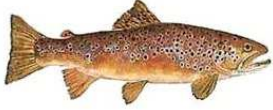




LINES & LEADERS



The Newsletter of the Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Association



Volume 34 No. 2

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

November 2006

NOVEMBER MEETING

Captain

Blaine Anderson

"The Connecticut River, New England's Best Kept Secret"



Captain Blaine Anderson has quickly proven himself to be one of the top guides in Connecticut. Whether its northern pike and stripers on the Connecticut River or bluefish, stripers and false albacore on Long Island Sound, captain Anderson has developed the reputation for getting his clients onto fish.

(Continued under CLUB NEWS, page 2)

PLACE: East Hartford Community Cultural Center, East Hartford, CT

DATE: Wednesday, November 8th, 2006

TIME: Fly Tying, Tackle Swap, Raffle:
7:00 - 7:30 PM
Program: 8:00 - 9:00 PM



FROM THE VEST OF THE PRESIDENT

The October meeting got off to a rocky start but we finally got things in the right direction thanks to the efforts of Bob Winot and Roger Plourde.



Everything else went well. We will be back at the clubhouse in November for our members meeting.

Thanks to Megan Hearne from Connecticut River Watershed Council and also Mike Mancini from the MDC for enlightening us on the upcoming referendum. I hope that they were able to answer your questions and discuss your concerns.

Rob did a great job with his presentation. Thanks again to Roger and Steve for the great job finding these people. Not only are they skilled fly fisherman, they are very interesting and do a great job with their presentations.

Cindy did a wonderful job with the coffee and homemade gingerbread. It was delicious and I thank you Cindy for your time, efforts, and generosity.

Our annual Expo and Banquet will be on Saturday, February 3rd, 2007. Our guest at the Expo and speaker at the Banquet will be Lefty Kreh. The event is going to be held at Maneeley's in South Windsor. Watch our website for the reservation form. The cost will be \$39.00 per person and please make your checks out to CFFA. Mike and Lynn Stewart will be taking the reservations again this year and I appreciate their time and hard work.

We still need volunteers for the upcoming hunting and fishing show in Hartford this coming February, so let myself or Bob Winot know if you are interested in helping out at our table. You don't have to tie flies. Just come and talk to the folks about CFFA. It's really a fun thing to do and besides ... (See VEST - Continued on Page 5)

CFFA CLUB NEWS

NEW MEMBERS:

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

- ★ EDWIN GORMAN – Manchester ★
- ★ LINDA NIELSON – Wethersfield ★

Congratulations and welcome to CFFA!!

NOVEMBER PROGRAM, CAPTAIN BLAINE ANDERSON – Cont'd:



(Captain Blaine Anderson)

Over the last three years his clients were able to boast of ten stripers over 50 inches as well as several pike over 40 inches. Blaine has been fishing all his life, basically growing up with a rod and reel in hand and his love for fishing only intensified. Blaine is one of the few year round guides in CT and fishes saltwater, freshwater and on the ice. When not on the water, Blaine does seminars throughout New England. When not fishing, he operates one of the most successful tackle shops in the state. In addition to several rod, reel, lure and line sponsors, Blaine is a member of Skeeter's Factory Salt Water team and will again be running their new top of the line ZX24Bay in the 2007 season.

FLY TYER'S NEEDED

Fly tyers are always welcome to tie during the social hour at our monthly members meeting. Don't be shy! It is a great way to share your skills, teach others, and you get to show off a bit too! Contact John Baracchi if you are interested. Check the CFFA message board in the week preceding the meeting and you can volunteer online if you prefer.

TRIPLE ON BONITO



Pictured here is CFFA member Mark Casali, 19, (center), with friends Mark Riley, 16, (left), and Matt Riley, 18, (right) of the Atlantic Saltwater FlyRodders Association, off the coast of Rhode Island. These three Bonito were all hooked by each of the anglers on board in a time span of less than 30 seconds. Way to go, (young) guys!! They cast into a hungry school!! Some say that late summer to early fall is the best time of year to fish the Sound.

