

Lines and Leaders

CFFA

JANUARY 1974 Vol. 1 No. 1

Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association

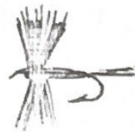
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CONTENTS

<u>Page</u>	
1	CFFA Announcements.....
4	Montana Missives.....Gary LaFountaine
6	A Purely Aesthetic Experience.....John Cannata
7	The Pleasures and Pitfalls of Fishing at the Quinebaug Valley Hatchery.....Sig Folstad
8	The Feathered Hook.....Ron Zawoysky
9	Where to Go.....Howard Weldon
10	Ephemerella Subvaria-A Sure Sign of Spring.....Jay Conant
12	Salt Spume.....Peter Kemp
13	Caudal Finis.....Ken Parkany



"Lines and Leaders" is Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association, Inc., periodic publication, distributed to its membership and allies of conservation. Mailing address: CFFA, P.O. Box 42, Windsor Locks, Ct. 06096. Forward all manuscripts and material for publication to this address, attention of the editor. CFFA regular membership meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month, September through May. Meetings are held at either the Federal Savings and Loan Auditorium - Windsor, or Raymond Public Library - East Hartford. Notification of meeting place is announced in the monthly 'Newsletter', and local news media. Directors meet on the first Wednesday of every month. CFFA should be notified of any change in your address as this publication is delivered via bulk rate mail and therefore cannot be forwarded. CFFA's objective: Organized to Preserve and Promote the Pleasures and Traditions of Fly Fishing and to Conserve Game Fish Waters.

NOVEMBER GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING

January 16, 1974

PROGRAM: A film entitled "Trout of the Far North" will be shown.

WHERE: Windsor Federal Savings and Loan Building.

WHEN: Wednesday, January 16, 1974.

TIME: Fly Tying-6:45 P.M. Featuring Peter Kemp, Myron Schulman, and Mark Philippe.

Program-7:30 P.M.

This meeting will again allow everyone to see a few of the club's expert fly tiers at work and also include a very enjoyable movie. Because of the good response at the last meeting, a "gripe" session will again be held. The meeting will include door prizes and refreshments.

NOTES FROM DECEMBER'S BOARD OF DIRECTOR'S MEETING:

The club treasury balance as of 11-30-73 is \$2345.30. It is estimated that there will be a \$1400.00 surplus for the 1973 fiscal year. A projected budget for 1974 is \$3975.00.....Howard Weldon is the new fund raising chairman.....Jay Conant is the new Outdoor Facilities chairman.....A water watch program will begin shortly on the Jeremy's.....2000 of our 2500 trout in the rearing pool have died due to an extreme decrease in the flow of water. The remaining 500 trout were stocked in the Jeremy's. The State of Connecticut has donated 20,000 brook trout eggs to be planted in the Jeremy's.....Details on the membership contest are being looked into..... The nominating committee for the 1974 slate of officers is being headed up by Bob Frank.....Details of the formation of an Eastern Chapter of CFFA were looked into further.....Vin Ringrose is now on the FFF National Executive Board.



"AFTER YOU TOLD HIM THAT YOU WERE FISHING THIS STREACH OF THE RIVER,
AND FOR HIM TO GET THE HELL OUT OF YOUR POOL. --- WHAT DID HE DO?"

CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION ANNUAL BANQUET

WHAT: CFFA Annual Banquet

WHERE: Tobacco Valley Inn-Dunfey's Tavern(Bloomfield Avenue Exit off I-91 in Windsor).

WHEN: Saturday, February 9, 1974.

AGENDA: 5:30-Annual Business Meeting

1 Election of officers

2 Audit of treasury

6:15-Cocktail Mixer

7:00-Dinner

Invocation-Reverend Emeritus Bernard Drew

Menu

Entree'-Roast Beef with Gravy

OR

Baked Stuffed Shrimp

Appetizer-Fruit Cup with Lime Sherbet

Vegetables-Baked Potato with Butter or Sour Cream

Green Peas with Mushrooms

Dessert-Apple Pie with Vanilla Ice Cream

Also, Rolls, Butter, Tossed Salad with Dressing, and an after dinner beverage. NOTE, choice of Entree' must be specified when reservations are made.

