

LINES

AND

LEADERS



DECEMBER 1970

CFFA

VOL. LXX No. 2

President's Message --

Members of CFFA..... Many flies have been cast since last I wrote on these pages, and it might be appropriate for us to consider at this time what has happened to us in 1970, and what we hope to accomplish in the months ahead.

Your Committee Chairmen are reporting elsewhere in this newsletter, in more detail than I will, on the matters with which they are most closely associated; but many of them are too important for me to pass over.

Stream improvement work on public waters has continued in two areas, --brush cutting along the West Branch of the Farmington, and new rock dams and other structures on the Jeremys. We have continued to study the Jeremys and the impact of our voluntary catch and release program on this stream.

We have entered into a cooperative fingerling-raising project with the State at our rearing pond in Somers. Hopefully, we will have some catchable-size fish to stock next spring.

Some handsome brown trout have been provided for our members' fishing pleasure in the private pond in Somers. We have had another pond offered to us, for our exclusive use, if we will supply some manpower to help restore it to its former excellence. This pond, in Chaplin, will be one of our bigger projects for 1971.

We have continued to offer the membership entertaining and educational programs at our monthly meetings, and many more such programs are in the offing.

All these things are praiseworthy and you all have reason to be proud. But the most important things we have before us, concerns our role in supporting and influencing good conservation legislation projects in the next session of the State Legislature. These will have more impact over the long run, and you can and should feel that you each can play an important part in such legislation.

Our main effort will be toward the passage of minimum stream flow legislation. You are aware of the questionnaire that we sent to all State Candidates before the election and you received the results of the questionnaire prior to voting. From the results, we realize that we have plenty of support. Fish and Game officials are cautiously optimistic, and we will have to conduct a vigorous campaign to inform everyone possible about this bill, or it will never overcome the opposition that is sure to form.

We can also expect that we will offer our support to conservation legislation desired by other groups in the State, and that they will support us in exchange. Our membership will be fully informed of these happenings, so that local legislators can be contacted about these matters as well.

Soon we shall meet with several members of the Housatonic Fly Fishermen's Association to discuss mutual problems. It

(over)



appears that a good working relationship is developing between our two groups to support each other's most pressing problems, and to exchange ideas that should benefit all Connecticut anglers.

The recent formation of the Eastern Council of the Federation of Fly Fishermen has begun the task of linking all the northeastern clubs in a loose network that will serve to strengthen all the groups by an exchange of ideas, and also by making experts within the organization available to all. Each club has weak spots, and each has several strong ones. We expect that a "talent list" will soon be available to all the council groups, and are certain that in the next year all members of CFFA will become more and more aware of the great benefits that a strong FFF can provide us.

I thank every one of you for the help that you have able to give CFFA during the year, even if this only meant the payment of dues. Those of you who have been more active, know how grateful I am to you, and of the great admiration I have for such dedication. Whatever your role has been in helping our group progress this far, I hope that you will continue to belong and become more active if possible. We can always use more help!

Don't forget our big banquet and raffle, February 20th .. !!!!

Tight lines.....

Vin Lingrae

YOUR FEDERATION of FLY FISHERMEN

.....by Ted Barbieri

For the benefit of our more recent CFFA members, I would like to take this opportunity to inform you that the title of this article means just what it says,.."YOUR FEDERATION". Some of you may not realize it, but one dollar of your CFFA dues each year is paid to the Federation of Fly Fishermen; thereby making you a part of this fine national organization. The benefits of FFF are many and available to all who desire to use them, just make your wishes known to any one of our Directors. We are most fortunate to have among us, a National Director of FFF, none other than "Fur & Feather Tying" Walt Burr.

Reproduced below is a partial list of FFF achievements abstracted from the latest Fall 1970 FFF Bulletin.....

POINTING WITH PRIDE

It's true the Federation has maintained something of a "low profile" over the years without doing much blowing of its own horn. Being fly fishermen, we are all naturally modest and slow to brag about our accomplishments. But just for the record, here are some things the FFF has done:

*Assisted in the formation of new fly fishing clubs. A total of 58 are affiliated with the FFF now.

*Brought two state governors (one now a U. S. senator), two U. S. senators, one lieutenant governor, directors of fish and game departments from six states and many other important officials to its meetings to exchange views.

*Encouraged designation of waters for quality fishing, including a ban on the use of bait in Yellowstone Park.

*Published The FLYFISHER, with perhaps the highest literary content of any sporting magazine in the country.

*Formed the Southwest, Northern California, Eastern and Western Washington councils, with more on the way.

*Assisted individual clubs in casting demonstrations, fly tying lessons, club outings, programs and other areas.

