

# the FLYRODDER

PUBLISHED BY THE



## This Month's Meeting: Oct. 2, 2001

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**Morty Schneiderman**  
Correspondent

The Long Island Flyrodders  
meet at 8:00 PM  
on the First Tuesday  
of each month at the  
Levittown VFW Hall,  
55 Hickory Lane  
(North of Hempstead Tpke.  
West of Jerusalem Ave.)

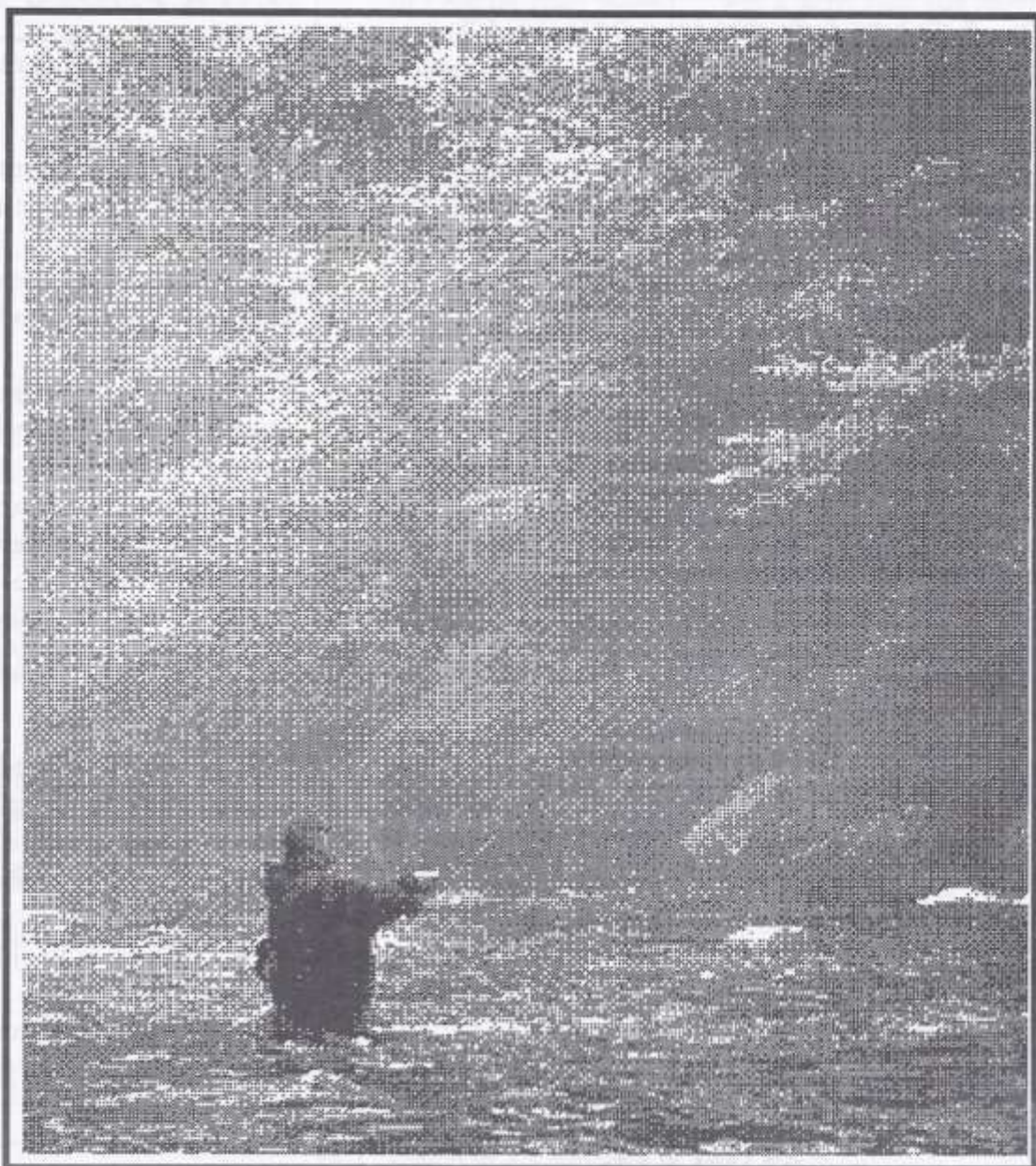
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*This Month's Guest Speaker:*

**Lee Weil**

"Smallmouth Bass Fishing on the Hudson"



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# President's message

Now that the dog days are here, not much fishing can be done until September when the water has cooled off. Now is the time to relax and start tying a few flies for the Fly-Fishing Shows in New Jersey and Long Island. It would be much appreciated if everyone of us would tie or purchase 10 flies, either salt or freshwater for this important event, since the money we raise helps our club during this important event.

