

the FLYRODDER



Published by the Long Island Fly Rodders, Inc.



The Flyrodder is the monthly publication of the Long Island Flyrodders, Inc.
Gian Padovani, Editor
Rt. 3 Box 133-B
Clyde, NC 28721

The Long Island Flyrodders, Inc. meet at 8:00 P.M. the 2nd. Wednesday of every month at the Hicksville Elks Lodge on Barclay Street, off Rt. 107, north of Old Country Road. For more information call (516) 681-1418

1995 OFFICERS

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George Simon
Vice President

Al Westbrook
Secretary

Herb Schneiderman
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MEETING DATE: Wednesday, April 12, 1995

OPEN HOUSE '95

Mark those calendars for Wed., May 3rd. This will be the evening we celebrate the annual Open House at the Hicksville Elks Lodge on East Barclay St., our usual meeting place. Because this event is so special, and our only real fund raiser, we are holding it in addition to our regular monthly meeting. We will begin at 7:30 P.M. and expect to have a good time. Through this fund raiser we collect the funds necessary to run the club. This includes our meetings and special events such as our two Handicapped Fishing Days and our efforts with Project Access, another project geared to helping the handicapped enjoy the sport of fishing.

It's a time to bring down Uncle Tim, your neighbor, the kid down the block or anyone who has some interest in fly fishing and might enjoy the comradery of our special club. The more the merrier. There will be silent auctions and raffles galore. The prizes were donated by many companies who feel our continued success is important. Listed below is the list of those who donated to Our Open House. Please try and remember these names when it comes to new gear for your fly fishing. They were there to support us; we should reciprocate. See you at the Open House!

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HUSBANDS and FLY FISHING

by Joan Blaser

I would like to give this anglerette's perspective of fly fishing in response to the article in the Flyrodder titled, "WIVES and Fly Fishing" by Gian Padovani.

My husband, Joerg, introduced me to fly fishing about three year's ago. It all started that fateful day when his fishing buddy had to cancel their planned fishing trip to the Connetquot. Joerg sheepishly asked me if I would like to accompany him. I reluctantly agreed. I had the feeling that I would be in for a long day. When we arrived at the Connetquot, I found a comfortable spot and settled in for a good read, and off Joerg went to catch that night's dinner'. After some time had passed, I needed to stretch my legs. I walked along a path and I could see fly fishers casting their lines into the stream. I saw Joerg from a distance and wondered if I needed a back-up plan for dinner. As I got closer, I knew I should have taken the chicken out of the freezer.

As boredom started to set in big time, I got up the nerve to ask Joerg if I could give it try. After he gave me a quick nymphing lesson, my eyes were fixed on the bright yellow strike indicator, and I was tensely awaiting that magical hesitation. I do not recall how much time passed, but I kept saying to Joerg, "just one more try, just one more time." I could tell that he was anxious to get that rod back where it belonged. That day was a turning point in our relationship. My proposal was

that if he wanted me to accompany him again, it would be as a fishing buddy with my own rod and gear. Joerg gulped hard as he said it was fine with him, if I was serious. My thoughts centered on having to give up my long, manicured fingernails; what I would wear, and what I'd do if I caught a fish. Our first fishing trip was to the Connetquot. We got up very early since we had over an hours drive and we wanted to get good beats. With just a wash of the face and a brush of the teeth we were out the door. I did manage to grab a lipstick. Wearing no make-up was scary enough; if my enemies could see me now.

We rolled up to the entrance gate of the Connetquot and there were cars ahead of us. Joerg said that it didn't look good. I wondered how long they had been there. It didn't take me long to figure out that this was serious business and what it meant to get a good beat. We

reclined the seats so that we could get a little shut-eye before the gate opened at 6 a.m. As I rested my head on Joerg's shoulder, I noticed a couple of anglers stretching and then casually walk by, glancing toward us. Joerg eyeballed the innocent intruders and abruptly sat up. I figured he didn't want there to be any doubt that a babe was on his shoulder, not a buddy.

