

Newsletter December 2021

President's Message

The last couple of weeks with the chill settling in, the northern gannets in the air, lets us know it's the end of the saltwater season, except for a few holders, now it's a freshwater game. Some hardy club members, including yours truly, headed north to try catching some large freshwater fish.

Checkout the Crossroads Anglers website home page: www.crossroadsanglers.com to see pictures of those river monsters (the fish).

There was a faint hope, with temperatures rising above the mid-40s, of hitting a pond or two, but the joys of necessary home repair smashed those thoughts. Oh well, it's back to winter gear cleanup, fly tying and dreaming of those tight lines.

For those that missed our last meeting, you missed Ed Lombardo's presentation, highly enjoyable and informative. It was very interesting hearing about and seeing pictures of some great fishing spots on Rhode Island's Wood River and tributaries. Ed also talked about some of his other favorite NE rivers. Now I'm thinking of planning some trips to the Wood River, especially to try to be there for a Hexagenia hatch. I keep hearing stories about it and now I really want to see it for myself. It's also a thought for planning a club outing too.

Coming up we have

Dec. 28th 2021, Our Annual Holiday (Shenanigans) Party. Along with good food and beverages, there will be some excellent raffles. Among them, a special raffle, an **Armand Memorial Item**, a new Mystic M593-4, 9ft 3in 5wt fly rod. I remember Armand mentioning that he had it and was looking forward to using it.

Jan 19th, 2022 A special date and night. To get your juices flowing in the cold days and nights of

January. We are having **Tim Flagler**, widely considered among the top fly-tying instructors in the world, presenting 'What trout like to eat and what flies to feed them'.

ATTENTION: ALL MEMBERS

NEXT MEETING:

Tuesday December 28, 2021
South Foxboro Community Center
382 South St. Foxboro, MA 02035
Time: 630pm to 9pm

Feb 22nd, 2022 Chris Aubut, of the Aubut Company, a manufacturer of premium fishing rods for the sport fishing industry. Chris will be discussing the many aspects of building and using a fishing rod.

Also, we all have stuff, lots of stuff from feathers to tools, from rods to reels and a lot of other "necessary, gotta have it". We are now adding a "**Sell, Swap, or Donate your stuff**" to the beginning of our meetings. At last year's similar events, there had been a large number of happy members who took part in one way or another. The donation portion is to the club as we are in need of stuff for our raffles. So, please go through your stuff.

We are always looking for ideas and new members. Invite someone you know or don't know, who might be interested in fly fishing, to a meeting. At the meetings voice your opinions, we need your input, this is your club. Even if you cannot make the meetings, we are very interested in hearing your thoughts and ideas as well.

Tight lines looking forward to seeing you and meeting new members.

Ed

After breaking off many flies, I've always said that some fish love lip jewelry...



FIXING FLY FISHING FAILURE: 3 THOUGHTS



Just over three years ago I visited a stream that I had fantasized about for decades. *Decades*. It isn't on the other side of the world. It isn't even across the country. In fact, I've crossed over it hundreds of times. The access just so happens to be a bit on the restrictive side. As in none.

So how did I find myself on this particular creek? A lot of poring over maps, researching property lines, and hiking. Some class A quickest-way-between-two-points is muddy, weedy, and steep hiking.

But when I got there I struck out. Not a fish. They're there and I know they're there. I've seen them during reconnaissance. Rainbows, primarily. Smallish, but healthy and (this is the important part) naturally reproducing. All of this data was gathered sans trout in hand. I pulled out all of my usual tricks for the situation I was in. I bounced small streamers through the deep pools. I splatted little foam beetles under overhanging trees. I even resorted to tightline nymphing a hare's ear. Still nothing.

This week I intend on retracing my steps. Part of me thinks it is foolish. More of me wants to catch *something* in that little spring creek. Consequently, **instead of fantasizing** about the fish I'll catch **I've been strategizing** about how to catch them. Here are three things I've been thinking about that ought to help me on that creek

– but should translate to any failure you or I have had on the water:

Consider things other than the fly.

Too quickly we blame our failure on poor fly choice. Of course, the real perpetrator there is the *chooser* and not the fly. But perhaps the fly was perfect. As I think back to my aforementioned ill-fated trip, I wonder if I was missing a lot my making every presentation from downstream. Or, in my eagerness from being on that stream was I moving too quickly and haphazardly? Changing my approach angle could have made a difference. Was I being too aggressive by stripping streamers and forcibly casting terrestrials? Might a more delicate approach with similar flies yielded different results? A large fly box is nice, but it can obfuscate other angling deficiencies.

Do your best to remember.

Not catching fish when you want to catch fish has a way of creating tunnel vision. The data set the mind absorbs becomes very, very small (and revolves around frustration). Still, thinking back to the last time can be very profitable. How did the fly drift through that run? Which pools did you accidentally splash into? Where were you when that beautiful cast got hung up in a tree? Slow down. Think. Adjust. Then act. Being on-site will help jog your memory, but there is probably a lot in there that you'll be able to recall if you try.

Don't write off what you did the first time.

Bouncing small streamers through deep pools and splatting little foam beetles under overhanging trees may very well be the ticket this time around. Last time could have been the anomaly. Given the countless variables involved in fishing, only a few metrics swinging one way or another can change the entire scenario. Maybe I was almost right. Maybe it will work this time. Be willing to change if it isn't working. *Just don't give up on what you know and trust.*

Experiment, remember, and trust yourself. That is a pattern that has paid off for me in the past. Hopefully, it will pay off for me this week.

