



Tailwaters

The Newsletter of the Upper Delaware and Beamoc Chapters
of **Trout Unlimited**

Published April, June, August & October

Editor Mark A. Rando **June 2009 Edition**

Study nature, love nature, stay close to nature. It will never fail you
- Frank Lloyd Wright

The President's Pool

Greetings from the Upper Delaware Chapter of Trout Unlimited. After experiencing a drier than normal April, May rains have restored our reservoirs and streams to good condition. Wildflowers now scatter the countryside and fishing has heated up.

It was fun once again to meet and greet everyone in April at our chapter meeting at the Long Eddy Firehouse. A big thanks to Pam and Val for hosting and coordinating a scrumptious continental breakfast. It was encouraging to have three previous presidents of this chapter in attendance and I know their support and commitment to our chapter is a real example of our members' sustained dedication. Special thanks to Jim Asselstine for his past leadership and his continued gracious financial support.

Please make an effort to attend a chapter meeting this season and meet our members who all enjoy country living. A properly plied fisherman will even lend some fishing techniques and secret fishing locations where the trout are always rising. Congratulations to Clem Fullerton. Rumor has it that he christened his new Per Brandin split-cane rod landing a 21" brown trout on a march brown imitation throwing a silk line. Did I mention silk line? Also thanks to Ed and Jim Graham who took some time out from fishing to plant our initial crop of willow slips with Clem.

To our editor; good luck with the new additions to his family. A pair of ten week old cocker spaniels, Harry and Sally have blessed the Rando household and most likely disrupted their peaceful lifestyle. I trust Mark will find time to edit this newsletter.

Welcome to our two new newsletter sponsors, Spring House Commons and The Barryville Sportsman. Stop by in your travels and introduce yourselves. I know many of you are chasing shad on that section of the Delaware River. Please patronize all our sponsors. They're an integral part of our community and help defray the cost of this newsletter.

Check out the raffles and great prizes that accompany this newsletter and remember that your support helps us to continue with our projects. Consult our events calendar and make plans to volunteer or attend an event.

UDCTU 2009 Calendar of Events

JUNE	
6	NYSTU Gen'l Council - Roscoe
14	Farmer's Market + Tractor Parade
27	Chapter Meeting + Fishing Outing
JULY	
5	Farmer's Market
18	Chapter Meeting **
25	Callicoon Street Fair
26	Narrowsburg River Fest
AUG	
2	Farmer's Market
29	Chapter Meeting
SEPT	
6	Farmer's Market
12	Grahamsville Youth Expo
12	NYSTU Gen'l Council -Genesee
OCT	
3	Stream opening, meeting, picnic
NOV	
7	NYSTU Gen'L Council - Pulaski
DEC	Vibert Boxes
FEB 2010	Willow Slip Cutting

All Meetings Held at Long Eddy Firehouse
Rt. 97 Long Eddy, NY 12760
** Road Clean-up after meeting
Volunteers welcome

The President's Pool Cont.

Your support and participation is what keeps this chapter a vibrant and viable enterprise. We look forward to meeting you all.

Best Regards

Frank Salt

A Picture Perfect Pool by Clem Fullerton

Over the years it has been my good fortune to fish a number of rivers, in the Catskills, having many pretty pools and riffles. I have always hoped to find a picture perfect pool. What distinguishing features would have to be present for a pool to be described as such. It would have to be in a secluded area. No pool with a road running nearby would qualify. Its location should be known to only a handful of anglers. Its character would include a long shallow riffle at the head to serve as the food pantry of the pool. It will be there that the majority of mayfly, caddis and stone fly nymphs make their home. As these insects hatch, the current will usher them down into the pool where the trout will be waiting. Connecting the riffle to the main body of the pool there would be a smooth glide just as the riffle slows and enters the pool.