LEFTY KREH TO BE THE GUEST SPEAKER AT THE NEXT BANQUET

We will have LEFTY KREH as the guest speaker at the next CFFA Banquet. This year's banquet will be taking place at a new location. It will be held at Maneeley's at 65 Rye Street, in South Windsor. It will take place on February 3rd, 2207.

Lefty Kreh started fly fishing in 1947 and since then he has become one of the most respected fly fishers, instructors, photographers, and fishing writers on the planet. He has written more than a dozen books about fishing and contributed to many others. Lefty Kreh is a no nonsense, practical and pragmatic fly fisherman with a fantastic sense of humor. Reserve tickets for the banquet early this year and don't miss out!

HELP OUT AT THE CFFA BOOTH AT THE NORTHEAST HUNTING & FISHING EXPO

The Northeast Hunting and Fishing Show will be held in downtown Hartford February 16th through the 18th. If you are interested in helping out at this show contact Bob Winot or John Baracchi.



COMING EVENTS

Next Board Meeting NOV 1
Next Membership Meeting NOV 8

SHOWS AND EXPOS

2007 Fly Fishing Shows JAN 19, 20, 21 2007
 -Royal Plaza Trade Center
 Marlborough, MA

-Garden State Expo Center JAN 26, 27, 28,
 Somerset, NJ 2007

2007 Northeast Hunting and Fishing Expo, CT Expo Center Hartford, CT FEB 16-18, 2007
www.fishinghuntingexpo.com

2007 "The Springfield Sportsmans Show" at the "Big E," West Springfield, MA FEB 22-25, 2007

2007 Fly-Fishing Exposition, Shriners Auditorium Wilmington, MA DATES TBD

CFFA CLASSES/EVENTS - Dates

2007 Advanced Freshwater Fly Tying Classes 1/4, 1/11, 1/18
 1/25, 2/1, 2/8

2007 Freshwater Fly Tying Classes 1/4, 1/11, 1/18
 1/25, 2/1, 2/8

2007 Saltwater Fly Tying Classes 1/4, 1/11, 1/18
 1/25, 2/1, 2/8

2007 Rod Building Classes 10/16, 10/25, 11/6
 11/15, 11/29, 12/06

2007 CFFA Annual Banquet And Exposition Feb 3, 2007

2007 Freshwater Fly-Fishing School 3/1, 3/8, 3/15,
 3/22, 4/7, 4/21

2007 Saltwater Fly-Fishing School 3/1, 3/8, 3/15,
 3/22/ April*. May*

2007 Cape Cod Fishing Trips:
First trip: Dates TBD
Second trip: Dates TBD
 *Weather Permitting

OTHER EVENTS

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

CT Fly Fisherman's Association MEMBERSHIP FORM

- Change of address
- New member
- Membership renewal

DATE: _____

NAME: _____

STREET: _____

CITY: _____

STATE/ZIP: _____

HOME PHONE: _____

WORK PHONE: _____

EMAIL: _____

Please check a committee you are now on or wish to be on:

- Conservation
- Program
- Indoor Facil.
- Education
- Publicity
- Membership
- Fund Raising
- Banquet
- Legislative
- Secretarial
- Newsletter
- Other

DUES STRUCTURE:

- Junior (under 16) \$ 5.00
- Regular \$ 20.00
- Supporting \$ 30.00
- Contributing \$ 75.00
- Life \$ 300.00

TOTAL

ENCLOSED:

\$ _____

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.*

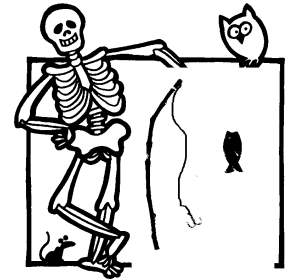




On Salem Pond

By Charlie Place

(An fitting tale for the Season)



It was the last day of October and I was riding in a station wagon loaded with fishing gear and three expert spin fishermen. Their six fishing rods lay angled over the back seat, all rigged for stripers. I was sitting right behind the driver. A long, scaled, plastic lure dangled from the well-used rod leaning closest to me. It had an ink black back and a creamy white belly that sparkled as it swayed back and forth, caught by a single hook drawn through one of the rod's tarnished guides. Its large dark red eye was scarred from a previous battle, and stared lifelessly. We went over a bump and the six rods bounced, filling the wagon with the sound of rattling, razor-sharp, treble hooks.

