



TROUT UNLIMITED

Thames Valley Chapter Newsletter *Stream Lines*

The Voice of Eastern CT Trout and Salmon Anglers

March 2016

Dear Member,

Thanks to the efforts of Ed Walsh our newsletter now has "Welcome Members" section. This month three new members are featured but from time to time he will be spotlighting "seasoned" members too. It is the chapter's way of recognizing and learning more about our fellow members who make our chapter special. So, if Ed contacts you, let us know a little about why you joined TU & yourself and **"Welcome to the TVTU family"**.

Despite the nasty weather earlier in the day, we had over 50 people at last month's Flies, Pies & More and it appeared everyone had a great time. I want thank all of the volunteers: who demonstrated their artistic, fly tying, rod building, and furred leader skills; the Swap N' Shop vendors; Emily's Pizza and Jenn Miner for the coffee, cookies & popcorn; Dale Pitkin for the fishing video; and, to all the Board Directors who helped make it all possible.

Next month we hope to have the Scouts join us with our river clean-ups and we could always use more volunteers (young & old). Contact Gene Cyr or sign-up at the meeting. The Natchaug River is scheduled for April 16th with lunch and fishing after. The Moosup River is scheduled for 16 May. Also sign up at the meeting with Ray Schaefer for Stocking. Look for details on Clean-ups & Stocking on our website.

And last but not least, "Congratulations" to the Conservation Committee and Co-Chairs Jim Smith & Sal DeCarli for applying and obtaining a \$4500 Embrace-A-Stream Grant for the Merrick Brook. More information on this project will soon be posted on our website and local newspapers.

See you at The Moose!



John Preston, President
Thames Valley TU, Chapter 282
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Calendar

Tuesday, March 15th - 6:00pm

Chapter Membership Meeting,
Moose Lodge, Bozrah, CT
Dean Keister - Stillwater Fishing & the LTC

Saturday, April 16th - 9am

Natchaug River Stream Clean-up, Lunch & Fishing

Tuesday, April 19th - 6:00pm

Chapter Membership Meeting,
Moose Lodge, Bozrah, CT
Neal Hagstrom DEEP Fisheries Update

Saturday, May 14th - 9am

Moosup River Clean-up & Lunch

Tuesday, May 17th - 6:00pm

Chapter Membership Meeting,
Moose Lodge, Bozrah, CT
Bob Walsh & Gordon Gruetzmacher - Fishing Alaska

Friday/Saturday, May 20 & 21

Annual Camp-out and Breakfast

Thames Valley TU Awarded an "Embrace-A-Stream" Grant

Thames Valley TU was awarded an Embrace-A-Stream (EAS) grant in the amount of \$4,500 to study Merrick and Beaver Brook. Embrace-A-Stream is an annual matching grant program administered by Trout Unlimited's national office that awards funds to TU chapters and councils for coldwater fisheries conservation. Ranked in the top half of all submissions, TVTU was 1 of 26 grant recipients nationwide. A total of \$85k was awarded with an average award of \$3,267.

The grant will be used to collect samples in Merrick and Beaver Brook on water quality, nutrient loading, water temperature, and stream flow. In addition, field research will identify and document spawning habitat and stream fragmentation. The grant will also fund a public outreach campaign to garner local support and spread awareness on the importance of protecting the brooks and maintaining water quality in the watershed.

With the goal of protecting critical fishing habitat and water quality, the information will then be compiled and made available to local and state agencies for zoning and permitting decisions. The information will also provide a framework to develop a watershed management plan.

Welcome "New" TVTU Members

By Ed Walsh



Welcome Rick Perrault!

Rick is originally from Massachusetts but work took him to Memphis, Tennessee for 16 years before he moved back east to Clinton, CT in 2004, where he lives with his wife Deena and their 10 year old

grandson Peter. In his professional life he's a purchasing agent.

Like most of us Rick started bait fishing as a young boy but got the fly fishing bug during a trip to Yellowstone Park with his son, Justin, in 1994. The bug bit so hard that they purchased all the necessary gear (waders, rods, reels, gear, etc.) and fished in the park and the nearby Snake River in Idaho. It was in Yellowstone Lake that Justin caught his first fish.

In his younger days Rick was an avid rock climber and suggests fishing was a good way to relax after a climb. And I am guessing a bit safer too.

Family and work obligations kept him away from fly fishing for many years but he got back involved when his grandson took a real interest in the outdoors and particularly fishing. At first Rick wasn't sure Peter would enjoy fly fishing so much of their time was spent outside the fly fishing only zones. He took a chance and purchased a fly rod/reel for Peter and he's been hooked ever since. Not only do grandfather and grandson spend many hours fishing together but fly tying has become a favorite pastime in the Perrault household and according to Rick young Peter's tying skills are improving rapidly. Rick suggests his own skill level is marginal but improving.



