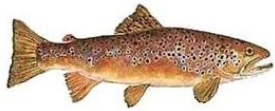




# LINES & LEADERS



*The Newsletter of the Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Association*



Volume 36 No. 3

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

November 2007

## NOVEMBER MEETING

*Larry Newmark*

*"A Fly-Fishing Trip to Western Canada"*



Larry Newmark has been fly fishing for over 30 years. He was born in Brooklyn, NY and went to college at the Penn State University majoring in Chemical Engineering. He worked for the General Electric Company for 36 years in Pittsfield, MA, Selkirk, NY and Plainville, CT and had assignments in manufacturing, marketing, plant design and construction, quality control and customer productivity. He retired a little over 4 years ago. His yearly fishing trips include bass fishing in Maine, striped bass fishing on Martha's Vineyard and a visit to the Crowsnest Pass area of Alberta, Canada fishing for trout. Besides those trips, you can find him fishing the lakes in this area as well as fly fishing on the Farmington River, Housatonic, and Deerfield Rivers.

**PLACE:** Veteran's Memorial Clubhouse, 100 Sunset Ridge, East Hartford, CT

**DATE:** Wednesday, Nov 14<sup>th</sup>, 2007

**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 was another CFFA success. Jerry Bannock's presentation on Salmon fishing in Connecticut was very interesting and informative. He showed us some cool spots to fish the Shetucket and Naugatuck Rivers that were very accessible. I can't wait to try them out.

It's November already and like it or not winter is here. The Holiday season is upon us already, I'm sure all of you are very busy making plans to visit with loved ones and friends for Thanksgiving. I would like to wish all of you a happy Thanksgiving, please be safe and try not to eat too much.

Thanksgiving is probably one of my favorite holidays, the smells, the food, the people, all make Thanksgiving Day something to look forward to. My wife (Donna) asked me what I would like for Christmas, and I can't think of anything that I would like or even need. I mean, I guess one could always use another rod or reel but how many is too many? Maybe I'll ask for a trip to Washington or Montana I would love to fish Monster Lake with my stillwater fishing idol Denny Rickards. Maybe I'll try and head down to Louisiana and give redfish a try. I may even hook up with Brian Shumaker and head down to Pennsylvania and fish for smallmouth. By the way, Brian will be one of our guests at the expo in February. Since I'm on the subject of the expo and banquet here once again are the details. The expo and banquet will be held on Saturday February 9<sup>th</sup> 2008 at Maneley's 65 Rye St. South Windsor, Ct. the expo will be held from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and admission is free, so, come on by bring your neighbor's kids, friends etc. and enjoy the day.

*Continued on page 4*

# CFFA CLUB NEWS

## **CFFA EXPO AND BANQUET DATES SET**

Dates for the 2008 Expo and Banquet have been set. Mark your calendars and keep Saturday, February 9<sup>th</sup>, 2008 reserved! We loved the new location so much last year that we are going to do it again...at the same place. It will be held at Maneeley's, 65 Rye Street, in South Windsor. Cost is \$39.00 per person. Forms will be in next month's newsletter to send to Mike Stewart. Guest speaker at the banquet is Bob Clouse and special Expo guest is Bob and Brian Shumaker, Susquahanna River Guide

## **BOB CLOUSER TO BE THE GUEST SPEAKER AT THE NEXT BANQUET**

We will have BOB CLOUSER as the guest speaker at the next CFFA Banquet. Bob is world renowned and has published many books on fine and effective fly patterns. To this date, renowned flyfisherman Lefty Kreh, has caught 86 species on the Clouser minnow alone.



*Bob Clouser at the Tying Bench*

## **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.

## **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 15<sup>th</sup> through the 17<sup>th</sup>. If you are interested in helping out at this show contact Bob Winot or John Baracchi.