It spooked me a little. I'm not used to all this hardware. I'm used to the quiet swish of a fly rod and a single hook, hidden under colorful feathers. I was spooked all right, but not as much as, we all would be later.

We were headed for a salt pond on the coast. A call from the driver's friend had told us that Salem Pond was full of hungry stripers. I hadn't fished with these guys before, but they knew me from work and had invited me to go. With names like Catfish, Pennsylvania Slim and Fish Hound (AKA Chow Hound) there was no doubt that these were dedicated fishermen. That's not all Sea Dog was coming later. Sea Dog was a legend. It was said, if you scratched him on the arm, fish scales would come off.

We were early, so we stopped at a well-known fast food restaurant, ordered, and found some seats. Except for Chow Hound. He sat alone. I asked, "What's up?"

"You don't want to know," Catfish answered.

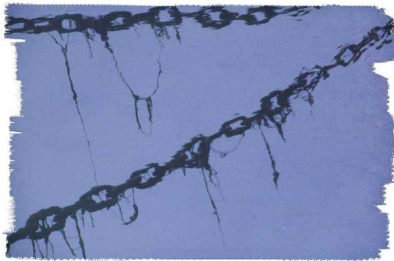
We never let him sit with us because of what he eats," Slim said.

"Why, what did he order?" I asked.

"A pumpkin milkshake and a fish sandwich," Catfish answered. I just continued eating my burger and tried not to think about it.

Dinner was over and we all piled into the wagon. Another thirty minutes and we would be at the pond. Since Chow Hound was in the back seat with me, I was hoping that he wasn't prone to motion sickness.

Catfish's friend met us at the pond and gave us the layout. He told us where the fish were likely to be and where we could wade without getting into trouble. We were fishing an incoming tide. The one place we were to avoid was a salt marsh. "It looks like flats," he said, "but it's real muddy and more than one fisherman has gotten stuck waist deep in the mud, and drowned when the tide came in. Some have never been found. I have to go to work," he said suddenly. Good luck."



The three spin fishermen were in the water in no time. Since I was a fly fisherman, I was slower getting ready. I had to get my rod out of the case, attach the reel, string up the rod, etc. While I was doing this a strange man appeared. He was a tall, slim man wearing a long black tattered trench coat. Underneath the trench coat, it looked like he was wearing old time long johns, the ones with the trap door. He smiled a toothless smile. His face was pale gray and leathery looking with deep dark circles under his eyes. His long gray matted hair hung on his shoulders. He smelled like wood smoke. "Mister?" he said, "Jack Lannturn here," in a deep raspy voice.

"Hi," I answered nervously.

"You wouldn't happen to have some matches?" he asked. I rummaged around in my fishing bag and came up with a book of matches. As I passed them to him, my hand brushed his. His hand was cold and rough and gave me a chill. "Thanks mister," Jack said as he turned and shuffled away.

"Jeez," I thought as I finished getting ready. "Homeless people out here?"

Catfish and Chow Hound had moved far out into the pond. Slim was a lot closer so I decided to wade out and fish with him. Slim and I weren't catching anything, but we could see frightened baitfish leaping out of the water trying to avoid being eaten by the ravenous stripers. They were too far away for a cast and the pond was too deep between them and us. It was a frustrating situation. I asked Slim if he thought Catfish and Chow Hound were catching anything. He said, "No." "You would be able to hear Chow Hound yelling, Fish on!"