The water on one side of the pool will have a dark green color denoting deeper water, while the opposite side should be shallow to enable an elderly angler too easily wade. Enhancing the loveliness of this pool, the far bank should be lined with enormous boulders unmoved throughout the ages. Directly behind the boulders, large hemlocks and rhododendrons will stand, shading the water. The pool itself should contain a good number of trout ranging from yearling size up to heart stopping tackle busters. Would it be too much to ask that these larger trout tend to feed often at the surface? It would not.

Occasionally, some angling author might write glowingly of the river that contains this pool, but its location will never be revealed. Ah, but you are thinking this is far too much to expect. Surely such a pool can only exist in my imagination. Step closer gentle reader while I whisper in your ear that not only does this pool exist, I

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A Picture Perfect Pool Cont.

have fished it and held one of the larger trout in my hand.

Yes of course you wish to know the exact location where I hooked that large trout. At this point, I must refer you to Mr. Harry Darbee. For when he was asked such a question, Harry would simply smile and hook his index finger into the corner of his mouth. "I got him right here," was his reply. That whimsical answer ended the conversation. Now, as to where I hooked that big trout, watch my index finger as I tell you "I got him right here".

In Memory of Lady and Sammy

In September of 1994, I secretly brought home two cocker spaniel puppies as a surprise anniversary present for my wife Laurie. I had never had a dog before but I knew Laurie always had them growing up and had expressed to me on a number of occasions a desire to have one again. As I drove home, these two tiny creatures nestled in a small carrier cage, I had no idea what to expect. Laurie waiting back home for me to pick her up to go out to dinner had no idea what was in store. Ringing the door bell, I slipped the cage inside and waited. A loud scream of excitement made it clear my present was a big success. I on the other hand was not quite sure about it having never been a dog owner. Little did I know then!

Over the next few days these two bundles of fur that seemed to possess boundless levels of energy began to explore every inch of our home and its contents. Unsure of their surroundings and of us in the beginning, they seemed to gain more comfort with it all each passing day. Their daily care quickly became routine for us as did all the steps we needed to take to "puppy-proof" their surroundings. You quickly learn that a simple oversight like forgetting to close a closet door can result in the loss of many pairs of shoes when there are puppies about.

After a few days and seeing their very different personalities begin to develop, we decided to name them Lady and Sammy. Lady was just that, an extremely beautiful dog with a reserved behavior that seemed totally indignant to Sammy's tendencies to romp and frolic around. Sammy on the other hand was constantly on the run intent on figuring everything out around him and he usually did; like how to open up the door on their cage by slapping his paw on the inside of the latch until the vibration finally shook it free. It seemed no matter what I did, they would both be out of their cage when I arrived home from work in the evening.

I doubt I will ever forget the scene I came home to one evening that occurred when Laurie was away on a business trip. Sammy had appar-

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Meeting Reminder

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ently once again worked his magic in springing he and Lady free of their cage. An open cabinet door was the telltale sign that storing a large bag of dog food in a floor level cabinet alongside a bag of potting soil was not the greatest of ideas. Surveying the aftermath of the puppy chow, potting soil, vomit and puppy waste mixture spread liberally throughout the kitchen floor while two filthy puppies eyed me intently I couldn't help but feel like I was an unwilling character in a Walt Disney movie.

As big a mess as they had made, you couldn't help but laugh as you looked into their eyes that seemed to be saying "is there something wrong?" And so it went for the next fourteen years as Sammy and Lady provided Laurie and I with an endless stream of laughs, happiness and joy in having them in our lives. Joined by a third cocker spaniel named Mikey a few years later, the 3 musketeers as dubbed by one of our neighbors became a seemingly permanent and familiar fixture in our daily existence and unknown to them an important component in helping Laurie and I deal with the day to day stresses of work and life. I would always say that if there were some way to distill and bottle the magic that pets provide to their owners on a daily basis one could make a fortune. But sadly as it is for all living creatures life does not go on forever and we lost both Lady and Sammy this past spring, their deaths occurring about 1 month apart, both the victims of cancer. Although Laurie and I have recently brought two new puppies into our home to help try and fill the void, we will never forget our Lady and Sammy. **MAR**

