

the FLYRODDER



Published by the Long Island Fly Rodders, Inc.

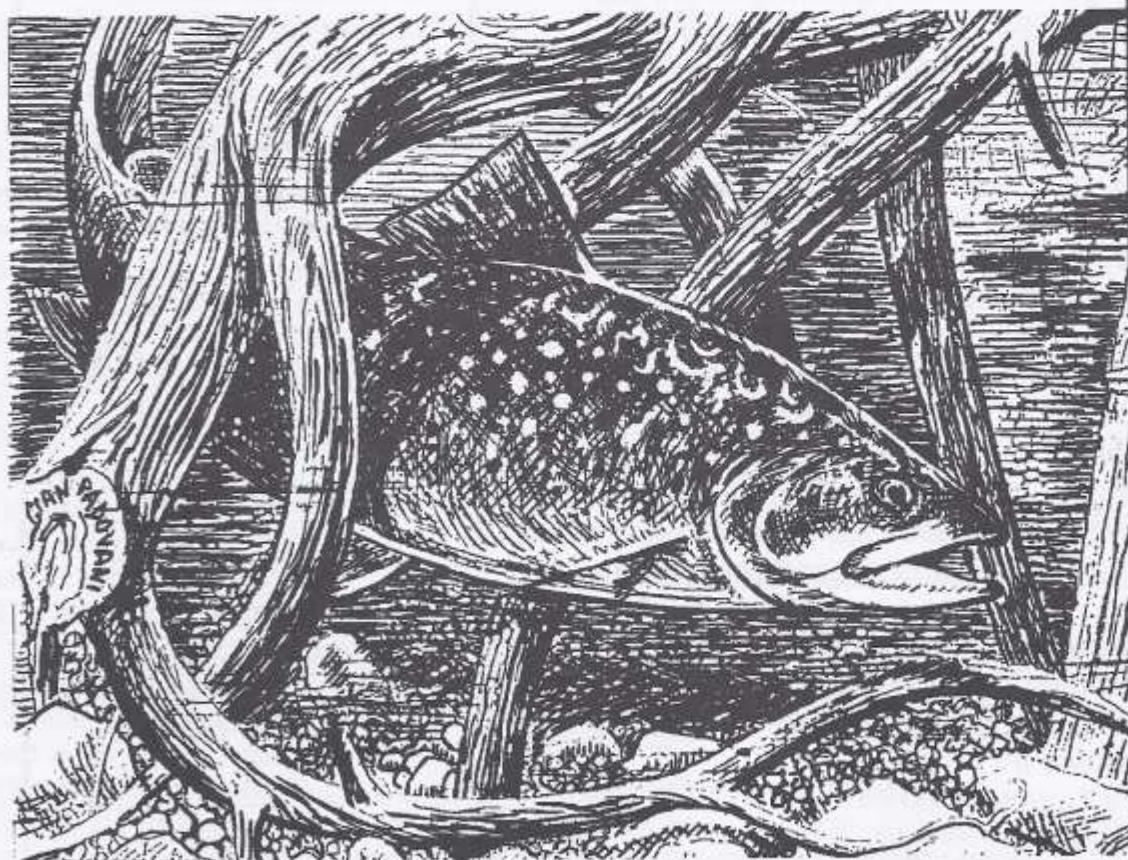


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THIS MONTH'S MEETING:
DAVE SEKERES TELLS ALL ABOUT FLY RODS
AND HOW TO CAST THEM



The Flyrodder is the monthly publication of the Long Island Fly Rodders, Inc.
Gian Padovani, Editor

The Long Island Flyrodders, Inc. meet at 8:00 P.M. on the 2nd. Tuesday of every month at the Hicksville Elks Lodge, on Barclay Street off Rt. 107, north of Old Country Road. Visitors are always welcome. For more information call (516) 561-8939

1992 OFFICERS

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Dan Van Buskirk
Vice President
Al Westbrook
Secretary
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MEETING DATE: Tuesday, July 14

president's line



As you know L.I.F.R. brims with piscatorial talent; we have fly tyers, rod builders, net makers, etc., etc. The May meeting was graced by Tom O' Donnel presentation on building a graphite fly rod. I am sure that many members benefitted from his expertise and will save money in the process. There are also members who can *really* cast! I have never seen anyone who can whip a full line as smoothly as Dave Sekeres. Last month, the ample grass area of the Hungry Trout motel, became a stage as Dave patiently gave casting instructions and suggestions to those who asked. Dave also knows better than most people what to look for in a fly rod, and this month he will give us a presentation on these subjects.

