



Newsletter April 2024

President's Message

Finally, a couple of warm days of sunshine. It felt so good instead of the cold, wet dreary days that our Spring has been so far! I went out and wet a line and it felt great to be on the water but the fish did not show up. That was ok, since it was a beautiful day.

I received some sad news that an old member, Howie DeBeck passed. Howie was a large presence at any gathering especially when Howie spoke—everyone heard!! He had a lot to say and everyone listened. He will be missed.

Earlier this week I heard that the stripers were showing up on the south coast of Rhode Island. Soon they should be around the Mass shoreline. I am hoping they stay a lot longer than last year before heading farther north.

I still have not heard any guesses when they will arrive in numbers on our shores.

I also came across a good article even though it isn't about NE. It is an enjoyable read that most of have had similar feelings and thoughts.

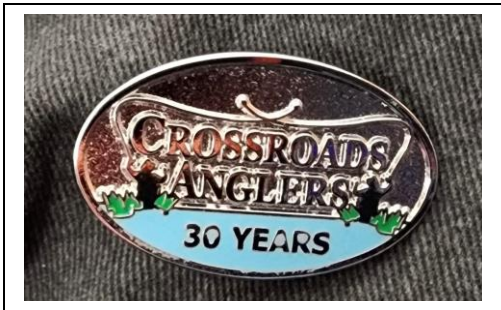
Please do not forget our Freshwater Fly Drive for some great causes, I need at least a dozen or two of freshwater flies from each member (I know we all have tied lots of them). Bring them to the meeting or contact me at erosenbloom@gmail.com and we can figure out how I can get them.

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

ATTENTION: ALL MEMBERS
NEXT MEETING:
Tuesday April 23, 2024
South Foxboro Community Center
382 South St. Foxboro, MA 02035
Time: 6:30pm to 9:00pm



Calendar

April 23rd **The Clash of the Vices**
See Page 2!!

May 28th **Annual BBQ**

Trips Trips Trips Trips Trips

One day outings are being planned. There will be some on a set weekday, some for nights or weekends.

Primarily we will be fishing in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Trips are also being considered for Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Maine.

Any suggestions are welcome: let Ed or other board member know.

Saltwater Fly Tying—Clash of the Vices



Joe Calcavecchia

Joe Calcavecchia is a production tier, a saltwater master fly tier, and the creator of many well-renowned fly patterns such as the Striper Dragon, Mojo Squid, and the Bonita Bear. He has been tying commercially for the past Thirty years for fly shops in the New England region. He is also a fly designer for Pacific Fly Group, on the Solarez Pro Team, Pro staff member of Ewing Feathers and on the Regal Vise Pro Staff. He is a master teacher in fly tying and instructs students with a jovial manner that is always infectious to everyone in attendance. Joe takes part in many fishing expos where he is able to talk and engage with visitors and showcase his style of tying. Ask him to tie a Clouser on the Regal Revolution and watch the vice smoke!



Joe Cordeiro

Fly Tying is not just a hobby for this man it is a passion. Joe Cordeiro has been tying flies for over 25 years. The past 10 years focusing on teaching, presenting at shows and marketing salt water flies. Joe has been fishing his entire life growing up near Cape Cod. Fly-fishing has been his main focus for many years. His salt-water fly patterns have been tested in waters for their imitation to the bait they mimic. Many of his patterns are lifelike imitations. The materials used are natural and add to the authenticity of the product. Joe's style and tying technique have caught the attention and admiration of many seasoned fly tiers and his passion for the art is evident.

