

# the FLYRODDER

PUBLISHED BY THE

**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.  
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**This Month's meeting:**  
**May 1, 2001**



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# President's message

The Long Island Flyrodders can be proud of their organization. Every time an event is being held, we are ready to help out. We helped with the stocking of trout on the Island. We are engaged in the spring festival sponsored by the D.E.C. on the 21st. of April and we support many other functions. We held our Open House on April 3rd. It was a huge success and everyone had a great time.

Our trip to the Hungry Trout is coming up soon. This trip is always great insofar that the fishing is challenging, food is excellent, and everyone in the past had a wonderful time. Anyone not going on the Hungry Trout weekend, if interested, can join the Salty Flyrodders, Saturday, May 19th, for their annual flyfishing seminar at Sunken Meadow Park, in the main parking lot. The seminar will consist of casting instructions on land and water, types of flies, lines, leaders and many other tips by long time fishers. Be sure to bring your waders. The seminar is scheduled to start at about 9:30 am. Paul McCain signed up a number of members for the Croton trip.

This trip is becoming quite popular, since it is only a 1-1/2 hour trip, and the fishing in the whole area is great and is very rewarding. I want to thank Paul for having conducted the Board meeting in my absence. As always, he did a great job.

Finally, our Flyrodder Editor Gian Padovani, is asking for articles. Please help out with our publication.

Good fishing; **Herman**

**Getting up early...not me!** *by Gian Padovani*

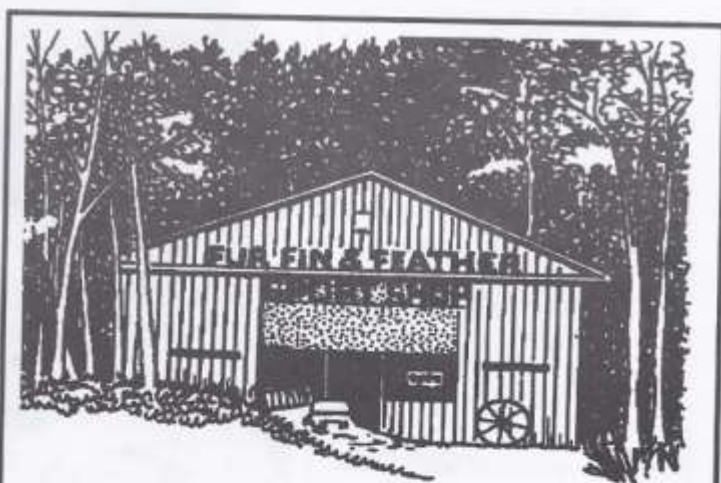
I guess some other fisher would consider it late, but I could never see getting up at those crazy hours, unless it was absolutely necessary. Experience had taught me that whenever I fished with a group of early risers, such as on a club trip, I ended up catching as much as they did, even after snatching a few extra hours of sleep. I could brag and just say that I am a better angler, but that would be a supposition; I believe that fish too, enjoy taking their winks and when the water is too chilly, they get up a little later. It is a fact that even the insects, if the water is really cold, will wait for later in the day after the sun has had a chance to warm up things a bit. On this particular morning my truck was still shrouded in frost and a glance at my watch informed

it was well past nine a.m. It had obviously been a frigid night and I hoped it would warm up by the time I reached the river. As usual, I didn't have to load the tackle since I keep a 5 wt. fly rod setup in the back of the vehicle all year round, along with waders, boots, and a tackle pack with all the flies I generally use.

As I drove on the sparsely crowded road, I passed several cars with their trunks sprung halfway up, filled with entwined evergreen trees; a reminder that Christmas was just a week away. One of the bonuses and paradoxes of living where I do, is that while it is a mountainous area, it is well below the Mason-Dixon line where the winters are balmy than in New York.

Most of the local streams and creeks originate in the Smoky mountains and are ideally suited to trout. Geologically speaking, the area is very ancient, and the streams's bottom do not have the gravelly strata that are common in the rivers on the Northeast. Thus, while the temperature is ideally suited for the salmonids, the creeks do not support much aquatic insect life.

By the time I began to fish, the sun had gained considerable strength and, snug in the neoprene waders and a cotton shirt I felt comfortable while staring at the frost's covered mountains! As in past years, it would be sometime in January before the water would be too cold even for trout, but today it must have been ideal because I was rewarded by a nice rainbow only after a couple of casts.