The gate opened, we got our beats and off we went. We had beats right next to each other. Joerg showed me a deep hole and told me to keep casting into that hole. I was now ready to go. For my fishing debut, I wore Joan Wulff's powder- blue vest and a matching cap with a good luck fish charm attached. I had an assortment of flies and some lovely pink, yellow and chartreuse streamer's with silver threads that glittered in the sun. I slowly waded into the water and did a little roll cast into the deep hole. I was using a Hare's Ear nymph. Big fish were jumping

On to page 4

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Editorially

As you read this issue the trout season has officially begun and we shall see if it promises to be better than last year. I personally think that actually last season was pretty good, but optimism is inherent to all fishing people. I have included an article which I wrote last November about my "official" last outing, proving that it pays to persevere. I also included another about a January's outing that proves that it doesn't pay to persevere! I always told you that Opening Day, April 1st, is somewhat synonymous with April's Fool Day, and Al Westbrook gives his story. Just as I was ready to send the pages to the printer I received Joan Blaser's article. It is so good that I went back to the drawing board, pulled out a story, and re did the issue. My wife remarked that it would be nice if more women wrote their views on fly fishing. I agree. Incidentally, on page 8 I wrote another editorial, a reply to those who felt "Wives and Fly Fishing" wasn't proper. If nothing else the article proved that someone reads the Flyrodder and it compelled Mrs. Blaser to reply! To conclude, it is with your writing contributions that this Flyrodder can flourish!!!

Crian

HUSBANDS

out of the water, and I thought they were just waiting for my fly. But after a long while, I realized that was not so. I thought I'd better change the fly. My hands were cold and I struggled a bit tying on a Black Stone fly.

I once again pursued the fish in that deep hole, over and over again. Perhaps this wasn't for me. Finally, I felt a tug and I set the hook. The fish made a run and the reel just kept going. Joerg was yelling don't give it too much slack, don't let it go under a tree, don't hold the rod down. I heard more don't's in 3 minutes than I'd heard in 15 years of marriage. I held the rod up high, as instructed, but felt nothing at the end of the line. I thought I'd lost it and my heart sank. As I kept reeling in, I felt the weight of the fish again. I was exhausted, and I imagine the fish was too. This continued for about 10 minutes. Finally I saw it, a beautiful Rainbow about 19 inches. Joerg

the news to me gently that we would have to go our separate ways. I wasn't too pleased with his decision, and was even less pleased when I had to walk about a mile to the beat with my waders hanging over my shoulders, carrying my fishing bag and rod. Now I was really on my own. I fished a couple of hours and caught a few very small fish. I finally caught a nice 12 inch Brown with one of those fancy streamers. As I was walking back to the car, I met Joerg's other fishing buddy Anthony. He said that he didn't have any luck and asked me how I did. I showed him the fish I was carrying in a plastic bag. He asked me what fly I used. I knew I had made it; an angler of many years was asking me what fly I used!

Joerg was walking toward the car the same time as I. He eyed me swinging the plastic bag, and I could tell by his smile he knew what was in it. He was just swinging his wader's.



netted it for me, placed the slimy fish in my hands, and whipped out the camera. I was smiling through clenched teeth hoping the picture taking ceremony would be over real soon. I knew this part was going to take some getting used to. On another fishing trip to the Connetquot, Joerg wanted a beat that he never had before, and broke

We spend many such days fishing. They were not always successful, but fun and memorable. I have a lot to learn about fly fishing and hope to have many years of fishing ahead. Joerg has planned a fishing trip to the Yellowstone this summer with his favorite fishing buddy. I can't wait.

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president's line



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The slide presentation in March
on the Club's planned trips -
presented by George Simon,
Vice President, certainly
whetted our appetites for the
upcoming season. A dozen
"BFF", under the guidance of
George, pounded the waters of
the Salmon River on March 24 -
26, with many Tight Lines and
Quick Releases.

