter how much I tried. Sometimes like Ray and Steve tell me "it's better to be lucky than good" and on this day it was true.

My nine year old grandson Trevor took a vacation with his dad to a lake in Maine. He took my old tackle box full of lures and a spinning rod that I had built for him. This was Trevor's first experience fishing. It seems he caught his first fish in fact when he came home he informed me that he had caught 4 fish and my son told me that Trevor is now addicted to fishing. I did however ask Trev what he did with the fish that he caught. He just leaned back and rolled his eyes at me and said "Popi, I let them go, what else would I do with them?" Needless to say I was very pleased with Trevor's answer. Maybe soon I will be able to get a flyrod in his hands. Thank you flyfishing for teaching me that fish aren't dinner, fish are in fact precious. Thank you flyfishing for teaching me that our hobby is all about conservation and restoring our resources. Last but not least, thank God for letting our catch and release habits rub off on my grandson.

It seems that my good friend Mark Casali will be leaving to attend college soon. I'm not sure where he is going to be attending college but I'm pretty sure he will be away. I want to wish him the best of luck and success. I for one will miss his bright smiling face at the meetings but I know that when he is in town we will see him at the meetings. I'm sure that whatever school he is attending there will be a trout stream or a bay nearby.

We have a lot of work to do. The board and banquet committee are already hard at work on the expo and banquet which is set for February 25th, and Gary and staff are also preparing for next year's classes. We also have the Danbury show and the Northeast hunting and fishing show to attend. If anyone is interested in helping man our table at any of these events please let us know so that we can schedule you ahead of time. Please don't be bashful, step up and volunteer, it's your club too.

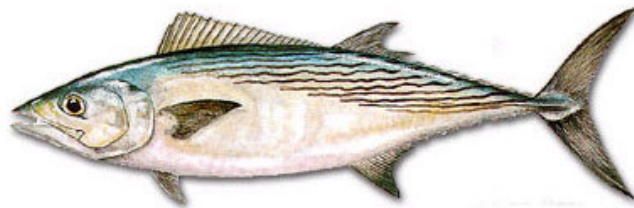
Those of you that I haven't met or don't know me please come on up at the meetings and introduce yourself and say hi. I look forward to meeting all of you.

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See you at the meeting, bring a friend:

Tight Lines,

John



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ABOUT CFFA: *The Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Association, Inc. is organized "To Preserve and Promote the Pleasures and Traditions 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 Veteran's Memorial Clubhouse, Sunset Ridge Drive, East Hartford, CT.*

"Lines and 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 a cost of \$5 per add or \$40 for nine months. CFFA members may place for-sale or want ads of a non-commercial nature without charge. Newsletter correspondence should be sent to David Casali, 259 Longhill Drive, Glastonbury, CT, 06033. Change of address notice should be sent to CFFA, P.O. Box 380268, East Hartford, CT 06138-0268

COPY DEADLINE: *The second Friday of the month.*



Chance Encounter

with a Former CFFA President

By Dave Casali



We had just returned home from a week's vacation at one of our favorite little lakes in Connecticut. The bass and bluegill were active and our 4 weight Winston Ibis rods made for a fun fight trying to land those fish even under 10 inches. On the day after this vacation, we all found ourselves gathered at the breakfast table with no plans or activities for the day. It was one of those precious days you dream about with plenty of time on your hands, free from hectic schedules and time constraints.

I mentally reviewed a potential agenda for this one of a kind day. I could water the tomatoes, help my wife with the gardening, clean out the shed, organize the basement, or even yet again, go fishing. Nothing seemed appealing and just when I decided to fluff up the pillow and assume a horizontal position it hit me! Why not take down that Masi bicycle and hit the road. I suppose I should have picked up a good book and just relaxed, but the prospect of this biking adventure was pulling hard at me. I didn't have a destination, but I didn't care. Working off a few pounds after a lazy vacation seemed justified. By the way, and just for the record, going fishing finished the list of possibilities as a strong second.

