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

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

## HAPPY THANKSGIVING!

### ELECTIONS THIS MONTH

at the November 21<sup>st</sup> Chapter Meeting!

According to our by-laws, you must be a paid-up member of TU in order to vote. If you are not sure of your membership status contact Dick Riccio, Membership Chairman.

### TRACY TRACES HIS HISTORY

Tracy Lamanec presented an interesting program that involved his youth and how a movie, in which he starred, was produced about his summertime activities. During his early teens the Cairo Fish and Game Club selected him to attend a conservation camp in DeBruce, NY operated by, what is known today as, the NYS Department of Environmental Conservation. At the camp, forestry and environmental programs were taught, much as they are today, and at the conclusion of the summer training he was expected to return to the Cairo club to assist them in their local environmental projects.

He did so well that first summer in 1955 that he was selected as “camper of the year.” In 1956 he was asked if he would be a principal character in making a documentary movie at the same location and in Cairo, which would display some of the skills he learned and serve as an educational film. He accepted and the project began as he was filmed with some well-known experts in the fields of fly tying, fly fishing, pool digger construction, and other environmental fields.

The movie, named “Sportsmen at Work,” essentially showed techniques and methods for producing good wildlife habitat by making stream and land improvements. It demonstrated the creation of pool diggers, and the establishment of tree seedling and grain plantings to help protect and feed wildlife. Made to fit into a half-hour television spot, the color movie actually ran 28 minutes, which left room for 2 minutes of commercials. It showed in theatres as well, but the color eventually faded. A black and white edition also existed but, eventually, both versions disappeared. Tracy searched for years but could not locate a copy. A lucky break got a lead for him, and he recently obtained a copy of what was left of it, which turned out to be a nine-minute black and white version. The rest of the film was apparently lost or destroyed.

Despite its brevity, seeing Roy Steenrod, who invented the recipe for the Hendrickson, rubbing elbows with Tracy was “priceless.” **Thank you Tracy** for sharing your movie as well as your personal experiences with our TU chapter.

Dick

## **TENMILE CREEK UPDATE: OCTOBER 2006**

The journey continues with its twists and turns but there is positive news to report on this project. In my last update one of my goals was to contact the Clearwater Chapter of Trout Unlimited. This attempt was finally successful and brings me to this report.

I would first like to pass along a “Thank You” to Rob Streeter and Fred LeBrun of the Albany Times Union. In just two email exchanges with Rob on a Saturday evening, he wrote a great article about the plight of the Tenmile Creek within a week. It was with Fred’s help in giving me contact names and numbers that I was able to get in touch with some people from the Clearwater Chapter.

A number of phone calls later I received a great lead. It was suggested that I contact Roy Lamberton, a man who actually has done work on the Tenmile. In my initial contact with Roy, I received some incredible information. He has a working relationship with Carl Schwartz of Fish and Wildlife, has written permit requests successfully, and actually has done work along with TU volunteers on parts of the Tenmile. He mentioned repairing a pool digger on the upper part of the stream south of Rensselaerville. Even more interesting was the cost that he mentioned which was far lower than the estimate we had been given from Fish and Wildlife. I simply had to learn more from this man. Roy suggested that we meet to discuss a strategy for the Tenmile Project.

A meeting with Roy took place this past Wednesday evening (October 18<sup>th</sup>) at the Theiss family farmhouse. Present from our chapter were Hank Theiss, John La Rocca, George Goth and myself, as well as Walt Bennett and his wife. The meeting was an exchange of information on the stream and evidence of the damage that it has suffered. Roy shared information on just how he had worked out similar past projects from designing repair structure, writing permits and finding the funding. A strategy was discussed on how to approach our project. Roy also agreed to help us along this path. He first plans to have Carl view the stream, hopefully within a couple of weeks.