# COMING EVENTS

**Next Board Meeting** NOV 7  
**Next Membership Meeting** NOV 14

## **SHOWS AND EXPOS**

**2008 Northeast Hunting and Fishing Expo, CT Expo Center Hartford, CT** FEB 15-17, 2008  
[www.fishinghuntingexpo.com](http://www.fishinghuntingexpo.com)

**2008 Fly Fishing Shows** JAN 18, 19, 20 2008  
**-Royal Plaza Trade Center Marlborough, MA**

**-Garden State Expo Center Somerset, NJ** JAN 25, 26, 27, 2008

**2008 "The Springfield Sportsmans Show" at the "Big E," West Springfield, MA** FEB 21-24, 2008

## **CFFA CLASSES/EVENTS**

**2008 Freshwater Fly Tying Classes** \*Jan/Feb 2008

**2008 Saltwater Fly Tying Classes** \*Jan/Feb 2008

**2008 CFFA Annual Banquet And Exposition** Feb 9, 2008

**2008 Freshwater Fly-Fishing School** \* Mar/April 2008

**2008 Saltwater Fly-Fishing School** \* Mar/April 2008

**2008 Cape Cod Fishing Trips:**  
**First trip:** \* Dates TBD  
**Second trip:** \* Dates TBD

## **OTHER EVENTS**

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

**CT River Salmon Association 32<sup>nd</sup> Dinner & Raffle** (see page 3) Jan 26, 2008

\* For actual dates please visit our website at [www.ctflyfish.org](http://www.ctflyfish.org)

## CONNECTICUT RIVER SALMON ASSOCIATION



### 32<sup>ST</sup> ANNUAL DINNER AND RAFFLE/AUCTION

Saturday, January 26, 2008

The Hawthorne Inn 2421 Wilbur Cross Highway,  
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## Wading Tips 101

*By Trevor Kugler*



For anyone who spends any time wading in and across rivers and streams in search of fish, wading tips are never a bad idea. Tips always help, if for no other reason than a quick refresher. What we're all trying to avoid is taking that wet and wild ride down a river, because of a stupid wading mistake. I've had this happen, and few things ruin a fishing trip like soaking yourself to the bone.

Springtime is upon us and in many parts of the country this means that rivers and streams are running much higher than they normally would. And when the water is running higher and faster than normal, this is the time mistakes are made.

The first tip to remember is if the water looks too high and fast to cross, don't try it. Listen to your instincts. If you feel crossing the river will be a stretch, just sit it out. Better safe than sorry. I'm sure you've heard that piece of advice before. Another great tip in high and fast water (if you feel you must cross) is to use a wading pole. You can buy a wading pole and carry it with you while fishing or you can do what I do and find a nice stick along the bank when I need a wading pole. As long as the stick is sturdy and comes up to your chest, you'll be in good shape. Having a pole to put weight on in high and fast water can literally save you from falling.

Another great wading tip is to always keep your feet in contact with the bottom. This may sound obvious, but it's none the less true. You always want to make a conscious effort to keep your feet in contact with the bottom, especially in high, fast water. The best way to accomplish this is to "slide", rather than step. By sliding your feet, they are always in contact with the bottom. The big problems arise when flowing water gets under your feet. This is obviously when waders get swept off of their feet, and when waders get swept off of their feet, that's when they get wet.

The final wading tip that I have for this article is to keep your eyes on where you want to go, rather than the water. You should be taking your time enough to be able to feel the bottom with your feet, rather than having to look. Keeping your eyes on the place you want to end up eliminates the distortion that a flowing river can cause to persons' eyes. These tips should help you avoid taking that wet and wild ride alluded to earlier. The most important tip is to trust your instincts when it comes to wading across high fast water. If it doesn't feel right, don't try it.



## *The Naming of Waters*

by Mike O'Neil

Man—the tallest and smuggest of the primates—can be distinguished from the simians in a number of ways. Two come immediately to mind. If he is at the top of the gene pool, he is apt to carry a fly rod. More universally, man is the one compelled to put names to things. It is an atavistic need or perhaps it is a cultural imperative that makes *Homo sapiens* put a tag to all of nature's miracles.

This seems to be especially true when it comes to water. Would The Esopus or the Schoharie or for that matter little Woodland Brook suffer in some way in the great scheme, had their pools and bends and stretches of rapid and calm not been given finite titles? And, out of curiosity, one wonders just exactly who did the naming, and what in particular moved them to do it. Which simple poets presumed such a powerful office? One harkens to Bob Dylan's epic verse which fits enormously well here, "The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind, the answer is blowin' in the wind."

This naming of waters is a natural enough phenomenon. And the originators are to be congratulated. Many of the pool names in my part of the Catskills fit the shape and texture of the streams they have monikered like the proverbial glove. Others have their root inventions stuck firmly in a mire of sentiment. All are valid. All are useful, and all in time will fade and be forgotten, to be superseded by other freshly minted labels.

