

# the FLYRODDER



Published by the Long Island Fly Rodders, Inc.



The Flyrodder is the monthly publication of the Long Island Flyrodders, Inc.  
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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

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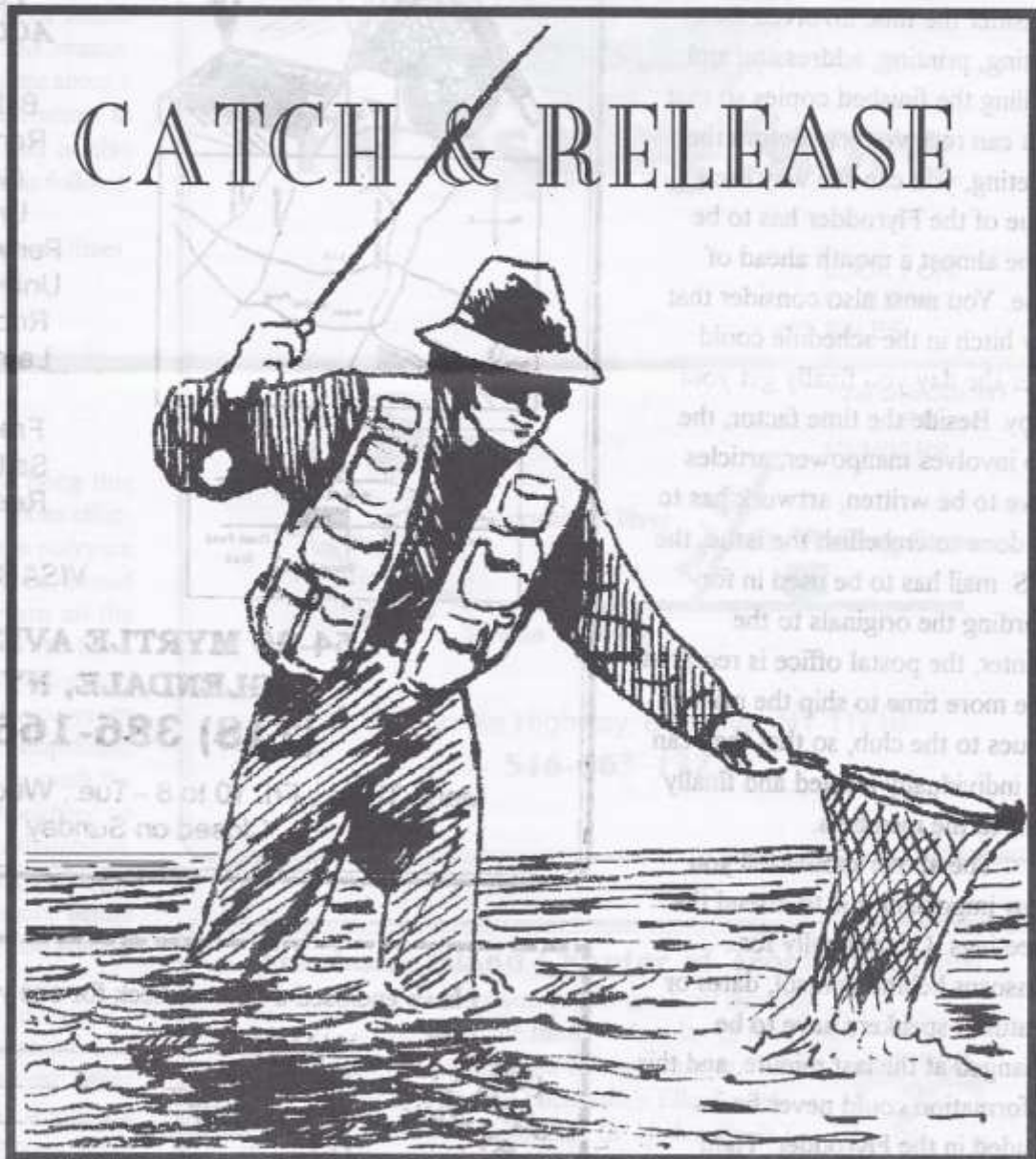
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MEETING DATE: Wednesday, July 12, 1995