At our 15 March Membership meeting Thames Valley is running a **"Buy 1 Get 1 Free" Book Sale** on all remaining books. Buy one book and get the second book of equal or lesser price **Free**. There are still some great books available. All in great condition, first editions and some signed. Help support the chapter and grab a couple of good reads and get "psyched" for the new season.

Special Raffle for our Fly Tying Classes

Help us raise money to purchase fly tying supplies for our fly tying classes and win some great prizes! Our fly tying classes are free, open to the public for adults & youths. We expect to expand the classes to the scouts & schools.

Tickets are just \$2 and the drawing will be held at the April 19th Membership Meeting.

Grand Prize: OttLite Folding Task Lamp!

The OttLite TrueColor Portable 13W Task Lamp (\$90 value) has an excellent compact design with a powerful illumination. It has a convenient folding design and is fitted with a patented bulb and handle for easy portability. With its small base footprint, you can use this task lamp on your desk or workstation, attach it to a wall or use it as a table lamp. Great for fly tying!



2nd and 3rd Prize: Midge Bobbin Kit!

Please see the "Fly Tying Tips" section for details. Kit contains a midge bobbin, 12 metal bobbin spools, foam insert Bobbin Box and a plain bobbin box.

"A Salmon Story"

By Timothy Sheffield



My love for catching fish on the fly began at a young age, when I was introduced to the sport by



Rick and Peter fishin' the Housy.

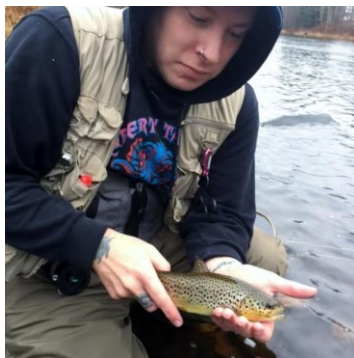
Locally they fish the Salmon and Hammonasset Rivers but Rick has made trips to Colorado, Idaho, Maine, Massachusetts, Tennessee and Arkansas in recent years. He did say the TVTU trip to the Housatonic last October was a highlight of the 2015 season for him and Peter.

Rick has attended a number of meetings since joining TVTU and is very encouraged by the welcoming atmosphere and the level of chapter activities. Going forward he hopes to attend more chapter functions and get involved in stream clean-ups and stocking and wants to learn as much as possible about our stream and catching fish from our experienced membership.

Welcome Patrick Murdough!

Pat is originally from Hinsdale, N.H. He moved to Vernon, CT. in 2006 and on to Middletown, CT. in 2010, where he lives with his wife, Kate Branstetter, and two year old son Henson. He's a graduate of Marlboro College, Marlboro, VT. Pat is a professional Tattoo Artist and operates his own shop, Liberty Tattoo LLC, in Berlin, CT.

Pat got started in fly fishing when he took an introductory in high school and although he didn't have the means to purchase the necessary equipment at the time his interest never waned. A few years ago a friend invited him on a trip to Rochester, NY to fish for Steelhead. He stopped at a local Cabela's, purchased what he describes as a "cheap setup" and has never looked back suggesting, tongue-in-cheek, it's been all downhill since then.



Pat's gets back to Rochester for steelhead and has also fished around Scranton, PA., and throughout Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont. Locally he does most of his fishing on the Salmon River but will get to the Coginchaug (Middletown) and Mattabasset Rivers (Cromwell) when time allows.

As a member of TVTU Pat hope to learn the best places to fish

my father. He and I have an unbreakable relationship which grows stronger every time we share a piece of water. I owe it all to him. Growing up on the coast of Connecticut, we fly fished mainly for striped bass. It was only after attending Montana State University in Bozeman that I found my love for chasing trout on the fly - not a bad place to start! Upon my return home from the Big Sky State, my new found passion for trout led to my father. His master plan was coming to fruition with its success to be measured only in wet hi-fives and moon-rise drives.

For the most part we have a pretty straight forward fishing itinerary every year. Always having trout on the brain keeps us chasing them from early spring through the middle of winter. In addition to our trout trips, we mix in salt water adventures when we can. For the past 10 years we have put more & more effort into catching false albacore & bonito during their predictable yet short visit the Connecticut/Rhode Island shoreline. I have acquired a love for these adrenaline fish and I try my best to get a good workout with them if possible. The past few seasons have been great resulting in numerous fond memories & sore arms.

