

Newsletter February 2020

President's Message

Well, it's February. The chill is still in the air, some flies are getting tied, the equipment is mostly clean, but I keep hearing that call. You know, "oh come on, it's a blue-sky day and low wind, who cares if it's below freezing, so you'll have to keep the guides clean, etc....". The arm is twitching, as if it's in a casting motion, then you start to get up and all hell breaks loose. While your mind is thinking let's get going already and go fishing, then your body throws it's two cents in, "whoa there, just who are you kidding", as the pains start acting up in all the wrong places. Then you sit down in a nice warm spot with a cup of hot coffee, thinking Spring, warmth, it's just around the corner and what flies do I need.

Well, the Marlborough Fly Fishing Expo came and went. The reviews were mixed, from blah to ok and it used to be bigger and better. Some feel the timing is wrong or Edison is right afterwards, along with being much bigger. Of course, I found stuff that I "needed" like everyone else that I saw there. If you didn't make it, don't worry. This coming Saturday, the 22nd, it's the Bears Den Expo. It should be really good, especially with both Bob Clouser and Bob Popovics who are supposed to be there.

BTW (By the Way) Did you get your 2020 Fishing licenses? Ah one of a few advantages of being older, my freshwater and saltwater licenses only cost me \$13.06, \$0 for the licenses, \$10 Wildlands Fund Donation and \$3.06 for handling and convenience fee, not sure of who's convenience it is, I think theirs.

HELP - We are looking for volunteers to tie and/or schmoozers to promote the club. **Especially, a tier from 3-6 pm!** Please let one of the board members know if you can help out.

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.

On that note of your voice being heard, we are holding elections on our March 24th meeting. So, if you want a change now is your chance to vote for someone new. Tight Lines & looking forward to seeing you and meeting new members!

Ed



Free Granny from Winter—Courtesy of Jeff Currier

NEXT MEETING:
Tuesday February 25, 2020
South Foxboro Community Center
382 South St. Foxboro, MA 02035
Time: 630pm to 9pm

FEBRUARY MEETING

Guest Speaker

Joe Cordeiro

"Fishing the Estuaries and the flies to use"

The Bulletin Board

Crossroads Speaker & Events Series

February 25th: Joe Cordeiro will be back presenting "Fishing the Estuaries and the flies to use". See more info on next page!

March 24th: Ray Stachelek, Cast-A-Fly Charters, Presenting and tying a few of his favorite flies.

April 28rd: Ken Elmer, Fly Tier and Guide, will be presenting on Central/Western MA rivers and will do a fly-tying demo beforehand featuring some of his "hot" flies.

May 26th: BBQ Picnic Time!!

UPCOMING OTHER EVENTS

February 22 Bear's Den Expo, Taunton MA. Bob Clouser is the Guest Celebrity. Bob Popovich is supposed to be there as well!

FOR THE Bear's Den show: WE ARE LOOKING FOR VOLUNTEERS TO TIE AND/OR SCHMOOZERS TO PROMOTE THE CLUB. PLEASE LET ONE OF THE BOARD MEMBERS KNOW IF YOU CAN HELP OUT!

To All Members: On arrival at meetings, please check-in with IZZY at Membership Table to register for Door Prize!!

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.

Let's try this yet again!!!----->



Gear Swap and maintenance:

Do you have fishing gear (rods, reels, and accessories, even tying equipment or tools) that you have too much of, never used, old, used in good shape, bring it to our next meeting.

Sell, Barter or Trade for an item. You put a price on the item and whoever wants it can pay the price or negotiate the price or maybe trade for something else.

Or, if you're in a giving stuff-away-kind-of way, donate it to the Club so we can use for a future raffle!!

March Meeting Club Position Elections

We will discuss the upcoming March elections at February's Meeting.
The current Board Members are listed on the last page of this Newsletter.

If you'd like to join the Board, let yourself be known!

**Nominations are wide-open.
Consider nominating/volunteering yourself.**

This is a Great Club!
It is Your Club!
Get involved! Join the Board!
Make Crossroads Greater Still!!





7 Things You Never Knew About “A River Runs Through It”

By Jared Zissu February 11, 2018

Courtesy Flylords Magazine (flylordsmag.com)

[*A River Runs Through It*](#) premiered on October 9, 1992 - 27 years ago. Based on the novella by Norman Maclean, “A River Runs Through It” launched the career of Brad Pitt and boosted interest in fly fishing. Even as it celebrates its 25-year anniversary, the movie continues to captivate viewers who resonate with its story of tragedy, family, the American West, and fishing.

1. THE MOVIE WASN’T REALLY SHOT IN MISSOULA, MONTANA... AND THE LEGENDARY “BLACKFOOT RIVER”, WAS ACTUALLY THE “GALLATIN RIVER”.