Courtesy of Casting Across Fly Fishing Podcast by Matthew

This is the End

By Domenick Swentosky

The fisher awoke before dawn. He put his boots on.

He took the rod from a gallery of graphite and cork and walked down the forest hall.

He moved through thick, hazy darkness — miles toward the island, with no sound but the crunch, crunch, and rustle. Footfalls on sandy dirt, roots and rotting leaves. The log. The water. The red halos around orange spots as big as nickels, randomly speckled and enhanced by the minor refraction of cool water sliding and dripping across the broad sides of wild magnificence, the size of which as rare as any to be called legendary

Blue was the first color to appear. Then the greens showed themselves, and the trees came into focus as the sun lent the sky its own red and orange from below the horizon.

This was the end. The end of elaborate plans, of feathers and furs piled inches deep in the recesses of some ancient wooden desk. The end of minutes and hours, of weeks and years laboring over blue meandering lines bordered by mint green contours indicating the depth of the divide between mountaintops, and perhaps the gradient and the ferocity of charging water passing through a bouldered valley. The end of fishermen's stories.

He slid into the tailout, just off the bottom tip of the island. Quickly up to his waist, he skillfully braced against a current of murky water more than thrice the common flows for a midsummer morning . . . and then he cast.

The line sliced through thin air and through thicker water, carried in large arcs by a heavyweight creation so carefully crafted that the pulsing plumes and flowing feathers, working in natural harmony with the water's current, could create life itself.

And how could it not be alive? This fly of so many particular hours spent refining, dreaming and modifying, that it carries a piece of its creator's soul. These moments of inspiration, imagination, belief

and then conclusion. The decisive and confident hope that this one will swim with perfect, enticing realism . . . and perhaps . . . come to life.

With the eternal hope of a fisherman, he teased the living fly near the bottom, and then parallel with the fallen and submerged tree — surely this was the preeminent home of the watery beast in the stories that had brought him here.

On the third cast the fly swung and fluttered at the end of the drift and gracefully glided to the surface as if exhausted from its trip downstream — spent prey struggling to maintain equilibrium.

. . . And here comes the freight train . . .

It hit *hard*. A confident, decisive, straight-line, hungry charge forward and upward, deftly capturing all the life, moments and hopes conceived in a fly, and then horseshoe curving back toward the unseen depths of its address.

The fisherman saw the ambushing train charge and capture its prey. And with the patience of a hunter, he waited to feel the line tighten. (There is so much life in half a second.) As the spotted brown engine rounded the horseshoe, the fisherman set the hook.

The sharply crafted metal point found its firm hold in a bony jaw. And then . . . the line . . . broke.

Silence in the valley when the echoes of exasperation finished the chorus.

The fisherman's hands were wet and shaking as he doubled over, kneeling in the surface fog of the water from the heavy punch in his gut.

Time passed, and then he arose.

*This is the end, beautiful friend.
This is the end, my only friend. The end.
It hurts to set you free, but you'll never follow me.
This is the end.*

— Lyric from "The End" by The Doors. Copyright © 1967 by Doors Music Com

Captain Ray's Guided Charter Trip Raffle



Tickets are **STILL Available**. Ask any board member. They are \$15.00 a ticket. Or 2 tickets for \$25.00. Only 75 tickets will be sold!!

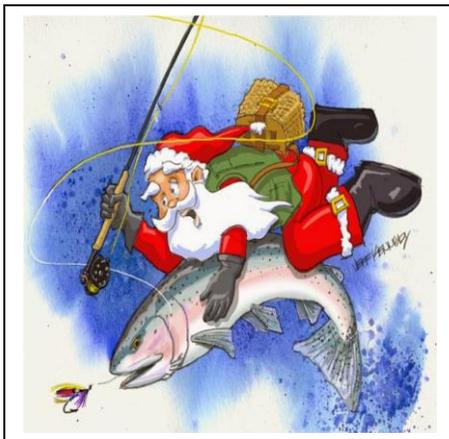
Drawing will be for 1 raffle winner with 1 or 2 guests. Don't forget to ask your fishing buddies if they'd like to purchase tickets too!

THE DRAWING WILL BE HELD AT THE Spring BBQ MEETING!!

The trip includes 8 hours of fly or spin fishing with Captain Ray Stachelek in Rhode Island.



For more info on the Captain go to: www.castaflycharters.com



The Bulletin Board

Crossroads Speaker & Event Calendar

December 28th: Holiday Party Meeting

January 19th: Speaker: Tim Flagler (NOTE: Special Wednesday Date!!)

February 22nd: Chris Aubut (of the Aubut Company—will demo rod-building)

March 22nd: To Be Determined

April 26th: To Be Determined

May 24th: BBQ Year-End Party!!

Our Good Friend & Club Member,
Howie DeBeck, is recovering from
Covid and recent injuries

If anyone wants to send a card to
Howie his current address is:

The Holiday Skilled Nursing &
Rehab Facility
30 Salyes Hill Road
Manville, RI 02838

2021 Crossroads Anglers Officers

Ed Rosenbloom.....President
Steve Dewar.....Vice President/Webmaster
Izzy Bettencourt.....Membership Chair
Sumner Levine.....Treasurer
Howie deBeck.....Advising Board Member
Joel Kessler.....Advising Board Member
Russell Glen.....Advising Board Member
Gary Johnson.....Advising Board Member
Dan Deneault.....Newsletter Editor
Bob Dewar.....RaffleMaster

Please visit our website:
www.crossroadsanglers.com
For contact info on any Club Officer

This is our monthly newsletter for the 2021-2022 season.
Best Wishes to All to Continue to Stay Safe and Stay Well!
See you at the Meetings!!