Dessert and Door Prizes

Featured Speakers

Alvin "Bus" Grove-Author of "The Lure and the Lore of Trout Fishing"

Frank Richardson-Western Regional Director for the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fishery and Wildlife, U.S. Department of the Interior. He is an avid fly fisherman and conservationist.

DINNER RESERVATION: \$10.00 per person(complete including taxes and tips)

The banquet will be on a reservation only basis and reservations will be on a first come, first serve basis. Reservation forms are on the following page and should be returned before January 26, 1974 to:

Joe D'Addario, Jr.

3 Roxbury Rd.

East Hartford, Ct., 06118

Door Prizes will again offer a wide variety of fly fishing equipment. There will also be several outstanding door prizes for the women, some of which are; a pair of tickets to a local dinner theater, one free admittance to this springs fly fishing school, handbags, and pewter ware. REMEMBER-The public is invited; bring your wives, friends, sportsmen for a fabulous evening. Additional reservation forms are enclosed. Don't forget, the dinner is by reservation only and reservations must be received by January 26, 1974.

DINNER RESERVATION

DATE _____

I will require reservations for _____ persons at \$10.00 per person.

Check or Money Order in amount of \$ _____ enclosed.
(Make payable to "CFFA")

Mail Reservation to:	Name _____
Mr. J. D'Addario, Jr.	Address _____
3 Roxbury Road	City & State _____
East Hartford, Ct., 06118	Home Phone No. _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Roast Beef	
<input type="checkbox"/> Baked Stuffed Shrimp	

DINNER RESERVATION

DATE _____

I will require reservations for _____ persons at \$10.00 per person.

Check or Money Order in amount of \$ _____ enclosed.
(Make payable to "CFFA")

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<input type="checkbox"/> Roast Beef	
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<input type="checkbox"/> Roast Beef	
<input type="checkbox"/> Baked Stuffed Shrimp	



by Gary J. LaFontaine

[Montana Missives is a stream of letters containing tales of Trout. They are reprinted here with the author's permission..... Ken Parkany]

Excerpt from letter received 14 March 73:

SPIN(NER) FISHING

" On the Clark Fork two years ago every evening from Aug. 9---Aug. 26, I arrived on the river at 6:30 P.M.. The stretch I fish most is a huge, smooth flat, where fussy trout are prevalent.

The phase of all fly fishing that I love most, that I seek at all times, and if I was to be symbolized as a fly fisherman in a single way, this is where I am fanatic.

Each evening during the summer on the Clark Fork, and in period from Aug. 9 to Aug. 26, I stalk the spinner fall that most likely will occur (a hatch of large duns, or an emergence of caddis flies, or a drop of terrestrials, often makes the problem of what the fish are choosing very sticky).

From Aug. 9 to Aug. 26 the spinners of a small yellow mayfly fell, speckling the water by hundreds of thousands. The trout came up the slope from the deep water to sip and choose.

Only a close match, a no. 24 sulfur spinner from Vincent Marinaro's A Modern Dry Fly Code, could catch fish. With the fly one speck on a 7x among thousands of naturals, it was a matter of catching the rise rythm of the trout, and hoping.

