

# Trout Unlimited

## Thames Valley Chapter Newsletter

# Stream Lines

*The Voice of Eastern CT Trout and Salmon Anglers*

September 2018



## President's Message...

This is my next to last message as your president. Our annual election is 16 October. But I will still be active on the Board of Directors as an "Ex-Officio" and support the chapter as much as I can but life's demands will limit me and my family's active time within the chapter.

I want to take this opportunity to "Thank you all" for your support during my time as President. Especially, to those who volunteered their time on the various projects and events during the last three years. I couldn't have performed my duties without the cooperation and support of all of you.

But unfortunately, as of this message, we are still looking for candidates for the following positions: Officers (2 year term): President, Vice President, Secretary; Board of Directors (3 year term): Membership Chair and Conservation Chair (vacant).

The chapter is in danger of being dissolved unless we have a President or Vice President. Hopefully, members will step up at the September Membership Meeting and we will be able to present a full slate of candidates for an October or, if needed, November election. Any current TVTU member may volunteer for the above positions. Please refer to our By Laws (on our website) for detailed information on these positions. Contact me or a Board member for any information or questions.

It would be a shame to see the end of this fine chapter. This chapter has done much over the many years to conserve, protect and restore our local trout and salmon and their watersheds. Please consider taking on a challenging but rewarding leadership role for the continuation of the Thames Valley Trout Unlimited Chapter.

In closing I encourage all to get involved, volunteer your time, or donate to help this chapter to perform and achieve its Mission.

"Duke" Preston  
President TVTU  
[Email Address](#)

**TVTU Chapter Meeting**  
**Tuesday, September 18th, 6-9 pm**  
**Featured Presentation:**  
**Steve Babbitt - "An Inside Look at the Willimantic River TMA"**

Steve's presentation will provide an detailed over view of the Willimantic River TMA.

Including: types of water you will encounter, the hatches and the flies to use for them, the best

## Chapter Events

**Sept 22nd, Sat., 9am-4pm**  
**Discover Outdoor**  
**Connecticut Day**  
Franklin Swamp WMA



approaches, the seasonal changes and history of the Willi TMA. If you never fished the Willi or you think you know all there is about it, Steve will have something to learn for everyone. . For example: Steve said recently... *It was a very different but rewarding spring on the Willimantic and Natchaug rivers this spring, some new bugs showed up in large numbers and some areas of the river have changed to hold better fish*

Steve Babbitt guides for JT's Fly Shop as well as teaching tying and fly fishing classes. He has been fly fishing since 1976 and tying since about 1980. Steve ties many of the fly patterns JT's sells and will do custom orders for you. Steve usually works the shop on weekends and at big events as well has helping man the both at shows. He is currently on the Flymen fishing company guide pro staff.

**Door opens at 6pm.**

Our meetings are free and open to members, guests and the general public. Social time, fly tying demonstrations, refreshments, raffle, door prize & more... **Please note the featured presentation starts shortly after short chapter business meeting at 6:45 pm (15 minutes earlier than normal) to discuss Annual Meeting nominations.**

**TVTU Season Kick-Off Sale!**

All our TU, TVTU merchandise and fly fishing items will be on sale. An extra 10% or more off our already low prices.

391 RT-31

North Franklin, CT

**Oct 6th, Sat., 9am  
Quinebaug Hatchery Tour**  
141 Trout Hatchery Rd,  
Central Village, CT 06332

**Oct 13th, Sat., 1 to 4pm  
Eight Mile River River Fest**  
Devil's Hopyard State Park

**Oct 16th, Tue., 6pm  
Chapter Meeting**  
Moose Lodge  
115 Fitchville Rd.  
Bozrah, CT  
**Timothy Wildman, DEEP -  
"CT Sea-run Trout"**

**Nov 20th, Tue., 6pm  
Chapter Meeting**  
Moose Lodge  
115 Fitchville Rd  
Bozrah, CT  
**Paul Dinice - "Fly Fishing  
Cape Cod"**