I donned all the biking gear and must have looked like some kind of alien with the spandex shorts and small rear view mirror extending out like antennae from the side of my helmet, but I didn't care. I decided to head north and proceeded onto Forbes Street after a short downhill from Long Hill Drive. Some delicate areas were immediately assaulted by the "grooved surfaces" in the road pavement--that pre-road resurfacing process that seems to last forever. I mumbled some firm words, and then carried on until I hit the smooth recently paved Brewer street. It was a welcome relief. I finally got some nice speed going and set downtown Hartford as my target destination. About a third of the way down Brewer, I noticed a woman sitting on her front lawn and upon closer approach I read her sign, "Tag Sale Today". Having an innate weakness for any potential bargain, I stopped, got off the bike and poked around, unashamed by the way I must have appeared to her.

After a 10 second scan of second hand baby items, used car seats, and brightly colored blow molded kids clubhouses, I knew I was just wasting time. Just as I was about to leave, I noticed an elderly man in a yard adjacent to this woman, sitting at a table meticulously organizing items on a makeshift table. Before I could ask any questions the woman spoke out, "*Oh yeah, he's having a tag sale too...but It's just fishing stuff*". Now, she mentioned this in a way that implied that whatever this guy was selling could not possibly hold a candle to her used diaper pails and pacifiers. I couldn't resist and wandered over to the "*just fishing stuff*" tag sale.

This older gentleman was in the process of packing up for the day since it was about 3PM. As I approached, I saw quality waders, boxes of fly-line, books on fly-fishing, fly tying equipment and fly rods. On a table next to him were high quality fly reels and fishing gadgets, all arranged in perfect order next to their original boxes. It was apparent to me that this was no ordinary fishing tag sale and that there was a great love in his display of goods. There were no prices on his items and visions of treasures at bargain prices swam through my head. I carefully picked up a saltwater fly reel and he kept a close eye on me as I handled it. After a few minutes I finally broke down and asked, "*How much you askin' for this fly reel?*". The reply was very quick and terse, "*\$400...they sell brand new for \$600*". As my vision of acquiring this reel at a bargain price disintegrated, it was replaced with a feeling of respect and admiration for someone who shared this great hobby and lived so close to us. "*Yeah, I'm just selling off some of my extra gear I had hanging around the house,*" he said. We talked a while longer and soon I knew I was in the company of a real aficionado of fly-fishing; a man who held a vast reservoir of history on this subject.

It wasn't long before I brought up our brotherhood of fly-fishing, the Connecticut Fly-Fisherman's Association, or CFFA, based in this very town of East Hartford. After all, the Veterans Memorial Clubhouse was only about 1 mile or two away from his house. "*Have you ever heard of the Connecticut Fly-Fisherman's Association?*" I asked. The elderly man looked at me with penetrating eyes and seemed to be aware of some great coincidence. He also seemed to be very surprised that some biker guy was asking a question like this? "*Heard of CFFA? Are you kiddin? I served TWO terms as president...TWO TERMS*" he proudly stated.

We introduced ourselves, talked about his past, and about many of the elder members of our organization. When I mentioned Gary LaFontaine, he said, "*I used to tie flies with Gary and I taught him a few things or two*". Wow! Now I knew this guy was really special! He tied flies too! I told him about my son Mark, who has a passion for this hobby, and would love to meet him and possibly even buy an Islander reel for \$400. He then uttered, "*Have him come on over...I got a room downstairs that'll blow his mind*".

Excitedly, I dug out my cell phone and called Mark, who was home having his own version of a lazy day after vacation. In a few minutes Mark pulled up in his car and perused the now packaged up fishing items for sale. I introduced them to each other and they went into a world of fly-fishing dialogue that I will admit, is a few leagues above my level.

It wasn't long before we entered the home of this man and met his wife. There was not a hint of anything fishing related in their home. We all had a nice talk with the man's wife, then the elderly man said, "*Cmon downstairs now*". Mark and I followed him down a narrow flight of stairs into his basement. (Continued on page 6)

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Titanic

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The Thrill of Having a 20 Pound Coho Salmon Turn Your Rod into Worthless Junk