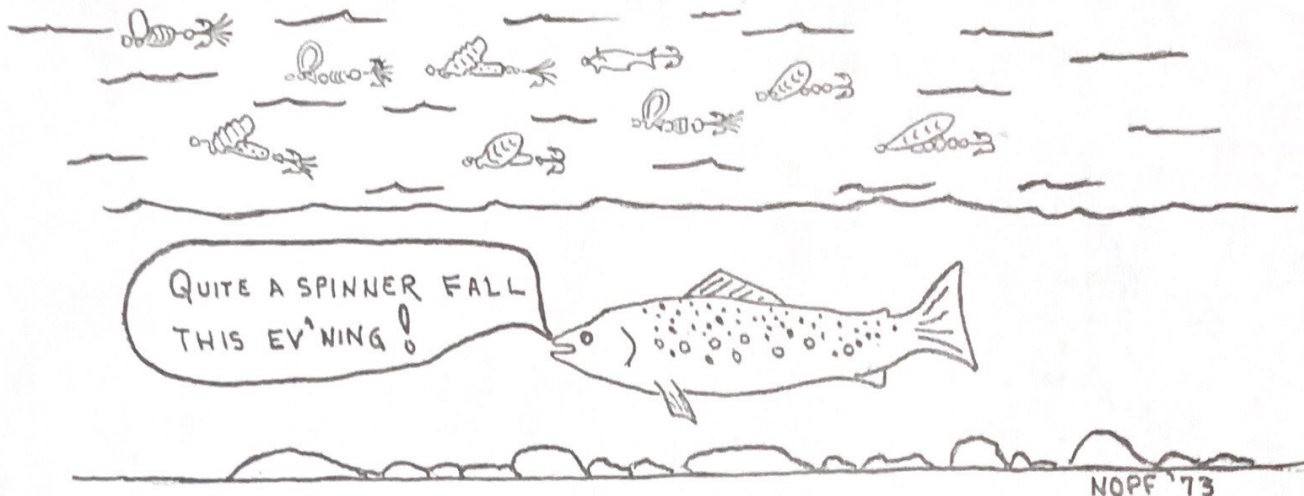
And what scary fish. Stan Bradshaw will verify this --- cast 35 feet consistently, and the upstream moving schools will rise at 40 feet. Cast 40 feet consistently, and the upstream moving schools will rise at 45 feet. Always the trout move 5 feet out from the last fly line pickup, no matter how careful the lift.

The game proceeds: Here is the fly fisherman, chest deep in water, using a small rod (say my 7½ ft. Fenwick with a no. 5 line), stretching casts out to 70 feet (my limit measured under the circumstances), and the trout then rise in a file at 75 feet. It is enough to succumb to a palsy of uncontrollable quivering.

To combat this trout shyness (Stan and I are not overly bright, but we do learn) we cast at 20 feet until the trout are set in a pattern, and then shoot a cast of 35 feet, to the far edge of the file of fish where the largest trout usually hang.

The two alternatives to this method are either not casting or false casting (and who wants to wave a fly line in the air for twenty minutes). The decided method is best because it concentrates the trout in a line outside of the cast placement, rather than leaving trout sprinkled about the angler, and also occasionally a trout moves in to take the 20 foot cast.

(cont'd)



If a trout is hooked, if the dream of the angler is met, then there is a fish, 12 in. to 18 in., on a one pound tippet, and the rainbows, cutthroat, and browns in this section tend to be jumping fools. One 16 in. rainbow, by count, leaped 14 times during the fight, and that is ridiculous.

Stan and I always take any interested fly fishermen, visiting or local, to our Bad-odds Alley; and many initiates are truly fine anglers. The most trout that have been caught on the stretch (the hatches don't begin 'til 1:00 P.M. and darkness seeps around 8:00 P.M., or earlier depending on the date, so seven hours is the maximum daylight angling time. Without a heavy hatch the trout stay in a 15 foot deep trench against the distant bank and after dark the angling is usually non-selective) are 6 in one angling period, 13 in., 13½ in., 13½ in., 14½ in., 15 in., 16½ in., and I accomplished this one evening when God played the game on my side. Stan caught 5 trout in one evening on two occasions. The most trout ever caught by any of our initiates were two, and a few of them have done the feat.

Truly it is a streak of perverse sadism that allows our glorified talk to lead friends to this area. We love our lives on Bad-odds Alley, and fortunately most friends have also appreciated the difficult angling.

One visitor, on a particular maddening evening, waded out of the stream and announced, "why shouldn't I walk up to the riffles, where I can catch 10 fish to every one that I can catch here?"

Stanley just looked at him and said, "because, in the riffles you can catch 10 fish to every one that you can catch here."

I guess that it's all a matter of perspective.*

"The day of catching trout just for the frying pan is over; the time has come to enjoy it as a beloved sport, a sport played as all sports should be played, for relaxation and the fun of it. Whoever accepts that fact can really have fun with trout."

from Fun With Trout, by
Fred Everett, 1952.

A Purely Aesthetic Experience

by John Cannata

"A thing of Beauty is a joy forever; its loveliness increases;
it will never pass into nothingness".....Keats

The fall season is with us now and the fishing will soon come to an end, but to me, this is the most beautiful time of the year to be out fishing or just walking along the river.