The FFF also has been instrumental in conservation:

ITEM: Fly Fishermen for Conservation, Fresno, won five-mile stretch of water below Pine Flat Dam for special fly fishing season. (cont'd)

"LINES AND LEADERS" is a Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association, Inc., periodic publication distributed to its membership and allies of Conservation. Mailing Address: CFFA, PO Box 42, Windsor Locks, Conn. 06096. CFFA Regular membership meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month, September thru May, 6:45 PM Fly Tying Clinic, 7:30 PM Regular Meeting. These meetings are held in the Downstair Auditorium in the Federal Savings & Loan, Downtown Windsor, Main & Broad Streets, Windsor, Connecticut....Officers & Board of Directors meet on the first Wednesday of each month thru-out the year."Organized to Preserve and Promote the Pleasures and Traditions of Fly Fishing and to Conserve Game-Fish Waters".....

YOUR FFF.. Cont'd.

ITEM: Theodore Gordon Flyfishers, New York, helped in relocation of state highway project that would have threatened the Beaverkill.

ITEM: Pend Oreille Fly Fishers, Idaho, won designation of Clark Fork as fly-only stream.

ITEM: The Steamboaters, North Umpqua, Oregon, produced the film "Pass Creek", an extremely valuable study of the effect of logging on streams.

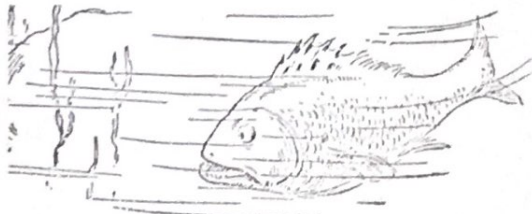
ITEM: California Fly Fishermen Unlimited, Sacramento, California, keeps eye on state legislation and obtained cease order against contractor causing siltation of Upper Sacramento River.

ITEM: Western Washington Council won three new quality lakes, an additional mile of fly-only water on the Kalama River, helped ban chumming from state waters and testified at hearing on management of the North Cascades National Park.

These are only a few things the Federation and its member clubs have done. A lot goes on that we don't all hear about, but there can be little doubt that the FFF is growing in influence -- and the results are starting to show!

The Federation is now in the process of regionalization,... you may have heard of the new Eastern Council. This progress has promise of even greater things for FFF and consequently ourselves, as well as the youngsters who are plodding in the footsteps. I would like to take this opportunity to encourage you to obtain an Associate Membership in FFF,with this you will feel even more a part of this national effort to preserve the things we all love.

Any of you who are interested in obtaining the above membership may contact Walt Burr or myself, and we will be happy to enlighten you further on the Federation of Fly Fishermen.



A SIGNIFICANT DAY IN THE LIFE

by

Myron Schulman

The trout is certainly deservant of the respect that anglers give him, and I find few things more pleasant than spending a crisp spring day trying to outwit this beautiful fish. I must confess that whenever a trout takes my fly, I feel a sense of accomplishment that can't be equaled by the other kinds of fishing that I've experienced. Nevertheless, once the water becomes warm enough for the bass to go on the prowl, my enthusiasm for the spotted fighter wanes, and my attention is focused on the bigmouth. After the middle of May, the days I spend wading a trout stream are few indeed.

I always look forward to fishing with my dad. It was he that first introduced me to the grandest of all pastimes, and my fondest recollections include those times spent with him on lake and stream. The last time we fished together on Lebanon's Red Cedar Lake, he netted my biggest bass, a 22 inch 6 1/4 pound largemouth. On this occasion, my attempt to show him the effectiveness of fly fishing for bass failed miserably, because my prize had taken a live shiner instead of the popping bug I had repeatedly cast to the same shoreline. The bug only produced bluegills.

It had been over a year since that May evening we fished Red Cedar together. This time my regular fishing companion, Tom Pulaski, had joined us. Tom and I were roommates at college, where I re-kindled his interest in fishing and converted him into a fly fishing enthusiast.

We began fishing in the early afternoon, spinning with shiners. Tom and I also tried big dry flies and popping bugs, but they rose few fish during these muggy hours. To my dad, our fly casting appeared to be difficult and tiring. He also felt that the small offerings delivered by a fly rod would not attract a fish of any appreciable size. I find fly fishing the most exciting way to fish, and often the most effective. An added attraction is that this method allows me to release virtually all of the fish I catch, without harming them. The three of us had caught and put back several bass ranging from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 pounds, all of which were hooked on shiners. The action had come in spurts, and as seven o'clock came along the fishing had really slowed down. The lake seemed to be void of life. Tom and I were waiting for what we call the "Explosion". This is the hour or so before dark when the lake comes alive and when we've had some fantastic mixed-bag fly fishing.