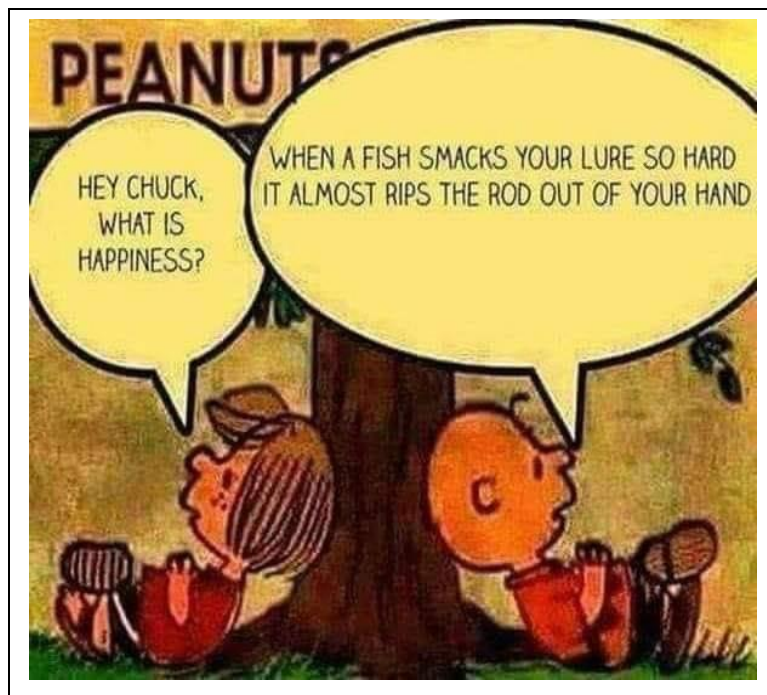
Guided Charter Trip Raffle Captain Ray Stachelek or Captain Brian Kelly

**Tickets NOW Available. Ask any board member: \$15.00 a ticket or 2 for \$25.00.
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!!

Trip includes 8 hours of fly or spin fishing with Captain Ray Stachelek in RI or Captain Brian Kelly in the Plymouth MA / South Shore region

**When you find
true love, hold on
to it with both
hands...
Because the
perfect rod and
reel can be gone
in an instant..**



Heading to Church By [Chris Fertnig](#)

The spool is emptying in head shaking lurches. I glance out over the white cap, foaming fast water cascading through the causeway and see Ernie's impressive white church on the bank above the river. Not a denomination but rather an ownership, though Ernie can sermonize on politics and his beloved Philadelphia Eagles! This striper is looking for salvation, and definitely emancipation. Then it stops and runs right, laterally into the fastest current. I scramble over the razor-edged, mussel encrusted rocks, moving quickly to my left applying maximum side pressure. Typical heart in mouth stuff. Striped bass are visually much like European sea bass but just bigger and brutish and kinda pissed off. The official Canadian record is 63lbs and the US record is 81lbs. This fish is probably a Canadian fish but I always think of them as thugs from the south side of Boston. Only genetic testing from the scale sample I'll send off will let us know its origin.

I know it's a bigger fish as I can't really control it even with a stout 8wt bent to the stripping guide. These big fish never show themselves in a fight. Each lunge feels like a jab and then they fake and duck and weave. Smaller fish will come up and roll but the big fish like to keep themselves deep. They also shed a 2/0 fly like a sailor spits tobacco. It's all about unwavering pressure. No respite, no quarter given. I will kill this fish I've decided, though I will have great remorse in doing so. I hate to see that filleted carcass. My friend Saburo is a pescatarian whose wife is a vegan and he's a damn fine fly fisherman who kills and eats his fish. I'm a carnivorous type who likes to release, mainly, though not today.

I think my line might be wrapped around a deep rock as I can't budge this fish for what seems like a minute. My heart sinks. I scramble upstream and off she heads to church again. Now I'm just getting pissed-off as I appear to be under-gunned, but a 10 wt just seems unsportsmanlike, so I stick with my 7 & 8 weights. I apply maximum side pressure and abruptly I sense her spirit is broken as she stops dead, and we both hold line for what seems like minutes but is probably seconds. Some bluff charges into the current, and a bit of stubborn dead-weighting later the fish is on the rocks. I lift a solid 10-15lbs bass up on the shore. She is spent. I tremble. She dies. Saburo would call this a mighty fish, which carries some import with a Japanese accent.

The Annapolis River was one of eastern Canada's finest striped bass rivers until North America's first tidal generating station was installed in 1984 and a causeway severed the river. It killed lots of fish and indirectly an immature humpback whale in 2007. Good people fought the fight to shut it down. Finally, the turbine broke and the station was decommissioned in 2019, however the causeway and sluice gates remain so they can protect properties upstream that were built on the tidal zone when the causeway seemed to be a long term fixture. The causeway and gate system create low river flows, ineffective mixing of salt and freshwater for striped bass egg survival, and higher water temps. All detrimental to successful reproduction. Annapolis bass have not yet been proven to spawn again, though studies are underway.

We are fishing for colonizing fish from other Canadian, Bay of Fundy rivers, and US fish moving north. The Mi'kmaq name for Annapolis Royal, Nme'juaqnek means the place with lots of fish.

