

Willington Pizza they have been the longest supporter of our newsletter, Ron Dunleavy and I ate there this year and thanked them for their support food was great as are beverages



From the vest of the President



I don't know about you but November is usually my final month of the year for serious fly-fishing. I do have all the needed equipment to prolong the season but I rarely do. By the end of the month I am ready to sit at my vice to begin tying flies for the next spring. Winters would be a lot tougher to get through if I did not have fly tying and our educational classes to help me endure the cold dark days. Last winter I became involved with the local Project Healing Waters program in Newington helping with fly tying and rod building for our service veterans. This is a well-run program that worth pursuing and I can put you in contact with the lead coordinator if you'd like to get involved.

The 1<sup>st</sup> Thursday in January signals the beginning of our annual schools and kicks off with our beginner fresh water fly tying classes. We provide everything anybody needs to give fly tying a try. Our class size has averaged 15-20 students the last few years and every one of them has learned the skills necessary to continue their new hobby for a long time if they so choose. If you or someone you know thinks this class would be of some benefit don't hesitate to sign up. Call Pete Naples at 860-620-2317 with any questions you may need answered. We encourage any member with any fly tying experience to attend and assist in any way they can during these classes.

We have had the good fortune of having "Dick Wem-

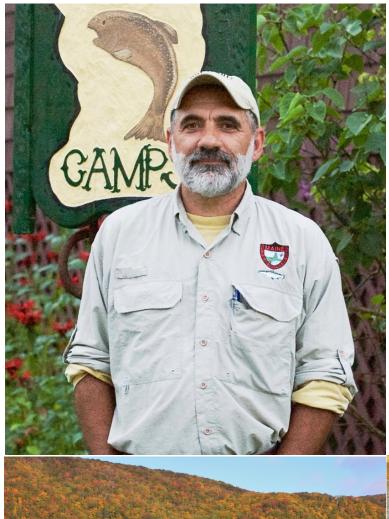
mell"s Fly Box" be part of our CFFA newsletter for many years. Dick has been very gracious to provide his flies and the pattern recipes for this section. Unfortunately he recently informed us that the time has come for him to end his tenure with this endeavor. Dick has contributed to or CFFA in many ways and we sincerely thank him for everything he has done. We would love to continue our newsletter with a "Fly of The Month" section and for this to happen we are asking you, our membership, if you would like to be part of this or all of this. If so please contact me and I can explain the details.

I made this announcement at our October membership meeting so this is for our members that were not in attendance. Our excellent banquet chairman Kurt Jagielow has decided to step down next year after our upcoming banquet. He has been a tremendous asset to our CFFA occupying this vital position and orchestrating our annual banquets. He did inform us that he is not going anywhere and that he will assist with the transition in any way that he can. He suggested that we form a banquet committee to share some of the responsibility. Please call me if this position is something you might want to be a part of.

We had to cancel our annual "Mentor Day" on the river due to the exceedingly high river flows as a result of a very wet fall season. It will be rescheduled for a spring date in 2019 so keep an eye out for the new day when spring arrives. Gary



I'd bet money he is a vet. Thank you to all who served to make America what it is for guys like me.





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## WESTERN MAINE

Bob Romano and his wife, Trish, have owned a camp in the Rangeley Lakes Region of western Maine for more than thirty years. The region is known for its native brook trout, wild landlocked salmon, and a rich sporting tradition, which includes such fly-fishing notables as the creator of the Gray Ghost and many other streamers - Carrie Stevens, the creator of the Black Ghost - Herb Welch, Colonel Joseph Bates, who wrote numerous books on streamer fishing and many others. Bob has updated his program on fly fishing the region to include when and where to fish, what flies to use and when to use them. He'll also share proven techniques to take the brook trout and landlocked salmon for which this region is known. The tenth-anniversary edition of Shadows in the Stream, Bob's book of essays about fly fishing, is often used by anglers as a guide to fishing the Rangeley Lakes Region. His latest book, THE RIVER KING - A FLY-FISHING NOVEL will also be available at the meeting.