Environmental News Roundup

Callicoon Creek Update

NYS DEC Region 3 plans to conduct further research on the Callicoon Creek watershed this season. Like last year they are again going to install thermal recorders in five locations throughout the system. In speaking with Bob Angyal of Region 3, Bob indicated that from last year's efforts, they retrieved good data in 3 of 5 thermograph units planted. He hopes to compare last year's data with this year's and publish his findings later this fall. Bob also said that the electro-shocking survey that was originally scheduled for last year and subsequently cancelled is now currently planned for the week of July 6th this year. Anyone interested in participating can reach Bob via the Region 3 DEC office at 845 256-3094.

MAR

A New No-Kill on the Willowemoc

A section of the upper Willowemoc that has become an increasingly popular fishing locale for a number of our chapter members has been suggested to be made into a no-kill stretch. Clem Fullerton, the originator of this idea, has sent a letter of petition to Region 3 Fisheries Manager Michael Flaherty outlining the benefits and rationale of such a regulation change. The stretch of water, known as the Finkelstein water to some of our contingent as it runs behind the property of the aforementioned, starts at the DEC parking area off of DeBruce Road and would run downstream to a point some distance below the mouth of Sprague Brook. This stretch enjoys one of the longest uninterrupted fishing easements on the upper Willowemoc. It is also reported to be one of Bill Kelley's first choices when the original no kills were being planned. Bill Kelly at the time was a well known DEC fisheries technician and local fisherman. One of the main reasons why it wasn't selected back then was due to the fact that it runs well off the road and cannot easily be policed. Clem feels that in the present, the presence of other fishers and the resulting peer pressure would be more than an adequate deterrent to those who would try to break the rules. I would personally agree.

Having fished this stretch of water quite a few times over the past few years, the quality of the habitat and its productivity are readily apparent. It's easy to see why Bill Kelly thought so highly of it. It is not unusual to catch a mix of brightly colored wild brookies and nice sized browns when working through this water. Let's all hope that Clem's idea takes root. Its no sur-

prise that if anyone could push something like this through the red tape of government bureaucracy, Clem can! We'll keep the membership updated as this petition progresses through the system.

MAR

DIDYMO Update

An evasive aquatic algae known as didymo (*Didymosphenia geminata*) and sometimes referred to as "rock-snot" continues to make the news as its spread continues. Recently, the NYC DEC has confirmed its presence in the famed Esopus Creek. Previously, didymo had been confirmed in the Batten Kill in Washington County near the Vermont border and in the East and West branches of the Delaware River. Other Eastern states have confirmed its presence including Connecticut, Maryland and West Virginia where four different waterways have been found to be infected. Didymo is an extremely troublesome phenomena as it can grow on the bottom of fast moving rivers and develop in thick mats that can destroy native aquatic plants and insects. There are currently no known methods to control or eradicate it once a river becomes infected. NYS DEC is currently recommending a product from a company called Spray Nine Corporation to aid river recreationalists in cleaning their equipment. Spray Nine Marine is advertised as a broad spectrum disinfectant for marine and boating use. The DEC suggests it could be useful for cleaning equipment exposed to didymo infected waters. More information can be found at the following website:

<http://www.spraynine.com/>

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Semper Fi Dry Fly By Chuck N. Hope