It was only a half-hour before dark by the time Sea Dog arrived. He carried a cooler, a backpack, and an assortment of spinning rods to the edge of the pond. I was hoping there were some adult beverages in his cooler. Sea Dog waded out to where Slim and I were fishing. We asked where he had been.

"Everybody knows that striper fishing is night fishing," he said authoritatively. Slim pointed out the stripers that were feeding, but couldn't be reached.

"I'll take care of that, Sea Dog said. Let me warm up for a while." We split up and fished for another hour or so. It was dark and the feeding stripers had refused to move any closer. Finally Sea dog marched to shore "I'll take care of that," he repeated.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

VEST OF THE PRESIDENT (Continued from page 1)

you get to walk around a bit and see all of the other exhibits.

Stanley Calabrese and Bob Clark are teaching the rod building classes this year. That's what I said...classes. According to Stan, they are planning on teaching two rod building classes this year. Last I heard there were still openings for the January class, so contact Stanley, Bob, or Gary Steinmiller if you are interested in rod building. I know that Stanley builds a premium rod. I have seen his work and I'm sure he and Bob will do a super job getting you started in rod building. The classes will be held at the East Hartford Middle School on Burnside Avenue. You may want to enter the driveway in the back of the school which is on Scotland Road. It's the entrance to the football field and swimming pool. There is a shop in the back of the school where the classes will be held. I attended the first class on October 16th. Along with Bob and Stan, Mary, Todd, and Lee showed up to lend a hand. The instructors are knowledgeable and the students are enthusiastic. There is no better feeling of accomplishment than building your own fly rod, especially when you catch fish with it.

I'm really enjoying meeting and talking to our members. If I haven't met you yet come on up at our meetings and introduce yourself. It's always a pleasure to meet and talk with our members.

I'm not really big on playing in the cold weather, especially after all of the years working in it. I would much rather sit in my nice warm house and tie flies or build a few fly rods. However, from what I'm hearing, I may pick a clear day this winter to try and land a salmon in the Shetucket or Naugatuck Rivers. I'll let you all know when it happens and how it goes.

Our sponsors are good to CFFA. They support us year after year by placing their ads in our newsletter. If you are in the market for any equipment or even a guided trip, please be good to our sponsors and support them.

We have lots to do and we really need your help, so don't be bashful. Step up and volunteer. We need help at the Hunting and Fishing show, and setting up our Expo and Banquet, so let us know if you can help. We are becoming more and more involved with stocking and bio assessments and we are also helping the Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts. We are going to need your help with all of these projects. I am confident that you will come through and make the CFFA the premier organization that it is and has always been.

Lou is still looking for someone to take over the website, so, if you are computer savvy, and you have spare time, please step up and take over the website. You can contact me or Lou Fabrizio if you are interested.

Thanks to all of you that volunteer or have helped us in the past. See you at the meeting and remember, bring a friend.

Tight Lines,

John

Fly-Fishing New Business Ideas

By Toney Sisk

I'm not ready to quit my day job, but if I did, it would have to be because of one of the following startup businesses I'm thinking of:

THE FLY BAR: Imagine sitting down to a tall one next to a fly tying vise. You can order up any material from the most exotic materials for full-dress salmon flies to all color or marabou for Woolly Buggers. "I'll have a Bud. Any you got any of that guinea, maybe some bronze mallard, and a little yellow parrot? Oh, and I almost forgot, how about some of that peahen neck feather? Are those peanuts fresh? Dude!

DRY FLY CLEANERS: This business would cater to those who want their dry flies cleaned and fluffed. We all know how grimy and filthy those flies can get after a few fish. Note to self: will need to get some very tiny cellophane bags so that customers have a handy way to pick up their flies.

FLY PROGNOSTICATOR: This is actually a 900 number whereby you can learn your fly horoscope. "Am I going to catch a fish over 24 inches this weekend?" "No.", "Am I going to catch a bunch of small fish?" "Probably." "Should I use a Woolly Bugger on my trip in August?" "Yes." "How can I improve my fishing?" "Buy more Woolly Buggers." Will I be able to buy Woolly Buggers near the river?" "No. But can I sell you some?"

