

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 *October 3, 2006*

Morty Schneiderman, Editor

90-60 Union Turnpike
Glendale, NY 11385
LIFRnews@aol.com

Jeff Farrell

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)

2006 OFFICERS

Paul McCain

President

2839 Cherry Court
Oceanside, NY 11572
516-536-1418
Prespaul@optonline.net

Allan Manz

Vice President

Lee Weil

Secretary

Al Battistelli

Treasurer

Robert I. Skoy, Esq.

Counsel

Gil Padovani

Webmaster



God Bless America



Saltwater Skill Day at Hempstead Lake State Park - September 2006

Guest Speaker:

Peter Dubno

“Fishing in Montana”

With all of the whooping and hollering that was going on in my small boat, you would have thought we were into some monster bluefin tuna. Instead, we were into a snapper blitz. It all started when I asked two "non-fishing" friends if they wanted to spend a few hours on the back bays of the south shore. At 6:30 a.m., the appointed time, we all met at the boat ramp. One of my friends brought his teenage son with him. By the boy's half-closed eyes and the I Pod in his ears, I had the feeling that it wasn't his idea to come along. As we got on the boat, I wondered if he would even try to fish.

Within minutes of leaving the ramp, I could see birds working in the inlet. I was hoping for some big blues, but on closer inspection, all I could see were some 12 inch snappers jumping clean out of the water. My seven-year old son and four year old daughter love catching snappers. I figured these guys would think it was silly. I slowed the boat down to point out the jumping silver flashes of fish out and then started to leave. It was then that I realized that my fishing buddies for this day just wanted to feel the pull of a fish. There was to be no fish snobbery that day. A snapper was just as good as a tuna. A smelly spearing on an old rusty spinning rod was just as good as an elegantly tied fly on a graphite fly rod. (We did draw the line at my daughter's Barbie pole.)

And so, we fished. Although my friend's son still looked bored, I stuck a rod in his hand anyway. Within seconds, he had his first snapper. His eyes opened wide and the



President's message

I Pod was put away. "Holy Moly, did you see that?" he shouted. "They are everywhere!" became the battle cry of the day. When we got back to the ramp, my fishing buddies were all smiles. "This was great!" the three exclaimed. "You really will make a great guide, you really know what you are doing," they said. It really is easy to fool beginners, and you've got to love those snappers.

At the last meeting, I told you that I will be running a trip to one of the last great rivers in the northeast. Lakewood Camps is located on the Rapid River in Maine. See me at the meeting for more information. Space is limited, so see me soon if you are interested.

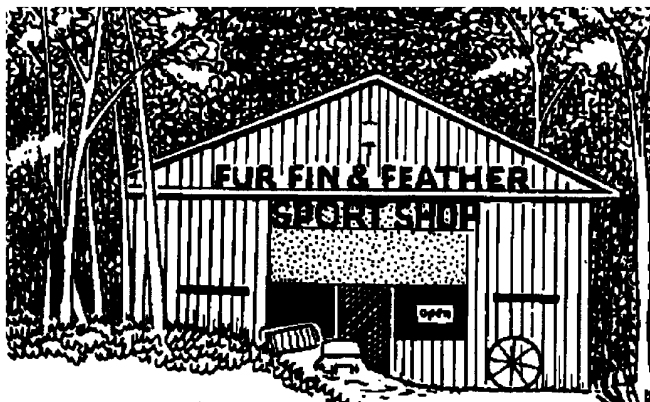
November 10th is our awards dinner. If you are new to the club, it is a good way to meet other members. It is also a nice way for us to honor and thank all those who work so hard to make our club special. We will be selling tickets at the meeting.

Don't forget to bring in your flies for our fly raffles. We use these flies for the raffles at the fishing shows. It also gives you a chance to win a great prize.

Our speaker this month will be **Peter Dubno**. He will be talking about fishing in Montana. If you have ever dreamed of going out West to fish, this will serve as a great inspiration.

This month, let's all try to take a beginner fishing. They might just get hooked on a "snappy" new sport.

Tight Lines, Paul



Certified Pro Shop for Fin-or, Hardy, Sage, Teton, Reddington, St. Croix, Scientific Angler, Mastery and Cortland.