Chuck called me the other day to tell me a story about an interesting fellow he ran across recently while fishing a favorite local small stream. Chuck was making his way up the path that parallels the bank when he noticed someone was already fishing the hole he was planning to try. A bit disappointed at first he quickly adjusted his plans and was now hoping to drop down below him into the next run. As he passed the man who was on the bank opposite the path, Chuck couldn't help but notice the cap the man was wearing. A dress blue color with red edging around the brim it had the saying "Semper Fi Dry Fly" in a gold lettered embroidery on the front of the cap arranged in two lines of text with a very striking rendition of a fan-winged royal coachman dry fly coiled on the end of leader set between the two lines Semper Fi and Dry Fly. As many folks know, Semper Fi is a shortened version of *Semper fidelis* a popular Latin phrase that means "always faithful" and has become the official motto of the U.S. Marine Corps. Chuck also noticed the distinguished features and athletic shape of the man who was sporting salt and pepper grey hair and groomed mustache. He had him pegged for the mid-fifties. Chuck waived as he passed and the man waived back. Chuck could see he was fishing a dry fly.

Dropping well down below the man, Chuck could still see him above drifting his fly over the promising depths of the spot he himself was hoping to try. Being early in the season and seeing no signs of rising fish or insects, Chuck opted to stay with his tandem nymph rig even though the pleasing sight of the man above drifting his dry fly seemed to pull him in the opposite direction. The water which was recently stocked began to give up fish to Chuck's nymph rig right out of the gate. The split shot he added to the leader was keeping the flies right down on the bottom where the fish were. He knew that full well even as the urge to fish a dry fly continued to grow. Glancing upstream to see how the "Semper Fi Dry Fly Guy" was doing, Chuck's then nickname for him, he noticed that the man was nodding with approval as he saw Chuck hook and land another fish.

Chuck fished through the run in about thirty minutes and no further strikes were coming to his flies. The "Semper Fi Dry Fly Guy" was still fishing the same hole and Chuck decided he would continue to fish down into some of the other spots he knew below. It seemed that each hole or run Chuck tossed his nymphs into produced a fish or two. Mostly they were recently stocked rainbows but there were a few browns as well and some were pretty nice sized. Making

his way back up the path, he noticed that the "Semper Fi Dry Fly Guy" was still at it floating his dry fly over the same hole. This time, Chuck called out to the man and asked how he was doing. The man said he was doing great but the fishing was slow as he had not caught anything yet. Chuck asked the man if he had seen any rises. The man smiled and said "no, none yet". Chuck mentioned that he was doing pretty good on nymphs and told him which patterns. The man thanked him for the information and said he hoped the fish might start rising soon. Chuck nodded and said "yeah that would be nice wouldn't it" and continued on up past the man. Sliding down the bank into the next good hole above, Chuck could still see him. He glanced up and nodded again. Chuck hooked 3 or 4 more fish in that hole and was wondering why the man didn't switch over to subsurface flies. Working his way back to the car, a few more fish obliged after which he had his fill and decided to take a break.

The stream runs very near the parking area and Chuck was very content after a productive fishing session to just sit there and listen to its bubbly music while eating his lunch. Foot steps broke the trance-like spell he had slipped into as he noticed that the "Semper Fi Dry Fly Guy" was coming up the trail. The man stopped to talk and Chuck asked him if any fish had come up to his dry. The man smiled and said no but it was still a great morning to be out. Chuck agreed and told the man he couldn't help but notice the slogan on his cap and asked if he had been a marine. The man nodded and said yes and that he had seen some action in the middle east. Chuck, now very curious asked if it meant that he only fished dry flies and the man said yes that is all he ever liked to fish. He asked the man why that was so. The man smiled again introduced himself as Andrew and explained that at this stage of his life he found few things more pleasing than that of casting a dry fly and watching it drift along the current. He explained if a fish came up and took it then great, but if not well that was fine too. He seemed very sure of this and Chuck decided not to probe it any further. Continuing on without being asked he mentioned that he had seen some pretty terrible things in his time in the field and that the peace and beauty of a trout stream was all he really needed to help wash away the memories on some days. For once in his life, Chuck was at a loss for words. Sensing Chuck's chagrin, he added, "but I sure enjoyed watching *you* catch all *those* fish". The man extended his hand and Chuck quickly took hold of his firm grip and quietly said "Andrew its been a pleasure, Semper fi dry fly and may the fish always rise for you". **MAR**

Beamoc Chapter News

Greetings to all from the Beamoc chapter of Trout Unlimited. Winter has released its icy grip and we are now into the long awaited fair weather of spring. As I'm sure most of our members have already begun their fishing season, I wish the best of success to all. Thinking about the new season and the many tasks that lie ahead for our chapter brings up a very important subject. That is the matter of getting our membership more involved in our chapter's projects and activities.