## Bones of Contention

John Manfred

**Exuma** - No it's not a skin disease. We're talking about a small island in a nesting of islands, 350 or so, in the farthest south of the Bahamas called The Exumas. In February this place is toasty warm. Not a bad concept when I had just left 5" of new fallen snow in Connecticut. In fact the snow was falling hard enough to necessitate de-icing of the plane. A huge spraying machine engulfed the aircraft with a green mist that looked and smelled like radiator coolant, not a process to build confidence that the silver bullet now turned green dripping Popsicle would ever leave the ground. Miraculously, liftoff did occur. We flew first to Miami and then by smaller craft to Georgetown, Exuma's tiny airport. Our friends were waiting for us. We quickly stuffed our baggage into the back of the Mitsubishi Trooper and were whisked off to start our adventure.



When friends had suggested six months ago that we visit their cottage in Exuma in February, I thought, "Do we need this?" We had already planned to be in the Florida Keys for a few weeks. Why should we incur the extra expense for more of the same? When Stan started talking about the bonefishing, however, I perked right up. My past experience with February in the Keys was that bonefish were themselves vacationing in warmer waters. Thinking that Exuma would be a similar experience, I questioned Stan closely. He said that the Exumas were considerably further south; the fish would in fact be vacationing right there.

I needed no further convincing. My wife needed none to begin with. Her wanderlust has no bounds. She doesn't need fishing, in fact she hasn't the slightest interest in the sport. When we were first married, 38 years ago, I bought her a fishing rod for her birthday. When she bought me a dress for mine, I got the hint. The rod fit me and the dress fit her perfectly. Since that time I have never tried to get

her fishing and she hasn't tried to buy me any more dresses. She will, however, accompany me on occasion to a place like Exuma where the beaches seem endless and there are other things to do besides fish. While Stan and I fished, the women walked the beach or kayaked or snorkeled or browsed the few shops in Georgetown. The beaches, by the way, are excellent, with powdery white sand and uncrowded. The five mile stretch of beach that we frequented during our seven day visit was devoid of other humans. The water was a consistent 80 degrees, reflecting the most amazing, luminous shades of blue-green imaginable.

Exuma has no casinos at the present time, and this was a plus as far as we were concerned. One of the reasons for this is that the surrounding waters are not deep enough to accommodate the cruise ships. Hence the island is not crowded. The town has a certain amount of traffic from the influx of small boats that find safe harbor between Stocking Island and the Island of Greater Exuma. The atmosphere is very cordial and laid back. Crime seems to be a rarity. School kids wear uniforms. Everyone is greeted with a smile and frequently a 'God bless you.' The inhabitants may have rejected British rule, but they couldn't reject Anglicanism. The church has held on tenaciously, and the small town proudly shows off its meeting place, painted a pristine white and blue and sitting on a hill overlooking a lagoon. Its modest spire fits rather than dominates this small community. Next to the church in importance and in structure is the Peace and Plenty Hotel, which seems to be the center of activity. You can order a meal or dance on Saturday night to a small local band. It is also the place from which you might want to take a water taxi to Stocking Island. The Peace and Plenty is the destination of many bone fisherman. There are several packages that you can choose from which will fix you up with a guide and lodging. Stan knows all of the guides on the island on a first name basis, so we worked directly with the one that Stan seemed to think was the best. He tried to prepare me for 'Celey' but no amount of preparation would have been quite adequate. My first meeting with Celey was on Wednesday morning, after a few days of settling in.



We were scheduled to fish for three straight days, and I was psyched to catch my first bonefish. We drove to Celey's dock, about a half hour drive from the house. It was a calm and beautiful day. Our prayers had been answered. The two previous days had been quite windy and really not what I would have thought favorable for throwing a fly. Stan said not to worry, however, because Celey will always find a relatively sheltered spot to catch some fish no matter what the wind. We arrived at the dock only minutes before he drove up in his Dodge pickup. He unfolded himself from the cab and lumbered over to shake hands. Mine seemed to fall into his up to the elbow. Now you've got to understand that I am 6-4 and weigh about 230lbs. This guy was big. He said to me right off that Stan had already told him about what a great fisherman I was. His attitude was very much that he would be the judge of that – This was accompanied by a smile that showed pearly whites that would

shame a Steinway.

