

THE ROLLCAST

Newsletter of Cape Cod Trout Unlimited

Chapter 460

December 2020

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On the WEB: www.capecodtu.org

December President's Message

Hello fellow CCTU members,

Two years has flown right by and this is my last message to you as President of the Cape Cod Chapter. It has been my sincere honor to serve in this role. During this time, the CCTU Board members I had the pleasure of working with did an outstanding job with projects small and large. Thank you to Alan Alai, Pat Grenier, Mike Howard, Tim Lynch, Fred Monahan, Charlie Orr, Tom Planert, Ron Reif and Peter Schilling for all your hard work and dedication to the Chapter.

While this past year was not what I (or anyone for that matter) had anticipated, I am grateful that we were able to accomplish what we did over the past two years. In 2019, we had one of the best fundraising banquets in a long time thanks to Banquet Chairman Mike Howard with help from the Board and Fred Monahan and a whole host of other volunteer instructors and helpers brought another class of eager students into the world of fly fishing and conservation. In 2020, we were also able to contribute \$5,000 toward the conservation of another 150+ acres along the North River in Heath, MA. Work continued on the Quashnet by a small, but dedicated team of monthly volunteers, as well as on the Childs River Restoration project where CCTU played a part by contributing toward monitoring equipment courtesy of an Embrace-A-Stream grant shepherded by Tim Lynch.

Thanks to all Chapter members for your continued support and participation. Hope to see you at our December Chapter Zoom meeting! We will be holding elections promptly at 7:05 p.m., so please attend if you can, even if it is just to cast your vote! The remainder of the meeting will be free form – the theme is Summer Fishing Stories. Please come and tell us about your fishing adventures over the summer or what you did instead. It's also a chance to just chat with other members, be social and wish one another Happy Holidays. The login information for the Zoom meeting will be emailed to you the week of the presentation. If you need help getting set up with Zoom, please email capecodtroutunlimited@gmail.com well in advance of the meeting and we will be glad to (virtually) help you out!

Proposed Slate of Officers is as follows:

President:	Mike Howard
Vice President:	Peter Schilling
Treasurer:	Open
Secretary:	Alan Alai
Board Members:	Fred Monahan, Ron Reif
Past President:	Roberta Schilling
Environmental Chair:	Ron Reif

At present, we still have vacancies for several important volunteer positions: Treasurer, Board Member(s) at large, Webmaster, Newsletter Editor, Refreshments Chair, Fundraising Chair, and Membership Chair. If you have any interest, or know of someone you think would be great at one of these positions, please let me or any current Board Member know. It's the best way to get to know people in the Chapter and learn more than you ever believed possible from the highly-skilled but modest and super-friendly Chapter members you see around you at meetings every month. Looking forward to Zooming with you soon!

Best wishes for Happy Holidays and a healthy and happy 2021!

Tight lines,

Roberta (Robbie) Schilling

President, Cape Cod Trout Unlimited

Events

December 9 at 7pm:

Chapter meeting to vote on slate of officers and open discussion on 2020 fishing stories or whatever you want to share/ask. Login information for this Zoom meeting will be emailed to you.



TROUT UNLIMITED

CONSERVING, PROTECTING AND RESTORING NORTH AMERICA'S COLDWATER FISHERIES AND THEIR WATERSHEDS

From the Editor

It has been a pleasure volunteering as the Editor of CCTU's Rollcast Newsletter. My two-year term ends in December 2020 and this will be my last newsletter. CCTU needs a new Editor to continue this newsletter. If you would like to volunteer to serve as the next Editor, please contact me: ccturoll-cast5@gmail.com. Training will be provided.

Sincerely,

Ron Reif

Baker Announces Ecological Restoration Funding for Falmouth, Mashpee

A Priority Ecological Restoration Project in the towns of Falmouth and Mashpee will get support from over \$800,000 in state and federal funds recently announced by Governor Charlie Baker. The projects will help local partners remove aging dams, rejuvenate historic wetlands on retired cranberry bogs, replace undersized and failing culverts, and more.

