
The Newsletter of the Columbia-Greene Rip Van Winkle Chapter #569 of Trout Unlimited

TU...TO CONSERVE, PROTECT & RESTORE NORTH AMERICA'S COLD WATER FISHERIES & THEIR WATERSHEDS

FUNDRAISING RAFFLE BIG SUCCESS!

Thanks to all of you who sold raffle tickets! Our TU organization made a profit of \$440!

Also, special “**THANKS**” to:

Tim Lippert and Dave Rudloff for co-chairing the raffle committee.

Orvis for donating the rod blanks.

John Prokorym for building the rods and donating the rod cases.

Catskill Paint Company for donating the reel.

Rudloff Construction for making the custom wader hanger and
for framing the flies donated by C-G TU.

Blue River Anglers for donating \$50 worth of tying materials.

Black Dome Press for donating My Side of the River by Roger Menard
and for printing the raffle tickets.

Price Chopper for printing the raffle tickets.

The raffle winners were chosen at the May 18th meeting and are as follows:

1st Place - Orvis graphite 4pc. 5wt. rod, reel and case...**JOHN JARONSIK**

2nd Place - A selection of "Dette Flies" tied by the Dette family of the Catskills,
\$50.00 worth of tying materials from "Blue River Anglers"
and a custom wader hanger...**ROSEMARY DALY**

3rd Place - A beautifully framed trout print and a signed copy of
My Side of the River," by Roger Menard...**BRUCE CHARBONNEAU**

The TU member “ticket seller” drawing for an Orvis graphite 4pc. 5wt. rod, reel and case
was won by **PERRY COONEY**.

Hank

WALT'S TEN MILE VISION

How many streams in New York State are named Ten Mile Creek? I know there are a couple but I do not know the answer to this question. What I do know is that there is one in Greene County that is near and dear to the hearts of many fishers, including Walt Bennet. Walt wears several hats in Greene County and for many years one of his responsibilities has been the trout stocking coordinator for the Greene County Federation of Sportsmen. He knows the streams and their needs.

Walt knows the Ten Mile Creek and he knows it needs fixing because a flood did major damage to it a few years ago. It was a great small, self-sustaining trout stream whose nature changed

after that flood. It saw a decline in fish populations due to the washed out habitat and clay bank erosion. Walt was our guest speaker at the 5-19-04 chapter meeting and he intends to fix the injured stream. His vision is to redirect the water flow, reestablish pool diggers in the form of rock weirs (that have worked so well on the Batavia Kill), recycle sections of old concrete bridges to create better habitat, eliminate erosion of a clay bank that muddies the water...and in doing so, return this stream to a healthy state.

We owe Walt a debt of gratitude for his vision and quiet determination to fix a fishing problem as well as restore a broken creek back to a wholesome condition. Thank you, Walt, for taking the time to share that vision with us and for your dedication and leadership to nurse this creek back to health.

Dick

MEDWAY MOUNTAINEERS TIED FOR A NIGHT

At the request of Sharon LaPierre, the 4-H Resource Educator for Cornell Cooperative Extension of Greene County, our chapter of Trout Unlimited was pleased to teach a one night fly tying class to members of the 4-H group called the Medway Mountaineers. We met on May 3rd at the Cooperative Extension Agroforestry Resource Center Building (a new facility for them) on Route 23, Cairo, NY.

Hank Theiss made the arrangements with Sharon and decided to teach them how to tie the Woolly Bugger and Black-nosed Dace. The following six youngsters from age 10 through age 17 participated: Rebecca Ross, Regina Winnie, and the LaFountain brothers, Jonathon, Daniel, Stephen, and Timothy. Each of them tied two very nice flies that can be used for fishing as well as bragging purposes. Hopefully youngsters who get involved with this type of activity will develop a lifelong interest in fly tying and fishing.

Trout Unlimited members Dave Rudloff, Wendy Neefus and Dick Riccio assisted Hank in this educational activity. Their participation on that rainy night is very much appreciated. Our thanks also go out to Sharon who initiated the invitation, (and also tied the flies with the rest of the group), as well as Patty Ross, the 4-H leader for The Medway Mountaineers, and the parents who waited for the 2-hour activity to conclude. Each of the students received an application to become a junior member of Trout Unlimited which entitles them to a free 6-month membership.

