



LINES & LEADERS

NEWSLETTER OF THE CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION

December Meeting –



Subject: Landlocked Salmon and Brook Trout Fishing in Maine

Place: Veterans' Memorial Clubhouse, Sunset Ridge Dr., East Hartford, CT.

When: Wednesday, December 9, 1987

Time: Fly Tying – 7:00 P.M.
Program – 7:30 P.M.

Our speaker will be long time member and Past President Elmer Latham.

Elmer will be presenting a slide show on his fishing trips to Maine.



Life of a Fisherman, cont'd from page 4
clipping and binding in a pocket-size handbook. Charley liked the idea and offered to print the series. As I remember, I had completed two of them, meanwhile awaiting orders to report to the Marine Corps for active duty. I sent a note to Charley explaining that I would try to complete the series. That was all but impossible to do while assorted onlookers wondered just what in hell kind of a Marine would want to paint pictures of bugs and write about them.

I did not complete the series. And it worried me for years.

Charley and I did not meet again until 1974 at the Limestoners Annual Banquet in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where I had been asked to speak on flyrodding in saltwater. Don't think for one moment that Charley had forgotten about the incomplete series! He remembered, all right. And we discussed it after the dinner. Amiably, of course.

Charley Fox is another example of the right man, at the right place, at the right time. And I am sure that many eager writers of that period found him the right man. He was the first to publish me. What he did publish became the beginning of a modest portfolio that has grown a little through the years.

Charley Fox's *The Wonderful World of Trout* stands forth like few other books on the subject, and it will retain its place on the fishing shelf of American literature, to be enjoyed over and over again.

Soon I will be a spinner, and the metamorphosis will be complete. Fly fishing has been my career, deserving of every effort I have put in it. It has taken me away from the madding crowd. Given me the opportunity to meet men who feel the same way I do. Men I otherwise would never have known. Men I learn from by watching them flail away, while I rest a pool. And I smile when I remember arriving too late or leaving too early. Or, too soon from a trout river, striking on sight of the salmon's rise instead of just holding. The blunted and broken-off hook points. The run-out and sometimes jammed backing. Tripping over cannonballs I knew were there but disregarded when chasing a fish upstream or down. And, only because it looked, refusing to accept that a pool was barren.

Most of all, I realize that it is still out there for the taking, if one but tries, and that a lifetime of trying sometimes may not be quite long enough.

Once you have felt it, the pull of the current will never let you go. For fishing comes into your life as a guest, lingers as a host, then stays to enslave you.

"From the Vest of the President"



Boy winter sure came early this year! I haven't had time this fall to do much fishing but I have heard some great things about the Salmon River in

Palaski, New York. Ask Myron Schulman or Mark Philippe about it.

We missed you at the tie-along last month. About thirty-five members and guests ventured out and challenged the elements. Those present seemed to have a good time. As I looked around at one point, everyone was engrossed tying with or watching one of the six instructors.

On Sunday November 15th nine members of the conservation committee worked diligently for four hours constructing superb bridge structures along the Bank Pool Section of the Willi Trout Management area in Nye Holman State Forest. We sincerely appreciate their effort.

This brings me to my message this month. The club needs more active participants. The conservation committee needs people to help in its projects. Their

next outing will be in late winter or early March to cut brush and make a bridge over the ravine next to the Abutment Pool. See you there! George Degen needs people to sell raffle tickets before meetings, to arrange fly tyers for meetings and someone to help gather raffle prizes. Dick Lerch of membership needs help distributing literature to tackle shops and getting out membership applications. Dan Record could use a back-up host for fly tying classes and a refreshment committee for fly fishing classes. Malcolm MacKenzie needs someone to help gather articles for the Newsletter. Jim May needs a member to fill in as coffee maker at meetings when he is unavailable. The banquet committee needs help sending out raffle prize requests, setting up raffle tables and distributing the prizes. Mike Stewart, vice president of activities, needs help planning trips and the Civic Center show. Finally, I need your help to let me know what you think about CFFA and any suggestions you may have. Thank you!

