The Newsletter of The Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Association

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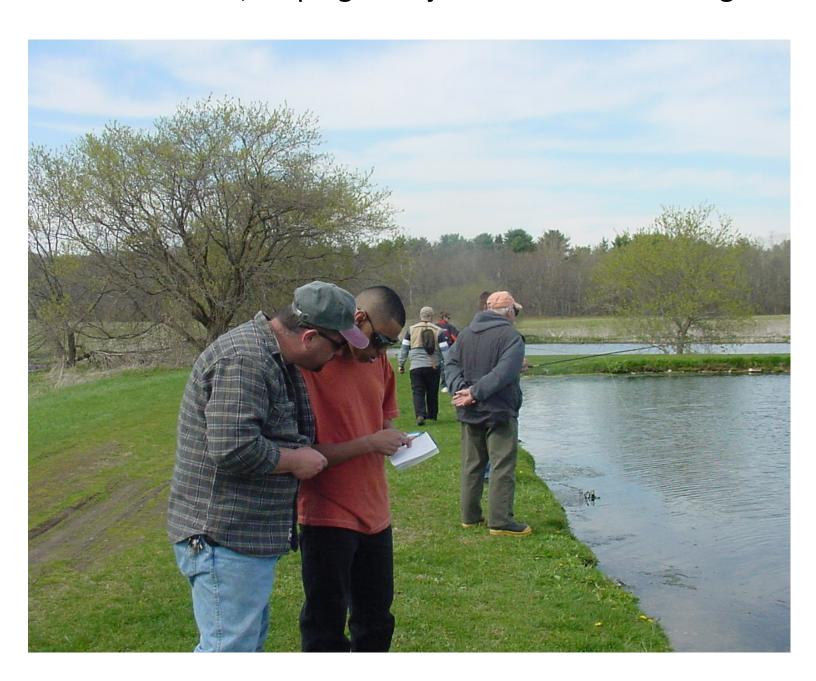
SEPTEMBER 2017



FROM THE VEST OF THE
PRESIDENT
DICK WEMMELL'S
FLY OF THE MONTH

SEPTEMBER MEETING ALBIES ON A FLY

Mark LaRosa, helping a kid just like his dad is doing.



From the vest of the President



I hope all of you had a very enjoyable summer and got to fish whenever you had the urge to do so. I fished for trout most of the time on the Farmington River and had much better results than I had during last year's drought. Two of my most enjoyable evenings on the river were spent with young beginning fly-fishermen. The 1st evening was coordinated by Don LaChance. His leadership was instrumental in our 1st attempt at helping Boy Scouts earn their Fly-Fishing Merit Badge. The class went on without a hitch and the CFFA and FVTU volunteers that helped should be proud of their effort. A few weeks after the class Don and I took two of the scouts out on the river to further their education. It was a beautiful June evening and they did very well for their 1st venture into a river with waders on. Don & I taught them some essentials about wading, reading the water, presentation along Mark who came for our fishing day in May for many with landing and releasing a fish. They were very attentive and it was dark when we finally got to the car to leave. Their mom sent Don a note and said they were all smiles when they got home and said we were free to take them along anytime we wanted to. The second evening was spent with my neighbor Eric and his dad. The last time I fished with them was 2 years ago when I introduced Eric to fly-fishing and fly-tying. He has advanced a bunch since then and is on his way to college this fall. It was very gratifying to see a dad and son sharing an Passion together. Eric's flies are impeccable and he fills his dad's boxes like a good son should. I took

them to a spot I have been fishing for a long time and set them up in a run I had done well in a few weeks earlier. Eric was eager to try his new Euro Nymph rod and judging by his results he will be using it often. He and his dad each had 3 or 4 fish before I had one and I was thrilled for them. We staved until dark and in the end each of us caught fish and left for home happy.

