



TROUT UNLIMITED

Thames Valley Chapter Newsletter

Stream Lines

The Voice of Eastern CT Trout and Salmon Anglers

April 2016

April 19th Membership Meeting featured presentation: "Where the Wild Fish Are"



DEEP Fisheries biologist Neal Hagstrom will talk about what wild trout are, where we have identified populations, the threats to these populations and open a discussion on what TU can do. TVTU has already begun to make the chapter a key stakeholder in Eastern CT and we can explore ideas of what else can be done with DEEP Fisheries in the future.

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Calendar

Saturday, April 16th - 9am

Natchaug River Stream Clean-up, Lunch & Fishing

Tuesday, April 19th - 6:00pm

Chapter Membership Meeting, Moose Lodge, Bozrah, CT

Neal Hagstrom DEEP Fisheries

Saturday, May 14th - 9am

Moosup River Clean-up & Lunch

Tuesday, May 17th - 6:00pm

Chapter Membership Meeting, Moose Lodge, Bozrah, CT

Bob Walsh & Gordon Gruetzmacher - Fishing Alaska

Friday/Saturday, May 20/21(TBD)

Annual TVTU Campout

We are now on Facebook!

When you visit our website there is now a link to our Facebook page. Also see our Quick Links below. Jenn Miner is our administrator and we are looking for an additional person assist her. Please contact

[Duke Preston.](#)

Welcome New TVTU Member

By Ed Walsh



Sam Orr

Sam and wife Kristin have lived in Stonington, CT. with their two children for the past 15 years. Daughter Lindsey in 14 and son Ryan is 12. Previous to that he lived in Marblehead, MA.

He is a graduate of the University of Rhode Island and spent the majority of his working life in the restaurant management business. He started the Bugaboo Creek Steakhouse chain in the late 90's and spent time as a regional director for T-Mobile Wireless.

Like many of us Sam's early fishing experiences were centered on bait fishing. At five years of age his Dad took him to a farm pond where he caught his first fish, a Blue Gill, using a long stick and monofilament. He showed so much enthusiasm for the sport that he received a Zebco spin outfit on his seventh birthday and has been an avid fisherman ever since although fly fishing didn't grab his attention until his late teens. He suggests his love of fly fishing is in direct correlation to the wonderful people he's met in the sport, the beautiful places he's fished and the learning curve that still exists even after 30 years with the long rod.

Locally Sam fishes Wyassup Lake, Long Pond, the Salmon River and the Wood River in R.I. and



loves to fish some of the small streams, like Shunnuck Brook, searching for Brook Trout. He also enjoys fishing the salt waters between Watch Hill and Fishers Island. By his own admission he's been very lucky to fish in Alaska, Northern Ontario, Northern Labrador, Belize and the Amazon. Sam says none of these trips would be possible without the support of his wife.

Sam is excited to meet more and more TVTU members and hopes to learn new techniques and places to fish through those relationships. He expects to become an active member by supporting and participating in chapter activities.

Sam did ask that we include a thank you to Rick Romagna for encouraging him to join TVTU.

I know everyone will join me in welcoming Sam Orr to TVTU.

Natchaug River Cleanup, Lunch & Fishing - April 16, Saturday

We will meet at Diana's Pool 9am. After the clean-up lunch will be provided and all are encouraged to stay and fish the Natchaug. Gloves and bags will be provided. **Directions:** From the intersection of CT Route 6 and CT Route 198 in Chaplin, head north on Route 198 for .4 miles. Turn right onto the "Dead End" street, just before the bridge over the Natchaug river. The parking area is on the left.

Getting to Know Our Regional Fly Shops

By Ed Walsh



When I posed the idea of introducing the fly shops in Eastern Connecticut to John Preston through Stream Lines his response was positive. I gave John a list of shops I wanted to contact, and visit, and he gave me a name I wasn't familiar with, JT's, in Union, CT. In my mind I hadn't developed any priority list as to who I might visit first but when

JT's owner, Jim Trinqué, responded quickly to my email send I decided to make his business my first stop. I am certainly glad I did.



After getting directions from Map Quest I realized I needed about 1.5 hours to get to Union. Just to be sure I gave myself two hours and was surprised when I arrived at JT's a half hour early. My ability to follow directions must be getting better (although the wife might not agree). Jim and his shop

assistant, Moose French, were waiting and anxious to tell me about their operation.