That first day with Celey was admittedly tough on me. It appears that he is tough on everyone. First of all, his sight was spectacular. He could spot a bonefish at 150 yards I swear. I have always prided myself on my long distance vision and my ability to spot fish, but next to him I was blind in one eye and couldn't see out of the other. The first shot I had at a cruising fish went something like this. Celey would say, "Bonefish commin' at one o'clock, about 200 feet! Cast out there bout 100 feet." My first cast dropped about 50 feet short. "Man! My grandmother casts better than that! Cast again over there." My response was to flub the second cast as well and I still hadn't seen the damn fish. Needless to say, the fish got away. At the time I doubted that there was any fish at all. Stan reassured me, "there are fish out there. I can't see them either but Celey has x-ray vision. Just do what he says." When Stan took his turn at the bow he listened closely to Celey. Damned if he wasn't able to catch those bones which were otherwise invisible!

I did catch a bonefish on that first outing, and our trusty guide was proud of me. Though I still was not able to spot the fish, I did what the man said and sure enough the drag on my reel was crying for mercy. A nice five pounder. It seemed to take forever to get him in, a thrill that I will never forget. We had evacuated the boat in favor of walking the stable but very sandy bottom. Celey obviously knew when this was possible and when it was not. Many a bone fisherman has gotten into serious trouble by not knowing the stability of the bottom and getting stuck in soft mud that doesn't want to give you up. Some of those have lived to tell about it. Others have not. Horror stories abound of fishermen stuck on an incoming tide. I shudder to think of it.

We were fishing in about two to four feet of water, and the sun was such that I was now able to see the fish or rather the shadows of the fish. The key to spotting bones is knowing that they are practically invisible in their element. What is visible, however, is their shadow on that sandy bottom. The other surefire giveaway is the inevitable flash in the sun as they maneuver for their favorite foods along the bottom. Another method of spotting I was able to experience on my last day there. As the sun was

setting, Celey said that he was off duty. After an eight hour day, he allowed that it was time for him to do some fishing on his own. We anchored the flats boat, and we were left to our own devices to spot and catch the tailing fish. There couldn't have been more than a foot or two of water that we were wading through. The surface was dead calm and reflecting a darker and darker evening sky. Sure enough we could see several pods of fish waving their tails at us. I cast to the nearest pod of what seemed like two fish which were madly tail waving and muddying up the water all around them. My first several casts were short, and I thought surely the fish would be spooked.

It turns out that tailing fish are the easiest of all to stalk, as they are so busy feeding. I finally got my little shrimp imitation right on top of the turbulence and bingo! I landed the largest fish of the trip – about six pounds of sheer dynamite.

Celey returned to the boat after having caught four fish to my one, but I was a happy camper. I had far exceeded my loftiest goal of catching a bonefish.

After three days of concentrated fishing I had landed several of those silver beauties, my wife had enjoyed our week, and indeed, I might be allowed to do this again some time!



Postscript: Bones of Contention was written in February of 2001. Since then many things have changed. Sadly Celey was shot and killed in a shootout over a drug deal gone sour - The outdoor shopping center has burned down – There is now a Four Seasons Resort facility and a small casino. Saddest of all I have lost my loving, non-fishing wife of 51 years. Madge, while having no patience for the sport, understood my passion for it, especially after reading "A River Runs Through It". The good news is that the bones are still there.



## "Mopping Up"

by Charles Crolley

Back on the first day of May, a buddy of mine and I arranged to fish the DH (Delayed Harvest) water on the East Fork of the French Broad. Like most everybody who fishes there, we met up at the information kiosk. It was the first really nice day we'd had in a while and the water levels were excellent, so we were surprised only two vehicles were there ahead of us. I'm not using my buddy's name out of respect for his privacy and concern for his reputation. WHO he fished with is damaging enough. WHAT he fished with is far worse; but more on that in a paragraph or two. We're both moving along the timeline so it takes a little longer to put on the boots, waders and all of the various anatomic braces and support gear we persons of a certain age need to get around on the water without collapsing. Lots of huffing, puffing, groaning and stopping to rest later, we were all rigged up and ready to go out.