As the summer days get shorter the fishing tends to get better. Cooler nights and less hours of sunlight allow the waters to cool and the fish begin to fatten up for the winter that is coming. Our September 13th meeting will be about local fish doing just that. Peter Jenkins owner of the Saltwater Edge in Rhode Island will do a presentation on fly-fishing for False Albacore. The timing of the meeting could not be more perfect as September 15 to October 15 is your best chance to catch one of these magnificent fish in Connecticut or Rhode Island water.

On Saturday September 23rd from 10am-4pm the **Con**necticut Hunting & Fishing Day is going to be happening at Cabela's in East Hartford. This event used to be held in Burlington at Session Woods. Our CFFA will be there participating with Fly Casting and Fly Tying and answering general questions about the sport. Bob Winot our Activities V.P. is coordinating our participation so contact Bob at our next meeting if you would like to help out or just stop by our tent to say hello. I feel it is important for us to be there for many reasons. Gary

One of our members son passed away, Dominc LaRosa. Dominc helped out at ASD for many years as did his son years worked with the kids showing them casting, and taking out knots. He was a great guy who was one of the kindest people I have met as well as funny. He touched many lives and how I know this is from his Facebook page reading what people wrote about him and how he touched so many lives in a day and age when everyone is so busy. He served his country for 20 years in the Navy and was proud of that I'm sure even though he never spoke about it. Mark was a very modest man as is his dad. Dominic and his wife Gloria raised a great son.

Editor

The last time I had to write one of these was back in high school. I will endeavor to regale the reader with a brief review of the 2017 Price Family Summer Vacation. Hope you enjoy as much as we did.

This summer, like many others over the years, we rented a house in Eastham, MA and brought along our children and grandchildren. Thus we set out on a Saturday from our Connecticut home to spend a much anticipated 2 week Cape Cod Vacation. Jessica (daughter), Bryant(son in law), Michael 9, (grandchild), Abby 6,(grandchild) and the second week Sharon(daughter) all stayed with us in a very nice Cape Cod Home in Eastham, at the end of July. This isn't an Ollie Hopnoodles vacation, but we did manage to get in a lot of usual stuff, the Gift Barn and Arcade in Eastham, PTown in the rain, especially Marine Specialties – though it's not quite the same as in years past, Land Ho – Great fried food and lots of fun; Coast Guard Beach, Pods of Seals with 50 or more at one time; walking on the beach, Piping Plovers and their chicks; First Encounter Beach at low tide and sunset; Brass Band Concert on the Eastham Green. Additionally, with the kids being able to venture out on longer expeditions, we trekked the history trail on Fort Hill along with Nauset Marsh learning about the myriad native Americans who were here long before the Pilgrims; learned about bird life and ocean estuaries at the Wellfleet Sanctuary and the kids became Junior Rangers, exploring the Salt Pond area at the National Seashore Visitor's Center.

Let's talk about fishing. We surf casted on Coast Guard – Both Michael and Abby took their turns casting along with their Mom, Jessica and Dad Bryant. The surfcasting was exhilarating, but tiring as the tide was high and the waves even higher. We cast plugs and baited hooks with Sand Eels. Another day, I donned my waders, took my 8 weight and ventured out to Sunken Meadow, bucket attached at low tide and searched for the big stripers. No fish, but I managed to throw the line quite a few feet,

casting Clousers without catching my hat. The flies were tied in a session with Ted Rzepski and his buddy Brian. Ted also offered some sage saltwater advice and potential locations along with a reel and line. The only problem here was that I parked at the town lot, and while I was changing my attire, managed to get a ticket even though no one was in the lot. The parking people took pity on me and only charged me for the day.

