

The Newsletter of The Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Association

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October 2018



At our October meeting, Ray Stacelek will show and discuss many of the videos he has done on fish blitzes, main land fishing locations, and beautiful locations around RI. He's been doing Aerial Drone Photography for three years. This new concepts show spectacular birds eye views and a much different prospective never seen before. It's entertaining and fun to watch done with some great music.

From the vest of the President



I don't know about you but I really enjoyed last month's Fly Fishing for Pike presentation with Mark Dysinger. I have caught a few Pike over the years fly fishing from my float tube. Living in Wethersfield it is a very short ride to Pike inhabited waters. Mark got my juices flowing and with some of his tips I hope to target a few this fall and next spring. I know I have stated this before but we are so lucky to have so many species of quality fish to pursue with our fly rods here in Ct. and sometimes it is a tough choice on which one to chase on a particular day.

One of my most enjoyable days spent fishing this past summer was a local pond inhabited with all kinds of pan fish. It was a Monday a few days before the start of the school year, my 4 year old granddaughter Kaylee and her two cousins Camden and Colton along with my sister Carol made the trip. Camden and Colton were both heading to 1st grade in a few days so I wanted them to have a little more fun before it was time to "sit all day" as described by Colton. We started with some casting instruction with their little push button spinning rods in the parking lot and once they mastered that we moved to the shaded side of the pond. They watched as I cut off their hooks caked with dried up worms from their previous trip with their dad. I put a small wooly bugger on the

end of their lines a few feet below the traditional red and white bobber and they were ready to go. I told them to cast as we practiced earlier and to reel the bobber in slowly to make the trailing fly look alive to the fish. Well the stars all aligned this day and all of them were into fish after fish. This was the same method I used many years ago when I caught my 1st fish ever on a fly and it felt as good watching them as it did to me when that sunfish inhaled my fly so long ago. My sister and I kept them a safe distance from each other and were kept busy helping in any way we could. There was another dad there with his two young daughters fishing with the traditional worms and we were out catching them by a bunch so he asked what we were using. Camden told him and showed him what he had on his line. He was impressed but was about to be amazed. Colton had spotted my Fenwick Fly Rod in the trunk and asked if they could try to catch a fish on that. We walked to the car to get it and talked about how much he disliked school on the way back to the pond. I tied on a floating foam ant and cast it out into the pond while the kids watched as the sunfish and bluegills rose up and attacked it. I asked the oldest daughter that we had met if she wanted to give it a try. She did and she loved it catching fish after fish her dad was soon by her side to see how she was doing it. She said "dad this is way better than worms" and her smile said it all. I handed dad the rod and the joy he got from it was amazing. He like his daughter loved it. He had tons of questions and I told him about our CFFA educational programs. I won't be surprised at all if they show up at one of our meetings or enroll in one of our upcoming classes.

Camden and Colton are now in school and Kaylee is in pre-school. I look forward to fishing with all of them again anytime they want.

Next meeting Wednesday October 10th, see you there.

Gary

A bit of humor

After 35 years of marriage, a husband and wife came in for counseling.

When asked what the problem was, the wife went into a tirade listing every problem they had ever had in all the years they had been married. On and on and on: neglect, lack of intimacy, emptiness, loneliness, feeling unloved and unlovable, an entire laundry list of unmet needs she endured.

Finally, after allowing this for a sufficient length of time, the therapist got up, walked around the desk and after asking the wife to stand, he embraced and kissed her long and passionately as her husband watched - with a raised eyebrow. The woman shut up and quietly sat down in a daze.

The therapist turned to the husband and said, "This is what your wife needs at least 3 times a week. Can you do this?"

"Well, I can drop her off here on Mondays and Wednesdays.....but I fish on Fridays.



Who's Catching Whom?

