



## **TAILWATERS**

The Newsletter of the Upper Delaware & Beamoc  
Chapters of Trout Unlimited

Published April, June, August & October

Editor Mark A. Rando Fall/Winter 2008

*Look deep into nature, and then you will understand everything better.*  
Albert Einstein

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### **The President's Pool**

As another active year for the Upper Delaware Chapter of Trout Unlimited comes to a close, we have again accomplished much of our established goals and projects. In addition, we have embarked on some new programs. These goals could not have been met without the support, hard work, and encouragement of our members and the local community. At the risk of embarrassing some, I would be remiss not to mention them by name.

First I would like to say thanks on behalf of everyone to Tom and Sue Brown for once again hosting our annual October picnic at their lovely home located on the banks of the main stem of the Delaware River. The weather was perfect; the food superb and a good time was had by all. Don Hamilton won the casting competition with his accurate placements and will retain the cup for the next year. Congratulations to Maria Sawicki from Long Island, winner of the stained glass, and Harry Caswell from NYC/North Branch, winner of the Winston Delaware Special fly rod. Neither were present but were very happy when informed of their good fortune.

Congratulations to our well deserved *Volunteers* of the Year. We're happy to recognize Pam and Val Reinhardt with this award although their dedicated service certainly spans more than just this past year. Pam and Val have worked tirelessly and unselfishly for many years on behalf of our chapter and we applaud them.

Our beautiful framed stained glass, depicting a fly fishing scene, that sold many raffles this year was donated by Art Soloman, and the premium Winston raffle rod was donated by Ed Graham. Thank you Art and Ed. These items comprised our major raffle and fund raising. Thanks to everyone who purchased these raffles tickets. I only wish that everyone could win, but there's always next year.

I'd also like to thank Marty Cammer, Dave Demarest, George Nitkovich, and Paul Tootleman for their very generous and continued financial support. Many thanks to our major sponsor for *Trout In the Classroom*, Jeff Bank and also the Sullivan County Federation Sportsmen, the Grahamsville Rod & Gun Club, and our own David and Patty MacMurray, who all readily stepped up with much needed financial support to help get this project up and running. Thanks to the many who donated items for raffles and fund raisers including Ed Graham, Jim Graham, Peter Kolesar, Jack Mynarski, Joe Russoniello, Karol Sundholm, Lew Trowbridge, and Manny Zanger.

Special thanks to our resident artist, Lew Trowbridge, who painstakingly carved and painted, with such detail, many rainbow, brown, and brook trout for our chapter. Not only did Lew generate much interest while demonstrating wood carving at the Farmer's Market but also generated a good deal of cash for the chapter. Lew is a true artisan but I still can't comprehend how Lew makes such beautiful trout from basswood.

Thanks to all those who stopped by our booth at street fairs and farmers markets to visit and support our efforts. Thank you Bill Zelop and Anna Marie Anderson for always stopping by with your kind words of encouragement and donations.

**Cont. on Page 2**

Thanks again to Karol Sundholm for designing and implementing our website and keeping it current. Karol not only donated her time but also the annual fee for the website. To Clem and Barbara Fullerton who have bailed me out on numerous occasions by never saying no and for providing council and wisdom with their vast knowledge, many thanks. Sincere and most grateful thanks to our board of officers and directors who contribute much of their time to help keep our chapter running smoothly and efficiently. And thanks to our editor, Mark Rando, without whom this publication would not be possible.

With the many contributors to our chapter I fear I've invariably failed to name them all and to those I apologize and offer my heartfelt thanks. And finally to our membership, who undoubtedly are busy with careers and family or just off fishing, I thank you for your support as members and invite you to come join us and play a more active part in the future.

Sincerely,  
**Frank Salt**

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**New Website**  
 Be sure to get the latest UDCTU news online  
<http://www.upperdelawaretu.org/>

**UDCTU 2008 Calendar of Events**

8-Nov	NYSTU Gen'L Council Pulaski
Nov	Vibert Boxes
<b>DEC</b>	Willow Slip Cutting
	All meetings @ Long Eddy Firehouse
	Rt. 97 Long Eddy, NY 12760
	** Road clean up after meeting- volunteers welcomed

**UDCTU Membership**  
 Interested in joining us?  
 Contact any one of the officers listed above for details

**CATSKILL-DELAWARE OUTDOOR**  
 34 A. Dorrer Drive, Callicoon, NY 12723  
  
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**Book Review: *A Different Angle, Fly Fishing Stories by Women*, edited by Holly Morris**

While on a road trip and to pass the time I brought along a copy of a book I won at a raffle during one of our Saturday morning TU meetings. This book, *A Different Angle, Fly Fishing Stories by Women*, edited by Holly Morris is a great read. Considering that the first essay ever written on fly fishing was by a woman (Dame Juliana Berners, 1421) it is surprising that there has not been more literature on the topic written by women since then. The fact that this collection was not published until 1995 demonstrates that women are now fly fishing in sufficient numbers to make such a publication worthwhile.

