



Penobscot Fly Fishers NEWSLETTER

October 2025 Edition

From the Home Pool

Happy Autumn to all of you. I hope that whatever your fall pursuits are, that they may lead you to many an enjoyable day outdoors. This is my favorite time to be outside, forsure. Whether fishing, hiking, or just being out with a friend, this is MY time.

You may notice that this edition of the newsletter is a bit content-bare, somewhat dull, and not up to the standards we have come to expect recently. That is because our fabulous editor is out of the country on a well-deserved family visit. So, our also-fabulous secretary has stepped-up to fill the void and produce this month's edition. As a club of volunteers, it takes such efforts to make the PFF run smoothly.

Which segues well into the rest of this column. And that is volunteerism. At the December general meeting we will be electing two Board of Directors positions and all four Officers positions (president, vice-president, treasurer, and secretary). These are positions that **MUST** be filled, otherwise the club risks shutting down. Without a slate of officers and directors, official club business cannot be conducted. Without official club business conducted, the club does not exist. Sounds scary but it is true.

So, once more I am asking, requesting, pleading that members step up now and offer to fill one of these important positions. Last I heard we have 72 paid members. As no one was forced into joining the club, that means we have 72 *willing* members. So, out of that number surely there are six willing to do their part? If our meetings, our speakers, our guest tyers and casting instructors, our trips and events, and most of all our good club fellowship and commeradirie are important to you, then please come forth and put your name up to fill one of these crucial club positions. See any current PFF officer or director for details (list below).

The next dinner meeting will be on **Wednesday, October 1, 2025**. Social hour and club casting on the pond is at 5 pm followed by dinner being served at 6 pm (available for \$15, but not required to attend the meeting). A short business meeting and then on to our speaker.

Our monthly dinner meetings are held at the **Penobscot County Conservation Association** clubhouse at 570 N Main St in Brewer. As always, the meetings are open

to the public, so grab a friend and join us for a great meal, fellowship, speaker and some wicked good fly fishing stories. This month's dinner will be American chop suey, garlic bread, green salad, and dessert!

The speaker for our October 1st meeting is Zachary Glidden Fisheries Biologist, Penobscot Region, Maine Dept. of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife



His topic will be a synopsis of Enfield State Fish Hatchery production and how the different options are utilized in the Penobscot Region. Also an update on Pushaw's Northern Pike tagging project and a recap of 2025 field work. A little about Zac: "I was born and raised on the mid-coast of Maine; I have spent the past 20 years residing in the Howland area. I've worked for the Maine Dept. of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife since 2006, both in the hatchery section at the Enfield State Fish Hatchery and fisheries section out of the Enfield regional office. I am also an avid fly tyer and a Registered Maine fishing Guide for over 15 years. I have had fun chasing brook trout, landlocked salmon, and smallmouth bass for over 35 years and am currently trying to teach my young children how to fly fish. The mid-coast might be where I was raised but the Penobscot River area is my home and I'm deeply passionate about its fishery resources."

Club Casting on the Pond

Ernie MacDonald and Steve Mogul will be available at the October meeting down on the PCCA Pond for anyone wanting some help with their casting technique. Admit it, we all could use some fine tuning. We are going to try and do this for the warm weather meetings in September, October, May, and June, and will revert back to our guest fly tyer series in the colder months. So, bring your rod and reel and remember we can't actually put a fly on the pond so, plan on using yarn or a false fly.

Free Raffles!

Over time the club has received donations of various fishing and outdoors gear. Instead of trying to sell it, the Board has decided to raffle it off at future monthly

meetings. Best of all, the raffles will be free. Everyone attending the general meeting will receive one ticket (no meal purchase required). Then during the business portion of the meeting we will draw the winning ticket/s. Prizes include rods, reels, fly tying materials, books, etc... So come early and often to enjoy good company, an interesting speaker, and maybe leave with a new piece of gear.

So, what do YOU want?!