This is certainly a major break in the flow of this project. I plan to follow it through to its end. In addition to this attempt, I contacted the office of Senator Hillary Clinton since it was advised from Fish & Wildlife that a commitment from a political faction would mean a great deal to support this effort. I was advised that due to the election, it might be a while for me to be contacted. I have not as yet had any response with this attempt.

This concludes my report to date. I will continue to update the Chapter as things develop.

Sincerely, Bob Novak

### **FROM THE EDITORS: Hank’s Thought for the Month**

of “Thanksgiving”...

There are two spiritual dangers in not owning a farm...  
one is the danger of supposing that breakfast comes from the grocery,  
and the other, that heat comes from the furnace.

ALDO LEOPOLD

Thanks Marilyn Wyman, (Cornell Cooperative Extension of Greene County Ag and Natural Resource Educator), for sharing this quote in your emails to C-G TU.

## **TROUT BROOKS & TROUT BOOKS:**

### **A Look Into Justin's Bookcase**

For a long time, caddis flies were the red-headed-step-child of angling literature. Thankfully, the works of people like Gary LaFontaine, Len Wright, and others brought the importance of tying and fishing the caddis to the angling masses. One of the best volumes on the subject is The Caddis and the Angler, by Larry Solomon and Eric Leiser (Stackpole, 1977.) Caddis make up a substantial portion of a trout's diet, yet chances are most fly boxes still hold a majority of mayfly patterns. Locally, the Roeliff Jansen Kill is loaded with caddis of the Brachycentrus Family, as the telltale cases can be found on nearly any overturned rock.

Detailed photographs illustrate the tying steps for the larval, pupal, and adult stages of most major species. A few basic patterns in several shades and sizes will cover most hatches.

While you can fish adult caddis imitations in a traditional drag-free drift, often a downstream presentation with a sudden-inch or twitch will entice trout and mimic the clumsy fluttering adults.

Caddis larva and pupa certainly deserve a place in your nymphing rigs. Free-living species such as the bright green caddis of the Rhyacophilia Family are easy targets for hungry trout.

Looking through this past season's fishing journal, the number of times I encountered caddis activity on the stream was more frequent and of longer duration than many of the mayfly hatches that garner so much of our attention.

NOTE: For caddis recipes see **HANK'S FLY BOX** in the following newsletter issues:  
September 2003 – Wendy's Tape-Wing Caddis  
May 2005 – Bill Millard's Little Black Caddis

## **FROM THE EDITORS: Justin's Chuckle for the Month**

FROM THE INTERNET...

The fishing season hasn't opened and a fisherman who doesn't have a license is casting for trout as a stranger approaches and asks, "Any luck?"

"Any luck? This is a wonderful spot. I took 10 out of this stream yesterday," he boasts.

"Is that so? By the way, do you know who I am?" asks the stranger.

"Nope."

"Well, meet the new game warden."

"Oh," gulped the fisherman. "Well, do you know who I am?"

"Nope."

"Meet the biggest liar in the state."

## La ROCCA'S CORNER – “Fish Tails & Fish Tales”

If all goes as planned brother Steve and I will fish the Esopus Creek tomorrow. We will meet in the morning at *The Portal* and unless something has changed dramatically, we will shake our heads in despair at the torrent of chocolate water streaming out of the square concrete opening in the side of the mountain. When I mentioned our trip a few days ago to a group of friends they all shook their heads with the same despair, but then noted, “You could fish above *The Portal*.” It may still be high and maybe turbid because we had a good bit of rain last week, but as Steve suggested, “We can always throw big white Zonkers to the backwaters!”

### LITTLE RILLS

The upper Esopus is small water, not tiny, but it really is a “creek” quite unlike the water below *The Portal*. Depending on how much flow is being discharged, the Esopus from Shandanken downstream is at least twice and sometimes three or four times the size of the water from the tunnel upstream to its source on Slide Mountain. Way up, in fact, it is a “little rill”...overkill in the use of the words, since Webster defines *rill* as “a very small brook.” I’ve fished the upstream stretches of the Esopus a few times, but Steve has not; we’ll have fun no matter how we fare with the trout...little water fosters that!

