



The Catskill Fly Tyers Guild *Gazette*

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September 2021

The next meeting of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild will take place on Saturday, September 18, at 1:00 PM, at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum.



A responsibly handled steelhead from Joe's trip

President's Message By Joe Ceballos

Fall is quickly coming upon us, and another trout season will soon pass. For some, fall is a preferred season with its cooler temperatures and the changing colors of leaves. My grandmother called this time of the year "the leaf," and it was her favorite season.

I hope that the summer was good and kind to everyone with many fish caught when you were able to get to the water. I had the good fortune to travel to Montana and Idaho in July, and I enjoyed two weeks of great fishing and visiting with a very dear and long-time

friend. What is significant to tell you about that trip is that I nearly always fished Catskill-style flies: a size 10 American March Brown (Art Flick pattern), size 14 Grey Fox (Preston Jennings pattern), and a size 12 Quill Gordon (Theodore Gordon pattern). I presented those classic flies to fish on several rivers: the Madison, the Gallatin, the Clearwater, and the Henry's Fork. The patterns proved to be as valid and effective today as they were one hundred years ago. It appeared to me that the trout of that region (browns, rainbows, and cutthroats) knew history well and responded to it.

I want to thank Chuck Coronato, Bob Colson, Mike Gaines, and Mark Sturtevant for helping out with the guild's table at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum's Summerfest. I was planning to be there, but Canada opened its border, and the lodge that I had booked about two years ago and postponed three times expected guests to come. Thus, I was on a trip to British Columbia to fish for steelhead. Traveling to Canada requires a molecular COVID test within seventy-two hours of your trip and also requires preapproval via a Canadian government website. Return travel to the U.S. also requires an antigen test—again, within seventy-two hours. Wearing an approved mask is a requirement at all times in the aircraft and in the airport. Despite all of my concerns, travel to Canada proved to be safe, and it turned out to be an absolutely fantastic trip with several large steelhead caught. Regarding the handling of steelhead, we strictly adhered to the Canadian law mandating that all steelhead not be lifted from the water for photos or during the act of releasing. Several seconds of

being in the air can prove harmful to the fish. The state of Washington has the same rules regarding the handling of anadromous fish.

For our guild meeting on September 18, the theme will be Blue-Winged Olives. Be on the lookout for a separate announcement emailed to you that will review and ponder the historical background of the pattern. As part of our new format, I encourage all to do their own research and to bring your questions to the meeting. As was done last month for our meeting on Sulphurs, there will be a post-meeting summary (including photos of flies that were tied) sent to all guild members.

I want everyone to meet Andrew. Andrew and his father attended the West Branch Classic Fly Festival at Laurel Bank Farm, Deposit, New York, where I was asked to tie flies. He sat down at my table to learn how to tie, and by his fourth attempt, he turned out a beautiful example of a size 12 Dun Variant. Andrew is clearly a fast learner! I hope that he shows up for our meeting this month. Mike Valla signed and gave two of his great fly-tying books to Andrew as encouragement. Enthusiastic young people such as Andrew are the future of fly tying.



Bomber and Hardy by Lois Ostapczuk

Bomber and Hardy **By Lois Ostapczuk**

An underwater photo of a recent fishing outing that my husband made caught my eye—begging to be painted. I thought the shapes and lines made an interesting composition. These colorful trout can be a fun diversion from my typical landscapes. He titled the watercolor “Bomber and Hardy,” which left me with questions needing answers. I had to ask him, “What’s an Ausable Bomber, and why do you need so many Hardy reels?”

View more of Catskill artist Lois Ostapczuk’s paintings by visiting:
<http://catskillwatersart.blogspot.com/2014/02/blog-post.html>

Soft-Hackles: Esopus Creek Style

Back in the early 1970s, I vaguely recall an Esopus Creek buddy, the late Peter Marusek, who was a skilled amateur artist, fly tyer, and masterful cane rod builder, telling me about flymphs while fishing our beloved river. Back then, Pete just read a Crown Publisher copy of Leisenring and Hidy's classic, *The Art of Tying the Wet Fly & Fishing the Flymph*. This volume included Jim Leisenring's 1941 work, plus Pete Hidy's 1971 updates. I read that Crown publication, also, and was an avid Esopus Creek wet-fly fisher, but what the heck were flymphs anyway? Intrigued by all of this, I was fortunate to soon stumble upon and obtain a copy of *Sports Illustrated Book of Wet-Fly Fishing*, which was authored by Pete Hidy.

Shortly thereafter, I acquired a copy of *The Soft-Hackled Fly* by Sylvester Nemes. After reading that book, I was starting to catch on—and I can be a slow learner. In 1993, I had the good fortune of meeting Mr. Nemes at The Fly Fishing Show in Somerset, New Jersey, where he autographed his book. Subsequently, I purchased two more volumes of his other works. Finally, in 2007, I acquired a copy of Allen McGee's *Tying & Fishing Soft-Hackled Nymphs*, trying to continue my piscatorial education of this style of fly that had deep English roots. So, this is my tale.

