

The *FLYRODDER*

PUBLISHED BY

LONG ISLAND
FLYRODDERS



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

This Month's Meeting
January 3, 2006

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Dennis Aron
Circulation Manager

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)

2005 OFFICERS

Mike Gelber
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Jim Foley
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Lee Weil
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Paul McCain
Speaker Coordinator



*Lee Weil & V. Pres. Jim Foley at the
December 2005 Holiday Party Meeting*

GUEST SPEAKER:

Bill Carter
from Lakewood Camps, Maine.



God Bless America



President's message

Who could be thinking about fishing in the middle of Winter? We can! Just because it's January doesn't mean the fishing part of my brain goes dormant. I have flies to tie or is that flies that I plan on thinking about tying. Cleaning the dead white flies from the pockets of my vest. Maybe even putting new felts on my wading shoes. There are so many things that need to be done this time of year to get ready for the upcoming season.

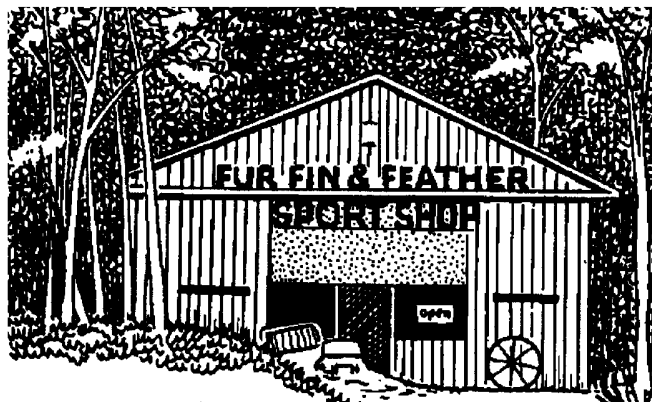
One of the major focal points of our club is the trips. Here is your chance to step up and join the ranks of "Trip Leaders". Prior to our January meeting we'll be having our annual trip planning committee. Show up at 6:30 before the regular meeting loaded with ideas for the 2006 season. We had a fantastic list of trips last year and I'm sure we'll do great this year as well. Remember it does not have to be a week long trip to Canada with helicopters and float trips each day (although that would be nice) short day trips are fine and can attract club members that can't get away for extended trips. There are always other members

there to get you going in the right direction, and I'm sure if you have been a member for awhile you know that there is always someone there to offer you free advice...whatever that is worth.

Just to get your fishy juices flowing we have a full month of shows for January. The club will have a booth at the following shows: Danbury, Connecticut from the 6th thru the 8th, Nassau Coliseum Sportsman Show from the 19th thru the 22nd. We will also be at the Somerset New Jersey show from the 27th thru the 29th. I'll be asking for volunteers at the next meeting so don't be shy. The shows are a great venue for us to let others know about the "Flyrodders" and some of the projects we are involved in as well as the trips and programs we offer.

Elections are right around the corner for our club officers and board of directors. Nominations will be taken from the floor at the January meeting. Please think about putting your name in for election and make a commitment. It only takes one Thursday night a month and a desire to keep the Long Island Flyrodders one of the premier fishing clubs in the Northeast.

See you on the river,
Mike



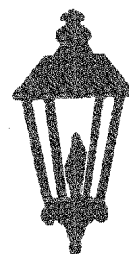
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FoF Your Nymphormation

by Lee Weil



Chukkar for Christmas

Let me warn you in advance – this is not a story about fly fishing; it’s not even a story about fishing. For those of you who feel this may not belong in a flyfishing publication, I ask that you forgive me this one indiscretion, but I ask that you also realize that this story is about passing on a passion for a sport rich in tradition, and with many parallels to angling. It’s a story about how the friends you make in the pursuit of one passion can open the door to a whole new world of outdoor experience.

It has been a dream of mine for many years to go pheasant hunting. We shot trap and skeet, but held off going for pheasant until we felt we were ready, and wanted to experience the sport as it should be. We were blessed by our friend Gil Padovani and his hunting partner, Mike Comune, who shared their expertise and knowledge with us and gave us a day of memories that we will never forget.

