

The *FLYRODDER*



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

PUBLISHED BY

LONG ISLAND
FLYRODDERS

This Month's Meeting *September 2, 2003*

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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)

2003 OFFICERS

Paul McCain
President

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Chow time: Saturday lunch under the canopy at the
Housatonic River, Connecticut, - August 2003

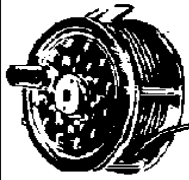
GUEST SPEAKER:

George Simon

ōBig Browns & Steelhead in
Oak Orchard Creekö



God Bless America



President's message

It's September, and once again Paul had to write his monthly "President's Line." He began grumbling around 8:00 p.m., about the same time the kids started to get fussy, about the same time I looked around my and thought, "What happened to the tidy house I saw about an hour ago?" Paul wanted some ideas for his "President's Line," and I wanted a clean house and some quiet. I told Paul that I had a fishing story. I would write for him if he would clean and put the kids to bed. Paul really hates writing. He is even cleaning out Bear's cage. (Bear is Owen's hamster.) I am glad that I really do have a fishing story. I have a story that I think about this time each year.

In September of 1991, two amazing events happened on the same day. My sister got married and my brother spotted whales in Long Beach.

The amazing part of my sister's wedding had to be that Lloyd, the groom, willingly sacrificed a Sunday which he could have spent fishing. My sister,

Jean, and Lloyd had argued about fishing a lot. She hated it and could never understand why he had to fish every weekend and during every full moon. Today, after a dozen years of marriage, I think my sister looks forward to Lloyd's fishing trips. However, in 1991 she did not want any fish talk on her wedding day.

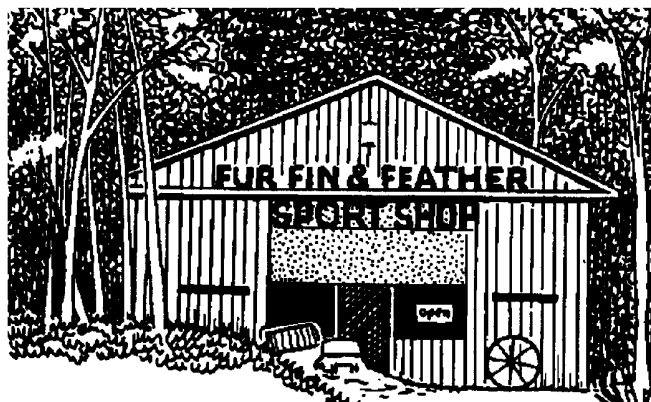
On the day of my sister's wedding, I did not immediately know about the whales. I spent the morning helping her get ready. Lloyd and my brother should have spent the morning getting ready as well. They didn't. They went to the beach with a few surf-casting rods and saw the whales.

At the church I walked down the aisle as the Maid of Honor. As I approached the front pew, I heard my brother try to whisper something to me in a very urgent voice. "What?" I whispered back very confused. He could not continue as he was getting the old elbow in the ribs from my sister-in-law. Did I leave the tag on my dress? What did my brother have to tell me?

I watched my sister and father walk down aisle. I turned to look at the groom. I saw his huge smile and the excitement in his eyes. I imagined that he admired how beautiful my sister looked in her white gown. I imagined that after seeing my sister, Lloyd felt lucky, blessed and happy. When Jean reached the alter, I went to take her bouquet just as Lloyd whispered something in her ear. Everyone in the church probably thought that Lloyd told his bride how beautiful she looked. But I heard what he said. He said to his bride, "I saw a whale for the first time in my life while fishing in Long Beach this morning!"

Paul wants to remind you to see Wayne Becker if you are interested in attending the Club Awards Dinner. You should also see Jeff Farrell if you are interested in the Fly Contest. Also, Ron LaChase is moving to Virginia. This will be his last meeting with the Fly Rodders. Please come to say good-bye and to wish him well. Paul also wants to thank all those who helped on his last trip. Finally, George Simon will be the speaker this month. He will talk about Big Brown and Steelhead in Oak Orchard Creek. I hope you enjoy your last few weeks of fishing before the short days and cold weather begin. If I can think of any more chores for Paul to do, then I will write again in the next newsletter. In the meantime.....

Tight Lines,
Julie



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Welcome Back Bass

by Lee Weil

It didn't seem possible that a year had passed since last summer when we bid adieu to our favorite Smallmouth haunt on the Hudson River. As we drove over the bridge I smiled and quipped, "We're baaaack!" It had rained heavily the night before, and looking down at the river below the dam I realized we would be challenged by the high, off colored water. Wading would require more caution than usual but I had a feeling it would be well worth our efforts, and my optimism was supported by the herd of Holsteins standing in the meadow; not a single one lying down. I was also happy that there was no breeze to speak of and casting popping bugs with a fly rod would not present a problem. The overcast day would also work in our favor, and as long as the rain held off we could see well enough to navigate the shelves and ridges that ran on a bias across the river.