"Our Administration is proud to support projects that work to implement nature-based solutions to some of the pressing issues that our communities are facing," said Baker in a statement. "Dam removals, culvert replacements, and other similar work address our aging infrastructure and increase resilience to climate change, improve public safety, and restore important habitats for a variety of wildlife."

The Priority Projects Program is part of the Massachusetts Department of Fish and Game's (DFG) Division of Ecological Restoration (DER), and works to bring a variety of federal, state, and local agencies and organizations together to plan, fund, and implement restoration projects. In Falmouth, The Falmouth Rod and Gun Club, the Town of Falmouth and partners are working to restore parts of the Childs River, including restoring reconnecting the headwaters of the river to Waquoit Bay and Vineyard Sound.

An earthen dam will be removed, a undersized road culvert will be replaced, and dikes and water control structures within the former cranberry bog will also be removed. Currently, 56 ecological restoration projects throughout the state are designated as Priority Projects. \$819,000 of the funds are from federal grants awarded to DER through the United States Department of Interior, Fish and Wildlife Service National Coastal Wetlands Conservation Grant Program.

WCAI story on cranberry bog restoration:

<https://www.capeandislands.org/post/returning-cranberry-bogs-nature-green-exit-strategy#stream/0>





Cape Cod Trout Unlimited has some exciting opportunities on the horizon. Don't delay...step up to the plate now and be part of a dedicated group of anglers and conservationists protecting, reconnecting, and restoring our waters here on Cape Cod and the greater New England region. Make an impact; join our team!

Choices, Decisions, and Opportunities

1. Joining Trout Unlimited in the mid-1990s and the introductions into the conservation of cold water fisheries was the beginning of many wonderful experiences.
2. My first hands on experiences with CCTU began in the early 2000s on the Quashnet River with Fran Smith, Bob Nickerson, Matt Patrick, and many others whose names escape me. This introduction to river restoration and new friendships parlayed into many days fishing with Fran. Over the course of time, my Quashnet friends group grew exponentially.
3. In the 2007 timeframe, I selfishly signed up for our CCTU Fly Fishing School so the I could get to know more members and to learn the local fishing secrets. Instructors included Pete Gouger, Stan Moak, and Dave Reid (may they all rest in peace). They were the senior cadre. Other instructors from that year included Bob Nickerson, Bob Bliss, and Brian Tucholke. Long story short is that the friendships initially established at the FFS with Dave, Bob Bliss, and Brian turned into many wonderful days on the water and other projects.
4. CCTU Banquets have always been a 'must attend' for me. The camaraderie and good cheer are always memorable and we raise funds for our conservation projects. What could be better! It has also always been my primary way to introduce my wife to our CCTU group. On one notable banquet held overlooking Barnstable Harbor, we were seated with an avid fisherman and supporter of TU. This chance seating arrangement with Dean Clark once again added to my long list of reasons for advocating for full participation in CCTU and it's many activities.
5. Opportunities continued to open up after joining and contributing as a member of the Board of Directors. Many passionate folks contribute their time and energies on all our behalf. Mark Hattman, Scott Dietrich, Al DiCarlo, Dan Tobin, Howie Strathie, Wayne Miller, Pat Grenier, etc have contributed so much over many, many years. We are all indebted to them and to those currently serving.
6. Lastly, the friendships established during CCTU's monthly meetings, fishing trips, and tying nights can not be overlooked. As well as the fishing friends previously mentioned, time spent on stream banks or sharing a skiff with Steve Petruska, Ron Reif, Dave Burkitt, and Charlie Orr are all part of my growing fishing family.

That is my case for CCTU and your active participation. For those that want to have a truly special experience, get involved and join the team.

