

The Newsletter of The Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Association

WWW.CTFLYFISH.ORG

December 2021



An afternoon on our Salmon River

 **FARMINGTON VALLEY**
TROUT UNLIMITED
Conserving, promoting and restoring North America's coldwater fisheries and their watersheds.

Saturday, January 8, 2022
9 am – 1 pm
Farmington Community Center
321 New Britain Avenue
Unionville, CT
ADMISSION: \$2 – AGES 16 & UNDER FREE
Snow Date Saturday, January 15th

ANGLING GEAR TAG SALE



At this event, we will observe all state-mandated COVID requirements.
Questions? – Call Bill Case at 860-678-7245 In the event of dangerous weather conditions, visit www.fvu.org for updates on this event.

ANGLING GEAR TAG SALE



Farmington Community Center
321 New Britain Avenue
Unionville, CT

From I-84 West Exit 38 (Rt. 6):
At the 6th traffic light, (3.9 mi.) take a right on New Britain Avenue. Follow through 2 stop signs and then another 1.8 miles to the Community Center on your right.

From Unionville:
Take Plainville Avenue (Rt. 177) south over the bridge to the first traffic light. Turn left on New Britain Avenue. Go 0.7 mi. The Center is on your left.

Sponsored by the Farmington Valley Chapter of Trout Unlimited.



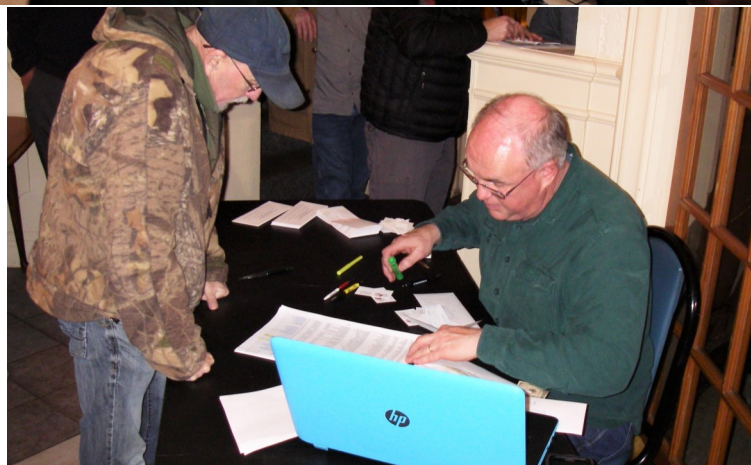
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|  <p>WILLINGTON PIZZA HOUSE</p> <p>Route 32 • 25 River Road Willington Trading Center Willington, Connecticut (860) 429-7433</p> <p>www.willingtonpizza.com</p> | <p>EAST COAST HOME INSPECTIONS, LLC</p> <p>Providing Professional Home Inspection Services In CT & MA</p>  <p>Mark Roy Home Inspector</p> <p>Cell: (860) 614-0728 Business: (860) 763-4030 mark@eastcoastinspect.com eastcoastinspect.com</p> <p>P.O. Box 558 Enfield, CT 06083</p> |
| <p>Bait • Tackle • Fly Tying Accessories • Licenses</p> <p>JT's FLY SHOP</p>  <p>664 Buckley Highway, Union, CT 06076 860-684-1575 jtsflyshop@yahoo.com</p> | <p>HIGH HOOK OREGON</p>  <p>T. MARK SEYMOUR PRESIDENT</p> <p>WWW.HIGHHOOKVINEYARDS.COM</p> <p>22 LEADLINE ROAD LEVERETT, MA 01054 413-218-0638 MARK@HIGHHOOKVINEYARDS.COM</p> <p><i>Wines</i></p> <p>Love We. Go Fishing. Care for the planet. Drink wine.</p> |
| <p>Paul McConnell Managing Partner Professional Guide paul@reeladventuroutfitters.com 1-203-764-2007</p>  | <p>PROJECT HEALING WATERS FLY FISHING</p> <p>Don LaChance Program Lead Newington Program</p> <p>860-930-0184 don.lachance@projectthealingwaters.org www.projectthealingwaters.org</p> |
| <p> FLY FISHERS INTERNATIONAL</p>  <p>CONSERVATION - EDUCATION - PASSION</p> <p>RAUL (RAY) RAMOS - FFI CERTIFIED CASTING INSTRUCTOR</p> <p>Individual / group fly-fishing lessons</p> <p>ramosray007@comcast.net 1.860.559.0369</p> | <p>Nick Masi Enterprises Plainville CT</p> <p>Tungsten & Brass Beads, Hooks Fly tying materials, Tools & Accessories HOME OF THE S&M BOBBIN</p>  <p>www.smbobbin.com</p> <p>Email- flym123@sbcglobal.net Cell-(860) 830-2363</p> |

