

# the FLYRODDER



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The Flyrodder is the monthly publication of the Long Island Flyrodgers, Inc.  
*Gian Padovani, Editor*  
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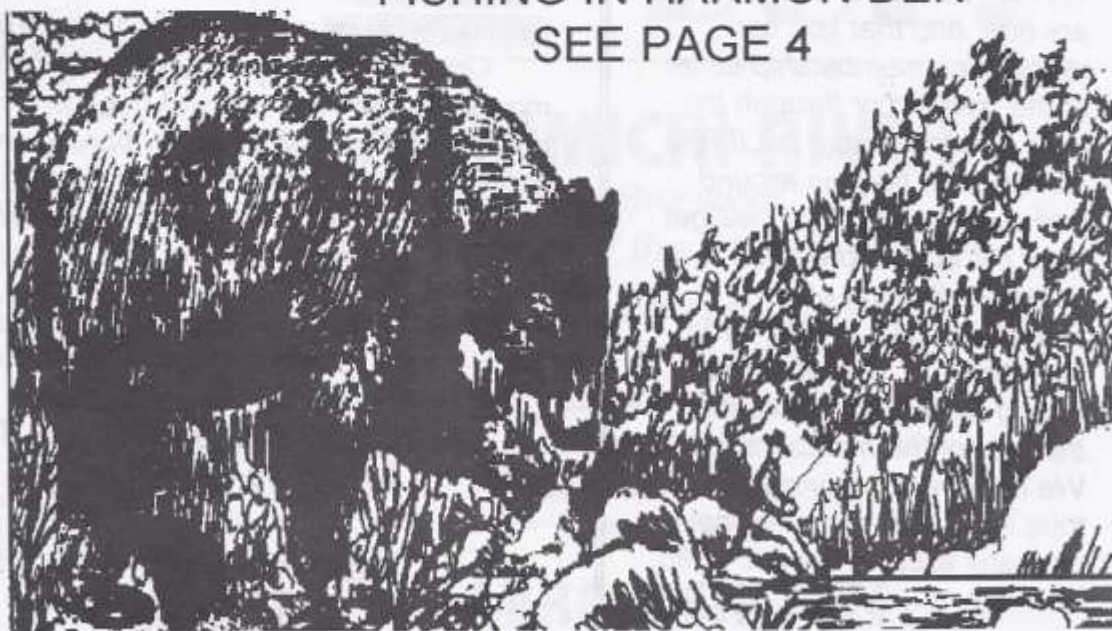
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## HAPPY NEW YEAR!

FISHING IN HARMON DEN  
SEE PAGE 4



MEETING DATE: Wednesday, Jan. 11, 1995





Happy New Year to all of you, with the hope that 1995 will be a even better fishing year.

This month's meeting is an important one for the club, as nominations for the new officers will be taken. A slate will be presented by the board, but nominations will also be accepted from the membership at large. This is the opportunity to nominate whoever you feel would make a good candidate, including yourself. I want to thank all of the officers and board members for having helped me through the past year; I doubt if I could have done the job as well without their help.

Let me remind you that Dues are due, and that you can renew your membership either at the meeting or through the mail. A membership to LIFR is still the best bargain around and you know that you will get back the cost of the dues manifold. Several of our advertisers give a 10% off to members, and often this saving on tackle is more than the cost of the membership. We have had many club fishing trips in '94 and expect to have as many exciting ones in 1995.

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# THE BEAUTY OF A TROUT

by Al Westbrook

THE FOLLOWING STORY WAS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE AUG. '90 FLYRODDER

When the Lord made all creatures great and small, in His wisdom He provided a wonderful variety.

