

The

FLYRODDER

PUBLISHED



The Flyrodder
is a monthly publication of
The Long Island Flyrodders, Inc.
Editor, In Memoriam, Gian Padovani

This Month's Meeting: December 3, 2013

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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 Turnpike
& West of Jerusalem Avenue)

**2013
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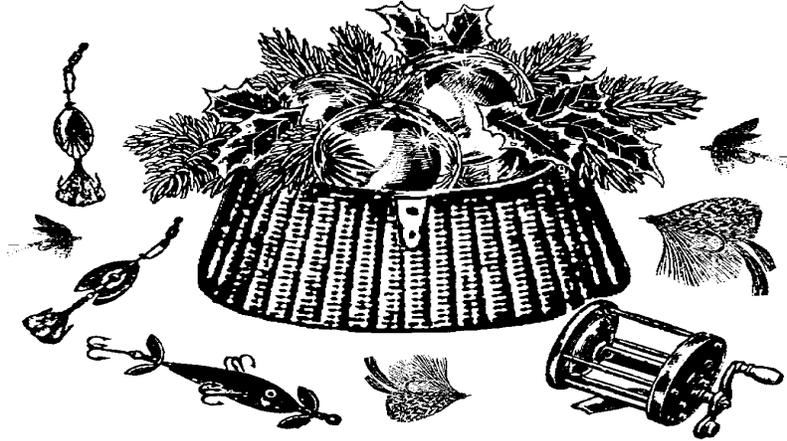
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Sartorially Splendid - **Joe Otterstedt, Linda Macy, & Howie Solomon**
at the Annual LIFR 2013 Club Dinner & Awards Ceremony

**Long Island
Flyrodders
Annual Holiday Party
& Grab Bag**

SEASON'S



GREETINGS

Fly Fishing Videos Available on DVD

Thanks to **Bob Picciano**, our video library has been upgraded from VHS to DVD.

They cover a wide range of subjects like fly casting, fly tying, and the many techniques of fly fishing in the States and around the world.

See **Ernie Tamargo** at the Monthly Meetings to borrow a title.

Check out our Web Site (liflyrodders.org) to see a list of available titles.

3 Season Club Jackets on Sale!

**Club jackets are
now on sale
for \$60 dollars including
embroidered club logo
and your name.**

**Members must order
and pay at the meeting.**

**See Jim Foley at the
merchandise table.**



For Your Nymphormation

by Lee Weil



People often ask me how did you get so passionate about fishing? Many assume it was an interest acquired from my husband, but it actually began very early on. When I look back it's hard to say when I first became enamored by the image of a cork bobber disappearing beneath the surface and the tug of a feisty bluegill on my cane pole.

I suppose it was my grandfather who first showed me how to form doughballs from the soft center of a slice of Wonderbread (don't ever use water - saliva holds it on the hook better!) I spent hours at his knee listening to him tell fascinating stories about fishing for cod and blackfish on the party boats out of Sheepshead Bay. I would beg to go along and he would promise me when you get older. Unfortunately he passed away before that day ever came to be.

During the summer I spent my days on the lake, fishing and hunting for turtles. This wasn't just a recreational endeavor; we would sell the koi and turtles to the local nursery. I soon found out it was more lucrative than babysitting and a lot more fun.

When I got old enough to drive I began fishing the Freeport party boats. This opened up a whole new world for me. Most of the time I was the only female on board, and many of the fares didn't look upon me with a kind eye due to the superstition about a woman aboard being bad luck. There was one exception; Roosevelt Rogers. "Rosie" would consistently outfish everyone on board, taking the pool money on a regular basis. He was a huge figure, and would always fish out of the corner of the stern, leaning over the rail with his trademark cigar clenched in his teeth; hooking flounder at a ratio of three to every one of the other fishermen. I studied him intently, hoping to pick up what his secret was. He would generously pass on little tips to me; how to hook the clam strips and raise the rod just so, and I paid close attention. I doubt if he knew how much it meant to me to be able to fish alongside him, and I pride myself on being a pretty decent bottom fisherman to this day, thanks to his tutelage.

