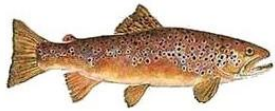




LINES & LEADERS



The Newsletter of the Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Association



Volume 36 No. 2

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

September 2007

OCTOBER MEETING

*Jerry Bannock
Fly-Fishing Salmon in CT*



Jerry Bannock has been fly fishing in CT for over 35 years and started teaching fly fishing in 1991. He has managed an Orvis Shop and instructed at Orvis Endorsed Fresh and Saltwater Schools since 1998. Now a professional guide and instructor, Jerry runs guided trips and fly fishing schools for individuals and/or small groups.

Jerry's presentation will include photos of the Kensington Hatchery and sections of the Shetucket and Naugatuck Rivers. He will also review flies that are productive plus images of maps for access and stocking locations on these rivers.

You can contact Jerry at 860-877-0001 or visit his web site at www.fishinthefly.com

NOTE LOCATION

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

DATE: Wednesday, Oct 10th, 2007

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



FROM THE VEST OF THE PRESIDENT

It was nice to see all of you at the September meeting. I was glad to see that everyone had a safe and enjoyable summer.

There is still plenty of fishing time left before winter rears its ugly head. However, winter isn't such a bad thing it gives us a chance to refill our fly boxes or build that other rod that we always wanted.

Thanks to the generosity of Craig and Riverfront Recapture Gary, Mary and I received an invitation to the Big Mo function at the new Cabelas store. Although the shelves were still empty, the building and displays are awesome. Many thanks to our friends at Riverfront Recapture for the invitation to a wonderful evening.

Mary and Stan tell me that they have filled the openings for volunteer fly tiers at the Peabody museum fly-fishing display. Thanks Mary and Stan and volunteers.

Don't forget our expo and banquet will be Saturday February 9th 2008 our special guest will be Bob Clouser. I'm very excited and I know that the turnout will be as good or better than last years.

Mike and Lynn Stewart have agreed to take reservations for the banquet again and I thank them in advance, it's a lot of work and time consuming. Please try to get your reservations in before the cutoff date this year. It just makes things a lot easier and less complicated if you do. I am still waiting to hear from Kurt to see if we can possibly keep the prices the same.

The weekend of February 15th is the date set for the Northeast Hunting and Fishing Expo. We will once again need volunteers to work at our booth.

Continued on Page 3

CFFA CLUB NEWS

DIRECTIONS TO OUR OCTOBER MEETING LOCATION at the EHCCC

From I-84 East:

Take the Governor Street Exit (#56). At the end, take a right onto Governor Street. Go to the first stop light and take a left onto Prospect Street. At first stop sign, take a right onto Richard Road. The EHCCC is on the left at the end of the street (Across from the Town Green).

From I-84 West:

Take the Governor Street Exit (#56). At the end, take a right onto Governor Street. Go to the first stop light and take a left onto Prospect Street. At first stop sign, take a right onto Richard Road. The EHCCC is on the left at the end of the street (Across from the Town Green).

From Rte 2 West:

Go to the end of Route 2-East Hartford. At the end, bear right onto Governor Street. At light, take a left onto Prospect Street. At Stop sign, take a right onto Richard Road. The EHCCC is at the end on the left.

From I-91 South:

When approaching the Hartford area, watch for East Hartford Exit. It is a left hand exit, so stay in the left lane. The exit is an extremely sharp loop! At the end of the exit ramp, enter onto I-84 on the Bulkeley Bridge. Stay in the right lane. Take the Connecticut Boulevard Exit. Stay to the left going onto Connecticut Boulevard. Go to the end. At the light, take a left onto Main Street. At the fourth traffic light (look for Dunkin Donuts), take a left onto Chapman Street. The EHCCC is at the end (on Chapman Place).

From I-91 North:

When approaching the Hartford area, watch for Route 5 & 15 (Exit 29-Charter Oak Bridge). Go to Exit 90 (Route 5 North-Main Street Exit). At the end, take a left onto Main Street. Go up Main Street for nine lights. (Watch for Dunkin Donuts on right). Across from Dunkin Donuts is Chapman Street. The EHCCC is at the end (on Chapman Place).

From Route 5 North

Drive south from South Windsor on Route 5 (John Fitch Boulevard). When it enters East Hartford, it becomes Ellington Road, and after the third traffic light it becomes Main Street, East Hartford. After going under the railroad overpass, watch for Triple A Diner on the right. Chapman Street is the third street on the right (look for Dunkin Donuts on left), after passing the diner. The EHCCC is at the end (on Chapman Place).