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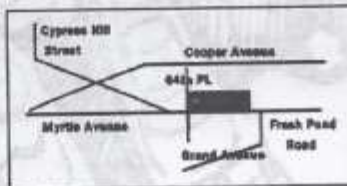
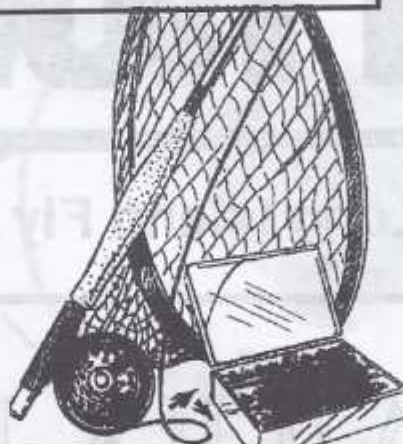


Since it is the third week in June and as yet I haven't received Al Manz message, I felt compelled to write this message once more in order to finish the issue and send the pages to the printer. If you consider the time involved for editing, printing, addressing and mailing the finished copies so that you can receive them before the meeting, you can see why each issue of the Flyrodder has to be done almost a month ahead of time. You must also consider that any hitch in the schedule could alter the day you finally get your copy. Beside the time factor, the job involves manpower; articles have to be written, artwork has to be done to embellish the issue, the U.S. mail has to be used in forwarding the originals to the printer, the postal office is required one more time to ship the printed issues to the club, so that they can be individually labeled and finally sent to the members.

The above should tell you how important it is to attend the meetings. Occasionally for reasons behind control, dates or featured speakers have to be changed at the last minute, and this information could never be included in the Flyrodder. Tight Lines.

*Alan*

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## ***Favorite Patterns- The POLY YARN BEETLE***

*by Bob Molzahn*



Beetles can be an effective pattern to take sipping trout when you can't tell what they are sipping. I have found, however, that many beetle patterns tend to sink very easy no matter how much you grease them up or fall apart after the first fish if they are made with deer hair. Foam beetles seem to ride pretty high in the water and my personal experience is that selective trout refuse them readily perhaps for this reason. My friend Dave Damer told me about a beetle pattern he uses which seems to solve all these problems and is also simple to tie. The pattern is as follows:

**Hook:** TMC 100 or equivalent, Sizes 16-22

**Thread:** Black

**Body:** Black Poly yarn

**Legs:** Thin Black Rubber or Black Hackle

There is a trick to tying this pattern which will make it more effective. After you tightly tie the poly yarn in at mid-shank, widen your thread windings around the poly yarn all the way down to the middle of the hook bend. Tie in your legs a little forward of mid-shank and then pull the poly yarn forward over the legs and whip-finish the head. The last step is to push the poly yarn forward from the hook bend up the straight shank with your thumbnail. The poly yarn will spread out, making it wider and rounder, and more beetle shaped. Once you tie a few you will get the hang of the last step.

When you fish it, grease it well with floatant and be sure to use either 6X or 7X tippet, especially if you are fishing flat water in an upstream direction. This pattern is not easy to see be-

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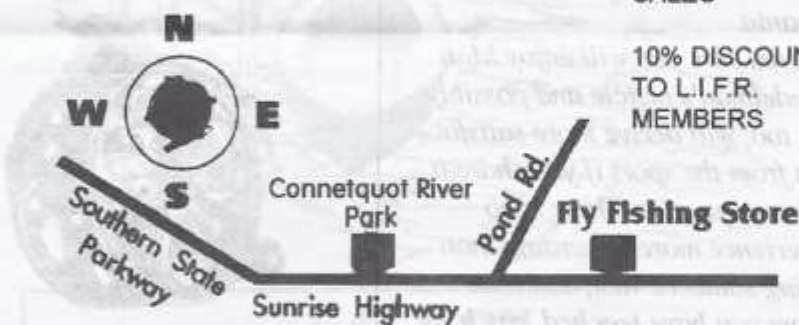
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## Editorially

*They say "When it rains, it pours!" Well, this issue has good articles from several members. Just as I finished typing the story about Bob Molzhan, I received an envelope from him containing TWO articles. His instructions for tying a beetle are printed on this issue, but you will have to wait 'till next month for the other. Bob is Dean's brother, he is a member of our club, and he resides in Pennsylvania.*

*I am sure you will enjoy Matt Handelman's article and possibly you too, will derive more satisfaction from the sport if you share it with a youngster. There is no experience more rewarding than seeing someone new, someone whom you have taught, catch that first fish on a fly. Try it.*

