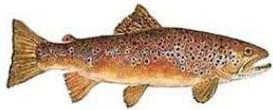




# LINES & LEADERS



*The Newsletter of the Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Association*



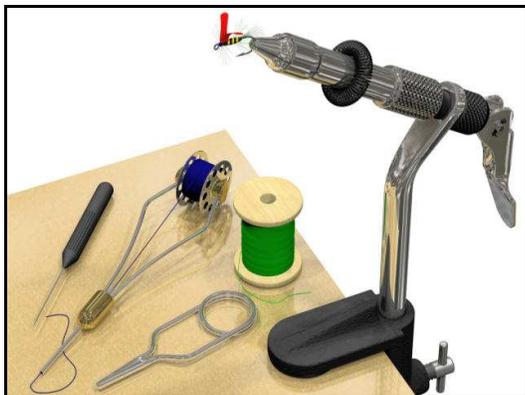
Volume 35 No. 8

*Organized "To Preserve and Promote the Pleasures and Traditions of Fly Fishing and to Conserve Game-Fish Waters."*

April 2007

## APRIL MEETING

### *Our Annual Fly Tyers Roundtable*



- John Marona**
- Paul Rossman**
- Jack Smola**
- John Walker**
- Mary Edwards**
- Bruce Marino**
- Bill Keaster**
- Phil McCormick**
- Ted Rzepski**
- Gary Bogli**
- Dick Wemmel**
- Mike Stewart**

**PLACE:** Veteran's Memorial Clubhouse, 100  
Sunset Ridge, East Hartford, CT

**DATE:** Wednesday, April 11<sup>th</sup>, 2007

**TIME:** Fly Tying, Tackle Swap, Raffle:  
7:00 - 7:30 PM  
Program: 8:00 - 9:00 PM



## FROM THE VEST OF THE PRESIDENT

It's my favorite meeting of the year, and it's finally here! April is our flytyer's roundtable. Many tiers from around the area come by and show off their talents. You won't want to miss this month's meeting.

Many people commented about Walter Landgraf's presentation. He did a wonderful job and everyone that I talked to that attended walked away very pleased and informed. Many thanks to Walter. Thanks also to Bill Hyatt the inland fisheries director for taking the time to come by and discuss the marine fisheries license. We discussed our concerns and Bill answered many of my questions about the new proposal.

Thanks to Jen Casali for the wonderful cakes she baked for us to enjoy during our coffee break.

The Hartford hunting and fishing show was in their new location this year. I want to thank everyone that helped out at our booth. The new convention center is beautiful and the show is always fun. There was a problem with the parking rates but, Kristie has assured me in a letter that they are working on an exhibitor rate for the day to park in the convention center garage.

I got to spend a little time with Bob Clouser, he is an amazing flytyer and later in the day he gave a demonstration on tying some of his patterns. Don O'Neil and I watched intently and I know I learned a few tips and tricks about tying Clouser Minnows. I also learned that he epoxies the head and barbell eyes now to make them more durable.

I know it's kind of early but mark your calendars anyway. We have booked MaNeeley's for February 9<sup>th</sup> 2008 for our annual expo and banquet.

*(See VEST – Continued on Page 5)*

# CFFA CLUB NEWS

## CFFA NEW MEMBERS

The list keeps growing! CFFA would like to welcome the following new members:

- ★ **RUSS ANGERS** – Tolland ★
- ★ **MATT DELORENZO** – Southington ★
- ★ **TOM DELRENZO** – Southington ★
- ★ **NAN DELORENZO** – Southington ★
- ★ **STEVE BARRETT** – East Windsor ★
- ★ **TODD MILLER** – East Hartford ★
- ★ **MARK ROY** – Enfield ★

We welcome all of you to CFFA! You are encouraged to participate in all the activities CFFA has to offer.

## LARGE ESTATE OF FLY - TYING MATERIALS FOR SALE AT NEXT MEMBER'S MEETING

Many of you will remember Stan Fudala from the 2007 CFFA Expo this year. He was selling fly tying materials and many of you have already purchased them. Well, he has lots of fly tying materials left over. Stan will be at the next member's meeting selling more of what he has.

These materials are from a good friend, Hank Norridge, who tied flies for over 40 years.

## 2008 BANQUET DATE SET

We all had such a good time at the banquet last month, and Maneeley's did such a great job, we decided to book early this year. We have set a date for February 9, 2008. Mark your calendars now!