Jim is an avid fisherman, both fly and bait, who opened JT's eight years ago on Buckley Highway / Rt. 190 just west of Union, on property that includes his home, his brothers home and a large pond. The shop is small but well stocked to suit his clientele's needs. He stays away from the very high-end products because he says they just won't sell in his area. He also suggests he tries to fulfill any customer's requests when possible which I took as "if you really want something we don't stock I'll find it for you somewhere". I was very impressed when

looking through the shops inventory and found Jim and Moose to be knowledgeable about the equipment and materials they sold. I was interested in learning more about Korker boots and there interchangeable soles. Jim knew this product well and if I was in the market for new boots would have purchased a pair right then and there. He was



Special Raffle for our Fly Tying Classes

Help us raise money to purchase fly tying supplies for our fly tying classes and win some great prizes! Our fly tying classes are free, open to the public for adults & youths. We expect to expand the classes to the scouts & schools.

Tickets are just \$2 and the drawing will be held at the April 19th Membership Meeting.

Grand Prize: OttLite Folding Task Lamp!

The OttLite TrueColor Portable 13W Task Lamp (\$90 value) has an excellent compact design with a powerful illumination. It has a convenient folding design and is fitted with a patented bulb and handle for easy portability. With its small base footprint, you can use this task lamp on your desk or workstation, attach it to a wall or use it as a table lamp. Great for fly tying!

2nd and 3rd Prize: Midge Bobbin Kit!

Please see the "Fly Tying Tips" section for details. Kit contains a midge bobbin, 12 metal bobbin spools, foam insert Bobbin Box and a plain bobbin box.



Fly of the Month

"Hendrickson Sparkle Dun"



Video and tying by Tightlines Productions

Soon the forsythia will be blooming to announce the hatching of Hendricksons in our local rivers. With the soaring cost of good hackle more and more I am using hackle-less patterns like Sparkle Duns for dry fly fishing. The only thing I would add to this video is to bring back the deer hair wing in thirds to better the wing's upright position and locks it down better. The Catskill version sure is beautiful but this "ugly" version fools 'em too (maybe better). [Link to tying video](#)

extremely knowledgeable and convincing.

I asked both guys what's the value of purchasing at a local fly shop versus buying on-line or at big box stores. Moose answered quickly with the "touch / feel / see" response and "how can an on-line provider tell you about the local waters and hatch activities. Jim mentioned guide services that his shop provides and a willingness to take used equipment on trade if purchasing a new rod or reel which he does at JT's. The responses were passionate, not defensive at all.

Without getting into too much detail I asked if a shop like JT's can be self-sustaining. Jim suggests he's put most of what the shop earns back into growing the business. He is a successful carpenter / builder by trade. The fly shop is in a small three store strip mall with his carpentry / building business in one store, the fly shop in another and Shier Photography in the other. Owning a successful business and the building where the store is located allows a lot of financial flexibility but I got the impression the fly shop is operated on passion for the sport and hope for the future. I would bet Jim's plan will work.



As we looked through his fly tying materials I mentioned I needed some #20 curved hooks and was looking for Red Fox Squirrel dubbing to tie some RFS Nymphs. I found the needed hooks but he didn't have any RFS dubbing out front but invited me to the back of his store

where he emptied a very large Tupperware container loaded with packages of custom made dubbing. He and I looked through the inventory to see if we couldn't find a close match to what I needed. It seems Jim purchased the inventory of a local professional fly tier that included literally hundreds of custom blended dubbing packages, feathers, hair and synthetic materials. I don't really know if I found any dubbing that could be used for RFS Nymphs but I found enough interesting colors and types that I didn't leave JT's empty handed.

It was then that Jim suggested I follow him to the pond in back of the store. He took a small plastic container loaded with shiners and as we came to the edge of the pond threw a few fish into the water. Within seconds some very big Largemouth Bass appeared taking the bait and returning to deep water. Jim did this for a few minutes with the same results. He also pointed out dimples in the middle of the pond where trout were raising to a hatch of Little Black Gnats. It was quite a scene.



I mentioned what a great asset the pond must be when a potential customer can take a rod and actually test it on water. He told me he recommends customers take some test casts before making a decision on a purchase. How many places give you that option? I can't see that happening in any of the big box stores.