The movie is set in Missoula, Montana, though most fans know that it was filmed 200-plus miles east of Missoula in Livingston, Montana. Livingston served as Missoula, and the Gallatin River served as the Big Blackfoot River.

2. THE FLY FISHING INDUSTRY DOUBLED IN SIZE AFTER A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT WAS RELEASED.

The fly-fishing industry saw a whopping 60 percent increase in 1992, the year the movie came out, and grew by another 60 percent in 1993.



3. BRAD PITT WASN'T ACTUALLY THE ONE CASTING...

Most of the fly fishing scenes were filmed on the Gallatin River in the Gallatin Canyon south of Bozeman.

In these scenes, Gary Borger's son, Jason, did almost all the fly casting for the actors in the movie. This includes the memorable "shadow-casting" that Paul Maclean performed while standing on a big rock in the middle of the river. When Jason did that particular cast, an elderly, long-time friend of the Maclean brothers was on the set. After the scene was filmed, he approached Jason and said, "You are Paul." The friend was stunned that Jason had captured the essence of Paul's artistry with a fly rod.

While Jason did most of the fly casting in the movie, the actors picked it up rather quickly. Tom Skerritt (the elder Maclean) had done some fly fishing previously. Both Craig Sheffer (Norman) and Brad Pitt (Paul) were quite athletic. Jason made sure that

Skerritt and Sheffer used the traditional forearm style, while Pitt used the more open free arm style that Paul Maclean would have used. Rumors also said Pitt trained to fly-fish for four weeks before filming. Since most of the time he was not near any river in Los Angeles, he trained it on top of a building.



4. THE “TROUT” THE MACLEAN BROTHERS HOOKED INTO AND FOUGHT WERE MOSTLY NON-FISH.

In several scenes, the fish on the end of their line was actually a half-gallon milk jug with rocks in it. In the scene where Paul fights a fish hidden from view behind a large boulder, the fish is actually John Bailey of Dan Bailey’s Fly Shop in Livingston, Montana. John was behind the rock, pulling on the line!

In the final scene of “A River Runs Through It,” when Paul is fighting a monster trout, the producers filmed the water flying off of his fly reel in a city park rather than in the river. The city park was Lindley Park in Livingston, Montana, and the producers created this effect by dipping the fly reel in a bucket of water. Then, after an actor lifted it out of the bucket, someone on the end of the line immediately started pulling it to get the spool spinning and flinging off beads of water.



5. BRAD PITT SUPPOSEDLY HAD A HORRIBLE FIRST AUDITION...

[Brad Pitt](#) auditioned twice for the role of Paul Maclean. The first time he thought that his performance was really terrible, so he insisted on sending a tape performing another scene and that scene convinced the director that Pitt was a perfect choice.



6. THE TROUT USED IN THE MOVIE WERE POND RAISED “STOCKIES”

Trout used in the movie were pond-raised in Montana and were kept in a specially aerated and cooled tank truck until their big moment in front of the cameras. No hooks were used, and no blood was drawn. A line was tied to each fish’s lower jaw under the careful observance of the Montana Humane Society.



7. NOT EVERYONE THOUGHT “A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT” WAS GOING TO BE A HIT!

Norman Maclean often recounted the story of how his semi-autobiographical story collection was rejected by every large commercial publisher he sent it to, including one that rejected it on the basis that it contained “too many trees”. It was eventually published instead by the University of Chicago Press (in 1976) and went on to sell extraordinarily well for them...

SKUNKED AND SATED

How should we define fishing success?

by Todd Tanner - Saturday, Feb 1st, 2020 (Courtesy of hatchmag.com & Ed Rosenbloom)

I fished this past Saturday, and again on Sunday. It was cold — mid 30s — and every once in a while the skies, which were dark and threatening, decided to dump rain on me. Rain, of course, has no place in Montana in January when, by all rights, the precipitation should be white. Still, rain is what we had.

I gave the Swan a shot on Saturday. It's a beautiful river, with not only the traditional riffles, runs and pools of a classic freestone stream but also the sinuous curves that, were I talking about a woman rather than a waterway, would inflame the passions of young men the world over. As it was, though, the Swan proved to be a tease. While the water was in great shape and while I ended up swinging a streamer through a long and inviting slot that has given up some truly large rainbow trout over the years, no one was home. I fished deep and slow, and then even deeper and slower, and I tried all the little cold-water streamer tricks that can help tempt a lethargic mid-winter trout into grabbing an easy meal.

No dice. While I ticked the bottom a whole bunch, I never had a grab I could identify with any degree of certainty. And then, as I reached the very end of the slot and the rain finally turned from sporadic to soaking, I abandoned all hope, climbed back up on the snow-covered bank and headed for the truck.