Happy Hatches,
Gary L. Bogli

To Buy a Rod You Must Risk Getting the Shaft

by Gene Haggerty

The Catskill fly fishing center held an auction of antique angling equipment at the Huff House in Roscoe, New York on the evening of September 12, 1987. This event was sponsored by American Sporting Collector, of Amawalk, New York, Allan J. Liu, Proprietor.

An illustrated 13 page 5 1/2" x 8 1/2" catalogue was crammed with 198 listings including sporting art, old lures, flies and equipment, various trips, and personal guide services. The quality of items ranges from a William Mills & Son planetary gear reel that ultimately sold for \$7,000.00 to various "Guess what's in this box?" type items.

Among the more successful purchasers of the evening, that I spoke with, was our own Malcolm MacKenzie. Malcolm was successful bidder on several items, the most interesting was probably a set of 10 Art Flick flies, authenticated with a letter from Mr. Flick to the original owners and a signature card. Bernie Posiask, moving force of the Rainbow Club, secured a Theodore Gordon tied fly. While not the most expensive item of the evening at \$1,900.00, the bidding on that item was the most aggressive and emotional that I noticed.

Several Connecticut residents were

donors/providers to the catalogue. Walt Koda offered his beautiful action wood carvings. They are a multimedia combination involving beautiful visual effects of water and plant life. Don Leighton of Don Mar Studios, justifiably famous for his impressive custom fly mountings, offered a full sheet size mounting of the buyers artwork and flies.

An auction is Capitalism paramount. It is naked aggressive greed orchestrated. An auctioneer, already in possession of a bona fide offer, will continue to canvas a hungry and acquisitive mob in search of higher and higher bids—his job. The duty of each member of the audience is to insure that if they cannot have possession, at least they can insure whomever takes "their" treasure will pay the highest possible price.

If, during spirited bidding, you querulously scratch your head while pondering the real depth of your desire for the item, it may be a self-solving problem—you will probably own it. The same technique applies if you injudiciously attempt to get your friend's attention across the room by waving your catalogue at him. It would seem the best rule is only buy those things you are aware of bidding on. The other rule is try very hard not to bid against yourself. Violators of both these conventions were abundant.

Reflections on the Life of a Fisherman—Part II

By J. Edson Leonard

To those of you that missed the opportunity to hear Mr. Leonard at our October Meeting, and to those of us that would like to muse over his reflections, Mr. Leonard has graciously allowed Lines & Leaders to reprint his talk. It is in two parts, the first of which was in our November issue and the second here.

Soon I thought I had emerged and was ready to take on the wings of the dun. I could cast pretty well, had learned to switch a loop on the forward cast, and how to avoid drag, even had begun to fumble with mending a cast. But if I were a dun, my wings wings were all too floppy. Meeting Nev Learn by chance proved that.

Nev may not have been famous. But he certainly was notorious for his well-punctuated, carefully emphasized 8-syllable cuss words. His purple vocabulary could curl and burn a shingle at 50 paces.

We first met on the Wapwallopen, a big creek known for its salmon-size brown trout. I heard him curling and burning shingles before I saw him. His reel had slipped from its seat just as he hooked a huge trout. Flailing the air in his attempts to hold onto the trout, and recover the line peeling from his reel, he seemed to have three hands. One for reaching toward the stripping guide. Another for holding the rod over his head. Yet, another for stuffing between his teeth the line he somehow managed to gather.

In time he brought the trout to the net and tossed it and the net to the thick grass fringing the bank.

Still sputtering and jerking his head up and down like a chicken pecking corn, he began to simmer a bit. I approached with trepidation.

"Don't step on that line," he bawled. "Besides, there's one hell of a big trout just six feet back of that flat rock." Then we both heard and saw the boil, as the trout sucked down a Cahill.

"Well don't just stand there," he blurted. "Get your tail over there where I told ya, and have at it."

I tried to perform. This was a chance to show what I could do with fly and rod. But as luck would have it, the fore cast was weak, the line jack-knifed, and the

cast went askew. The trout missed the fly. I missed the trout, slipped, and nearly fell headlong into the creek.