COMING EVENTS

Next Board Meeting OCT 3

Next Membership Meeting OCT 10

SHOWS AND EXPOS

2007 Northeast Hunting and Fishing Expo, CT Expo Center Hartford, CT FEB 15-17, 2008
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

2007 "The Springfield Sportsmans Show" at the "Big E," West Springfield, MA FEB 21-24, 2008

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

CFFA CLASSES/EVENTS

2008 Freshwater Fly Tying Classes *Jan/Feb 2007

2008 Saltwater Fly Tying Classes *Jan/Feb 2007

2008 Rod Building Classes *Jan/Feb 2007

2008 CFFA Annual Banquet And Exposition Feb 3, 2007

2008 Freshwater Fly-Fishing School * March/April 2007

2008 Saltwater Fly-Fishing School * March/April 2007

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

* Tentatively Planned

It was early in October when my friend Jim Stack called me about a fishing trip to Maine for wild brookies. The dates were the 28th, 29th, 30th, and we would be coming home on the 31st. Usually it takes me a day or so to decide, but wild brookies...my answer was, "Jimmy! Does a teddy bear have a cotton butt? Who else is in our cabin?" Jimmy laughed and answered, "Jim Hagen and Roger Plourde."

Neewollah Camp

By Charlie Place



We made our plans to meet and drive up to Maine. I didn't ask Jim any questions about the destination, but I should have because as it turned out we were fishing Specter Creek. Fishing places get names like that for a reason, and if I had asked, maybe I would have been forewarned. And maybe all of us would have been all right.

We traveled to Maine in a green rented van. Jimmy explained to us on the way that the cabin we were staying in was twenty miles from a paved road. He said that you could drive the twenty miles over a dirt trail, but the camp people wouldn't guarantee arrival. "However," he added, "There is a shortcut across a lake." He had made plans for us to meet a boat at a landing not far from the cabins. Also, he said that the craft was big enough to take us and our gear in one load.

The skipper walked stooped over, which made him appear quite a bit shorter than he was and made his long arms hang close to the ground. He wore a shoulder length, ink- black ponytail and a giant, wild mustache that covered both of his lips. Bits of food hung from the long, thick, mustache hairs. He wouldn't look you in the eye when he spoke, and his voice had a hollow resonance to it. When we left the landing, I asked him how long it would take us to get to the cabin. He turned his hood covered head and looked at me over his left shoulder with one eye. I swear I saw something move in his mustache. It looked like a big black ant. Then I thought, "Nah that couldn't be."

"Bout twenty minutes," he echoed

Anyway, after motoring the twenty minutes, we could see the landing place and Igor started slowing down. When we got to the dock, there was a small, rail thin, gray man waiting for us. Roger threw him a line; he secured the boat and then introduced himself. "Hi! I'm Bones," he said. He stuck out his hand and I took it. His noodle like hand was chilly and moist. When I let go of it I had to fight a sudden urge to rinse my hand in the lake. He shook the other guys hands too and I could see that they were uncomfortable. We all got out of the craft and Igor started handing our stuff up to Bones. The first bag that Bones grabbed caused him to fall down. I mean, he didn't trip or anything. He collapsed like there was nothing holding him up.

Roger asked, "Are you all right man?"

Continued on page 4

VEST OF THE PRESIDENT – Continued from Page 1

Parking will be across the street from the convention center and it will cost \$9.00 a day. Please volunteer early as we can only take so many volunteers. You can volunteer by contacting Bob Winot.

You can also look for Bob at our meetings if you would like to check out our library of fly-fishing DVDs. We ask for a donation of \$5.00 per DVD to help with our conservation efforts.

Stanley tells us that there is another bio assessment planned although I don't know when or where it will be. I will let you know as soon as I know.

The CFFA has the best member's attendance of any other club that I know of. We average anywhere from 75 to 100 plus at our monthly meetings. That in itself is totally awesome! I just want to say the CFFA is not exclusive to the board and officers. The CFFA belongs to you, all of you the members. Please don't ever feel that you are not appreciated because you are. Please feel free to contact us if you have any concerns or would like to help out.

We have adopted a new schedule for our members meetings to try and speed things up a little bit. We will try to have our speakers begin by 8:00 P.M. hopefully the meeting will be ending around 9.