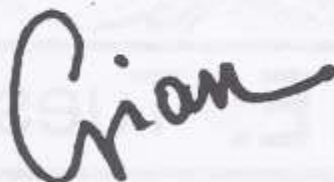
In case you've forgotten our Annual Membership Drive is still going on. Every new member you enroll will be credited to your name and a worthwhile prize will be awarded to the winner at our Annual Dinner. Ditto for the Annual Photo Contest. The rules are simple; submit your best shot(s) about fly fishing and the three winners will receive valuable prizes. Last year's first prize winner earned a waterproof 35mm. camera To enter the contest, which is open to L.I.F.R. members only, submit as many entries (prints or slides) as you wish to Dan Van Buskirk. You can also mail them to our

P.O. Box number, to Danny's attention. Please do not write your names on the entries. The photos will be judged on the merits of: Sharpness, Composition, Exposure, Color, and Interest.

Every so often I remind the membership to contribute an article or two to the Flyrodder. This plea has been going on for years, but only a handful has answered it. The Flyrodder is your publication and relies on your input; a humorous story, an how to article, sharing an experience or even an anecdote.

I've heard all the excuses: "I don't know how to write", "I haven't got the time", "I have nothing to say". When I began to edit the Flyrodder I said the same things, but picked up a pen and concluded that if I didn't write something down, you would be receiving blank pages...with a few advertisements. Which brings up another point. It costs a nice piece of change to print and mail the Flyrodder. Each advertisement alleviates the situation and L.I.F.R. would appreciate it, if you could convince someone to place an ad in the newsletter. It doesn't have to be fishing related: A restaurant, garage...any business. Approach those places you do business with and say: "I support you, how about a little support to my club?" The rates we charge (listed on the cover) are downright cheap. How about it?

See you at the meeting;



MONDAYS' FISHING AT THE CONNETQUOT

1992 DATES:

May 18, June 15, July
20, Aug. 17, Sept. 21, Oct. 19.

Standard park rules apply and only 2 fish to be kept. The following club regulations are in effect:

- 1- Reservations for 32 anglers per session, 64 for both sessions.
- 2- All checks payable to L.I.F.R., to be received at: P.O. Box 8091, Hicksville NY 11802 by the second Tuesday of each month (Club date)
- 3- For the morning session be at the park by 7:10 a.m.
- 4- Cancellations MUST be made by 7:00 p.m. on the Sunday before the session.

For more information contact:

RON LA CHASE
at (718) 769-6376

CAN'T COME TO THE MEETING?

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ALLAN'S POOL

by Al Westbrook

At various times between Thursday and Friday almost two dozen L.I. Flyrodders assembled for the, now annual, fishing weekend trip to the Ausable river. Tom O'Donnel, Paul McCain, and myself arrived at the Hungry Trout Motor Inn and Restaurant, headquarter for the group, at about noon Friday. We headed directly for the mile or so strip of private waters on the West Branch provided to guests by owner Jerry Bottcher. Donning waders and staff we entered the water; Tom and Paul immediately catching fish and I practicing my casting. In fact I cast so much the others thought there was a hatch coming off.

We met Al Manz on the river late in the day when no one had caught much for awhile, and he soon shouted, "Hey, there's a rise!" Switching to a dry and approaching a deep pool behind a large rock he took two nice brookies one right after the other. By then Paul was close by and collected a couple also. Then they graciously invited me to give the pool a try and fish haven't been taken since. Oh well. That was the signal to head for The Hungry Trout for one of their sumptuous dinners. Some have whispered that I come for the meals and not the fishing judging by my catch. Well there is some truth to that and if you've tasted the food at The Hungry trout you know why.

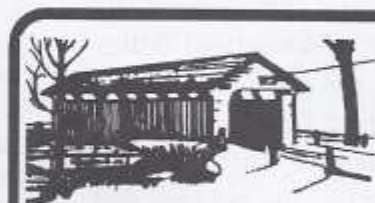
After dinner there was a gathering at R.F. McDougall's Saloon, right on the premises, and news of Al's discovery spread. Then the Flyrodders, being inveterate fly tiers, congregated at the hospitality room to tie one on, so to speak. The merriment went on until the last tired fisherman faded away. Morning comes early on a fishing trip.