## ON THE RIVER

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## COMING EVENTS

<b>Next Board Meeting</b>	Apr 4th
<b>Next Membership Meeting</b>	Apr 11th

### CFFA CLASSES/EVENTS - Dates

<b>2007 Freshwater Fly-Fishing School</b>	3/1, 3/8, 3/15, 3/22, 4/7, 4/21
<b>2007 Saltwater Fly-Fishing School</b>	3/1, 3/8, 3/15, 3/22/ April*. May*
<b>2007 Cape Cod Fishing Trips:</b>	
<b>First trip:</b>	June 1, 2
<b>Second trip:</b>	June 8, 9

\*Weather Permitting

## BELIEVEABLE (OR UNBELIEVABLE) FISH TALES

By Dave Casali

*We were vacationing in Sanibel Florida one year and the fishing from the shore was slow. So my son Mark and I decided to rent a two man kayak to get out further down the canals and hit the areas up close to the mangroves.*

*We paddled down the canals and Mark fly fished some of his own flies that he made the night before, and I was using a spinning rod with metal lures. (I can hear some of you already, "but it's a SIN TO SPIN", but it gets a bit tight on a kayak with two fly fishermen so a spinning rod is what I used).*

*After paddling for miles around the canals and hundreds of casts later....NOTHING! What is the official word?... "SKUNKED", I believe. We were disappointed with the day and our efforts, but hey, this is part of fishing and you have to expect times like this.*

*So we put our rods to the side and got into a comfortable position for a paddling workout for the trip home. Mark's rob broke down into a nice and tidy 3 piece package that didn't take up much room. My spinning rod was another story. I just found a place for it off to the side, all rigged, and didn't bother breaking it down. The metal lure dangled about 4" below the rod tip and the hook would occasionally enter the water depending upon the attitude of the kayak as we paddled.*

*After about 10 minutes on the return trip home, I saw it all happen in front of me.*

*A juvenile SNOOK, (about 8"), had leapt out of the water to attack my metal lure which was dangling in the air!!! He hooked himself on the treble hook and hung there on my rod in front of my disbelieving eyes. I signaled to Mark in the bow and we both had a well deserved laugh.*

*Can you believe this story?*

NOTE: Send in your UNBELIEVABLE FISH TALES to the editors, Dave & Mark Casali at [dcasali5@cox.net](mailto:dcasali5@cox.net). THANKS!

# *JOURNEYS: On Opening Day, a Stream of Memories*

*By the late Ernest Schwiebert*



OPENING Day is a votive act. Unlike the minister's sons in "A River Runs Through It," who believed Christ's disciples were fly fishermen at Galilee and that John must have been a dry-fly fisherman because he was the favorite, we did not think of fly-fishing as religion in our family. But it was very close.

Before great throngs of people were enticed to fly-fishing by that 1992 film, the sport was more like the cloistered rites of some medieval guild. Opening Day of trout season confirmed the ebbing of winter, and its April rituals often seemed a bit like Christmas morning.

People who enjoyed fly-fishing were of the introspective sort, comfortable in their own company, and revered its solitudes. The crosiers and thuribles of their worship were split-cane rods, and reels of precision and elegance, bearing only the tiny hallmarks of their makers. (Garish trademarks emblazoned on fishing tackle still lay in the future.) Our tapered silk lines required drying overnight and we dressed them at breakfast, using tins of red stag fat from Scotland.

Terminal tackle was Spanish silkworm gut, with the breaking strain of a cobweb in its thinnest diameters. Dry gut was brittle and frail, and required careful wetting between felt pads moistened with glycerine and distilled water. Fishing vests and bug spray did not exist. Old-timers used citronella, and even memories of its smell evoke a thousand echoes. British fly boxes had transparent spring-loaded lids on each compartment, and clips for wet flies, filled with the magic of artisans who worked in fur, feathers and steel.

There were English pipes and the smell of expensive tobacco, and the anglers we knew were knowledgeable about wines and spirits, and the pleasures of good cookery.

Most wore rumpled jackets of worn barleycorn Shetland, frayed herringbones from the Cheviot Hills and subtle tweeds from the thatch-roofed crofter's cottages of Connemara, Ireland. Many insisted on wearing neckties, because trout were gentlemen, and one dressed like a gentleman to enjoy the privilege of fishing.

Thinking back across more than 60 years of sport, I remember a cornucopia of rivers at the eve of Opening Day. Most involve anglers no longer with us, and the ranks are getting thin. My good friend of 50 years, James Cornwall Rikhoff, never begins a fishing trip without raising an old infantryman's glass in salute to our departed colleagues.