Our next Salt Water Trip is planned for October the

13th. I will give directions and meeting time.

Also, now is the time to think about our Annual Dinner Party on the 27th of October. We will inform you of the price, menu and all the functions for that evening.

I received a thank you note from Robert R. Maggio on becoming an honorary member of our club.

Bob, it's a pleasure to have you in the club.

Good Fishing,  
Herman

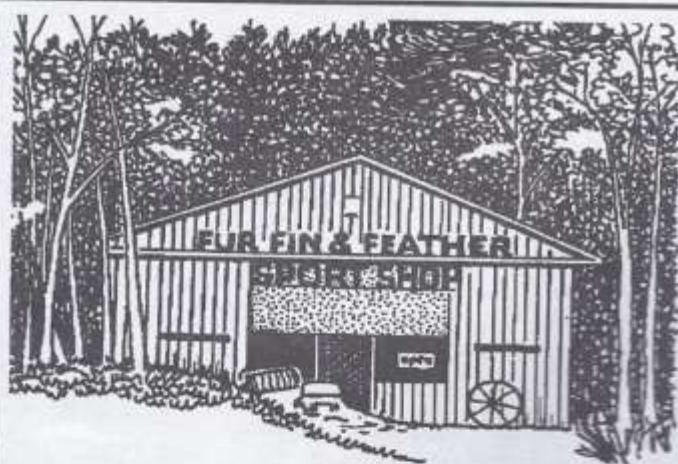


## LIFR PHOTO CONTEST RULES

- \* Submit 4" by 6" photographs of fly fishing or related activities.
- \* Each photographer may submit up to three photographs per contest.
- \* The photographs must be in an envelope with your name, address and telephone number.
- \* A number will be assigned to each envelope and placed on each envelope that is submitted.
- \* Contests will be held monthly in August, September and October, 2001, with prizes for first, second and third place.
- \* The general membership will vote at each monthly contest.
- \* Grand prizes will be awarded at the Annual Dinner. The considered photographs will be drawn from those submissions at the three contests with prizes for first, second and third place.
- \* The decision of the judges will be final.
- \* All photographs become the property of LIFR and may be published on their website at [www.lifr.org](http://www.lifr.org).

Direct all questions to Bob Skoy, Chairman  
Phone: (516) 379-7600  
E-mail: [flyline@hotmail.com](mailto:flyline@hotmail.com)

ON THE COVER: "Al Manz on the Farmington"  
Photo by Linda Macy



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# WINTER SOLACE

by John P. Manz

Forced by the chill of winter from the waters we love to navigate, in search of the elusive tight line, provides us with time to reflect on the adventures we have shared with our fellow Fly Rodders. Days when the sky above was blue, the air was warm, the water was cold and the trout fought with fury only a Fly Rodder could appreciate. The only thing that was guaranteed was the force of the river on our waders as it made its way to the sea and the enjoyment of being surrounded by the wonderment of Nature,

which provided the ambiance.

The wise old trout may not have always been cooperative but the journey down a ribbon of water with our fellow Fly Rodders and the recounting of the day's adventures by a roaring campfire more than compensated for the lack of action.

Do fly fishermen really seek the quest of bringing a trout to the net or is it the ongoing pursuit that brings them joy? Probably, a little of both. It's that big one that always manages to get away and gets our hearts pumping and continues to

draw us back to the river. At the same time, it is in the sharing of stories with fellow anglers that the actual attraction of fly fishing is revealed. Our combined efforts of producing artificial forms of life and casting them upon unknown waters in

order to draw life from it, draws us together in our uniqueness. The sharing of that experience with others fills our hearts and minds and eventually leads us back to our fly tying vises as snow flakes fall silently on the river.

## FLY FISHING CANADA

BOOK REVIEW by Gian Padovani

As readers of the Flyrodder, you must know that from time to time I have reviewed books pertaining to our sport. Generally, I confine these critiques to publications that deal with localities, since our club's library contains an abundance of how-to books which are familiar to those who enjoy reading.