I don't think I can recall an autumn season with such beautiful color as I've seen this year. As I drive west along Rt. 44 out of Hartford and start up Avon mountain, my eyes go from one patch of color to the next. The air is cool and crisp and there is a light frost on the meadow grass in Avon. Crossing the Farmington River bridge, just before Avon center, I'll glance quickly at the river on my right. I'm looking downriver about 20 yards for a portion of sandbar on the right side of the river. I use this as a water level guide for the river's condition some 20 miles up river where I'm headed. My destination is the west branch of the Farmington River in the vicinity of People's Forest State Park. Continuing along Rt. 44, I pass thru the towns of Canton and New Hartford and on into Barkhamsted. In Barkhamsted I turn right on Rt. 181 and travel north to the iron bridge. I turn right, cross this bridge and then take a quick left and continue north again for another 2 miles, where I turn into the park and fish the area behind the pavillion. Although heavily fished during spring and early summer, the fishing pressure slacks off greatly in late summer and fall.

While fishing here among the boulders, I catch sight of a beaver crossing the pool below me leaving a silent wake as though it were made by a sail boat. Fishing my way down toward the long pool I heard some rustling in the leaves along the bank and turned to see a chipmunk, tail in the air, scurrying along a fallen log. As I fish this pool, my mind wandered to the day here in mid July when the cream caddis was scattered over the water in great numbers and the rise forms of at least a dozen fish could be seen down the pool. I quickly clipped off the Adams I was using and put on my version of the cream caddis dry fly in size 16. I only had to make about 3 casts and I was onto my first trout. In all, I caught and released about 6 trout ranging in size from 9 to 13 inches long.

I quickly returned to the present by the sound of a rise, and looking up, quickly scanned the far bank for the tell-tale ring on the water before it faded out. Although I located the fish, I was unable to coax it into taking anything I presented to it. So I moved on, but not terribly disappointed because it was such a beautiful day, so quiet and peaceful, I enjoyed just being out there.

(Ed. note: It has been said that there exist two types of fishermen, belly-fishermen and heart-fishermen. It is obvious to the reader that the author, who has assured me he brings home a meal occasionally, belongs to the latter school.)

"The site of the ancient Light House Village is now included in the Peoples' Forest State Park which covers 1861 acres on the east side of the Farmington River, West Branch, north of Pleasant Valley in Barkhamsted. The Light House site is considered one of the most beautiful locations in the State with its view of the Farmington River, as it flows southward between the rugged mountains, Mt. Woodruff on the west and Ragged mountain on the east."

from The Legend Of Barkhamsted Light House,
by L. S. Mills, 1952.

The Pleasures and Pitfalls of Fishing at the Quinebaug
Valley Hatchery

by Sig Folstad

I first learned of the fly fishing opportunities offered at the Quinebaug Hatchery in Plainfield, Conn. from Mike, my fishing partner. Amid stories of wall-to-wall trophy browns and rainbows, he explained the seemingly rigorous procedures of obtaining the necessary forms and submitting them for approval in order to obtain permission to fish at one of the hatchery ponds for a three hour period. As we made plans for our first excursion to the hatchery in mid July, we decided to invite a mutual friend of ours who had expressed an interest in learning to fly fish. This seemed to offer a fine opportunity to combine instruction and fishing (besides, he worked across the street from the State Department of Environmental Protection office where the applications had to be submitted).

Having requested and received permission to fish on a weekday from 5:00 to 8:00 PM (we learned that the application process was not as formidable as we originally envisioned), we met at Mike's house directly after work, piled into his Volkswagon, and after the hour-long drive to Plainfield, arrived at about 6:30. After a five minute walk from the hatchery parking lot, we came upon the trout ponds and were immediately struck by two observations: the absence of people (besides the attendant, the only other person there was one fisherman at the artificial lure pond) and the abundance of fish as judged by the surface activity. We learned later that both phenomena were commonplace there.

We each paid our fifty cents, had our permits validated, and struck out for separate areas of the fly fishing pond. Contrary to our apprehensions that this experience might be akin to shooting fish in a rainbarrel, we soon learned that there was more to this type of fishing than meets the eye. For one thing, dry fly fishing a pond is vastly different than a fast flowing stream where the rough water tends to cover up poor presentations. Thus, this experience offered an opportunity to observe our casting faults, practice improvements, and also observe the reaction of the fish to our presentation.