Anonymous

STILL HERE by Joseph D. Swaluk

Our 31st president, and one of our country's most famous fly-fishing presidents, Herbert Hoover, had the misfortune to be presiding at the time of the financial collapse in 1929. Talk about bad fishing luck! "A chicken in every pot" was his rallying cry for re-election. It did not work. My mother, whose family suffered greatly during the depression, did not vote for him like most others. In spite of his loss, Hoover left office with dignity, living a long and productive life of service as a private citizen. After all, he was a fly fisherman---would you expect less?

While in office, it was deemed that Hoover needed a retreat away from Washington in which to relax. Since Hoover was a fly fisherman, a site in the Shenandoah Mountains on the Rapidan River was chosen. Rapidan camp was designed by Hoover's wife and privately funded. During his presidency, Hoover enjoyed fishing for native brook trout in a wilderness setting festooned with mountain laurel. Later, the camp was donated to what was to become Shenandoah National Park and is listed in the National Historical Register.

In 1975, on a camping trip to Shenandoah, my friend Jack and I hiked into Rapidan Camp by route of the Appalachian Trail. It was a serious hike compounded by my starting us off at the trail head in the wrong direction. Jack stated that up until that point he would follow me anywhere, now, he was not sure. Fortunately, he still does to this day.

Arriving at Rapidan Camp proved beyond our expectations. Here was a classic wilderness retreat nestled in a grove of first-growth conifers the size of which I had never seen in the East before. Beside the camp coursed the headwaters of the Rapidan through a tumbling maze of mountain laurel. All service roads were closed and it was silent, other than the sound of falling water. We had the entire place to ourselves.

Jack and I quickly assembled our rods and proceeded to catch small but beautiful native brook trout---descendants of the very trout Hoover caught over forty years prior. At lunch time, we climbed to the camp veranda. Peeking inside, we saw that everything was in order should some future president decide to follow in Hoover's footsteps. During lunch, Jack and I discussed what to do about the Great Depression. Neither of us had answers so we returned to our fishing.

Upon leaving Rapidan Camp, I spied an unusual piece of mountain laurel on the ground. It looked like it could be made into a walking stick. Using it the other day, it was the catalyst for this reflection and more. I was reminded of the significance the eastern brook trout plays in our lives. They are our native Salmonidae. They can be found in any little rivulet from the Carolinas to Labrador. They are the poster children for natural beauty. They have survived centuries of environmental degradation. They have been marginalized by immigrants and suffered by comparison.

In spite of all of these trials and tribulations---they are still here! I am sure to a great degree because of people like us.



Light on Moving Water by Jim Rakowski

High on a hemlock-sided mountain, rain, fog, snow, and ice, each in their season, yield the water that begins a small stream's run to the blue bright sea.

In cold, clear mountain streams such as these aquatic insects dwell, while fry hold in gravelly, sunlit shallows. Under mats of foam, in pockets of soft water behind rocks, and beneath tangles of woody cover, native brook trout shelter and wait these and other small prey.

Before a new season's start, a boy learns to spin fur, flash, and feather on a hook to create the impression of a living thing.

On the stream he teaches himself to see below the silver surface and read the water.

With experience he knows how to lay out line in a tight, unfurling loop, and mend it to present his offering at the speed of the current to a fishy spot.

Mimicking a heron's stealthy focus, the boy inhabits the flow, and with a sudden tug he is connected to the slashing shaking of a brightly-colored trout.

He brings the fish to hand, and releases it into the stream's perpetual flow. He reflects that from the place the water began it ultimately returns. Everywhere there is water there is life, from the microscopic to the largest that lives. It is the wonder of water.

On the walk home, the boy feels the warmth of the sun, hears the wind in the tree tops, and takes in the colors of a raft of wild flowers on the forest floor, while birds sing their spring song.

With this day's appreciation for the beauty in his world, he is grateful and the light within him shines.



For Sale: Van Staal 250 saltwater reel. \$625.