The joy of fly fishing is a universal one experienced equally by anyone who loves the sport, whether male or female. As a woman, I can recommend this book to readers of both sexes. Women will certainly relate to the feminist angle of some of the stories and fisherwomen will especially enjoy the exploits of these fearless ladies. But men should definitely read this book, as well. Any student of the fly fishing genre should be aware of its history. That history includes the involvement of women and how they were treated by the male establishment. A few of the essays in this book evoke the emotions felt by such women. However, the best thing about *A Different Angle* is its humor. Many of the essays are comical. They are full of outrageous characters, hilarious blunders, and ridiculous situations. Anyone who ever cast a line or knows someone who has can empathize with these ladies.

So, here's hoping you will be the next one in line to enjoy this good read. Then pass it along...

**Pat Salt**

**Callicoon River Update**

NYS DEC Region 3 conducted a water temperature monitoring survey within the Callicoon Creek watershed this past summer. A series of temperature recorders were placed at various points within the system to chart water temperature trends. DEC will evaluate this data over the winter and publish a report. We will include the results in the April newsletter.

DEC also had plans for an electro-shocking survey to be performed within the Callicoon system. However due to the emergency response of performing eradication of Northern Snakeheads found within an Orange County Pond (see August issue for details), the Callicoon work was postponed until next year due to resource issues. **MAR**

**GAS Drilling in New York State**

A number of very important events that are being driven by NYS DEC are taking place in regards to matters related to natural gas drilling within the state. The below links will take the reader to DEC press releases for those who wish to stay informed on these happenings.

**DEC Announces Public Process to Review Potential Impacts of Drilling the Marcellus Shale Formation (July 25, 2008)**

<http://www.dec.ny.gov/press/45423.html>

**DEC Launches New Web Page for Marcellus Shale Info (August 28, 2008)**

<http://www.dec.ny.gov/press/46562.html>

**State Environmental Commissioner Welcomes City Council Questions on Gas Drilling (September 9, 2008)**

<http://www.dec.ny.gov/press/46756.html>

**Public Meetings Set for Developing Scope of Environmental Review for Horizontal Drilling in the Marcellus Shale (October 6, 2008)**

<http://www.dec.ny.gov/press/47722.html>

**Details Announced for Meetings on Natural Gas Drilling (October 17, 2008)**

<http://www.dec.ny.gov/press/48082.html>

The New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) has finalized logistics for a series of meetings to give the public an opportunity to participate in the analysis of the potential environmental impacts of high-volume hydraulic fracturing of horizontal wells in New York's natural gas-bearing Marcellus and Utica shale formations.

DEC had previously announced that six meetings would be scheduled throughout the Southern Tier and Catskills in November and early December. Now finalized, the locations are:

**Thursday, November 6, 2008:** Allegany-Limestone High School Auditorium/Theater, 3131 Five Mile Road, Allegany, NY14706.

**Wednesday, November 12, 2008:** Haverling High School Auditorium, 25 Ellis Avenue, Bath, NY 14810.

**Thursday, November 13, 2008:** Southside High School Auditorium, 777 South Main Street, Elmira, NY 14904.

**Monday, November 17, 2008:** Broome County Community College, West Gym, 901 Upper Front Street, Binghamton, NY 13902.

**Tuesday, December 2, 2008:** SUNY/Oneonta, Hunt Union Ballroom, 108 Ravine Parkway, Oneonta, NY 13820.

**Thursday, December 4, 2008:** Sullivan County Community College, Fieldhouse, 112 College Road, Loch Sheldrake, NY 12759.

NOTE: Each meeting location listed below will open at 4:30 p.m., with the formal meeting beginning at 5:15 p.m. Brief remarks by Department staff will be followed by public comments starting at 6 p.m.