One can only imagine how the Mi'kmaq, who were, and are, exceptionally skilled fishers view the decision to harm this bounty by us colonists. From a place of plenty to a place of less. We are really very good at doing that.

Annapolis Royal is by far the most beautiful town in Canada and I'll fight anyone on that claim. The Annapolis River estuary forms a large protected basin with a narrow treacherous outlet to the Gulf of Maine which includes the Bay of Fundy. Two worn down Appalachian ridges parallel the river, cradling a valley of abundant orchards and forest. The indigenous peoples and the New England Planter settlers valued its mild climate, abundance of fish and game, and I'm sure, its beauty. Whilst waving a fly rod looking at the north mountain range it's easy to conjure images of Mi'kmaq fishers standing on the rocks with spears and nets harvesting salmon, sturgeon, mackerel, shad and sea bass. The sheer biomass of fish must have been stupendous.



Today, I look out on finely restored 18th & 19th Century captains' houses and fishermen's cottages that are certainly not owned by seafarers. This was a very wealthy and cosmopolitan little village in the age of sail with ships routinely leaving for British ports, the Caribbean, the American colonies and South America. People here were intimately connected to the sea and the world. How was the fishing when masts and creaking wood filled the harbour? Did men jig for fish off the schooners? Were nets set for salmon? I'll do some research, though local historians focus more on the conflicts of men than the fortunes of fishers. I have read that a great many barrels of salted fish left this busy port for far flung shores.

Retired urbanites walk their cutely hypoallergenic labradoodles and ask if there are fish in the estuary. I always try to be courteous and thorough in my response. This is Nova Scotia after all. Friendliness is a mandatory requirement, and my natural state. My intention is to educate and inform so this resource is valued. Fish are generally invisible, especially here. I have caught 26" stripers in 2 feet of water with nary a ripple giving them away. It's hard to protect the invisible. Most people here would be more upset about losing the very impressive French bakery in town, than fish they never see. For the record, I burn off those croissant calories casting heavy sinktips and 6" flies from the rocks, really.

I rather like chatting with local fishers at the casueway. They talk like pirates and have a generosity and openness that is genuinely disarming. Between the cigarette smoke, the cussing, the laughter and the gossip lies local knowledge that is as old and deep as the ties that bind them

to this beautiful land. I try to detach and listen. If I'm successful in my self-regulation, I glean nibbles of intel that are always valuable. Subsistence living requires an understanding of the natural world that remote corporate workers waving fly rods might never fully grasp, myself included. The loggers, lobster fishermen, scallop draggers and purse seiners also know their striped bass fishing, and that might be discussed, though trout secrets are barely even whispered and a rare gruffness surfaces when trout locations are inquired upon. Like Nova Scotian families, everyone and everything is connected, related and interdependent. Throw in the decline of the partridge population, the pending deer season, which transcends religious devotion, and the shad run and you have casual bank side discussions that require the undivided attention akin to a court stenographer. Take mental notes!



We all watch the tide charts and many of us are attentive to the barometer. Striped bass are sensitive to barometric pressure, wind, water temperature, moon phases, and the color of your underwear, but really they are just plain grumps, sometimes. Theories abound and everything fishy is up for argument and disagreement. I believe fishers gather to disagree, not to gain consensus. We might nod in feigned agreement to all, but secretly we are thinking that one guy is full of crap and another a wise sage. It's a bit like a church. Shut up, listen and speak only when you are supposed to. Some sermons are meandering nonsense and others almost Confucian philosophy. In those moments of listening there should be a silence within you that permits your truth to seep in.

My truth is that we know nothing. It's all beyond us. I enjoy the mystery. Sam, a post doc student at Acadia University told me during a fish tagging session, which is an excuse to angle and call it work, that these striped bass have been recorded moving great distances across the Bay of Fundy at speed and returning in a matter of hours or days. While others stay very local. The scientists don't really know why. Facts like that sit nicely in my general life view. That's why waving a stick on a rocky point is as profound for me as kneeling in piety in a pew. My recurring prayer is that the surge of humanity never catches up to this part of Nova Scotia and the stripers spawn, Atlantic salmon run the rivers again and I hook up with a few big nasty stripers that head for church at least a few times a season.