By John Manfred

Yesterday I awakened to a beautiful mirror calm Toddy Pond. It was seven o'clock and I considered this an opportunity to wet a line. A quick cup of coffee and I was off in the canoe to the floating islands where I knew the "Big One" would be waiting. I had already attached the "Tiny Torpedo" to my ultra-light spinning rod. I love the action of this particular surface lure. It spins its tiny propeller at the slightest movement, and when moved a little faster it generates a whirring sound, which in the past has been a deadly bass attractor. I didn't have to wait very long for the first action. I plopped the lure down 6" away from the edge of one of the floating islands and just let it sit there for a count of 10. A slow retrieve immediately caused a hit where both fish and lure exploded from the water. A few minutes later, after several leaps, I released a beautiful 10" smallmouth. Working my way along one of my favorite stretches of water, my heart quickened as I noticed a wall of water suddenly engulf my lure. This is a particularly fascinating phenomenon when it happens against the glare of an early morning sun. Obviously something of leviathan proportions was about to inhale my bait. A pause of two seconds to make sure whatever it was had the lure and I set the hook into solid and heavy and moving. At this I am reminded of a few years ago when a similar experience caught me a hundred pound snapping turtle. Alas the turtle, an old friend, Three-claw, allowed the hook to be disengaged without harm to either of us. This, however, was not a repeat performance. It moved much too fast. I was able to see from a flashing side that this was, indeed, a large fish. Five minutes of canoe circling energy allowed me to lift a four-pound largemouth by his bottom lip into the canoe. I'm thinking this will make a wonderful photo opportunity – his 20" torso against my 15" bare foot. At that moment the fish, with a mighty swing of its tail loosened my grip on his lower lip as he adroitly re-set one of the hooks of the aforementioned Tiny Torpedo deeply into something solid, and heavy, and – yes – me. Fortunately, the other hook which had caught the fish was easily removed and (Screw the photo op) I was able to release the fish with my left hand. Meanwhile my right hand, somewhat incapacitated by the Tiny Torpedo hanging from the fleshy

under-part of its thumb, was beginning to throb. I knew from experience what to do. With my Leatherman pliers I was able to back the hook out with a quick motion. This maneuver tears a bit of the flesh caused by the barb, but if done properly, causes much less damage than forcing the hook through the flesh beyond the barb and then using a cutting pliers to cut off the barb entirely allowing one to then back out the now barbless hook. The procedure was quick and while nerve wracking it was simple. Hardly a drop or two of blood and I was again fishing for an even larger fish. I moved to another spot still among the floating islands. By the way, these islands really do float. They are made up of masses of sphagnum moss, which support a few small trees and lots of water loving plants and flowers. At the edges of them the water frequently drops off to an instant 6 to 8 feet of water. Also they are often undercut to provide an excellent habitat for fish both large and small.

While concentrating on the action of my lure, I failed to notice that my canoe had drifted up against another of these islands. I turned and found myself eyeball to eyeball with a nesting loon. Gently putting the rod down, I unpacked my camera, took the shot and quietly paddled away from this magnificent beast. For some unknown reason the photo (Below) was unspoiled by my shaking hands. The loon had never left the nest. I headed the canoe back to camp. Enough excitement for a morning on Toddy Pond.



New Member Mentor On Water Day – October 13, 2018

Join experienced CFFA members on the 13th of October, 2018 for a CFFA “New” Member On Water Day on the Farmington River

Where: Beaver Pool, Hogback Road, Riverton, Meet at Parking Area at beginning of Hogback Road.