Fly Tying Recipe: Hendrickson Sparkle Dun

Hook: Standard dry-fly hook #12 -16(Dai-Riki 305)
Thread: Olive, 6/0 Danville or 70 denier.
Wing: Light dun coastal deer hair.
Shuck: Brown Zelon.
Body: Blended rabbit fur-light tan, gray, and pink.
Head: Tying thread.

"Nightmare at Napatree"

By George Jacobi



A cloudy new moon night is as spooky as any sane person can wish for. *If you like to see what you're doing*, he thought, *this sport is not for you*. Fly fishing the surf at night is a dark art, done mostly by feel. If there is a little bit of wildness left in your soul, it'll be reinforced by the inherent ambiguity and risk. A violent strike and immediate heavy tug in the absence of

visual cues is a thrilling experience. This potential is what motivated him to walk the mile and a half of Napatree Point Beach in the wee hours of a moonless night.

Showing up at the empty parking area at one A. M. he pulled on his bootfoot waders, threw on chest pack and stripping basket, and grabbed the rod, already put together with a stout mono leader and a big black fly. A last sip of coffee and he slammed the trunk. The sound of surf over the dune forecast a moderate wave height, not benevolent, but not dangerous to a careful wader. It also sounded farther away than usual, a consequence of it being a spring tide which at this point was well on the way to dropping to its lowest point in the year. He would be able to walk far out off the beach, reaching a drop-off which could be fly-fished at no other time.

Though partially blocked by the dune behind him, the barest hint of a breeze came from the northwest as he walked the beach. Indistinct white lines of surf repeated themselves to his left and rapidly disappeared. There was of course no one else around. Not an early dog walker yet, and not a spin fisherman with a huge rod and a bluefish plug. Not a skunk or a seagull on the beach. Not a tragically drowned citizen from 1938. *Hello, ghosts, are you here?* He mused.

Supposedly there were ghosts here, ghostly voices, but he had never heard any. During the hurricane of '38, what was called The Great September Gale, more than forty homes had been excised from this sand spit, ripped away and trashed in the bay behind. Napatree Point stretched out from the town of Watch Hill and ended at the remains of Fort Mansfield, now buried in poison ivy. The beach was now two hundred feet back from its original spot on the map, forming a huge bowl instead of a straight line. It was migrating to Connecticut at a slow pace.

Halfway to the end was an osprey nest pole where he usually made a few casts. *I don't think so*; he said out loud, *no water*, talking to himself for comfort in a solitary situation. A couple of large rocks were sunk in the sand here and formed an ambush spot for stripers when the tide moved west, but at this lower moon tide there wasn't enough ocean here to bother with. He kept on walking.

It was like trudging through black fog. Navigating by the sound and

As my time was coming to a close with Jim and Moose I thanked them for spending part of their day with me and openly answering my questions. I really enjoyed my time with these two good guys who love our sport.

And I know I'll be visiting JT's Fly Shop again when I fish the Natchaug, Fenton and Mount Hope Rivers or some of the small streams in that section of CT. I also suspect that when a new boot purchase is made it will be those Korke's with the interchangeable soles and I am guessing it will be from that small fly shop just west of Union, CT.



So if you're up that way fishing those fine northeastern streams or heading to the Swift River, in Massachusetts, stop by and say hello to Jim and Moose. They can provide the services, support, products and local information you'll need for a successful trip. And tell them you read about JT's in Stream Lines.

Fly Tying Tips

Head Cement...

There are a lot of different brands and formulas for head cement... it can make your head spin. But many fly tiers just use nail polish. Nail polish is basically lacquer and it is available in all shades of colors and clear (most popular). If you clip to a point and narrow the brush that comes with the nail polish it will reduce the amount of polish it holds. It will also make it possible to be more accurate in placing the polish where you want it. Or just use a bodkin... but this adds the step of cleaning it.



The "Lighter" Side of Fly Fishing

By Ed Walsh



Fly Tying - Enough is Never Enough

When I started tying flies I received a lot of great advice from a bunch of guys who'd been trying for years and I listened to the suggestions that seemed to make the most sense to me. I bought an inexpensive tying kit from Cabela's for around \$40 and enough materials to tie the basic patterns: Woolly Bugger, Mickey Finn, Hares Ear and Pheasant Tail Nymphs and the Adams. All in all I got started for around \$100.