Freshwater Fly Drive



We all have flies. Flies everywhere. We all have flies. Big ones, small ones and itsy-bitsy ones. Flies we tied way too many of. Flies that look great but we might never use, etc, etc, etc ...

So now there is something that you can do with them

We are starting a

“Freshwater Fly Drive”

for some great causes

For Example:

Casting for Recovery & Project Healing Waters

I would like to get at least a dozen or more freshwater flies from each of you
(members/non-members)

With or without fly boxes

Bring them to a meeting or send them to me:

Ed Rosenbloom / 62 Cabral Cir. / Stoughton, MA 02072



In Memoriam

Howard "Howie" L. DeBeck

North Attleboro, Massachusetts

April 16, 1943 to April 9, 2024



When I joined up Howie went out of his way to engage and welcome me to the Club. Will always remember him for that.

---Steve Dewar

Howie was a great guy. He had a booming voice and knew how to control a gathering of noisy fishermen. He was known by most everyone in our fishing world. Howie had a great sense of humor and could tell some very interesting stories, especially his experiences fishing for Atlantic salmon in the Maine rivers. May he rest in peace.

---Norris Johns



I met Howie for the first time at the Bear's Den. I could hear him talking about the Tutti-Frutti fly to someone about how well he caught fish with it. When I got closer to the Crossroads Anglers booth, I asked him about the Tutti-Frutti. I talked to him for a little while about the Club. He told me where it was and to come see him, so I did and I've been there ever since. I nicknamed him Soft Spoken Howie--he laughed. We will truly miss him.

---Izzy Bettencourt

Howie was his usual outgoing self, as Crossroads Anglers was having our casting clinic day at Watson's Pond in Taunton. It was he who spoke to Mary, as she sat on the nearby bench eating her lunch that Sunday. Well the rest is history and Watson's Pond Park and Howie have been special to us ever since. Another memory is how Howie and Sumner both took to Mary, making her sit between them as they kept her busy chatting - so that I would keep shopping at Jake Jakespear's yard sale to raise funds for his spouse. Howie insisted we fish Cotuit Narrows on the outgoing tide, early morning, in early May - and he led the club on a few outings there. And of course, there's all the fish we've caught on the Tutti Frutti...!

---Russell Glen

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveler hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.
Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,

Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.
The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveler to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

--Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

RISAA WELCOMES CROSSROADS ANGLERS AS LATEST AFFILIATE CLUB



Our newest affiliate club is Crossroads Anglers. Crossroads Anglers is a flyfishing club that meets every fourth Tuesday from September to May at 6:30 PM at the South Foxboro Community Center, Foxboro MA for fly tying and good fishing conversation.

The purpose of the club is to promote fly tying and fly fishing for fresh or saltwater gamefish. members share techniques and approaches to tying, selecting fly materials, gear selection along with where and how to apply this knowledge.

Several times a year the club has a guest presenter. Some notable presenters have included Lefty Kreh, Bob Clouser, Bob Popovics, Paul Jacobs, Dave Porreca, Ed Lombardo, Paul Pezza, Dr. David Ross and Ray Stachelek.

Welcome, Crossroads Anglers!



AFFILIATE ORGANIZATIONS

The Rhode Island Saltwater Angler's Association (RISAA) believes in the sensible management of fisheries and the conservation and restoration of all marine resources. RISAA has accepted a leadership role in order to provide a unified voice to preserve and protect the rights, traditions and future of recreational angling. In order to achieve these goals, it is important for organizations who have the same goals to join together, uniting their voices and votes for the good of present and future generations of anglers. Therefore, RISAA is proud to be **AFFILIATED** with these respected organizations:



2023 Crossroads Anglers Officers

Ed Rosenbloom President
 Steve Dewar Vice President/Webmaster
 Sumner Levine..... Treasurer
 Tris Carpenter Membership Chair
 Izzy Bettencourt..... Advising Board Member
 Howie DeBeck In Memoriam 4-9-2024
 Joel Kessler. Advising Board Member
 Russell Glen.....Advising Board Member
 Gary Johnson..... Advising Board Member
 Dan Deneault Newsletter
 Bob Dewar. RaffleMaster

Please visit our website:

www.crossroadsanglers.com

For contact info on any Club Officer

This is our monthly newsletter for the 2023-2024 season. Best Wishes to All to Continue to Stay Safe and Stay Well!
 See you Soon!!