"Absent comrades," he nods.

We withdrew to the Hotel Cambridge in New York, another pillared monument, which proclaims itself the birthplace of "pie à la mode." Freezing rain arrived at midnight, and the corridor of trees along the Battenkill was sheathed in a glittering breakfast chrysalis of ice.

Many old-time fishing inns have been lost to fire or have been reduced to hollow-eyed derelicts, but I enjoy happy memories of many of them. Henryville House, on the Broadhead in eastern Pennsylvania, is merely an abandoned shell today. Its fishing heritage began shortly after the War of 1812. I can remember its boisterous celebrations on Opening Eve, with James Rikhoff, Ed Zern, Arnold Gingrich, John Groth, Richard Wolters, Gene Adkins Hill, Art Smith and John W. Randolph, who wrote the Wood, Field and Stream column for The New York Times.

Arthur Flick operated one of the best fishing inns in the Catskills and was among the finest flymakers of the Catskill School. Rikhoff, Wolters, Hill and I once traveled to his West Kill Tavern to celebrate Opening Day, and found brittle windowpanes of ice in the shallows of the Schoharie. We stopped at Lexington with little to show for our efforts. The old inn seemed empty. Rikhoff struck the reception bell sharply, until the innkeeper came shuffling out.

"Been fishing?" he groaned. "You been out in this weather?"

"Irish coffee!" Rikhoff sighed.

"Right!" the man nodded. "Only intelligent thing I've heard all morning."

MY mother's people were frontier ranchers, and I have a scrapbook of Opening Day memories from Colorado. There was one at the Frontier Lodge in Basalt, near the Seven Castles reach of the Frying Pan. The last time I stopped there was on Valentine's Day, several years ago, and the dining room was filled with celebrating couples. I was thinking about dessert when a shot was fired, there was a soap-opera scream and the spent bullet ricocheted off the wall, before dribbling across the floor. One of the patrons had shot his girlfriend and we were held as material witnesses until after midnight.

"Colorful night," the barkeep said.

**(JOURNEYS, Continued from page 4)**

"Got that right," I nodded. "Guess the Old West still dies pretty hard."

Weather still plagues our celebrations of Opening Day, and this year we have suffered an old-fashioned New York winter for a change. There is plenty of snow in the Sourland Hills of New Jersey, and it almost seems pointless to think of fishing.

The past urgencies of Opening Day have ebbed in recent seasons, given the fact that some tailwater fisheries and no-kill areas stay open throughout the year. Opening Day has surrendered the wild excitement it once embodied, just as the urgencies of Christmas seem diminished unless there are grandchildren in the house.

There is still plenty of snow on the steep hillsides, and few signs of spring are visible in the gray-trunked oaks and beeches. Yelping geese are traveling north over the house at nightfall. Wintry creeks still trickle, as opaque as Chinese ink, between melting cornices and runnels of ice, but I have seen freshly hatched *Allocaenia* stoneflies and tiny *Chimarra* sedges in recent days. The secrets of the coming season are clearly stirring in the bottom cobble.

I may succumb to fishing on Opening Day merely to make the pilgrimage and perform its old rituals. Mine involve a century-old artifact crafted by the rodmaker F. E. Thomas after he left the workshop of H. L. Leonard. Thomas had not enjoyed his exile at Central Valley, hated the cacophonies of Manhattan, and returned to work beside the Penobscot River in Maine.

The rod is surprisingly delicate for its time, and takes a supple three-weight line of Kingfisher silk. It remains in mint condition, although I worry about dry seams of century-old sturgeon bladder glue. I only fish this artifact of history on Opening Day, and it is quickly returned to its poplin bag and case once I have released the first trout of the season.

My favorite rivers are increasingly peopled with ghosts, and I will not risk the rod to foul weather. Opening Day is more pilgrimage than fishing. It might prove a time to put a piece of seasoned hardwood on the fire, pour three fingers of honest potstill whiskey, and raise a glass to absent comrades. I miss their company and fish with them often in my mind.

*(Taken from the Sportman's Club Bulletin, March 2007)*

**VEST OF THE PRESIDENT (Continued from page 1)**

The Roscoe trip in June is full; we are all looking forward to having a great time at the Baxter House. Ken and Michelle have always supported our club and they are two of the nicest people that I know.

The fly-fishing classes are going well, Gary, Ted, and staff are doing another super job as they always do. The students are learning all that they can take in and they are taking lots of notes. As always the classes are informative and the students are eager to learn. Nice job to everyone involved.