Received a message from Jason the owner on Wolf Creek Fly shop. He has offered CFFA members 15% off a booking for guide and or Lodging if you mention you're a CFFA Member! 406-235-4350

Our first monthly indoor meeting is this month, I will be doing a program on a fishing trip I made to the Gaspé area in Canada a few years ago with my friend Ben Bilello. The beauty of the country was incredible and our guides had us laughing all day. If time permits I will show a few spots I fish on the Missouri River that you can understand from Zach's map he showed us also.

Phil WILL Have cookies and coffee for us!!! He will also take your 2022 dues. **About masks!!**

At this time only unvaccinated people need them this is from the town. As you all know this can change at anytime SO have a mask with you in case this changes before the meeting!



Paul's Fly Box

Tying instructions & a video on how to



Hook: Mustad 34077 Size #1 or similar hook. **Thread:** White flat waxed nylon. Head is finished with Pink flat waxed nylon.

Eyes: 4.8mm (3/16) Dumbbell (a.k.a. 'real eyes'). **Tail/Bottom Wing:** Chartreuse Buck Tail.

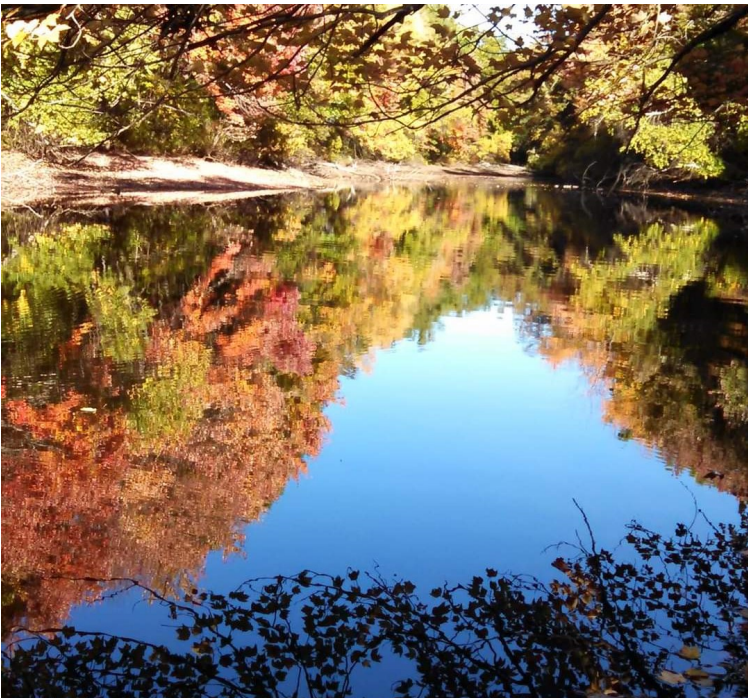
Belly: Pearl Bill's Body Braid or Diamond Braid.

Wing: White Bucktail, over which are strands of Pearl 'Lateral Scale', over which is Pink Bucktail.

A Fly Fishing Story: How did we get here?

By C.F.F.A. member, Rick Liegl

Do you ever stop and wonder how you got to where you are on your fly fishing journey? All the infinite paths, people and fish along your way? Fly Fishing has taken me to many beautiful places and given me many memorable experiences. But, how exactly did I get waist deep in the middle of a run full of picky fish on the Farmington River, drifting nymphs in an effort to imitate tiny underwater bugs, while softly thinking out loud to myself, when I should probably be home mowing the lawn? Well, for me, it all began back when I was growing up; My Dad took me fishing. He was a great fisherman to me, but not a die hard fanatic. He didn't have a boat or an entire room dedicated to expensive fishing gear. He fished from opening day in April to closing day in September, and that was it. Every opening day, we got up before dawn and went to a firehouse in Manchester Connecticut for the Annual Fireman's Opening Day Breakfast. Then we would fish our normal spots, Walkers Reservoir, Valley Falls Pond, The Hockanum and Tankerhoosen Rivers. My dad mostly fished with bait, shiners and worms with split shot and red and white bobbers! He taught me the importance of respecting the waters that we fished and he always picked up trash left behind by others. Those fishing trips slowly decreased as I got older and my life got busier. Then at the age of 37 in 2013 we started fishing together regularly and I brought my two young daughters as often as I could. I remembered how much fishing with my Dad meant to me as a child and I wanted to build that connection



with my girls.