The thermometer in the truck read minus three when we pulled into the preserve. It was not a perfect day for two neophytes in the field, but what we lacked in experience we made up for in enthusiasm. I was nervous, but as we sat and had coffee and muffins, I began to relax, and I realized that they were as excited as we were, but for a different reason. I could relate to the fact that they were eager to show us and teach us about their “game”, in the same way we feel about teaching a new angler to cast and hook their first fish. As Mike told us stories about the dogs they had, I found myself glancing at the clock and getting impatient to be out there. The threat of cold became irrelevant.

Finally we were ready – dressed as warmly as possible, but still able to mount our guns. Gil’s pointer Luke was introduced, but he paid us no attention, as his mind was only on one thing – BIRDS ! He bounded off with a stride like a steeplechase horse and I wondered how in the world we would keep up with him. We paired up and set off into the fields. The sun was up and shining brightly on the soft snow, and the crisp, clear air was sharp in our lungs. There was no wind, and except for the rustle of the sorghum as Luke worked through it, the fields were silent. We watched the dog go from one patch of cover to another and listened to Gil and Mike encouraging him. I jammed my frozen fingers under my vest and prayed they would work when the first bird came up. Thanks to Luke, I had plenty of time to get ready, but I still missed my first bird and I was lucky have Mike as

my backup. He made a great shot and we got the chance to see Luke retrieve, proudly showing off the cock pheasant to all of us before delivering it to Gil.

I got my second chance soon enough on a chukkar, that flew straight away and gave me an easy shot for my first bird. I believe that your first bird is like your first fish – I’ll never forget it. When Gil placed the chukkar in my vest I felt more confident and settled down. As I always said on the racetrack, “adrenalin is a wonderful substance”!

I had my bird for Christmas dinner, and couldn’t wait to report back to my trap shooting coach.

We soon forgot how cold it was, and I had to peel

back my fleece hood as we strove to keep up with Gil and Mike. As I marched through the snow and sorghum I gained a whole new respect for these guys, and I was hoping they couldn’t hear me panting as we hurried to catch up to Luke when he “made game”. My shooting glasses were steamed up and was tempted to doff the cap as well.

All too soon we were heading back to the warmth of the clubhouse, but not before we took the time to pose for photos, the bright blaze of orange vests against the backdrop of the snow



Photo by Gil Padovani

Jeff Farrell, Mike Comune, Luke & Lee Weil

and smiles from ear to ear. After giving Luke his much deserved lunch, we retired to ours; sandwiches of Italian cold cuts on freshly baked herb breads, graciously provided by our guides. Other hunters began to drift in and greeted us warmly, making us feel the sense of camaraderie that occurs when there is a common bond; whether it be between anglers, horsemen or hunters. As I stroked the warm, sleek coat of the dog who had somehow attained status to be allowed inside, I felt truly privileged to be there.

Something had changed and there was a sense of new, exciting territory, as if one had waded around a bend to find a new stretch of river. Instead of the day being a culmination of my dream, it became the beginning of a new chapter of my life.

So it begins ... the first casting of the rod, the first time in the saddle and the first pull of the trigger. God bless those who are the catalysts, willing to give up their time and pass on their skills, offering them as gifts to be, in turn, passed on to the next generation of sportsmen. They are a precious lot and hopefully we can fill their shoes one day. *Tight Lines and God bless, Lee*

Salmon River 2005

by Joe Otterstedt

Well, it was another tough trip to the Salmon River in search of Steelhead Thanksgiving week. Linda Macy and I left early Sunday morning after the LIFR club awards dinner the evening before. We were looking forward to a few days of good fishing given the "waterline.com" report of 750 CFM for the Salmon River from Altmar thru to the Douglaston Salmon Run outside Pulaski NY. 750 CFM would be enough flow to turn on the Steelhead's migration into the river from Lake Ontario and allow for ample runs within the river to be fished on fly.