*As last year, this spring I came up to the Hungry Trout to fish the Ausable but this time I had to fish with a non-resident license. It was worth it and only wish more of you had come up to say "Hello".*

*Summer is here and I expect many of you will be fly fishing in salt water. It would be nice if you wrote about your experiences at the seashore and shared them with the other members.*

## FLY REELS

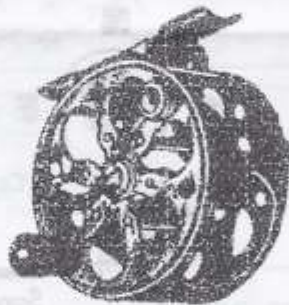
by Gian Padovani

One of my neighbors has fished all of his life with a spinning outfit but after hearing me extoll the pleasures of fly fishing he has been asking many questions regarding the tackle.

When I explained that sole purpose for the reel is to hold the line, he showed me a fishing catalog and, pointing to a reel, he said; "that's an expensive way to store a line!"

As a parallel, I mentioned that there are accurate watches on the market that retail from \$20.00 to over \$1,000.00, the difference being in the workmanship and the value of the metals involved. To strengthen my argument, I mentioned how many salt water anglers exclude the reel, in favor of a casting basket.

I guess many new devotees of the sport have asked (or are asking) the same questions: "What is the difference between the reels?" or "Why the discrep-



ancies in the prices?"

One of the nicest reels I own is a Marryat, This reel is beautifully machined and very attractive in its brushed golden finish. You crank it either in a "silent" mode or with a delicate "clicking" sound, and its drag system is as smooth as a hot knife over butter. It was fairly expensive and a spare spool costs more than the combined cost of a Cortland Rimfly plus the spare spool! I also own a vintage Pflueger Medalist (made in the U.S.A.) once the most popular fly reel in the world. It was affordable, strong and had a distinctive

double-clicking sound. Indeed, the design was so good that several manufacturers copied it with minor variations. Pflueger went out of business but the Medalist production continued, marketed by different companies and manufactured in Asia.

Fly reels are manufactured in different sizes to accomodate lines of different weights and are of three basic designs: Single action, multipliers and automatic. The single action reel is the "classic" model and undoubtedly the most popular. Most can be easily adapted for either left or right handed operation and incorporate a simple drag system. Others offer a palm drag control, by placing pressure on the exposed rim of the spool. As the name implies, the multiplying reels have a more elaborate mechanism that enable the spool to turn several times, each time the reel is cranked. They are heavier than the single action models but are especially handy when fishing for fast running fish, like steelheads, and a quick line retrieve is important. The automatic reels have all but disappeared from the market, but are still available in some shops or in the used market. They incorporate a coiling spring and a lever to activate the spool for rewinding the line. They are relatively heavy and can accomodate only a few yards of backing. Notwithstanding their bulkiness, automatic reels have their places, especially when fishing from a small boat or canoe and the line can easily tangle with whatever else is aboard. Automatic reels are relatively inexpensive and have adherents, especially in the bass fishing fraternity.

To answer the questions, the difference between single action reels can be seen in how well they are made, the smoothness of their drag and their light weight. When matched to today's ultralight rods they offer a perfect balance since they are precision made out of the best alloys and function as smooth as silk.

Cast on to page 11

*Gian*

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# Young Bobby

by Matt Handelman

It was a pleasant evening as Honey Bunch (Elayne) and I walked alongside the tiny man made pond in the neighborhood. As kids we used to take out a rowboat for the day and the pond holds Bass, Bluegills and Carp, big Carp I might add. You must realize the banks are truly of the wild, made from natural cement with an inadequate filtration system trying to keep the water clean. A six foot wide cement apron encircles the pond, and there is heavy traffic due to bicycle riders, roller bladers and roaming dogs. Its amazing people come here to fish, yet they do, and I always stop to watch them, not wading but fishing from the side.

As we walked I spotted a youngster, maybe ten years old, trying with all his might to catch something, anything that would take the bait. A long stick with string tied at the end, a safety pin, and a dough ball as bait. I mentioned to Elayne that the kid wouldn't have much luck with the equipment he was using. I kinda felt sorry, knowing how much fun it would be for him to catch something, and not having any possibility for it to happen. I wondered where his mother was and figured the young woman sitting and reading a book on the side was with him.