In October of 2014, my dad and I fished Salters Pond quite a bit. Salters is a humble pond down the road from my Dad's apartment in Manchester. One of my Dad's fishing sayings was, "Save your dead shiners." He explained that even when there seems to be no hope, there is still some hope. Like many of his sayings this phrase was as much about life as it was about fishing. This saying exemplified how he had risen above much difficulty in his life and how he always maintained a spirit of perseverance and positivity. When alcohol took everything in life from him he joined AA, got better and spent the next 28 years helping others who were also on the path to losing it all. When diabetes took the lower part of his leg, he continued to ride his motorcycle to Narragansett regularly and play drums for his band every weekend! One evening we fished Salters and I caught a fish that I'll never forget. I kept an eye on my bobber and talked with my Dad while he lit another cigarette. Bam! My bobber went under. This fish fought harder than the medium sized bass and trout that we had previously caught. I got it close to shore and the fish came off the hook. I didn't get a good look at it but it was strong and a good size. That was the day that fishing really changed for me, it was as if a switch had gone off and all my fishing trips before that day were merely practice. I was determined to catch that fish. I told my Dad I'm going to come back every night after work, until I catch that one. Monday evening after work, I went alone. Tuesday night my Dad joined me. I was busy drumming Wednesday evening. I was going on vacation early Saturday morning so I had Thursday, maybe Friday night if I could get out. I went Thursday for about an hour and got nothing. Friday I had a few shiners left over, some alive, some floaters. I got to the spot on Friday evening, my Dad was there but heading home soon and I had fished all my live shiners. I said goodbye to my Dad and I stayed for one more cast. On my last dead shiner, I caught the fish!!! It slammed the bait and fought the same wild way. I got it up the bank lying on leaves and I stood between the fish and the pond. Measured it at 22" and released it. It was a Chain Pickerel! Many anglers disdain our native fish, but for me, they will always represent something positive. I was so excited! I called my Dad. He was out of breath from walking up the steep steps of his second floor apartment. My dad's health had been declining over the summer. I told him I caught the fish! He stopped at the top of the stairs and said he was so happy for me, and he said I did a great job. He said he was proud of me for sticking with it and catching that fish, he said there will be many more. We hung up the phone and that was the last time I talked to my Dad, while he was alive. He died the next day of a massive heart attack. All the early memories of us

fishing together suddenly meant so much more. The old memories were brought to life again and at the same time also pressed into chapters of my life like tattoos. The cold, cloudy mornings and hot, summer afternoons spent together were suddenly very important memories. These evenings fishing together this summer became so valuable to me. I knew that I would never fish with my Dad again, yet he would be with me on every fishing trip, for the rest of my life. Looking forward, I had a sense that I needed to do a better job passing this tradition along to my children. Fishing gave me the priceless opportunity to have an excellent last year, last week and last conversation with my Dad. The passion that was ignited trying to catch that fish was here to stay. Since my Dad's passing I have made fishing a priority in my life. About two months after my Dad's passing, in the winter of 2014/2015 my wife and I had my great aunt and uncle over for dinner. My Great Aunt Mary and



Uncle Artie are very supportive and sweet people. I was very happy to have them over for dinner and I was telling them about getting my girls into fishing. Artie said that he was a lifelong fisherman but he hadn't gone in over 10 years. Many of his fishing buddies had died and Mary wouldn't let him go alone, without a cell phone.

He and I looked at each other and said that we will fish together. Men are famous for saying many things that they know they will never do. For example, "Oh, call me up some day we will go golfing or we gotta get together or we should go catch a game one day." This was different, it was direct eye contact and it was an agreement that we would be going fishing and both of us knew it.

I lined up opening day to fish with my daughters at 8:00 am at Valley Falls and I was set to fish with Artie at noon. I had my rod and bucket and fresh worms. (Ha!) My great uncle had his fly rod, vest, vintage net, hip boot waders and flies that were older than me. He was walking/wading into the river, climbing over rocks and roots, back casting elegant loops and drifting his dry flies through seams of current. That was my first direct experience with fly fishing! That day changed my life. That day we fished a beautiful section of the Roaring Brook in Stafford, CT and also the Willimantic River. We caught some fish and I was hooked on Fly Fishing. I came home and went straight to my attic where I had an old metal tube containing a 1940's Bamboo fly rod that my Dad had given me weeks before he passed away. It was my first fly rod and I still have it today. My Great Uncle is now about 80 years old and over the years we have fished many rivers on the eastern side of our state from the Mt. Hope River to the Yantic and from the Black Ledge to the Scantic. He took me to all the spots he fished with his father and brother in his youth. He taught me how to fly fish and tie flies. It was a gift I can only repay by paying it forward. He and I joined C.F.F.A. and I have fully incorporated the art and sport of fly fishing and fly tying into my life. I am fortunate to have learned Euro Nymphing from some of the best instructors in our country. I am on the eternal quest to learn more and share my knowledge with others and I still have an insatiable need to know if there are fish around the next bend in the river. I have made many great friends through fly fishing and a handful of close friends who will join me on a river at the drop of a hat. I am forever grateful to my father and great uncle for sharing the gift of fishing with me.