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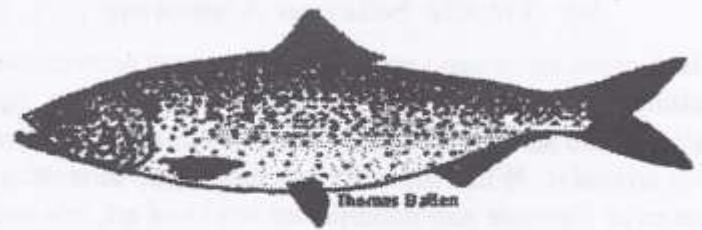


# The American Shad, a poor man's salmon

by Gian Padovani

One of the fondest fishing memories I have is going fishing for Shad on the Delaware. To a fly fisher, the combination of the big river and the gaminess of this anadromous fish can only spell excitement. In fact, to experience anything close to this would be going to a trip for Atlantic salmon in one of the Canadian provinces. It is not an accident that the Shad has often been referred to as "the poor man's Atlantic salmon". Most people consider the shad as a strictly marine

species, and in fact most books on freshwater fish do not list it. The major difference between the two fish is that one is a Salmonid, while the other is a Herring just like the mighty Tarpon! There are certain similarities between the Salmon and the Shad. Each is born in fresh water and goes back to the sea to gain size and strength. When the spawning urge becomes strong, just like the Atlantic salmon, the Shad ascend the river of its birth to continue the



AMERICAN SHAD  
*Alosa sapidissima*

cycle. As you know there are other species that do this, the most popular being the Striped bass, a fish highly prized by the surf casters. The similarities between the salmon and the shad are even more conspicuous when one compares their gaminess. Although I have never been fortunate to indulge in angling for the salmon, I have several friends who do this sort of fishing every year, and from what they tell me and from what I read, there is no dispute why this animal is deemed as the King of all game fishes. Well, I have caught several shads in my lifetime and I can attest that they have given me some of the most exciting moments afield. Imagine being in the clear water of the Delaware and suddenly seeing a school of speeding shads practically swimming so close you could almost touch them with your rod! The first time I witnessed this sight, I was amazed as I thought they were a school of

medium sized bluefish! At that time, several of us Flyrodders made the trip to Callicoon just for this event, usually in early May, and if the Shad weren't cooperating we could just switch flies and fish for either trout or Smallmouth bass. The Shad (*Alosa sapidissima*) used to be fished mostly by spin fishermen who used "Shad darts" as their major lure. It didn't take long for fly fishers to realize this fish would respond to a fly just as eagerly. The fish may take the fly delicately or smash it with a vengeance but one thing is for sure; once hooked the Shad will bolt away like a rocket and throw several jumps as an added attraction. There are several fly patterns, generally in a bright red-white, orange-red combinations that will do the trick, but in my own experience nothing surpasses the effectiveness of a Moosehead Belle streamer. Now, don't say I didn't warn you!

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# ON GARAGE SALES AND FLY FISHING

by Angela Salerno Ammann

Thirty years ago when I was a kid, my parents were on the cutting edge of the garage sale scene. Garage sales, tag sales, estate sales- you name it, and my mom knew her way around it. While my mom was picking up interesting pieces of furniture and underpriced works of art, my dad was, at the same time, acquiring an incredible array of second hand sporting equipment.

The typical catch of the day would be one tennis racquet, three golf clubs, and a first baseman's mitt. Being an optimist my dad was sure that other tennis racquets would present themselves as would the golf clubs needed to round out the newly begun set. He didn't worry. Besides, it seemed that every inquiry of "How much?" was answered in the same way: "Quarter." The investment aspect was fairly nonexistent. Stock overruns were gleefully stored in the enormous trunk of our '73 Chevy Caprice so that my dad and I could play catch or tennis or basketball at the drop of a hat. It seemed that suitable playing fields always presented themselves within walking distance of the antique shops my mom was forever drawn to.

Thus it was that I grew up playing a little bit of every sport known to mankind. Sure there were things I actually was pretty good at and pursued in a somewhat serious way. I developed a fairly reliable jump shot and was quite good at playing ping pong on the boards which covered the second hand pool table. Other activities would be pursued as soon as the proper equipment was compiled. There were summers when I was great at horseshoes and other summers when I was a killer badminton player. Although I never really cared for baseball, I had a glove for every position. The leather fielder's glove I have held onto is a startling red, white, and blue. My older brother actually bought a brand new fishing rod for me but I'm sure my dad got his fishing equipment by the more accepted route. We would sit on the rocks under large bridges, catch nothing, eat, and have a really wonderful time fishing with balls of whitebread smashed onto our hooks. I realize now that my father, a veteran of Normandy, was unable to pierce living worms.