I graduated to blackfishing and finally made my pilgrimage to my grandpa's beloved Sheepshead Bay, where I decided on fishing the Pilot. Once aboard I was told that my little flounder rod would NOT do and I was handed one of the rental rods. I felt way out of my league in a boat full of expert sinker bouncers. These were real fishermen, not the fair weather, half

day bay boat crowd.

Touched By An Angler

It was a cold, late November day and rougher than I was used to, so I sat up in the bow on the way out, trying to keep my break-fast down. One of the mates came out to see how I was doing. He looked to be about 80 years old, with a kind face and a sparkle in his eye. He stood out there in the wind and spray with me, smoking his pipe. When we anchored up for the first drop he disappeared below and came back up with a rod in his hand. "Here" he offered. "Use mine." I shook my head but he insisted. "It's a Harnell" he said, smiling. I didn't know what a Harnell was but it looked expensive, though well used. I gratefully accepted it and he demonstrated how to hook the green crabs, and then stood quietly by my shoulder. He watched the tip of the rod, and coached me when to set the hook. I don't know how he sees the hits when I couldn't even feel them, with the rise and fall of the deck, but I began to catch fish. It was as if my grandfather had returned in some way to make good his promise of years ago. At the end of the day I was high hook with 13 keepers; the Captain had 16. I hadn't even thought to enter the pool.

As I handed the old gentleman back his rod I thanked him and asked his name. It was Jerry, and even now, after all the years I can remember how he smiled and waved goodbye. I decided to write a letter to The Fisherman Magazine to show my appreciation. They printed it soon after and I hoped he would see it there. Although I meant to go back to fish the Pilot, the road of my life took other turns and it was years before I was able to return to New York to fish the party boats again.

In passing conversation with a fellow angler I learned he used to fish the Pilot. I asked if he knew Jerry and if he was still working as a mate. I was saddened when he said he believed Jerry had passed away. I told him about my first blackfish trip, and how a wise old man had taken me under his wing that day, and finally about the letter. At that point the man laughed and said "oh, you wrote that letter? They framed it and hung it up in the cabin."

So my question was answered. Jerry had indeed known how much his kindness meant to the little lady who showed up on a cold November day with high hopes and a little flounder rod, and left with her grandfather's dream fulfilled.

Tight Lines and God bless, Lee

“So, do we want to go steelhead fishing this year?” someone asked. “Yes!” “We haven’t been in a few years, and who knows what’s going to happen.”

That’s how this year’s trip started sometime in the summer. We had a problem though. Where will we go first? Dunkirk or Albion. Because we knew we were using Reel Action, we asked them. And as you might expect, they did not know either because our destination would depend on where the fish were located. So, we ended up with reservations for all nights at both places which would be modified as soon as we knew exactly where we were going. Reel Action gave us a probable three days before our trip and an exact destination the night before we were leaving. It would be Dunkirk at first with the guides and then our plan was to swing back to fish the Oak for old times sake because that was where our western, NY adventures began under George Simon in 2003.

The principal players in this year’s adventure were: Al Battistelli, Wolfgang Porte, Morty Schneiderman, Ralph Napolitano, Bob Picciano and me. The supporting cast from Reel Action was Paul, Derek and new guide Norm. There would be two days of fishing with them and we’d switch guides and or fishing partners each day.

Many activities go into planning and executing a fishing trip. With us, our next obstacle was what our trip memento would be – a cap, a vest, something else? The cap idea was thrown out early when Al stated that he already had 39 caps and did not need another. So it was going to be vests. This could be another story about the color, every one’s size, what embroidery we wanted and where. I’ll spare you and say the vests came out nice. You’ll see us wearing them.