From that time on, I began to emerge. Nev took me under his wing, showing me how to push the rod on the fore cast, to get the most out of it. "It makes no difference whether you tie on a Cahill, a gold watch, or a pork chop," he said. "You can't catch trout if you don't cast where you're looking."

For all of his advice, of which he had an abundance, Nev was always right. And he had the uncanny way of thinking like a trout and making trout believe it. Like how to fish in the surface film with a wet fly made to float with just a bit of mucilin. And how to singe the hackle from the underside of a fly to let the fly rest "just on top." "Let the little ones chase the high floaters," he would say. "The big ones like a fly in the surface." And that was years before fishing the surface film had been written about.

Highly touted volumes have been written on the clipped hackle and the no-hackle dry fly. When I read them, I think of Nev and his cigarette glowing like a spark in the dusk when he singed the hackles from the bottom of a Cahill or a Professor, his favorite pattern. Needless to say, I still alter my own dry flies with scissors, after more than 50 years.

I have yet to hear the parallel to Nev's postulate that a trout feeds to its own rhythm. "When there's a hatch," he would say, "and you see a good trout rising, time his rise by counting, and false cast in time with it. Then, just before he's due to come up again, drop your fly a little upstream of his nose." How many times I have seen that work!

What a book Nev could have written, had he been so disposed. Of course, any editor would have to blue pencil much of his purple copy. Yet, even what was left would have been the makings of a best seller.

No, Nev was not famous. Like many others he would have been, but for the right place, at the right time. For he was the right man. An entire book could be written about the man and his Model T Ford that knew every path leading to a trout stream within 50 miles of his house. He treated that Ford as if it were a burro. Talked to it. Nurtured it. Cussed it when it showed it had a mind of its own. And the Ford was usually obedient. Once it was stuck nearly axle deep near the Loyalsock. Working the three pedals like the pedals on a pipe organ, and talking to

the Ford in words only the Ford understood, Nev see-sawed the old machine to clear ground in short order. "I'll drive this fool car all the way to the gates of Heaven," he chuckled. "Maybe for my cussin' I won't get in. But if the fishin' isn't good there, I'll turn around and come back anyhow."

Doubtless, he made it safely. And when Nev approached that last check point, I'm sure the Great Warden smiled kindly and let him pass through, to that very special place reserved for very special fishermen....Like Nev.

Nev, too, was the right man, at the right place, at the right time.

Years later I met another fly fisher who had a large part to play in my own metamorphosis. Hal Gibbs was to the saltwater fly fisherman what Theodore Gordon was to the trout fisherman, and to those who knew him well, a legend in his own right. Hal had been responsive to my query about his choice of striper flies when FLIES was in the writing in 1947. His "Striper" pattern has held its rightful place as a classic for decades.

But we did not meet until nearly 20 years later. I had taken the Red-eye special from Los Angeles and was knocking on his door in Warren, R.I. the next morning. Hal knew I would be there.

There were quick footsteps. The door opened. And there stood Hal Gibbs—slightly bent, thin, little, eyeing me from under the square magnifying glasses he had flipped up under the green sunshade strapped loosely to his head. Despite his nearly 80 years, there was a crispness about the man, a lingering youthfulness that came from his many years in the outdoors.

"Come in, come in," he said. "So glad to meet you at last. Just don't mind the house. I'm whittlin' birds for Orvis."

Knee boots scissored from an old pair of waders stood inside the kitchen door. A fly box on a window sill lay open to the sun. A long-billed fishing cap hung from a door knob. Fish and bird prints were everywhere. And the book cases were packed with what Hal called his "Fishing papers"—the works of fishing writers, gratifyingly, even my own.

He handed me a magnificent miniature of a cock grouse. And while I studied it, I felt his eyes measuring me from head to foot. I knew that here was a man who either liked you from the first or never would. Strange that most fishers

Cont'd on page 4

and hunters are that way! There must be a reason...probably the same reason that Hal Gibbs would never be seen twice with a man he did not like.