Finally he couldn't take it anymore and asked: "what are you using?"

"Streamers," I told him. A half-truth, but there was no point in giving away the company store after I'd helped the guy find his phone. "It's not so much the fly, but in the positioning and technique," I outright lied.

Those are the kinds of things you'll stoop to when fishing something you're ashamed of. Don't get me wrong. I'm not a purist in any sense of the word, but my gut tells me there's something fundamentally wrong with fishing this thing. I know there are a lot of people who love the mop and proudly defend it, and more power to them.

But for the most part, fishing with a mop fly subjects one to derision. For most of us, the mop is to flies what Kenny Chesney is to country music: it may work for you and you may enjoy it, but you hope nobody you know finds out about it.

We hide them when people come around. We lie



One guy was fishing downstream at the big hole below the falls. The other guy had wandered off upstream several hundred yards so we hopped in between them, in the nice series of runs after the big bend. "What are you going to use?" my buddy asked. He'd stocked the river but never fished it. I'd fished the river but never stocked it. So I figured this would be a give-and-take deal. I studied the water hard, biting my lip and trying to look pensive, like I was formulating a plan beyond the usual junk I throw at the stockers and drawing deep on my knowledge of seasonal hatch charts, aquatic bugs and trout behaviors. "Oh, I think I'll prospect it with a mop fly," I replied as I tied one on. I'd introduced this same friend to the mop fly a month or so earlier after we stocked the Green. We were talking before we split up to hit the water and he'd asked the same question. He hadn't heard of the mop fly, so I gave him a couple to try. He looked at them like I'd handed him a couple of fresh cat turds, then politely put them in a box that was labeled, as I recall, "Use Only In Case of Dire Emergency." He started out that day fishing some beautifully tied imitators under a dry. His casting and drifts were exquisite, but produced no fish. I, on the other hand, chunked the mighty mop out under a big indicator, did a sloppy mend and cleaned 'em up. He became a convert that day.

So he followed my lead on the East Fork. I managed to stick a couple of fish in that upstream run and he had a couple of hits. The real action came when we saw the guy that had been in the big hole downstream from the falls get back in his vehicle. We walked down and engaged him in some polite chit-chat, mostly to make sure we weren't jumping in on top of him or poaching his spot.

Turns out that guy wasn't having a real good day. He'd fished for 3 hours and caught one 10" stocker brookie, which didn't seem to bother him so much as the fact that he'd lost his phone. That, and when he came back to the truck he had thrown a small temper fit during which he broke his fly rod.

After commiserating about the rod, I suggested I give him a call - perhaps the ringing would help him locate the missing phone. After looking around for the 100th time where he'd just gotten out, he shrugged and agreed. I dialed his number and we heard a phone ring. It had fallen out of his pocket and down into his waders. Finding the phone didn't improve his mood as much as I'd hoped.

when somebody asks us about them.

"What's that in your box? Oh my God! Are those mop flies?"

I don't actually fish with them. They're hollow and I use them to transport meth."

"Oh, thank heaven. I was worried about you for a minute there."

Even the origin of the mop fly is somewhat dubious. Nobody knows where it really came from, and it's probably because nobody wants to be associated with it. Charlie Craven's name is proudly affixed to a fly he named "Charlie Craven's Two Bit Hooker." Whoever came up with the mop is likely in hiding, or was found out and promptly died of shame.



And it doesn't seem like it was really patterned after anything. More likely, the mop was one of those creative accidents. Maybe somebody was sitting on the throne, taking care of business while perusing an article on articulated streamers in "Fly Tyer" magazine until their legs fell asleep. They looked down because they couldn't feel their feet, whereupon they caught an eyeful of the oversized nappy things on the crapper carpet, glanced back at the article and voila — a fly was born.