The April, 1995 meeting will
feature Mr. Jerry Stercho of the
O' boys doing a slide show on
sight fishing for shad on the East
Branch of the Delaware River.
A reminder ... The annual Open
House meeting will be held on
May 3, 1995. There will be free
refreshments and prizes, along
with our usual "Exotic" Bucket
Raffles". There will be a special
raffle for a salt water rod and
reel combination.

Tight Lines and Quick Releases,

Alan R. Manz

WINTER by Gian Padovani

As I inched toward Cataloochee I felt a bit uneasy. The heavy rains that had fallen a few days before had made even the dirt road that goes to my house a little slippery. God knows what I would find as I edged up the mountain, on that narrow, serpentine road that had been carved out of the granite centuries ago. But the day was sunny with a temperature in the low sixties, a special gift for the middle of January, and I put the unpleasant thoughts aside.

"Trout got to eat" I thought, "be it June or January." Two does bounded across the road, their tail up in the air, and disappeared into the rhododendrons below the road. They felt safe in the Great Smoky National Park.

A few minutes later I got the first glimpse of the river and as I approached the bank,

a trout darted away. This sight prompted me to change quickly into my fishing gear. At this point the water is over two feet deep, and moving quite rapidly. I became very apprehensive, aware that a dip into that cold water was something I didn't want at this time of the year. This area is as perfect looking as you could want, the river fairly wide and with stretches offering different possibilities. A picture of it, with appropriate markings "FISH HERE", could illustrate a fishing textbook! Alas, no trout in this area is knowledgeable of such a book and refused to strike my offerings. After casting in vain for a couple of hours, I concluded I better wait till the spring. It was getting chilly, the weather station had forecasted possible snow flurries, and I headed back home to the warmth of the wood stove.

As predicted, the next morning I saw the first snowflakes descending upon the mountains. Winter had arrived.



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April's Fools

by Al Westbrook

"Boy, oh boy, I never thought I'd get out of the house today,"

George said to me, over a stein of dark beer, slid to a professional stop in front of him at Clancy's Bar & Grill. George showed up a good half hour late and I had almost decided he wouldn't arrive for our bi-monthly get together; a hAbit growing old like we were. George began to explain why he was late; something about his wife, Geraldine, and work around the house, etc. etc, I tuned out. I've met Gerry a number of times and instantly understood. She wears the power of wifedom like a loaded '45 magnum and has used it a time or two to shoot holes in Georges plans, especially fly fishing plans which usually damaged my own plans too. He droned on and finally the one-way conversation slid to a merciful halt.

"Anyway," I asked George after a diminutive silence, "what's happened to Ernie; haven't seen him since just after opening day, and he seemed to be limping a bit too. What happened; you two were good pals?"

"Oh, yeah, well he doesn't hold a grudge, really," George replied and began to unfold the story of Opening Day.

Ernie and George were fanatical about opening day. They must be out there at the crack of sparrow chirp and on the stream on April 1st lest the planets rearrange themselves and begin a rapid inward spiral signalling the end of the world. Myself, I find most April firsts completely

inappropriate to fishing; usually rainy, cold, even snowy, which was the case with the last opener when Ernie and George apparently parted company. I'd rather fish with warm sun on my back and a welcoming brewskie in the cooler back at the truck.

"So," George says, "Ernie and I got up before dawn and we'd decided to try a new spot; a little winding stream Ernie discovered up in the mountain. We drove up, up, and away and the only place we could find open at that hour was a little general store, for lunch fixin's. We bought some packaged cold cuts laced with enough chemicals and preservatives to give them a

four hundred year shelf life, a loaf of, probably, three day old bread, and a thermos full of lethal coffee. Snow flurries were just beginning as we left the little store and was sticking to the sides of the road already. By the time we got to Ernie's magic place, the snow was about a half inch deep but had stopped.