As we approached our favorite cove, the lake began to stir. Its quiet surface was being interrupted by the dimpling swirls of feeding fish. Bluegills and calicos were rising furiously, and schools of these cruising fish were clearly visible slapping the surface. Occasionally a largemouth would hurl itself completely out of the water, and then land with a noisy splash, leaving a widening series of rings where it came down.

I had taken out my fly rod and was getting all of the action I could handle. Fish were mauling the cork bug as soon as it hit the water. It amazes me how savagely a bluegill will attack a bass popper. Several were not actually hooked, but had just managed to get the bug wedged in their mouths, and were unable to expel it without some help. Tom and I found it practically as easy as spotting a rise, to get a fish on. If the hooked fish swam in circles, it was a bluegill; if it repeatedly thrashed against the surface, it was a calico. When a fish dove, and then erupted from the water, it was surely a bass. My dad had taken notice of what was happening. His red and white float appeared to be a permanent fixture on the water, while our fly tackle was getting results on almost every cast. If there was a way to sell someone on flyfishing, it was to have that person witness a flurry of action like the one Tom and I were experiencing.



After releasing a fat calico, I pointed at a small dimple and made a cast to it. The green and yellow bug gently alighted on the water where the rise had been. It let it lie motionless for several seconds, and when nothing happened, I raised the rod tip just enough to make the popper's rubber band legs and bushy feather tail flutter a bit. After allowing it to sit for several more seconds, I decided to give the bug a few short pops, but before I could do so, it disappeared in a shower of spray. I struck hard, and the eight foot rod doubled over as the hook made contact with a heavy fish. The slack line in my left hand quickly shot through the guides and the reel began to hum as the fish dove for the snag infested bottom. I tightened the drag by placing a finger on the revolving spool, and the line still going out, surged upward. The fish vaulted into the air, clearing the water by a good two feet. Here was twenty inches of enraged largemouth, broad, glistening, and putting on an amazing display of power. The bass was off on a run, and the Pflueger reel screeched like a machine gun. When I began to fear the fish would strip the reel and snap the frail leader, the bass broke the surface, shaking its massive head in a frantic attempt to free the stinging bug. With a cracking splash, the bigmouth was back in the water taking more line. Suddenly he stopped and I cautiously began regaining line as he swam toward the boat. Much of my line was back on the reel, and it looked as if the bass was tiring and I had gained the advantage. Without warning, he turned and again leaped skyward. The reel hummed once more, as he took back the line I had reclaimed. Soon he jumped again. This time, the big bass appeared to hang in the air, shaking his head wildly, with mouth open, gills expanded, their bright red filaments shimmering in the fading light. His bulging eyes seemed to meet mine before he withdrew beneath the surface, splashing water

A SIGNIFICANT DAY...Cont'd.

in all directions. Landing just after the bass was the popper, its legs and tail quivering on the settling water.

I have relived these moments in my mind many times, for they have been my most thrilling angling experience. It matters very little that I lost my first fly rod battle with a large fish. The episode gave me confidence in my ability to battle a heavy fish on light tackle, for I never expect less than a great fight from a bass. They often beat you, and frequently when you think that they're whipped. Another pleasing result is that my dad now listens more intently when I speak about fly fishing. I feel confident that it won't be long before we spend an evening together, fly fishing on Red Cedar Lake.



CONSERVATION



by

Al

Dixon

In my last report I covered most, if not all, activities of this very aggressive committee. We have continued to follow all of our projects, most notably the Jeremys River Project. Two more low rock dams were constructed this past summer, creating two more excellent holding pools above each dam. Members have reported sighting, what appear to be, pairs of spawning trout at these two dams, and at other locations along the stream. It would appear from these reports, and from the stream shocking results on September 13th, 1970, that the Jeremys River will support a population of adult trout. Whether these trout and their spawn will survive one of our New England winters now remains to be seen.

As most of you know, the basic reasons the strict no-kill regulation imposed on the Jeremys this season, was for the purpose of having as many adult fish as possible survive the first stocking to populate the stream for a winter carry-over. But results of our second electric shocking survey would indicate, that barely 100 trout are left from an initial stocking of 692 fish; allowances being made for fish lost due to natural predation, some downstream migration. We have very few fish left for the first test of winter; nevertheless, we hope to prove that by imposing special regulations, improving the stream carrying capacity with dams of various types, and with a generally well managed stream, Connecticut need not only have put and take fishing, but fishing for wild trout also.