By Laurence Paradis

Today I decided to go with the crowds and fish the Ship Creek that runs through downtown Anchorage. I was getting annoyed at the families with three or four kids and only the father fishing keeping limits for all. Besides that fact he had the skill of snagging down. I really hate that, if you fish catch the dam thing the right way. Or if the fish is snagged it ok if it was an accident, just release it. I finally ventured down the creek where there were less people. I walked the banks of the mud islands(do to low tide), looking for dark shadows. I spotted out a fish that had a large orange fly in its back so I started to drift my fly in its lane. I spooked it many times. So I just casted upstream a little further than before. That was my luck cast. I felt the tap and set the hook right in the upper kipe. It was a large fish and took of slowly down stream while I tightened my drag, then he went mad. I really tightened my drag just to much. I tried to land him then he saw me, all fish know when they see me to run because I'm the best fisherman, and I was taught by the best. He definitely put the hurt on me then doubling over my rod. Then the fly popped right out. I had a bad feeling that my rod had taken to much, but it seemed fine. I kept fishing just like any other angler would. I got snagged on the bottom and gave a gentle tug, all I herd was "snap....kurplunk", I just took a deep breath and picked up my new 3 piece rod and walked to the car. Then I had to figure the best way not to get too worked up over this to so I wrote this little piece of work. I hope you enjoy and feel pity for me(ha-ha).

Well tight lines and just wait for my next story, hopefully it has a happy ending.

Sage 2 pc. 8-wt RPLxi= \$475, Orvis reel= \$129, Jim Teeny sinking line= \$59

Humorous Moment with a Model Student

By John Springer

During the last 15 years I and many friends have been teaching kids in our Junior Program at Norwich Fish and Game how to tie flies and fly fish. Lawrence was one of our earlier students that came for many years and later on came back to help us when we took kids fly fishing from the School for the deaf. This kid was a gem when he was young and has turned out to be a great young man, I am proud to know him. I might add that one day while giving him a bad time about his fly tying at the rod and gun club he looked me right in the eye and said "well at least I don't have a comb over like you" The room became very quiet. I busted out laughing and everyone else did to. I mentioned to this very observant kid that my friend Charlie Muscarella standing in the room was bald how come you don't pick on him. He said Charlie's cool. A short time later, I got a haircut and I have loved the kid ever since.

(CHANCE ENCOUNTER) – *Continued from Page 4)*

What we then saw absolutely amazed us. It was a fly-fishing mecca!! It had a museum like look to it with awards on the wall, photographs and mementos of the past. There was a section that looked like a library with many fly tying magazines and books for easy reference. Mark and I looked at each other with disbelief. We made broken conversation with the man since we in full absorb mode. Then he showed us his fly tying station, which was a model of organization. Honestly, the big chair had the look of a type of throne. There was a nice tying platform and organizer. The man said, “*Oh yeah, I won that at one of the club’s banquets we used to have...Roger Plourde built that*”. I informed him that the banquet still continues to this day with prizes galore. There were fly tying materials hung on the wall and it looked like a small store. He shared with us some of the flies he had tied and what fish he caught with them. He then produced the largest fly rod I have ever seen, a (15 weight), for tuna which was made special for him. He knew every river in the state and every inch of coast line in Connecticut and Rhode Island. We mentioned that we are the editors of the newsletter Lines & Leaders, and he said, “*I got some articles for you*”, and he quickly produced his past contributions to the literary world of fly-fishing. (Watch for them in coming issues of L & L).

I could go on and on about this. It was nice because it was the perfect way to put some life into a lazy summer day. In a way, I think our visit had the same effect on this man. It was his little corner of the world and he was proud to show what he had amassed during a long and productive past, especially to a young 18 year old, who so eagerly listened to his every word.

Mark took his articles and went back home. I proceeded on and biked into downtown Hartford. I think I saw one or two people in a beautiful revitalized area. I guess everyone was having a lazy summer day.

Oh....I almost forgot to mention the name of the man we met that day. His name is Joe D’Addario. A great guy! Thanks, Joe!

**CT Fly Fisherman’s Association
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- Change of address**
- New member**
- Membership renewal**

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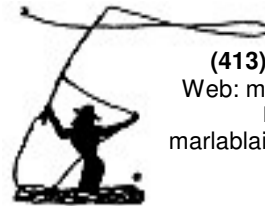
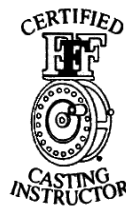
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Illustration of a brook trout, courtesy of the Connecticut Department of Environmental Protection.



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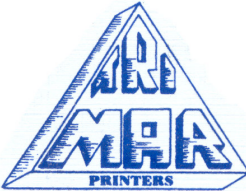
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