There are a few that walk or hop, many that slither and crawl and, incredibly, some that fly through the air. And then there are fishes that live in the most uninhabitable place imaginable; under water. It is this wary group of which the fly fisherman stands in awe and has the most concern. Of these in my opinion, and there are those who might argue, the most artfully created are the trout. The fly fisherman will attempt, albeit temporarily and even then only to the depth of his chest at most, to visit this magnificent quarry on his own grounds, so to speak, and on his own terms. He will try to fool him with a counterfeit concoction on a hook built of fur and feathers, imitating the trout's favorite morsels: the fly. And while some find their way into the inevitable food chain at table, most are relinquished back to nature by the sporting fishermen, but, then, that's a story for another time. Should He be successful at tricking this most cautious animal, the leap, jump and splash of a rainbow trout must truly be witnessed to be believed by any reasonable man.

It is a certain salute to survival as you witness the pink and silver flag exemplifying the boundless energies all creatures will expend for freedom. And then the unexpected thrum and vibration, the zing-sing song of line leaving the reel as a majestic and powerful brown is taken will cause even the most casual heart to skip a beat.

PAGE 3

## Flytying Instructions with Roger Mims

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The dip and spring of a lightweight fly rod seems an improbable match for such strength. When he turns side-on, a shining, shimmering, silver sparkle, only then does the fisherman appreciate this formidable adversary as he begins a run with a sole purpose in mind, instinctive as it may be. But if the

angler accomplishes the feat of enticing a Fall brookie to hand or net, dressed in his October flaming orange, silver and gold best, on a fly manufactured through his own wits, why there you have, undeniably, the finest argument for the beauty of a trout.

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## Editorially

And a Happy New Year to all of you! Notice that I have placed a new picture in this column, done from a photograph, a reminder to all of what I look like...in case you forgot. Incredibly, just about a year has passed since I relocated here in the mountains and though it is far away from L.I., you know the saying, "Distance makes the heart grow fonder." You are still my friends, and my best wishes are sincere ones. I hope 1995 will be a even better fishing year than the past one.

Now that we have taken care of formalities, I want to stress that the Flyrodder is YOUR publication and it cannot happen without your input. Several members were great last year and contributed many articles for your enjoyment. If there is one resolution to make for 1995, let it be that YOU will write at least one story for the Flyrodder.

I hope you have considered my invitation to come down in the Thareel state, as explained in last month's: "Wanna fish North Carolina?"

Remember the Cataloochee article a couple of issues ago? This month you can read about my continuing fishing saga in this beautiful state. Hope you'll like it. Keep in touch.

*Gian*

# HARMON DEN by Gian Padovani

If you remember the article I wrote about Cataloochee, I mentioned that once I went there through a very steep, lengthy mountainous route. This happened because a friend had mentioned that good fishing could be found at the next exit of the interstate, at Harmon Den. The mistake I made was that at the exit I made a left turn, instead of a right, and ended up in Cataloochee. When I was told of this mistake I decided to drive again to the exit, make a right and do some scouting. Sure enough, after less than a mile, I could see a stream on my right, and a sign welcoming me to the Pisgah National Forest. I followed the stream for about eight miles, as it meanders down from a mountain called Hurricane Ridge. It is a very pretty river, about the size of the Croton in Westchester County, and similarly it demands tight casting and hard fishing. Appropriately it is called Hurricane Creek.

Incidentally, Hurricane Ridge forms the background to my house and if a was the proverbial crow, the stream would be less than a mile from where I live! On the back of the truck I keep the fishing gear all packed up but, since it is a 6 weight outfit, I decided to come back some other time with a lighter, shorter rod. On the back of my mind I knew that the stream eventually joins the Pigeon River not too far from the interstate, so I drove back by the exit, parked the truck and took a scouting walk. After the stream goes through the interstate underpass, it becomes wider and flows with much less speed. The area is very pristine and I wondered if anyone fishes it.