I am especially proud of our legislative sub-committee. This committee has taken on the task to act as a watch dog of Connecticut Conservation matters, relative to sport fishing. You will remember that about a year ago I wrote a report on the Yantic River relocation. Due to the problems involved in this relocation, we have convinced the Dept. of Transportation that a law was required to spell out their obligations to the public. The Highway Dept. has written a bill to be introduced

in the next General Assembly, backed by the Fish and Game Commission. With the passage of this bill, any waters, ponds, rivers, or recreation facilities, taken for highway construction, will be restored or replaced with a facility of equal value.

Now that this major legislation is on it's way, we can turn our attention to an even more pressing problem.....MINIMUM FLOW. The results of the questionnaires sent to all candidates of state elective offices, would indicate, that many of our legislators do not know what minimum flow is. "Minimum Flow" is exactly what it says. The dictionary defines minimum as, -the least possible quantity--; the opposite of maximum--; --this is no less

than what CFFA would like to see. Every one has seen a stream in the early spring when the runoff is too much for the dams of the power and water companies to hold. Later when the streams and rivers have reached their normal flow, the water downstream from the dam is shut off, leaving a dry, dead river bed.

From the May, 1940
National Sportsman
Magazine, -----
--- familiar?

**STRIKE A BLOW FOR
CLEAN STREAMS!**

There is now a bill in Congress which, if passed as a law, will clean our streams of pollution and make them again fit to support game fish. The Bill, No. S. 685, is desirable, however, only if one amendment is retained—an amendment which provides for enforcement of the anti-pollution law, and without which the law would be virtually useless.

You can strike a blow for your own cause by writing a letter, post-card, or sending a telegram to whoever among the following lives closest to your state:

Senator Alben Barkley (Ky.), Senator Morris Sheppard (Tex.), or Senator Charles McNary (Calif.)

Congressman J. J. Mansfield (Tex.), Congressman Joseph Gurnea (N. Y.), Congressman George N. Seger (N. J.), Congressman Rene L. DeRoche (La.), or Congressman Albert Carter (Calif.)

Address your message to the Senator or Congressman simply at Washington, D. C. You need only say: "Barkley Bill S. 685 should be passed only if Mundt amendment, D of Section 2, is retained."

Such is the case of the Nenaug River. Above the reservoir on this beautiful little river, the stream flows year 'round at a steady rate; but below the dam of the Nenaug Reservoir after the spring run-off, the river is nothing but a bed of rocks, -- unable to support any aquatic life. CFFA doesn't want the power and water companies to stop holding water for public use, but simply to allow enough water to pass through or over their dams to support aquatic life at any time of the year. To deprive a stream of water, --kills that stream; not for just that season, or that year, but for as much as five to ten years. Everyone will agree that power and water companies have the right to use the water from a given stream as much as fishermen, canoeists, swimmers, and recreationists in general. But we contend, they do not have the right to kill a stream or river at their discretion and when no health condition, power shortage or emergencies exist.

CFFA is not alone in supporting this legislation. The Fish and Game Commission, the Clean Water Resources Commission and the Environmental Commission set up by the Governor, --all these commissions and other agencies support flow; yet nothing is done to implement minimum flow due mainly to the strong lobbies of the power and water companies. We know we face a tough fight, and we

shall be calling on you for your help. More on this subject at a later date. I hope that when next the Conservation Committee reports to you, we will be able to state that minimum flow has been instituted on Connecticut waterways.

.....
THE FLY OF THE DECADE

Name: Speeroo Agnoo

Dressings.....

- Hook: #16 Derrière Barbed
- Thread: Bull Red à la Richard
- Body: Heavily tinselled for attention, with elephant guard hairs.
- Wings: Upright editor-veined, trimmed to censor outline.

Line: Use #5 Nix-cel,
Sinking

For use on: reported trash fish



SPEEROO AGNOO



PILGRIMAGE TO HENRYVILLE

by K. J. Parkany

On October 9, 10, and 11, 1970, the Pocono foliage was ablaze with autumn colors and the weather was typical of Indian Summer. But they merely provided a bonus to some of our members who joined the Theodore Gordon Flyfishers on their annual outing to the Broadhead Creek and its aptly named Paradise branch at Henryville, Penna.



Among the many anglers sharing some ten miles of prime trout water, courtesy of The Henryville Conservation Club and the Broadhead Forest and Stream Association, were Vin Ringrose, CFFA President; Mike Stula, Connecticut Board of Fisheries and Game; Joe D'Addario, Wally Jones, Mel McComber, Jim Randall, and Ken Parkany.