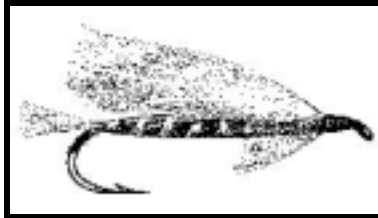
Upon arriving in Pulaski at Whittakers fly shop early afternoon we noted the posted water flow as 1500 CFM, equivalent to 2 open gates at the dam above Altmar versus the single gate flow expected. You can imagine our dismay as this high flow level would make traditional fly fishing a challenge at best, and arguably altogether impossible. Having driven 340 miles, we were not about to be deterred from our mission however, and it was off to the river to scout for fishable water.

We found anglers scattered throughout the river, queued up in concentrated groups at what fishable water remained in the upper and lower fly fishing areas. Most were down Stater's or from Pennsylvania, all equally drawn to the river by the expectations of a reasonable water flow. And all were equally angered by the misinformation propagated by waterline.com. Despite the conditions, we did witness a nice 30 inch brown landed though.

Monday morning we fished the upper fly area using running line and large split shot to get the flies down to the fish. This chuck and duck method isn't

my idea of fly fishing, and, with the constant hang-ups of the split shot in the rocks, more time was spent re-rigging than fishing. Each cast upriver would allow at best a 6 second drift in the fast moving water before the cast was repeated; and for every six casts, one hang-up would occur. Linda and I tried a variety of flies, from nymphs, to streamers to egg patterns with no success. Linda did witness a few steelie's rolling on the surface nearby but wasn't able to induce a strike. By mid afternoon only two 9 inch browns were caught, and it appeared less and less likely that we would connect with a steelhead much less a nice brown as seen the day before.

I decided to try another streamer, perhaps something different when I noticed a weighted white moose head bell that I had tied to replicate another that Gian Padovani had given me some years before. When I saw that fly I thought of Gian, and how he always extolled the virtues of the moose head bell when nothing else would work. At that moment I knew



that this was the right choice, as though Gian was whispering in my ear; go ahead, that's the one. Yes! The very first cast I had a solid hit and a hookup, it didn't run like a steelhead but felt wonderful nevertheless. After a sporty five minute fight, I landed a nice brown of some 28 inches. Not a steelhead but a good fish, especially given the water conditions. The next cast with the moose head bell resulted in a hang-up which caused me to lose the fly, the only one I had. No matter, I caught a good fish, that is Gian and I caught a good fish. You see, I believe that Gian helped me catch that fish, as if he was beside me in the river. It was good to fish with Gian again.



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Each month Orvis, Greenvale will be having a fly tying contest. Simply bring in your favorite fly, along with the recipe to enter. Monthly winners will be featured at the spring Orvis Days and the national winner will be featured in Orvis, Manchester.
(Lee Weil was a previous winner)

THANKS

As in the past, this year our club hosted groups such as those from United Cerebral Palsy and Drew's Crew from the AHRC. These events are made possible by the generosity of our members that volunteer and give up an hour of their fishing time, assisting the participants with catching fish. The outings took place in September and October, the weather was great and our young friends had a ball.

Many thanks to all who helped making these events so successful and I hope I can count on you again in 2006.

Wolfgang Porté

Jim Foley
Glen Gammill
Paul Granger

Peter Kane
Jerry LeBoyer
Mark Prasino

Bob Stapf
Mickey Stucko
Lee Weil

Upcoming Events Mark your calendar

Jan 6-8, 2006
Danbury Flyfishing Show

Jan 19-22, 2006
Sports and Hunting Expo at Nassau Coliseum

Jan 27-29
Somerset Fly Fishing Show

March 25, 2006
LI Flyrodders Day at Orvis Greenvale

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Hey, Fellow Flyrodders!

Jeff Farrell here! Now that the cooler weather is upon us, it's time to start thinking about adding extra layers. How about a new club jacket, custom embroidered with your name (or nickname) and the LIFR logo? These are "three season", fleece lined quality jackets. To keep the prices low I would need to order a minimum of 5 jackets. If you are interested, please let me know by January 3rd. See me at the next meeting or call Jeff Farrell at 516-997-6743.