As a first step of its review, DEC recently released a draft scope that proposes issues to be covered in the analysis. The forums give the public the opportunity to review and comment.

Document Availability - In addition to the [DEC's website](#), copies of the draft scope, a Glossary of Technical Terms and related materials are available at [various locations](#) (PDF, 249 Kb). **NYS DEC**

#### **PA DEP Bureau of Oil and Gas Management**

The Bureau of Oil and Gas Management which is part of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection has created a new Marcellus Shale Information page at the following website:

[http://www.dep.state.pa.us/dep/deputate/minres/ilgas/new\\_forms/marcellus/marcellus.htm](http://www.dep.state.pa.us/dep/deputate/minres/ilgas/new_forms/marcellus/marcellus.htm)

#### **Dette Trout Flies**

Fishing Flies

Mary Dette & Joe Fox

(607) 498-4991

P.O. Box 108

Roscoe, NY 12776

joe@dettetroutflies.com

www.dettetroutflies.com

#### **The Party is Not Over Yet**

By Chuck N. Hope

Chuck N. Hope says don't hang up that rod and reel just yet, there's still a lot of good fishing to be had. In fact, Chuck says that October and November can offer some of the season's nicest trout fishing opportunities. Uncrowded conditions, beautiful autumn foliage, late season hatches and the chance hook into a bull brown trout on its way to the spawning grounds are just a few of the highlights offered during the late season. On our area streams, late fall blue wing olive hatches can last well into November. Although these BWO's tend to run small in size (#18-22) fish feed on them eagerly producing some of the best dry fly opportunities of the season. Chuck favors BWO sparkle duns, parachutes, RS2 emergers and various CDC based patterns that float flush in the surface film to connect with a selective fall feeding trout. Late season *Isonychias* (Slate Drakes) can also produce good results when fishing nymphs and emerger patterns. Both dead drifting and swimming the fly can draw viscous strikes. Chuck likes to swing a pair of Dun Variant nymphs tied Art Flick style through likely looking pockets and runs. The late season is also a popular time to strip streamer and bucktail flies through likely looking lies searching for extra-large browns that are on the move and getting ready to spawn. The sock of a fat hook jaw fall brown smashing a streamer or bucktail on a retrieve is not soon forgotten.

Chuck also encourages folks to get out and try some fall smallmouth bass and walleye fishing. These coolwater species feed aggressively throughout the fall and early winter months. The late season smallmouth bite can produce some fast action with many of the largest bass of the season being caught. Smallmouths often go on aggressive feeding sprees when water temps begin to drop. Fishing weighted flies and jigs deeper and slower as the water temperature declines usually brings the best results in both our area rivers and lakes. November and December can be two of the best months of the season to fish for walleye on the upper Delaware. Late season fisherman favor jigs tipped with bait such as a nightcrawler or minnow. Fishing deep diving crankbaits, spinners and soft plastics such as a tube jig slowly and deliberately can also bring results. Walleye fishing in the upper Delaware actually holds up pretty good all winter. Whenever there is open water during a warm spell, locals in the know will be on the water attempting to hookup with a winter walleye. Many consider the Walleye the finest table fare of all the freshwater fishes and a couple of large fillets from a fresh

winter caught fish are a good enticement to get out on the water.

Last but not least Chuck says that for anglers who crave a little salt, late October through early December can offer some of the best coastal surf fishing of the year for both lure and fly fisherman. Schools of migrating baitfish such as bunker, menhaden and sand eels moving south along the beach fronts of Connecticut thru New Jersey attract schools of rampaging bluefish and striped bass. Having the good fortune to be at the right place at the right time when a nice sized school of fish moves through can offer some of the most exciting fishing imaginable. Surf anglers tossing plugs and metal or fishing flies such as the clouser minnow and lefty's deceiver can connect with alligator size bluefish up to 15 pounds or a striper as big as one can dream of. But Chuck cautions that surf fishing is not for the faint of heart. Long walks through sandy beaches, early and late hours, planning around tides, moon phases and wind are all part of the game and one must be prepared to put in long hard hours to score.