As Friday was devoted primarily to getting situated and acquainted, the pursuit of the wary piscatorial denizens of the stream did not begin for most until Saturday. Following a perfect day on the stream, both weather and otherwise, everyone gathered for a delicious evening dinner and an interesting program of films, talks, and fly-tying demonstrations. Then after another morning of fishing, this fabulous weekend culminated on Sunday afternoon with a scrumptious chicken barbeque, allowing ample time for "story-telling", reminiscing, and farewells before departing.

The trout were very cooperative the entire weekend, evidently aware of the fish-for-fun, no-kill regulation, and provided some remarkable sport. And with so much water available, "crowding" was virtually non-existent.

The waters of the Paradise Creek were somewhat less than normally gin clear due to some construction upstream; but, nevertheless, sufficiently clear enough to provide excellent dry fly fishing without a hands and knees approach. The Broadhead and the Cranberry, (a feeder brook of the Paradise), by contrast, were flowing low and crystal clear, requiring an extra careful approach and a long cast.

Confronted by these conditions, this piscator took the advice of one of the Henryville regulars, our own Vin Ringrose, and attached a 13 foot leader tapered down to 7X. Heeding the advice paid great dividends as I released fish in the 12 to 15 inch category along with a few small "natives", and had numerous other strikes, misses, and refusals. The trout were mostly spunky Browns, successfully lured by a dry fly which bears a slight resemblance to a very effective caddis imitation; namely, the "Forgotten Fly", otherwise known as the Henryville Special.

Evidently not everyone's Luck equalled mine, as one fella' was overheard telling a Henryville regular that he threw "everything in the book" at one particularly large fish he had located, only to be made a fool of by the antics of this big trout; to which the Henryville regular subtly replied, "you have to call these fish by name". I remember calling them names, some of which are not fit to print, but I don't know that I called them by name.

Reflecting back on our "Pilgrimage to Henryville", being the nostalgic individual that I am; I wonder if we, perchance, waded and fished the same pools and pockets as did Gordon, Hewitt, or LaBranche. After reading so much about the historic Henryville waters, considered by many to be the true source of American Trout-fishing tradition, I can honestly admit to feeling that I treaded on Hallowed Ground and fished Hallowed Water.

To those, who for various reasons did not attend, let me add that the above words hardly do justice to what actually transpired at the outing. Should the opportunity arise again at some future date, one should make every effort to, - as Ernie Schwiebert says, "pay homage to Henryville".

And finally, much praise and gratitude are due the respective organizations and individuals involved, including Mr. Bill Westover and his crew at Henryville House, for making the overwhelmingly successful outing a truly memorable experience.

THE PARACHUTE DRY FLY

....by Walt Burr

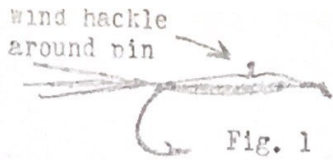


Fig. 1

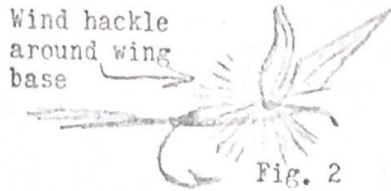


Fig. 2

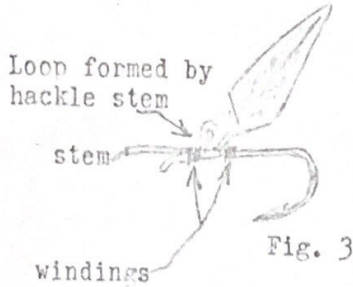


Fig. 3

Take your pick of any of the three methods of tying a parachute dry fly. Herters of Waseca, Minn., lists their Model 432 parachute dry fly hook available in sizes 8, 10 and 12, in their 1970 Catalog #80, priced at \$2.17 per hundred. Using this hook, (Figure 1), the fly is tied in the conventional manner and the hackle is tied in and wound around the small projection, with the hackle fibres projecting from the hook shank concave side down and so as to be parallel to the water surface when resting thereon.