Flies, Fly Tying Tools & Materials, Custom tied Flies

We stock Bait, Tackle, New and Used Guns

Guide Service and Equipment Rental Available



845-439-4476
De Bruce Rd.,
Livingston Manor



Rockland House



MOTEL • EFFICIENCIES
FINE DINING • COCKTAILS

ANGLERS WELCOME

FEATURING FULL MENU

Steaks - Seafood - Veal - Chicken - Local Brook Trout
Moderately Priced

Hours: Dinner - 5-9 pm Weekdays
5-10 pm Weekends for your convenience

EXIT 94 OFF RT. 17 - ONE MILE NORTH ON ROCKLAND RD.

ROSCOE, NY (607) 498-4240
e mail: rockland'oe@citlink.net



FoF Your Nymphormation

by Lee Weil



Lights Out On The Battenkill

Saratoga Springs is not the worst place to be in the month of August. The weather is usually great and we have world-class horse racing and summer recreation opportunities galore. The bass fishing is very good on the lakes, (if you can get out before the water skiers), and we even get to do some walleye fishing. But let's face it; August is NOT prime time for trout fishing. The water is generally low and the higher temperatures make for a slow day on the streams. In order to increase your chances of success you have to switch to the night shift.

One night after the races, we decided to head up to the Battenkill to wet a line. A steeplechase rider had stopped in my office earlier that day to let me know he had done well the night before at certain spot we had shared with him. The weather report predicted a cloudless sky and a full moon, so we jumped in the truck and arrived at the stream just as the sun was setting.

We were disappointed to find two other trucks parked there. We recognized one as belonging to a horse-trainer friend of ours; the other was a jeep with two young men who had just pulled up.

The first thing they did, upon getting out of the jeep, was to strip off their shirts before donning their waders. I found this somewhat amusing, as I was putting on my long sleeve shirt and a bandanna around my neck to ward off the voracious mosquito population. Our friends were soon made aware of this and one of them observed us spraying repellent on our hats. He approached us and offered to trade us a six-pack of their finest lager, (Budweiser) for the use of our bug-dope. Since we had plenty of both, my husband generously tossed them the spray can and declined the beer. Thanking us, they tromped off into the brush, obviously well aware of the hidden trail leading to the stream. I was expecting them to jump in the first small pool, but they hiked downstream around the bend to the bigger pool where our trainer friend was already into a fish. Jeff took the head of the pool upstream and it wasn't long before he had a feisty brown of 11". I followed up with a trophy chub, (they seem to like me better than him.)

After a while, the trainer and the beer traders retired and we had the stream to ourselves. The moonlight made it easy to see even a #16 Caddis, and although there were no rises it was such a perfect night

we were reluctant to quit.

I heard a rustling noise on the opposite bank and turned to see a dark form waddling down to the stream. I whistled softly to Jeff and could see him nodding; he had seen it already. The beaver stopped at the water's edge and began to cut off some reeds. When he had accumulated a small bundle, he arranged them in his mouth and slid into the stream. I froze as he swam toward me, then he seemed to notice me for the first time. He changed direction and swam over to a small gravel bar. He then sat up and began to eat. After he had finished his dinner, he waddled back into the water and began heading towards Jeff. When he was about 5' away Jeff looked down at him and said "Hi, buddy!" This was too much for him and he lost all patience with us. Suddenly, it was as if someone had thrown a bowling ball out of a helicopter! The surface erupted as he slapped down with his broad tail, sending the water splashing up on both of us and shattering the peaceful night. Then he was gone, probably heading for a place where he could get some privacy.

We began to laugh after the shock wore off; wiping the water off our faces and shaking our heads.

"Well, I guess we're done fishing THIS pool! I'll bet there isn't a trout within 5 miles of this place right now."

Jeff shook his head and laughed, "I'm getting kind of hungry anyway. Let's go get a burger and a beer and let him have his pool back." All of a sudden, I realized I was starving; it was 9:30 and Burger King was looking pretty darn good.