At that moment it began to rain, but something I saw in the water made me return to the vehicle and get ready to fish. There was no mistake about it, what I saw was the distinct silhouette of a 8 inch Smallmouth Bass. I began to fish with a small Muddler Minnow, but aside from a follow, nothing happened. It was nearly the end of July and after the rain stopped, I started to feel really warm and wished I had worn the flyweight waders. I walked downstream, casting at likely spots with no results. I had changed to a Leech pattern, and when this failed, I switched to a Wooly Worm. After many casts with no takes, I decided to test the two variations of the Moosehead Belle, I had tied. Nothing. I was annoyed, especially since I was wearing polarizing glasses and could see small bass darting away as I waded. "One of these days I hav' got to design my own crawfish fly," I said to myself. I had two Moosehead Belles, in different sizes, and decided to give them the test. On the second cast a bass, all 4 inches of it, grabbed it and gave me some hope that maybe a larger fish was around somewhere. The stream here is quite a bit larger and, on some spots, deeper than what was flowing on Hurricane Ridge. The bottom is different too, large slabs of granite replacing the free stones of the trout stream. I eventually reached an area where the current divided, creating two "funnels" of faster moving water. To me this meant two feeding lanes and I studied it a few minutes before deciding where to

*Continues on next page*

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cast. I also had to consider the many overhanging branches, and was grateful someone had developed the roll cast. I let the Moosehead Belle go and began to retrieve it in fast 8 inch pulls. The water is very clear and as the fly was being retrieved, it went past a large, semi submerged stone. As fast as lightning, a big bass shot from underneath, smashed the fly and as I stroke back...I lost fly, tippet, leader, and naturally the fish as well! The rapidity and suddenness of what had happened left me so shaky, that it took me a while to rig up again. "Just as well," I thought, "It will give the area a rest." I dug out my last Moosehead and casted again to the same area with no result. I decided to cast from a different angle and as my luck would have it, the fly promptly got tangled on a low branch of a bush. I knew I could get it but didn't want to wade there and kill any other chances with the fish. I gave a hard yank and lost fly, tippet and leader. Disgusted, I rigged up again with a Silver Bullet but many casts later I moved downstream, still fishless. I saw another promising area, but the way the underbrush was growing, I could only fish it by casting upstream and by wading through some precarious, deep areas. By now I was getting tired and decided to go back where I had lost the fish and the two rigs. To save time I walked alongside the bank for while, but the area

became littered with so many stones and driftwood, that I went back into the water. I was especially concerned about getting my legs in the way of a copperhead, which are especially nasty snakes, and will bite with no warning or provocation. I casted the Silver Bullet several times and when nothing happened, I waded across, extricated the second Moosehead from the branch, and trudged my way back to where the truck was parked. As I drove home I concluded that though I had caught nothing, I still had enjoyed a nice day. Since the above was written I have gone to Harmon Den one more time. The thought of the bass I lost on the previous visit kept urging me to go back and give it another shot. I also wanted to see if a fly pattern I was experimenting had any effect on the fish. I drove to the area one early afternoon, parked the truck, and once I got rigged up, I entered the

stream. As the last time I didn't see any fishermen and wondered if anyone ever fished this stretch, or just concentrated on the other side of the interstate, where the water was that of a trout stream. I didn't see any litter of any kind, such as one always sees along areas visited by people. Although the interstate is located above on the ridge and I could hear the traffic as it went bye, there was a sullen silence in the area. I casted with no much interest or results, and hurried toward the section of the river where I had hooked and lost the fish a few days before. As I approached the area I began to feel excited with expectation and studied the stream for the best approach. If the bass hadn't moved, he would still be under the boulder. The dense foliage prevented straight casting and I did not want to risk losing the fly to branches. I let some line

*Continues on page 7*



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# NOVEMBER THOUGHTS

by Gian Padovani

It is the middle of November. The days are balmy but the mornings and evenings are chilly and often I have to throw a log in the fireplace to get the cabin comfortable.