Chuck would like to thank everyone who read his column this past year and hopes both the information provided and his sense of humor found favor. Tight Lines to all. **CNH**

### **BEAMOC Meeting Dates**

November 6<sup>th</sup>

December 4<sup>th</sup>

All meetings held at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center & Museum. Starting time 6:30pm

607 498-5194

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Evan Lavery

### **Story Teller's Corner - Psychedelic Butterflies on the Esopus**

The staccato sounds of heavy rain falling outside suddenly became more tinny and random as ample-sized hailstones began their furious descent. Awakened from an uneasy sleep my mind was not yet switched on. Groggy eyed, cold and a bit uncertain of my surroundings I stared into the darkness for a moment. Wrapped cocoon-like in a wool blanket I tried to sit up . Remembering I was in my car, my hands fumbled around in the dark to find the headlight switch. At first, all I could see were small glowing white nuggets and granules bouncing up off the hood and falling down from the sky. These quickly subsided as sheets of water continued to pelt the windshield. Caught in the glare of my headlights I then noticed strange illuminated objects poking out of the ground that at first I could not make out. Shivering a little, trying to focus my blurry eyes I could then see they were headstones and for the first time realized that I was actually parked right next to a cemetery. Great I thought, could this night get any stranger? Looking over at my friend Mike sound asleep in the passenger seat my mind began to clear its cobweb haze. Lucidity returning, the events of last evening came flowing back into my thoughts. Continuing to stare at Mike for a few minutes I realized perhaps for the first time how different he and I really were. When it came down to it, other than we both loved to fly fish for trout there was not much else we had in common. I guess deep down I always knew this was so but the young angry man part of me wanted to suppress this in denial; especially after how upset I was with my parents about how they had acted when Mike stopped by the house recently to pick up a reel he had forgotten in my car.

Coming from a suburban lifestyle with all the comforts of an upper middle class family, a guy like Mike was a mystery to someone like me. A biker and a social rebel, he had come from a broken home environment. He made his living as a machinist and seemed to revel in his blue collar existence; often kidding me about my going to college to study engineering. He would laugh and say that if it wasn't for engineers designing things that couldn't be built, guys like him would not have jobs so he encouraged me to finish in order to help insure his future job security. He had a funny sense of humor in that way being able to find a clever slant on things to bridge the gap of our social differences. Alone in my thoughts, with Mike seemingly trapped in a state of suspended animation curled up in a fetal position, it all seemed so strange. Here I was sitting in my car, pouring rain and pitch black outside, pulled off somewhere along Route 28 next to an old cemetery near the Esopus Creek up in the Catskill Mountains with a guy I barely knew who a few

hours ago had made a startling confession to me. Going fishing certainly brought a lot of high adventure with it I thought but not exactly what I had in mind.

Making our way up the New York State Thruway the night before, the conversation started off strange enough. "You know I would never hurt you or anything, right?" he said. Being surprised with both what he was saying and the uncharacteristically soft tone of his voice I laughed "what do you mean? Why would you say something like that?". "I'm trying to tell you something serious" he snapped back sounding more like himself. "Sure I know that Mike" I said, "I've always thought you to be a really good person and I enjoy your company. I wouldn't fish with you as much as I do if I felt otherwise". I clearly had embarrassed him with that. In an effort to diffuse the awkwardness of the moment he came back at me with his usual cynicism and said "well I fish with you because if I didn't, nobody else would so just be quiet for a minute and listen to me. There are some things about me you should know". He then proceeded to tell me about his past which included a serious heroin addiction and prison time for shooting someone in a bar fight. The person he shot did not die so it was not murder and he wound up spending close to three years in a New Jersey Correctional Facility. He explained the nature of the fight and how he had stopped off at a bar in Camden one night to buy a pack of cigarettes. Once inside he realized he made a fatal mistake as a number of black men told him they weren't going to let him walk out in one piece. In those days he carried a gun and said he shot only to protect himself. He also told me it was while he was in prison that he met his wife through a pen pal program. He laughed and said she was the kind of person who would stop and pick up a bird on the side of the road with a broken wing and take it home. He went on to tell me she was the reason he straightened out. I had met her a few times and always sort of wondered how a gruff guy like Mike wound up with such a sweet soft spoken lady. I guess that all made sense now. Also, I came to know that under all that tough guy bravado was a person who would give you the shirt off his back and in rare moments would reveal an innocence in his view of things that was as pure as a child's. Sometimes a few nice trout brought that side of him out I smiled and I guess his wife did too listening to how fondly he spoke of her.