FLY MUFFINS: These are muffins sold with a large fly on top, like an October Caddis pattern or Stonefly pattern. Remove the fly before eating. Bring a dozen on a trip, and amaze your friends. For fully-dressed salmon fly muffins, add \$2.

(Reprinted from WAYWARD FLYFISHING.COM) "I tried normal once. I got bored. So I stopped doing it".

(ON SALEM POND, Continued from page 4)

While he was on land, I turned to look at the salt marsh. I had no plans to go anywhere near it. I was just curious. I noticed a soft red glow moving across the forbidden marsh. It pulsed slowly, like a coal from a fireplace. I strained my eyes to get a better look. I could see a silhouette of a man. A man wearing a trench coat, seemingly floating slowly across the salt bog, above the sucking mud, holding the glowing coal in front of him as he went. I closed my eyes for a few seconds in disbelief. When I opened them, he was gone.

Sea Dog was rushing through the water. He had a rod that looked like it was fifteen feet long. I could hear a chain rattling "What the heck is that," I asked.

"Chain mail," Sea Dog said, in a determined voice "I'm sending those stripers chain mail." He stopped about twenty feet below me. The wake his strong legs made lapped against my waders. He reared back and shot a long cast toward the distant stripers. You could hear the chain mails erie rattle as it arched thirty feet beyond unsuspecting linesiders. The longest cast I had ever seen. Sea Dog began reeling, "Got one," he shouted. After a couple of minutes, he landed his fish.

"Striper?" I asked.

Sea Dog didn't answer. "Striper?" I called again.

"Half a striper," he answered, in a whisper.

"Half a striper?" I muttered to myself. Then I understood.

Something crashed into my leg. A chill shot up my spine. The hair on my neck stood straight up. "No, No, No," I thought. I stood still, real still. My widened eyes darted about looking for a telltale fin. I thought about "Shark Week." I thought about my family. I thought about poor Captain Quint sliding slowly down that Great White's throat. Something bumped my leg again. Slowly, I moved my shaking hand into my vest pocket, and clutched my small flashlight. I took a deep breath and turned the light on. A horseshoe crab! "It was a horseshoe crab!" I shouted.



"What!" Sea dog said.

"Nothing," I answered, laughing with relief.

Catfish and Chow Hound were slowly moving toward us. Slim saw them and was reeling up. I was happy to be getting out of there. We stood in a circle, hip deep in the saltwater discussing our nights fishing. I told them about the glow in marsh and the homeless guy. Sea Dog told them about the half striper. Despite his eating habits, Chow Hound is the smart one. "What are we standing here for," he said, "Let's get the heck out of this water."

"One more cast," Sea Dog begged.

"Hurry up!" we all yelled at the same time.

Sea Dog shot his chain mail high into the air. "This is like being in a Stephen King movie," I thought.

"I got a sea gull or something," Sea Dog shouted suddenly.

We all looked at his fishing rod. Sure enough, his line was straight up in the air and skyrocketing all over the place. His reel sang as the apparent gull took out line.

"No way," Catfish said, "Not a sea gull, at night."

We strained to see what it was, but it was too dark. All of a sudden, Sea Dog's chain mail dropped out of the blackness, making a tremendous splash as it hit the surface of the pond. He began reeling in. "Something is still on this line, and it's heavy," he said. We waited anxiously. Sea Dog finished reeling in what ever it was. Then dragged it through the water with his rod until it floated in a heap in front of us. Slim reached down and carefully picked it up.

"It's some kind of a large rag," he said. Four flashlights illuminated the mystery cloth. Slim took the hooks out of it and shook out the water. He held it up at arm length. "Looks like a trench coat," he said.

ON THE RIVER

Fly Fishing Instruction with Charlie Place

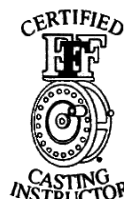
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