After about an hour of fishing, another pitfall was discovered. As I was tying a new nymph on my leader (we all had much better luck with nymphs than with dries that evening), the stillness of the warm summer night was broken by a loud splashing sound. As I looked up, I saw Mike bounding along the edge of the pond lunging after something in the water. Almost immediately he stopped, looked around at the four spectators viewing his performance, and, obviously embarrassed, he slowly walked back to the place on the ground where his rod lay. As it turned out, Mike had hooked a huge rainbow and after carefully coaxing it into his net, the fish spit out the barbless hook and flipped out of the net onto the shoreline. In a futile effort to retrieve his prize, Mike literally chased it back into the water and probably would have swam after it if he hadn't first noticed his grinning audience. Had this happened in a trout stream, there would have been no witnesses and he could have blamed his damp condition on a slippery rock. Under the circumstance, however, he would have to suffer the slings and arrows of good-natured kidding.

Despite our tribulations that evening, Mike and I both came home with a 13 to 14 inch brown apiece and our friend got plenty of casting practice. Two subsequent visits to Quinebaug last summer provided us with a few more fish stories and earned our friend the thrill of catching his first trout on a fly. If a CFFA member has any reservations about visiting the Quinebaug Hatchery next season, I can only say that if you've never ventured away from a stream into this type of fishing, it's an entirely new, yet rewarding, experience. Try it.

THE FEATHERED HOOK

by RON ZAWOYSKY

TELEPHONE FLY

This pattern was donated for use by CFFA member Maynard N. Guy.

Call your next fish by telephone! That's right. Use multi-colored, stranded, telephone wire for tying your next fly.

The multitudinous cables found in the "key" phone systems offer a great variety of striped insulation over fine copper wire. These wires can be used to make a fly body in almost any color or combination of colors.

Just tie in a tail, wrap the shank with the insulated wire, add hackle and wing as desired, and a bottom bouncing fly is complete. The color choice is yours. (Keel hooks are best or tie with the barb up.)

The fly has been successful in catching bass and panfish with a fly rod and yellow and yellow-black combinations have been best. If remnants of cable cannot be found, several of the electronic outlets do carry it. An example of the pattern follows:



1 Wrap hook shank with tying thread.

2 Tie in a small bunch of black marabou for the tail.

3 Tie in a length of black and gray mottled telephone wire at the bend of the hook and wind forward to the eye. Be sure windings are close with no gaps.

4 Tie in a bunch of black marabou at the eye for a wing, topped by three strands of bright green peacock herl.

5 Tie in white marabou belly to reach the point of the hook.

6 Form head, tie off and lacquer.

Recommended hooks are 2-8 wet for bass, and 10-12 wet for panfish.

Any contributions to "Lines and Leaders" should be sent to following address:

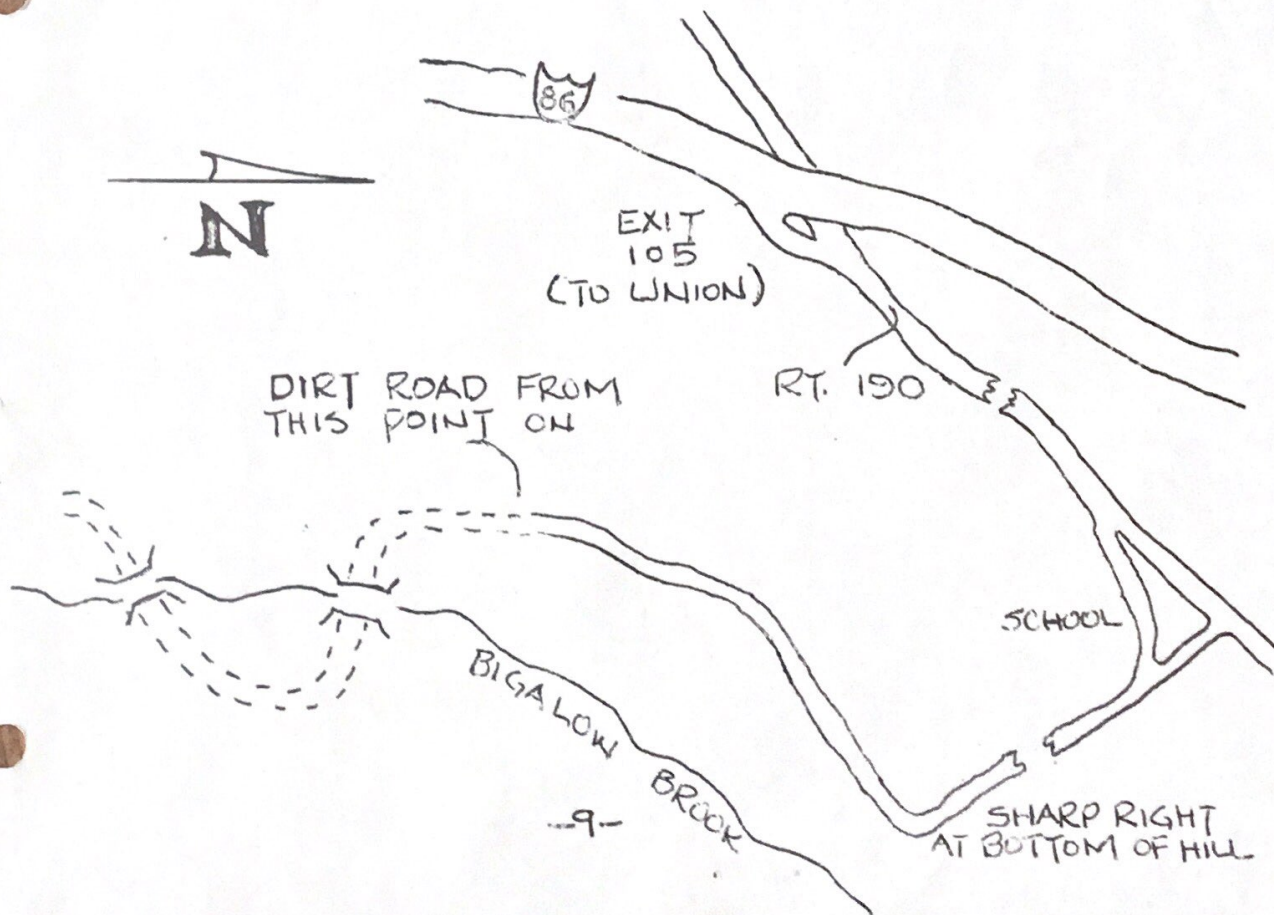
Ron Zawoysky
Hunter Road-RFD #2
Vernon, Connecticut, 06066

WHERE TO GO
by Howard Weldon

With most rods, vests, and waders now in hibernation in warm closets, thoughts are already turned to the opening day of next season. Sometimes these thoughts are not altogether pleasant ones since the weather and the crowds typical of opening day can discourage even the most dedicated fisherman. We can do little about the weather but clearly knowing the "right spot" can go a long way when it comes to shaking the crowd.

During the past four years I have spent three opening days on Bigalow Brook in the Yale State Forest. I have found crowds light, particularly if one is willing to do a little walking. In addition, I caught fish on all three openers although one year I did have to resort to moving back near the road as it seemed that the fish had not yet spread widely from their point of stocking.

The stream itself is small and suitable for youngsters using bait while still offering a few pools large enough for fly fishing. I have never fished Bigalow later than the end of May since by that time the crowds are disappearing from some of the larger streams in our state but it might well be a producer the season through if the water holds up. At any rate, it can be a pleasant answer to that opening day question ----- "WHERE TO GO".



EPHEMERELLA SUBVARIA - A SURE SIGN OF SPRING

by Jay Conant

This mayfly, commonly known as the Hendrickson, is probably the most important of the larger mayflies, due to its wide distribution, and the large quantities in which it hatches. Often called the Whirling Dun by old-timers, this is the only major mayfly that requires differentiation between the male and the female.