Which brings me to fly fishing. Actually, the croquet set has just as much to do with it as all the fish my dad and I never worried about catching under the Whitestone Bridge. I learned to ice skate when I was thirty, why not learn to fly-fish at forty? I always admired the beautiful loops etched in the air over the heads of fly-fishermen and so, when I stopped at the LIFR booth at the Sportsman's Show, I was easily drawn in with the soon to be oft-repeated "Don't worry about being a woman because

our president is a woman!" I don't usually worry about being a woman, after over forty years I'm kind of used to it, but I got the point and I certainly took it in the warm-hearted and friendly spirit intended. Besides, that woman president helped me catch my first fish.

What I know about fly fishing could fit on the head of a Royal Coachman. I usually attend a few LIFR meetings, have the coffee, and buy many losing raffle tickets (although I did win a Zinger before I even knew what a Zinger was.) I always go on the Connetquot Trips in July and August when I'm off from teaching and I always come home feeling like I went on a week's vacation. While I still have much to learn about fly-fishing, I do know something very important about the members of The LIFR. On vacation around Livingston Manor, my husband and I visited the fly-fishing museum. We were sitting with a group of about six people watching a demonstration of tying. We began to talk about what ever experience we had and I admitted to being an amateur. The only other woman began complaining about the first club she joined. It seemed that she was made to feel very unwelcome and so she ended up joining a fishing club for women only. Honestly, I wasn't going to say anything because she was very bitter- belligerent almost- and she definitely outweighed me, but my usually very quiet husband jumped right in with how wonderful the members of the LIFR have been to his wife and how they are so friendly and full of helpful information and even looked through catalogs for a good beginner's rod (that was that woman president again.) He went on this way for a while and when he finished I just shrugged and smiled. Honestly, it never occurred to me that there would be any kind of gender based problem and if there is one, it's not apparent to me. So, to whom do I owe thanks for this pleasant and painless little foray into the world of fly-fishing? Well, obviously, to all the members of the LIFR and especially those who make me feel at home on those summer Connetquot trips. If this were a beer commercial or if I even drank beer I would say, "I love you guys." Perhaps, less obviously in this case, I owe a thank you to my dad who was my partner in ping pong, croquet, horseshoes, badminton, roller skating, tennis, basketball, horseback riding, and countless other activities. He may not have said the actual words but it's because of him that I usually don't worry about being a woman. Thanks, Dad. Thanks, guys. You are each a credit to your gender and your race- you know, the human race.



HAVE  
YOU  
WRITTEN  
AN  
ARTICLE  
FOR  
THE  
FLYRODDER  
YET?

## First Striper on a First Rod

by William Kennard

A few years ago I joined the Long Island Flyrodders because I wanted to learn more about this longtime interest of mine. This began while I was still a student at the Lindenhurst High School, sometime in 1951. I remember this because when I tried out my very first fly rod, a Garcia Conolon for a 7 wt. line, I was wearing my varsity "L" on a white sweater. But what did I know at that time? I certainly didn't know about lines or line weights and thus I used a nylon line stripped off one of my dad's salt water reels! At that time we lived just across the street from Santapogue Creek in Lindenhurst, where at very low tide, we used to dig up steamers clams for dinner. Those were the

days!  
I don't remember where I got it, but I do remember having a blue popper at the end of my line, naturally without any leader, and walking across a wooden bridge to an island in the "lagoon" which was really a wide area in the canal. Today the bridge is not there any longer since it was "hurricaned" away, but the canal still flows with the tides.  
I have no idea how I managed to cast that popper, but I managed to whip it out and as I began to strip it back, it disappeared in a splash. I

for sure, was not expecting to catch a fish, just trying out the rod to feel what it felt like, but whatever was at the end of the line had different ideas. After a mighty battle, which must have lasted a half hour, this teenager boy brought in his first and only striper of his life. If I remember correctly 18 inches was the legal minimum size for stripers at that time, and I brought my catch home for dinner. Today, fifty years later, I still own that rod and reel which has caught many a pan fish in Connecticut, but never a trout, just like its now better equipped owner.



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### AMENDMENTS TO THE BY-LAWS

During the February, March, and April meetings of the Board of Directors of the Long Island Flyrodders, the amendments to the By-Laws were discussed. It has been the announced policy of the Board of Directors that in the event a director misses three meetings in any one year, without obtaining prior consent for good cause, the director is requested to resign. The Board voted to have me prepare these amendments for publication in the Flyrodder and for a vote at the June 5, 2001 General Membership meeting, where an affirmative vote of two-thirds of those present will effectuate the proposed amendments.