God bless and Tight Lines, Lee

Deer Lee Beloved Custom Flies



Lee Weil
57 Cobalt Lane
Westbury, NY 11590

Custom tied flies of all kinds in your choice of colors from traditional to exotic. Tying instructions available.

Phone: 516-997-6743
Email: riderntyer@aol.com
Web: <http://deerlee.lifr.org>

Casting for Recovery By Tim Charles

It is no secret that we often take to the outdoors to "get away from it all." Sometimes the "all," however, is more than most of us would even want to think about coping with — issues like cancer. Thankfully, modern medicine has allowed us to win many of the battles against this dreaded disease, but even among the survivors a sense of fear and isolation can remain. This is perhaps most true of breast cancer. That one might find solace and hope from its ravages in a fishing program like Casting For Recovery might seem surprising, even to outdoors men and women who understand the rewards something like a day of fishing can bring.

Casting For Recovery was founded in 1996 as a social support program for breast cancer survivors. Realizing that the act of casting a fly rod would benefit patients who had undergone surgery by improving joint and soft tissue mobility, the idea blossomed into one of the most successful support programs in the nation. With the support of national organizations like Orvis, the American Legion, Estee Lauder, the Federation of Fly Fishers, Trout Unlimited and others, it was not long before CFR seminars were being much sought after. In 2005, CFR retreats were held in 23 states and Canada, along with more than 50 alumni events, breast cancer symposiums and fly fishing shows.

Casting For Recovery was brought to Long Island with the support of people like New York State Assemblywoman Ginny Fields, John Mantione, former president of the New York Fishing Tackle Trade Association, health care professionals like Stephanie Musso, RN, and volunteers and avid anglers like **Betty Ann Timmennan**. Together, they brought in other volunteer anglers from the local chapter of Trout Unlimited, *Long Island Flyrodders*, and the Long Island Beach Buggy Association to organize CFR retreats in Suffolk County. The most recent event was attended by 14 Long Island women on July 7 through 9 at the Hilton Garden Hotel in Ronkonkoma.

After a first night of introductions and sharing their experiences during a small group session, the ladies hit the field on Saturday morning at Caleb Smith State Park. Their volunteer instructors from TU and UFR soon had them casting fly lines like pros. As Sheila Polkes of Oyster Bay expressed, "We caught a lot of grass." In addition to catching grass however, they learned basic fundamentals of entomology, knot tying and fishing equipment. By the day's end they were anxious to try out their newfound skills and enter the most eventful day for a morning of fishing on

one of the jewels of Long Island — the Connetquot River at the Connetquot River State Park Preserve.

On Sunday, the ladies of CFR could not have ordered up a more perfect summer day. After pairing up with their fishing instructors, they spread out along the river, excited at the prospect of catching what would be, for most of them, their first fish. Add to that the beauty of the Connetquot, shimmering under a July sun between the lush, green banks of the park's woodlands, and you had the makings of a memorable day.

As the ladies made their first cast, the anxiety began to ease. As Linda Mark of Hauppauge later said, all her stress was stripped away as the moment was reduced to just her and the fly as she watched it dance on the water. For now, their world was shrunk down to nothing but this moment, these waters, and the silent world of the trout. The casts soon became smoother, the lines more straight, the quiet more intense — until the first strike. Then, with a yip and a holler, Usha Srivastava had her first brook trout.

"My kids will never believe this," she exclaimed, as the cameras clicked away to preserve the moment.

Just upstream, Sheila Polkes and her fishing guide, Bob Lutz, worked a small rip that flowed rapidly over submerged green duck weed and the white gravelly bed of the river. Arm in arm, Sheila and Bob roll cast and waited, time again letting the fly drift downstream. Suddenly, the line straightened and Sheila had her first fish, a nice brookie. She caressed it gently before releasing it.

"Thanks for the dance," was all she could say.

So it went for the morning, after which the ladies gathered around to talk of things other than that which had burdened them all these months and years. They spoke of fishing, and the beauty of the Connetquot, and of things we all love about these outdoors. As Sheila Polkes said, "A place like this makes you appreciate what you have, rather than what you don't have." We couldn't agree more Sheila, nor could we have said it better.