Fun is one big reason I like fishing small streams. It is not that I *dislike* fishing big water, I’ve had some wonderful fishing and great fun on big – or at least bigger – rivers. Like almost everything else, the size of a trout stream is all relative. The Tenmile Creek and the upper end of the Catskill Creek, water I consider home, I also consider small. The Esopus from Phoenicia downstream, the Delaware and both its branches, the Farmington and the Housatonic, and even the Neversink in its gorge, I consider “big water.” As I think about it, for me the definition might be built around boats: if you can put a boat on it, whether it’s a kayak or a Hyde drift boat, it’s “big water” in my estimation.

There is a comfort level with small streams, and extreme comfort with the really tiny ones. One of the first waters I fished with regularity, and a place where my brothers and I learned a great deal about trout and trout habitat, was a small farmland and woods creek in Sussex County, New Jersey. It was called Clove Brook, and unlike the Hackensack River, a suburban “put and take” stream where we first (and often) fished, “the Clove” as we called it, looked like the trout streams we saw in Field and Stream and Outdoor Life. The “how to” material we read in those magazines could be practiced without having to try to make a translation to the silt bottom and clay holes of the “Hackie.” When a pair of sixteen or seventeen-inch browns came out of a bathtub-size pocket to consecutive worms drifted through the bubbles by Steve and Paul, we all took notice and on small streams now good holding water is easy to identify and very comfortably fished.

Clove Brook was small, but “the glen” was tiny. Our friend, now gone, Fred Notaro introduced us to “the glen” – his words (good ones) for a shaded pool under a little waterfall in a rill that ran through his father-in-law’s farm, also in northern New Jersey. There were brook trout under the ledges, natives likely, but every once in a while we’d catch a brown so the water evidently flowed to some stocked stream. Brother Paul remembers that one of us, or maybe it was one of

the few fishing friends with whom we had shared that special spot, caught a really big brown out of that pool one day. The comfort that comes with those really tiny waters is all about knowing that they likely hold fish, probably not a lot of them, and that they will not generally be distributed evenly through the stream, but are more likely concentrated in a few very predictable spots. Another thing that makes these tiny brooks fun is that often they are right under our noses...tributaries of creeks we fish regularly or unnamed flows that pass under a bridge – or more appropriately a culvert – on roads we travel all the time.

Brother Steve lives in northern Westchester County and has one of these tiny watercourses flowing right through his backyard. It's a stone-lined, miniature flow with just a little bit of tall grass that Steve leaves uncut along the edge of his mowed lawn. Most years, even those when there is very little water in the stream, there are a few small brook trout in residence. I have a photo clearly showing a pair of six-inch brookies finning in a gravel-bottomed run at the edge of the lawn. Early this past summer I spoke with a colleague's son who is an avid sportsman. We were talking about the Tenmile when he told me a story of finding one of those tributaries to a local creek (not the Tenmile), and following it back through alders and thickets to a deep pocket. The young man said he thought he spooked fish when he parted the brush and peered into the hole, and they vanished. I am not sure what possessed him to do this, but he said he went back at night and when he pointed his flashlight at the water, the pool was alive with brook trout, including one really nice one...clearly an undocumented story, but I have no reason to doubt...I do have reason to try to find that spot. My young friend was tight lipped about exactly where it was!

A week or so before the close of the regular trout season my friend Tom and I made two separate small stream excursions: one up a tributary of water we fish regularly and the second up a tributary of the tributary. Tom had actually fished the first little creek a week before we went out together, and he caught many small rainbows. When we fished it together we caught lots of fish again, many of them, we're sure, that Tom had hooked and released on his earlier trip. "There's a decent one right behind that rock," he'd say. "Why don't you take it?" Toward the end of our couple of hours we both took fish out of the biggest pool on the creek, and I turned but never hooked a pretty good one to end the day. That's my definition of comfortable.