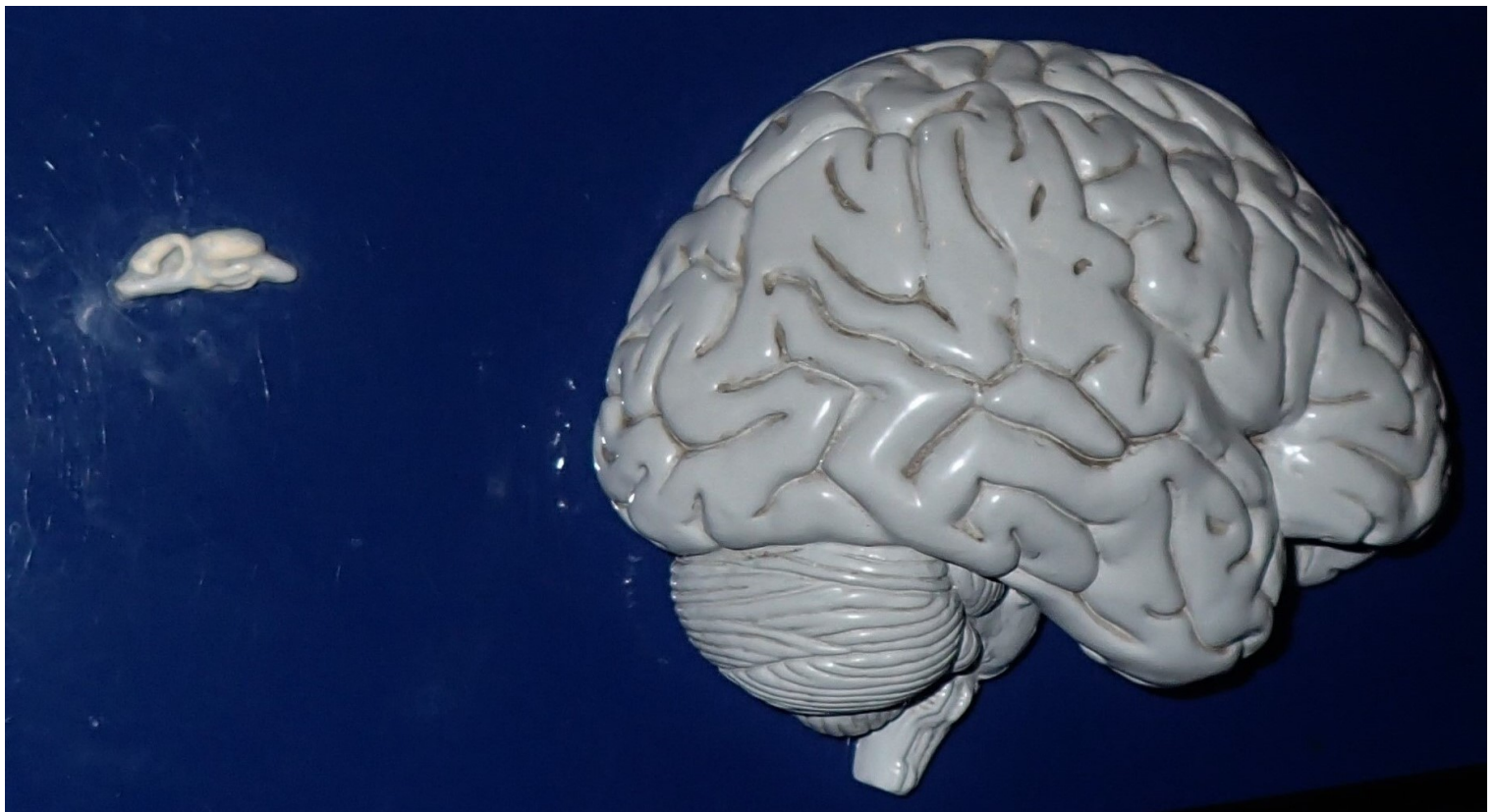
Time: 7:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.

Free Coffee and Donuts from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m.

Sign Up by October 6, 2018 – Email: Phil Apruzzese, pjpapuz@aol.com

or call Phil: 860-459-7540 or Dan Price – flyfishdanny@gmail.com or call: 860-301-9696

Note: Must be paid CFFA member to participate.



There are currently more than 11,000 books for sale telling anglers how to outsmart trout. See the size of a wild brook trout brain compared to the size of your brain. Trout can find their way back to the spot where they hatched without the maps we'd need. They can detect all kinds of things about what they might or might not eat without calling

poison control. There is an amazing amount of information in this pea-sized brain. Trout can do what they do because they are hardwired to do it. We need to learn most of our behaviors, including learning how to buy books about catching fish. Think about how much information must exist in that trout brain for trout to have done so well on Earth for so long.

Dick Wemmell's Fly Box



Bead Eye Bugger

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Thread- UTC 70 Olive
Eyes-Black Plastic
Body and Tail- Olive Marabou**



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