

A day on the Farmington with a father and son who were students from our fly fishing class ended at the Riverton Country store for lunch, it does not get much better than that.

From the vest of the President



The Above picture was taken by Ron Dunlevy from a safe distance :-) that black line you see in the middle of the picture is the bear heading for our President in the blue shirt.

We now move out of September and into October. I for one am going to remember September fondly. I fished the Farmington River an average of 2 days a week during this month. The Isonychia hatch and the Trico hatch on the river were both outstanding and if you were lucky enough to be there you know what I'm saying.

I try to avoid crowds and enjoy solitude when I go fishing and favor spots where a little walk is required to get to my destination. It usually pays off as most, not all, anglers prefer to get out of their car and step into the river. One evening this past month I was feeling otherwise, Ron and I had hiked into the river. Along the way we went through some tall grass and shrubs and I occasionally uttered "HEY BEAR" as my guide did on a guided trip in Alaska. Ron got a kick out of this and soon we got to the river bank and split up to do some fishing. I went upriver and he went down. We were within sight of each other but just **barely**. I was fishing along the west bank enjoying the fishing and the solitude when I heard some branches cracking and some scuffling from the woods on my right. My 1st thought was it must be another angler that feels the same way about walking to get away from the crowds. I peered into the brush and

saw a big black bear moseying toward the river directly in line with me. It was about this moment that I wished I was fishing in a crowd. My next thought was that it could be a mother bear with cubs, even though I did not see any. I made the decision to head for the opposite bank which was not going to be easy as the river is very wide with big boulders below the surface. As I was attempting to get there I thought to myself I must look like a frightened prey of some type trying to escape, doing everything wrong. When I got close to the opposite bank I was totally out of breath and my heart was pounding. Ron happened to look upriver while this was happening and thought to himself that I must have to go to the bathroom real bad. Then he saw the bear, all of 300 lbs. as it got a drink of water and then decided it was going to cross the river in straight line to me. I could not get up on the bank where I was so I made the decision to move upriver despite my state of exhaustion. I had to watch where I was going so I could not keep eye contact with the bear and back away slowly as all the books say. I got about 30 yards above the line that the bear was on and was too exhausted to move another foot. I had had it and if it wanted me it had me without a fight. I watched it continue to cross and when it was directly below me a gentle breeze must have brought him my scent as it raised its nose to the air and turned and looked directly at me. Time stood still for this moment as we looked into each other's eyes and then thank goodness it continued its way to the east bank and up into the brush. Now I was in a hurry to get back to the side of the river where I started. Ron met me there and said he got some pictures to prove my story in our CFFA newsletter, so here you have it. We continued to fish but we switched positions on the river. He stayed up where the bear crossed and I went down to where he had been fishing. We usually fish until it's too dark to see our flies and walk back to our car using flashlights. Not this night, we left as the Isonychia spinners were gathering in their mating ritual above the riffles and we talked loud and continuously, especially through the tall grass section.

I have had three sightings of Black Bears in the last few

years on the Farmington River and none of them were aggressive at all. But they are around and if you are an angler that seeks solitude just keep in mind bears like solitude also. Read the "DO's & Don'ts about Black Bears" I did everything wrong despite learning these things while camping in Yellowstone, the Tetons and the Rocky Mountains with my wife and children.

CFFA Happenings

Our September meeting went very well and we had a nice crowd with some new faces. I spent some enjoyable time speaking with Rick and Art. Rick is a new member and very enthusiastic about his new hobby. Rick's great uncle Art was with him and is responsible for his introduction to fly-fishing. Rick showed me an "App" on his phone with place marks on every river and stream that Art has taken him. Some of these marks were on the same rivers in CT that I got my start on. It was fun reminiscing and I hope they come to more meetings in the future. If you see a new face at one of our monthly meetings please do what you can to make their visit enjoyable.

At our BOD meeting in September we voted unanimously to change the age limit for "Junior Membership. It was 16 and under and it has been changed to under 21. The hope is we keep some of the junior members that take our classes for a longer time at a bargain price, an investment in our future. We also voted to have Jen Ripple as our featured guest at our February Annual Banquet and Expo. <http://flylifemagazine.com/fly-girl-qa-jen-ripple/>. We are excited with our choice and just maybe it will lead more women to our CFFA.

