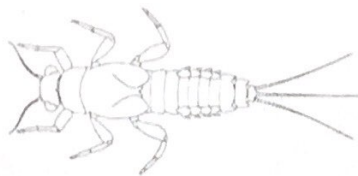


LINES



AND

LEADERS



December 1972

C.F.F.A.

Vol. LXXII No. 6

P R E S I D E N T ' S M E S S A G E

At year's end, I suppose it is in order to look back and try to review the accomplishments of the past year, its disappointments, as well as what we might look forward to in the coming year.

1972 was the year of the rearing pool. Most of our energies and much of our money went into building a hatchery type circular, concrete pool, now containing more than 2,300 brown trout for stocking next spring. This pool occupied most of our free work time this summer and fall, and all of us who pulled back muscles and grew calouses will be glad if we never build another one. Still, we should have abundant trout every spring for years to come, for the Jeremys and for public and private waters yet to be determined.

Our Jeremys project received much publicity in the press, on radio and TV, largely through our good friend Bill Clede. The Jeremys received no new structures, but the old ones were repaired and continued to function well. The fishing was not as good as 1971 only because of the high rainy water during prime season. Our shocking studies in June and October showed twice as many fish as during comparable times in 1971. Natural reproduction of brown trout is disappointingly low as far, but hold over trout are thriving. We hope to build at least one new structure in 1973, and our study will continue at least through the 1974 season, which will give us five years of stocking and fishing statistics to draw some conclusions.

Our disappointments would have to include failure to find private water for club members to fish, and here I speak primarily of streams. In the past month we have started another push along these lines, with again some promising leads, but we as yet have landed nothing. Sooner or later we will accomplish this feat, but we have been frustrated time and again. Any member who has any ideas is urged to step forward.

Another disappointment is our inability, due to lack of time, to do any public water improvement work. In 1970 and 1971 we spent workdays along the Farmington to emphasize our goal of better fishing for all fishermen. This is in keeping with the spirit of the club, and I would hope that it will become a traditional event. It has made more real friends for us than almost anything else we have done.

1973 promises to be a banner year. Our banquet shapes up as a gala affair. Ernie Schwiebert has given us a tentative acceptance as our featured speaker and we hope to have Commissioner Dan Lufkin, Department of Environmental Protection, as well at our head table.

We plan to run our first fly-fishing school this spring -- something that the beginner with the average income can afford and learn as much or more than at the fine but expensive schools conducted elsewhere. This will be the first such school run by a club anywhere to my knowledge.

Legislatively we will be very busy working on the limited access, permit-type, fishing for our water reservoirs. This is going to take a tremendous effort, much greater than the minimum flow campaign two years ago. All will be asking to help somehow, if only by contacting local legislators. We face tremendous opposition from the State Health Commissioner and the water companies.

Our role as an affiliate of FFF will be constantly re-examined. At long last it appears that there is a concrete feed-back to the local clubs, such as the Vibert Box slide program we received in November. Several new audio-visual aids are promised from Dave Whitlock; and Trout Unlimited and the Federation of Fly Fishermen are now working out the details of a cooperative agreement for national lobbying in Washington. Our dollar-a-man head tax now seems to be going to something worthwhile. Let us hope these recent trends continue. The new national leadership, especially President Jim Eriser, seems to have the equipment to accomplish great things for all fly fishermen.

Finally, I would hope that we would have a big growth spurt in membership. With more to offer, I am sure we will attract new members and hold our old ones. But you can help; sell CFFA to your buddies. That's how it's really done.

Tight lines,

Vin Ringrose

The following is reprinted from the November issue of the Kern River Fly Fishermen Newsletter and is a lesson on matching the hatch.