"Ernie then pointed out we'd have to climb down the slope (ha! ha!) and then cross through a bejeemer of a dense tangle of brush to the stream, "If looks could freeze a Hardy reel Ernie's would have locked up tighter than a year old

Next page, please

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paint can. I wanted to go fishing, not go hiking down a thirty degree slope and hoof it through a half mile of snow covered brush to get to the stream. But...down we went. I may have even wished Ernie an unkindness as we started down, but in retrospect I'd like to forget that.

"We were halfway down when Ernie goes, 'Ooooooh, whooooo' and began a slide down the hill on the snow. His rod went flying, his vest rattled and flapped around like circus flags in a high wind. Then he fetched up solid against a tree. With one final, long drawn out moan he lay silent.

"I retrieved his rod and thought I'd cheer him up with the news that his three piece rod looked okay. He mentioned it was a two piece rod and, after another moan, said he thought his leg was probably broken.

"Now I never did learn much first aid, which now I deeply regret, so I asked if he had any bright ideas, seeing as how it was his idea to descend the Matterhorn to fish. He said he was sure he Couldn't stand up but there was a clinic across the stream and a few miles through the woods on Lovett Road; a trip of maybe, six miles.

"Great!," I said. Climbing up to the truck would be impossible, so I headed off to the clinic. I got there about two hours later.

"I explained the situation to the doctor on duty, a Dr. Suni, who also happened to be a fly fisherman and seemed to understand our insanity in being out there in the first place. He said, 'You guys are real April Fools to be out there today. ' He was understanding, but offered no real

choice; Ernie had to be brought to the clinic right away. I said,

"But I've already lost most of the morning; if I drag Ernie back here and then hike back I'll lose most of opening day!"

"The doc then says, 'Yeah but if you don't, and the leg's broken as you say, it probably won't set right if you don't set him here pronto and your friend could limp

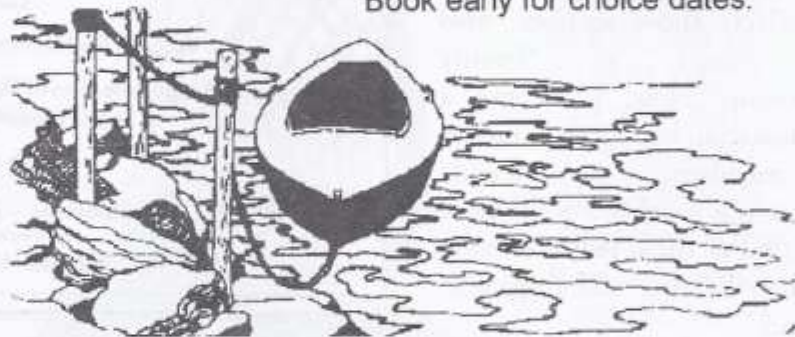
permanently. "So back I went and finally reached Ernie. A look at my watch showed it was already after noon. I picked up my rod and began tying on a new leader when Ernie pipes up, 'So what'd they say, fer cryin' out loud?!

"Well, the doc says we're real April Fools for fishin' this stream today, oh, and that you'll probably have a permanent limp!"

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Wives & Fly Fishing

2 by
Gian
Padovani

When I wrote "Wives and Fly Fishing" I never realized it would stir up some resentment. One annoyed member of our club actually told my brother, "Is Gian losing it?" Well, I still stand by what I wrote; fly fishing is a male dominated sport.

I will not deny that THERE are women that do fish and Ed Conte mailed me the latest figures on the female members of our club: 21 to be exact. This rostrum incidentally also reflects those sections who have joined as "Family membership" Now, I am not a mathematician but if you figure on 450 members, our female contingent is roughly 5%. If more than 1/3rd of these ladies actually fish, than I better add fingers to my hands!

