



"Currents"

News about activities and cold water fishery conservation published by the Greater Boston Chapter of Trout Unlimited

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Andy McDonald, 11, with prize-winning trout - June 21 1978, Aziscohos Lake, ME

Thanks for the Memories ...

(Fish story submitted by Stan McDonald, TU member since 1960's)

My son Andy and I were fishing with a guide, Ned, on Aziscohos Lake in Maine. The water was about 12 feet deep, and we could see bottom as Ned maneuvered our noisy aluminum boat to within 50 yards of Big Brook's mouth. So far it was my day, as I landed and released a 16 lb landlocked salmon I had enticed with a Black Ghost. Andy was watching me intently, holding his tackle rod (he was not yet a flyfisherman) across his lap.

CLUNK! Andy's rod banged loudly against the gunwale. We could see a large squaretail below the boat, trying to wrap the line around a snag. Ned was more excited than we were; anxious to avoid losing the fish, one which would provide him with bragging rights beyond his dreams, he worked some Maine guide magic with a long-handled net and brought the beautiful fish aboard. I snapped this photo (above) as soon as I could get my hands to stop shaking.

When we returned to our base at Bosebuck Mountain Camps the trout weighed-in at 2 1/2 pounds. It happened our trip coincided with the lodge fishing contest, the prize a free week's stay for the best fish of the season in salmon and trout categories.

Our companion on this trip was my then-girlfriend Sally, who later married a Maine guide. They eventually became owners of Bosebuck, but that's another story for another venue. The three of us talked about the possibility that Andy had won the contest.

I missed the December Bosebuck newsletter, and Andy and I for-

Memories ... continued from page 1

got the contest over time, assuming someone else had won the prize. Early the next July the three of us returned for another adventure. When we arrived at Bosebuck late at night, there was no one in the main lodge; the place was dark. I lit a flashlight and looked around for some sign we were expected. On a sideboard we made out a golden trophy in the shape of a trout, on a pedestal about ten inches tall. 1978 was imprinted prominently. We tried to read who had won, remembering our aspirations of a year ago. On its marble base we could see a brass plaque. We had to look closely, holding the flashlight a certain way, to make out the words:

Bosebuck Camps Fishing Contest	
ANDY MCDONALD	
Trout	2 Lbs 8 Oz

On the wall, over the sideboard, the flashlight's beam revealed a chronology of the winning fish going back many years. The last entry read exactly like the plaque on Andy's trophy.

Andy is thirty-six now. He continues to have a challenging life, but that moment is one which we cherish as we continue upstream.

I believe the Bosebuck Camp Fishing Contest was discontinued some years ago, perhaps contributed to by the lack of historical interest in catch and release. I hear Bosebuck is back to producing much larger trout now, employing enlightened management practices and self-imposed limits beyond the regulations ...

- Stan McDonald, Ellen and Andy

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Ray Gagnon, Squanna-Tissit Chapter TU member

Reference Revealed

Past speaker discovers author

GBTU Members who enjoyed Ray Gagnon's wonderful program about his experiences at West Branch Pond Camps in Maine will definitely like this story, coincidentally involving Bosebuck Camps (see Memories, p. 1) submitted by Ray:

One morning, while eating breakfast at Bosebuck and relishing another day of fishing, I noticed a framed parchment on the wall titled Testament of a Fisherman. I copied the unsigned, unattributed work, retyped it at home and display it fondly in my office. Here it is:

il fish because I love to; because I love the environs where trout are found, which are invariably beautiful, and hate the environs where crowds of people are found, which are invariably ugly; because of all the television commercials, cocktail parties and assorted social posturing I thus escape; because, in world where most men seem to spend their lives doing things they hate, my fishing is at once an endless source of delight and an act of small rebellion; because trout do not lie or cheat and cannot be bought or bribed or impressed by power, but respond only to quietude and humility and endless patience; because I suspect that men are going along this way for the last time, and I for one don't want to waste the trip; because mercifully there are no telephones on trout waters; because only in the woods can I find solitude without loneliness; because bourbon out of an old tin cup always tastes better out there; because maybe one day I

will catch a mermaid; and finally, not because I regard fishing as being so terribly important but because I suspect that so many of the other concerns of men are equally unimportant - and not nearly so much fun.