November 2005
Fly tying Show at Somerset, NJ
*L to R: Jeff Farrell, Lee Weil,
Gil Padovani, Herb Schneiderman,
Dan Van Buskirk, & Cliff Dies*

December 2005 - Holiday Party



Paul McCain & V.Pres. Jim Foley



Ed Conte, manning the sign-in sheet



Lee Weil, Wolfgang Porté, Dennis Aron & Bruce Greco enjoying the Holiday Cake



Jeff Farrell at the Grab Bag

Success By Daryl Crowley

FFF Member of West Michigan Hacklers

I have friend that lives in the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina who is a habitual fish counter. At the end of the day he can tell you exactly how many fish he caught. Now this is usually a pretty easy task for me, as it doesn't take a lot to stick the number two or three in my head. But if the number gets much over five, I'm usually lost. Granted I'm getting old but I never set out at the beginning of the day with the intent of keeping a score on how many fish I've caught. My hillbilly buddy on the other hand can have a fantastic day and will reveal at the end of the day that he caught exactly fifty-seven fish. I do have to admire the fact that he can actually keep that straight. Don't get me wrong; he's not a fishmonger. He's a great fly fisherman and an avid catch and release angler, but he still has the vestiges of that "ruler of success" that we all were brought up on.

We all learned to measure success in quantity, inches, and pounds. These were the rulers by which we compared one day to another, one river to another, as well as our prowess as anglers. After all if we were racking up numbers, we were having a successful day. These can still be valid measures of success. Who can argue that those rare days when fish are coming on every other cast are not successful days? But how many fish does it take to have a successful day? Ten? Twenty? Does it depend on species, or on the river? Certainly ten fish on a hot summer day on a local river that gets a lot of pressure is pretty good, but does that same number equate to a bad day on a remote Alaskan stream? A three-pound beauty from heavily fished local waters might constitute a successful day but would that same three-pound fish make your day on a western spring creek?

It becomes obvious that there is no formula into which we can plug numbers, inches, or pounds and pull out an answer that either equates to a successful day or not. For me a successful day is probably any day I don't fall in, or drop an open box of flies into a fast riffle. Certainly doing either of those things could be the catalyst for an unsuccessful day. If you catch fifty fish but break your leg a mile from the car then that certainly would equate to an unsuccessful day. So it seems evident that numbers of fish alone cannot be used as a ruler for success. Quality is a tenuous benchmark also. While a five mile hike and eight hours of hard fishing with one five-pound trout to show for it might be success, how would that compare to catching ten two-

pound fish with a walk of only few yards? How do you compare the success of twenty fish caught in a miserable cold freezing rain vs. ten fish on warm spring day when the air smells sweet?

A lot factors go into our own personal formula for success and as we get older it seems that the quantity and quality of the fish become smaller variables in the equation. This becomes self-evident when you stop fishing in the middle of a good hatch just to watch the fish taking flies. Their success becomes your success. Lying on a grassy bank and feeling the first warm rays of early summer, or watching big snowflakes falling on a December steelhead stream could certainly be a formula for success. Sharing a hot cup of coffee with a good friend while admiring the autumn leaves and the cool nip of an approaching winter can also make for a successful outing. Fighting but loosing a large steelhead from a dark run on snowy winter's day can also be called a successful day.

One thing that becomes apparent is that how many fish you catch in a day is not *the* measure of success. While the task at hand is to catch fish it is not the only goal. A day of fishing is a package deal. It's a trip to the river; a hike; the changing of seasons; wildlife; a shore lunch shared with a friend; maybe even a fish or two. In the end it doesn't really matter how many fish you catch. Whether you catch a lot of fish or get blanked, at the end of the day it is the sum of *all* the factors that will dictate whether the day was successful or not. If fish were the sole measure of success then dynamite would be the tackle of choice. But most of us would quickly agree that would not be very satisfying and that certainly is an indication that success is not purely in numbers. If we were just after fish we could *buy* a lot more fish with the money we spend on this sport than we could every catch with all our fancy gear. Perhaps there is more to this game than just catching a lot fish.

Henry David Thoreau summed it up pretty well: "*Some men fish all their lives and never realize that it wasn't fish they were after.*" To fall under the edict of that quote would be a sad thing indeed, to waste a whole life chasing the wrong goal.

In case you're wondering how many fish I caught the last time out; let's just say it was a real successful day.