Getting back to the March meeting, notice how I skip around? I was very pleased with the attendance. I still can't believe the attendance month after month. I am glad that members are getting more and more involved and it's like I tell all of you, it's your club not mine and your involvement and attendance are what make the CFFA successful. It makes me proud and honored to be president of such a great organization, thank you all of you many times over for your participation. You are all appreciated very much. Phil said that he counted 100 people before he headed back to the coat room to take renewals and memberships, he also said that more people came in after his count. Ted estimated around 150 that's outstanding!

Our webmaster Nils is spearheading a fly drive to benefit casting for recovery. For those of you that don't know what casting for recovery is it's a group of women that through their ordeal and battles with breast cancer find companionship and support through fly-fishing. It's a wonderful organization and a very worthy cause. We are all tying flies to donate to their cause. We are mostly tying dry flies, nymphs and streamers and I have issued a challenge to all of our tying members to tie and donate at least 6 flies each. You can give them to Nils at the meeting and he will do the rest. I'm sure all of you tiers will come through for this great cause.

Please remember our sponsors, they are good to us so please be good to them by patronizing their business. We have some of the best guides in the area and many of them are CFFA members please remember to book a guided trip with one of them, you won't be sorry.

I have asked John Springer to bring some of his young tiers to our meeting in April to tie. These young people are from the American School for the Deaf where John and his staff volunteer their time to teach fly-tying. Make it a point to stop by their table and say hello. These kids are in a word, amazing. Thanks to John and staff for spending your valuable time with these young tiers.

Bob Winot has DVD's in our library that you can borrow. We ask for a \$5.00 donation to help fund the library and assist with our conservation efforts. Your generosity is appreciated.

I'll see all of you at the meeting, bring a friend: Tight Lines,

*John*



## *The \$2,000.00 Adams*

*By Gil Padovani*



When I decided to try my hand at fly tying, several years ago, I had no idea whatsoever of what I was getting into. I started with a simple instruction book, a Thompson' A' vise, some basic tools and enough feathers, hooks and fur to tie some twenty-five, size ten, light Cahills.

It soon became apparent to me, that if I were to be successful in my endeavor, I would have to add a few new items to my meager collection. Naturally, this led me to buy some new books, a few extra tools, a couple of grade B necks, three dozen different size dry fly hooks and two small bags of gray and ginger dubbing fur.

As any sympathetic fly tier would compassionately understand, I soon found out that these were not enough. After all, how could I tie a Royal Coachman without peacock herl or a weighted nymph without fuse wire?

The answer obviously lay in: First making a list of all the paraphernalia needed to tie every dry, wet, nymph and streamer fly known to man (from size 2 to 22, of course) and second, transferring the savings I had set aside for my son's college education, to the accounts of most of the country's leading suppliers of fly tying material.

Unfortunately, this idea did not go over too well with my wife, who, as anyone will readily realize, is not sympathetic to fly tying as you or I may be. The obvious alternative therefore, was for me to sneakily charge these just needs to my VISA and Mastercard cards and have the suppliers ship them directly to my secretary's home address.

Having pulled this coup successfully, I found myself confronted by a new dilemma: Lack of space. I surveyed the situation very carefully and soon deduced that it would psychologically be in my two sons' best interest, if they shared one bedroom instead of their having separate ones.

That evening, at the dinner table, I casually mentioned reading an American Medical Association report exulting the benefits of siblings being able to communicate freely from one bed to another. "We could also buy another color TV set and put it in their room..." I quickly added, when I saw the frown in everyone's face.

That did it. My wife saw herself, undisturbed, watching soap operas in the family room. The boys saw themselves undisturbed, watching the ball games in their bedroom, and I, of course, saw myself undisturbed, tying millions of flies in my brand new hobby room!

Three days and a brand new 21" Sony color set later, the move was completed; I finally had my own fly tying room.

It was then that I realized I had overlooked something minor... like a chair to sit on, a bench for my vise, shelving for the books and other incidental needs. Obviously, something had to be done quickly to remedy this awkward situation. The following day, I stopped at the local unpainted furniture store and bought a desk, chair, three bookcases and a large storage cabinet. Next, I went to the local

department store and purchased three cork bulletin boards, a high intensity lamp, some magnets, a wastebasket and a few other desperately needed items.

Within two weeks, my fly tying room was completed. The furniture, now stained a light maple, was in its proper place. The books, in the bookcases, were filed in categorical order. Materials and tools were stored systematically in the desk drawers on the file cabinet. Everything was just perfect!!