On Saturday October 7 we will have CFFA members at the fall BOY SCOUT EXPO at the Hebron Fairgrounds talking about our CFFA, tutoring tying flies and teaching fly casting along with members of FVTU. 3000 scouts and 1500 adults all from central Connecticut will be there.

DEEP Hunting and Fishing Day...

Boy, Were We Busy 9/23/17!

What a day, from 10 to 4:00 p. m. We had nonstop visitors lined up at our booth to get their chance to

tie a fly and learn about CFFA's programs and the joys of fly fishing. They came with their kids; they came with their significant others all day. From millennials to kids with parents to just curious adults we helped 50-75 people get their first taste of fly tying. CFFA members providing instruction included: Ted Rzepski, Bob Winot, Dan Price, Ron Dunleavy, Gary Bogli, Phil Apruzzese, Gary Steinmiller, and Mike Stewart. It was one of the best days of meeting the public and getting our sport directly to the public. Photos of the day can be found on our CFFA Facebook Page.

Our October 11th meeting will feature Ed Mitchell. His presentation will cover Fly-Fishing the trophy stretch of the upper Connecticut River.

Gary



This is one of the heaviest pieces of garbage you can find on just about any river in any state. Left by a scumbag for all to enjoy.





A Tale of Two Cross-dressers

Alaska yet again. Another fishing adventure come and gone. My fondness for the place simply doesn't wane. This trip was for seven days, which meant really five days of fishing. Two full days were needed just to get there and back. Madge drove me to Logan to catch the first leg of the trip. With this act alone Madge has racked up many hours of tango lessons. It meant eight hours on the road for her. The flight was fine with no hints of al quaeda. I was not asked to remove my shoes, although others were. I was, however, asked to remove my baseball cap. I don't know what they expected to find under that. If it was hair they were looking for they were severely disappointed. At any rate they were much safer having me remove my hat than my shoes. A constrained, sweaty, odorous, Manfred foot is a lot more lethal than any little old explosive device of the same size. My connecting flight from San Francisco to Anchorage was ready to board as soon as I arrived. In Anchorage the van from the Black Angus Inn pulled in as I was rolling the last of my luggage off of the conveyer. It just happened to be picking up another party. My luck went no further than the desk clerk at the inn, however. When asked for the key to our room, she said, "What room?" Glenn and Richard had not forewarned the

young lady that I was expected. Not only that, but they had the only two keys to the room and they were not in. "I'm sorry sir but you will have to wait for their return." Then it dawned on me that I had the e-mail note, which denoted all of our electronic Alaska Airlines tickets. At least this connected all of our names and with my photo ID driver's license and a lot of downright begging she allowed as how she might be able to let me into the room with the master key. She smiled saying, "you do seem like an honest person."

On a chair in the room was a note from Glenn and Richard delegating me to the bed by the windows. They would return after their meal in town. The luxury of that hot shower was never more appreciated. Glenn and Richard had already done the shopping and most of the vittles had been stored in the two waxed fish boxes (a trick we had learned from our last Alaska caper). One of those boxes would come in handy to actually put some salmon fillets in for the trip back to North Carolina with Glenn. The boys finally showed up, as I was about to nod off. They extolled the virtues of the halibut dinner they had just consumed at a brewpub in the center of town. Alaska is not lacking in culinary experiences.

I am reminded of the wonderful meal we had two years ago at a place called The Marx Brothers, a four star restaurant located in downtown Anchorage. The place really impressed the women at a time when they were wondering why the hell they had been convinced to join the men in this territory near the outer edge of civilization. One of my favorite stories emanated from that very restaurant. I had just finished one of the finest meals on record, and having consumed a fair bit of beer and wine, was obligated to determine the whereabouts of the men's room. The waitress pointed to a stairway and said, "Up and to the right, sir." The directions were flawless but the room was occupied. The room on the left, however, was not. The fact that it was clearly marked "Women" did not seem so important at the time. After a quick reconnaissance I entered and locked the door behind me. Ah, the pure joy of such a simple thing. The deed consummated, I opened the door to the astonishment of a middle aged woman standing there with her mouth opened in disbelief at the sight of this six and a half foot, bearded wonder sneaking out of the woman's room. I quickly assured her "It's OK, I'm a cross dresser!"