The three tails of the Hendrickson are tannish grey with brown specks, and are $3/8$ inch in length. The body, about $3/8$ inch long, is a tan color with a pinkish cast. Wings, about $1/2$ inch long, are a medium bluish grey color. The legs of this mayfly are a dirty tannish grey color.

The male of *E. Subvaria*, imitated by the Red Quill, is slightly smaller than the female. The primary difference in appearance is the reddish brown body, with its distinct segmented look.

E. Subvaria will be found hatching from the end of April to the end of May, often overlapping *Epeorus Pleuralis*. However, it is a rare occurrence to find wild trout with sufficient gluttony to take both naturals indiscriminately.

Emergence starts around 2:00 P.M. and the hatch lasts for about two hours. The males will emerge on one riffle, and the females on another. Generally speaking, the trout are selective to the point that they will not take the females when the males are emerging, and vice-versa. Therefore, before abandoning that crotchety old brown for one of his less astute friends, try changing from the Hendrickson to the Red Quill, or vice-versa. Typically, the duns will float thirty to forty feet before becoming airborne.

Ephemerella Subvaria nymphs occupy the areas around still-water rocks, and are found in the eddies and backwaters of the faster stream sections. Shortly past noon, the nymphs become active. Imitations fished deep and dead-drift,

with an occasional twitch are effective during this period. Just prior to emergence, the nymphs swim towards the surface, and struggle just below the surface to wiggle free of their nymphal skin. This struggle lasts for thirty feet or more, and at this time, emerging patterns fished five to ten inches below the surface with a slight twitching motion are effective.

For the past few seasons, I have had enjoyable fishing during this hatch on Vermont's Battenkill River, and last year, on a smaller Vermont stream, I took six trout on Hendrickson nymphs.

This is a hatch no angler should miss.

Sign of the Times

WILDERNESS AREA

This vast, magnificent wilderness you have played and hidden in most of your life is now established as a recreational wilderness area for the good of the people.

HOURS: 6 A.M. to 6 P.M.

- No Camping • No Hunting
- No Swimming • No Pets
- Fishing permitted with dry flies only
- Trailers in campground must be within 6 inches of each other and window to window if possible
- Entrance fee must be paid by credit card only - NO cash or check accepted
- Sorry - only two children per family group
- Upon demand you must be prepared to surrender your 6-12 to a more needy traveller.
- Do not feed birds, squirrels, chipmunks or any other neat little creatures
- Penalty for violation: \$200. \$5. if you live here.

Firewood, ice, eggs, butter and milk available for delivery at your campsite 5:30 each morning for those of you who are roughing it.

The above sign is not meant in disrespect to those who are responsible for the maintenance, governing and setting up of these wildlife areas but more at the reasons built into all of us that makes this type of regulative bull-hockey necessary.



Salt Spume

FISHING THE SALT

BY

PETER L KEMP

One of the fastest growing facets of fly fishing is that of fishing the salt. All around the coastal areas more and more fly fishermen are enjoying the thrill of catching 'monsters of the deep' with fly outfits. Many more would like to participate in this aspect of fly fishing but hold back because they are uncertain as to what equipment is necessary, what flies do what fish take, where and when to go, how does salt water fly fishing differ from fresh water fishing?

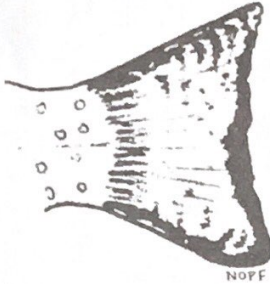
It will be my endeavor through a continuing series of articles, to answer these and other questions. This will be done by drawing on experiences of others, as well as my own, quoting from other written material and generally plagiarizing anybody who has something useful to say! Also I will answer any specific questions any one has. Thus, if you have a question, or a comment, or a favorite salt fly pattern you wish to share with others, by having it included in these articles, then write to me at the following address and I will do my best to cover it in succeeding issues. Send all inquiries to me at 20 Clark Lane, Colchester, Conn. 06415, and mark the envelope "Salt Spume".

In the Spring edition of the U.F.W. magazine 'Roundtable' Don Russell in an article entitled 'Try it---you'll like it', comments, "Every so often you hear a fisherman say -I sure would like to catch a striper or blue on a fly. Then there is a pause, followed by an excuse why he does not. Either he has not got the time, or the right equipment, or he doesn't know where to go."