We spoke to her and found out she was indeed his mother. Her name was Janice, she was divorced and had recently moved to the neighborhood. Her son's name turned out to be Bobby and he hadn't as yet made many friends, especially friends who liked to fish. I decided right then that Bobby would make his first fishing friend. While Honey Bunch stayed with Janice, I quickly drove the mile back home to get my "beginner" fly rod and some flies. The outfit (my first!) came as a complete set, a 5wt. rod, reel and floating line.

Back to the pond I found young Bobby still at it but with no luck. Since he didn't know me and he seemed kinda

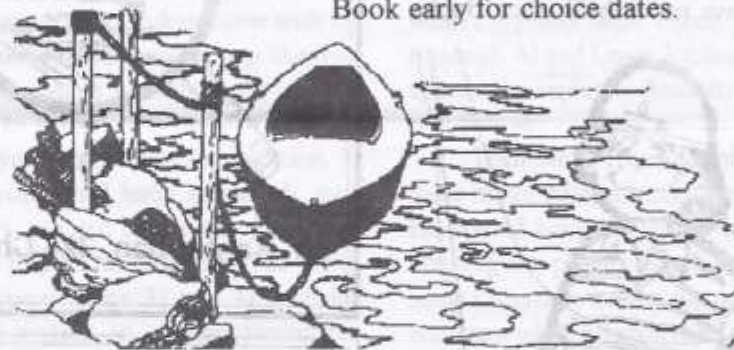


shy, I decided to fish close to him, hoping he would become curious and approach me. As I suspected, several casts later I hooked a Bluegill and after the second, Bobby came over to see what I was doing. He inquired why I threw the fish back and I told him I fished for the fun of it and believed the fish should live to be caught again, on another day. After I caught another Bluegill and a Largemouth Bass, I finally asked

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## YOUNG BOBBY

Bobby if he would like to fish with the fly rod. With a gleam in his eye and a quick glance at his mother, he finally responded "Can I, can I really? It seems too hard for me." I knew the fastest way to convince the kid was for him to catch a fish right a way, technique be damned. Since these fish aren't particular about the casting and they will hit almost anything, I decided it would be better for Bobby to get hooked by the sport first, and teach him to cast on another day.

I handed over the rod and told Bobby to gently flip the line out, letting the fly sit on the water. When nothing happened I told him to try again. This time the fly sat for maybe ten seconds when a Bluegill came up and snatched it. You should have seen the look on Bobby's face as he reeled in the line, with a fish wiggling around at the end.

It gave me a thrill when Bobby



called for his mother to see what he had caught, and I don't know who felt more excitement when I let the little fish go, back into his domain.

Well I seem to have "hooked" a kid and given him a lifelong hobby. Bobby caught two more fish that night, before it got too late. It was time to go

on home for the youngster, but I still had some unfinished business to take care of. I presented Bobby with that beginner outfit with the promise that we would meet the next day for Bobby's first casting lesson. He was but ten years old and I don't think that's too young to learn how to cast. He quickly adapted to this new way of fishing, and after only a few outings, Bobby had become good enough to catch fish on

that pond. By the end of the summer he was quite proficient in casting and I enjoyed each lesson as much as he did.

Soon summer came to an end and the fishing rods were packed away. But I do know that Santa had a special gift for Bobby that year: A new rod, reel and flies. Above all, Bobby's gift was a lifetime of fun and excitement in this hobby of fly fishing.

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# NOW, JUST WADE A MINUTE!

by Al  
Westbrook

The second most adventurous part of fly fishing is wading a stream or river. The first is extracting a #12 hook from an earlobe.

I've always admired those sure-footed anglers who wade racing waters with abandon and unconcern. They face the prospect as if it were a trifle. I, on the other hand, face it on the order of a root canal procedure. In fact when I first got started in fly fishing and I had purchased an economy rod, a painted metal reel, line, flies, vest, net, hat, various accouterments to dangle on the vest and other exciting stuff someone mentioned waders. "What for?" I asked sincerely. "Well you can't back cast from the bank for one thing and you've got to move up and down stream for another. You don't need expensive waders either; just get something on sale and they'll last a long time," said my early advisor who is now ignominiously buried under a pile of rocks alongside the first stream we fished together. Stuck in the middle of the pile is a thin post with a sign, hand carved with a pocket knife, lashed to it. It reads, "Here lies what's left of Angler Bob, where his last big fish was played. I could have fished from yonder bank, but no!, he made me wade!