A few hardy insects are still flying about and most of the summer birds have flown to warmer climates. The trees have lost their crowns, a scattered few on top of the ridges still holding to a few leaves, russet in color, a reminder of their vividness during the Fall. Chickadees and Titmouse still visit the bird feeders and aside from the noises of Crows and Blue Jays, one can often hear a Woodpecker hammering a tree. The tree frogs have gone dormant and only a few crickets are still chirping among the high grass. Wednesday I will go fishing, one more time before storing away the tackle for the winter. One always wonders if there will be one last time. I originally planned the same thing in the month of October, but the lure of being outdoor convinced me to postpone the date. Fishing has no season and one goes when the weather is fine or if he feels like it.

As I reflect on the past year I realize I did a lot around the property surrounding my log home. I have allocated an area to stay wild, sort of a gift back to the wildlife. I am sure the smaller mammals, amphibians, reptiles, birds and insects will appreciate it. I have done considerable work around the brook, shaping or raising a bank and widening a pool. Water is still flowing through, not a lot since there have been few rains since the Spring, but I know the level will rise in the next few months. The surface is littered



with a blanket of leaves, but one can still hear the sound of water as it travels among the stones. I am wondering if the river I'll fish on Wednesday is alright, since the last time I visited it, the water was low and crystal clear. I did a lot of work on the area that next year will be a vegetable garden. I have mixed the soil with plenty of leaves and grass to enrich it with nutrients. This will possibly attract worms, which are great to aerate the ground. Night crawlers are a big business here in Western

North Carolina and a pound of them is worth more than the best filet mignon! On Wednesday I will still fish with flies though. Nymphs and streamers may be the best bet. I have stocked up on wood for the fireplace and I have stored it outside and on the porch. I have also walked through my wooded patch and collected the fallen branches to be chopped as kindling. The woods look so different now without the foliage and plants that made it like a jungle only three months ago. Things will look different by the river as well, and I doubt if I will encounter other anglers. Maybe one or two who, like myself, cannot decide if this will be their last fishing outing this year.



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## HARMON DEN, from page 5

out and began to rollcast, inching the fly closer to the boulder with each try. Finally I positioned the fly exactly where I wanted it and as the current took it, I prepared myself for the strike. To my dismay, nothing happened and I tried it again. Was it the fly? Had the bass gone? The spot was a good one and even if "my" fish had gone or had been caught, I was sure another had made it its home. I switched to a weighted Moosehead Belle and on the second cast I placed the fly in the perfect spot. Again I prepared myself for the take and when nothing happened, I began to retrieve the line with fast pulls. For a split second my heart stopped as I felt resistance, but I realized I was stuck. When the little tugs failed to dislodge the hook, I gave it a yank and promptly lost the fly and half of the leader. I edged toward the bank and sat on a good sized boulder to tie on a new leader. Although engrossed with this task, I heard the noise of someone walking through the woods, and I expected to see another angler at any second. This prompted me to hurry with the chore, so that I could go back to "my" spot. I got up and, there, not more than fifty feet away, a black bear emerged and looked at me! How many thoughts went through my mind in the next few seconds? I knew I couldn't run through the thick brush, and I knew that trying to escape into the water would mean breaking my legs.

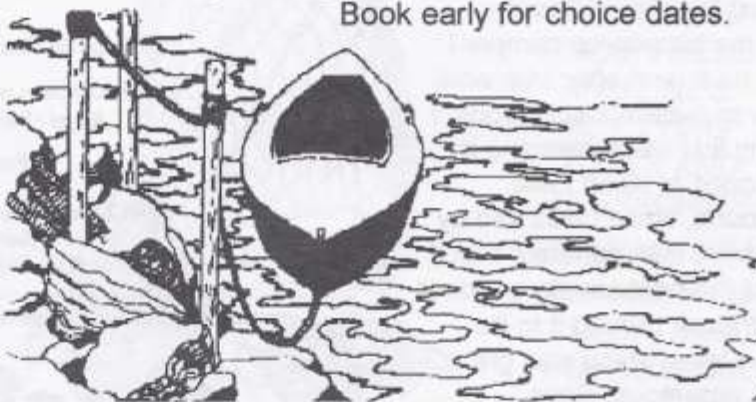
Thank the Lord, the bear solved the puzzle by disappearing as fast as it had emerged! I would lie if I said that I wasn't shaken a bit or if I said I resumed the fishing. The only thing in my mind was getting back to the truck, and wondering what would have happened to me if I had gotten hurt. My wife was away for

couple of weeks, and no one would miss me, since no one even knew I had gone fishing. Later in the day I called up a friend and told him about my experience. He listened and said, " Heck Gian, didn't you know that the Pisgah is a wildlife preserve and a bear sanctuary? That's why nobody fishes there."