The 290-mile flight to King Salmon was accomplished with the help of a 727 jet, which took less than an hour. The round trip on Alaska Air would cost us each

fifty cents a mile. The plane curiously enough had about half the passenger seats taken out so it could accommodate more cargo. I assumed that this was because of the large amount of salmon transported by not only fishermen but also by the cannery located at nearby Naknek. I would imagine a fair amount of cargo generated by the Air Force base, which kept a skeleton crew for defense purposes. There was a time when the base had 250 inhabitants. With not much to do but fish, I'm glad this condition does not still exist. The fishing pressure at that time must have been severe.

Deidre was waiting for us when we reached King Salmon. A few miles of dirt road in the lodge's 4-wheel Suburban and a transfer of our stuff to a john boat, the last leg of the trip to Rainbow Bend is accomplished via water. The Lodge is located only a few miles downstream. The first order of business after arriving, of course, is the unpacking and assembling of the necessary fighting gear. This I dutifully accomplished and was in the process of putting the last section of my 9-weight rod together, when it crumbled in my bare hands. Thank goodness I had a back-up rod packed. Seemed such a waste to have lugged that thing so far only to have it rendered useless. The ST.Croix back up served admirably in its place. We were on the river by 3:00 PM with Patrick our trusty guide and lodge owner who was running us through the drill of where to find various species of fish as well as where the channels and rocks were in the river. Our mode of transportation being a 20-foot john boat with a 40 horse Yamaha outboard jet. The handling of the jet was a new experience for me. It was just amazing how that thing could navigate on a plane in a mere 3 inches of water.

We found a healthy run of salmon and did a lot of exploring. We ventured up into Naknek Lake, which is around 8 or so miles from Rainbow Bend. Glenn managed to catch a "jack" the term given for a small king salmon, which was destined for the grill when we returned to the lodge. One of our established goals for this trip to the Kaknek was to catch more and larger rainbows than we had last trip. The Reds (sockeyes) we knew would be plentiful, so the real challenge was to catch the more elusive rainbow trout. Patrick showed us a method of back-trolling which was successful as we landed a few bows of a decent size, however this method was frowned upon and the collective decision was that it was too much like meat fishing, Yuk!

Continued Next month

About 3 years ago while Carp fishing club member Ron Dunleavy had a painted turtle come to him, over Ron's visits the turtle became less afraid and would eat corn out of Ron's hand, he named it Timmy. This year little Timmy came again to see his friend Ron to be fed, pretty amazing when you think about it. But it turned out that Timmy was really Tammy :-). Ron is using my old camera and has been taking many pictures to share with us. On one of his trips to Carp fish he saw a commotion going on and went to investigate and found another turtle in distress as it was tangled in fishing line. he freed it up and it swam around Ron.



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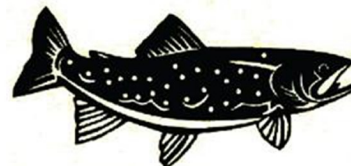


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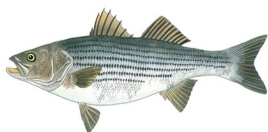


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UPCOMING EVENT

Ed Mitchell will be our speaker for October he will be speaking about Fishing the Trophy Stretch on the Upper Connecticut River

Located in the Great North Woods of northern New Hampshire, the Trophy Stretch offers fantastic fishing for landlocked salmon, big brookies, and rainbows. Ed has fished here since 1985, and will share his knowledge. He will cover tackle and tactics, season, hatches, flies, dam releases, lodging, and guides, as well as pointers on other nearby angling opportunities including a nice Hexagenia hatch.

Ed Mitchell is the author of 4 fly-fishing books and has written articles for all the major magazines including American Angler, Fly-Fisherman, and Fly Rod & Reel. His website is www.edmitchelloutdoors.com



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