While Mike explained all this to me I had many questions I wanted to ask but only asked one. "Mike, why did you want to tell me all this"? "Because I just wanted you to know" he replied. That was good enough for me. At that point I didn't need to know anything more. "I'll understand if you don't want to fish with me anymore" he concluded. Being somewhat embarrassed myself then, I was at a loss for words and finally said "none of that would make any difference to me. I hope you would know that." "I'll bet it would with your parents" he said. "What they think doesn't matter does it" I replied. "You sure about that?" he said. Getting off at the Rte 28 exit I decided to pull into an all night convenience store to get something to eat and drink and give things a break. Back on the road with the radio turned up, the silence between us was unsettling and I was relieved to see Mike dozing off. We often drove up Friday nights after work to our chosen fishing destination to get as much fishing time out of the weekend as we could. I had a part time job at a local supermarket and usually had to work till ten. Mike lived a few towns over and I would swing by and pick him up. We had been out fishing together a couple of dozen times or so over the past 2 years since our first chance meeting at a short lived local fly fishing specialty shop in Bergen County. He was buying some fly tying materials and I was returning a defective fly line. At that time I was nineteen and he was in his mid-thirties. We started talking and one thing lead to another and Mike offered to show me some good spots he knew in the near-by Poconos. Exchanging phone numbers he left as I finished my business. The guy behind the counter chided me as I was leaving and said "your gonna go out fishing with Mike?". I asked "Why not?". He just smiled sheepishly and said " he's a real character". Aside from the biker garb he seemed pretty cool to me and I just shrugged that comment off not really sure what he was trying to tell me nor really caring. I made my own mind up about people, that I was certain of.

Gaining elevation as I made my way up Route 28, the fog really started to get thick and I was having a hard time seeing the road. The radio station I had found was playing old sixties tunes and when the announcer said it was coming out of Columbus, Ohio I wasn't sure whether it was a recorded show or actually being broadcast from there. I had heard of a phenomenon sometimes experienced in mountainous areas called "skip" where radio signals that bounce off the ionosphere can travel very long distances when certain atmospheric conditions were prevalent and be received in areas very far outside the usual broadcast range. That thought just added to the eeriness of the moment as an old acid rock tune called *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida* came blasting out of the speakers; a long 17 minute ballad recorded by a sixties psychedelic band called Iron Butterfly. The main lyric was reportedly alleged to be a drunken slurred version of *In the Garden of Eden*. I figured I could use a drink just about then listening to those off-beat lyrics and a pounding bass guitar trying to figure out where I was in fog which had grown so thick that driving further seemed unsafe. It

all just seemed too weird and I had to pull off the road not quite sure of my whereabouts. Parking on some grass well off the road, I knew I was near the river and at that point was so tired that I just wanted to sleep.

Morning light was now starting to break as I stared through the windshield looking out into the pouring rain. This weekend's fishing looks like a total bust I thought. Mike was beginning to stir and was soon awake. "Any coffee left in that thermos" He asked. "Should be " I replied. Wrestling to find it, I could see the satisfaction on his face when he opened the lid and started to pour. "Want any"? "No I'm good" I answered. Looking out into the rain that had let up a bit Mike looked at me and said "I won't even ask, I know you plan to go out there". "Yeah" I said, "at least for a little bit, the rain seems to be tapering off. "Sure it is" he said. "All right, just give me ten minutes to wake up" he added. "No problem, I'm not in a hurry" I nodded with satisfaction. "Sure your not" he came back grinning. Standing under the open hatchback of my car, we quickly put on our waders and geared up. The rain was still pretty heavy as we walked to the river and took up positions maybe 30 yards from each other. I was fishing a Hares Ear Nymph. I know Mike was nymphing too. That is all he ever fished. I guess that seemed to go with who he was. Dry flies just seemed to be too fluffy and artsy for his tastes. He was a down and dirty guy all the way. Casting my nymph upstream repeatedly and watching the line drift back down each time while the rain fell hard soon developed into a hypnotic-like sense of being . With each cast and drift I made I seemed to fall deeper into the white noise made by the crashing rain drops that surrounded me in a watery haze. The swelling river below me, tugging at my feet, contributed a lower pitched bass like backdrop as it rushed past hitting every rock along the way . The feeling of being totally enveloped in a powerful rushing wall of sound made me feel both very insignificant and also very glad to be alive at that moment.