The most unusual feature of this trip was the sunshine; Flyrodders are not used to such treatment. This time we had sunshine, warm weather and decent water temperatures. On Saturday I was fishing the upstream end of Jerry's private waters and spotted a rise on the far side. After wading the expanse in between, which some claimed looked a bit like doing the Funky Chicken in slow motion, I cast a big, hairy, home brew haystack fly and was soon into a very respectable, hefty brown. Later a few of the boys cruising by stopped at the roadside and asked the inevitable, "How're ya doin'?" When informed of my brown trout they answered in unison and with a tone of definite incredulity, "Al caught a fish?" How very cold. My goal is to erase this reputation, totally unfounded too, that I rarely catch fish. It's just that I'm selective, only catching those fish witless enough to fall for my badly tied flies.

Sunday dawned sunny once more but with a stiff breeze blowing relentlessly. Some were disappointed but, me, I was delighted; what better opportunity to practice my wind knots which are at present world class if not Olympic quality. But Paul had a great idea. Why not ask Jerry if he knew of a small stream with little brookies in it? We did and the answer was Black

Creek where we were protected from the worst of the gale and caught many spirited brookies; super fun. When Jerry gave us directions to the Creek he drew a large rock at the bottom of the page surrounded by dots. We asked what the dots were and he said they represented the dozens of fly fishermen gathered around what now and forever known as "Allan's Pool" named for Al Manz, discoverer, Flyrodder, and all around good fellow. Word of Al's treasure had spread and, in the way of fishermen everywhere, folks congregated where the fish are known to be.

Well I, for one, am already looking forward to next year. Al Manz, our Trip Commander, did his usual superb job of organizing our bunch of unruly rascals. The meals at The Hungry Trout lived up to it's reputation in spades and the hospitality of Jerry and Linda Bottcher is unsurpassed. Oh...and everyone caught some fish; some nice one to be sure. George Simon, as far as I can tell, has the trip record with a nineteen inch trout in the four and half pound range. No that we wouldn't take the word of the L.I. Flyrodder who, according to our By-Laws, is permitted to add a few inches and ounces to make up for shrinkage, but his lovely wife, Arlene, was a witness; we believe. Anyway, it don't get any better than this folks!



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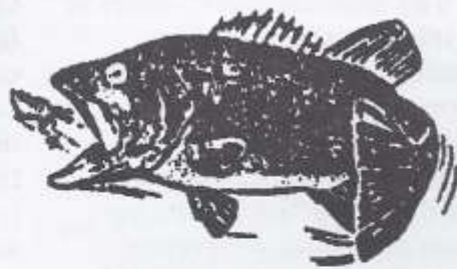
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THE SMALLMOUTH BASS OF MAINE

by Gian Padovani



The memory of that bass still lingered on my mind. It had blasted a Moosehead Belle, but after two jumps the fish had regained its freedom. This event had occurred last year, on a trip to the Moosehead region of Maine. Several of us, all members of L.I.F.R. had decided to spend a week's vacation on the Pine State. Everyone was keyed up on Landlock Salmon and Brook trout, but the fish were less than cooperative and after a few days the first signs of disappointment were apparent on our faces. Maine has some beautiful areas, little traffic and Moose, but let's face it, I for one when I travel hundreds of miles to catch fish, I like to feel action at the end of my fly rod! The Moosehead region is not new to me and through the years I have fished it, I've seen a steady decline in its productivity. Even the natives admit that only a strong Catch & Release policy can bring the situation back to the old days. Up in this area of Maine, there is a near worship for the Salmonids and Bass is considered a curse word. Being a fish heretic, I've never failed to inquire if, per chance, a bass or two may not have been available in the near vicinity. Although this query never failed to bring horrified frowns and disdain, I persisted and last year I hit the jackpot. Not from the natives mind you, but from a tourist who like me is not tainted by piscatorial prejudice. With furtive glances over his shoulder he divulged the location of this "tainted" area and on the next day a few of us were busily casting into the clear

waters. This body of water, known as Indian Lake, is formed when the east and west branch of the Kennebeck fuse together. At one time a railroad tressel spanned this body of water but as the water rose it became submerged; at least barely so. You can walk on it on its entire length, and to an onlooker it appears as you are walking on water. At any rate, we had lots of fun last year catching chubs, yellow perch and smallmouth bass! Smaller bass but enough to appease everybody's casting efforts. Eventually a big bass took my fly but lost it after two prodigious jumps.