MATCHING THE HATCH - Fred Laurice reports that while fishing Nelson Spring Creek near Livingston last month, he found the fishing very exacting, with refusals common. The hatch was a No. 16 pale white mayfly and John Kirby of Lion Head Ranch had the foresight to arm Fred with his best imitation of the expected hatch. Fred finally tied it on the end of a 12 foot leader, tapered to 6X and began to present it to a large brown that was working about 30 feet from him. Twice the little imitation drifted realistically past the feeding station. Suddenly, Fred KNEW he had matched the hatch perfectly! No, it was not a violent strike with a screaming reel spewing out line as the fish in shock and anger charged downstream. Rather, as the fly drifted slowly by on the third pass, an amorous pale white mayfly, cruising the area, spotted Fred's imitation and gently alighted on it! It had no sooner done so than the "idiot" sign began to flash and it quickly moved on to find more satisfying quarry. But Fred knew with a doubt, that the hatch had indeed been perfectly matched!

1972 Membership Report

The statistics presented at the conclusion of this report provide a detailed breakdown of the current membership status, in addition to a comparison with past records. The date of 9/30 was selected as the comparison point because all new membership dues received after this date are counted as the following year's dues. Since this may seem confusing, I will explain our present membership policy.

The C.F.F.A. membership year is the same as a calendar year, January 1 thru December 31. New memberships received on or after October 1, expire at the end of the following calendar year. The dues structure remains the same all year and new memberships are accepted at any time.

Activities: 1972

1. Hartford Times Fly Fishing Clinic at E. Hartford High School in March --- booth manned by publicity and membership comm. , 3 new memberships received; C.F.F.A. also represented with casting instructors, fly tyers, and rod builders.
2. P.T.O. Father - Son Banquet at Windsor/elementary school, J. F. Kennedy, in March --- President Vin Ringrose and membership chairman showed "Way of a Trout" film, followed by question and answer period; One new member rec'd.
3. New (8½" x 11") applications in effect January 1972. "Important" addition to this form over previous one, was a survey question: "First learned of C.F.F.A. ?". With over half the present membership responding the results were: 68% C.F.F.A. Member, 19% Newspaper, and 13% Other (brochure in tackle shop, Times Clinic, etc.). These results only confirmed my past convictions, as I have always included an application with new and renewal memberships sent out. Keep up the selling job, guys.
4. An invoicing method of renewal solicitations was initiated this fall, beginning 11/7 and ending 11/17, with a 40% (of 167) return as of 12/9/72.
5. New higher quality membership cards, designed by Corresponding Secretary, Walt Telke, have been printed. They will be distributed beginning in January.
6. New up to date "sales" brochure in process of completion by Publicity/Membership joint effort. Available January.
7. Distributed brochures and applications in bulk to various tackle shops throughout the state.

Plans: 1973

- 1..Beginning in January, a monthly (or bi-monthly) meeting


of the new and prospective members and their guests at the home of membership chairman (or other director), with 3 directors in attendance; an informal "bull" session to sell C.F.F.A. and interest new members in becoming active via personal contact.

2. As part of an educational program, proposed a Fly Fishing School for beginners and the neophyte; foundation work completed, details being resolved; first classes begin in March.
3. Will participate in the Hartford Sportsmen Show, January 18 thru 21, at the Hartford State Armory; publicity - membership joint effort similar to Times Clinic; anyone interested in helping to man the booth should contact membership chairman as soon as possible.
4. If invited, will continue to support the Times Clinic.
5. Will continue to distribute brochures in tackle shops.

Membership Statistics

	<u>7/11/67</u>	<u>9/30/70</u>	<u>9/30/71</u>	<u>9/30/72</u>	<u>12/9/72</u>
Total	3	185	181	177	191
New			87	58	71
Renewal			94	119	120
Junior			5	7	7
Regular			128	116	125
Family			38	43	48
Supporting			6	7	7
Contributing			0	0	0
Life			2	2	2
Honorary			<u>2</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>2</u>
Total	3	185	181	177	191

Notes: • Detailed records not available '67 thru '70.
 • Family indicates number of Family memberships; records indicate approximately 4 to a family, with only 1 recorded above, which brings our total strength to 335.



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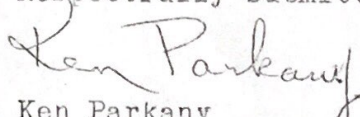
Expires 12/31/73

Membership Card
sample

CONNECTICUT
FLY FISHERMEN'S
ASSOCIATION,
INC.