Doctor Herbert VanKruiningen fished the Margaree River in Nova Scotia this fall with his guide John Hart he caught this beautiful Atlantic Salmon on a size 2 Black Leach with Pearl Topping. The fish was 12 pounds and jumped 5 times and took 25 mins. to land. I know Herb has been fishing this river for a number of years and the returns of Salmon are at historic lows in Canada, this was a very rewarding fish for him I'm sure.

## Trumble Brook By Norman Holcomb

Trumble Brook seems to leap from the skies above the Berkshires, tumbling down beautiful hillsides dotted with maples, and occasional stands of birch and hemlock. With rare stops in small pools its peat stained water relishes the coolness of snow melt and sends foggy spray over its steep valley. As Spring days warm, and maple sap flows, the stream noisily crashes down its rocky course, shouting for recognition, as if knowing that its late summer gurgle will offer little evidence of its presence. Even the hillside springs dry to a trickle or disappear completely, as the season progresses. Summer thunderstorms, frequent in the foothills of the Berkshires, briefly replenish the flow with turbid runoff, providing lifesaving coolness to the stream inhabitants, in otherwise deadly conditions.

Brookies somehow survive in this challenging environment. A lunker is nine inches long, but all of the survivors blaze with blue and red dots, and black undersides, testimony to their native heritage. In the fall, anxious holdovers can be seen tossing themselves upstream against the meager current, trickling over moss covered rocks at Browns Falls, eager to replenish the stream with hardy, survivor spawn. Deep enough for a cool summer swim, the pool at the base on the falls offers one, of perhaps three Hemlock shaded shelters against the summer's heat, on this tiny stream. And the water was clean, we trusted, as we drank from its cool flow on a warm afternoon.

Stalking these beautiful fish was largely an early season affair. Digging for worms in the chicken coop at the back of the barn, was part of the frequent fishing ritual for me and my friends. A spindly orange worm, allowed to tumble into one of the few pools, would sit at the stream bottom for only an instant, gobbled by a five or six inch beauty. Our mono lines would shoot across a pool signaling their presence. Nervous reactions sometimes led to small brookies shooting, like flying fish, over our heads, into the brush behind us. A few of them, impaled on a willow branch, made a wonderful evening meal, bony, but delicious salmon like flavor when fried with flour, salt and pepper and butter in a black iron fry pan.

These hours, days, taught us basic skills, still useful. Small streams punish noisy approaches. A small splash in a shallow pool sends trout rushing upstream, their backs, like miniature shark fins, creating wakes that alert all their neighbors. Dashing nervously from side to side, darting underneath rocks, they disappeared from view, leaving us to exaggerate their diminutive size. A splash, resulting from a sloppy misdirected cast, when water is low, created a frenzy that suspended productive fishing. We learned to stay low, creep craftily upstream, like Indians stalking deer in a leaf covered footpath. The current's flow, marked by bubbles and ripples, revealed the likely feeding lanes, with hungry trout resting behind small rocks, or under streamside ledges, waiting to ambush anything resembling food. Logs and overhanging bushes were always worth a prospecting cast, even at risk of losing our tackle. Two or three of us would share the stream for a day, leapfrogging one another as we plied the runs and riffles, and occasional pools, anxious to see if the old dam, a half mile downstream, held water that year. The field beside it burst with wildflowers in the early summer, black eved susans, daisies, and forget-me nots. All these images blended together to foster a love for fishing and the wonders of nature.

As the weather turned warmer blackflies made our stream visits miserable. We understood little about insect life, but we could see that the brookies remaining were no longer as interested in our worms. To our frustration, the water would boil with trout pursuing unseen quarry, our worms ignored. And so, our trout season would end.

A lifetime of pleasure is born from simple beginnings.

## From the Editor,

I'd like to thank Norm for taking the time to send us another great story and pictures to go with it.

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Picture on left is the start of the brook.

Under it is the abutment pool.

Bottom Left is the abutment itself.

Bottom right is Browns Falls.

Norman speaks about several places in his story, he hiked a long ways in to take these pictures for us to enjoy. If you have wondered around our state or other states you will find many places just like this. I receive emails with pictures just like this from a buddy who lives in the Catskills. Simple flies and as a rule very willing brook trout as well as browns sometimes will make your day, they are beautiful fish and all wild.





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