Now we had to agree on the route we’d use to get to Dunkirk. You see, we travel as a caravan leaving at the same times and stopping at the same times for breakfast. When we went to Albion, we’d simply get on the Thruway, set it on cruise control and take a nap. Well, according to Google Maps, taking the “southern route” to Dunkirk, NY would be quicker and would be fewer miles. Believe the miles but do not believe the time. So, after getting across the George we took Rt 80 to Rt 380 to Rt 81 to Rt 86 [rt. 17] to Rt 60. Thus the title. And we arrived in one piece after 8 full hours and a stop for breakfast at a Denny’s off of Rt 81 somewhere.

In the Dunkirk area, we know of many places to fish from previous guided trips. On this trip, we learned of several more sites. Ask and we shall reveal. As everyone was anxious to throw a line in the water, we all

waded up and headed out as two threes.

[Tomorrow with the guides, we’d be three twos.] I think we all rigged 10 foot 7 weights which fit in our SUVs all set up.

We went first to Canadaway Creek near the Mormon Church, but when we saw “no trespassing” signs and no one fishing, we left thinking it was now off limits. It turned out that fisherman were ok and the signs were there to keep out the Fredonia State college kids. We then dropped off Morty, Bob and Ralph on Chatauqua Creek in Westfield. Al, Wolf and I headed to other sites along Chatauqua Creek. As it was beautiful day, everywhere we wanted to go, there were many fisherman.

We finally settled in on the south side of the trestle. Al and Wolf remained at the put-in site while I ambled down stream to get to “the pool” just below the trestle itself. Using the circle hook-bead-weight-dropper rig [it is not snagging!], I was all ready to kill them. Wrong. They did not cooperate for me. But, they did for Al. He hooked into and landed two nice small chromies. The site is relatively close to Lake Eire, so the steelhead caught in the area are fresh from the lake and have the chrome color. He was also using the bead rig. The Westfield group was also shunked. Oh well. The guides will save us.

And save us they did by taking us back to the Mormon Church site of the Canadaway, the upper Canadaway, upper Chatauqua Creek, and Eighteen Mile Creek. We encountered very few fly fishers, if any. The value of guides is that they almost always get you to fish. They change flies/rigs to find one that works. They help land the fish and take pictures. More importantly, they keep you going when you might otherwise give up. They never ended the day. It was us that always rang the “end of fishing” bell.

The good news for us was that we were to meet our guides in the Days Inn lobby at 7 AM. Remember, it was still daylight saving time and sunrise was at 7:15. Because we were going to fish nearby, there was no rush. Aah!

As expected, they supplied 10 foot, 7 weight rods with the bead rig. Each twosome with a guide headed in a different direction. We would all meet again after the days fishing to tell our stories of fish caught, fish lost or a day of being skunked. At the end of the day, we also discovered Sangria. Yup, a \$7.00 bottle of “wine”. This turned out to be the drink of choice while we were there. We also discovered that Applebee’s is an OK place to eat – twice.

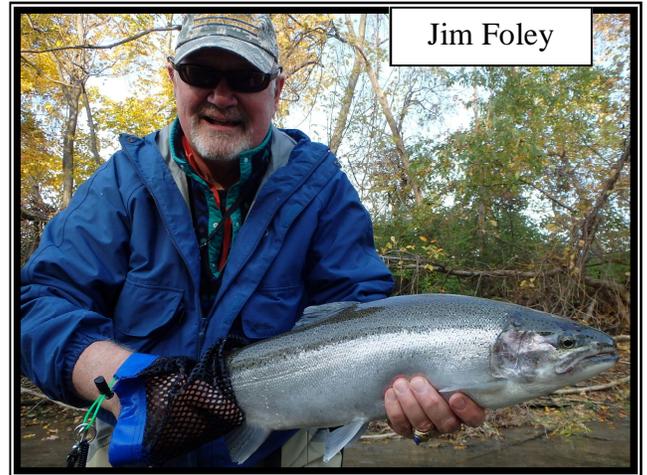
About the fishingí our guide took us to a new site where there were no fisherman. He would scout the creek and then put each of us onto a pool/run where he saw fish. Heød look into a pool for a minute and say that there were fish there. After fishing the pool for an hour and catching fish, I could finally see fish even with Polaroid glasses. The routine was the same for every cast. Roll cast upstream above the fish and mend or not mend depending upon how the bobber was floating versus the current. As soon as the bobber dipped below the surface [indicating a strike] pull the