If you come across me standing in the middle of a river, drifting flies and thinking out loud about fish... Now, you know how I got there.

From the vest of the President



I really enjoyed our December meeting when Zach King took us out west to Montana to learn about fly fishing the Missouri River. I was lucky enough to fish the Missouri with some of my CFFA friends Jerry, Charlie and Guy in the fall of 2008. Zach's program brought back some great memories for me and he covered everything you need to know if you are planning a future trip. Every person that fly fishes for trout should make it a priority to do so in the state of Montana during their lifetime.



As mentioned in our November newsletter we will be returning to a in person meeting for our December 8th meeting. This meeting will NOT be at our normal meeting loca-

tion. It will be in the auditorium at the East Hartford Cultural Community Center 50 Chapman Place 06108 beginning at 7pm with our normal routine followed by CFFA member John Springer who will be providing the presentation. Annual dues for the upcoming 2022 year can be paid at this time. We hope to see you there.

As you know we have been doing our best to find a new location to hold our annual Banquet and Expo. Roger and Kurt have visited different facilities and have not found one yet that would serve us as Maneeley's had in the past where we could hold our Expo and our Banquet in the same building. Therefore we are going to try something



different in this coming transition year. We are not going to hold a banquet this February but we will be holding our Expo and conducting our annual bucket raffle during the event. The Expo will be held at Nomads in South Windsor about 3 miles from Maneeley's. At Nomads Roger and Kurt were shown a large open area where they hold craft shows, trade shows ect. We can easily fit both the Expo and our Raffle in this area. **THE AREA IS HUGE AND ATTENDEES CAN RELAX REGARDING SOCIAL DISTANCING.** There is also a full restaurant where vendors and attendees can grab a bite to eat. We will not be allowed to bring in any food and yes that means donuts. In this transition year we will continue to promote our CFFA though our Expo try to determine where things are going to go in the future regarding a new banquet facility and Covid. We appreciate your understanding and hope you will support and attend this one day event.

Early in November I made my annual trip to New York's Salmon River to fish for fall run Steelhead Trout. While there I fished with CFFA members Ron Dunleavy, Phil Apruzzese, Steve Douville, and 87 year old Irv Stanley. We dealt with some tough conditions and earned every Steelhead we caught. Ron and I arrived in Pulaski first followed a day later by Steve Douville who made the drive from his new home in South Carolina. How's that for passion and dedication? Steve has the latest and greatest when it comes to fly fishing equipment including waders with a



when you find yourself surrounded by friends and family in a situation like this. Gary



All the fish man Sonski shared his fly as well as a nice brown he caught on his last day fishing in November on a lake in Connecticut.

zipper fly. Just remember to zip back up post business before you return into the water, right Steve? Ron, Steve and I scouted out various spots before Phil and his son Aaron arrived later in the week. Phil's son Aaron drove there again this year from Maryland but brought along his friend Jeff this time. Both of them shared the cooking duties. Their passion and knowledge for cooking was a welcome bonus of this trip and Phil, Ron and I enjoyed every meal. I only fished with Irv on one or two occasions due to his later arrival date and I was amazed by his dedication at his age of 87. I don't know anyone else at his age that would make that drive by himself to fish that hard. He did inspire me. After Ron and I left for home Phil was joined by his other two sons Ian and Jason making Phil's trip a true family affair. What can be better than that. They have been making the trip for around 25 years or so. I believe each one of us felt that catching fish was a bonus



My wife said, "For Christmas take \$200 and buy me a Nativity set and if there's anything left over you can spend it on fishing stuff!"



Lines & Leaders

The Newsletter of The Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Association

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Monthly Meetings

See you at 50 Chapman Place,
East Hartford, CT 06108

Enter by the main door - up the steps.

-OR-

Take the steps/ramp to the right of the
main door for handicap access.



INTERNATIONAL
FLY FISHERS



East Hartford, CT 06108

P.O. Box 380268

Fly Fisherman's Association