Through the years I have met several women who were terrific anglers and as fanatic about fly fishing as any men. They seriously enjoyed the outdoors and accepted any of the inconveniences this mode of life dishes out. I have also met gals on party boats who could thread a mussel on a hook, gut a fish and have a "bruwsky" with the best of the guys. Sure, there are women who probably got annoyed by what I wrote; the article certainly wasn't meant to do that and not one, especially me, would be more delighted to see a river graced by a lady casting a fly.

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NOVEMBER THOUGHTS 2 by Gian Padovani

The day after writing the November Thoughts (Flyrodder, Jan. '94 Issue), I decided to drive to the Oconaluftee and whip out a few casts before storing the tackle away for the winter. As I suspected, when I parked the truck I didn't see any other vehicles, and as I purchased the daily \$5.00 permit from the One Feather Fly Shop I was told that on this day nobody else had applied for one. I was also informed that the trout stocking had trickled down, and that every section of any rivers in the Cherokee Reservation was open seven days a week. In reality this meant that fishing would be hard, since whatever was around had become savvy. It was past 12 noon when I entered the river and noticed that, as I had suspected, the water was low and gin clear. I decided to concentrate on the deeper sections, and waded back to where the truck was parked to fetch my other reel which is spooled with a sinking tip line. Back in the stream I realized that this line had no leader, not even a butt section, and, worst still, I had no spare leaders on my vest! Unperturbed, I searched along the bank for discarded monofilament from the spin casters, and in no time I made a serviceable leader from sections of different weights. To this makeshift concoction I added a length of 6X tipped which fortunately I had in one of the vest's pockets. I began with a Moosehead Belle but since nothing was happening with this streamer, I switched to a small Muddler which to me is still the greatest fly ever designed. A few casts later a vicious hit almost

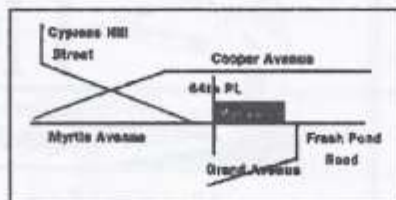
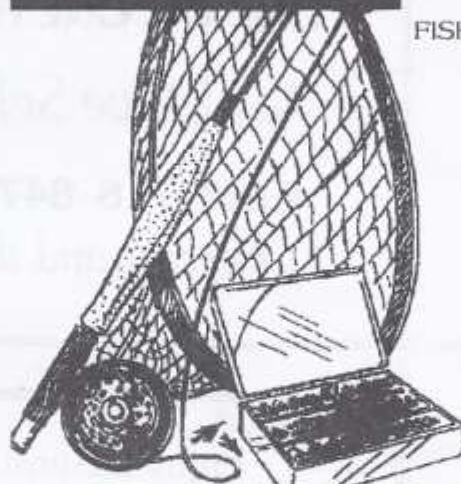
gave me a coronary, but obviously I didn't strike back hard enough, and lost the trout after only a few seconds. At least I was reassured that some fish was still around and that they were responding to the Muddler.

I had told my wife that I would probably fish only a few hours and that, hopefully, I would bring home a couple of trout for dinner. To save time I avoided casting

into areas that didn't look promising, concentrating into the feeding lanes of deeper water. Eventually I landed the first fish, a rainbow of about 12", missed two more fish of about the same size, then I connected again and landed a sleek 14 rainbow. Since I had no net I beached the fish and ended its misery with a blow to the head, administered with a

Cast on to next page

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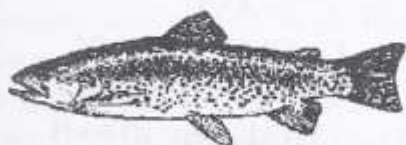
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November Thoughts 2

convenient piece of driftwood. It was now close to three o'clock and with dinner assured, I began to wade back to the parked truck.