But we may never know the truth. It's hard to authenticate a fly that looks like somebody half-drunk wandered down to the dock in their bathrobe and hooked themselves, then went home, disrobed and tied up a batch to use the next day. And nobody knows what the heck they're supposed to imitate. Crane fly larvae, bagworms, caterpillars? The best minds have tried to pin it down but nobody's nailed it yet. On a recent visit to Clemson University I asked Dr. John Morse, pretty much one of the smartest people on the planet when it comes to aquatic insects. Even he was stumped as to what insect qualities trout might see in them.

He looked at the pictures, smiled, shook his head and shrugged in that kindly, professorial way they learn in the doctoral programs to indulge idiotic questions about things in their field of studied expertise. "Maybe it's just so unusual and ridiculous that the trout eat it out of



He encouraged us to fish the hole he'd just vacated and we obliged, trusty mop flies at the ready. We got in and I showed my buddy the super-secret technique for fishing this piece of water — something some so simultaneously effective and obvious that I'll let you figure it out for yourself — and we promptly caught fish after fish after fish after fish without moving more than about ten feet in any direction. At one point we let out synchronized war-whoops as we doubled up on a pair of browns in the 17" zip code...all as the guy sat on the tailgate of his vehicle watching us, broken fly rod in hand.

pure curiosity," he offered.

We didn't speak much after that. I guess he wasn't impressed by the mop fly either.

But perhaps as it rises in popularity, the humble mop will rise in respectability. If the fly tying supply industry is any indicator, this could be happening today. I was in a local outfitters just last week and saw a brand new product on the shelf: mop fly chenille, in a variety of colors, diameters and pre-cut lengths.

I suppose this is progress and that it was inevitable. It's hard to find the right selections of the original materials in our local stores. If we lived in the 60's, maybe we could find a fluffy pink or orange bathroom mat but probably not colors like "Light Dun", "Light Olive" and "Medium Dun." And it was only a matter of time until the non-anglers in the house rebelled against the scourge of balding bath mats and denuded floor polishing shoe slipcovers.

*The above article is courtesy of the Pisgah TU chapter and their fine "Snags & Snarls" magazine. <https://pisgahtu.org/news/>*

## TVTU Chapter Fund-raising Raffle 2018

Only 50 tickets to be sold... \$15 ticket

Cabela's Theorem Fly Rod & Ross Evolution LT Fly Reel Outfit  
(Value \$655)



**Cabela's Theorem Fly Rod (9ft, 4pc, 5wt)** - With Generation-II nano-silica resin and a high modulus graphite blank, Burl wood reel seat with high-polish aluminum hardware and a modified western cork handle. Rod case & Lifetime Guarantee

**Ross Evolution LT® Fly Reel #2 (4-6 wt/4.2oz)** - Conical drag; Heat-dissipating drag material; Triple redundant radial pawl engagement; Aluminum alloy construction; Quick release locking spool; Oil impregnated bronze bushing; Stainless steel spindle; Easily converts for right or left hand retrieves; Quick release locking spool. Rated for freshwater or saltwater duty. Lifetime warranty. Made in USA.

\*\* Includes: Cortland Precision Finesse WF5F Fly Line

Thames Valley TU is continually working on our Mission of conserving, protecting and restoring our cold water fisheries in the Eastern CT. This takes a lot of resources... man-hours and money. Please help us raise funds for current and future projects

**Raffle tickets are only \$15 each.** The drawing will be held once we have sold 50 tickets. You do not have to be present to win. Tickets are available at our monthly meetings and through the Chapter's Board of Directors members. Or, send a check payable (with name, address & phone#) to: Thames Valley TU Chapter 282, P.O. Box 211, Hanover, CT 06350. A ticket will be mailed back to you and recorded.

Thank You for Your Support



## "Angler's Pantry" Lemon Garlic Roasted Shrimp

by Jenn & Duke Preston

### Ingredients:

2 lbs uncooked shrimp (you can get peeled and deveined or do it yourself)  
1 stick of butter (I modify and sometimes only use ½ stick)  
2 tablespoons minced garlic (about 6 cloves)  
Pinch of salt and pepper  
2 lemons  
2 tablespoons olive oil

\* May also use 1 tablespoon lemon pepper seasoning if you want to skip the salt, pepper, and zest.