But before that happens, consider for a moment some of the names that have attached themselves to parts of the Esopus that are still in use.

2.

There is the **GREENY DEEP**. In Allaben, a quarter mile south of the portal, it has always been something of a delicious mystery. Hard to reach, it is perhaps the deepest pool on the Esopus. Leviathans inhabit its unknowable depths. At certain times of the year it takes on the pale greenish tinge that the stream's rock muck and slippery algae lend it. This algae gives the stream one of its legendary features—the fisherman who wades it must be alert and cautious at all times. Cecil E. Heacox once described wading the Esopus as akin to "walking on greased cannonballs." Arnold Gingrich memorialized an epic Esopus tumble just below the Five Arch Bridge in his *The Well-tempered Angler*, when "handling me like a small piece of gravel, I must have been upended and turned completely over somewhere between twelve and twenty times...before I was finally plastered onto a large rock and held there, by the force of the current, like the Shakespearian "alligarter on a wall."

[ An aside: The result of fifty years of wading the Esopus and its tribs, I've perfected a careful wading technique that I call **THE CATSKILL SHUFFLE** that generally keeps me dry. I take tentative, flat-footed little baby steps of no more than twelve to fourteen inches in gait. I clutch a wading staff firmly in my free hand. It may take forever to get from point A to point B, but I don't feel the need to rush about in a trout stream.]

One summer evening in 1958 my father took his friend Wes Gallagher to the Greeny Deep. It was nearly dusk. Wes, a man of powerful self-assurance and strong sentiments was learning to fly fish. My father was his teacher. Local fashion dictated that the fly of

3.

choice for that month, or perhaps for that whole summer—the one in whose powers everyone believed—was the Black Gnat tied dry on a number sixteen hook. Both were so armed. As the light failed and the stars began to glow, trout rose in great numbers and began to feed on anything floating on top. My father caught fish after fish, but no matter how precisely he cast, Wes couldn't hook a thing. In fact, he couldn't possibly have hooked a thing. In his fever to hold his arm to his side, and let his wrist do the work, and let the line shoot straight, and to remember all the rest that a fledgling fly fisherman must, he had forgotten one of the cardinal rules. i.e. from time to time the diligent angler must inspect his fly and his leader. Somehow he'd snapped off his fly and was fishing with a virgin leader. A black gnat, being hard to see even at midday, is totally obscure at dusk. When Wes finally realized his mistake, the night air exploded in a string of vitriol and blue thunder that helped light the way through the woods all the way back to the car. Wes never went fly fishing again—at least not on the Esopus.

Downstream, on the outskirts of the village of Phoenicia, is a turbulent stretch of water known as **ELMER'S BEND**. Its derivation is lost to newcomers; but anyone who ever bit into one of Elmer Loveless's fresh hot sugar-coated sinkers, over a steaming mug of early morning coffee in his aluminum sanctorum—Elmer's Diner—knows the reference well. Elmer held forth for many years. One remembers him and his wife Midge for their wry sense of humor and instinct for promotion. There was that one year of terrible summer drought that had the politicians in Albany seriously talking about seeding Ulster County clouds with dry ice to wrench rain artificially from the sky. Elmer and Midge mounted

4.

an old canoe on top of the diner, climbed into it and waved at the cameraman who immortalized them in the local paper along with their sprawling handmade sign that said, "Bring on the Rain. WE'RE READY!" Elmer eventually went bust. For many years thereafter the shiny hull that had been his culinary blue-collar oasis dulled and fell apart, even as Queen Anne's Lace and chicory and mullein inexorably reclaimed the ground. One summer to his great surprise, a fly fishing protégée of my father's, Phil Halzell, caught a Hell of a big fish in Elmer's rough outback water. It was in the middle of the day, in the middle of the summer, and he was just testing the action of a new rod and expected nothing. His reputation as a master fly fisherman soared immediately, and for the next couple of weeks, legions of other hopefuls could be spied down there fishing in back of Elmer's, with no particular success.

*Continued on page 6*



# Getting Barbed

By Jim Duda



Generally, I belong to the Farmington River School of mashing barbs - or going "barbless." However, there have been *exceptions* to my rule that apply to some Salmon, Rainbow Trout, and Steelhead. Enough said!