A while later I purchased my first instructional book: Fly Tying for Beginners by Peter Gathercole, again at the recommendation of the guys whose advice I respected. Around the same time I thought it would be wise

sight of the surf was all that kept him on the hard flat sand below the high tide line. At last the rocks and pilings loomed up ahead, the darker hump of the old fort on its ridge visible to the right. Here at the point, boulders of all sizes were strewn far into the sea, a hazard for boaters and a magnet for striped bass. It was a difficult place to wade even in daylight. *OK, don't be stupid*, he lectured himself. *Avoid the rocks, one step at a time, stay to the left. Maybe I can go until I see the pilings.* Under water most of the time, these few sticks were all that was left of a gun emplacement from the fort, more evidence that the barrier beach had moved north.

He stepped into the sea. The land disappeared behind him. Fishers Island was a mile to the right, Little Gull Island was a long eight miles ahead. The world was a horizontal line delineating dark gray from black. Shuffling forward, he pushed sideways through the waves as they took turns trying to upset him. When his toes bumped a rock, he inched around it. *Are you ready, fish? I'm coming. You feel secure tonight; you want a snack, don't you?*

And there were the vertical pilings, just about a long cast ahead. One had a horizontal piece still attached, making its shape a crooked cross. The roar of the surf rushed by on both sides, in front and behind as well, the movement of the sounds the only navigational aid. Waist deep now, he looked around and felt the height of the waves bumping his stomach, determined it was safe enough if he stood at a slight angle, bracing himself against the relentless ocean.

The ratchet sound of the drag as he pulled line off the reel was almost drowned by the surf. He cast diagonally to the right, putting the fly in the rocks that he knew were there, though he could see just a few. Such a cast kept the fly swimming between the waves longer, making it easier to catch for a predatory fish. He knew it would take no more than twenty minutes to discover if the stripers he sought were home and hungry, but it was still a shock when during the second retrieve the fly stopped.

In this fishing, one retrieves the fly line hand over hand, the rod pointed at the fly and tucked into an armpit. The traditional retrieve, rod tip overhead, line dancing over the waves, is a recipe for a missed strike. The big streamer fly stopped dead, almost pulling the line from his hands, and moved left a few feet. He yanked the line as hard as he could to set the hook (in case it hadn't sunk in well the first time) and lifted the rod into his right hand, ready to let the loose line go as the fish ran.

Whoa. It was clear there was a serious weight on the other end; it transmitted alarming power and force to him at once. Then he had to let the line go as the reel began screaming.

Prepared for major league bass, he had 250 yards of backing line on the 10-weight outfit and had knotted it with care. A lot of it was gone in ten seconds. *OK, I'm thrilled now.*

Then the fish stopped and swam slowly sideways. He was able to feel it as his adrenaline abated, and it became clear nothing had prepared him for this. The biggest striped bass caught in the modern age run around seventy pounds; this fish, whatever it was, felt much bigger. *Holy shit*, he thought, *are you an eighty pounder? Or something else?* He had no idea how to judge this class of fish.

He bent the rod left, the way the great fish was moving, and tilted it down more to turn the beast's head toward him, and reeled a turn to tighten up. He had no illusions that the technique would cause the quarry to actually come in quickly. To his surprise, it swam slowly back at an angle toward him. He kept pace, reeling in the backing

to catalogue my purchases and develop an inventory of my tying equipment, materials, books, videos and anything else that was related to fly tying. After all I did that with my fishing equipment and it seemed to be the right thing to do. This was developed on a simple Word document where I noted the material, specifications (size, color, use, etc.) and where the product was purchased. At the time it seemed like such a good idea and at that time it was, for at least a while anyway. Keeping an inventory is only worthwhile if it's managed, with the operative word being "managed".

Of course that collection of materials starts to grow as we start tying new flies and almost every new fly requires new materials. If you tie with a group as I do (Wood River Fly Fishing Club) that's generally not a problem as most tiers will share and exchange materials. It's when you start searching the web's fly tying videos and purchasing new instructional books that that inventory starts growing at a rapid pace.