Sunday proved to be another damp, chilly day, with a low, grey ceiling of clouds that, in the distance, seemed to sink down and merge seamlessly into the dull, grey river. I was on the Flathead, which is much larger than the Swan, and the stretch I was fishing ran rail-straight downstream for what looked to be a mile or more until the horizon simply vanished into the mist.

It's a little weird to fish that stretch, which lacks anything approaching structure, or even anything that might point to where the fish could be holding. All I can say to recommend that particular spot is that I've caught trout there before, including a very large cutthroat a mere week earlier, and that section of river feels, if not alluring, at least mid-winter fishy. You can look at the water, which, over the course of a quarter mile, slowly transitions from a walking pace to just this side of froggy, and imagine those big, sleepy rainbows and cutthroats hunkering down and mellowing out, completely clear of the current, content to sip the occasional midge pupa and wait patiently for the eventual quickening of spring.

I decided that I was in the mood to swing flies again and since the Flathead reminds me of one of those massive British Columbia steelhead rivers that drain the vast boreal interior, that's exactly what I did. The only difference was that instead of fishing a 10' 8-weight for fish that might top 20 pounds, I was throwing a 9' 4-weight with a 5-weight sink tip line, while hoping for a fish that topped 20 inches.

(Don't worry. I'm eventually going to write a story about how most of today's modern 4-weights are really 5-weights and 6-weights in disguise, and how you need to make a rod bend in order to get it to perform. I'm just not going to write that particular piece today.)

Regardless, different day, same results. I made what looked to be good cast after good cast, through water that probably held at least a few nice trout, to no effect at all. Now I didn't change flies, so maybe that was my mistake. Nor did I switch it up and fish nymphs, which, in retrospect, may well have made a difference. But I did stay focused, and I fished hard, and I eventually walked away with no trout — not a single one — for my efforts.

Which brings me to my first really important point. It's my job to define my success on the water. Nobody else's. Mine.

I could have spent the weekend working, which is something I do on a frequent basis. I could have plopped myself down in front of the tube and watched a movie. I could have gotten a few more chores crossed off the never-ending list of stuff that needs to be done around the house. Hell, I could have taken a nap. But instead, I went fishing. I went out into nature-in-the-raw with a fly rod and fished hard, and for as long as I desired. That's wonderful stuff; bracing and engaging yet still a balm for the soul, and if my time on the water lacked the cherry-on-top-of-the-sundae that a fish or two would have provided, it was still the direct conduit to the natural world that I need on a regular basis to stay sane and grounded.

No, I didn't catch a fish. And no, I don't regret a second of it.

Then there's my second point, which is just as relevant. When I first started working on the [School of Trout](#), and specifically on the school's logo, I realized that the school actually needed to go beyond trout fishing, and that the logo had to embrace the fact that everything in nature is connected; that we're part of an all-encompassing whole. The yin & yang symbol, which was the genesis of the School of Trout logo, points towards that idea. The [internet](#) tells me: "In Ancient Chinese philosophy, yin and yang is a concept of dualism, describing how seemingly opposite or contrary forces may actually be complementary, interconnected, and interdependent ..."

Think about that. Light and dark, male and female, hot and cold ... not only are they all related, but they're connected and interdependent. They help to define each other, to the point where one side can't truly exist without its opposite.

Which means those no-fish days — days when the rain comes down, and the cold seeps in through my waders, and my fingers grow numb as the fish stubbornly refuse to bite — are every

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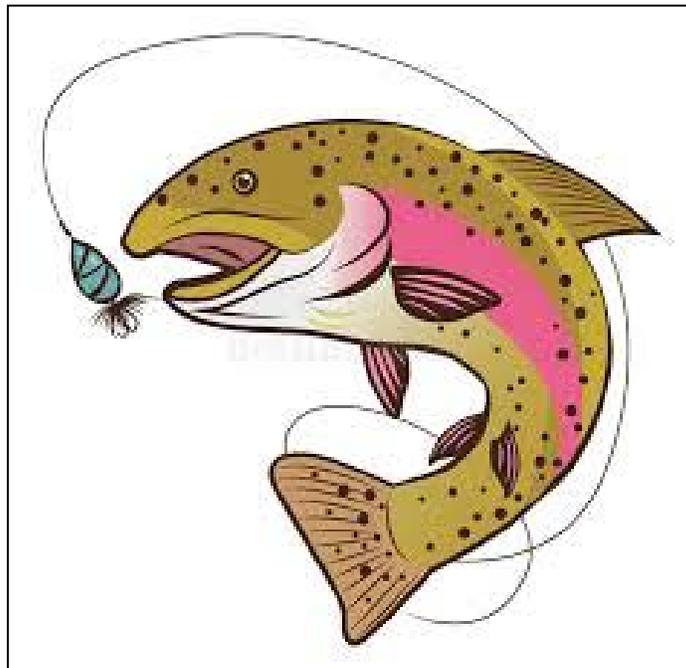
bit as vital to my angling as the days when the fish rise joyfully to my flies; when they rise as if their sole purpose in life is to put a grin on my face.