If interested send text to J. Rakowski: 508 566-7008



A FATEFUL DECISION by Joseph D. Swaluk

In life, when one approaches the opposite of beginning, looking back and reflecting becomes a common source of entertainment. Often, I find myself pondering the decisions I have made over time. Probably, like most, I can identify only four or five of those decisions that have had significant impact in constructing who I am. Certainly, choice of spouse and career stand at the top of the list. Still, for me there is one other and I made it at the tender age of nine. That decision was to become a fly fisherman.

On my ninth birthday, my mother took me to Markey Brothers Sporting Goods on Main Avenue in Passaic, New Jersey. I was to obtain my first fly rod. To Mr. Markey's credit, he did not try to sell my mother more than was appropriate for a nine-year old. My Montague "Amateur" fly rod cost ten dollars. My skeleton fly reel was one dollar and my level fly line the same. I had very little knowledge of how to fly fish, but I was on my way.

I was introduced to fly fishing by my Uncle Pete when visiting my mother's family home in Massachusetts. Uncle Pete, fresh back from the war, was the first to show me an alternative to still fishing. We fished for sunfish or what he called "kivers". Casting toward lily pads with a dry fly, I encountered the thrill of the rise and was never the same since. Fly fishing was so much more active than still fishing. The main quarry, trout, were so beautiful and moving water---so exciting just to watch.

My journey since those early days has taken me to exotic destinations and made me countless friends. I have traveled the world casting a fly and experienced nature first-hand. I have witnessed the degradation of our environment and pondered the challenges facing future generations.

Through all of this, I realized what a metaphor for life fly fishing is. With each fish I caught and released, I had a unique experience that was mine and mine alone. Successes and failures mirrored my everyday life.

Now, close to seventy seasons later, I look back and realize how significant a decision that little boy of nine made in 1951. My whole life has been enriched by the simple act of grasping the grip of a fly rod.

Author's Note: In noting down these thoughts, it occurred to me that many in T. U. might have similar memories about their beginnings. These troubling times are perfect for reflecting on a subject so dear to all of us.

It's been a strange year in many ways. COVID has turned our world upside down and our democracy is in turmoil. At this writing, another 200,000 were diagnosed with COVID yesterday. Hopefully, things will improve in the near future. We've all had lots of time to think about our lives and the lives of others. We've also had time to finally clean out the garage, basement and attic and tackle those "Honey Do" projects that we've been ignoring. Unless you're very lucky, you haven't been with your children, grandchildren or extended family for months.

Despite all this, we have a lot to be thankful for. While we haven't been able to travel to other locales, I venture to say that most, if not all, of us have spent the past 6 months doing something that brings us joy. Those of us who also ply the Cape ponds will probably continue through the Winter. Many of you (unfortunately not me) experienced one of the best albie season in years! We're lucky to live in a place that provides so many possibilities for outside activities and we're lucky to live in a place where people care very much about one another.

I recently needed radiation treatment for prostate cancer and received a great deal of encouragement and support from CCFF and CCTU friends, as well as friends that we've made since moving on Cape. Actually, more support than from some family members and off-Cape

friends. That doesn't happen everywhere. It reminds me of an advertising slogan from Hawaii in the 60's, which was "Lucky you live Hawaii". We only have to insert Cape Cod.



We're truly blessed to live in a place like this. I have to admit that I still miss fishing the rivers and streams in NJ and PA, but I'm

only minutes away from just about any type of fishing I desire. The ponds are full of trophy bass and trout. People actually pay to come here and do the things that we take for granted. My message is that during this holiday season, and despite the turmoil we're experiencing, we need to reflect and be thankful, and grateful, for everything we have here. Stay upbeat and positive with the hope that things will improve in 2021.

Stay safe and stay well, Steve Petruska

Cape Cod Trout Unlimited
2020 Officers and Board Members

President: Roberta Mazzoli

Vice President: Alan Alai

Treasurer: Michael Howard

Secretary: Peter Schilling

Board Member: Fred Monahan

Board Member: Charlie Orr

Past President: Tim Lynch

Rollcast editor: Ron Reif (ccturollcast5@gmail.com)

Cover photo from R. Reif: Looking for albies off the Elizabeth Islands