Then one evening, quite by chance, while reading an article in *The American Fly Fisher* titled Secret, Storied Landscape: John Voelker's Fisherman's Pond, I came upon a quotation from the Testament, attributed to Voelker. He is, I learned, author of the classics *Trout Madness* and *Trout Magic* under the pseudonym Robert Traver. The Testament, according to the article, is an excerpt from another Voelker book, *Anatomy of a Fisherman*.

Since this discovery I've found a new publication, about Voelker, titled *Voelker's Pond: A Robert Traver Legacy*, containing beautiful photos of the private brook trout backwater somewhere in Michigan's rugged Upper Peninsula which was Voelker's special retreat.

If this winter is getting to you, as it is to me, then any, or all, of these publications may warm an evening for you. If you lack the time for a lot of reading, I suggest you copy the Testament, properly attributed, and read it when you can take a minute to enjoy a muse or two.

-Ray Gagnon

Editor's Note:

Ray Gagnon is hoping he can lure some interest by GBTU members in the Squanna-Tissit Chapter's **January 27th** program: **Whit Fosburgh, VP Program Development and Coldwater Conservation Fund for TU National** is the featured speaker. The program is an overview, with slides, of the national accomplishments in river watershed restoration.

In **April Jon Greenwood, fisheries biologist from NH Fish & Game** will speak to the group.

Squanna-Tissit meets at the Pepperill VFW on Rt. 113; 7:00 finds some fly-tying going on, the business meeting begins at 7:30, the program shortly thereafter. All are welcome to attend.

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

Show Schedule:

January 16 - 17 - 18

FLY FISHING SHOW

Marlborough, Massachusetts

January 23 - 24 - 25

FLY FISHING SHOW

Somerset, New Jersey

March 13 - 14

**WORLD FLY FISHING
EXPO**

Wilmington, Massachusetts

March 20 - 21

**L L BEAN OUTDOORS
Freeport, Maine**

March 21

GBTU PASTAFEST!!!

Watertown, Massachusetts

Tom Fayís Predictions for the Future

Swami Tom sez: i... You will take a trip to Drumlín Farm, Rte. 177 in Lincoln at 7:30PM on January 26th and on February 23rd and you will enjoy the following programs at Greater Boston TU:

January 26th: DOUBLE HEADER!
Arkansasí favorite straight-man will present a slide show: iTrout Fishing in Montanaí

MEMBERSí FLY TYING NIGHT! Bring your vise, equipment, short electric cord, materials and tie flies/learn how - bring enough for a half dozen!

February 21st: ALAN CAOLO!
Author of iThe Fly Fishermanís Guide to Atlantic Bait Fish and their Imitationí will present iNew England Seasons; Forage and Fliesí

DONít FORGET THE PASTAFEST MARCH 21ST! WE NEED DONATIONS FOR THE AUCTION!

**Submit your ideas, articles and letters for publication in
Currents:
cpeterson@lehrermadden.com**



GBTU Member Whitney Bailey with Atlantic salmon - September 2003, Bonaventure River, Quebec. The fly: Blue Charm; Guide: Mario from Camp Bonaventure (highly recommended by the smiling fisherman)

Squannacook River Sunday

Another tale from Ray Gagnon ...

iDeep blue sky, Indian summer warmth, a crystal clear fall day. Although there were leaves to rake, outdoor furniture to stow for the winter, gutters to be cleaned, my only thought was iltís a perfect day to go fishing!í

iBeyond the big bend pool in the Bertozzi section of the Squannacook I came on John Metzger, chapter brother, shin-deep in the lovely moving water. His glazed eye and spacy smile indicated two things to me: He was having fun fishing, and he was probably in trouble with Mrs. Metzger. Right on both counts. After a delightful morning and still casting, he was already an hour late getting home. I continued upriver.í

iAs a neophyte flyfisherman I had considered the Squannacook a snag-filled, blackwater canal. Still a beginner but chronically addicted, I had been mentored by Charlie Shadan, another chapter brother, to see the still pools as more than an impossible, barren challenge.í