Not so long ago I was hooked and held by a barb. Maybe it was the Creator's way of reminding me of the discomfort I visited upon my *exceptions*.

Mark (my son-in-law) and I were fishing near Missoula Montana in a recent year. The Clark Fork, Big Blackfoot and Bitterroot Rivers were not fishable because of high summer water temperatures. As a result we prospected for Cutthroat Trout on nearby cold water mountain streams. The stream we fished that day was about 2 miles from where we parked. Downhill we went through dense stands of Ponderosa Pine where there were ample signs of Grizzly activity.

Montana 'streams' are as wide as some Connecticut rivers like the Naugatuck. Additionally, these fast and rocky streams are laced with 'deadfall' that can keep you from, in this case, moving downstream.

I was attempting to cross a rather deep section of the stream by walking across a deadfall tree. I was about two-thirds across when the log started to roll. Immediately, I sat down. At this point I felt something sharp enter my waders near the crotch. I called Mark for help.

There I sat with a leg lock around the log and one hand pressed into the bark in order to balance myself, with the other holding my fly rod. I slid backwards a bit to determine the extent of my crisis. Yes, a tree stub had penetrated my waders with a sharp point and was not going to easily let go. I was 'barbed.' I tried to wiggle like my *exceptions* to dislodge the stub, but without success.

"So, what is the problem?" Mark said before he started laughing. "Let me explain," I offered. "I am caught by the log and I need to get off of this @\$% damn thing. We need a plan that will not injure me at my crotch. Get it?" I exclaimed. After some careful thought, Mark suggested that he take my rod and we roll the log so that I was suspended below it. I would let go, fall into the stream, and gently float away to safety with only slightly damaged waders. This sounded like good idea to a desperate man.

"I can't swim" I lamented. "Don't worry, you will float and I will catch you a little bit downstream. This will be very easy," Mark stressed. We had a plan.

I leaned over the side and Mark added momentum to the log roll until I was under the log and above the stream. Mark ran down stream a bit, positioned himself, and prepared to grab me. Then he bid me to let go. Let go, I did! It was a beautiful release with both arms and legs acting in unison. There was, however, a little resistance. The stub did not want to release the waders immediately, and I was suspended like an inverted V above the stream. I wiggled and there was a ripping sound as my waders were torn along one leg to the knee. I then hit the water creating a huge splash..

The waders filled quickly with water, but I floated and moved in a surge downstream around and past the point where Mark was positioned. Sometimes in our life we simply pick the wrong current seam. There I went bouncing and rolling about 100 yards until I could get my feet down and wade to the shore in my new quick draining waders. I was wet from head to toe, but alive and not hurt. That was the outside of me. The inside of me was bubbling with conflicting emotions that required a considerable amount of anger management.

We fished on catching some very nice Cutthroat that afternoon in late July. It turned out to be a great day shallow wading. We climbed out of the forest and drove back to Missoula in Mark's SUV. The cloth passenger seat, to my satisfaction, absorbed the remainder of the moisture in my clothing. I was dry by the time we reached the Cougar Ranch.

I guess that each of us who fish confront the unexpected. Often, we just have to deal with it. However, I cannot help but believe that there are fish, I have caught, who can now smile when I offer them a barbless treat.

*Naming of the Waters – Continued from page 4*

A bit further downstream, still in the lingering confines of the village line, is a big pool dubbed **MOTHER'S**. The DEC stocks it heavily because it's easy to reach. Why it's called mother's I don't know and neither it seems does anyone else. With the Esopus running high and muddy one day, and wanting to take a visiting friend, Dave Shearer, to a place that might offer at least the possibility of trout, we went to Mother's Pool. It had been stocked just the week before. We'd been there for a short time when the surface began to erupt. "Big rainbows," was my hopeful conclusion, until I looked up and discovered two boys hurling rocks into the pool from across the stream. Some of them were landing pretty close to us. The little urchins advised us in the rough patois of the hills that we were trespassing and that it was their rightful duty to protect their pool and

5.  
its trout. We shouted back a more polished version of their patois, letting them know how counterfeit their claim was. We didn't throw rocks, however, and we didn't report them to their parents. We didn't know their parents. There we were—four boys acting like boys—albeit two of us had white hair and were nearing 60. Eventually we removed ourselves and drove down to Boiceville. Much better conditions at **BIG BEND**, the **TRESTLE**, and **CHIMNEY HOLE**—at least that afternoon.