Don't forget our October meeting is at the Cultural Center in East Hartford on Chapman Pl.

Please don't forget to support our sponsors. They support us and they will need our support and patronage more than ever, so if you need something please remember our friends at Up Country, North Cove, Fish Connection, Colonial Sports, and Connecticut Outfitters.

Christmas is just a few months away, and a guided fishing trip is a wonderful gift for that special fly fisherman in your life. We have some of the best guides in New England right here in the CFFA. If you are looking for a guided fishing trip please consider our own Jack Smola, Marla Blair, Charlie Place and Bruce Marino, you won't be disappointed.

Our meetings are free of charge and they are open to the public, if I haven't met you yet please come on up and say hello. See you at the meeting bring a friend.

Tight Lines: John

NEWALLAH CAM – Continued from page 3

Bones stood up and grabbed another bag as if nothing had happened. "Yeah!" He answered, "No problem." He finished loading our stuff on a cart and asked us to follow him to our cabin. On the way, he collapsed twice more. He unloaded our things and put them on the porch of the cabin. As he left, he pointed to another building and said, "Dinner is in an hour." As soon as Bones was out of sight, we all turned and looked at Jimmy Stack. Jim knew what we wanted to know without us having to ask.

He said, "I don't know! I just picked this place out of a magazine and phoned. It seemed all right." "I mean, the ad said, Neewollah Camps, wild brookies guaranteed."

"Yeah," Roger answered, "It seems like there's something not right here though."

"Okay," Jim Hagen said. "We're here, so let's get our things unpacked, and get ready for dinner." We all agreed; after all he was right, and well, wild bookies.

We unpacked, rigged up our fly rods and hung our waders and vests from rusty nails on the porch of the cabin. It was quiet while we were doing that. Now that I look back, I think we all must have been wondering the same thing. "What have we gotten ourselves into?" We were in a row of three cabins. They were all built alike, so I assumed each one slept four people. There were fishermen in cabins one and two because there was fishing stuff on the porches.

It had been about an hour, so we walked over to the building that Bones had pointed to. Inside there were three set tables with four chairs at each table. A few minutes later, two groups of four fishermen walked into the room. They didn't acknowledge us at all. They just walked to their chairs and sat down. It was weird I tell you; they had this look about them. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but it was sort of a wet look, you know, like they had been in the water a long time, but were not wet. But then again, I've seen toffee-nosed fly fishermen before.

At the back of the room there was a set of double doors. I assumed that on the other side of them you would find the kitchen. After a few minutes the doors flew open confirming my hunch, and an elderly woman rushed out of the kitchen holding a tray full of food over her right shoulder. She served the other two tables first. When she got to our table, you could tell that she was indeed elderly. In her eighties I'd say. She was about five feet five inches tall and had long gray hair that draped on her shoulders. Her nose was long and narrow. She wore a headband with Native American beadwork on it. Her tee shirt read "Neewollah Camps," the words were printed over a picture of a brook trout. The tee was tucked into a pair of jeans that were held up by a beaded belt. "Hi fellas," she said as she passed our plates from the heavy tray. Her voice cackled through a couple of yellow teeth. Then she said, "If you need any thing else, just give a holler in the kitchen." (Up until now I couldn't take my eyes off the old lady because I thought I could see a fat green house fly wing in and out of her mouth as she spoke.) "Nah! That couldn't be," I thought.

After dinner we went back to the cabin. We tried telling a few fish stories but not one of us could keep our eyes open, so we went to bed. At breakfast the other fishermen were still not talking to us and Bones was serving us. He was pushing a cart with our food on it instead of carrying trays as the old women did. Bones only fell a couple of times so nothing out of the ordinary happened at breakfast. Well, except for one thing. I'm almost sure that there was something moving around under Bone's shirt. "Nah!" I thought, "That couldn't be. He'd feel it."