rod tip down stream to set the hook í and hang on. During the day we heard such things as økeep the rod tip up ølet him runø, ødonø hold the line with your left hand when castingø, øtwo feet furtherø, øletø moveø.

Morty was øhigh hookerø with a count of about 30 steelhead caught over two days. No bead rig for him though, he caught most of his fish on í you guessed it í a black wooly bugger. In the end, we never made it to the Oak, As a group, we thought that this was the best fishing we have had in recent memory. Another bucket list item is crossed off.



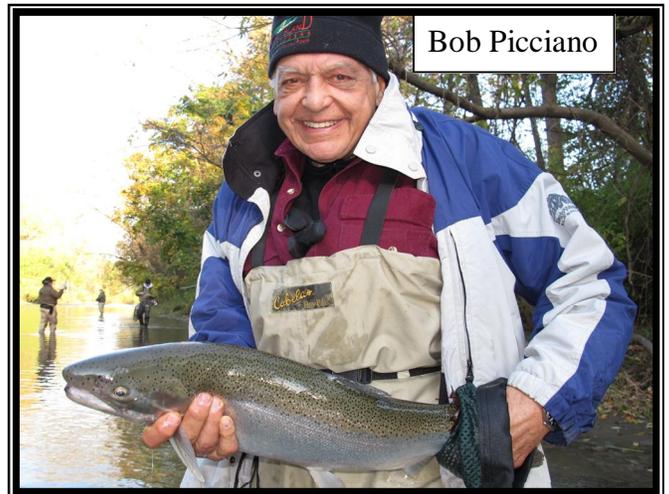
Al Battistelli



Jim Foley



Ralph Napolitano



Bob Picciano



Wolfgang Porté



Morty Schneiderman



The Passing of the Pots

After countless years of running the Housatonic trip, one of the premier camping trips the Club runs every year, Corinne and Mike Gelber have turned over the reins to Ann Marie and Rich Cosgrove.

The Cosgroves were officially ordained as the new trip captains during the "Passing of the Pots" ceremony that took place at this year's Housatonic trip.

The last official ceremony to take place along the banks of the river was the funeral for John Menendez's tent in 2008. The tent, which some swear was the same one used by Sir Edmund Hillary, was given last rites and a proper burial after it succumbed to a rain storm.

When the Gelbers first ran the trip, it was from their pop-up camper. Nowadays, the Gelbers travel in style in their 30 ft. RV. They've served way-too-many meals in the rain and under leaky canopies, and had big smiles on their faces as they wished the new trip captains good luck.

Susan Solomon

Art of the Angler Show - Danbury, CT



Joan Wulff stopped by Paul McCain's booth at the Danbury show and wished him good luck with his new fly shop. River Bay Outfitters is located at 445 Merrick Road, Oceanside, but call Paul first to make sure he's there. 516 415-7748



Rich and AnnMarie Cosgrove, Paul McCain and Susan and Howie Solomon had dinner together at the Art of the Angler Show in Danbury. Cliff Dies was there, too, but left before dinner.