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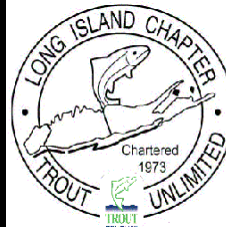
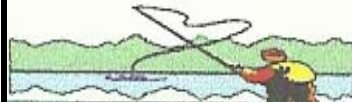
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Visitors are always welcome.

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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.

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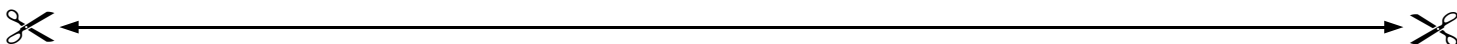
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Greenvale, NY**

**All seminars
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Saturday
morning at
11:30 am**

- Jan. 7, 2006 Getting started in Fly Fishing
- Jan. 14 Guest tyer Lawrence, winner of the "fly of the month" contest
- Jan. 21 Guest tyer Robert Johnert - winner FOTM contest
- Feb. 4. Guest tyer Lee Weil - winner FOTM contest**
- Feb. 11 Friends of the Bay Executive Director Kyle Rabin
- Feb. 18 Book signing, Jack Pangburn, author Deer-Hair Fly Tying Guidebook
- Feb. 25 Trout Unlimited, Open House
- Mar. 4 Lee Weil on Smallmouth Bass**
- Mar. 11 Fishing the Salmon River, guide Walt Geryk
- Mar. 18 Fishing Rochester, N.Y. Malaynda Nichols from the DEC
- Mar. 25 Long Island Flyrodders, Open House**
- Apr. 1 Big Bass and Blues, Orvis Greenvales John Gavencak
- Apr. 8 Trophy Bass & Blues of the south shore, guide Alberto Knie
- Apr. 15 Salty Flyrodders, Open House
- Apr. 22 Personal Water Crafts, guide Stanley Knipe

LONG ISLAND FLYRODDERS COMING EVENTS
January - 2006

- January 3 **General Meeting - 8:00 P.M.**
 Speaker: Bill Carter

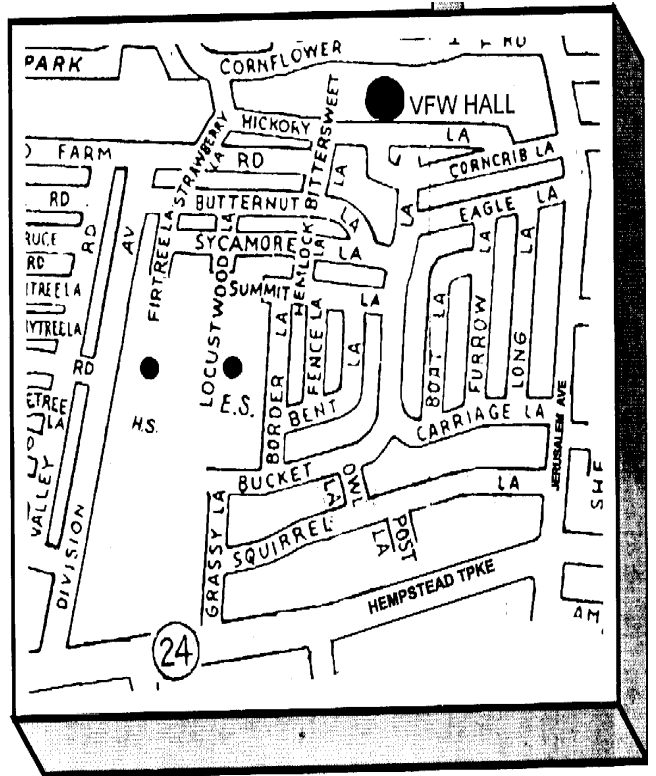
- January 6-8 **Danbury Flyfishing Show**
 Danbury, CT

- January 19 **Board Meeting**
 7:30 P.M. at the Levittown VFW Hall

- January 19-22 **Sports and Hunting Expo**
 at the Nassau Coliseum

- January 27-29 **Somerset Fly Fishing Show**
 Somerset, NJ

Happy New Year



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