Our past and present officers have worked exceedingly hard to keep the chapter in operation and in a viable state. We now seek to recruit other members who would like to take on a more active role and perhaps even take on an officer position. New ideas are always welcome and are the lifeblood of our chapter's continued success. It goes without saying that we are a group that can only be successful with the participation and cooperation of our membership.

Anyone interested please contact me by telephone at 607-498-5464 or via E-Mail at BEAMOC@HVC.RR.COM. I am looking forward to hearing from you.

On a positive note, I would like to report that our chapter has applied for two grants from the New York State TU Conservation fund. The first grant has been awarded and the chapter has received \$4000. These funds will be used to install a special camera at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum (CFFCM) that will display both above and underwater scenes of a live trout environment. These images will be accessible to the public via a CFFCM website. This should prove to be a great worldwide educational tool for all to see.

The second grant sourced by TU National through the state conservation fund is planned to be used for the Horton Brook restoration project. This project also involves the DEP and will consist of bank renovation and stabilization work along parts of the Horton Brook an important tributary stream to the Beaverkill. The project is scheduled to start this month. This grant is also for \$4000 and is still pending as of this writing.

Another important project the chapter is involved with is in working with the NYS DEC to create 3 new parking and access areas along the lower Beaverkill. These are to be located at Cairns, Cemetery and Chiloway pools, three popular fishing spots along the river.

A major concern of our chapter is cen-

tered around the intended extraction of millions of gallons of water that will be needed for the gas drilling process that is being planned for the development of the Marcellus Shale gas reserves. This is potentially one of biggest threats to our cold water fisheries as water is already at a premium in our area especially during the summer months. We will keep a vigilant eye on all related activities and remain poised to act quickly when needed. I cannot emphasize enough to our membership how important your participation is.

Yours truly, Manny Zanger

Enjoy the relaxing view of the Delaware River as eagles soar above

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Evan Lavery

The Editor's Post - It Never Hurts to Ask

We've all seen a piece of private water that looked so inviting that it seemed to be just begging to be fished. And who hasn't watched another angler hammering the fish wondering what the heck he could be using that was so effective. I know I have. For some reason most folks, myself included, seem to have an aversion to the idea of approaching a complete stranger to ask for permission to fish or to find out what fly, lure or bait could be so effective. No instead we're content to just sit and wonder. This is of course unless your name is Greg Hull. Greg is a local and many of our chapter members may know him from his days working at the Catskill-Delaware Outdoor Shop that recently went out of business. A new member of TU and our local chapter, duties of fatherhood to two young boys and earning a living keep Greg from becoming an active member but sometime down the road I'm sure that will change.

On a recent outing with Greg to Upper Woods Pond, a favorite spot of ours, it once again became apparent how the asking of a simple question can add great dividends to a day of fishing. This particular day was unseasonably cold and gusty as we struggled to keep our boat positioned over the spots we wished to fish. Our original plan for the day had been to fish March Browns on the lower Beaverkill but a downpour the previous night turned all of our local rivers and streams into rushing torrents of chocolate milk so we opted for the pond where we thought we could salvage the day. Finalizing our plans over the phone that morning, I actually was thinking about bowing out and heading home, but I know Greg usually only gets one day a week to fish and he needs to make the most of it and I did not want to disappoint him. He and I have been fishing together quite regularly now and I guess the best fishing partners develop a sense of duty in seeing the other gets his needed fix. In any event we both agreed to go.