There was a map of the river in the cabin and the places to fish were marked. We picked a spot that we thought was big enough for the four of us and went fishing. It was about a half-mile walk down a rough dirt road and then another quarter mile on a trail through the woods. Soon we found the creek and the spot that was marked on the map. It was a perfect place to fish. The pool was about one hundred yards long with some riffles at the top. The creek moved fast, so behind every exposed rock there was a run and there were plenty of rocks. We stood on the bank for a few seconds just watching the water. Roger began pointing out rises. It seemed that there were fish rising in every run. A fly fisher's dream! We spread out and began to fish. I could see a large brook trout rising well within casting range. I tied on a size twelve-woodchuck caddis. What the heck! If you can get them to eat a big dry fly then why not. The trout came up and took the fly without hesitation. I set the hook but there was nothing on the end of my line. "He spit it out before I set the hook," I thought. I tried a second, third and fourth cast. The same thing happened. I checked the fly. It was okay. Below the big bookie I spotted a bigger fish feeding on the surface. I waded into position and made another cast. The same thing happened! Jim Hagen wasn't too far from me, so I called his name. When he looked up I gave him a shrug. He shrugged back, so I figured that something was going on that he didn't understand either.

Then I heard Roger's voice behind me. "Charlie?" he said. Just then Jimmy Stack showed up. Sure enough, all four of us were having the same experience. Big brookies were taking our flies but we weren't hooking them. We watched the stream. The same brookies just kept on rising. Rise after rise after rise. Finally Roger said it. "I say we go back to the cabin, pack up, and get out of here!" None of us were slow to agree.

Continued on page 5

Continued from page 4

We rushed back to the cabin, packed our stuff, and headed for the dock. When we got to where we thought the dock was, there was no dock, just a pile of broken boards. Jim Hagen asked, "Is this the right place?"

"Yeah I think so," Jimmy Stack answered.

Just then we heard the sound of a boat motor. "If it's Igor, we tell him we're leaving now!" I said. Everyone nervously nodded yes.

When the boat came in sight, we saw that it wasn't Igor. We waved our arms to try and get the drivers attention. He spotted us and came over. "What are you fellas doing here?" he asked. Now we could see that it was a game warden.

"Fishing," we said in unison.

"Fishing?" The warden said. "How'd you guys get here?" We started telling him the story, as we loaded ourselves into the boat. For a second, I thought that it was the same boat that we had arrived in.

"Nah!" I thought, "Impossible."

I turned and pointed to the cabins as I began our story. There were no visible cabins or lodge. They had disappeared in a heavy fog that had started to settle in on the land. We were all talking at once when the warden held up his hands and said in a loud authoritative voice, "Hold on fellas. One at a time!"

Roger told the warden about the old lady and Igor. "Don't forget Bones," Jim Hagen piped up. Jimmy Stack told him about the trout. The warden looked at us, well, like we were a little off or something.

"Fellas," he said, "There hasn't been anyone living out here for fifty years. The people you are describing sounds like old lady Neewollah and two of her sons. The four of them lived out here. They sold a few logs and rented the cabins to fishermen. The thin one, Bones, you said? A tree fell on him; every bone in his body was broken, so they say. His brother, the one you call Igor, picked up the tree trying to help, but the weight of it sunk him in the wet ground and crushed his spine. They found him with the tree still on his shoulders." It was quiet in the boat for a while as we motored across the lake. I'm sure we were all having the same scary thoughts and were wearing the same pale expressions.

"What happened to the old lady?" I finally asked.

"Know one knows," the warden said. "She was never seen again."

"You said, two of her sons. Are there others?" I asked. As soon as the question was out of my mouth I realized that he had said, "The four of them lived out there." We had only seen three. The warden smiled. I saw a black beetle crawl out of his shirt and onto his shoulder then it waddled down the arm of his green warden's coat.

"Yeah!" he said, "She had three sons." He turned the boat back toward the lodge. The camps were completely fogged in now..."The third one died in a boating accident, bringing four sports across the lake. Hit the dock full throttle in the fog," he said. "No one made it."

The next morning while we were on the cabin porch getting ready to go fishing, I swear I saw a spider creep out of Roger's ear and crawl under his shirt collar. "Nah! Couldn't be, I thought."

Note From The Editors:

We are always looking for articles or ideas from our members. Feel free to submit any type of contribution to our newsletter. Book reviews, flys of the month, stories etc. are all appreciated. Remember, articles and stories from our own members are always the most interesting read! Contributions can be sent to DCasali5@cox.net.



This Sturgeon was caught on the Willamette River just below Oregon City two weeks ago. It weighed out at over 1,000 lbs and measured out at 11'1". It was 56" around the girth and took over 6 and a half hours and a dozen beers for the 4 guys taking turns reeling. Wow!

Above photo contributed by Gary Bogli. Try explaining to folks how this one got away!!



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

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

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DUES STRUCTURE:

- Junior (under 16) \$ 5.00
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