Peering through the opening of my hood and looking back upstream at Mike I could barely make out his form. Watching him cast then high stick his nymph back through the drift, rod extended out from a fully outstretched arm, he appeared like a lone sentry fixed on a pivot twisting from right to left then back again to repeat the same motion over and over again. He really was a skilled nymph fisherman I thought and tied some of nicest flies I had every seen. He even hand mixed all his own dubbings. Then for some reason, I was suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of sadness for him. Mike should lighten up sometime and fish dry flies I thought. Sure he would like that. I could picture him out there with a swarm of psychedelic butterflies hatching under a bluebird blue sky; golden sun rays streaming down with a colorful rainbow off in the distance. Wearing a pair of cool sun glasses, bandana wrapped around his head and sporting a tie-dye tee-shirt, he would have a psychedelic butterfly pattern tied on the end of his line while Iron Butterfly belted out *In-A Gadda-Da-Vida* only you could understand the words ... in the garden of Eden baby boom boom boom. A few cold drops of rain tricked down my neck snapping me back to reality. Again transfixed on Mike's distant silhouette I remembered how coldly my parents had treated him that day he stopped by the house pulling up on his bike dressed in full leathers; what a sight amidst all that Oradell, New Jersey suburbanance .You could see how uncomfortable he was; literally a fish out of water. My anger around that event had not yet subsided. Well now he was a fish *in* the water where he *belonged* up in the mountains in a trout stream and so did I. That thought made me feel better. I wrestled with the thought that part of what made me gravitate towards our unusual fishing partnership was being fueled by youthful parental rebelliousness. I guess in some strange way we each got something out of the other that we needed. In the end all I really knew about the guy was that he was a good fisherman and patient fishing partner, was pretty damn unselfish about mostly everything and had had some really tough times in his life. "Hey Mike" I hollered "let's go back to the car this is nuts" "You think" he yelled back as we scrambled to find the path. Back under the relief of my open hatch back, he was grinning from ear to ear as he took off his jacket and waders. "Let's go grab some breakfast we can come back later and fish some dry flies" he laughed.

**MAR**

### The Editor's Post

This installment of our newsletter concludes my first year as editor. Hopefully the content provided was both informative and entertaining. I welcome any feedback or submission of articles for inclusion that anyone would like to offer. You can reach me via the chapter email address: [postmaster@upperdelaware.org](mailto:postmaster@upperdelaware.org). 2009 is sure to be a challenging year ahead on many fronts. Natural gas drilling, DDYMO, invasive species such as the Northern Snakehead discovered in nearby Orange County and an Upper Delaware reservoir release plan that is broken head the list of concerns. Keeping the membership informed on these and other important matters will continue to be the goal of this publication.

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

## Piscatorial Wit & Wisdom

"There's a fine line between fishing and standing on the shore like an idiot."

~Steven Wright

"The trout do not rise in the cemetery, so you better do your fishing while you are still able."

~Sparse Grey Hackle

"I used to like fishing because I thought it had some larger significance. Now I like fishing because it's the one thing I can think of that probably doesn't."

~John Gierach

"Scholars have long known that fishing eventually turns men into philosophers. Unfortunately, it is almost impossible to buy decent tackle on a philosopher's salary"

~Patrick McManus

We may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did"; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

~Izaak Walton

## Fun Fishing Facts - Did you know that ...???

### The Oldest fishing record

- In May 1865, Dr. C.C. Abbot caught a 4-pound, 3-ounce yellow perch while fishing a lake near Bordentown, N.J. His fish later was certified as an IGFA all-tackle world record, a record that has stood 142 years, longer than any other.

- in 1948, avid fisherman Bob and Bill Johnson came up with an idea to take already manufactured one piece bamboo rods and cut them down into three sections adding ferrules to create a more convenient travel rod. The idea proved to be very successful and marked the beginning of the St. Croix rod company.

- The Compara Dun and Sparkle Dun fly patterns that are so popular today are actually modern day derivatives of a much older pattern called the Haystack which was originated by Francis Betters well known fisherman and fly shop owner up in the Adirondacks. The original Haystack was tied without a hackle and used deer or elk hair for BOTH the upright wings and the tail sections. The Compara Dun replaced the tail with split hackle fibers similar to those used on the Swisher and Richards no hackle patterns popularized in their *Selective Trout*. The Sparkle Dun developed by Craig Mathews of West Yellowstone, Montana uses Z-lon fibers to simulate a trailing nymphal shuck instead of a tail. Mr. Betters later changed the dressing to use fur from a snowshoe hare foot for both wing and tail sections and the Usual style fly pattern was born.

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