

# the FLYRODDER

LONG ISLAND  
FLYRODDERS



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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.)

#### 2000 OFFICERS

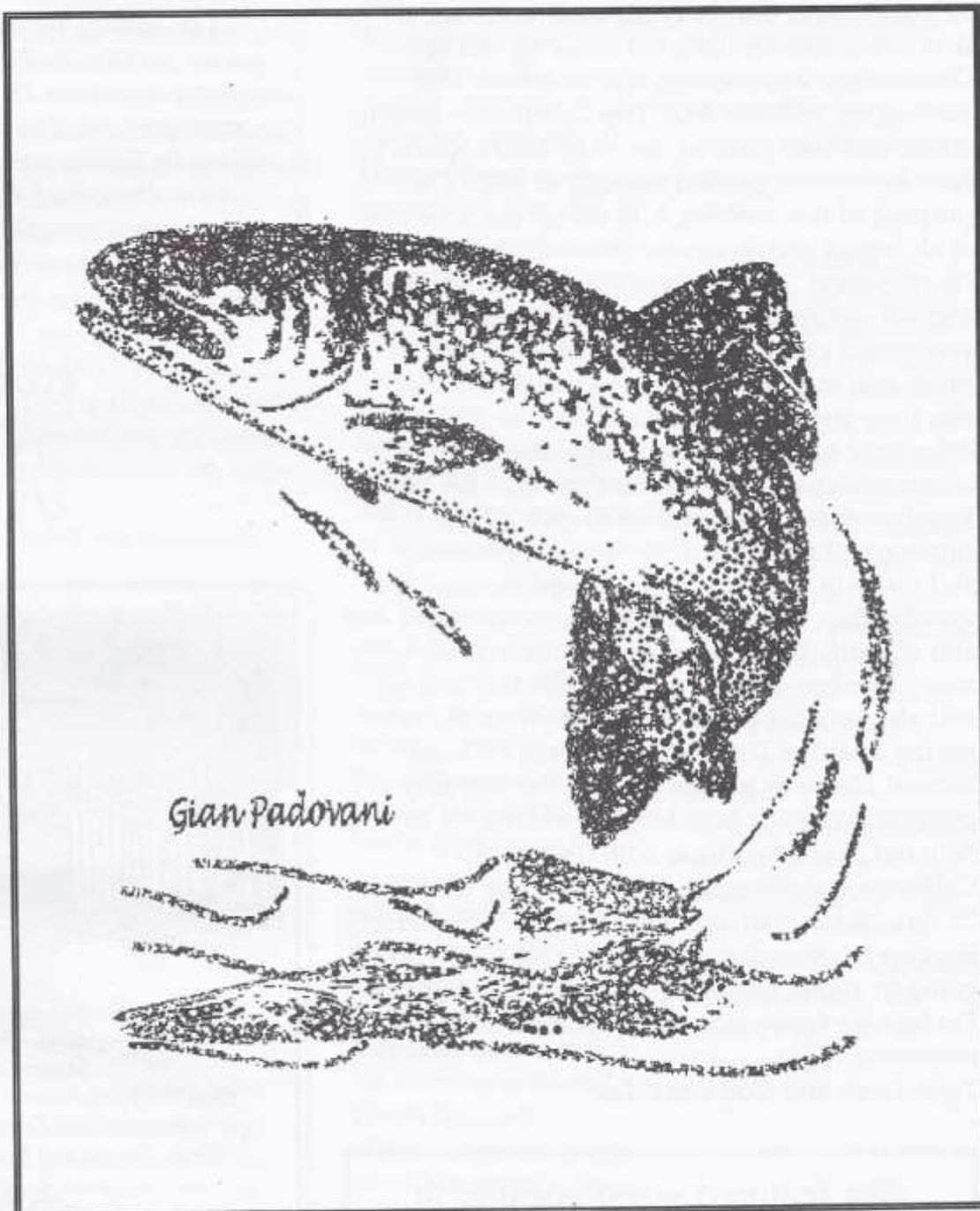
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**This Month's meeting:**  
**January 2, 2001**