Now it is true that some people really do not have the time, but it is fact that all of us can find the time, anything if we really want to do it. Thus a little 'get up and go' is required, but make an effort and give salt water fishing a try and you will be glad that you did.

If you fly fish for black bass, you may already have the 'right' equipment for fishing the salt. If you have an 8 or 8½ foot glass fly rod that can be used with an 8 or 9 weight forward line, that's fine. In addition to the rod you will need a reel capable of holding your line and between 150 and 200 yards of 20 pound test backing, approximately 10 feet of 12 pound test line for a leader, some salt water streamers, and you are all set to go and fish the salt.

But where to go? You learn by going out and finding spots by yourself, by meeting and asking other fishermen where they go. Ask them about the bays, the tides, the tidal streams, the salt marshes. You can get all the information you need by asking. But you must take the initiative---don't be shy---ASK. I hope through this and future salty epistles more of you will learn and enjoy fishing the salt.



CAUDAL FINIS

by Ken Parkany

Considering that the purpose of this article, because of its obviously precarious title, is in question, along with the integrity of its author, I am deeply indebted to my fellow editors for allowing this mercurial contribution to adorn the last page of "Lines & Leaders". This month's topic of discussion was chosen in the best interest of the future of this publication.

Along with these final words, the preceeding pages mark the beginning of a new era of "Lines & Leaders". In addition to a revised format - an increase in size and scope of both the contents and editorial staff - "Lines & Leaders" will be published monthly (excluding June and August), pending membership response to such an endeavor.

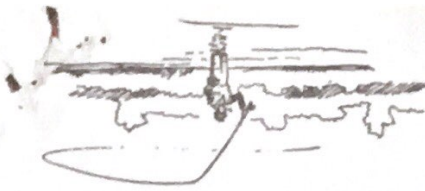
If perusing the contents of this issue has provided you with some enlightenment or entertainment, or both, then this new venture for CFFA will have served a primary purpose. If, however, for some inexplicable reason, you experienced neither, then your sanity prevents you from ever attaining the rank of Fly Fisherman. Being "non compos mentis" is a definite requirement to pursue the ultimate in sport fishing. Just ask any fly fishing widow!!!

Should the reader be a non-member who is encouraged to join CFFA, then another equally important objective of this new venture will have been fulfilled - especially if the reader is situated out of a reasonable commuting radius of our central place of abode.

A portion of the contents of "Lines & Leaders" will appear often enough to be classified as a regular feature (i.e., fly tying, where to go, etc.), authored by a contributing editor. Additional contributions are not only welcomed and encouraged, but are needed. They will appear, if applicable, in a regular feature, or, if more general in content, as special feature. With a membership now climbing toward 300, no logical reason exists for this newsletter to cease publication due to a lack of contributed material. (Potential contributors are referred to the paragraph located at the bottom of the table of contents page.) I'd like to emphasize that the special feature articles and some of the regular features, were authored by members who have never previously contributed to "Lines & Leaders". We welcome them to these pages, and hope that their handiwork will inspire more contributors.

Finally, this newsletter is now brought to you through the efforts of many individuals, and not via an overburdensome task of just a few. May you enjoy reading "Lines & Leaders" as much as we (the staff) enjoy bringing it to you!

Caudal Finis Definition: Flice Fisherman - a fly fisherman who fly fishes through the ice in his rod guides !!



Mr. Ken Parkany
503 Bush Hill Road
Manchester, Conn. 06040

BULK RATE
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CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION, INC.
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MARCH GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING

PROGRAM: Well known fly tier and fisherman Paul Kukonen will present a 15 minute fly tying demonstration and afterwards a self-narrated film.

WHERE: Windsor Federal Savings and Loan Building.

WHEN: Wednesday, March 13, 1974.

TIME: Fly tying-6:45 P.M. featuring Mark Philippe, Myron Schulman, and Rich Colo.

Program-7:30 P.M.

This program will give everyone a chance to see one of the nations great fly tiers and movie makers in action. Come early to get a good seat. The meeting will again be preceded by our own expert tiers demonstrating their skills. A "GRIPPE" session, door prizes, and refreshments will also be included.