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Please Call ahead for Shop Hours

River Bay Outfitters has opened in the town of Oceanside. It is a new shop that specializes in the sport of fly fishing and is located at 445 Merrick Road. River Bay Outfitters will have for sale fly fishing and fly tying products. Information and education for anglers of all levels will be available as well. The owner, Paul McCain, has been active in fly fishing for over 30 years. Paul welcomes you to stop in to learn how to tie a new fly, get details on local waters, and learn some tips and techniques. More than just a fly shop, River Bay Outfitters will be a place to talk about fresh and salt water fishing. For store hours, please call (516) 415-7748.

Thanks Paul

Fly Contributions Needed for Somerset Fly Fishing Show

It's time to start donating flies for our Somerset Fly Raffle. This is a big fund raiser for the Club and your participation is greatly appreciated.

I will be collecting your flies or monetary contributions at meetings until January. For each 12 freshwater flies, 10 saltwater flies or \$8. cash you donate, you will earn one chance at a special drawing.

Susan Solomon

Fishing Photos

We need your fishing photos for our website photo galleries!! It's a very easy process. Just email your favorite fishing related photos to **webmanager@liflyrodders.org**, with a brief description.

If you're a fan of our Facebook page, you can add them directly there and we'll copy them to the website's photo gallery.

Gordon Mueller Webmanager@liflyrodders.org
www.liflyrodders.org/

Fly Fishing Videos Available on DVD

Our video library has been upgraded from VHS to DVD.

They cover a wide range of subjects like fly casting, fly tying, and the many techniques of fly fishing in the States and around the world.

See **Ernie Tamargo**
at the Monthly Meetings to borrow a title.

Our Annual Dinner and Awards Banquet was held on November 2. This year there were no weather related problems to delay it. The following people were recognized for their contributions to the Club:

Lifetime Achievement – Lee Weil
Member of the Year – Rich Consgrove



Awards of Appreciation

Charlie DeStefano
Cliff Dies
Jeff Farrell
Jim Foley
Bob Hepler
Paul McCain

Gordon Mueller
Wolfgang Porté
Dan Roper
Morty Schneiderman
Gene Stephens
Lee Weil



Trip Captains-

Corinne and Mike Gelber
Lee Weil and Jeff Farrell
Susan and Howie Solomon
Paul McCain and Dan VanBuskirk
Charlie DeStefano and Bill Mason
Gordon Mueller





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Web: www.leeweilflies.com

LIFR Merchandise Corner

Club 3 season jackets... see Jim Foley to get on the list for the next order. Jackets will be ordered when our supplier has his next big sale.

See all of the sale items in the merchandise corner. There are many bargains.

Nu-Creations Awards

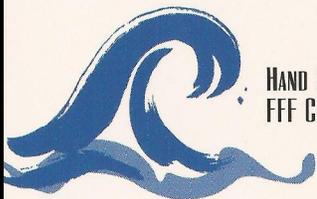
Awards & More

Peter Borsits
President

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Call for information on our schools and free seminars

*The Gallery at Westbury Plaza
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516-794-1681*



The Long Island Chapter of Trout Unlimited meets on the 3rd Tuesday of each month at:
Hicksville VFW Hall
320 S. Broadway
Hicksville at 7:30 p.m.
Visitors are always welcome.
See www.longislandtu.org for more info.

To conserve, protect and restore North America's cold water fisheries and their watersheds.

**For fly tying classes, contact:
Wolfgang Porté: (516) 741-2342**

For casting classes, contact:



Berkley has a program for recycling **used fishing line**. If you call them and you are a **business**, they will send you a shipping box (prepaid) to send in the line. Their only stipulation is that the line be clean and free of all debris, hooks, and metal attachments. Here's the Berkley number.

1-800-BERKLEY or 1-800-237-5539

If you are not a business and you have a bag of line, send it to the following address. Remember that birds and marine animals become entangled in fishing line. Do what you can. Make sure the line is clean of debris, hooks, and metal attachments.

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LIFR Needs You!

Our club needs volunteers.

Please donate some of your time to help out at meetings and for other important club business.

If you can spare a little of your time, please see Pres. Susan, Wolfgang Porté, or any Board Member for information.