I had purchased a set of boot-foot waders on sale, as instructed, made of truck tire rubber weighing in at just less than a Buick. That, in itself, is no real concern but the sale price did not include felt soles. Big mistake! Only on the Connetquot, perhaps, with its sand and silt bottom can you get away with this. Unfortunately my wading debut was in Vermont on what is affectionately known as a freestone stream. Not only are the stones free, they're slicker'n mashed baby food. I did pinwheels, whirligigs, the rubber wader two-step and fell a large number of times. Physical injuries were mercifully slight but the dents in my pride have had a long lasting effect on my psyche. As far as rubber soles, that dog don't hunt, let me tell you!

My discovery of felt soles only solved a portion of the problem. Although I now had a fair degree of confidence that my feet would stay planted, they did precious little about exactly where to plant them. This, I found out, is the art where felt is the science. I point to a recent fishing trip as example. Three of us had decided to fish the Upper Willowemoc Creek in lieu of the thirty mile trip others took to the Delaware or the lower stretch which had been somewhat unproductive. So, Al Manz, Joe Bryant, better known as "Uncle Joe", and myself headed up the road in Al's great big car. Our plan was to enter the Creek way up and then take my Jeep back to pick up Al's car once we reached the run behind the motel we were staying at. The only major flaw to this plan was it meant a walk-wade of two miles or so.

Since I was last to "suit up" when we reached the turn-off, I was also last to the water. My waders came with instructions that read something like this: 1) Hold waders with the right and left hands to extend one leg, 2) Get same leg of your body ready for insertion. 3) With your third hand move bib, suspenders, etc. out of the way and insert leg, 4) Repeat for other leg. The activity between steps 3) and 4) includes hopping around on one leg aiming the second leg at the half empty waders now swinging wildly in the breeze with alternate bounces in the mud. In fact, for pure entertainment value nothing tops watching a somewhat overweight angler get into or out of a pair of neoprene waders, especially on a nice muddy stretch of ground. That's cruel, I know, but it's tough to beat for a good laugh on a fishless day. Charity often increases in proportion to fish caught.

Then comes the ritual known as the rapid reversal, dual spiral, chase-the-suspender-strap dance. They are never quite long enough to grab over your shoulder resulting in the very complicated suspender dance.

Anyway, we were fishing a creek, right? How bad could a creek be? In went Uncle Joe, crossed the creek and

boogied on down almost out of sight. Then Al, same thing, across the creek and began fishing, I got to the bank and looked at the rating current and that old fear came right back. Some guys hate spiders or snakes maybe. Me, it's wading. So I steeled myself to the task ahead and stepped right in, a few prayers may have slipped out first but I don't know; I was concentrating on my frighteningly swift and thorough descent into the boiling water. I thought since Uncle Joe and Al went across to the other side, why I'll just stay here on this side.

And stay there is pretty much what I did. I waded a ways and discovered I was chest deep in the stuff stepping on and over gigantic, weird shaped rocks. I was practically crawling over these things hanging on for dear life, all thoughts of actually fishing gone by then. In fact saving the rod and reel became a second priority. My life passed in front of my eyes a few times...and it wasn't a pretty sight either, I'm sorry to admit. Al and Uncle Joe had now disappeared completely down stream, happily fishing.

Then while I was topping one of these minor Matterhorns there was Al! He waded back upstream, apparently noticing my plight. I don't know how, since I was only screaming moderately, waving a white handkerchief on the end of my 8 foot rod and if I'd had a gun you can be sure shots would have been fired in alarm. He said something prophetic like, "Cross over, it's much easier wading over here!"

CROSS OVER! my momma raised no stupid children, I was sticking within a leap to the bank! But Al waded over to my side and offered a very stable helping hand and I finally made the other side, thankful, to say the least, for Al's concern. Just as I was feeling a bit smug I realized we had two miles to wade yet! Who knows what could be yet to come? I really didn't like that thought. I made a promise to myself to borrow that roll casting video from the Club just, as soon as I get back on land, that is if I....