Check our website  
[www.lifr.org](http://www.lifr.org)



# President's message

Happy New Year to all our members and I hope your holidays were special and Santa brought you all your heart's desires (your mate understands that one can never have too many fly rods.) Our January 2nd meeting will be a busy one; starting off with the 2001 Trip Committee meeting which will take place at the VFW Hall approx. 1 hour before our general meeting at 6:30. The purpose of this meeting is to set up our schedule of club trips and determine destinations and trip coordinators. All members are welcome to attend and we welcome suggestions and volunteers. If you would consider running a trip you may propose it at this meeting. We would ask that you have the following information available: the drive time to your location, suggested accommodations, approx. cost per member and tentative dates. Be prepared to give a brief summary of your trip at the February meeting and this will allow us to get a response from the membership. Running a trip is a commitment and a lot of work, but it's also a lot of fun and we need more members to get involved. On Jan. 2nd we will also be accepting nominations from the floor for the Board of Directors and officers for our Annual Elections to take place at the February meeting. We will be asking for volunteers to help out at our booths at both the Nassau Coliseum and Somerset shows, running from Jan. 25 thru 28 (Nassau) and Jan. 27 thru 29 (Somerset). Sign up sheets will be at the front table. If you are going to attend one of the shows why not join us? I'm looking forward to seeing you there; in the meantime,

Tight Lines and God bless! Lee

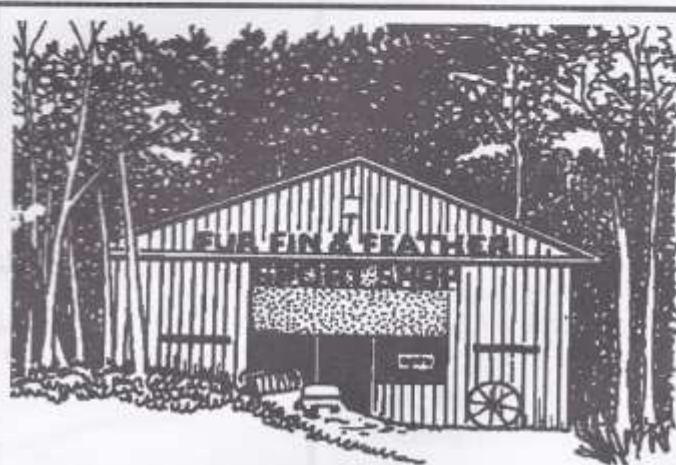
Our featured guest speaker at the January meeting will be Ray Ottulich, Catskill guide, and his presentation will be:  
" Smallmouth on the Fly Rod"



## WANTED

I am looking for articles, stories, cartoons, and art work for the Flyrodder. I agreed to edit the newsletter once more, IF the members can be counted to contribute a bit. This is not a contest and no one is looking for literary masterpieces. Just down to earth stories about the fish you caught or got away, personal experiences, tackle review and opinions, etc  
Please do your part! - Gian

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# the last cast of fall

Every year at the end of our annual fishing and camping trip, my brother, Al, always plans for us to get together so we can try our luck in the Fall. Unfortunately, for one reason or another, he never follows through. This year, be it the Millennium or our advancing age, we finally teamed up. Along with Paul McCain, his brother-in-law Steve, Bruce Kraebel and John Hildenbrand, we tried our luck on the Farmington River as the leaves of fall made their way down river.

by John Manz

As I drove north to the river, I was treated to the unusual sight of a full moon setting in front of me as the sun tried to work its way through the clouds behind me. When I arrived at the bridge that crosses the Farmington in the town of Riverton, I found the river to be in good shape in spite of the heavy rains we had recently. For November, I felt quite comfortable as I waded into the rather cool waters of the Upper Farmington. (The fact that I was dressed for an

Arctic expedition probably helped!) After working my fly upstream to no avail, I switched over to a black Woolly Bugger and was rewarded with tight lines on two nice sized hard fighting brown trout. Fully content with having fulfilled my quest, I proceeded to join my brother and fellow flyrodders at Austin Hawes Campground around 9:30 a.m. We exchanged greetings and headed upstream with the greatest of expectations. The river, thanks to the contribution of Sandy Brook, was quite a bit higher than usual. But, despite the high water and strong currents, most of us managed to secure at least one tight line or tap by the time we pulled out at noon. John Hildenbrand caught up with us as we were about to leave for the Trout Management Area for lunch. He happily shared stories of the tight lines he had on the Housatonic prior to joining us. This was to be our destination also until the heavy rains and high water level persuaded us to switch to the Farmington River .... Sound familiar?