For more on Casting For Recovery, visit their website at www.castingforrecovery.org, or call 1-888-553-3500. Each retreat is offered free of charge and is designed around a standard program that provides trained facilitators, health care professionals and fly fishing instructors. Counseling and medical information is available, throughout the weekend. The next Long Island seminar is scheduled for October 6 through 8.

(Reprinted from Suffolk Life - July 2006)

Old Fishermen

by *Daryl Crowley* – member of the *West Michigan Hacklers*

I'm an old guy. I'm not sure when I first accepted that fact but it was probably a short while before I actually took a measure of pride in it. Yes I'm proud of being an *old* fisherman. Even withstanding the alternative of being a dead fisherman, there are a great many advantages to being an old fisherman. There is hard won knowledge to be found in us old farts. We carry our gray hair, at least what's left of it, like badge that says: "I've paid my dues, I've been to the mountain (or river in this case)". Decades of fishing has honed our fishing skills to the point where we don't even need to think about it, we just do it smoothly and at times even gracefully. And after decades of refining lies about fish to a fine art, we've pretty much abandoned lying as we have this wealth of true stuff that's happened that's often better. Besides, we've become a little tired of "talking" about fish and would rather sit on the bank and "think" about fish. Which all is good and well because it gives us time to think about other things; like making sure we have all our medications and a spare pair of glasses.

I think you first realize you're an old fisherman when you start to notice that there are young fishermen. I don't mean that you notice they have a full head of hair, or that they quickly outdistance you when hiking in to remote waters, but instead you notice they do a lot of stupid things; things that you used to do. The most obvious thing you notice is that young fishermen are in too big of a hurry. They hike as fast as they can to get to their fishing spot. Full bore. No stops for a rest or even a short breather. Hills are made to get over as quickly as possible, as though putting it quickly behind you somehow erases the effort it took to climb over it. When they arrive they are overheated and exhausted. Granted they will be less exhausted than I would be had I tried to keep pace with them, but exhausted and overheated nonetheless. Meanwhile, we old guys take our time, maybe even stopped for a rest or two or three. We arrive at the river a short time later only to receive looks from the younger guys that suggest maybe we're too old for this sport. Yet we're not the ones sweating and dunking our hats in the water in an effort to cool down.

Young fishermen carry too much stuff. They bring vests bulging with fly boxes, tippets, spare reels, leaders, jackets, sacks of food, and plethora of accoutrements; all this to fish the evening hatch! We old guys on the other hand learned long ago that we don't need all this stuff, and it's heavy to carry. Just because you can do something doesn't mean you should. It's

not a sign of weakness to pack light when that's all you need. A couple spools of tippet, a small box of flies, and a soft candy bar that's easy on old teeth will see you through any evening hatch. The number of years a man has spent fishing is inversely proportional to the number of pockets on his fly vest.

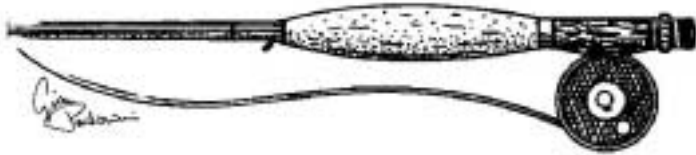
One of the best parts of being an old fisherman is that you learn to sleep in and have a leisurely breakfast. Gone are the days of getting up hours before daylight, hiking or floating miles downstream to be at just the right spot well before daylight. Sure, we used to do that before we learned that there were a lot of good spots that we walked right by in our hurried youth and the fish bite better at mid-morning. It's warmer then too. The young fisherman would seem to observe that we are old and just can't cut it anymore; we're soft with a need to be warm. But I like to think that we just understand that fish, equipment and attitudes work better at mid morning and there is something to be said for full night's rest. No, we're not soft; we're efficient. We also know when it's time to leave. The phrase "just one more cast" shows up less and less in our vocabulary. By the time the sun has set we are usually back at the car with our waders off and most of the way through a nice cold beer when the "kids" show up tired and exhausted, changing clothes and putting their gear away in the dark. There's a definite pattern here.