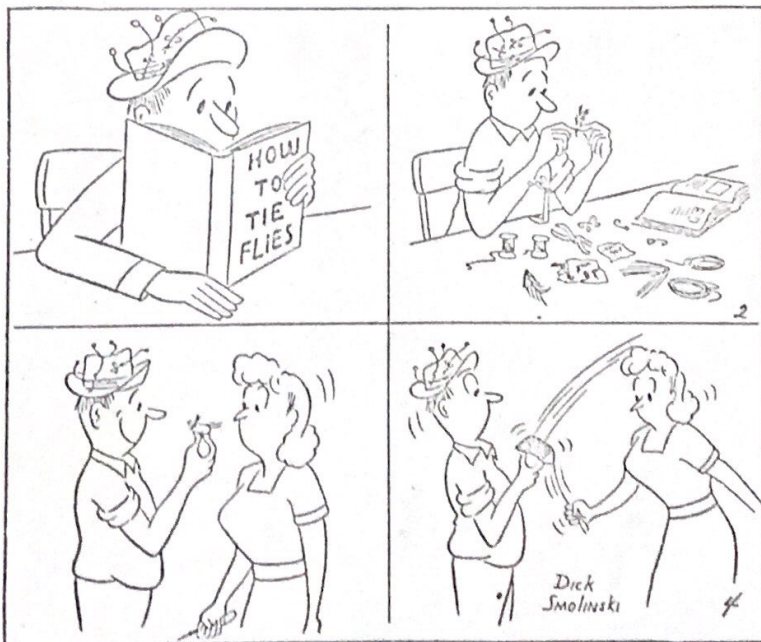
Another method is to tie in fan wings, cut wings or any other type of upright wing that retains the stem of the feather. The hackle is tied in at the base of the wing and the wing base is used as the pin around which to wind the hackle as in the above described method. See Figure 2.

In the third method, (Figure 3), the base fibres are stripped from the hackle stem. Tie in the hackle for about one inch or so, and then the hackle stem is tied at the base of hackle fibres, letting the stem project out over the eye. Make a loop with the stem and tie in stem with three or four turns of thread and once again let the stem project over the eye of the hook. Using the stem loop as formed, wind the hackle around the loop, concave side of hackle down; until just the hackle tip is left. Pass the hackle tip through the stem loop and then pull the projecting stem to lock the hackle tip in place. Use a hackle guard and finish winding the head of the fly, further securing the hackle tip under the head windings. Trim away any unwanted fibres from the hackle tip with your scissors.

This type of fly rides high and dry due to the fact that there are many fibres to help with supporting the hook. It is a matter of opinion as to whether this fly is any better than the conventional types, --- but give it a try, and find out the results for yourself.

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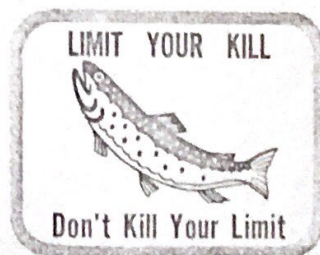
"THE INTERESTING THING ABOUT ECOLOGY WILL BE TO SEE IF IT SURVIVES AS AN ISSUE AFTER THE ELECTION."--by Dunagin



A "FIGHT POLLUTION" POEM

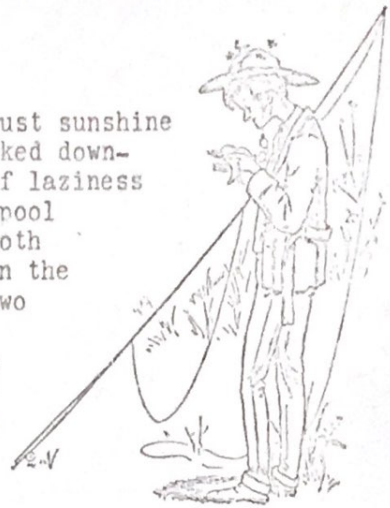
When you fish upon a stream
It's better when the waters clean
Then the trout can see the bait
And you will not have to wait
Till the big one seals his fate.
This is why a real solution
Should be found to water pollution.

....by Ray Yaeger
Cortland



WEST CANADA CHALLENGE

.....by Dick Sablitz



The long ride along the New York State Thru-way in the hot August sunshine had been very effective in making me drowsy, but now, as I looked downstream at the broad expanse of the pool below me, all traces of laziness began to disappear. A solitary fly fisherman slowly worked a pool about a hundred yards from where I stood. I knew from his smooth casts and very delicate presentation, that he was my partner on the trip, Wes Sanford. We had talked about this trip for almost two months and had decided definitely to go, no matter what the weather or water conditions might be like. I had tied various flies during the months of June and July, hoping that at least one would be a fairly consistent producer. Finally, after all the hectic anticipation and turmoil of the physical preparation, we were here. At last I was standing waist deep in The West Canada Creek, watching the long, flat pool below me for a sign of a rising trout, as the Creek flowed picturesquely through the foothills of the Adirondacks.

During the drive from my home in Vernon, West and I had talked about the various pools that we hoped to fish. We mentioned "the pool below the diamond mine", "the stretch of pocket water below Middleville", "the ledges pool", and many others. I could hardly tie the two droppers to my leader as I realized that the places that had been merely names just twenty-four hours earlier were rapidly becoming realities. Realities that contained rocks, pockets, and feeding lanes; but ultimately, they contained our prey for the next four days, His Majesty, *Salmo trutta*, who is better known by an alias.....the Brown Trout.