It was with anticipation that this year we drove back to Indian Lake. The ancient logging road is more suited to an "off the road" vehicle, but by inching our way forward we reached the lake. The water level was higher than last year but still "walkable" By lunch time we had caught a few fish, but nothing exceptional. Excluding a big chub that took Dan Van Buskirk's Mickey Finn. My brother Gil did catch a 12" bass before we returned to the car for a couple of sandwiches and refreshments. I had no more large Moosehead Belles in my arsenal, but did have a pseudo Muddler which I had tied. I approached the spot where the year before I had lost the big bass and casted. I retrieved the fly in short, quick pulls and at the end of a sinking tip line, it must've been at least two feet under water. At first I thought I was stuck on an underwater obstruction; the fly just stopped.

When the line telegraphed the unmistakable feeling of a head shaking fish, I knew the big bass had nailed the fly.

"Here we go! I got him!" I screamed. "You probably got a big chub" Gil yelled back, but when the fish cleared the water in an exciting jump, he knew better. My brother walked closer to where I was standing and I let him hold the rod for a few minutes to share the thrills. I brought the fish closer for Gil to net it and measure it against his fly rod. "At least 17 inches", He stated. As I released the glaring bronzeback, I felt happy and vindicated from last year's defeat.

EPHEMERELLA

by William A. Newport

Iron fraudator, Ephemerella subvaria, or is that Ephemerella guttulata? Now lets see, the Wulff series "To match the Hatch". " Let's try this one that didn't work!"

Ephemerella attenuata, Potamanthus sistinctus, Hell, let's try this one!

Is this thoracic tied? No! I think it is a parachute. No! Maybe a Wulff pattern; Royal Wulff? Maybe a Royal Coachman. That doesn't sound like a bug!

Light Cahill, March Brown, Humpy! Humpy! What's that? Must be some sort of Guttulata!

As Gierach would say "Holly Meadow Muffins" Lost my Humpy to that one. Rat Face Mc Dougl, let's see...let's try a midge. Get the tweezers...forget it!

Stenomema canadensis, Boy doesn't that sound good! Did you ever try labeling all those small compartments?

No wonder they came up with Humpy! I found it! Ifound it! This has got to do it, a Permachene belle, I can see her ruby shimmering now!

Now, wait a minute! A Hendrickson is Ephemerella, or is that a Dun Variant? No, that's not it, let's see now...if a Subvaria is a cream variant, I've got it. Green ones, red ones, brown ones, hey Joe what's using? A Hares ear. Hares ear? Must be big fish on that beat!!!

AUSABLE

by Gian Padovani

This year's club fishing trip to the Ausable river was even better than last time. Allan Manz deserves a pat on the back for arranging all the details, including the weather, which surprised us by being cooperative. On Sunday it was actually so sunny that I acquired the beginning of a tan. I have always loved the Adirondacks and Wilmington is located in one of the most gorgeous areas of this New York State's paradise. The only drawback is that it is located a little too far (from Long Island) for a two days excursion, and I envy those who had the luxury of an extra day. Jerry & Linda Bottcher, the owners and charming hosts of the Motor Inn/Restaurant tell me that the spot is breathtaking in the Fall. And the fishing even better!

The accommodations at the Hungry Trout were as we expected; Clean, comfortable rooms, and a dinner menu that required tough decisions: Everything on the list is inviting and delicious. Marisa, Terry and Catherine (our three farinaceous hostesses) deserve a medal just for dealing with the 20 rambunctious, flirtatious and hungry Flyrodders!

The fishing? From what I could gather it was spotty on Saturday morning, with only a few members of our club tying into fish. The situation improved in the afternoon and evening, and thanks to Dave Sekeres, who showed me how to mend a line, I actually had a couple of hits on a dry fly. That evening,

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after the Lucullian repast, we relaxed in the Hungry Trout's McDougall's Saloon as we watched various fishing videos. Especially interesting to us was the one about the areas of Montana we'll be fishing next year.