This fall, once the salt season ended, we added a new chapter to our fishing story. A spark was ignited in my father. Instead of returning to our usual trout fishing grounds he had other plans. He was hell bent on catching one of our states elusive broodstock Atlantic Salmon in - he had played an instrumental role in convincing the CT DEP to stock them back in 1992. It had been something he was saving for both of us to enjoy at a later time in our lives.

True to form, I followed suit and tried to forget about wild brown trout for a season. Stepping out of our comfort zone was well worth it. This fishing season turned out to be one of the hardest of my life resulting in an extremely bruised ego which, although painful, turned out to be a godsend. Sometimes the most amazing things in life are the hardest to procure.

Salmon season was in full swing.

After 6 trips to the river and only moving a handful of fish, my patience was being tested. They were playing hard to get - making my lust only grow stronger. I kept at it, being that these 5 to 20lb salmon live a mere 30 minutes from my door. My father surprisingly enough was also having trouble sealing the deal. Although each trip made our frustration grow, just sharing the current with these giants was an amazing feeling. They roll & chase as if purposefully taunting us to stay & fish. Eventually dad broke the ice in mid-November with A 10-lber on the swing. He managed this feat with...wait for it.....wait for it..... a trout/salmon fly! A Mickey Finn, which he had tied the night before.



Tim's dad Phil Sheffield.

It was at this point that I put away all of my trout flies & gave into the swing. I had so many close calls stripping modern trout streamers, it was very difficult for me to resign the technique. While fishing our favorite pool, a gentleman by the name of George Jacobi handed me a salmon fly and proceeded

and gain local knowledge from our experienced members and also guidance on area to fish outside Connecticut.

Welcome Paul Heely!

Paul was born and raised in Norwich. He moved away from the area for a few years but he returned when he got married to Deena more than 10 years ago. They again reside in Norwich.



Paul works for Progeny Systems, a small engineering firm in Southeastern, CT. His company provides software engineering support to the Navy Submarine Fleet in Groton. He has a BS in Science and Engineering and a Masters in Art in Teaching from the

University of Connecticut. He also holds a teaching certification in math.

He suggests he can never remember not fishing but only started fly fishing when he turned 14. Seems a neighbor had an old fiberglass fly rod and click pawl reel in his garage that he gave to Paul. He purchased a fly assortment at the local Caldor's and taught himself to cast. The first fish he caught on that set-up was a Pumpkinseed on a wet Royal Coachman on the Yantic River upstream from the Uncas Leap Falls.

Paul fishes most of our local waters and occasionally gets to R.I. to fish the surf. He is planning a summer trip to the West Branch of the Delaware in the Catskills.

As a TVTU member Paul hopes to meet other fishermen and learn about places to fish in our region. He's also hopeful he'll learn some new techniques and find new fishing partners amongst our membership. He wants to participate in chapter activities like river clean-ups and possibly stocking. He got off to a good start as a participant tier at last months "Flies, Pies and More meeting."

"Let's all welcome Rick, Pat and Paul to TVTU and hope they will remain active chapter members".

"Firehole Photograph"

By George Jacobi



"Life slips by like a little dry fly, sliding down a deep slick run"

...Greg Brown...

The photograph turns forty years old this summer. In it, a young man stands in the middle of the Firehole River, Fenwick fiberglass rod bent into a trout. He wears hip boots with, I remember, slippery rubber soles, and a newly bought straw Stetson, its shadow almost hiding a corn cob pipe. Hah. I am too cool for words - although blessedly both affectations, cowboy hat and pipe, didn't last long when I returned to the east.

to show me how to present it properly to the salmon. Little did I realize at the time, my life was about to change. So traditional salmon flies it was. I armed myself to the teeth, picked up one of my closest fly fishing friends (who was also in need of finding his first Salmon) and headed back to the river. Well, that was all it took. We drove to the stream that day with a new found hope. After a good hike & not a soul in sight I knew we were ready. Both of us caught our first ever broodstock Atlantic salmon that day, within 20 minutes of each other. The fish were amazing specimens showing acrobatic talent, long runs



Tim's friend Greg Talbot with a nice salmon

& strength that was surprising (especially for a freshly stocked fish.) All I needed was one and it began to happen with the one salmon fly that George handed me! The monkey was off my back making it all

the easier to catch another. To say the least, I was amped. On the walk back to the car I reflected on the numerous times I had hiked this path in despair. It was nice to finally make that trip up the hill with my head held high.