Wes, who is very well known as an extremely competent fly tier, had been coming to the West Canada for quite some time when he and Dr. Vin Ringrose talked me into making the trip with them over the Labor Day weekend in 1969. That particular trip doesn't bring to mind any memories of fantastic fishing, but it did produce a challenge. A Challenge of Brown Trout fishing that possibly has no equal in the State of New York. I was an easy mark when Wes approached me concerning the trip in June of this year. I was ready to go at the first mention of "the Creek".

The West Canada Creek flows south along N.Y.S. Route "28 from its source at the Hinckly Reservoir to Herkimer, where it joins the Mohawk River. It is very similar in character to our own Farmington River, but is different in that its level is controlled and the flow is raised once a day as water is needed to generate power for the Niagara-Mohawk power system. The temperature is very stable, and the supply of food for the fish is tremendous due to the raising and lowering of the water. The river has every imaginable type of trout fishing situation, from long flat runs that spill into broad, deep pools; to white rapids that give way to miles of pocket water. I was standing at the head of some small rapids as I looked downstream at Wes, anticipating catching the first fish of the day.

My 7½ foot Orvis layed out the line extremely well, almost as if it sensed some of my own anticipation. The #6 weight forward sinking line slowly took the three fly cast to the bottom. I let the current take the line downstream and slowly began to work the flies back to me. After numerous casts, I had a vicious strike which eventually produced a very healthy and well fed dace. Before the sun began to set I had taken two fish and Wes, in his usual unassuming manner, had caught three fine browns.

When we returned to our camp, the pool next to our tent was alive with trout. Fish of all sizes were visible, but were virtually impossible to catch because they were cruising in the pool, rather than taking up feeding stations. We managed to fool one small brown with a delicately presented black ant on a size 22 hook.

Cont'd

WEST CANADA.....Cont'd.

The next morning we awoke to find the river low and were amazed to see fish in the 2 to 3 pound class wantonly feeding in a long, deep pool just below the campground. I enticed a 12 inch brown with a #16 Red Hackle tied on a 2x long hook; but he must have been the village idiot, because we saw some fish that seemingly caused a wake of white water when they leaped to feed on very small water spiders. The morning's fishing didn't produce any of these leviathans, but we did manage to take seven or eight trout between us. The water level rose that afternoon, so we spent our time tying small black ants and water spiders, much to the amazement of the other inhabitants of the campground.

The next two days were fantastic, even though we had very slow fishing, the thrill of casting over large trout was almost overwhelming. We caught a few fish, but the idea of raising one of the large ones was ever present on our minds.

As Wes turned his well-loaded Buick wagon onto the Thru-way and headed East for home, the warm Saturday afternoon sunshine began to make me drowsy and reflective. I felt, probably, very much like an Arab, I had been to Mecca and I was Content. I had returned to The West Canada Creek, and even though "Middleville pool" would be the same, and even if the rocky runs of the "Diamond mine pool" would hardly show the effects of my presence there; something had been added to my outlook and my state of mind. The old challenge of the West Canada was not gone. It had been magnified. I would return next year as often as possible. Hopefully, many of the same large fish would still be there and they would be harder to catch. The frustrations would be the same and the rewards would be those that only we fly fishermen feel, but cannot really explain.....

.....

THE CARD COLLECTOR !!!!
by Walt Stachura

DATE: _____

PLACE: _____

TIME: A.M. 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 P.M.

AIR TEMP: 25 30 35 40 45 50 55 60 65 70 75 80 85 90 95

WATER TEMP: 35 40 45 50 55 60 65 70 75

WEATHER: SUNNY OVERCAST CLOUDY DRIZZLE
 SHOWERS RAIN H. RAIN SNOW

HUMIDITY: LOW MODERATE HIGH

WIND: NONE LIGHT MODERATE HIGH

BAROMETER: LOW MODERATE HIGH
 RISING STEADY FALLING

WATER: LOW NORM. HIGH CLEAR CLOUDY
 Very Very

FEEDING ACTIVITY: SLOW MODERATE ACTIVE
 Very Very

HATCHES: NONE SPORADIC LIGHT HEAVY
 Very Very

NUMBER FISHERMEN SEEN: _____

MEMBERS: _____

SPECIES/STRETCH: _____

NOTES: _____

It was a cool April day, the eve of the opening of fishing season, when "the box" arrived at my house. It was not an eve like past years had been; for instead of sorting out my flies, checking lines and leaders, and loading up the car, I had been putting a post in the ground. This post would support the long awaited box that had been hours in the making and had now arrived for its final resting place atop the pole.