I. Fish

Ken Parkany
Membership Chairman

Respectfully submitted,

 Ken Parkany
 Membership Chairman
 12/9/72

Trout Streams of Southbury - Woodbury - Oxford

Gary J. LaFontaine

As I padded up the steep rock fall, the thin stream hurling over small steps and tiny gorges, I flicked my rolling casts into riffle pockets and dish-size pools. A 10 inch brook trout jumped over the little dry fly, a No. 16 Royal Trude, and took it from above. He finned up through a shute of water, flopping in the upper pool. I led him back downstream to hold and release him; a native trout that did not come from a hatchery, a fish in crowded Connecticut that maybe never before saw an artificial fly.

It was nearly 6:00 a.m., and I clambered out of the valley, and walked the 300 yards to Cottage 21 of Southbury Training School to begin my day's work.

This day was typical of my angling season in southwestern Connecticut, where I lived and worked during my stay in the state. The Southbury - Woodbury - Oxford area is a region less thickly settled than other sections of the state, and it is an area of contrasts, where a man can quickly pass from the closeness of a wooded stream in the rugged sharpness of New England beauty to the nearby industrial offal of the Naugatuck River, or from the freshness of brushy fields and high woods to the sameness of a beginning suburbia sprouting on the land.

While I spent the spring and early summer months of 1972 working at the state institution for the mentally retarded, I concentrated on fishing three streams close to home, seeking the steady success that comes with familiarity. The streams, and the number of times that I fished them in a three month span, were the Little River of Oxford (24), Sprain Brook of Woodbury (11), and Spruce Brook of Southbury (8).

Oftentimes a "trip," like the incident first described, consisted of an hour's fishing in the morning before work, or a few hour's casting after supper

in the evening, but the frequency of visits to the same spots allowed the setting of a rhythm, and let me acquire an intimacy and a feel for the secrets of the stream.

Spruce Brook runs on the state owned land of Southbury Training School. The stream is an inlet to the training school pond, Stibb's Lake, and circles behind the school cottages 24 and 28. It carries a steady flow of water through the summer, and trout from the pond run up the stream in the spring and fall.

I heard rumors through the winter of a native brook trout population in the brook. In early April I walked out to scout the stream, winding with the small canyon as I followed it up, over log jams and rock piles. Many small pools bubbled out of the tumbling water, and I itched with anticipation.

On opening day of the general season I went out at 11 a.m. The stream was mine alone, and I nursed it, fishing slowly (and yet spooking trout in the shallow water). I had the solitude, and the quiet, and the early spring green; and the four small native brook were bright dots in the setting of purity.

The stream is not totally easy to fish, and the trout are mostly small and not overly gullible. The miniature canyon is cramped and the rocks are slippery. There is no path alongside the stream.

I do not mean to discourage anyone, but come expecting a more subtle reward in a gentle fishing day. Do not fight the stream (so futile against small brush streams), and meet it like a friend that will gladly discuss the issue of trout. Please return any of the native population to the water, because neither the stream nor the pond is artificially stocked.

Sprain Brook is a tributary of the Pomperaug River, crossing under Rte. 47 towards the town of Washington. It is a dark stream, the water seeped with the rich detrital litter of the bottom, and Limnephilidae caddis carry around the cases of stick bits and leaves and burrowing mayflies tunnel in the washings of

dirt. The brook trout and brown trout in the stream are stocked, but they adapt quickly and color dark like the gentle stream.

I fished the stream on the warm, sunny afternoons of May, driving up after work, sitting at stream side after a day's toil for a spell to unwind from a day's rush. Stretching out with my head perched on folded arms, I watched the water for the rises and deep swirls of feeding trout, and plotted ensuing strategy.

On a typical day I never fished more than 400 yards of this stream on either side of the bridge, because it was not necessary. I usually walked upstream, past an abandoned house, to fish the first large pool above the road. There a riffle sluiced through a guard of stones to run into the pool. If I walked under the bridge, turning the stream corner, the main flow of the riffle into the pool slid down the right bank before fanning out.