The real fishing story is inland fishing on Herring Pond, a short walk from our house in Eastham. Herring Pond is a beautiful and pristine kettle pond of 43 acres with a shoreline that allows wading in 2-3 feet of water and usually in swim trunks and water shoes. Lots of large and smallmouth bass, sonnies, perch, pickerel, bullhead and trophy trout. The shore extends about 75 feet on a good portion of the pond, allowing great summer wading and sight fishing. Often, we would see schools of soldiering smallies and large mouth bass following the many schools of baitfish; One day, there must have been 5 to 10 thousand baitfish moving around the pond. On another day, after getting baked on the beach, we came down to the pond and found nearly 30 smallies just cruising around and becoming fodder for our eager fisherpersons. We threw bait, plastic worm and cast fly lines for these numerous finned creatures and caught a bunch. The kids had a great time and parents and grandparents enjoyed the activity just as much. With the water being so clear, it felt a bit like Bone fishing, without the \$5,000 price of guide and boat.

On one of our local pond excursions, we moved to the Public Beach area where Michael, keen observer of people noticed that in the evening there were a lot of people knee deep in water, just pulling in fish after fish. We fished this area and had great results. Later by myself, I was fishing about 4:00 p.m. on a cloudy in the public beach area and soon found some very willing big bass. After 5 minutes of searching, I spooked a lunker, that was caught by a

young man immediately after I moved a bit more left. He thanked me and pointed out some other good areas. Having upped my adrenalin at this point, I tied on my new favorite bass fly, a Barrs Bouface Leech in Black and Green Marabou, on the 8 weight with a 20 lb. test leader. After catching a few more sallies and watching my fellow anglers(using live bait), I moved out a bit deeper to the edge of the dropoff. The wading is great, but you have to be aware of the dropoff, about 75 feet out to 18 feet and then 35 feet in the middle. In short shrift, I caught a 2lb largemouth, measuring about 20 inches. A few minutes later, I caught a much hardier lunker of about the same size, but more in the 3 lb category. On both catches, I thought I had the bottom, but the line kept moving. Playing these fish was not too difficult, and I was careful not to bull them in and break the tip of my rod. At the same time, I said to the angler next to me I should have brought my Iphone to take a picture. No sooner than speaking these words, my wife(Wai and granddaughter Abby, came by and promptly complied with a photo of my catch. Abby and Wai had been watching us at the Asssociation beach and Abby said they should go to the Public Beach area. Wai, who had not been to the Beach resisted, but Abby said she would show her the way. So they came and took the photo, and a 6 year old guided her safely to the beach. At least I had proof and wouldn't have to tell another fish story.

Two more stories are in order. One night, Michael and I went out about 7:30 to the Association beach. Things were a bit slow,but Michael managed a smallie and some sunnies. e kHe perservered, but the night was darkening and I urged him to cast farther. On a very long cast, he hit into a seemingly big fish, which took a bit of time to bring in. It was in his words, a PBP – Personal Best Perch, about 10" and a great fighter. Like most kids his age, he went back to the house beaming and talking about this catch. His sister Abby, while not fishing that day had caught the biggest smallie during the week about 12", but he had his redemption PBP.

After we finished packing for the return home, I went fishing with Sharon, my younger daughter for an hour on the public beach. On her second cast, Sharon reeled in a two pound largemouth. A few minutes later she caught a smallie. I didn't catch anything, but we had a great time celebrating the catch.

All in all, we had a great time, saw a lot of the area we never had, learned how to fly fish in the Ocean and the best part was: Michael and Abby remarked: "This was the best vacation we ever had".





Dedicated to Mark La Rosa who gave up a day every year for many years to come and help students from the American School for the Deaf fly fish in May. He followed in his fathers footsteps. A wonderful son, father, grandfather, companion and mentor.











Dick Wemmell's Fly Box



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Ron Dunlevy early morning on the Farmington River





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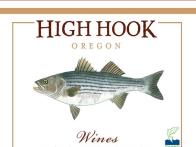
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UPCOMING EVENT

Peter Jenkins from The Saltwater Edge. His program will be "Albies on the Fly" he will not only show how to catch them but also reading water. He owns Saltwater Edge fly shop in RI is on the board of RISSA a saltwater conservation organization.





P.O. Box 380268 East Hartford, CT 06138