Preheat oven to 400 degrees

- Melt butter in a pan, add in olive oil, zest of one of the lemons, and add garlic take off heat.
- Line shrimp in one layer on a baking dish.
- Pour over butter mixture.
- Slice the zested lemon and tuck them into the shrimp all around.
- Roast for 12-15 minutes until shrimp is cooked through.
- Use other lemon to squeeze juice all over the shrimp when done.

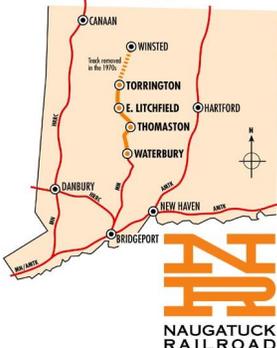
Can serve hot or cold

Share one of your favorite recipes with us! Please contact [Duke Preston](#).



## "Workin' On The Railroad"

by John Preston



In appreciation of the Preston family's efforts for the Thames Valley TU chapter (yes, we are slowly phasing out our direct involvement after 8+ years), John Springer invited the Preston family to accompany him on a train ride he was scheduled to

engineer on Father's Day. For those who don't know John, he is a railroad man through and through... according to John it is something he wanted to do since he was just a kid. So, even

John arranged for "pizza" (yes, another addiction I have) to be delivered before switching directions and heading north.

The return train takes you back pass the Thomaston station and then up the grade to the famous Thomaston Dam (we later took a side trip back there for further exploration), followed by the Summit where you'll be able to view the impressive rock cuts that were made back when the railroad was originally built.



after retiring from Amtrak, he eventually became a volunteer at the Railroad Museum of New England located in Thomaston.



Once greeted by John at the restored Thomaston station, we were able to join him on one of the vintage diesel locomotives for a ride south along the Naugatuck River. On this trip, there are several bridges which the train goes over, giving visitors an even better view of the river below. Of course, John pointed out numerous spots along the river where the trout fishing is good during the spring/fall.



*John pointing out a fishing spot*

Arriving in Waterbury we were able to stretch our legs and visit the Fascia's Chocolate Company. The variety of quality chocolates was impressive and overwhelming (yes, I am a chocoholic), but on a very June warm day it was the gelato that caught our eyes. To be sure their gelato is truly outstanding!

On the way back to the train, John told me the story of how he convinced the museum and the chocolate company who both had resisted the idea to hook up for the benefit of both parties. Now it's something they all agree is crucial for their existence. The one thing I learned about John over the years is his strong, no nonsense personality and his ability to get things one. Run of the river, First Light and the Scotland dam comes to mind for example...



Now the highlight of the trip for all of us was to take the "helm" of the locomotive and blasting away at the horn at all the junctions and RR crossings! The powerful vibrations of the horn can be deafening and felt deep into the core of your body... just a sweeet experience that brings a lasting smile to your face! You feel like a kid again working on your model railroad again but even better because it is the real thing...



The Railroad Museum has many special events throughout the year... the September 22nd Litchfield Hills BBQ & Bourbon Special for example looks like it would be a great time. Check out the museum and say hello to John if he's on duty... but if its fishing season, he probably won't be there.

Now for those acquainted with John know that food and places to eat are one of his passions and a thing he always mentions



when writing an article or giving a presentation for the chapter. So in honor of John and for all he does for TU I will mention a little culinary discovery the Preston family found in Thomaston before we took our train trip with John... JDT's Brickhouse. When we were there JDT's had a Father's Day special breakfast brunch (yes, breakfast is another favorite pursuit on mine); Turtle pancakes that I couldn't resist... a stack of pancakes, cinnamon walnuts, chocolate chips, caramel sauce, and a mound of whipped cream. Umm-umm, so good and very filling (which is why I only ate one slice of the very good pizza on the train)! Other meals samples were a shared a tasty Meatball Parmigiana Bomb Sub (homemade bread) and fries; and The Brown Eyed Girl (open faced French toast with a fried egg center served with a pair of sausage patties) that Van Morrison would love.