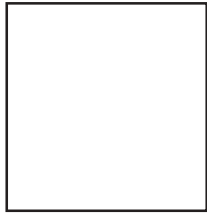
iAt one still, slight-bending pool, its outer curves clogged with deadfall, I dampened a red quill, then an Adams parachute, a woolly worm. Intermittent rises, but none near my flies.í

iCharlieís advice had included the

word ẽTHINKÍ, so I tried it. I remember spooking some grasshoppers on my way to the waterís edge. I tied on a large, black cricket and prepared to cast to a small cove in the midst of deadfall. I surprised myself with a well-placed roll cast. **SMASH!** A significant strike yielding no fish, but leaving fly intact. Second cast. **SMASH** again! This time the thrill of life infused my little 7 1/2 ft., full-flex 4-wt. rod. Then the wonderful dance; then, still more dance and, finally, the largest brown líd caught in either of the rivers Squanna-Tissit stewards: 14í of fish with a pronounced hook jaw. Tough to one-hand, but delighted to be revived and coached back into his water home.í

iDoes lightning strike twice, as they say? I cast the grasshopper into a similar pool surrounded by deadfall. **SMASH!** This time the grasshopper stayed with the fish. My grasshopper supply gone, I thought I would ẽstay terrestrial, stay with blackí, and tied on a spider. **HIT!** A second beautiful brown to hand, a virtual twin of the first, and a release in hopes of another thrill, another day.í
iWhat líd just experienced were some of the most exciting moments líve had on this river, and, as I released the fish, I stopped to take in this pristine, lovely place. I added the scenery as background in my mind, dismissed the idea of casting again, and savored the walk out and ride home.í

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**51 Hawthorne Avenue
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John Salemi looks a little green around the gills as he holds a smallmouth bass - Lake Champlain, November 2002. The bass recovered quickly.

(Past) President's Streamside Chat -Jim Miller's Last Gasp-

Our next meeting will be my last as chapter president. It has been an honor to serve and I so appreciate the efforts of many who have helped our chapter be strong and vital. I personally thank the officers, board members, and chapter members who volunteered time and talents to TU during my tenure. It's a team effort with much hard work, good times and cherished friendships. I'm proud to announce Brad Voigt's election as president for a two-year term with new officers and board members. Brad is a great resource for us and is the right person to move us forward. Let's all give him full support in taking on the conservation challenges we face. I am leaving office, but I won't be leaving TU. There's too much work left to be done to preserve and restore cold-water habitats. The last few years yielded victories as well as setbacks. The movement to remove

dams has been successful in our own back yard. The Bush administration's attack on sound land use policy, clean air and water, however, is disturbing. Terrorism, war, security, and the economy preoccupy government, and important conservation and environment issues succumb unnoticed. The current administration denies the green house effect on global warming and its threat to future generations. Bush's policies on acid rain have been overtly regressive. TU is, first, a conservation organization. We must continue to fight for the preservation of our environment and make it a priority in the political debate.

A busy winter is planned with meetings at Drumlin Farm on January 26th and February 23rd. The PastaFest is Sunday, March 21st; mark your calendar. We need volunteers for the shows in Marlboro and Wilmington. We need to grow

our membership; we need you to get friends and family to join. We are raffling an Old Town Loon Kayak to raise funds. Fund raising helps support the many worthy organizations and causes TU sponsors. You can buy tickets at the shows, meetings, or by calling me at 781-641-1028. Thanks, again, for everyone's support.

-Jim Miller



Last-gasping ex-president Jim Miller, beloved by GBTU members