I watched the stream before fishing last May 7, and I saw the trout and stream minnows gang up on the emergence of dusky duns, the hatch a mixture of two closely related mayflies, *Ephemerella subvaria* and *Ephemerella invaria*. I tied on a No. 14 Red Quill and approached the upper pool, and the fish continued to rise. With the dry fly I covered the beach tail of the pool before moving closer, as a precaution, and then I peppered casts along the right bank, looping the fly under the tree limbs. A 9½ in. brook trout took the fly, curling into the bank as he fought, and I landed and released the first trout of the day.

I felt the tension of expectancy because in observation I had seen large trout in the stream (and large is a relative judgement that is determined by the average fish of a stream), and now at the head of the pool, where the water tumbled, I put my casts into the bubbles. I spread my fly over the productive eddies, and no big fish of 16 in. or so came to the lure, but I caught two more brook trout of 10 in. each.

Still in search of my large fish, I left the pool. Down from the bridge the stream slowed into a deep, dark trench, flowing softly through a crowd of short

trees and brush. I walked the meadow to start below the run, and fished back up towards the car. In the chest waders I slowly waded up, covering both sides of the bank about ten yards apart. Periodically, a brook trout or a brown trout darted to grab the Red Quill, and I caught and released four trout of up to 11 in., and as happened to me often enough on Eastern waters I hooked my fly in the trees a few times.

At the last few yards I sat down to share a bit of meadow with a fellow angler, a gentleman of about 11 years old with a spinning rod and two 8 in. brookies strung on a stick. He looked over my fly closely when I handed it to him and he remarked on the size of the hook.

A fish rose a few times just above where a stick hung and made a V in the current. I nodded to my angling friend and approached a casting position. On the third float the fish, a 12 in. brown, took the fly and swirled the water. My companion stood up, "Hey."

I landed the fish, and as the boy watched, I wished that I had let him try the fly rod, maybe to catch the trout, and to learn a start in the art.

"You going to let him go," he asked.

I slipped the trout in the water and it wiggled from my hand, disappearing quickly in the dark water of the stream. "Well, we'll save him," I said, "Now, maybe tomorrow if you want to come back, he'll be in the same place."

I have always stood by one personal rule, since reaching the age of consent, since choosing my places to live, and this rule is not hard for a man to follow if he sets the correct priority: I live only where I can walk to a decent angling water.

I do not need a famous river, or a known lake, at my beck. A pond, or a stream, or a small bay is good enough, because then I can own the personality of that water, and know it and study it each day.

Following this practice of domicile choice, I have lived near such known and unknown places as Lolo Creek in Montana, Diamond Head Bay in Hawaii, Clark Fork River in Montana, St. John's River in Florida, and Little River in Connecticut.

The Little River flows in Oxford, passing within a few hundred yards of the house that we rented on Dorman Road. The neighborhood is an edge of eastern suburbia, but the stream is fringed by tall hardwood trees, and runs cool in the shade. It bounces over the cream quartz and grey basalt pepper gravel in a twisting rush. Brook trout wait at the riffle edges, and brown trout hang in the few large pools, and all of the fish are stream bred.

In a hectic schedule I grabbed my angling in short bits, usually in few hour stints after work or after supper. I kept my Fenwick (7½ ft., No. 5 line) assembled in a corner of the front pantry, and I reached in to pull it out and let my wife kiss my hand good-bye (or to come with me as she often pleased).

One day, in spite of a drizzling rain, I went to the stream. I walked up through the vale of trees, water dripping on my hat and down my jacket collar. My rod was pre-set with a dropper rig, and two wet flies, a No. 14 Lady Anderson on the dropper and a No. 12 Dark Cahill on the stretcher, and I began to fish with them. I fished down and across (out of historical curiosity I have spent a number of angling days experimenting with the old wet fly dropper rig).