As you are aware, there are several fishing guides about the marine and the fresh waters areas of the U.S.A., and last month I appraised a book about the fly fishing possibilities of Florida.

Some of the members who have either fished or are entertaining the idea of trying their luck in Canada, may be pleased to learn that a new book about our neighboring country will soon be available.

"Fly Fishing Canada - From Coast To Coast To Coast" is a hefty 528 pages volume that covers all the aspects of fishing across the border. It is divided into 71 sections or chapters, embellished by many fine color photographs and it includes a section of selected and proven fly patterns, with instructions on how to tie them! The last section, 14 pages, is a current guide to the fishing shops across Canada.

What makes this book unique is that it is an anthology of fishing stories by the best Outdoor Writers of Canada, dealing with all the species one can expect to catch in the different parts of the country. Thus we have chapters dealing with both the Atlantic and the Pacific salmons, steelhead, pike, bass, walleyes, muskies, char, and naturally trout. The titles pretty much tell what each chapter is all about, and I was soon intrigued by "Pike on dry flies", "Mouse on water", "Sailfin of the tree line".

I highly recommend this book to anyone who loves fishing and reading a good book about the sport, even if there is no intent of traveling further away than a den or the living room. The book is published by Johnson Gorman Publishers, 2003 - 35 Avenue S.W. Calgary Alberta Canada T2T 2E2 and will be released in October in the U.S. At \$44.95, it will make for a wonderful Holiday present!

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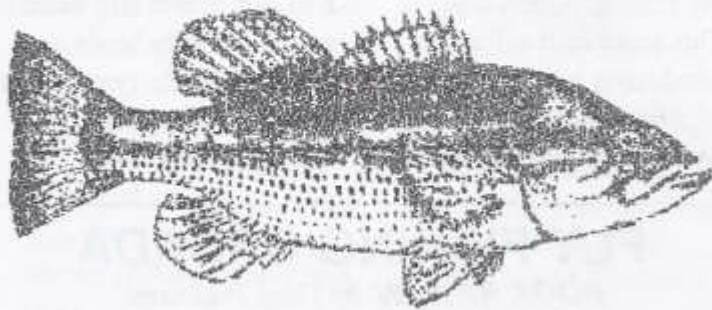
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# PECONIC RIVER BASS TRIP

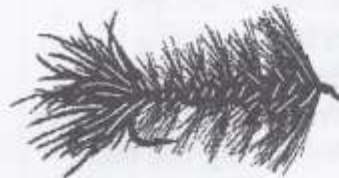


by Lee Weil

A group of the L.I. Flyrodders got together on Tuesday, July 10th to explore the Peconic river in Riverhead in search of largemouth, pickerel, crappie and bluegills. The fleet consisted of canoes, johnboats, and two "sit-upon" kayaks, captained by Ken and Deb Cooperstein. We put in at 6:00 am at the DEC launch site, located across the street from the Snowflake ice cream shop on Route 25. On my second cast, not 20 yards from the launch, I was rewarded with a keeper largemouth on a blue/chartreuse popper. Even on my 8 weight he was a handful as he made a determined run for the nearest lily pad bed, the line cutting a rooster tail through the water. When I got him to the canoe we took a quick picture and then paddled up to the Fisherman's Deli to meet Jerry Berkson, Richard Froelich and son, who had rented boats there. We stopped in and picked up

sandwiches and provisions, then everyone departed, fanning out over the river, each going our separate ways. Throughout the morning we would pass each other, exchanging good natured jabs and reports of who caught what on which fly. Frank Chin and Tom Dimauro had several bass and pickerel, along with many bluegills, on white patterns. Tom Baumann landed some large crappie on streamers, in addition to bass and pickerel. Jeff Farrell managed to tease a 14" largemouth out from under a deadfall late in the morning, in spite of the sun and temperatures in the high 80's. We had the whole river to ourselves and enjoyed the peaceful surroundings. Deb Cooperstein glided by us in complete silence, looking like an explorer on the Amazon as she headed for new water. Finally Jeff and I met with Frank and Tom to anchor up and fish the pool below the falls at the dam, where the sandy

bottom made for excellent wading. As the mercury rose the bites slowed, and by the time we retired after 6 hours of fishing, the ice cream shop on the corner was sounding like a plan. Feisty largemouth, big pickerel, beautiful surroundings and ice cream; all less than an hour from Central Nassau. What more could you want? I'm eagerly looking forward to our next trip to the Peconic with the long wand in the near future.