My first casts were into the bubbles at the base of the dam, since I had picked up surprisingly large fish from these shallow spots in the past, especially early in the morning. Today, however, I found no takers and wasted no time moving farther out onto the ridge to fish an eddy I call "the magic circle". I had fish slap my deerhair popper, knocking it out of the water a few times, but couldn't get a hook set. By now the sun had emerged and

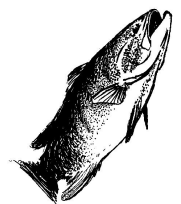
the heat was already beating down on my back. I checked to see if Jeff was faring any better; he held up 1 finger to indicate his success, but then measured a small spread with his hands and shrugged. Where were all the big girls?

I decided to work my way down river to some holes I knew about from previous years research. There is an advantage to fishing a rock bottom river; the territory may be affected by debris and trees, but the bottom line always remains the same. Sure enough, as soon as I arrived at my destination I hooked 2 fish, and while they weren't giants they confirmed my suspicions that the fish had indeed moved from the turbulent base of the dam to quieter sanctuaries.

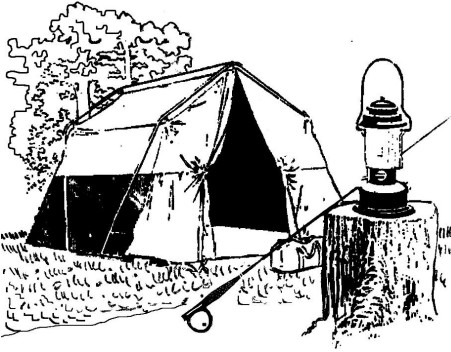
I studied the trench in front of me and then dug through my overstuffed fly pack to find exactly what I needed . a heavily weighted hellgrammite imitation. I tied it on and chucked it in, watching the floating line attached to the short leader as it disappeared into the murky depths. I began to fish it nymph style and on my 2nd pass through the run I felt it stop hard. I raised the rod, at first believing I had lost yet another fly to the sticky shale bottom, but then held my breath as the rod tip took a short but definite detour. I set the hook and this time there was no doubt that the resistance was NOT structure,

but a determined bass, intent on heading for a downed tree at the tail of the pool. I began to walk backwards, risking a look behind me to avoid stepping into one of a multitude of potholes. Slowly I convinced her to turn back into the trench where she burrowed to the bottom and sulked there. We held off at a stalemate for a few minutes and then she made her move; a classic Smallmouth maneuver that I've seen many times but never fails to take my breath away. I felt the give in the rod and the surface exploded in front of me as she rocketed up from the bottom, landing with a cannonball splash. I breathed a sigh of relief when the rod took a deep bend again and then we were into round two.

After what seemed like an hour I saw the hint of the bronze shape under the surface. With a trembling arm I led her to my feet, finally subdued enough to surrender. I lipped her and she clamped down hard on my thumb; not until that moment did I dare to holler to Jeff. I took out my tape measure and laid it along the broad, banded side. I took it twice to be sure . 18 ½ inches; my mark to beat for the 2003 season. Not the biggest fish I've taken here, but certainly one worth remembering. I watched her swim back into the dark water and thanked the Hudson for welcoming us



NEAR HOUSATONIC HEAVEN



The weekend of August 8th witnessed a pilgrimage of almost fifty L. I. Flyrodders, led by Captain Paul McCain, to the Housatonic Meadows Campgrounds. There was to be a weekend of fishing on Connecticut's famed Housatonic River. River conditions were A.O.K. and the prospects looked real good.

When I arrived to set up my little pup tent Gordon Grimes, in true Flyrodder's fellowship, said he'd borrowed and already erected a large six person tent and offered to share some real estate in it with me. Now I say, "What are pals for, eh?" I accepted with glee and tossed my minuscule shelter in the truck.

There are several things that made the trip 1st class and notable, not the least of which was that everybody caught fish. And while I delighted in hearing how many fish each caught, over and over and over, I caught one too. It was only one fish but of respectable dimensions and fought, I thought, with dignity to the very end. I'm positive as I let it go there was an ever so slight nod of respect too.

Another thing that made

the trip more than memorable was the food. Now any camping trip may have eggs and bacon for breakfast but how about French toast (don't forget the syrup)? And for lunch and dinner think of your best church barbeque and you're only close. On the menu was grilled chicken, ribs with mashed potatoes, shrimp fajitas, steak and onions with pie and fruit salad for dessert! But hats off and attaboys! to Paul, Jim Foley, Donald Shea and Al Manz who did *all* the cooking, serving and cleanup. Missing were only the napkin rings and candles. Could you ask for more? I don't think so but there was. Paul even supplied hand tied flies, in a box, for all. They reportedly worked well; mine now adorn the flora of the area or are wedged between rocks far under the Housatonic.