When we arrived at the Trout Management Area, we enjoyed a delicious grilled chicken lunch, prepared by Paul, on a picnic table set up on an island not much bigger than the island in the middle of the river. The

sun came out as if on cue and Bro. Al completed the ambiance with a bottle of white wine served on clear plastic cocktail glasses. With our appetites satisfied, we once again set out in pursuit of that ever elusive tight line. Lost in our own thoughts, we enjoyed becoming one with the river and worked our way downstream until dark.

If effort counted for anything, Steve would surely have topped the list with the unbridled exuberance! Instead, it was the steady hand of the seasoned flyrodder, Bro. Al, that brought a beautiful 14 1/2" brown trout to the net with his multi-nymph rig, (this trout must have been into one-stop shopping!) Returning to our cars in the darkened field, lit only by the interior lights of Paul's SUV, we enjoyed sharing the day's adventure and a cold brew under a star filled sky. As we began to head back home, we were already reliving the memory of Our Last Casts of Fall.

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# The Last Dance

by Dan Van Buskirk

It all started with an innocent question from Paul McCain, "Do you want to go fishing on the Sunday after the club dinner?" Well, a question as that gets the same answer as "Do you want to be a millionaire?" Yes, I know there are two possible answers, I just can't remember the second one.

With about a week to go I was in THE PLANNING STAGE. I started by dropping little hints such as, "The weather this week-end looks like it will be nice, probably the last good week-end of the year." Another one was "I was checking on the internet and the water level on the Housatonic is low and the

fish are really starting to feed before winter." Well most of my hints are met with blank stares or, "What are you talking about, we have Christmas shopping to do." Christmas shopping, it's the middle of October not December. The purpose here is to lay the ground work, so that the seed has been planted.

The SECOND STAGE would be to go to the dinner and sit at the same table as Paul and his wife. This way Paul could drop into the conversation the fact that he was going up fishing. Statements such as, "Too bad I have to go alone.", "Reports are that the fishing should be good.", "With it getting dark

around 5 o'clock, I'd be back early.", were heard during the night.

You won't believe this, but all the planning worked. I could go fishing with Paul the next day. I mean to say a compromise was reached. I could go for the day, if I got the bagels and papers Sunday morning, and had the coffee made before I left. Also I had to leave the car and the credit cards, there was still Christmas shopping to do, you know. I mean is this a great country or what?

Now if you think that was strange and far fetched, read on because the fishing part really gets weird. Paul picked me up around 7:30 AM, it was cool but not cold and a little overcast. We stopped for coffee on the way up to the Housatonic and arrived at the Housatonic Outfitters fly shop about 10 o'clock. The shop keeper said that the river was running at a nice level and would probably be dropping. He suggested using streamers (which we dutifully bought examples of, even though we surely had them already) around rocks and in pocket water. He also mentioned that if it got overcast there would be BWO (size 22) and/or Isonychia's hatching in the afternoon.

Well, we started fishing. About 11:00, I had two hits and then hooked and landed a 10 -11 inch rainbow. Since they only stock rainbows over 12 inches, it meant that the fish was probably river bred. Right after releasing the fish I noticed white stuff in the air. It had started to snow and it kept up the rest of the day. We moved down stream and Paul and I caught browns on streamers on and

off till about 3:00.