That evening, to my utmost satisfaction, I tied a gorgeous, size 14 Adams which was reminiscent of the first dry fly I had bought for seventy five cents. I closed my eyes and, in my head, I added all the money I had spent so far just for this beautiful fly. I nearly had a heart attack when I figured that, this Adams had cost me almost two thousand dollars!

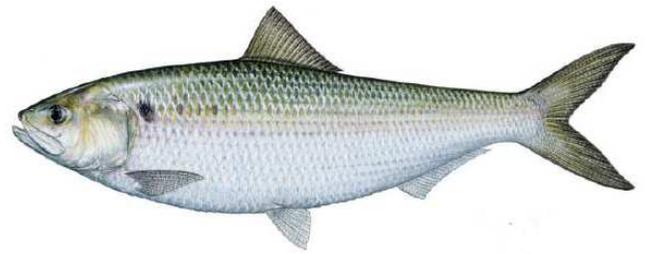
The following day, I went to a favorite trout stream, tied my brand new Adams to 6X tippet and cast it as gently as I could, to rising trout on the opposite bank. Needless to say, the fly got snagged on an overhead branch that was totally out of reach. I pulled on the line, snapped the leader and watched the equivalent of two thousand dollars just hang there.

As my mother used to say, "Easy come... easy go..."

*—From The Long Island Flyrodders Newsletter, as published in the March Issue of Federation of Fly Fisherman's ClubWire.*

**ABOUT CFFA:** The Connecticut Fly Fisherman's Association, Inc. is organized "To Preserve and Promote the Pleasures and Traditions 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 Veteran's Memorial Clubhouse, Sunset Ridge Drive, East Hartford, CT. "Lines and Leaders" is the official publication of the Connecticut Fly Fisherman'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 add or \$40 for nine months. CFFA members may place for-sale or want ads of a non-commercial nature without charge. Newsletter correspondence should be sent to David Casali, 259 Longhill Drive, Glastonbury, CT, 06033. Change of address notice should be sent to CFFA, P.O. Box 380268, East Hartford, CT 06138-0268 **COPY DEADLINE:** The second Friday of the month.

**THE DURABLE SHAD**



or  
**DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY**

*Consider the durable shad,  
Who swims up the river like mad,  
He's keeping a date,  
With his sweet silver mate,  
And soon he will be a proud dad.*

JMO 'N  
*(Taken from the Sportman's Club Bulletin, March 2007)*

**CT Fly Fisherman's Association  
MEMBERSHIP FORM**

- Change of address
- New member
- Membership renewal

**DATE:** \_\_\_\_\_  
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Please check a committee you are now on or wish to be on:

- |                                       |                                     |  |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Conservation | <input type="checkbox"/> Program    | <input type="checkbox"/> Indoor Facil. |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial  | <input type="checkbox"/> Newsletter | <input type="checkbox"/> Other         |

**DUES STRUCTURE:**

- Junior (under 16) \$ 5.00
- Regular \$ 20.00
- Supporting \$ 30.00
- Contributing \$ 75.00
- Life \$ 300.00

**TOTAL  
ENCLOSED:**

\$ \_\_\_\_\_

**PROLOGUE**

Whan that Aprille with his showres sote,  
The drought of Marche hath perced to the rote,  
Y bathed every veyn in swicht licour,  
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;  
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth  
Enspired hath in every holt y heeth  
The tender croppes, and the yonge sonne,  
Hath the Ram his halfe course runne,  
And smale fowles maken melodie,  
That slegen al the night with open eye,  
So pricketh them nature in their corages:--  
Thenne longen folk to go on pilgrimages,  
And palmers for to seeken strange strandes;  
And specially, from every shires ende  
Of Engelond, to Canturbury they wend,  
The holy blissful martir for to seeke,  
That them hath holpen when that they were weeke.

(Geoff Chaucer 1386 A.D.)  
*(Taken from the Sportman's Club Bulletin, March 2007)*



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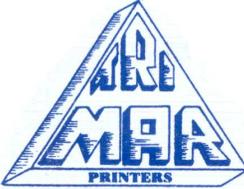
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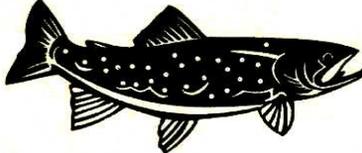
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SAT 9-6  
SUN 12-5



**Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association Inc.**

P.O. Box 380268  
East Hartford, CT 06138-

**FEDERATION OF FLY FISHERS**