I enjoyed the intricate manipulation of the flies as I stepped and cast, stepped and cast, swimming the flies through eddies, current tongues, and pockets. At a large pool in the stream, an artificially set spot with a low brick wall under the incoming riffle, I fanned the flies across the head current. Each time the first bulge of water over the wall skimmed my flies further from the swirling in-current than I wished, but then as they curled down a slower eddy a nice trout took the dragging stretcher, the Cahill, and dug back towards the deeper water of the wall. With the flies unseen, I felt another sharp, contrary tug, and then a second fish swam away from the wall. The first trout, on the weaker leader material of the stretcher, was broken off, but a larger trout hung on the Lady

Anderson. After an anticlimactic battle I managed to land a 15 in. Brown, my best trout of the season from this stream.

(Coincidentally, Ken Parkany of C.F.F.A. wrote me of a similar experience that he had on the Sourdehunk River in Maine, but Ken employed much more skill and imagination for his feat. Using only a single fly, Ken hooked a small brook trout, which dove for a log. When Ken applied enough pressure to pull the prey from under the log, the small fish was not on the hook, but a 15 in. native was on the hook. Ken landed the larger fish and the small brook trout was nowhere around.

Ken is a fine fellow, but never play the shell game with this man.)

These are my memories of Connecticut angling. On days off, I might fish the Jeremy's River, or the Farmington River, or the Housatonic River, but these little waters of Southbury - Woodbury - Oxford were my mainstay streams, always ready at a moments notice to provide a contentment, a solitude, conducive to fine angling.

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"Trout Prefer Blondes Too"

The BLONDE BOMBER

by Paul Clark

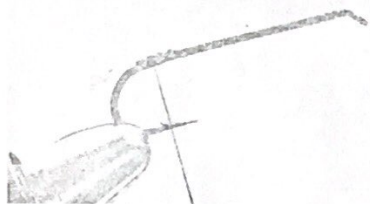


Figure 1 - The tail, a wisp of barred wood duck.

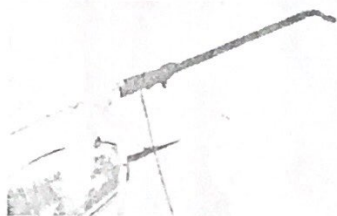


Figure 2 - The body, colored floss with gold tinsel.



Figure 3 - Body completed, tinsel ribbed over floss.

Blonde streamer fly, why not, the trout sure seem to go for them and only the fisherman know for sure. See for yourself that blondes catch more fish.

Here's the way Paul likes to make his blondes.

First, dye some badger hair blonde. Use womens color tint and make it a good golden blonde.

Second, use some maribou in the middle-moisten the normal amount of badger hair for a streamer fly and then split it, putting the wet piece of maribou in the middle extending it a quarter of an inch beyond the badger hair.

Third, go to work on the head. Take a small bottle of airplane dope, leave the lid off until it becomes puttylike, then apply a small amount to the head and mold it to suit. Paint it white with black dots for eyes.

Figures one through five show the steps necessary for tying this "Blonde Bomber."



Figure 4 - The wing, badger tail dyed blond split into equal pieces and a piece of white maribou in the middle.



Figure 5 - The head, puttylike airplane dope white with black eyes.

JEREMY'S GHOST

by Ken Parkany

A section of the Jeremy's River exists that, by today's standards anyway, is somewhat limited to access. We are all familiar with the history-making efforts of C.F.F.A. to establish a wild Trout fishery there, with the state's cooperation and supervision. A few members have supplied data for this project often enough to be called regulars. Some have tried their luck once or twice, and still more have not yet paid their homage.

There are primarily two approaches to this fascinatingly beautiful stretch of river. Our Jeremy's map indicates that the quickest approach, because of its proximity to new Route #2 in Colchester, is the southern access. The arrows direct you along the old New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. My verbal directions to a Jeremy's newcomer usually end with "and drive up the old railroad bed". Originally intended for iron horses, it will accomodate, sometimes begrudgingly, one of today's modern horseless carriages. It has always intrigued me, probably because I am the kind of "nut" that wonders why things ain't the way they were and why were they in the first place. Fortunately a few "Railroaders", whom I have met recently, were able to satisfy my curiosity. With the remote possibility that there exists another nut like ^{me} in C.F.F.A., I'd like to pass along the information.