Unfortunately we fished together only a few seasons before he waded over to the other shore. But during those seasons Hal showed me what to put into a striper fly to make it worth a damn and where to expect the schools to run.

In some respects Hal was a curmudgeon. His humor could have come out of Mark Twain. Yet he really was a gentle person, a very private person, and he never asked for quarter, although he would give it, if deserving. That is, until the subject of conservation came up. Then Hal would puff up to twice his size and say:

"A man who wants to teach his boy how to fish—and catch a few, himself, in the process—doesn't pull much weight against industry and municipalities that just can't afford to stop their pollution. And if the Federal Government steps in, you'll probably end up with the Corps of Engineers, or some such. I've battled that crowd for years—officially and privately. All they want to do is dredge a bay or a river or build a bunch of dams that nobody wants. I learned fast: They don't know as much about ecology as a woodpecker does about algebra."

Hal had been the Director of Fish and Game for the State of Rhode Island for many years and probably was one of the very few lacking formal education ever to attain such directorship of any state. Small in stature only, and despite his lack of university degrees, Hal Gibbs stood singularly tall in the halls of academe. His influences on fish culture and conservation, alike, were nationally known. The knowledge he had so painstakingly gained from the hard seat of a skiff and from the little laboratory he had built on the Palmer River, a stone's throw from his home, was sought by both Federal Committees and the Fish Commissions of many states. He was among the first, if not the very first, to introduce western salmon into New England.

Hal was a scrupulous keeper of his exploits as a fisherman from Alaska to Labrador. And I often thought he had notions about doing a book about them. After his death I was privileged to go through his records. The phrases and sentences would make a publisher want for more. For their accuracy is so pleasing to the naturalist, a rare delight in factual observation, the words sparkling.

He did not record that he saw birds in the grass or on a pond. Instead he saw 14 sandpipers on stilted legs scurrying

along the shore. Or a bald Eagle in Alaska perched nobly atop a stunted spruce rooted on a cliff edge. Or two whistling swans and their half-grown cygnets creasing the surface of the glass-faced lake.

Hal truly was the naturalist's naturalist, yet a romanticist, like so many other fishermen are but may not know it. To Hal Gibbs the outdoors was more than a bucolic retreat; it was his cathedral. As he once said: "The best psychiatrist's couch is the sun-warmed moss of a river bank. If only more people would learn that, the definers of the human emotion would have to close up shop. For the man who fishes catches more than just fish. He comes to accept the weed, the rock, sometimes the very nothing he snags as much a part of the game as the fish he sometimes hooks."

What a loss that Hal Gibbs never wrote a book. Only a few—and I include myself—have mentioned him in their writings. Would that I could have known him long before the winter of his time.

There were others who appeared at the right place, at the right time. There was Ira, the old eastern shore waterman who fished for "rock"—the eastern shore term for the striped bass—and for clams from his little white skiff powered by a hardware-store Briggs and Stratton. Ira kept that skiff cleaner than he did himself.

Again, our meeting was by chance. I had been wading near the mouth of one of the many serpentine "creeks," as they call them on the shore, that sooner or later find their way to the Chesapeake. Some of those creeks have been known far and wide for their striped bass and spotted trout that the fisher weighs instead of measures. From his skiff Ira had watched me struggle with a good spotted trout, and after I had bagged it, he offered to take me to a better place so he could watch me switch that "skinny stick" I was fishing with.

Luck was with us. A striper with a tail as big as a broom took the big streamer with a God-awful thump, and for all of 40 minutes put on a show that had Ira bug-eyed and me on the edge of a fit. I still have the scar in the palm of my left hand from the deep cut made by the backing, when the striper peeled the last of it from the old Medalist. The backing had snapped at the hub, and the last we saw of it was the final few feet trailing the striper like a broken kite string.

Ira's cure for the cut in my palm was a dousing with the brownest whiskey from a strange looking bottle with a mimeographed label that I ever saw. It must have done some good, because it burned

the cut. And it burned my esophagus.