At first I was naive to think that if I examined tying instructions for a new fly I would probably have many of the materials on hand. I wanted to tie some Blue Wing Olive's so I looked through the sites I find most useful: Orvis, Global Flyfisher, Caddis Chronicles and Tightline Production. I opened the Global Flyfisher site, keyed in on BWO's, and found eight pages related to that fly, with more than 40 different video and related recipes. There is double that amount if you include articles and pictures. Now it's important to note that these recipes included parachutes, variants, cripples and emergers with body materials of dubbing, quills and, or, synthetic materials and wings that might be CDC, snow shoe rabbit, hackle and again synthetic materials. If you look at the other sites mentioned above you'll probably find dozens of other suggestions with more and unusual materials. Take it a step further and Google Blue Wing Olive tying videos and you'll probably need to spend the better part of the day looking at all the options that exist and the different materials needed if you want to tie them. And we're only talking about BWO's. There are thousands of other flies out there. My problem is I wanted to tie most of the BWO's on the Global site so a list of new materials was made and purchased. The inventory is only getting bigger.

And let's face it when you go fishing you almost always stop at the local fly shop and ask for updates on the river. And we always purchase a few flies and often enough look through shop's fly tying materials and pick up at least a few items. Now this is where that inventory I keep really comes in handy. I wouldn't want to buy something I already have at home. The only problem is I never, ever keep a copy of my inventory with me when I go fishing. Inventory control, I don't think so.

I actually took a close look at my inventory last fall before the real tying season (winter) began. I started noticing how many material packages were never opened or hardly used and how many duplicate things I had. But we all know that it's hard to walk into a fly shop on one of your favorite rivers, or a big place like Cabela's, or a shop you pass on a road trip or vacation and not buy at least a box of hooks, or another pack of dubbing that you're sure is a color or texture that you don't have, or some CDC feathers that you're almost out of, or: this list could be endless so I'll stop here.

At present my inventory is 13 pages. It contains two and a half pages of feathers, a page for hair materials and another for dubbing and almost two pages of synthetics. There's

line, more swiftly as the fish's speed increased. *What the hell are you doing, fish?* Un-natural behavior. He could no longer keep up with the fish. He reeled frantically, but line hung loosely in the surf, being tossed around. There was no longer any tension on the line.

A long black shape rose out of the water, just barely visible. The head was partly out of the waves, and he felt the creature was appraising him, checking out his own size and strength. Fearlessly, thoughtfully, figuring out what had happened. It sunk again out of sight, continuing its progress to his left, as he tried again to catch up with the loose line.

He caught up to the backing knot, then wound most of his ninety yard fly line onto the reel. It came taut. The enormous fish was not far away, still and silent, awaiting his next move. *Well, let's see what you've got*, he thought, knowing that to beat a strong fish you make it work until it gives up. He lifted the rod, putting pressure on it again and holding it there, expecting an explosive run.

It bolted toward him instead of away. With a violent roar of ocean water what seemed an eight or ten foot beast swam right around him and back out again. He thought he yelled something out loud, without words. Lifting the rod high, he began to turn around slowly, alarmed, attempting to remove the line circling his legs. You could trip and get wet like this, very wet. Back turned, he didn't see the fish coming. It whipped around him again and then powered out toward deeper water.

The line, now twice wrapped around his knees, tightened as he tried to dance one or both feet out of its embrace. Waves pushed him shoreward, one after the other. Fly line pulled him seaward. He hopped a couple of times, trying to keep his balance, and thought the fish shook its head on purpose as he felt himself going over.

Loud ocean surrounded him, rolling him backwards, filling his senses. It poured into his waders. Sideways to the surf and horizontal, scrambling and kicking, he paddled with his arms to keep his head above water. The fly rod was no longer in his hand, but it banged against his side.

He felt the loops of line tighten around his legs and then they swung outward. His head, now toward the shore, was battered by another wave. As he spluttered and caught a breath, he realized he was moving, being pulled into deeper water. Horrified, he began to scream, stopping just in time to close his mouth before the next roaring wave washed over his head.

Three or four more waves crashed by as he was carried along, doing nothing but gasping for breath between each one. Then they calmed somewhat. He was past the break, although they still rolled over him.

Able to think for the first time in long moments, he fought against the fear and partially won. By the angle of his legs, he could feel the direction the fly line went around him, so he held his breath and rolled with it, slipping one loop off. Then again. His legs were free but the line wrapped around one shoulder too and the now broken rod was tight to his back.

He gasped. Crying, bawling, but so tired he could make no sound and no tears. Something bumped his legs

A shape loomed to the side with a short wooden post, and he hopped to it, clambering half onto what was an ancient concrete base for the historic gun battery. Waders full of water prevented him from scaling it any higher, and physical and emotional exhaustion claimed him.

more the a page for thread / floss / tinsel, two pages for hooks, just under one page for wire / beads and one page of miscellaneous stuff (if it's in miscellaneous it's because I couldn't figure out what other category to put it in). There's almost a full page for tools and half a page for books and videos.