The most popular route to Junction, Hewitt, and Apple Tree today was known as the "Airline", part of a 224 mile (shortest) rail link between New York and Boston. Passing through rugged terrain, the Airline bridged hilltops by means of spectacular trestles like Lyman Viaduct (now filled in) over Dickenson's Creek, and terraced steep ridges along the Salmon River, finally connecting Willimantic with Middletown. Rail passengers felt

they were at times travelling through the air, hence the name. And next Spring, as most of us are occupied with outwitting the Trout of a new season, April 25, 1973, will mark the one-hundredth birthday of the Airline's completion at Willimantic.

Since the post Civil War period was a time of feverish railroad building activity, it wasn't long before a link to Boston was completed. Between 1891 and 1894 the crack flyer of the New York and New England Railroad made the New York to Boston trip in six hours flat. The cars of this train were painted all white on the outside, creating an eerie illusion during its course of travel. The sight of an all white train passing through the countryside at night gave rise to the popular name "Ghost Train".

For nearly half a century the route prospered. Then the longer but gradeless shoreline route came into favor and passenger service dwindled until the Airline carried nothing but freight. Probably the last passengers to take advantage of the Airline's breathtaking views were those fortunate enough to ride a special train, one sponsored by the Connecticut Valley Chapter of the National Railway Historical Society. That train made a nostalgic New Haven to Willimantic round trip in 1948. Since then, we have witnessed the continuing decline of rail service in this part of the country.

As those who have been there know, rails no longer exist on the Airline. A few weathered ties and a trestle no longer spanned are the only dim reminders of a once thriving era.

So, the next time you're returning from a pleasant evening at the Junction, Hewitt, or Apple Tree, via the Airline, and should you hear the dim rattle of iron wheels accompanied by the shriek of a strange sounding whistle, don't be alarmed. It's only the "GHOST TRAIN" passing through.

Salmon Egg Harvest At Twin Lake

Long before the colonists arrived, Indians harvested fish eggs for food. Today, Connecticut's fisheries biologists harvest Kokanee salmon eggs to insure continued sport for anglers.

Early in November, men from the Fish and Water Life Unit made their annual trip to East Twin Lake where the three-year-old Kokanee were spawning.

The Kokanee, a native of the west coast, lives for only three years. Spawning takes place at the end of the third year, with death claiming the adults soon after the eggs are laid and fertilized.

This year nets were set out election night, and the next day the harvest began despite an oncoming northeaster.

The biologists collected male and female salmon, but returned other species to the lake. The captured Kokanee were brought to shore where the males were milked for sperm, known as milt, and the females were stripped of eggs.

The procedure for both sexes was the same. A biologist held the fish firmly in one hand and squeezed its abdomen with the other.

When squeezed, the males ejected a white stream of milt into a large porcelain pan. The females were then forced to discharge their pea-sized, orange eggs into the pan.

To insure fertilization, a biologist stirred the eggs around in the milt. The eggs were then washed to remove any extra milt or foreign particles.

100,000 of these harvested eggs were turned over to Massachusetts officials for stocking in that state. Another 400,000 will be incubated for 30-40 days, and then sent to South Dakota in trade for 400,000 brown trout eggs acquired last fall.

The harvest of 500,000 eggs needed to perpetuate Connecticut's Kokanee fishery was made at the Quinnebaug Hatchery where previously trapped salmon spawned.

Cole Wilde, Chief of the Fish and Water Life Unit, said fry emerging from these eggs will be stocked in East Twin Lake, Wononscopomuc Lake, Highland

Lake, West Hill Pond, and Beach Pond this May.

But the salmon won't be noticeable in the fishery until spring of 1976, Mr. Wilde said. At that time they will be adults ready for the hook.

The state's Kokanee program dates back to 1958 when East Twin Lake was stocked. Eggs were first harvested in the early sixties.

Mr. Wilde estimated that the annual catch of these strong, colorful fish exceeds 10,000 and may go as high as 25,000.