Dick

CLEANUP CONDUCTED AND CONCLUDED

This year the Catskill Watershed Corporation conducted its annual cleanup day on Saturday, May 15th, 2004. "What is this corporation?" you ask. I've taken its opening line on the homepage and quote it here. "The CWC is a not-for-profit corporation with a dual goal: to protect the water resources of the New York City Watershed west of the Hudson River, while preserving and strengthening communities located in the region." (More substantial information can be seen on their website at <http://www.cwconline.org/index.html>).

One of the programs that they operate is the stream cleanup day. They organize many groups, such as Trout Unlimited, who provide volunteers for a day to clean up the bulk of the watershed that feeds into the New York City reservoir system. This year the representative for the CWC reported that over 500 volunteers helped with the cleanup project. The Columbia-Greene Chapter of Trout Unlimited participated this year, as we have in the past several years, by cleaning up the public usage areas on Route 23 along the Schoharie Creek from Prattsville to Lexington.

As in the past, folks throw away tires, coffee cups, soda bottles, bundles of wire, cigarette packages, and assorted other trash along the road and in public parking areas. Our mission was to clean up those areas...and we did! Those areas are much cleaner and more presentable than they were before we started the project. Thanks go out to the following chapter members who volunteered, on a Saturday, to perform this cleaning project: Dave Rudloff, our organizer and leader, Cole Rudloff, Rick Bobrick, Bruce Charbonneau, and Dick Riccio. Dick

THE CURRENT ON"LINE"

IF YOU RECEIVED THIS NEWSLETTER BY MAIL AND HAVE AN EMAIL ADDRESS PLEASE CONTACT ONE OF THE CO-EDITORS SO OUR TU CHAPTER CAN SAVE MONEY ON MAILINGS.

Also, if anyone doesn't want to receive the newsletter any longer please notify one of us:

Dick Riccio (518) 851-7002 newsletter@cgtu.org
Hank Theiss (518) 851-9442 newsletter@cgtu.org

FROM THE EDITORS: THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

A few years ago Gary LaFontaine wrote in his book mailer newsletter:

"Life is short, fish as much as you can!!"

For those of you who may not be familiar with Gary LaFontaine, I have taken the paragraph below, written by David Klausmeyer, from the May/June 2002 Issue of American Angler:
"On January 4, 2002, Gary LaFontaine lost his battle with amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, also known as Lou Gehrig's disease. He was just 56 years old, but he had been one of the more respected and influential figures of our sport for more than a quarter century. Through his writing, presentations, and videotapes, Gary LaFontaine touched the lives of thousands of anglers."

Hank

La ROCCA'S CORNER – "Fish Tails & Fish Tales"

I sound like a broken record: it is the end of May and I can count on two fingers the number of times I have been on the creek with my fly rod, and on the fingers of one hand the combined

fishing hours of those two outings. Oh woe is me! But I am excited; there is a special day on the horizon.

OPENING DAY: MAY 30, 2004

Sophie Rose Whiteman will turn four years old on June 17. Sophie is my granddaughter, and sometime over the Memorial Day Weekend we will go fishing together. It will be “opening day” for Sophie and for me too: for Sophie it will be opening day of her fishing life and, for me, the opening day of another chapter of mine. I’m a little nervous; I figure that it has to be fun for her or it could color her view of one of my favorite pastimes. At a minimum, in the future I’d love for her to listen patiently when I tell my stories. My dear wife is fond of saying, “Sooner or later it always gets around to fishing.” But she still listens...even proofreads these little columns. I’d like Sophie to listen too. In the best of all worlds, I’d love for Sophie to enjoy the outdoors with the same wonder and fervor that I do. Her parents have clearly set the stage for that to happen. (This is a little inside family humor since both Beth and Rob are “into” theater and Sophie is already a little actress.) Sophie has taken lots of little nature walks and read or heard many stories with outdoor settings and themes. Ours will be a good trip!

This excursion has been in the works for quite awhile. A couple of years ago I wondered out loud, “When should I take Sophie fishing?” “When her Mom thinks she’s ready,” was the sage advice I got, so I waited. The “reel” answer came in February when my daughter gave **me** a little fishing outfit and a package of red and white bobbers for **my** birthday. So last weekend, while riding in the back seat of the van next to Sophie in her carseat, I suggested that we might go fishing in a week or two. “Sure, Grampy, we could go fishing...and we could catch some fish...and we could put them in a bucket...and we could cook them and eat them...but before we cook them we have to cut off their face!” Okay, Sophie, but maybe they won’t be big enough, and maybe we should put them back, and maybe...“Sure, Sophie, that sounds like a great idea.”