Have I learned anything from my inventory adventure, absolutely? I have hooks that I'll probably never use along with more feathers and synthetics then I'll ever need and could give away most of my miscellaneous stuff because, well, it's miscellaneous and I don't know why I bought it in the first place.

But the most important thing I've learned is I am just like almost everyone else who ties flies and "enough is never enough".

Well got to go now because I just looked at a video for Giant Stone Fly Nymphs on a new web site. I'll need to tie a bunch for the gang's spring trip to the West Branch. I will need to order some Spiky Maroon European Possum Dubbing for the body, XX large Silver Tinsel (I only have X-small, small, medium, large and X large in my inventory), Orange Crinkle Zelon for the tail (they say the fish see it as greenish / brown) and a new to the market synthetic wing case material that can only be purchased at this site. Thank heavens I have that inventory to manage all my purchases.

Ed Walsh...

PS: Please don't let my wife read this. She'll make me clean up my tying area in the spare bedroom.

Conservation Fund Raising Raffle

Win an Orvis Helios Outfit!



The Conservation Committee has been busy planning & working on increasing our conservation efforts and applying for grants. This takes a lot of resources... man-hours and money. Please help us raise \$2000 for future projects dedicated to conserving, protecting and restoring our cold-water fisheries in the Eastern CT. All funds from this raffle will be ear marked for conservation only.

Show your support for Eastern CT cold-water fisheries and Win a very "gently used" Orvis Helios 9 1/2 Foot, 6 WT, 4 Piece, Fly Rod & case (original MSRP \$795); a "new" Gold Orvis Mirage III LA Fly Reel (MSRP \$475), and a "new" Sage WF6-F Fly Line (MSRP \$79).

Raffle tickets are only \$20 each. The drawing will be held once we meet our goal of \$2000 (100 tickets). You do not have to be present to win. Tickets are available at our monthly meetings and through the Chapter's Board of Directors members. Or, send a check payable (with name, address & phone#) to: Thames Valley TU Chapter 282, P.O. Box 211, Hanover, CT 06350. A ticket will be mailed back to you and recorded.

Thank You for your Support.

No, he yelled out loud, trying without success to climb higher. The big black shape arose from the sea in front of him, then slid down out of view with a wave of tail. It circled around behind him. *Are you serious?* He thought. *It's just trying to free itself. It can't be deliberately trying to kill me. Can it?* It had to be just angry at being hooked, vigorously attempting to get loose.

But what the heck was it? A huge bass? A Bluefin tuna? A shark?

It bumped him again, harder. Then it thrashed violently. The broken rod slammed his back, and his bleeding fingers were torn off the crumbling cement. He grabbed the fly line in both hands and yanked it as hard as he could. *Let go, a*%#@!\$,* he told the giant fish. It came free. He sank back against the gun battery and panted. The trembling gradually eased and his breathing slowed. After long minutes he untangled the fly line from his shoulders and chest, and began to stagger back toward shore. He used the broken rod as a wading staff. It was painfully slow as his waders were full of sea water. His steps were short and weak, and time barely moved. He was for all intents and purposes unconscious though moving.

There was a light pink smudge on the eastern horizon when he next became aware. The incoming tide was washing into him, lifting his legs, rolling him like an empty clamshell. Cold and wet, he stared out at the gray sea. No dark shape rose and fell anywhere. It stared back, empty and silent.

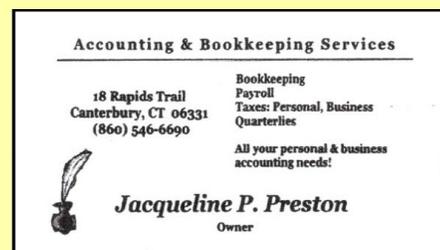


Place an Advertisement in "Stream Lines"

Looking to reach a new and diverse audience? Presently we have over 470 members in Eastern CT and the newsletter is published September through May (9 issues). If you have a service or product and would like to reach out to our outdoor and conservation minded readership, consider placing an advertisement in the chapter's newsletter "Stream Lines" and website. The cost is only \$50 for the entire year (9 Issues). For more information and to place an ad, contact [Jackie Preston](mailto:Jackie.Preston@thamesvalleytu.org).

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