Friday night found everyone around a roaring campfire for some tale swapping and good natured jibing. This, of course, included mention of the many, many fish folks caught. As I say, I was thrilled to hear of these successes over and over and over.

On each Flyrodder trip I learn something. Saturday morning I slipped into the water early and found John Gerbitz already there. John is about the most persistent fisherman I know. Only thirty feet from my position, he meticulously cast toward the bank and took twenty fish to my none. Reasons for this may be A) there were no fish where I was, B) I was using the wrong fly, or C)

John is a much better fisherman. I opt for C. But what I did learn was patience and control. As John left the water I suddenly realized I had a rather large stone in my right hand.

And what would a Flyrodder trip be without rain? So Paul provided that too. Saturday afternoon the rain began. By evening it was raining in earnest and Gordy said, "Maybe we should check the tent." He made an inspection and allowed as how the tent may have commenced to leaking a little. Minutes later we extracted two sleeping bags, essentially 200 pound sponges, from the faulty shelter.

Gordy decided he'd had it with man made fabric and Mother Nature too and was going to pack it in, hit the road, hasta la vista baby. As I helped pack up his soggy gear I realized I now faced an ugly prospect high on the list of camper's nightmares (and it's a fairly long list). I would have to set up my tiny tent in the dark, in the rain and on the mud. But to my rescue came Shawn Sullivan who offered me a berth in his wonderful, dry, waterproof camper. God Bless you Shawn.

So, this was a first class trip alright! Many would say even catching a whole bunch of large fish couldn't make it better. (It could.)



Flyrodder Crossword Puzzle # 4

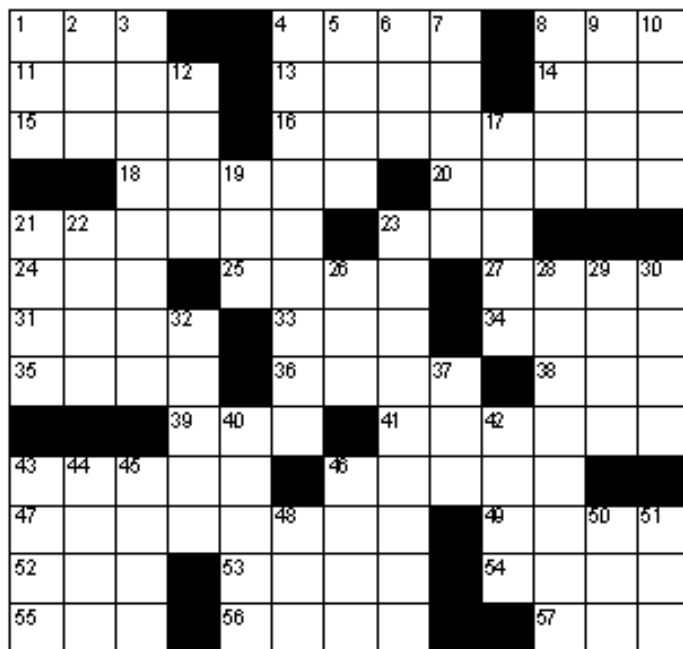
by Gil Padovani

ACROSS

- 1 Traffic ---
- 4 Bridge
- 8 --- de France
- 11 Medicinal plant
- 13 Bring on board
- 14 Cereal grass
- 15 Better than better
- 16 Lift in England?
- 18 With 41 across a traditional Catskill fly
- 20 Wipe the slate clean
- 21 Spray
- 23 Actress Joanne
- 24 French yes
- 25 Withered
- 27 Chatter
- 31 Tardy
- 33 Edge
- 34 Rhine River tributary
- 35 Aroma
- 36 Mild oath
- 38 180 from SSW
- 39 Roam
- 41 See 18 across
- 43 Flourish
- 46 Auto ----- camera
- 47 You fish it dry or wet
- 49 ---- wing coachman
- 52 Our country
- 53 Biblical name
- 54 One of the deadly sins
- 55 Nadia 's score
- 56 Anatomical network
- 57 A great salmon river of Scotland