I remained fishless until Sunday morning, and wondered


if I would ever feel a tug at the end of my new 6 1/2 feet Cortland rod. My frustration increased when someone reported that George Simon had actually caught and released a 4 1/2lb. brown. The exploit was performed in the presence of his

Continued on next page

lovely wife Arline, who photographed the catch as proof of the feat. It seemed as if every member preferred to fish a dry fly, but I opted for a Muddler minnow on a sinking tip. As usual this fly performed its magic. The first fish was a respectable 16" brown, admittedly not as big as Mark Willners' previous evening catch, but just as spunky. It is amazing what a difference it makes between catching a fish or not. I felt happy and confident while wading downstream, casting with renewed enthusiasm into every spot that held promises of a trout. By 1:00 P.M., when Gil and I decided to call it quit and head for home, I had caught and released 4 browns. The most exciting moment came when I casted the Muddler by an half submerged rock. The jolting strike response was from a BIG fish. It left me shaking, and after I regained composure, I casted again to the same spot. Another hit...and a miss. I checked the fly and saw that the hook had almost straightened out. With tremulous hands I opened the fly box and selected a larger Muddler. As I waited a few incredibly long minutes for the water to rest, I doubted if the fish would strike again. I casted and watched as the current carried the fly toward the target area. I held my breath as the line swung closer to the half submerged rock, and, incredibly, it happened! The trout smashed the fly one more time. I felt its power and heft for a few delicious seconds before the line went limp. The Red Gods had been extravagant and given me three chances. I had failed to take advantage of them. For years I had hoped to



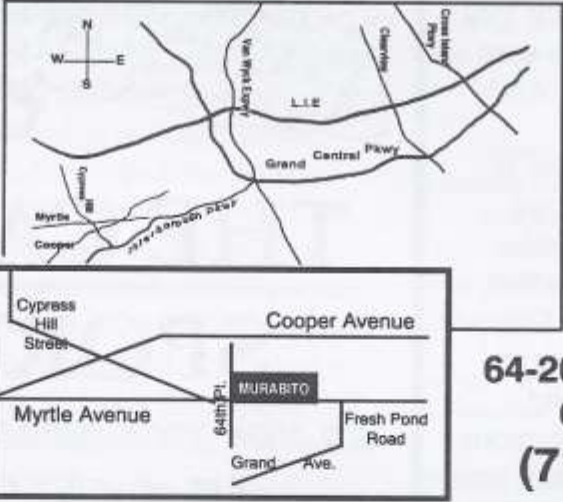
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connect with a very large, wild, trout knowing well that if and when it would happen, it would be at an unexpected moment. I am still questioning why I didn't hook that fish. Was the hook too small? Too large? Was my rod too limber to sink the steel? Was the fish properly hooked? Did I strike back too quickly? Or too late? It makes no

difference; I was denied the pleasure of catching and releasing a prize fish. There are many trophies of lost fish stored in my mind; this year I have added a Brown Trout from the Ausable River!



If you can't find it ...make it!

by Joe Duszak

During the past few months, while awaiting the season to open, I was viewing some fly tying videos. I suddenly realized that my collection of tying materials was lacking. Having some time on my hands, I got out the recently arrival of catalogs. Although, they are filled with just about every conceivable material both old and new, the item I was seeking was not to be found. A trip to the local shops meet with no success either. The item I sought was either out of stock or was never in stock. When a inquiry as to the item was asked, the answer of "we don't stock it because there is no call for it". A reasonable reply, space is limited in most shops. Back home to the books on the shelf, not the catalogs, the books written by the featured authors in most of the current fishing magazines. I searched for sometime to find the information. that I sought. Finally the final solution to the problem. If you can not buy it, make it yourself. If I've lost you the material is common deer body hair. Not the natural color, but dyed in the colors of Black, Brown, Orange, and other colors. The local hair dresser strongly suggested that I use commercially prepared dyes. The reason being that the common hair dyes used by them are to expensive for the small amount of hair being dyed. A trip to the discount store or five 'n dime (Woolworth's to the younger generation) led me to the Bit Dye Display, the color range was far beyond my expectation. The price per package of dye was about two dollars a box. The instructions -were easy to follow and straight forward with no mumbo j jumbo. So if 'you are still with me you need the following items to dye yours own materials. One porcelain pot 2 to 3 quart in size, a pair of tongs or pliers, two buckets, a small amount of dish washing liquid, the item to be dyed, and the dye. Follow the instructions on the cover of the dye. First prepare the dye bath, follow the instruction on the box. A helpful hint I uncovered while reading up on this subject is to add a mordant (and acid) to the water prior to adding the dye to the water. This mordant will assist in the dye adhering to the item being dyed. The mordant used is common Cream of Tartar, you can get this in the local grocery store or maybe your spouse has a container on the spice shelf. A teaspoon of the mordant is all that is needed per dye bath. The process takes about twenty to thirty minutes to dye the hair or