We need it all. Honestly, we do. The slow days make the good days far more enjoyable. The good days make the slow days far more tolerable. Our fishing only works over the long run if we find balance in the entire experience; if our angling achieves the innate equilibrium of the cosmological whole.

On Sunday, towards the end of my time on the water, when it seemed obvious that today just wasn't going to be the day and that I wouldn't experience that transcendent moment of trout, my concentration lapsed for just a second and I thought back to a long-ago afternoon on the Henry's Fork. My buddy Troy and I had fished to more big, rising trout than seemed humanly possible, and we caught far, far more than we deserved. As things wound down, we ended up sitting on the bank a couple miles downstream of Last Chance and watching, completely sated, as hundreds of over-sized rainbows sipped green drakes during a late afternoon shower. That memory remains incredibly special — it still holds the power to make me smile — because of all the slow days I've experienced over the years. Those no-fish outings infuse our good days with a significance and a value that they could never possess on their own. If every trip to the river brought forth a spectacular bounty, and if we never experienced the occasional skunking, then our fishing would descend into mere drudgery.

As counterintuitive as it seems, we should cherish the trips where we don't catch fish. In fact, we should celebrate them. They make our good days so much better.

Todd Tanner has been writing about fly fishing on a national and international level for more than 25 years. He is the longtime fly fishing columnist for *Sporting Classics* magazine, a frequent contributor here at Hatch, and the head of the world-renowned [School of Trout](#)



Captain Ray's Guided Charter Trip Raffle

Have you been dreaming of catching that fish of a lifetime?

Now is your chance!

You could be the winner of a trip with Captain Ray Stachelek



Tickets for Capt Ray's guided trip Raffle are NOW Available. Ask any board member. They are \$15.00 a ticket. Or 2 tickets of \$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!

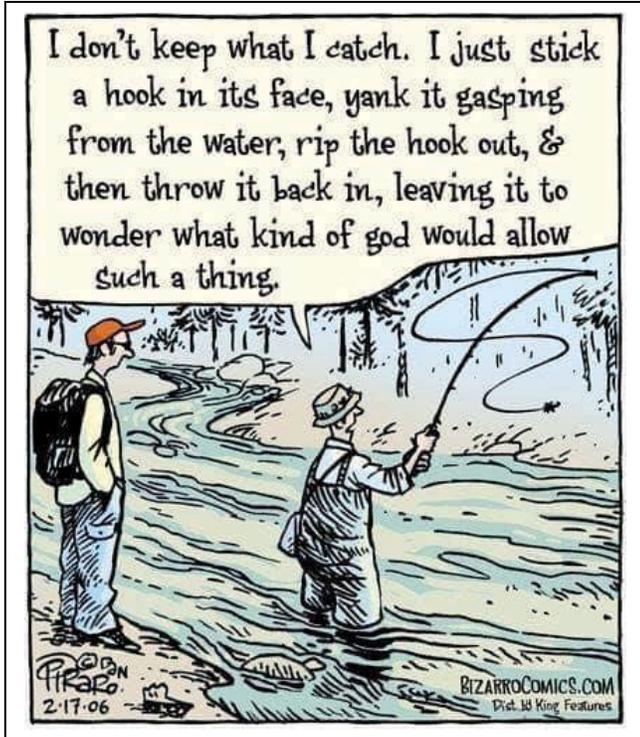
The trip includes 8 hours of fly or spin fishing with Captain Ray Stachelek in Rhode Island.



This is the best investment you can make to have a guided saltwater trip. So Pa-Leeze buy your tickets early. Only 75 tickets will be sold!!

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

From Last Month's Meeting:



2019 Crossroads Anglers Officers

- Ed Rosenbloom.....President
- Steve Dewar.....Vice President
- Izzy Bettencourt.....Membership Chair
- Sumner Levine.....Treasurer
- Steve Dewar.....Webmaster
- Dan Deneault.....Newsletter Editor
- Armand Courchaine...Advising Board Member
- Joel Kessler.....Advising Board Member
- Bob Dewar.....RaffleMaster

This is our monthly newsletter for the 2019-2020 season. Hope Everyone's surviving the Winter!
So why not gather together and discuss what we like to do best: Flyfish!
See you at the Monthly Meetings. *Editor*