Arriving at the boat launch earlier, there had not been anyone else around. "Well it looks like we have the place to ourselves" I exclaimed again wondering why I was not on my way back home to New Jersey as a gust of bone chilling wind came roaring across the lake. After an unproductive hour and a half or so of casting both flies and spinners a few more folks began to arrive. An angler toting a pair of fly rods and wearing one of those down east up-downer style hats you see in the LL Bean catalogue unchained his johnboat and began to oar his way out from shore. It wasn't long before he was into a fish. We had seen him there before on previous outings where he easily outfished everyone around him. After thirty minutes or so, he had hooked and landed over ten fish and we hadn't boated even one. Greg couldn't take it anymore so he yelled out "hey what fly are you using"? Our boats were not that far apart and he was easily within hearing range. The man looked up and said well it doesn't have a name but described it for us including the size. I looked at Greg and said I have a few wet flies in my box that were close so I tied one on and gave one to Greg. Within minutes we each were into a fish. While we didn't go on to kill them, we each had some action with an occasional take as we worked those wet flies just below the surface where a chunky rainbow or brown would slam it with a viscous strike every now and then. So in the end we were able to salvage what had been turning into a very lackluster day. I had to leave earlier that day than Greg did so he brought me back to shore so I could get going and planned to fish a few more hours till dark. The man who shared the details of his successful fly pattern was still out there too.

The next day I got an email from Greg saying that he managed only one more fish after I had left, but the man, who's name turned out to be John, gave him a sample fly when they were taking their boats out at the ramp. I had promised Greg when I left the boat that if he obtained one of those magic flies I would tie him two dozen so now I am on the hook for that. I was pretty sure he would be able to pull it off when I baited him as I had seen him in action before. Over the course of knowing Greg, I have had the pleasure of fishing numerous private ponds and lakes in the area simply because he asked someone who had access. We also came to know an extremely productive ice fishing spot on Prompton Reservoir because he just asked a guy who was heading off the lake where he had caught all the beautiful crappies we had seen in the bucket he was carrying. The man told us everything we needed to know including bait, depth, jig type and size. We proceeded over that weekend and the next to enjoy some of the best ice fishing for bluegill, yellow perch and crappies that I had ever experienced.

So Greg Hull is not afraid to ask and that fact has paid handsome dividends for yours truly.

Fish each cast as though it were your last - Sincerely yours,
Mark A. Rando

Piscatorial Wit & Wisdom

Even a fish wouldn't get into trouble if he kept his mouth shut.

- An old Korean Proverb

Mortality being what it is, any new river could be your last.

- Thomas McGuane
The Longest Silence

There are only two occasions when Americans respect privacy, especially with Presidents. Those are prayer and fishing.

- Herbert Hoover
Fisherman and 31st President

Who but an angler knows that magic hour when the red lamp of summer drops behind blackening hemlocks and the mayflies emerge from the folds of their nymphal robes to dance in a ritual as old as the river itself,

- A.J. McClane
"Song of the Angler"
The Compleat McClane

Fun Fishing Facts - Did you know that?

It has been reported that in the 17th century, an unknown angler in England attached a wire loop to the tip of his fishing rod to permit a "running line" which proved useful in both casting and playing a fish. This innovative addition to the fishing rod was the catalyst for the development of a reel needed to store the longer lines that it was then possible to fish with.

The Royal Coachman is perhaps the world's best known fly pattern and certainly one of the most loved. It has been tied as a wet fly, dry fly in various styles and also as a streamer. The origin of the pattern is reported to date back to 1878 when it was first tied by a professional fly dresser named John Haily who was then living in New York City. Mr. Haily explained that one of his customers asked for an extra durable Coachman wet fly for a trip up to the north woods. The band of red floss wrapped around the middle was added to help keep the peacock herl from unraveling. He also added barred wood duck for the tail. Sometime later Charles Orvis dubbed it the "Royal Coachman" and the tailing changed to golden pheasant tippet.

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