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## FLYRODDER YET?

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# FISHING IN THE RAIN

by Gian Padovani

Gian woke up just before the alarm clock shrilled its alarm. It had been set for 4 a.m., but as it always happened for a fishing trip, he always woke up beforehand. It was still dark outside but silhouetted against the sky one could discern the darker, threatening shapes of clouds. Everything had been packed the night before and after a hasty cup of instant coffee, Gian left the house walking the ten blocks that led to the Fort Hamilton Pkwy. subway station.

The train was practically empty, but by the time it reached 42nd Street in New York City, it had filled up with those that had to start working early in the morning. Gian walked the distance to the terminal and soon he boarded the bus that would take him upstate. As the vehicle headed upstate it started to rain. A slight drizzle really, but persistent, with no obvious intentions of giving up. "Maybe it'll stop by the time the bus reaches upstate."

Every person in the bus was silent, possibly lulled to sleep by the rhythmic sound of the windshield wipers, and Gian wondered where they were all going. Maybe to Kingston or Albany, he thought. Insofar as he could see, he was the only

passenger that was carrying a fishing rod. "Would the rain ever stop?" Maybe by Monday, when he had to go back to school.

The bus entered the small town and stopped at the tiny terminal where Gian got off with his knapsack and his rod. The pack contained the tackle, a sandwich plus some fruit, and a change of clothing. Just in case. The river was only a mile or so away, and he began to walk hoping to hitch a ride, well aware that it was an illegal thing to do. Surely no one would consider a person carrying a fishing rod as being a hazard. Luck was on his side and a motorist stopped even before Gian tried to stop him. "Not such a good day for fishing...you must either be crazy or really love the sport" the man remarked.

As Gian entered the river the drizzle metamorphosed into heavy rain, but with the stubbornness of youth, he began to fish. There was no one else in sight, and he wondered if maybe the man was not right: Only a crazy person would be fishing on a day like this. The water was already discolored and even the flashing metal spinner couldn't be seen until it was a foot away. A promising patch of blue sky emerged between the brown-gray clouds and

Gian hoped it was a sign that maybe things would change. Someone once had told him fishing was good during the rain, but obviously that person had never fished.

There was a flash of lightning, then the sound of thunder, and just like that it began to pour. Gian was totally drenched and he wanted to stick with it but lightning began to flash everywhere. He remembered that lightning always targeted the tallest structures and in the middle of the river, this would have been his fishing rod. He remembered that years before a famous outdoor illustrator had been killed in a situation just like this; he had been killed while fishing for Brook trout somewhere in New England. "That's it!" Gian said as he tried to get some shelter under the smallest tree, but after a few minutes he walked toward the highway. Maybe someone would give him a ride back to town.

Through the mist that engulfed the road, he made out the headlights of an approaching car and he took a chance of standing in the middle of the path, while waving his arms for attention. The vehicle stopped, and the driver turned out to be a state trooper. "Hop in young

feller, before you drown." The policeman was an understanding person who also loved to fish and he insisted to drive him back to the bus terminal. The rain had changed back to a drizzle and Gian wondered if it would actually stop. The small terminal was an empty, dreary place with just a single toilet, a boarded-up ticket cubicle and the only light seeped in from a small window. He opened up the knapsack but everything inside was drenched. He fished out the waterlogged sandwich and dumped it into a trash bin. At least the two apples were still edible.

About an hour later, a bus on its way to NYC stopped to discharge several passengers. These were promptly picked up by a line of cars that had been waiting outside. Gian debated if he should stick around until the weather improved or go back to Brooklyn, and do it again on the next week. He felt cold and miserable and disappointed he had caught no fish. The inside of the bus was warm and a little steamed up, and as Gian closed his eyes hoping to take a nap during the boring trip to 42nd. street, it began to pour again. The year was 1949.





# CONNETQUOT RIVER TRIPS

In response to the demand for the limited spaces available for our Monday Connetquot River State Park trips, the following guidelines are in effect: Members attending the meetings have first priority, followed by those members, chronologically received, who call in the day after the meeting for the remaining spaces available. Reservations are available for 32 anglers for each session; 64 for both sessions. The cost of each session is \$15.00. No checks will be accepted; CASH ONLY to be paid at the general meeting or at the park for call-in reservations. Anglers fishing the morning sessions must be at the park by 7:30 a.m. Cancellations must be made by 7:00 p.m. the Saturday before the session. **No advance reservations will be accepted.**

**HOURS:** 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m.  
1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.