The fish and water life unit chief said the daily limit for Kokanee is eight, and that most good fishermen have no trouble catching their limit.

He revealed that the most successful method of catching Kokanee is to still-fish at night with lanterns. The favorite bait, he said, is kernel corn and angle worms.

WANTED

16' Aluminum CanoeUsed in good condition. Call 589-3434 or 278-5211 between 9 & 5, after 5 589-4124 ask for Lyndon H. Ratcliffe.

Filing Cabinet wanted by acting club secretary. Can anyone donate one to CFFA? If so contact Peter Yemp at 229-4821 days or 537-2136 evenings. I will collect. Any offers?



NEW BOOKS.

Two new books have recently been published that are 'musts' for those who tie their own flies...

By special arrangement, a limited number of signed and personally inscribed copies of :-

Art Flicks
Master Fly-Tying Guide
will be available from :-
Mr. Art Flick,
Westkill,
N.Y. 12492

Price: \$10.00 (add 65¢ for postage and handling.)

SALT WATER FLIES.

by

Kenneth Bay

This book is available thru CFFA at a special discount. Order your copy from club Treasurer-Elliot Rosenthal. If you are one of the growing number of fly fishermen fishing the 'Salt' then this is the book for you. At last someone has put together a comprehensive collection of patterns and tying instructions for salt water flies.

In Memorium.

Joe Brooks, one of the most widely known anglers, died in Rochester, Minn. Sept. 20 at the age of 70. Joe, was world famous for his fly fishing exploits and the many books that he wrote.

Carrie Stevens, Maine's greatest fly tier, died on August 3, at the age of 90. Mrs. Stevens practised her art for nearly three decades. She originated at least 24 streamer patterns the most famous one being the Gray Ghost Streamer.

Forth coming attractions :-

January membership meeting January 10th., 1973
at the Federal Savings & Loan Auditorium
Corner of Maple and Broad Sts., Windsor, Conn.

6:45 PM - Fly tying Clinic - Demonstration and Techniques by Pete Greenan.

7:30 PM - Film on "The Art of Casting" also film on fishing.

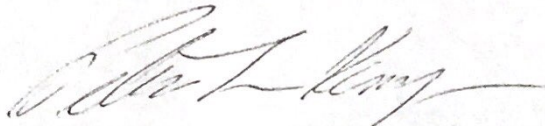
Sportsman Show.....January 18th through 21st.
at the Hartford Armory. CFFA will have a booth there. Anybody wishing to help
to look after the booth should contact club membership chairman, Ken Parkany
at 643-9819, evenings.

February 24th., 1973

Annual Dinner Meeting of the Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association, Inc.
will take place at Valle's Steak House, Hartford, Conn. Bring your families,
friends and fellow sportsmen. It is hoped that Commissioner Dan W. Lufkin, of
the Department of Environmental Protection will be in attendance. Guest
Speaker will be Ernest C. Schwiebert, famous Entomologist and Fly Fisherman.
Plan now to attend. Further details will be in the January 'Newsletter'.

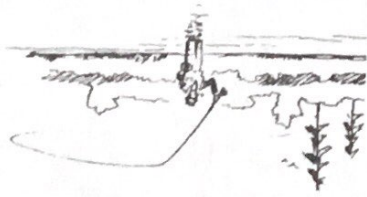
"Lines and Leaders" is a Connecticut Fly Fishermen's Association, Inc.,
periodic publication, distributed to its membership and allies of Conservation.
Mailing address:- CFFA, P.O. Box 42, Windsor Locks, Conn. 06096. Forward all
manuscripts and material for publication to this address, attention of editor.
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'.
Directors and Officers meet on the first Wednesday of each month through-out
the year. CFFA's purpose:....."Organised to Preserve and Promote the Pleasure
and Traditions of Fly Fishing and to Conserve Game Fish Waters".

Enough for now, except to wish you all a very happy holiday season and may
your lines be tight all of next year.



Peter L. Kemp.


Pro Temp Corresponding Secretary.



CONNECTICUT FLY FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION, INC.
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