feathers. Remove the item(s) from the bath and rinse in clear water until no color runs from item. Wring out water by hand and hang up or place on newspaper to dry. Feathers can be placed in a cloth sack and run thru the cloths dryer for a few minutes. To avoid any accidents I used the backyard gas grill to keep the water hot during

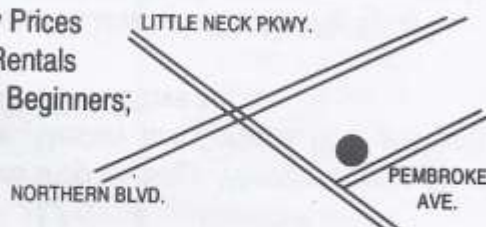
the dying process. I think this will save a lot of grief should you spill or drip the dye while you are processing the items. I have used both Bit and Tintex dyes and find a preference to Bit. This in no way is to suggest that you use Bit. There are a number of dyes on the market by other names.

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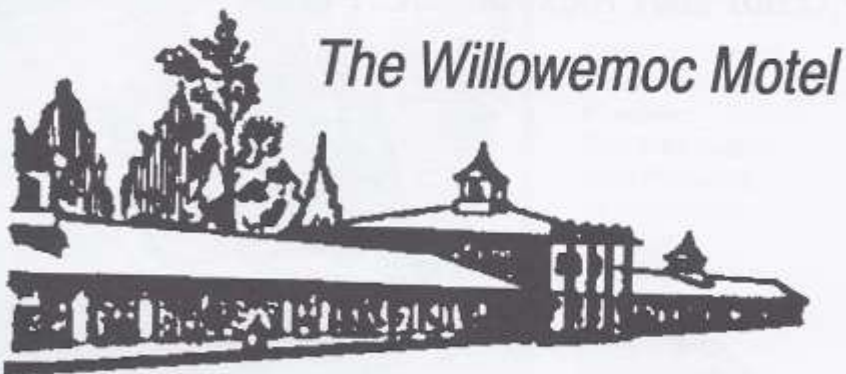
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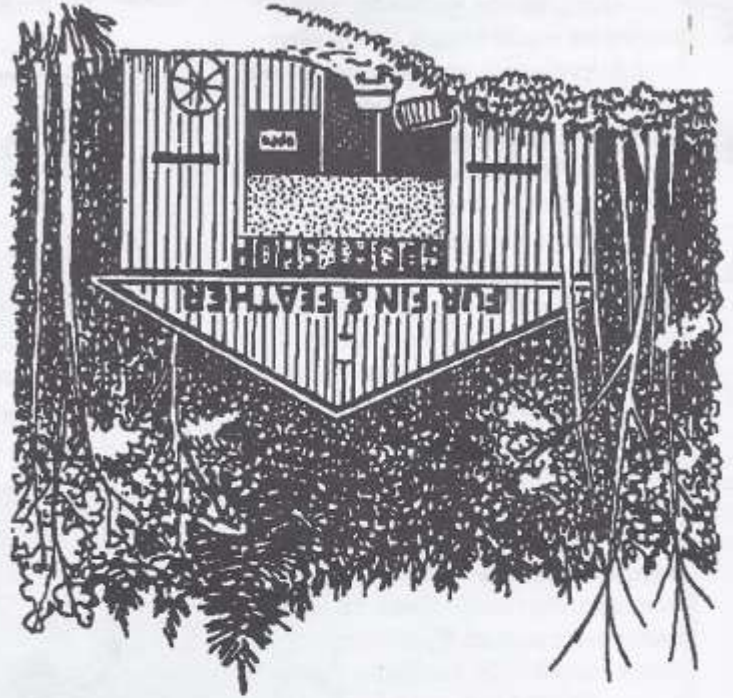
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