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## POP-UP CAMPING

by Mark Kanterman

An article appeared in Newsday titled "The hottest Ticket on Long Island." That ticket was Hither Hills campground, not Barbra Streisand. Although I have never been to this campground yet, I know what the author is talking about!

I have had the pleasure of purchasing a 20 year old Pop-Up camper from my friend Damon Lupu, a fellow L.I.Flyrodder. This pop-up tent has opened a whole new world of camping for me and my family. Although I have camped out in tents before and loved it, my wife found them to be a lot of work and uncomfortable. We always worried about rain on our 3 - 7 days vacations (something every L.I.Flyrodder can attest to.) When Damon offered me his pop-up camper I jumped on it, and after little work it is now in excellent conditions. I spent my first week camping in the Poconos at Keen Lake campground, since I was told by five different R.V. campers that it is one of the best campgrounds in the Northeast. I found it to be true! The lake fishing was great; I caught Largemouth Bass, Pickerel and Crappie with the fly rod. I also fished the Lacawanna River and caught Smallmouth Bass on dry flies.

We had a major thunderstorm but the pop-up kept us very dry. The campground offered everything for my kids, and they enjoyed it so much they didn't want to go back home! Neither did my wife; this was too good to be true! Usually after three days of roughing it in a tent we would be at each other's throat, but with the pop-up it was a pleasure. The best part about the trip was the total cost of it. Most of our

family trips run well over \$1000, but this time the total cost was only \$189.00 and had a great time. Hither Hills in Montauk costs \$11.00 a night, far less than the \$150.00 they would charge for a room.

I plan to check out many more campgrounds and report my findings about them (and the fishing) to the Flyrodders.

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## HOW NOT TO CAMP

by Gian Padovani

While I was typing Mark Kanterman's story on the pop up camping trip, I began to reminisce about my own experiences outdoor.

My first acquaintance at camping out happened when I was in my late teens and at that time I thought the only way to do it was by roughing it up, just like the mountain men of yore did it. My entire outfit was a blanket, one or two pots, and various powdered foods (cans were considered a "modern" staple and unworthy because of the extra weight.) Everything fitted in a knapsack, which also included a box with fishing tackle and a the ever present camera. Since I didn't own a car, I would take the subway from Brooklyn to the Greyhound terminal in New York City where I would board a bus toward somewhere upstate. The where was usually dictated by how much money I could afford to spend but it was always to someplace that had either a river or lake nearby. It didn't take me long to realize that we had progressed a lot from the cave man stage and certain things, such as a tent, made things more bearable. I had a friend in school who owned lots of camping equipment and it wasn't long before the two of us visited the wilderness. Since he didn't own a car either, we still had to make the trip by bus. At that time campsites as we know them today, were few and we generally asked permission from a landowner to camp on their property. Aside from the tent and a sleeping bag, things were pretty much the same as before, and cooking usually meant preparing a fire, fixing up



some mush, and washing everything afterward by the river. Things weren't REALLY so bad, as long as the weather cooperated and we had camped on level ground. Unfortunately this wasn't always the case and if it rained, the trip would turn out to be miserable. My friend's old army surplus tent leaked like a sieve and only the deep channels we had