If you have something that you would like to see the club do, please let us know! This is YOUR club after all. If it is some type of class or speaker or something else, Casey Shannon our Vice President has stepped up and is handling the speaker schedules. Please contact him or any other club officer/director with any suggestions you may have. Remember, unless you share we don't know.....

Current PFF Officers and Directors

President- vacant*

Vice-president- Casey Shannon*

Treasurer- Don Corey*

Secretary- Paul Markson*

Directors- Ernie MacDonald*, Jere Armstrong*, Barb Goos, Alden Brown, Tim White, Steve Mogul

* denotes expiring term

Club board meetings are held at the Dunkin Donuts in Brewer (by Walmart) on the third Wednesday of the month unless posted differently. This is YOUR club so please consider attending a meeting to share your ideas and vision.

PFF Dues 2025-2026

The membership year expires on May 31 each year. Dues notice emails went out in May of 2025. For those that have paid, thank you for your continued support. If you haven't, please consider doing so. The dues are a tremendous help to support the club and our many activities.

Dues can be paid at the monthly dinner meetings, they can be paid online, and they can also be paid using Paypal via the club's [website](#).

The club's mailing address is:

Penobscot Fly Fishers
PO Box 651
Brewer, ME 04412

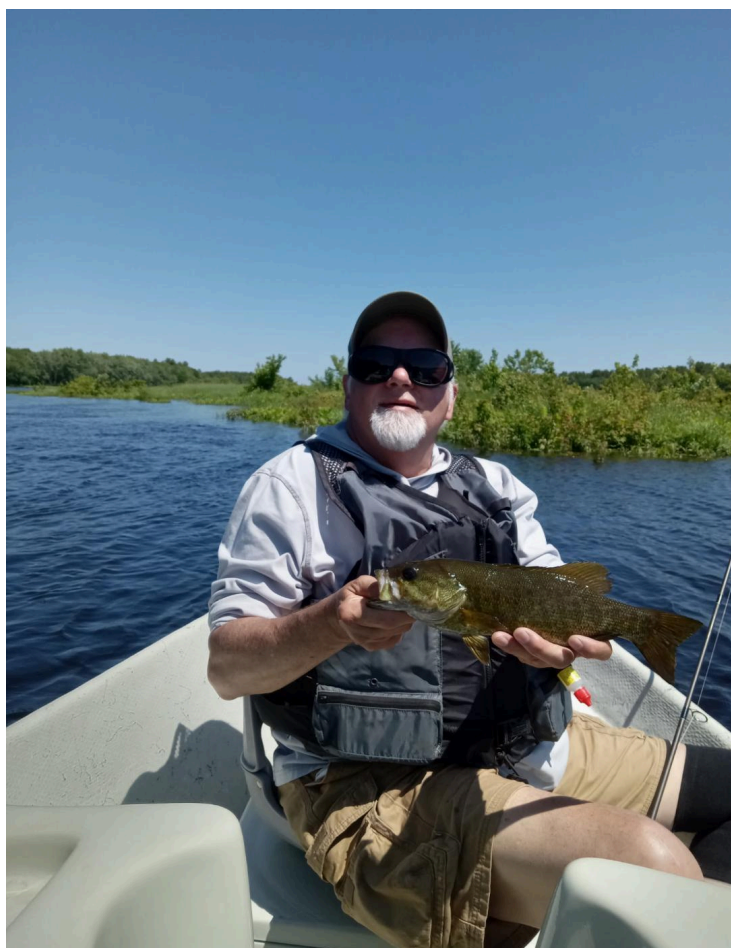
PFF Swag

Swagmeister **Mac MacDonald** reports that items ordered will be available for pickup at

the meeting. Hats, fly boxes and some apparel will also be available at each general meeting. If you have any requests or ideas for club logo items, please share them with Mac.

Trip Report: Mac MacDonald

“A few years ago at the Cabin Fever Reliever I bid high enough to win a float trip with Guide Dan Groshon. The trip was for two so, I split the cost with my fishing friend Alden Brown. We went down the Penobscot River with Dan. It was a bright and sunny day. Alden and I caught 80 smallmouth bass each before lunch. Dan of course piloted the boat and kept us off the rocks. After a great shore lunch, put on by Dan at his riverside camp, we continued to fish. At this point we stopped counting fish as there were so many smallies. What a great day!”