At his point in the river there is a bridge spanning over it and I became aware of few people watching me fish. More to put on a fly casting show than anything else, I began throwing line toward the bank over a shallow feeding lane. "Catch anything?", a woman from the bridge asked me. As I was about to answer, I felt a take. It wasn't a solid strike, it was more as if the trout had sipped or inhaled the fly. I hit back and suspected immediately that this was not a small fish. Few minutes later I knew it was a big fish. With the corner of my eye I saw that more spectators had arrived on the bridge and now it became a question of pride. I didn't want to lose this rainbow, particularly since after it jumped we ALL got a look at its size. I fought it from the reel, letting the uplifted rod take the strain, and hoping the light tippet would not snap or part where I had knotted it to the leader. Slowly, since I had no net, I edged toward the bank, looking for a suitable area to beach the fish. As the trout came closer I gasped at its coloring and heft, and finally I led it to where I could grasp it by the gill cover.

The battle over, a couple of people actually applauded and inquired about the tackle (a 4 wgt. Sage.) Though I acted nonchalantly, I was dying to get to the truck and measure the fish. The rainbow measured a bit over 21" on my tape measurer, a good fish to end this or any other fly fishing season.



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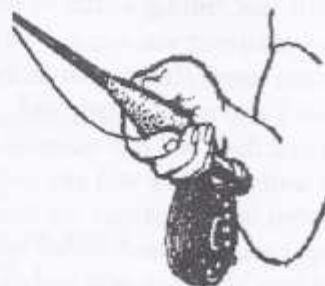
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**CALENDAR OF EVENTS
BY BOB SKOY**

Ed Conte will be mounting a fly tying exhibit on behalf of the Long Island Fly Rodders, during the month of April, at the Hicksville Public Library.

The final fly tying class of the year was held on April 5th. at the Hicksville Elks Lodge. The course began on February 22, under the capable instructions of Herb Schneiderman. Please check this column and at the meetings for future L.I.F.R./ tying classes.

Raffle winners at the Jersey Fly Fishing Show were: 1-Tom Dayton of Huntington, NY, 2-Carol Johnson of Lawrenceville, NJ, 3-A guy named Roy, present at the drawing. 4-Steve French of Far Hills, NJ --Submitted by Gil Padovani

**CONNETQUOT RIVER
CLUB FISHING TRIPS**

For paid up members with a valid New York State fishing license. Check dates with Ron La Chase. Feb. 20, March 20, April 17, May 15, June 19, July 17, August 14, Sept. 18, Oct. 16

Standard park rules apply. Only 2 fish to be kept. The following LIFR rules are in effect: Reservations for 32 anglers per session, 64 for both sessions. All checks payable to L.I.F.R., P.O. Box 8091, Hicksville, NY 11802

by the second Wednesday of each month (Club date)

For the morning session be at the park by 7:10 a.m. Cancellations MUST be made by 7:00 p.m. on the Sunday before the session.

For more information call Ron La Chase at (1-718) 769-6376

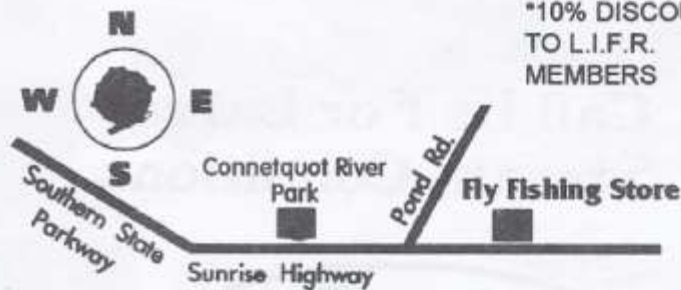
Checks sent in before time of the month we will fish will be sent back. NO ADVANCE RESERVATIONS
NEW HOURS: 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon, 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.

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The Long Island Chapter of Trout Unlimited
invites you to join us at our monthly
meetings,

September through June
at 7:30 at the Hicksville Lodge
80 E. Barclay St. Hicksville, NY



For more information call
Tom O'Donnell at (516) 421-1961

FIRST CLASS MAIL

NOTE: This will be the last issue mailed to you, unless membership dues are paid

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