But why? --you ask, --a post and a box? Well, the next day would bring the dawn of the 1970 fishing season and along with it, --the beginning of CFFA's experiment on the Jeremys. And the box, --well, it will now play the most important role in the project. It would stand inanimate in the cold mornings of April, the spring rains, the heat of summer,

ever beckoning to CFFA members to stop after a day on the stream and recount their experiences. It could not respond, nor could it reveal what it heard; but it was always there, ready to accept a census card from a member, --never to tell anyone what else it may overheard!!

But, perhaps we can speculate,what the box heard,and what it answered. Let's return now OPENING DAY: No cards turned in.....

BOX:"Oh, you bunch of meat fishermen! You all went to the easy streams, no work to catch those fish! Get a limit, didya?"

"April 28th, first card, 'skunked' in total box; man muttered something about high and muddy water"..... "Sad, but I hope he didn't go in over his boots, water's awful cold this time of year. Care for a couple of aspirins?"

"May 6th. First fish, four fish reported, used worms. Fella had a wide grin on his face.....well, at least he's honest about this whole thing. We did say this was an organization for all fishermen!....."

"May 19th. Eight fish caught in three hours. Very scientific report, -large hatch on water. Man looked very contented, ...biggest fish,-fourteen inches..... Sure got a lot of fish mister. Ya didn't catch that turtle though; and some people call themselves fishermen..!"

"June 11th. Water temperature's up. Water lower and clearer. One fish caught, spooked several. Conditions getting tougher. Man looks quite tired..... --you guys are beginning to get the picture. This isn't the piece of cake you thought it would be. Cards getting scarcer, --you guys must really hate to rough it!"

"June 27th. One fish again.what's this Henryville fly? I thought this was Connecticut!"

"July 14th. Zero fish.Henryville again, gotta give him credit."

"August 18th. One fish. Water very low.This Henryville guy just doesn't quit."

"September 11th. Two cards, one fish each.Boy, a little rain really gets these guys fired up. What do you think a thundershower is going to give you, --May conditions in September? You guys are dreaming....."

"September 19th. Three fish, caught on worms.That guy has the whole answer, he doesn't go out often, but he knows how to get them."

"October 17th. One fish, water getting higher, but still very clear. Fish are still very cautious.Well, I guess Henryville had to have the last say. He certainly wins the award for perseverance. Hey, it's starting to get cold out here. I think I'd better go south for the winter!"

Well, the box didn't go south for the winter, but it has a warm resting place in my cellar, waiting for another season to arrive so that it may share more adventures and "miss-advent-ures" with CFFA members. See you then!!!!

.....

TAP'S TIPS -- "A ballpoint pen that has run dry, makes a convenient container for split shot. Remove the ink tube and spring, fill the barrel with shot, and clip the pen to your shirt pocket. Unscrew the barrel when you need a sinker." "Sometimes you can tell what species of May fly has been hatching recently by looking for spider webs in the bushes or under a bridge. A few flies always get tangled in the webs, which makes it easy to match them when trout rise again."

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OUR HERITAGE ----- POLLUTION???

"In an age when man has forgotten his origins and is blind even to his most essential needs for survival, water along with other resources has become the victim of his indifference." -- (Rachel Carson).

..... "The fresh, clean waters that are our national heritage have become dumping grounds for garbage and filth. They poison our fish, they breed disease, they despoil our landscape." (President Lyndon B. Johnson).

..... "Pollution touches us all. We are at the same time polluters and sufferers from pollution. There should be no right pollute!" (President's Advisory Committee).

..... "Fishing will change along the coast if sewage outfall systems grow in number and as the volume of sewage increases." (Dr. Edw. DeLamater, Dean, College of Science).

..... "STOP PLOOMB! -- Polluting and Littering of Our Waters and Beaches" (Town of East Hampton, N.Y.). "It's not a choice between having adequate power or a clean and productive environment. We can have both. Why should we settle for anything less?" (National Wildlife Federation).

"We can remove any pollution from water. It is simply a matter of how many dollars we wish to spend for cleaning up how many gallons of water." (B.Q. Weider, Calgon Corporation).

"Before the environmental problems get solved, everybody must be convinced that we all will have to give up some comforts, not just the other guy." (Matthias E. Kahhoe)

"The ideal of the conservation ethic is every man accepting personal responsibility for respectful care for the earth and its resources." (Dr. Lionel A. Walford, Dir., Sandy Hook Marine Laboratory).



CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION, INC.
P. O. BOX 42 - WINDSOR LOCKS, CONN. 06096

Member