So give them a try the next time you are in Thomaston... nice portions, good food and reasonable. I'm sure if you ask John, he will have some other options for you in Thomaston.

*Thanks John... for memorable Father's and Family Day!*



Thomaston Dam Overlook



Here is a short video you all might enjoy.  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z0AOoIRzn5I>

## Items for For Sale

**Orvis Trident XL Fly Rod** - 9' 8wt, 4 3/4 oz, 2 pc with case - \$95

**Sage Graphite II Fly Rod** - 9' , 10wt 2 pc with case - \$100

**St Croix Pro Graphite Fly Rod** - 9', 8/9 wt, 2pc, no case - \$50

**Bamboo Rod Oven (homemade)** - The heat gun (not included) oven is FREE for the cane rod maker who will pass it on FREE to the next rod maker.

**Umpqua Toketee Vest** - New, never used, gray, one size fits all - \$65 (MSRP \$159)

**LL Bean Travel Fly Rod** - 9' -7wt, 6pc w/ tube & bag, near mint condition - \$75

## Wanted

George Jacobi is looking for spare copies of **"Trout" magazine, Fall 2016**, and **"Fly Fisherman", Aug/Sept 2018**. If you still have one and can part with it, bring to me or John Preston at a meeting this fall. Thanks

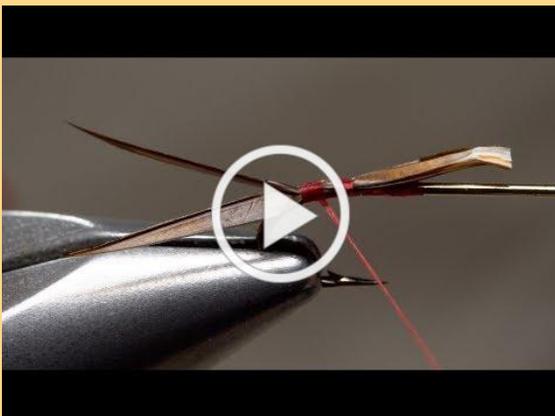
For the above items or to place items for sale, contact [John Preston](#) 860-917-4485



## "Beginner's Corner"

by Bruce Danielson

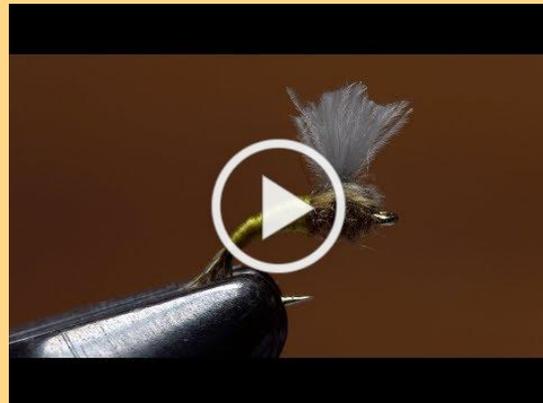
One of the first flies that I tied was the Beaded Prince. It was a relatively easy fly to tie with the exception of getting the Goose Biots to align properly. It was frustrating at best. I wish I had seen this video back then. It demonstrates a very simple and effective way to get those biots right.



## Fly of the Month

"WD-40 Plus"

by John Preston



September and October is my favorite time to fish the Housatonic. The flows are low and cool. The trees are starting to turn colorful and there's a bit of nip in the air. It has excellent BWO hatches and the WD-40 Plus needs to be in your arsenal when the trout are keying in on an emerger.

## "On the Lighter Side"

A man calls his wife and says, "Honey, can you pack my bag. My boss wants to take me on a fishing trip and this would be good for my career."

His wife replies, "oh sure".

The husband added, " Oh, by the way, pack my silk pajamas will you."

Wife: "OK."

Upon returning from the fishing trip the wife asks "How was the fishing?"

Husband : " Great. We caught a lot of fish. But You didn't pack my silk pajamas.."

Wife: "Yes I did. They were in your tackle box."

It's like the original WD-40 (also an excellent fly) but with a split wing case and an emergent wing. It can be tied in the smallest of sizes. Try it in other colors and sizes to match the natural.