Ira was a sort of outlaw, quite like certain watermen of the eastern shore of Maryland and the Catty-rackers of New Jersey. His poaching was almost forgivable. True, he would keep a striper of more than 15 pounds, then the Maryland limit, because in Virginia, hardly more than a rifle shot away, the 15-pound limit did not exist. Then, the difference between legal and illegal was a theoretical, geographical hairline between the two states. But the ducks he shot out of season were another story. Several times I saw hanging from a post near his house, wild ducks "curin" as he said, long after the legal season. But there comes a time in every man's life when he looks the other way. And, whenever I visited Ira, that's exactly what I did. Look the other way.

What really was so memorable about Ira—other than his being responsible for my hooking the biggest striped bass I'll probably ever hook, on a flyrod or anything else, was his life style.

Ira could hardly read or write, and he lived as he chose, doubtless like his father before him, and likely like his grandfather. His life was simple, indeed, yet gut satisfying, for he lived far from the madding crowd. He took some time from his fishing and crabbing to grow a few tomatoes and some rows of corn. He even painted his little house once in a while, but never until he had first painted his skiff.

There were times when I may have envied him.

Sooner or later, writing becomes a natural part of the flyfisher's metamorphosis, a part of his career most often indulged in during the spinner phase. It seems there is always something to say that no one has yet written about. But why one would turn to writing is a moot question. Nick Lyons, in an issue of *Fly Fisherman* wrote that Sparse Gray Hackle once had calculated that an outdoor writer earns 10 cents an hour. That's quite generous. My calculations come to 7 cents, not 10. Of course, I knew of no such compensation when I began with the typewriter and drawing table.

In 1938, I sent a manuscript and supporting illustrations to Charles K. Fox, then editor of the *Pennsylvania Angler*. He accepted the piece and expressed interest in my submitting others, which I did. I was elated! I had arrived!

Later, I had the idea of doing a series on the emergence of Pennsylvania stream insects—the series to be margined for

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2	1-15-88	Streamers: Black Ghost and Black Marabou
3	1-22-88	Wet Flies: G.R. Hare's Ear and Dark Cahill
4	1-29-88	Nymphs: Scraggley and Dark Stenonema
5	2-5-88	Dry Flies: Adams and Light Cahill
6	2-26-88	Panfish Flies: Bass and Bluegill Attractors

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For additional information contact Larry Johnson, V.P. Promotion, 60 Willard Street, Hartford, CT 06105. Phone (203) 246-0728.

RENEWAL TIME!!!

You should have received your renewal form in the mail. Please fill out and return the form with your dues payment as soon as possible. If you delay and we are forced to send a second reminder, it costs the Club about 50c each time. Let's put this money to better use.

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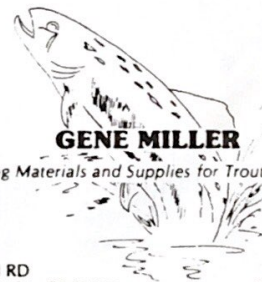


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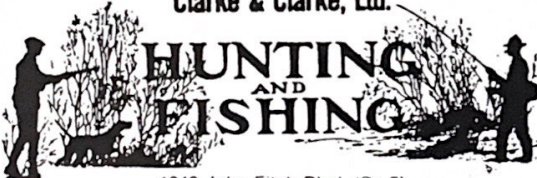
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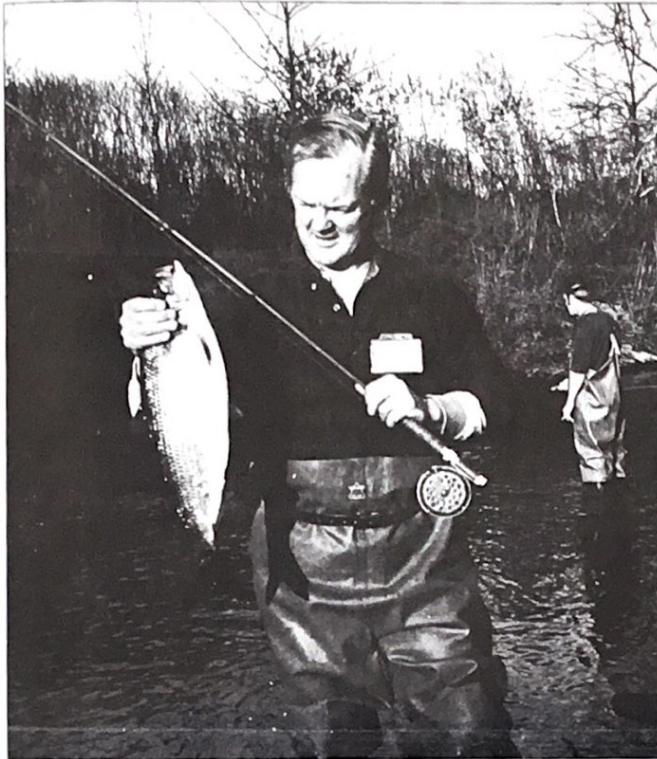
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Jack is one of fishing's finest, and CFFA's Banquet Speaker