As I type this, the salmon that I chased all fall are probably being digested.... and that's OK. It's part of the deal. Every year on December first the "no kill" rule gets lifted & the river runs red. As much as I love these powerful creatures it's almost like getting to close to a pig on a farm. Even so, fishing for these salmon has broadened my horizons, making places like Pulaski sound more & more interesting. Never-the-less my heart still lies in the elegant flows of my home state's trout streams. There's just something in a wild trout that makes my motor run.

Fly Tying Tips

Down Sizing for Fly Tying...

Have limited space for fly tying? Or, want to assemble a travel fly tying kit? The answer: Downsize!

A number of years ago I saw in some fancy catalog a midge fly tying bobbin with small metal sewing machine bobbins (spools) and thought what a great idea. It wasn't until recently I took the idea and ran with it. Getting into soft-hackled flies and Pearsall silk thread provided the motivation. A quick visit to a couple sewing/craft stores and I was able to assemble one.



At our Flies, Pies & More event I had a number of people ask



Mulshoe Bend, a famous stretch of water, flows to the right over undulating weed beds, which hide many more brown trout. Out of view, the Firehole takes that left-hand turn and rolls across the back of the picture again into Midway Geyser Basin. Steam rises into the clear blue sky. The snapshot though, and the guy in it, and the day in 1976, are marooned in time, left behind on an island no longer reachable.

On that July day, the river pushed my legs with soft sound, Gray Jays complained in the lodgepole pines, and the sulphur smell of Yellowstone Park drifted across the meadow on the breeze. Bees buzzed. Midday sun burned and a tall girl with a camera cheered. The trout tugged and wriggled, felt alive and wet in the hand, darted away to disappear amid the reflections on the surface.

Can you reach through a photograph, like you do through a stream's skin, and touch the past? Probably not; I suspect we just conjure up an approximation of the memories based partly on newer and still vivid ones. The real sensations have been lost, and the color photo is at best a catalyst. I only vaguely remember that afternoon, and somewhat more the evening of the same day.

A still new convert to fly fishing, I knew almost nothing. As dusk fell, I fished the run below the footbridge at Midway Basin in one of the all-time sunsets. The whole sky blazed orange and red (an ominous metaphor for the future of Yellowstone, although we didn't know it at the time); in that reflection the Firehole lived up to its name. And the trout went wild.

Although I understood that I needed to imitate a particular insect, I had just never been in such a rich aquatic environment. I suspect now that there were overlapping mayfly hatches, a couple of species of caddis emerging, and a spinner fall. Every fish in the place fed avidly, and there were many of them. No longer too cool for words, the ex-hippie freak with the corncob pipe was way overmatched. Skunked. O-fer the night. I think I suggested to Bob Jacklin later that the fish must have been on #15 flies; they sure as hell refused my #16s and #14s.

Last summer, driving between the Yellowstone River (from what I still call Buffalo Ford) and the Henry's Fork, I stared out the window of Steve Donaldson's truck as we rolled past Mulshoe Bend. It appears the same, as it has the other times I've returned to fish the Park. Alas, it is not. The Firehole is no longer the river it was before the earthquakes of the early 70s. I

about my kit. The hardest part to assembling one is obtaining a midge bobbin. They can be pricey (\$25+) but on EBay I found three for \$8. You can bend regular bobbins to accept the smaller sewing machine bobbins but I find the midge bobbins fit my hands like a glove. Surprisingly the sewing bobbins can hold up to 200 yards of 8/0 (70 denier) thread or 100 yards of monocord. You can use a variable speed drill to transfer the thread from your regular fly tying spools. I bought an AC/battery powered bobbin winder to do the job. Waxed thread clogs up the tensioner but I found a work around. I also discovered a foam inserted box that holds 28 spools.

Costs to convert are small, if you use those 40-60% coupons from the craft stores: bobbin winder (optional) \$15 A.C. Moore's; 12 metal bobbins \$1.97 (Walmart); and, foam insert bobbin box \$4 or plain plastic bobbin box \$2 (Joanne Fabrics). Obviously, it makes a great travel kit but it is also great for home fly tying center.

Fly of the Month

"Goddard Caddis"



Video and tying by Tightlines Productions

An excellent caddis fly pattern that floats like a cork. Therefore, great when using with a dropper. It is a bit time consuming to tie but it does catch fish! The antennae tend to get in the way when tying one on your leader. I eliminate them and the trout don't seem to mind. [Link to tying video](#)

Fly Tying Recipe: Goddard Caddis

Hook: Standard dry-fly hook #14(Dai-Riki 305)
Thread: Rusty brown, 6/0 or 70 denier.
Adhesive: Zap-A-Gap.
Body: Deer hair flared and spun.
Antennae: Brown hackle quill.
Hackle: Brown dry-fly hackle.
Head: Tying thread.
Tools: Long scissor



Place an Advertisement in "Stream Lines"

Looking to reach a new and diverse audience? Presently we have over 470 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

suspect they had impacted the river before '76, but it was still, as that evening demonstrated, pretty damn good. Now it gets too warm in the summer to be what Charlie Brooks once described as "the finest dry fly stream in the nation."