The second of our forays took us up a tiny water that comes off a mountain to feed the first brook. I had fished it once before...more than twenty-five years ago with a couple of local guys with whom I don't fish much any more but who are still good friends. Back then the little gem was full of small brook trout, and a hundred yards upstream from its confluence with the main creek was a waterfall under which I caught a ten-inch native those decades ago. The creek still looked great, and the waterfall was spectacular – more than I remembered – but we neither saw nor turned a single fish. I was very disappointed, and resolved to go back in the spring to try again. I'll be crushed if they are really gone!

But tomorrow – tomorrow is another day on the water. And I'll be on small water. Fish or no fish, it will be comfortable...even if the air temperature is in the forties and the water temp is about the same!

**HANK'S FLY BOX – Parachute P.T.**

Most of us have fished a Pheasant Tail Nymph or even a Soft Hackle Pheasant Tail...so why not a Parachute Pheasant Tail dry fly? In an article by Ryan Shadrin in the Orvis News (March/April 1999), he states "The Parachute Pheasant Tail is the greatest new pattern since the One Fly." I tie this fly with a pheasant-tail body and tail and sparsely tied with dun color hackle and white post. It imitates not only a dun but a spinner or an emerger as well. The Orvis article indicated that the Parachute P.T. is effective during the Red Quill Hatch and is also deadly during a Hendrickson hatch, or when fishing Quill Gordons, Black Quills, Brown Drakes, Rusty Duns, March Browns or Rusty Spinners. The following is the recipe I use.

PARACHUTE P.T.:	Tail: Pheasant tail fibers
Hook: Dry fly size 12-18	Rib: Very fine copper wire
Thread: Brown 8/0	Body: Pheasant tail fibers
Wing Post: White calf tail	Hackle: Light dun hackle tied sparsely

SUGGESTION: I get the fine copper wire by stripping the rubber insulation off an old light cord. (Please DON'T use the wire on your wife's hair blower!)

NOTE: Counter wrap the copper rib in the opposite direction of the body. It will help hold and protect the pheasant tail fibers.

## **THE CURRENT ON"LINE"**

**IF YOU HAVE AN EMAIL ADDRESS AND RECEIVED THIS NEWSLETTER BY MAIL  
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

Hank Theiss (518) 851-9442

Justin Seeley (518) 537-4685

Email addresses can be found on the Web Page at <http://cgtu.org/> on the "Contact Us" page.

## **AND THE OCTOBER WINNER WAS...**

...Justin Seeley who won flies hand-tied and donated by Wendy Neefus. (Those wishing to donate flies or other door prizes for the free monthly drawings should contact Dick Riccio.)

## **PLANTINGS ON THE BATAVIA KILL**

Saturday, October 28<sup>th</sup> and Saturday, November 4<sup>th</sup>

Meet at Space Place near the Brandywine on Route 23 at 9:00 a.m.

Plantings will be on the Maier Farm

Lunch provided!

Call Dave Rudloff for lunch reservation and for more information at 239-8397.

# COMING SOON...C-G TU TRIP

to the CATSKILL FLY-FISHING CENTER and MUSEUM in Livingston Manor

Go to [www.cffcm.org](http://www.cffcm.org) for more information.

Wendy Neefus is arranging a date...to be announced.

## C-GTU MEETINGS

**EVERY MONTH:** Our regularly scheduled meetings are held at 7:30 p.m. **at the Cornell Cooperative Extension Building on Mountain Road in Cairo, NY**, the 3rd Tuesday of each month (except July and August) unless otherwise indicated.

**MEETING THIS MONTH:** Tuesday, November 21, 2006

**NEXT MEETING:** Tuesday, December 19, 2006

### COLUMBIA-GREENE RIP VAN WINKLE CHAPTER #569 OF TROUT UNLIMITED

#### Chapter Officers

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## KEEP CURRENT...WITH THE CURRENT!

**Dick Riccio, Hank Theiss & Justin Seeley (Editors)**