*Continues on page 10*

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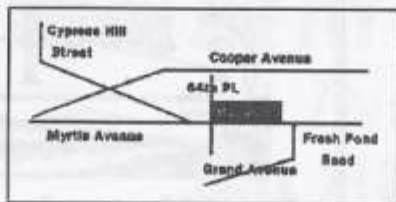
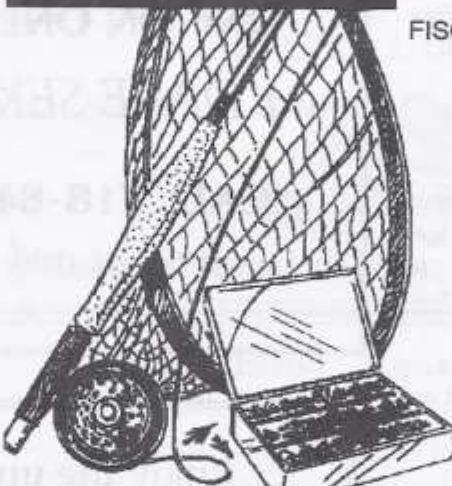
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## HOW NOT TO CAMP, continued

scoured around it prevented us from flowing away. It is no fun spending a day in such a place, shivering in a dripping tent but afraid to step outside in the torrential rain. Building a fire in such a situation was out of the question and the only recourse, of course, was to break up camp and walk as fast as possible to the Greyhound stop, and wait for the bus to take us back home. Gradually I began to believe that camping outdoors would be fun if certain commodities, such as toilets, clean drinking water, and decent equipment were available. Sleeping on a sleeping bag can be cozy but unfortunately there always seem to be an impertinent stone or a root underneath, that leaves a telltale soreness on the backside by early morning. Cooking by a campfire seems to be romantic, and this is fine if you like your food covered with sooth, improperly cooked and smelling of cinders. Nowadays, it is unthinkable of axing a tree down, and dry wood can be purchased, properly cut, at most campsites. My brother, who is the smart one in the family, showed me how to enjoy camping. Sleeping on the ground? What, are you crazy; let's use the lightweight folding cot. Building a fire? Of course; after we have had our dinner (Properly cooked on the stove,) we shall burn a few marshmallows as we watch the flames dance into the night. Is it raining outside? Why, let's go inside the waterproof, spacious, tent and let's read...unless you want to watch something on the portable TV. Mark is right. That's why his children and WIFE love the camping out experience. Wish I had done the same thing years ago, when I took MY wife camping. I still bear her fingerprints on my throat!

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# L.I.F.R. CLUB NEWS

by Dean Molzahn

In the past Dean Molzahn has been a vital contact and he has always followed through with his the club page column. Unfortunately, for personal reasons, he will not be contributing the column any longer, and I expect someone else will take his place.

At any rate Dan Van Buskirk called me up and gave me the list of those honored at the LIFR Annual Dinner: Ancient Order of Anglers to Gil Bergen - Member of the Year to Ron La Chase - Achievement Awards to Bruce Kraebel, Stuart Minsky, George Simon and Robert Skoy - Photo Contest: Guillermo Lastra, first prize - Len Melnick, second prize - Frank Krist, third prize.

I also received a letter from my brother who was fishing with the guys in Pulaski. This is what Gil wrote:

"The fishing on the Salmon River was pretty good this year...on Saturday I hooked into five fish and managed to land one...I caught these fish in a new "Fly Fishing Only - Catch & Release" section...on Sunday I only got two hits but no hookups...Monday... it was cold and raining like a son of a gun...at six fortyfive in the morning, I hooked into a big steelhead...it took all my line as well as two

hundred feet of backing before I lost it. Still it made my trip...All in all, almost everyone did well. There were 20 of us and almost everyone hooked into something. Notice I said hooked and not landed. If I had to take a guess, only 5 to 10 percent of all fish hooked are landed...What surprised me most was the number of browns and lake trout caught in the river this year." Gil just elaborated on the fishing, although I am sure they all had a good time together at dinnertime and afterward, just hanging out. Wish I could have been with them, but from Western North Carolina to Northern Upstate New York is a l o t s o f m i l e s of driving!

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