Things change. This winter I finally gave up on my collection of "Fly Fisherman" and "Trout" magazines - they will be gradually donated to my TU chapter to make a few bucks. I began them right around 1975, and they helped lead me to the Firehole. Sadly many of the rivers they describe in glowing text and glossy photos are no longer the same. Each year winter floes and spring floods remodel the contours of classic pools. Each year incremental changes in temperature and oxygen levels make it more difficult for trout, or insects, to reproduce. Chemical spills, whirling disease, invasive species. Global warming. Thankfully, a few rivers remain the same, or have even improved.

Standing in midstream with cold clear water flowing around my legs has been a constant in my life since that Firehole experience. As Norman MacLean might have said, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was "Trout"." On that trip last summer I walked the steep bank of the Yellowstone River until I found a large swirl, then clambered down the slippery clay to a casting position. It was an easy quartering downstream cast with a right-hand mend. The cutthroat came up and slashed my dry fly, did an instant and vicious cartwheel, and went away with the fly. It would have gone somewhere in the 26" - 28" range and would have probably become the largest non-anadromous trout I'd ever caught. Oh, man. Good thing the fat rainbows at the Railroad Ranch were kinder to me. We remember most of the great fish we've caught, (and usually save a snapshot as well) but the thousands of average trout inevitably blend together. Oddly, though, the great losses also remain just as firmly etched in our memory even without evidence. That memory is filed in the collection under "Yellowstone" now, and doesn't require a photograph to remain vibrant.

Many years ago I stood for the first time in the wet footsteps of the Catskill fly fishing legends. I once watched, astonished, as my submerged feet - in the moonlight - safely crossed Grand Lake Stream long after dark. I danced across a surprisingly powerful Battenkill riffle, each step six feet long, hoping to remain upright long enough to make the bank. The Mirimichi, the Matapedia, the Madison, the Housatonic. The little Pootatuck in Sandy Hook where I grew up. Lots of hours with feet in the water.

This is not an exercise in nostalgia - one must wade with caution in the pool of memory. Far better to be actively engaged in (or at least planning) the next fishing trip. I don't want the time back, but I endeavor to feel the next time as intensely as I felt the moments of the past, good or bad. To be once again joyfully marooned in the present. How to do that? Only one way, by putting on the boots and getting out in the water again. The planet changes - only the present is immutable. We get older by the minute, and the trout stream world is more fragile than ever. I'll gladly settle for the opportunity to get skunked again - or to succeed beyond my wildest dreams. Stepping into a trout stream is a chance to become one's own island, separate from the rest of the world. It's a vacation, not unlike stepping off the ferry or airplane into a new and unexplored land.

Wading in that different world, I can reach through that moving

website. The cost is only \$50 for the entire year (9 Issues). For more information and to place an ad, contact [Jackie Preston](#).

Thanks for your support!

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The Conservation Committee has been busy planning & working on increasing our conservation efforts and applying for grants. This takes a lot of resources... man-hours and money. Please help us raise \$2000 for future projects dedicated to conserving, protecting and restoring our cold-water fisheries in the Eastern CT. All funds from this raffle will be earmarked for conservation only.

Show your support for Eastern CT cold-water fisheries and Win a very "gently used" Orvis Helios 9 1/2 Foot, 6 WT, 4 Piece, Fly Rod & case (original MSRP \$795); a "new" Gold Orvis Mirage III LA Fly Reel (MSRP \$475), and a "new" Sage WF6-F Fly Line (MSRP \$79).

Raffle tickets are only \$20 each. The drawing will be held once we meet our goal of \$2000 (100 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 &

mirror as if into another culture, speak its language, learn to understand it. A sublime and mysterious place becomes familiar. The world beneath the mirror becomes my world too, and my feet belong in it.

There are photographs of all these streams and all these times on my bookshelf, and they don't contain all the perceptions, but gratefully those are still in my head. The photos, though, enable them to float to the surface of the mind, like emerging nymphs surrounded by bright bubbles of life-giving air. That picture of the Firehole is a beginning, a spring seeping from rich volcanic soil, one that has enriched life ever since. Being HERE - right now - some find it playing music in a group, some alone with a camel hair paintbrush. Some find it stalking through the fall woods. I'm lucky to have found it in several ways - and keeping my feet in the water remains the sweetest one.

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.

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