#### Excessive Absence Resignation

After discussion and due consideration, the Board voted and passed a resolution to proceed with the following amendment to the By-Laws Article III, Section VIII, add paragraph D Board of Directors, in accordance with Article IV, Section I:

D. Excessive Absence Resignation Each prospective member of the Board of Directors shall be reminded by the Secretary that during each year of the three (3) year term each director is expected to attend each of the twelve (12) monthly meetings per year. In the event a director misses three (3) meetings in any one (1) year, without obtaining prior consent for good cause, the director shall resign. On election, each member of the Board shall sign an "Excessive Absence Resignation (EAR)". The Board will designate, from time to time, a three-person committee, to be called the Resignation Acceptance Committee ("RAC"), none of whom shall be elected officers. The EAR will only be accepted by the RAC at such time as two out of the three members of the RAC determine that the three (3) absences by an individual Board member within each Board year, February through January, were for unacceptable reasons. In the event a member of the Board cannot make a Board meeting, that member shall notify either the President or Vice-President in advance. The decision to accept a resignation shall be at the sole discretion of the RAC and shall be final. In the event a member of the RAC is under consideration for resignation-acceptance, then the other members of the Board will select a replacement.

#### Increase Pre-Authorized Expenses From \$50 To \$100

After discussion and due consideration, the Board voted and passed a resolution to proceed with the following amendment to Article VIII of the By-Laws in accordance with Article IV, Section I:

#### VIII. Reimbursement for Expenses

A. Duly elected club officers and Committee Chairpersons shall be reimbursed by the Treasurer for any and all Club related expenses up to ~~\$50.00~~ \$100.00.

B. Amounts in excess of ~~\$50.00~~ \$100.00 must be approved by the Board of Directors.

Respectfully Submitted,

*RISkoy*

Robert I. Skoy, Counsel





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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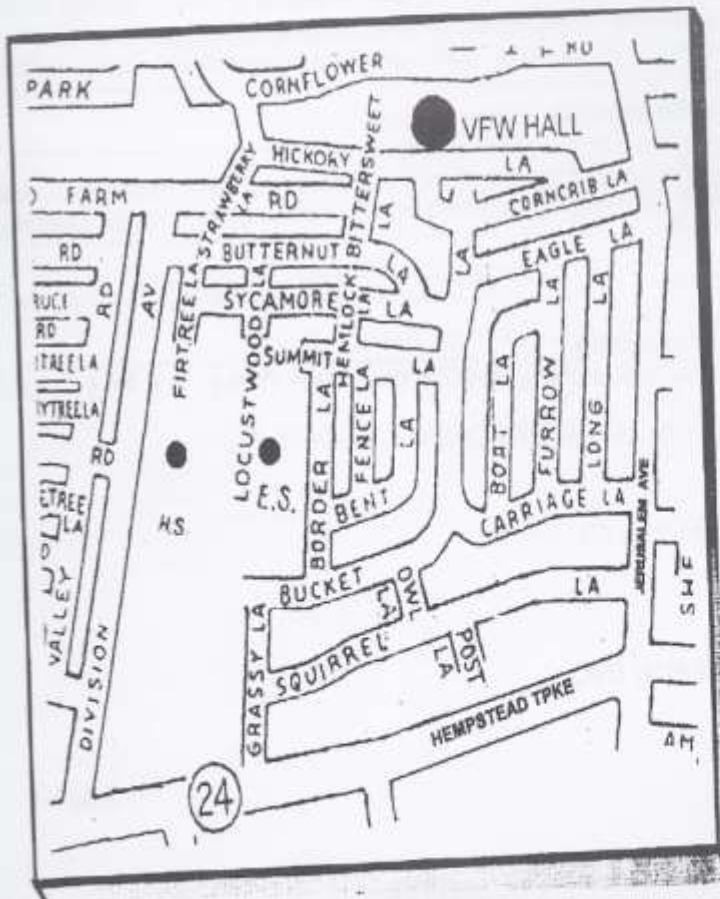
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## LIFR COMING EVENTS

May 1, 2001 - General Meeting -  
Featuring a presentation of underwater photography  
"Through a Trout's Eyes", by Wendell Ozefovich

May 14, 2001 - Connetquot River Day Trip

May 17, 2001 - Board of Directors Meeting

May 18, 2001 - Hungry Trout Trip, Ausable River  
Lake Placid, New York

May 19, 2001 - Saltwater Flyfishing Seminar  
For Information Contact Herman Abrams  
(516) 593-6024

May 24, 2001 - Long Island Flyrodders  
Boy Scouts' Flyfishing Seminar