Good catch: Jack Fallon pulls in a shad in Norwell, Mass. Fallon began fishing as a youngster on the Merrimack River

Lawrence's Jack Fallon one of greatest anglers

By Roger Aziz
Eagle-Tribune Outdoors Writer

When Jack Fallon entered the world of fishing, he did it the hard way. On his own.

Fallon was not born into a fishing family. He is the son of former Lawrence Alderman of Public Property and Parks, John Fallon, who also owned and operated Fallon's Diner on Lawrence Street by the Spicket River.

The elder Fallon was often busy working in his diner or attending to city duties. So Jack joined some of his youthful friends, and learned the rudiments of fishing in one of the roughest fishing areas of the time—the Merrimack River. The river coursed through Lawrence like an open sewer.

The days of catching kivers with his pals Tom Muldoon, Bob Gibbons and Dick Parthenais in the sewage outlet at the end of Strathmore Road are not forgotten by Fallon. And although he has fished Africa, Ireland, the Florida Keys, Bermuda, and Alaska and Quebec, memories of fishing the Merrimack are still dear to his heart.

Actually, Jack Fallon speaks as energetically about the day he and his friends discovered that they could catch carp at the intake of the municipal water treatment plant on Water Street, as he does of his exploits abroad.

And it was not very long before the youthful Fallon found the ocean at the mouth of the Merrimack River. His transition from fresh to saltwater fishing was as smooth as the flow of the river itself. Today, Fallon is considered one of the most expert surf fishermen in New England.

Although he now lives in Chelmsford, the 62-year-old Fallon is an energetic and interesting former Lawrencean, who has

“The next time you pick up a slick magazine and see the byline Jack Fallon, remember, he is a fine product of Lawrence and proud of it.”

never forgotten his proud Irish roots.

He received his grammar school education in Lawrence, before attending Phillips Academy in Andover. After graduation in 1943, he spent a year in the Army Air Corps. During this period, he was appointed to Annapolis Naval Academy by then Lawrence Congressman Tommy Lane. He graduated from Annapolis after a three-year accelerated course with a bachelor of science degree in engineering.

Several years after the Navy, he met his wife Margaret at the Club Casino at Hampton Beach, N.H. This happy union provided Jack with three sons and three daughters.

Jack's love of fishing and writing have also been a happy marriage of sorts. When he returned from the Navy after the war, he attended Boston University where he earned a Master's Degree in English. However, soon after he graduated from B.U. he was recalled by the Navy at the outset of the Korean War.

It was during the year that he served in the Navy during the Korean War that he decided to combine his fishing skills with his writing.

His first article on fishing was for a publication that went out of business before he could ever cash the check. He wrote about landlocked salmon fishing in the Winnepesaukee River in Laconia, N.H.

Since that time many years ago, Jack Fallon has continued to leave his mark in the sporting world of fishing. He has written two books: "Teaching Your Children to Fish" in 1978, and "All About Surf Fishing" in 1977.

He has also written for Gray's Sporting Journal, Saltwater Sportsman, The Atlantic Salmon Journal, Sports Afield, Outdoor Life, Field and Stream, The Fisherman, and Massachusetts Out of Doors.