Mac's day on the Penobscot

Flies tied by Mac



A Chance Encounter

Submitted by Anonymous

For most Maine fly-fishers, September 30 marks the end of their season. They set aside rod, reel, and fly box in exchange for bird gun, deer rifle, or splitting maul. But for some of us, early-to-mid fall heralds some of the best trout fishing of the year. Cool, crisp days. Few people and fewer biting insects on the water. And of course the bright colors on both trees and brook trout help fulfill one's inner desire for visual beauty. A quick look at the MDIFW rule book will yield numerous bodies of water open to fishing well past the General Rule deadline of September 30.

One of my favorite areas for fall fly-fishing is the Katahdin region, specifically within Baxter State Park. There are approximately half a dozen remote ponds in the park which remain open to artificial lure, catch-and-release fishing until November 30. By remote pond I mean a pond which one must walk to water's edge, be it a few hundred yards or a few tenths of a mile. No drive-up access! That walk, short or long, is usually rewarded with fine trout fishing and almost complete solitude. These B.S.P. ponds are so under-fished in the fall that I have had to pull-out my well-worn MDIFW rule book for more than one gate house attendant questioning my mission.

So, in late October I found myself at Caverly Pond in B.S.P. This lovely 8-acre pond is located about 2 miles from the Togue Pond gate, and is less than 100 yards from the small pull-out along the park tote road. It is surrounded by mixed growth forest, and the north end contains numerous large boulders both in the water and along its edge. Caverly Pond offers a nice wide area for wading, is quite float tube-able, has a B.S.P canoe available to rent (ask at the gate house), and has some fine brook trout fishing. But maybe most of all is a SPECTACULAR view of Katahdin's south face. I have been awed and humbled by this view for many years, in all weather conditions and states of mind. It is a view that never fails to overwhelm me, and I hope it continues so for the remainder of my years.

That particular Friday morning dawned cold and clear. On the early morning drive north I kept seeing iced-over water beside the highway. "Oh-oh. This could be a really short trip" I thought. No worries though as Caverly remained ice-free. By the time I had donned my waders, rigged-up my rod, topped-off my float tube, grabbed my pack, and walked into Caverly Pond it was probably about 9:30am. I decided to fish beneath the surface on a sinking-tip line, reasoning the fish would have given-up on bugs for the season and be fattening-up on higher protein food below. Not my favorite form of fishing at all but, productive in certain situations. All morning I tried a variety of streamers, woolly-buggers, and leeches; all without a single take. The few hits I thought I had and missed turned

out to be plant life I had snagged on the in-strip. After two hours of this fruitless dredging I was feeling cold and hungry, yet far from disappointed. All morning I still had that spectacular view of the small pond with a cloudless Katahdin towering above it.

So, I floated back to the small clearing where I had stashed my pack. Some tea and a hot lunch of ramen noodles was just what I needed to reverse the effects of the cold. As I was digging-out my Jetboil stove, water bottle, and food bag, I heard footsteps approaching along the trail from the road. Admittedly my first thought was "Great. Some pesty leaf-peeper about to interrupt my solitary day of fishing." As the source of the footsteps appeared in the clearing, I looked up and suddenly quite dumbfounded blurted out "Kay?!" The woman looked back and, equally dumbfounded, replied "-----?!" Standing in front of me was long-time friend Kay Carter who, along with her husband Daryle, I know through various outdoors activities and organizations. Kay also happens to be an accomplished plein-air painter. She is surely a more accomplished painter than I am a fly fisher.