Young fishermen spend too much time casting. It does make you a better caster, but its probably way more practice than you need. Old fishermen tend to set down on the bank when they approach the water and think about things. Sometimes we think about things other than fishing, but we're still watching the river. We can multitask. Young fishermen tend to wade in and start casting, under the assumption that the more casts you make in an evening, the more fish you will catch. Old fishermen realize that only means you will make more casts. While it's true that energy is never lost and always conserved, old fishermen like to conserve that energy in their own bodies rather than covert it to heat with excess rod waving. Young fishermen mistakenly believe that we are too feeble to make that many casts when the truth is; we don't *need* to make that many casts. Old fishermen spend time watching the water, locating good fish and figuring them out. Young fishermen tend to beat the water to a froth and in the end probably catch more incidental small fish then their elders. But their elders know that catching

(Continued on page 6)



Gordon Mueller with a nice striper he caught by the Montauk Lighthouse on a blue and white epoxy pattern. (September 2006)



Welcome New Members:

Joseph S. Cassamassino
 William Boyd & Family
 William V Wolfrom
 Tony Jones

**November 10, 2006
 Annual LIFR Dinner Dance
 and Presentation of Awards
 Contact:
 Joe Otterstedt 631 361-8145**

ORVIS®

A Sporting Tradition

Since 1856

- Complete Fly-Fishing & Wingshooting Outfitters
- Classic Country Fashions For Men & Women
- Rugged Outdoor Wear
- Distinctive Gifts for the Country Home

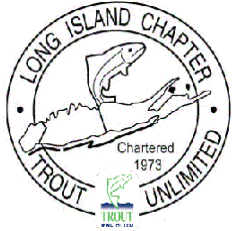
Call for information on our schools and free seminars

50 Glen Cove Road, Greenvale, NY 11548 (516) 484-1860
 Open daily 10 - 7, Thursday 10 - 8, Saturday 10 - 6, Sunday 11 - 5

LIFR PHOTO CONTEST RULES

- 1a. Contestants must be LIFR members.
- 1b. Subject must be related to Fly Fishing.
- 1c. Prints, (no transparencies), size 4" X 6" in color or black & white.
- 1d. Digital photos, minimum size 800 X 600 megapixels.
2. Put your name and phone number on back of the prints in small letters
3. All photos submitted may be used by LIFR. (e.g., Fly-rodder and lifr.org)
4. There will be play-off contests at each Club meeting May through October
5. Three winners will be picked by members present at each of those meetings
6. All winning photos will be entered in the Dinner Dance GRAND CONTEST
7. Members present at the Dinner Dance will select the three Grand Prize winners
8. In case of a tie or dispute, the decision of the Chair will be final
- 9a. Submit photos at the meeting or send them to:

Jim Foley, Chair
98 Fonda Road
Rockville Centre, NY 11570
- 9b. Email digital photos as attachments only. (not embedded in the body of the emails) along with your name and a short description of your submission.



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:
 Mike Gelber: (516) 221-9508**

**For casting classes, contact:
 Herman Abrams: (516) 593-6024**



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.

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 Recycle Program
 1900 18th Street
 Spirit Lake, Iowa 51360**

Berkley recycles the line into artificial fishing structures.

PARKWOOD OUTFITTERS FLY FISHING STORE

**4105 SUNRISE HWY BOHEMIA NY 11716
 NEXT TO THE CONNETQUOT RIVER**

**FLIES AND SUPPLIES
 RODS & REELS
 FLY FISHING LESSONS
 FLY TYING LESSONS**

**LONG ISLANDS LARGEST
 FLY FISHING STORE**

**OPEN 7 DAYS
 10:00 AM TO 6:00PM
 1-631-563-1323**

PARKWOODFLY@AOL.COM



Housatonic River Outfitters, Inc.