Through the years he has received many awards. He was the recipient of the Safari Club International Conservation Fund, Arthur Sullivan Award. An award presented not for but one deed, but for a total, sustained commitment to all aspects of the outdoors.

He was twice awarded "The Best Article of the Year" award by the New England Outdoor Writers Association, and the Ted Williams Award presented by the Mirimachi Salmon Federation.

Despite these renowned awards, his Lawrence roots are deep. Fallon still speaks about the Perkins Prize, his first writing award he received during a year he spent at Lawrence High School.

And he points with pride to his early years at the Y.M.C.A., where he was a member of a swimming team coached by Charlie Rappaport. He won a city swimming championship at the Allicon pool, was captain of the Andover swimming team, and finally, captain of the Anna-

“And it was not very long before the youthful Fallon found the ocean at the mouth of the Merrimack River. His transition from fresh to saltwater fishing was as smooth as the flow of the river itself.”

pollis water polo team. The next time you pick up a slick magazine and see the byline Jack Fallon, remember, he is a fine product of Lawrence and proud of it.

DON'T MISS THIS ONE

CFFA 18th Annual Banquet Feb. 6th, 1988

The banquet will be held at the Sphinx Temple (next to the Grant Moor) on the Berlin Turnpike in Newington. Directions and a map will be printed in the January and February newsletters. Your choice of dinners this year will be baked stuffed shrimp or roast prime rib of beef. Included with the meal will be fruit cup, salad, baked potato, vegetable, rolls and butter, coffee or tea and dessert.

Your Banquet Committee has worked hard to provide you with an enjoyable evening, and we have been able to do this for \$20.00 per person. We will also be holding our conservation drawing that evening.

Fill out the reservation form and mail it as soon as possible. Your Banquet Committee and Board of Directors are looking forward to seeing each and every one of you there.

Anyone wishing to donate prizes for our drawing may contact Elmer Latham at 742-6584 or Dick Smoragiewicz at 569-0364. All prizes will be greatly appreciated, and all donations will be acknowledged in "Lines and Leaders."

Dinner Reservation

Date _____

I will require reservation for _____ persons at \$20.00 per person.

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Mail reservation form to:

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Home Phone _____

Zip _____

_____ Baked Stuffed Shrimp

_____ Prime Ribs of Beef

Mail your reservation now – Phone reservations will not be accepted. – We must have your reservations by January 31, 1987 – Tickets will not be available at the door.

1987-8 Board of Directors

	<i>President</i> Gary Bogli	
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		<i>Program</i> George Degen

Mark Your Calendar

Dates for 1988 CFFA Schools

NOTE: All classes meet at the Veterans' Memorial Clubhouse, except those noted by an asterisk (*).

FLY TYING SCHOOL:

January, 1988
8
15
22
29
February, 1988
5
26

FLY FISHING SCHOOL:

March, 1988
4
11
18
April, 1988
*9 (Casting Instructions)
May, 1988
*Date to be Determined (Fishing A Stream)

CFFA BANQUET – Feb. 6th, 1988

The Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association, Inc. is organized "To Preserve and Promote the Pleasures and Tradition of Fly Fishing and to Conserve Game-Fish Waters." CFFA membership meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month, September through May. Meetings are held at the Veterans' Memorial Clubhouse, Sunset Ridge Dr., East Hartford, CT.

"Lines and Leaders" is the official publication of the Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association, Inc. and is distributed to its membership and allies of conservation. Business card ads may be placed at a cost of \$5 per ad or \$40 for 9 months. CFFA members may place for-sale or want ads of a non-commercial nature without charge. Newsletter correspondence should be sent to Malcolm MacKenzie, P.O. Box 7330, Bloomfield, CT 06002.

Change of address notices and other correspondence should be sent to CFFA, P.O. Box 18268, Silver Lane, East Hartford, CT 06118.

Copy deadline: second Wednesday of month previous to publication.

Please remember those Diaries for the Willimantic River.



Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association, Inc.
P.O. Box 18268, Silver Lane
East Hartford, CT 06118

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