After a round of "how-are-yous" and "what-are-you-doing-heres", Kay told me that she was joining a group of other artists for the upcoming weekend. They had rented a cabin and would spend their time painting in the Katahdin region. Because of today's great weather she decided to drive up early and have a look around. As I was dressed in waders and holding a fly rod, she didn't need to ask what I was doing here. In fact, I was not even sure she previously knew I enjoyed fly-fishing until that moment. Then she asked "Are you going to be fishing here all afternoon? I was hoping to set-up my easel here in this clearing." Of course I had to say "Yes, I'm going back out after lunch. This is the side of the pond I want to fish next because it is shallow enough to wade and I had zero success out on the float tube." Then, thinking quickly, I added "But I know of an even better spot about 30 yards further along the trail. How about I show you?"

The spot I showed Kay was ideal. Better light, a clearer view of the mountain, and I wouldn't need to worry about hooking her with my back-cast. And even though we are both woods-savvy outdoors people, it was nice to be able to keep an eye and ear on one another, just in case one of us fell into the cold water (me). After I helped her carry and set-up her equipment and was about to wade back out, I offered to make her a cup of hot tea later if she showed me her painting. Then I immediately turned my mind back to fishing.

I kept noticing small rises about the shallow area while warming up over lunch. Although I did not see any insect life on or near the water, I took this as a hint that I needed to change tactics. Luckily I had brought along my diminutive 3-wt dry fly rod and one small box of dry flies. Not knowing quite what to offer, I picked one of the go-to dries; a size 12 tan elk-hair caddis. As I began to spy and cast to the rises, I immediately began getting takes. It took awhile to get my timing down, but I soon brought to net a beautiful 9" brook trout. He was quite lovely, resplendent in his fall colors. I admired him for a few moments, gently slipped the barbless hook from his jaw, and watched him quickly swim off towards the safety of deeper water. This continued for another two hours. Using the same fly all afternoon I managed to catch and release five more brook trout in the 8-to-10" range. Not overly large fish, but as I am primarily a small stream and pond fisher I was more than pleased. If I had had a smaller fly I suspect I would have hooked more.

Then, as suddenly as it began, it ended. The rises stopped, the westering sun slipped below

the trees, and the air temperature began to drop. Reluctantly I waded out, again cold and hungry, and called it a day. As I boiled water for tea and de-rigged my rod, Kay reappeared with all of her equipment. I again offered to brew her a cup as well, which she politely declined. But she asked "Would you like to see my painting?" She reached into her portfolio, drew it out, and I was absolutely floored.

Her interpretation of Katahdin from Caverly Pond was as spectacular as the actual view behind me. Maybe even more so through an artist's eye. The steel blue water, the boulder-strewn shore and the green conifers lining it, then the yellow-orange-red deciduous trees higher up on the slopes, and finally the grey summit of Katahdin rising above. All captured on an 8" by 10" panel. I'm not sure if it was fatigue or cold or the fact that the painting had, for the third time that day, scored a direct hit on my inner desire for visual beauty. But, I hardly knew what to say as I stood in that little clearing totally dumbfounded. Kay, sensing both my discomfort and emotional connection to her work, told me she would post this and her other paintings of the weekend on her web site. Then she dug into her portfolio and found a business card she remembered she had stashed inside. "If you like this or any of my other paintings, let me know. I love to get feed-back on my work." We parted company with hearty good-byes and a promise to keep in touch.

Over the next few weeks I did contact Kay and bought that painting of Caverly Pond. It now resides above my little desk, on a wall surrounded by framed prints and photographs of other iconic northern New England outdoor scenes. It is the only original piece of art I own. Although dollars are not so plentiful for me as they once were, I feel very good about my purchase. Not only did I support a friend and local artist, but I have a one-of-a-kind reminder of a great day's outing to Baxter State Park. A perfect Maine fall day, an enjoyable afternoon of fishing, reconnecting with a good friend, and a permanent rendering of that spectacular view.

**Author's note- This was originally written and submitted 10-years ago. The then-editor of the PFF journal rejected it as not pertinent enough to fly-fishing. In the ensuing 10-years I have purchase three more of Kay Carter's Katahdin paintings. The complete set of winter, spring, summer, and fall views, from different perspectives, now hang in my bedroom and is the first thing I see when I wake up each morning.*