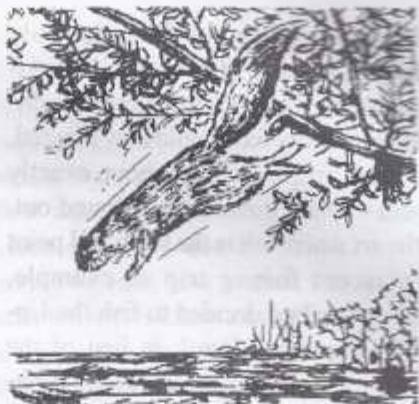
# OUT ON A LIMB

by Ed Wortmann

An the elk hair caddis swept over the brown's lair, the angler steeled his arm in anticipation of the strike. Leaning forward, he was a study in concentration, focused, willing the trout to take. The tension, like winding the spring on an old pocket watch, was palpable. Even so, a depth charge like eruption caught him by surprise. It unnerved him and he struck instinctively. The caddis whistled past his ear, snagging on the overhanging tangle of brush at his back. Even as he had wrenched the offering from the surging trout's jaws, he realized that the savage explosion, like a brick hurled into the pool, and the lunging trout were separate events.

A scant few yards from the vanishing swirl left by the startled, frustrated brown, a gray squirrel swam valiantly, struggling to gain the far bank. The sight of the squirrel clambering up the bank made the angler smile; 'clumsy and 'frantic' not only described the squirrel's predicament but all too frequently, his casting. A friend's disparaging appellation, 'tree rat' came to mind and seemed particularly appropriate as he watched the rodent take stock after its' harrowing ordeal. The angler expected the sodden creature to shake dry, like his Lab Molly after she'd retrieved a brace of gadwall or widgeon from the Nissequogue. Instead, on this scorching August afternoon on the Connetquot, the squirrel climbed the nearest bankside maple, and from a limb about twelve feet above the stream, again leaped unhesitatingly into the water. After the plunge and another thunderous splash, it frantically stroked for the opposite shore.

Incredible as it may seem, this exercise was repeated three or four



more times and reminded him of an old newsreel he'd seen at the movies as a child. The subject of the newsreel was the celebrated diving horse act at Atlantic City's Steel Pier. That harried but courageous steed would launch into space from a tower, diving into what seemed to be an impossibly small tank of water far below. The

Continues on page 11

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# WHY BOB GETS FISH

by Gian Padovani

Take two fishermen. Give them a rod, identical flies and place them on the same stream. Let them fish for a few hours. At the end of this period check the results and you may see one of the anglers fishless, and the other with a full creel. What was that made one angler successful and the other not? You may conclude that luck played a part, or... On the last outing to the Hungry Trout, every L.I. Flyrodder had to admit that Bob Molzhan was the undisputed top fisherman of the group. Although everyone caught trout, the discrepancy between Bob's catches and the rest of us was more than considerable. Well, if I wasn't going to fill the pot, I decided to gain some insight by watching Bob in action, and possibly learn his "secret." A major fact became quickly apparent: A fly will catch fish only when it is in the water, in areas where a fish can see it and snatch it! Watching Bob turned out to be a lesson in proficiency. To begin with, when he fishes he concentrates on what he is doing, where he is doing it, and he makes every cast count. His casts were relatively short and thorough at a ratio of three casts to one, when compared to the rest of us. If you read the Flyrodder you know how often I have stressed the importance of learning how to read the water but at times even this is not enough and we must resort to other tricks. Bob would allow the fly to drift down with the current and at the end of the swing he would twitch it, the action imparted with the rod tip. To all appearances the fly appeared to be desperately fluttering on the surface. Often he would cast quartering the fly downstream rather than upstream. Someone remarked that the reason of Bob's success is that he fishes a lot. I know of fishermen that spend much time on a stream but this doesn't mean anything, unless something is learned from the experience. It

was obvious that casting was second nature to Bob, and his concentration was directed solely to where he thought there was fish, and where he wanted to place his fly. Later on I put into practice what I learned from watching Bob: I was fishing a feeding lane, and as I studied the Hendrickson float on the current I realized that at least two minor sub-lanes were involved in the flow, diverging from the main one. This situation called

for more accurate casting, with line mending and compensation, but it paid off when at least three fish were caught from the stretch. A couple of days later, back at home, my brother Gil gave me a book entitled "Fly fishing heresies" by Leonard M. Wright, Jr. Interestingly, the author advocates fishing a dry fly ACROSS and DOWNSTREAM, and giving it a small twitch at the end of the swing. He writes, "That small motion

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### CONNETQUOT RIVER CLUB FISHING TRIPS

In response to the very heavy demand for the limited spaces available for our Mondays Connetquot R.S.P. trips, the following guidelines are in effect: Members attending the meetings have First Priority, followed by mail-ins residing beyond Nassau, Suffolk, Queens, Brooklyn, Bronx. Finally all others as chronologically received. If you don't get on the list, your check will be returned.