Thank You

Housatonic River Outfitters, Inc.



Torrey Collins

Store Manager

24 Kent Road • Cornwall Bridge, Connecticut 06754
Telephone: (860) 672-1010

CRT

Can't remember things? We're Here to Help! Send us your e-mail address and we'll remind you of upcoming events and monthly meetings. Send to:

Wolfgang Porté -
whporte@optonline.net

Attention Flyrodders

Accessing our old web site, www.liffr.org, will automatically redirect you to our new web site, www.liflyrodders.org. Access to our old site is no longer available, but you'll find all your old favorites and club information on the new site.

Email can be addressed to **Gordon Mueller**, our webmaster at:
webmanager@liflyrodders.org



MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION
January 1, 2013 - December 31, 2013

Please do not write in this box

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.

Member Signature: _____ Date: _____

Clearly Printed Name _____

Family Application must be signed by each Family Member or Guardian, as applicable.

Family Member(s) _____

Address: _____

Home phone: () _____

Work phone: () _____

<p>In case of emergency, when reasonably feasible, contact:</p> <p>Name: _____</p> <p>Relationship: _____</p> <p>Home Phone: () _____</p>

Clearly Printed E-mail address: _____ @ _____

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

Dues: **Individual \$40** **Family** (including children under 16 yrs.) **\$45** **Junior** (under 18 yrs.) **\$15.**

Check here if you do not want your newsletter sent by E-Mail. Please keep in mind that printing and mailing expense is about \$12.00 per year for each member that requests mailing.

Please rememberIf you change your residence or email address you must notify LIFR by writing to the club at LIFR, PO Box 8091, Hicksville, NY 11802 or by sending an email to Dan Roper at ropergraphics@mac.com. This will ensure that we continue timely delivery of your "Flyrodder."

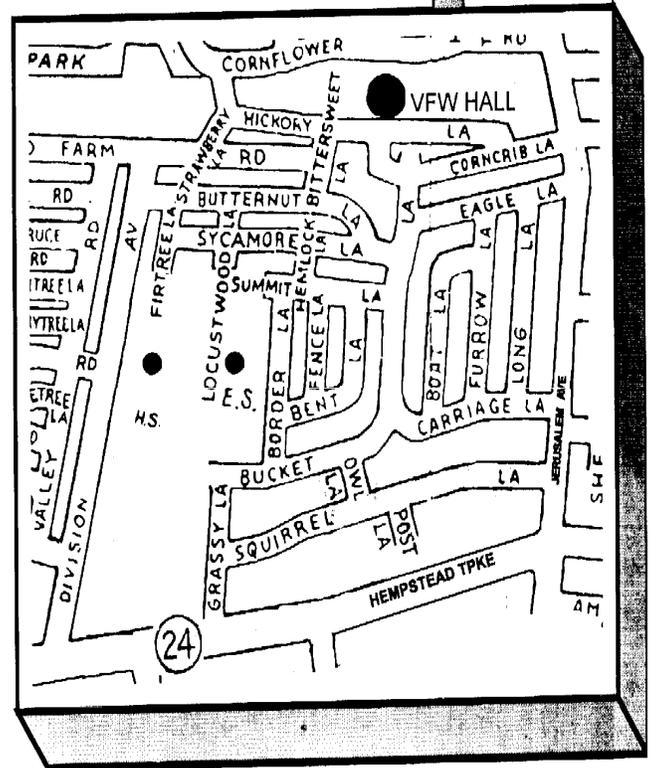
Renew Today!!!!

LONG ISLAND FLYRODDERS COMING EVENTS
December - 2013

December 3 **General Meeting - 8:00 pm**

*2013 Annual Holiday Party
& Grab Bag*

December 24 **Board of Directors Meeting**



FLYRODDER
P.O. Box 8091
Hicksville, NY 11802

FIRST CLASS MAIL