That's when we noticed fish rising, and believe it or not we started fishing dry flies to rising trout in a snow fall. We could see what they were taking or even what was hatching, I mean it was snowing. The water appeared black in the low light conditions. We tied on large flies with white wings and off the bend of their hooks about 12 inches was #22 Blue Winged Olives. What is even stranger, we and two other guys were catching trout on dries in a white wonderland. I can't begin to count how many cars stopped to watch us fishing and catching fish in a snowstorm. There were flashes reflecting off the snow from them taking photo's. When the trout stopped rising, we went back to streamers and still caught fish until dark. Near the end of the day the ice was clogging the guides, so I had to rinse the rod off in the river to melt the ice. It was cold when we left the river, before that we hadn't felt it. What a way to end the fishing year, I figured that it was the 'Last Dance' of the season.

VISITORS  
TO THE  
SHOW

***If you would like to join one of the best flyfishing club in the country, talk to any of the members, or fill the application on the last page of this newsletter.***

## After the Moosehead Belle, What???

As most fishers I have much admiration for certain flies, particularly those creations that through the years have proven themselves to be excellent fish getters. A mention of the Muddler or Clouser minnows would be sufficient but, of course, there are many others, including several dry fly patterns. Although many would disagree, I will state that catching fish with a streamer or a nymph requires more skill than fishing a dry fly. You must admit that when a hatch is in progress, fish

are all over the place, and even a mismatched fly will bring results. On the other hand, a nymph or a streamer must be cast into areas where the angler thinks or hopes a fish to be. In short, when there is a hatch, the insects will practically alert where the fish could be and where to cast. Recently I was fishing a wide river not too far from where I live and, as usual, I began by casting a size 12 Moosehead Belle into likely spots. By midday I had caught and released half a dozen fish, when an obvious rise

prompted me to switch to a size 16 Blue winged Olive dry fly. By the time I decided to stop fishing, I had caught and released more than two dozen fish! I am not the best fly tier and generally do so only when I need certain patterns right away. I also experiment and from time to time I have tied certain variations to the basic Moosehead Belle. This means different materials, although the color pattern is always the same. The last variation is simply the addition of chain eyes, and tying the fly in the same manner as

a Clouser minnow. This means, tying the fly upside down, so that the fly swims with the hook facing up. The obvious reason is the the fly can be fished deeper, with less of a chance of getting stuck on the bottom. As I expected this "Clouser Belle" is as deadly as the original, and many fish have fallen to it. I have often wondered how to tie a nymph, or even a Muddler type fly using the Moosehead Belle color scheme, but I haven't been able to do so. Maybe someone in the club can try their hand at this, and let me know how they did it.

*Gian Padovani*



## write...

There was a time when a manual typewriter was considered the latest and most expedient way of writing with a machine. Then the electric typewriters became the expensive rage, but today you can pick them up for a few dollars at the flea markets or thrift shops. The computers have administered the fatal blow to the mechanical wonders.

Take advantage of your computer...you can write, edit a story and e-mail it without worrying about stamps or post office.

Mail stories & info to: [gianpadovani@email.com](mailto:gianpadovani@email.com)

You can also hand the articles to Lee Weil or Morty Schneiderman. Most people complain that they do not know what to write about. Well, here is a list of topics to help you out. Pick one...write like crazy.

- |                            |                         |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1- Favorite fly            | 7- Tackle tips & Tricks |
| 2- Favorite stream/river   | 8- Embarrassing moment  |
| 3- Favorite cooking recipe | 9- About LIFR           |
| 4- Your fishing buddy      | 10- Club trip report    |
| 5- Humorous incident       | 11- Your favorite fish  |
| 6- A fishing tale          | 12- New tackle report   |

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# OUT OF AFRICA

by Peter Van Buskirk

Couple of years ago the company I worked for sent me to Zimbabwe, in Africa, to set up some equipment. Before I left Long Island for Harare, the capital of that country, I did a little research and found out that fishing is incredible in that area. I "borrowed" my father's Deerfield pack fly rod, a graphite stick that sets up from a 4 to a 10 weight just by changing the two forward sections. This was perfect because I planned to fish for Rainbow trout in the western highlands, Tiger fish in the Zambezi river, the boarder of Zimbabwe and Zambia, and also scout the many lakes or as they call it "Dams" for monster Largemouth Bass and a local species known as the Robustus bass, or as the Yellowbelly bream. I made sure I had a complete selection of flies, leaders, tippetes, several reels with spare spools loaded with floating, sink tip, and fully sinking lines. I expected that there would be no tackle shops and certainly no flyfishing shops around, but I couldn't have been more incorrect; the first day in town I found 3 shops and all stocked with flyfishing gear! Enough for the intro and here is how I did, what I