**Torrey Collins
 Store Manager**

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

THE "CAMP-SITE" SPORT SHOP

L.I.'S LARGEST FLY FISHING SHOP



ALL MAJOR BRANDS

**SAGE • LOOMIS • LAMSON • ABEL • BAUER
 BILLY PATE • METZ • FILSON • SIMMS
 SCIENTIFIC ANGLERS • ORVIS • ST.CROIX
 LOOP • ROGUE • COLUMBIA • CORTLAND**

**ROUTE 110 (CORNER W. 16th ST.)
 HUNTINGTON STATION, NY
 (631) 271-4969**

24 HOUR FAX (631) 271-9621

CONTACT US AT: CAMPSITELI@AOL.COM

OPEN 7 DAYS



Making bamboo rods... affordable

J. Mooney

**P.O. Box 7004
 Wantagh, NY 11793
 516-221-5599 ph/fax**

JMooney@JTRods.com



MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

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: _____

Print name: _____

Address: _____

Home phone: () _____

Office phone: () _____

E-mail address: (optional) _____

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

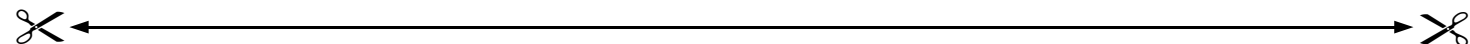
In case of emergency, when reasonably feasible, contact:
Name: _____
Relationship: _____
Home Phone: () _____
Office Phone: () _____

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

Dues: Individual \$40.00 _____ Family (including children under 16 yrs) \$45.00 _____ Junior (under 18 yrs) \$15.00 _____

Mail this form to: LONG ISLAND FLYRODDERS, INC
P.O. 8091
Hicksville, NY 11802

Check here to keep receiving your newsletter in hardcopy



CONNETQUOT RIVER TRIPS - 2006

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 \$20.00. 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 Wolfgang Porté - (516) 741-2342.

CONNETQUOT DATES - 2006

October 16

You must have a creel in your possession to fish in the park and on the stream

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

LONG ISLAND FLYRODDERS COMING EVENTS
October - 2006

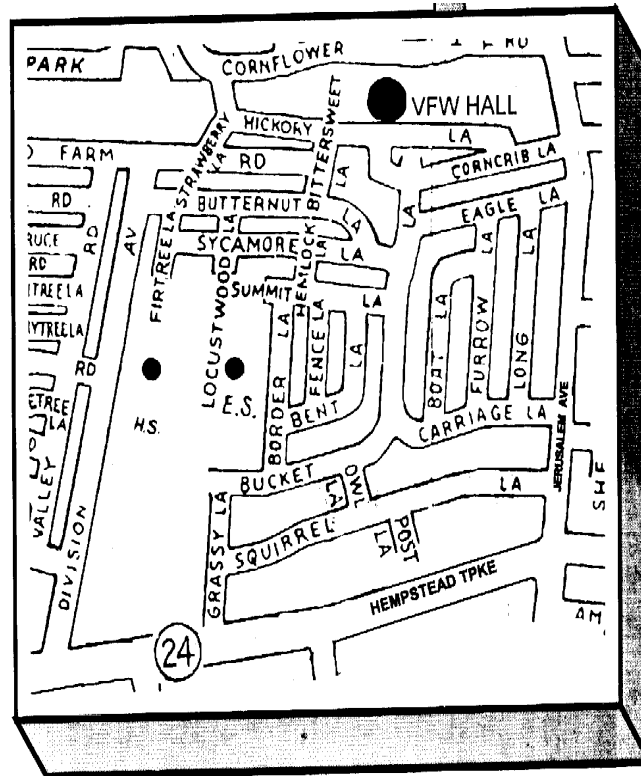
- October 3 **General Meeting - 8:00 P.M.**
 Guest Speaker - Peter Dubno
 "Fishing in Montana"
 LIFR Photo Contest - See Page 7 for rules

- October 8 **Casting for Recovery Retreat**
 Contact: Lee Weil - (516) 997-6743

- October 16 **Monday Fishing at Connetquot State Park**
 Contact: Lee Weil - (516) 997-6743
 See Page 9 for details & info

- October 24 **Board Meeting**
 7:30 P.M. at the Levittown VFW Hall

- November 1-5 **Oak Orchard, NY - Browns & Salmon**
 Contact: Wolfgang Porté - (516) 741-2342
 Contact: Jim Foley - (516) 766-4531



FLYRODDER
 P.O. Box 8091
 Hicksville, NY 11802

FIRST CLASS MAIL