DOWN

- 1 Muhammad Ali's specialty
- 2 Pub offering
- 3 A dry fly
- 4 On the allee side
- 5 Tablet
- 6 Exist
- 7 Never say -----
- 8 Smidgen
- 9 Vientiane's land
- 10 Raison d' ----
- 12 Needle case
- 17 Island off of Venezuela
- 19 Tax agency
- 21 Alone
- 22 College campus area
- 23 Hitler was one
- 26 Equipment
- 28 Westernmost city in England
- 29 Florence's river
- 30 A form of to be
- 32 Unit of work
- 37 Whats up ---?
- 40 Brownish yellow
- 42 Axiom
- 43 Goblin
- 44 Win, ---- or draw
- 45 Algeria seaport
- 46 College social group
- 48 It follows Japan
- 50 Hail, to Ceasar
- 51 Tint



Answers to this month's puzzle will be in October's Issue

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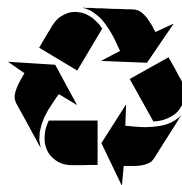
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Berkley has a program for recycling **used fishing line**. If you call them and you are a **business**, they will send you a shipping box (prepaid) to send in the line. Their only stipulation is that the line be clean and free of all debris, hooks,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

1-800-BERKLEY or (712) 336-1520.

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. Berkley **recycles** the line into artificial fishing structures.

Berkley
1900 18th Street
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Iowa 51360
Attn: Recycle Program

F	R	A	T		C	O	O	L		T	R	A	C	E	
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Answers to LIFR Crossword Puzzle # 3

Quotes:

Fly-Fishing helps you understand just how unimportant your big real life problems really aren't.

Keith Myers



TYERS! WE WANT YOU! The Long Island Flyrodders are now starting to collect flies for our Somerset show raffle. I know it seems early but time does pass quickly and December will be here before you know it. I realize that it's not an ideal time to be indoors tying flies, but for those of you that do, there will be two small preliminary raffle prizes to reward your early efforts (depending on the number of contributing tyers between now and November) besides the Grand prize to be drawn in January. Don't forget; 12 freshwater or 10 saltwater flies gets you a ticket. I will be collecting them every meeting except for August. We need you to help us make for another successful year at the show! Thanks, Jeff

CONNETQUOT RIVER TRIPS

In response to the demand for the limited spaces available for our Monday Connetquot River State Park trips, the following guidelines are in effect: Members attending the meetings have **first priority**, followed by those members, chronologically received, who call in the day after the meeting for the remaining spaces available. Reservations are available for 32 anglers for each session; 64 for both sessions. The cost of each session is **\$15.00**. No checks will be accepted; **EXACT CHANGE, CASH ONLY, NO SINGLES**

to be paid at the general meeting or at the park for call-in reservations. Anglers fishing the morning sessions must be at the park by **7:30 a.m.** Cancellations must be made by 7:00 p.m. the Saturday before the session. **No advance reservations will be accepted.**

Hours: 8:00 AM to 12:00 PM
1:00 PM to 5:00 PM

For Details call Ron La Chase at 718-769-6376

CONNETQUOT DATES - 2003

Sept. 15 Oct. 20

Only members with 4 weight rods or larger will be allowed to fish on the Monday Sessions

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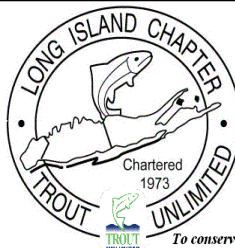
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The Long Island Chapter of Trout Unlimited meets on the 3rd Tuesday of each month at the Hicksville VFW Hall, 320 S. Broadway, Hicksville at 7:30pm. Visitors are always welcome.

See www.longislandtu.org for more information.

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

For fly tying classes, contact:
Herb Schneiderman: (718) 468-5519.
For casting classes, contact:
Herman Abrams: (516) 593-6024
or **George Simon: (516) 483-0404.**



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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.

In case of emergency, when reasonably feasible, contact:

Name: _____ Relationship: _____

Phone: home () _____ Office () _____

Date: ____ / ____ 20 ____

MEMBER

Signature: _____

Print name: _____

Address: _____

Home phone: () _____

Office phone: () _____

E-mail address: (optional) _____

Consent given to post e-mail address on LIFR Web Site: Yes () No ()

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

Dues: Individual \$30.00
Family (including children under 16 yrs) \$40.00
Junior (under 18 yrs) \$15.00

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

FLYRODDER
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LONG ISLAND FLYRODDERS COMING EVENTS SEPTEMBER - 2003

- September 5 **General Meeting - 8:00 P.M.**
Guest Speaker - George Simon
• Big Browns & Steelhead in Oak Orchard Creek •
- September 15 **Connetquot State Park - Monday Fishing Trip**
See Page 8 for Details
Contact Ron LaChase: (718) 769-6376
- September 18 **Board Meeting**
7:30 P.M. at the Levittown VFW Hall
- September 19, 20, 21 **Montauk Point, NY**
Bluefish, Stripers & Smallmouth Bass
Contact: Nick Friedman - (631) 751-7085
Morty Schneiderman - (718) 846-5960