**DATES:** Oct. 22

For Details call Ron La Chase at 718-769-6376

## Long Island Flyrodders Upcoming Trips & Events

October 2: General Meeting - Guest Speaker,  
Lee Weil  
"Smallmouth Bass Fishing on the Hudson"

October 2: General Meeting - Third Photo Contest  
- Bring your photos to the General Meeting

October 13: Joint Local Saltwater Surf Trip with the  
Delaware Valley Women's Fly Fishing Association  
Contact Herman Abrams (516) 593-6024

October 18: Board Meeting

October 27: **LIFR ANNUAL DINNER DANCE**  
at H.R. Singleton's in Bethpage  
To order tickets  
Contact Wayne Becker (516) 735-2493

November 16 - 18: Steehead Trip on the Salmon River  
Contact Danny Van Buskirk (516) 5618939

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The undersigned hereby applies for membership or renewal, in the LONG ISLAND FLYRODDERS, INC. ("LIFR"). I understand the inherent risk in participating in the activities of LIFR, including fishing trips, of one day or longer, which LIFR may make available to members. I understand that LIFR activities may take me into remote areas, and that I may not be able to be promptly evacuated or receive proper medical care in the event of injury or disease. I further understand that I am solely responsible for all costs of medical treatment and transportation.

Intending to be legally bound, for myself, my heirs, executors, and administrators, except to the extent that indemnity insurance is available, I waive, release, indemnify, and hold harmless, LIFR, its Officers, Board of Directors, and members, against any and all claims for personal injury, disease, death, and property damage or loss, that I may incur, arising out of or connected in any way with any and all LIFR activities. I assume the risk of undertaking all LIFR activities, including related travel.

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E-mail address: (optional) \_\_\_\_\_

Consent given to post e-mail address on LIFR Web Site: Yes (    ) No (    )

*Family Application must be signed by each Family Member or Guardian, as applicable.*

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Family (including children under 16 yrs) \$40.00  
Junior (under 18 yrs) \$15.00

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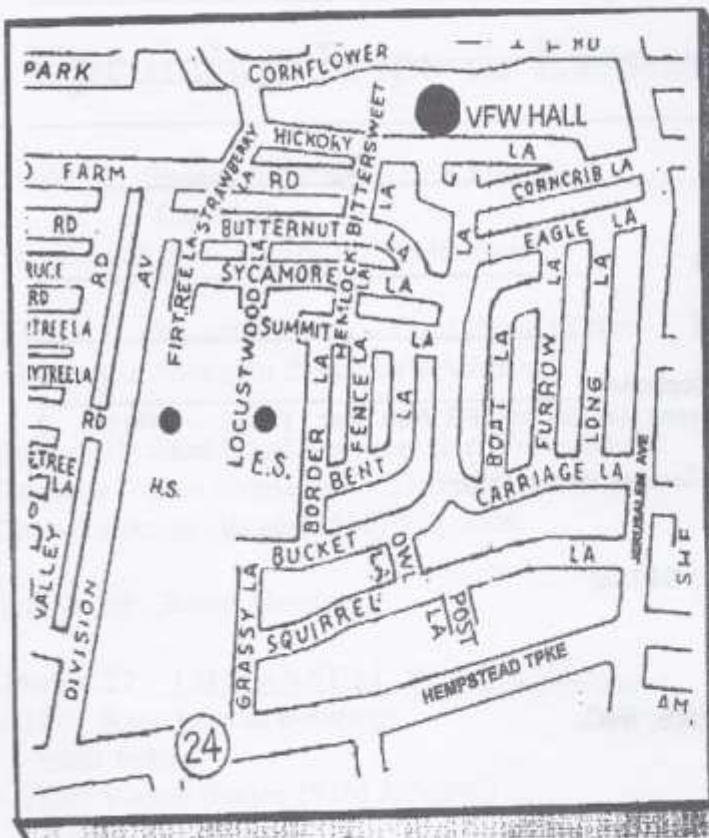


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# FLYRODDEK



## LIFR COMING EVENTS - OCTOBER

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