I smiled and remembered a scene from long ago when three little La Rocca brothers, on a cross-country vacation with Mom and Dad, fished from a dock at a campground somewhere, I think, in Michigan. The fishing was great and we collected maybe a dozen fish...some big ones too – six or seven inches long. We wrestled the bucket of fish back to the campsite and insisted on fish for dinner. With some instructions from Mom and heavy duty encouraging from my brothers and me, Dad cleaned a few of the fish and Mom did the absolute best she could on the Coleman stove. It was horrible! The fish looked appetizing, but four to six inch shiners from a warm water pond in the middle of the summer did not give Mom much to work with! I don’t think we ate fish again until we were teenagers, and then not too often. Time heals most wounds, however, and now we all enjoy our seafood.

Here’s my plan for our adventure. Sophie and family will come out to our place in Medusa one day of the Memorial Day Weekend. We will all have lunch, maybe on the picnic table, and Sophie will go in for a nap...hopefully. I will not mention fishing again between now and then just in case she might get too excited to sleep; I am an optimist. When she wakes I’ll suggest fishing. We will gather up her little rod and tackle (which I’ll have had ready days in advance), and then we will go dig some worms in the garden. Next will be the trip to a friend’s pond because my lower pond is too weedy and the upper pond – the trout pond – is barren at present. We will find a spot that is loaded with bluegills or perch...or shiners. Our spot will have a nice,

gentle, safe and open bank for easy access to the water and no casting problem. I have the perfect one picked out.

When we arrive, Sophie will get a little lesson and she will listen...she really will. I'll put a worm on the hook, make a tiny cast, hand her the rod and say, "Watch the bobber." Within minutes the little red and white globe will begin to bounce and then move away. "Pull it up," I'll say, and Sophie will miss her first strike. She will get my help on the next one and, after unsuccessfully trying to reel the fish in, she will back up dragging a flopping sunny up onto the bank. I'll show her how to take the little fish off the hook, and she will recoil at the suggestion that she should do it. At her direction I'll put her trophy (after photographs, of course) in a bucket. That scenario will repeat a couple of times, we will ask and answer questions, and squeal and laugh. And on the way home – with a small bucket of small fish – Sophie will ask, "Grampy, can we go fishing again sometime?" It doesn't get any better.

Well...maybe it does. Maybe twenty years from now she will help me thread a small Adams on a 6X tippet after I've squinted and cursed failing eyes and called for help, all this on some long riffle that's alive with rising trout. Optimist...remember?

HANK'S FLY BOX – Light Cahill Parachute

In his 1969 edition of the popular The New Streamside Guide, Art Flick wrote, "To date I have never met a fisherman who had fished any stream when trout could not be taken on this fly." The Light Cahill pattern is thought to have been devised to imitate *Stenonema Ithaca*, however it represents several lemon and cream colored mayflies that hatch from May through August.

I have used the traditional sparsely tied Catskill style Light Cahill several years, but now prefer to tie the Light Cahill Parachute because of the ease to see it even in fast water where many of the mayflies are found. The natural often emerges late in the afternoon and early evening. In warmer waters the fly will not appear until the stream has cooled as the sun is going down. I also like the fact that parachute flies ride lower in the surface film creating a more lifelike image to the fish. Following is the recipe I use:

LIGHT CAHILL PARACHUTE

Hook: Dry fly 14 to 20

Thread: Primrose yellow

Tail: Ginger or cream

Body: Creamy yellow dubbing

Wing: Upright clump of white calf tail

Hackle: Ginger or cream, tied parachute style

MEETINGS

EVERY MONTH: Our regularly scheduled meetings are the **3rd Tuesday of each month (except July and August)** unless otherwise indicated. We meet at 7:30 p.m. at O'Brien's Restaurant on Route 23B in Leeds, NY.

THIS MONTH: **JUNE – BUSY MONTH AT C-G TU**
 Tuesday, June 15 **TU Meeting on the Stream – Schoharie Creek**
 TIME: 5 p.m. PLACE: 23A at the Art Flick Memorial

Sunday, June 20 **Kids’ Fishing Day – ‘Fishin’ with Fran’ on Father’s Day**
 TIME: 2-3:30 p.m. PLACE: TBD
 Those interested contact Lynn Lee or Fran Martino (518 392-5252).

NEXT MONTH: Tuesday, September 21, 2004

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Keep current...with The Current! Dick & Hank (CO-EDITORS)