### WD-40 Plus Recipe:

**Hook:** X-short emerger hook (Dai-Riki #125), size 18-24 or smaller.

**Thread:** Yellow olive, 8/0 or 70-denier

**Tail/wingcase:** Dyed wood-duck mallard flank fibers or micro-fibbets (tails)

**Wing:** Light dun CDC

**Thorax/legs:** Brown Superfine Dubbin

**Abdomen:** Tying thread

**Adhesive:** Head cement

### Video by Tightlines/ Tied by Tim Flagler:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4IDX8tnAKVU>

*"Nothing makes a fish bigger than almost being caught."*

## Donations Wanted



You can help our TU chapter by donating your unused fly fishing and fishing equipment including rods, reels, flies, books, fly tying and other reusable items. We will auction or raffle the items off and used the money raised to support our chapter's programs including conservation projects, stream clean up, stocking, TIC, speaker fees, and other operating expenses. Email [John Preston](mailto:John.Preston@tu.org) or call 860-546-6690 if you have something to donate or bring the item(s) to the next chapter meeting.

**Thank You... for your generosity and support.**

Thames Valley TU Chapter 282 - PO Box 211, Hanover, CT 06350

Thames Valley TU would like to thank the following advertisers for their support... Please patronize them.

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# JT'S FLY SHOP



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[www.mccaughtryart.com](http://www.mccaughtryart.com)

[cmccaughtry@aol.com](mailto:cmccaughtry@aol.com)

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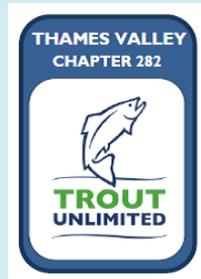


## SHU FLY TACKLE & FLY SHOP

Skip Storch  
President

161 Main St., Suite 2-3, Nanuet, NY 10954  
Phone: (845) 215-5470 • Fax: (845) 215-5582  
shu-fly.com • email: skip@shu-fly.com  
Cell: (914) 671-0636

STAY CONNECTED



### About Us

#### TVTU Chapter's Mission

*To conserve, protect and restore Eastern Connecticut's trout and salmon and their watersheds.*

#### Our Vision

*By the next generation, Trout Unlimited will ensure that robust populations of native and wild cold-water fish once again thrive within their North American range, so that our children can enjoy healthy fisheries in their home waters.*

Questions or comments on the Newsletter contact Editor [Bruce Danielson](#)



### Place an Advertisement in "Stream Lines"

Looking to reach a new and diverse audience? Presently we have over 450 members in Eastern CT and the newsletter is published September through May (9 issues). If you have a service or product and would like to reach out to our outdoor and conservation minded readership, consider placing an advertisement in the chapter's newsletter "Stream Lines" and [website](#). The cost is only \$50 for the entire year (9 Issues).

For more information and to place an ad, contact [Daniel King](#).

**Thanks for your support!**

## Board of Directors

Duke Preston, President	860-546-6690	dukeoa5599@yahoo.com
Jennifer Miner, Vice President	860-514-7956	jennifer_miner@ymail.com
Paul Rice, Secretary	860-942-2701	phr117@gmail.com
Daniel King, Treasurer		dking4870@gmail.com
Charley McCaughtry, Membership	860-429-1016	cmccaughtry@aol.com
Jackie Preston, Fund Raising Chair	860-546-6690	jpreston01@charter.net
Jim Valuckas, River Cleanup Coord.		jfvret@gmail.com
Morgan McGinley	860-447-2224	morganmcginley@aol.com
Gary Lussier, Stocking Coordinator	860-861-9344	gelconn@yahoo.com
George DeGray, Fund Raising	860-546-9872	georgedegray@gmail.com
Ray Schaefer, Fund Raising	860-546-9775	rayschaefer9060@gmail.com
Bruce Danielson, Communications	860-237-2686	bdanielson62@comcast.net
Dave Parry, TIC/Education	860-617-8270	dfparry01@gmail.com
Conservation Committee (VACANT)		

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