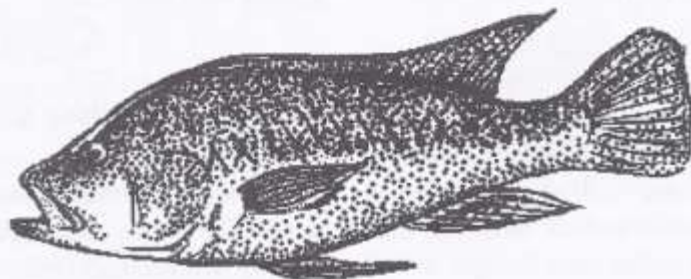
caught, how I caught what, what I used, and best of all, the size of the fish I caught. The first place I fished was on the Person's Farm, the area I went to Zimbabwe in the first place. This was a 25,000 acre farm, 25 minutes from my hotel room. After driving past herds of Zebras, Giraffe, countless species of Antelope and other assorted animals the which of what I didn't have a clue to their identity, we reached a Dam that was the most beautiful body of water I have ever lay my eyes on. The different cover and structure was mind boggling. From steep banks with just a hint of long grass hanging over it, to brush to stumps, to hydrilla, to lilly pads the size of manhole covers, to rocky points. I said to myself: "Peter you are going to snap the rod in half catching BIG BASS" Two things comforted me after that statement. 1- It was not my rod. 2- I had extra tips. Eventually I got into a ten foot fiberglass boat, give or take a foot either way, and started fishing. By the third cast I hooked into a Robustus bass about 14-15 inches and weighting about two pounds. These fish are



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very curious and aggressive, and put on a good battle for about 2 minutes or about 5 jumps and 5 reel screaming runs. There is a lot to deal with in only those 2 minutes. After that they come in with no problem, but it is like fighting a 100 pound chub stuffed into a 2 pound body! That day I fished for close to 4-5 hours and caught a dozen or more fish, using a weed less swimming frog size 2. The biggest fish tipped the scales at 6 pounds and 23 inches long.

When I carefully chose that new frog from my fly box it had 2 nice moveable eyes, 2 long saddle hackles legs, and white rubber bands teasers hanging proudly from its sides. By the end of the day, that same fly looked like a cigar butt that had been chewed by an old man after a bad day at O.T.B! From what I could tell, that pond had never felt fishing pressure, and I am sure more of the fish died of old age than from being caught!  
**TO BE CONTINUED**

When Peter mentioned the Robustus bass, I was very curious, especially since I consider myself an amateur ichthyologist and never heard of it. I asked a fisherie biologist, but he could shed no light either. The scientific name suggested the fish to be a bass-like fish, and eventually I realized that it was a Tilapia, a member of the large Cichlidae family, which includes the famous Peacock bass from S. America and many popular aquarium fish. The Robustus bass, *Serranochromis robustus*, grows to more than 12 lbs. - Gian Padovani



## MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL AND RELEASE

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.

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Consent given to post on LIFR Web Site: Yes ( ) No ( )

# FIRST CLASS MAIL

**FLYRODDER**  
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Connetquot 2001	Jan. 2, 2001	General Meeting, 8 PM Levittown VFW Hall Guest Speaker - Ray Ottulich (Catskill Guide) "Smallmouth on the Fly"
February 26		
March 19	Jan. 2, 2001	Trip Committee Meeting for 2001
April 16		
May 14	Jan. 18, 2001	Board of Directors Meeting
June 18		
July 16	Jan. 25th thru Jan. 28th	- Nassau Coliseum Sports Expo
August 20		
September 17	Jan. 26th thru Jan. 28th	- Somerset Fly Fishing Show
October 22		