While the official pool labels of the Esopus and its tributaries have been burned deep into my cortex, so too have our private family names been imbedded. Some of them speak to obvious landmarks—**TWIN PINES**, **TRIPLE TREE**, **THE POOL AT THE END OF THE HERDMAN ROAD**—but others allude to a collective family memory.

When I say I'll be fishing near the **PHANTOM SHACK**, my wife and kids and sister and brother-in-law and their kids will know where I'm going, but the general public wouldn't have a clue. Because the phantom shack—one of the ancient hand-hewn hemlock shanties that once dotted the Catskill landscape back in John Burroughs' day—is indeed a phantom. It fell slowly to pieces a half century ago. In life it stood about two-thirds down the Herdman Road, next to the railroad tracks. My mother gave it its name the year it finally disappeared—a process of rot and elimination that took decades to complete.

So too did my father introduce **THE SPANISH FARM**, and **THE AX HANDLE FACTORY** into our lexicon—buildings along the Esopus that have long since either disappeared or been put to other uses, but whose nearby waters still produce fine fishing.

6.  
There is one pool that has special significance to us. On Woodland Brook, in the middle of the "fly-fishing only" stretch, there is a parcel of water that we have named the **GRANDPARENTS POOL**. My people are fairly religious about visiting it every spring, and from time to time thereafter as the season progresses—sometimes with a fly rod, sometimes not. As the years pass, more and more people have come to know it. First my father, and a few years later my mother—a fine angler in her own right—died, and there is where we spread their ashes.

*VEST OF THE PRESIDENT – Continued from page 1*

There will be vendors and demonstrations along with fly tiers so you won't want to miss it. The banquet will be held from 6 p.m. until around 11 p.m. the price is \$39.00 per person and the meal choices are prime rib, stuffed shrimp, or stuffed breast of chicken. Our guest speaker will be Bob Clouser and I'm sure most of you are familiar with Bob and his accomplishments. Check out the website and you can print the form to mail in your reservations. Please send them to Mike Stewart and not the p.o. box. Also please make checks payable to CFFA and not to Mike or myself. Some of you sent your reservations in late last year and we tried to accommodate you, however it makes things a lot tougher for us when we get last minute reservations and sooner or later we have to say no and return your money even though we don't like to do that. So, to eliminate any problems please have your reservations in ahead of the cutoff date.

At this point in time we are working hard and concentrating most of our energies on the expo and banquet. The weekend of Feb. 15<sup>th</sup> is the Hartford Dodge Truck Northeast Fishing and Hunting show which we have a table for and we need volunteers to help work our table. Anyone interested in helping can do so by contacting Bob Winot so he can put you on our list of volunteers.

On October 26<sup>th</sup> we attended a function for the Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts in Glastonbury. Connecticut Outfitters was there with live bait and CFFA was invited to tie flies so the kids could become familiar with the different aspects of fishing and fly-fishing. It was great to see two of CFFA's young members attend and show off their fly tying talents. All of the young scouts were very impressed with Jimmy and Kyle's fly tying abilities and it was nice to see tiers in the same age group as the scouts, it just made it easier because they could relate. I want to thank Stanley, Todd, Kyle and Jimmy for taking the time to help promote our club and fly-fishing. Also thanks to Ron and Donna (Jimmy's mom and dad) and Denise (Kyle's mom) for taking the time to bring the boys. It's always nice to see young members at our meetings but it's especially nice when they show up and volunteer to show off what they have learned. The credit for that goes to Gary, & Ted and staff for the wonderful education programs that they instruct.

I once again want to say thank you to Cindy for the wonderful goodies she provided at our October meeting. Like I said in the past, she is spoiling us.

With Christmas around the corner, please remember a guided fishing trip makes a wonderful gift. Please support our sponsors if you are looking for a gift for that special fly fisher in your family.

As always if I have not met you please come up and say hi, I would love to meet you. Our meetings are free and open to the public so feel free to bring as many guests as you would like.


See you at the meeting, bring a friend: Tight Lines: John



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