Check the dates with Ron La Chase.

June 19, July 17, Aug. 14, Sept. 18, Oct. 16

Standard park rules apply, and a valid NYS fishing license is a must. The following LIFR rules are in effect:

Reservations for 32 anglers per session, 64 for both sessions. The price for each session is **\$12.00** Checks payable to L.I.F.R., P.O. Box 8091, Hicksville, NY 11802 by the second Wednesday of each month

Page 10

(Club date)

For the morning session be at the park by 7:10 a.m. Cancellations **MUST** be made by 7:00 p.m. the Sunday before the session. For more information call Ron La Chase at 1718-769-6376

Checks sent in before the first

day of the month for which the deposit is sent, will be returned. **NO ADVANCE RESERVATIONS !!!**  
HOURS: 8:00 a.m. to 12 noon  
1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.



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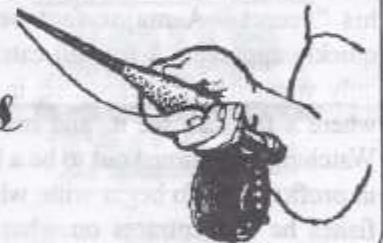
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## BEETLE

cause it rides low. As a result, you will need to fish the "ZONE". This means you will need to lift your rod whenever there is a rise that may be within a two or three foot wide zone where you think your fly has landed. This type of fishing takes a little intensity but with a little practice and a few missed fish, it can be most rewarding.

One last note, black polyarn is hard to find in your local fly fishing shop or catalogs because it has been replaced with antron, zelon, and other synthetics. My source for this material has been Jack's Tackle. Jack doesn't have a catalog but if you write to him at 8 Heather Lane, Douglassville, PA 19518, he will send you a card of black polyarn for less than a dollar plus postage. Jack also has a lot of other hard to find fly tying materials which aren't normally offered in the catalogs or local store. Write him. Jack will let you know if he has it or can get it.

Enjoy this pattern, it could lead to the best day of fishing you have ever had when nothing else seems to work!

## OUT ON A LIMB

squirrel's efforts were equally spectacular. At no time did the angler see this champion of the high board stop for a good scratch, and he therefore dismissed the notion that the animal had been driven near mad by fleas or lice. By accident or design, the squirrel had found relief from the stifling summer heat in the creek, just as had the angler himself.

## Why Bob catches fish

is enough to catch the trout's attention and tell him that your offering is, indeed, alive and edible." The book has lots of interesting information, including manners of fishing that are contrary to the accepted ways, and suggestions for more effective dry fly patterns.

There is even a chapter on how and where (location on the river) to catch full size Atlantic Salmon. Get it; I am sure you'll enjoy it.

## FLY REELS

Less costly reels are serviceable, with simpler drag systems or none at all, a bit heavier, and more Spartan in appearance. Their main advantage,

aside from the cost, is that you are less apt to worry if the reel gets dented, scratched or lost. I personally find it more convenient to use two inexpensive reels, one with a floating line and the other with a sinking tip, than one costly reel with an expensive spare spool. Look at it this way: To some anglers, there may be a big difference but to a trout the difference is none!



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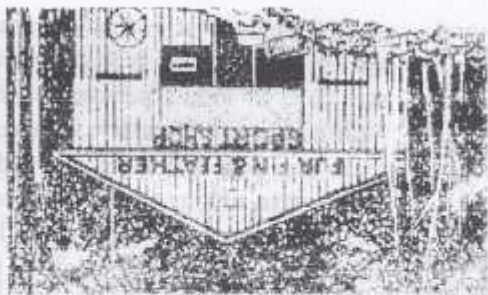


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### Why Bob catches fish

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 pattern and tell him just what's...  
 at, indeed, alive and edible. The...  
 has lots of interesting information...  
 clothing patterns of the...  
 turn to the...  
 look for...  
 7122...

OUT ON A LIMB  
 court's efforts were equally...  
 spectacular. At no time did the...  
 angle see the champion of the...  
 high board stop for a...  
 contact, and he therefore...  
 missed the notion that the animal...  
 had been driven near and by...  
 feet or less. By accident or...  
 design, the squirrel had...  
 roared from the...  
 feet in the creek, just as had the...  
 angler himself.