To start, I have to tell you that I tend to tie and fish soft-hackles in a manner greatly influenced by my Esopus Creek: a bold and in-your-face Catskill river like none other, which is boulder laden with submerged rocks ready to take you down, sometimes flowing turbid, and with its high-spirited rainbows that can seduce even the most hardened-at-heart anglers. While many fly fishers think of soft-hackles as delicate, sparse, wispy wets, tied to imitate the transitional stages of subaquatic insects, I typically tie my soft-hackles full-bodied, able to be seen even in stained Esopus Creek flows. And most often, I fish them six inches below a favorite dry fly, high in the water column, right in the faces of those high-spirited, audacious rainbows.

While I favor roughly a half-dozen patterns, two of these fall into my "don't leave home without them" category. They are the Partridge and Orange and the Partridge and Peacock. The Partridge and Orange dates back centuries and has been tied in many different variations. I find it a highly effective pattern where caddis larva abound, such as on the headwaters of the Neversink River. As for the Partridge and Peacock, it's a relatively new addition to my fly box. I have found it to be highly effective on Esopus Creek when *Isonychia* are hatching. Prior to utilizing this particular soft-hackle, I would rely upon a Brown Hackle, or a traditional Leadwing Coachman to satisfy my needs—and they often did.

Here are my slightly modified recipes that I utilize to tie these time-honored soft-hackles. For the Partridge and Orange, I prefer a small muskrat thorax. For the Partridge and Peacock, a copper wire rib

Up on the Esopus



With Ed Ostapczuk



is added: reinforcing the peacock herl body that Esopus rainbows love to chew up. Plus, the wire helps it sink faster.

Partridge and Orange

Hook: Favorite wet-fly hook, size 12
Thread: Hot orange (Fran Betters style)
Body: Orange silk floss
Thorax: Gray muskrat dub
Hackle: Partridge

Partridge and Peacock

Hook: Favorite wet-fly hook, size 12
Thread: Black
Body: Peacock herl
Rib: Copper wire
Hackle: Partridge

There be Dragons **By Pete Adams**

I've been known on occasion to encounter some unusual things while practicing the sometimes-gentle art of fly fishing. Anyone who spends a few decades on the water has some stories to tell. Owls feature in a few of mine, but that's another story.

Our family is fortunate to have a couple of summer cabins on a man-made forty-acre lake in upstate New York. The lake is fertile and hosts a wide variety of insects: fish, turtles, and other aquatic critters. It's a quiet, heavily wooded place, so minks, raccoons, black bears, owls, red-tailed hawks, bald eagles, ospreys, great blue herons, hummingbirds, and a host of others share it with us.



The author's "Pete's Dragon"

Many aquatic insects hatch in the lake from early spring through late fall. The summer months bring the emergence of many damselflies and dragonflies.

I fish the shallows, and sometimes the deeps, with simple nymph patterns such as "Pete's Dragon." It's a straightforward pattern tied on a size 10 or 12 nymph hook, with a pheasant tail fiber tail (optional), variegated chenille, a yarn or dubbed body, black bead-chain eyes, and dark speckled or barred hen or grouse-hackle collar. Sometimes, I add some lead-free wire under the body or use black-nickel dumbbell eyes, but usually I want the fly to sink slowly—as do the naturals. The bluegills, pumpkinseeds, largemouth bass, and the occasional tiger perch gobble them like candy.

Looking Back Upstream



Our dock is one of the favorite places for dragonflies to climb out and hatch, and the sides are often peppered with their husks. Sitting on the dock one day with my morning coffee, a dragonfly nymph climbed up my leg and proceeded to hatch on my knee. I watched, fascinated, as it slowly split its carapace, struggled out of it, and stood on shaky legs to prepare for flight. The abdomen lengthened, and the wings—a crumpled mess—gradually unfurled to their full width and gossamer clarity. The whole process took about thirty minutes. Before it took off, I carefully slipped my hand under the bug, and it obliged by crawling up and resting for a couple of minutes before zipping off like a tiny fighter jet.

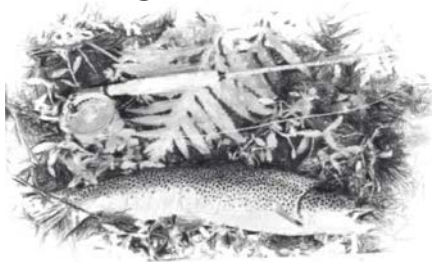
On another occasion, I was drifting near shore in my belly-boat, casting a small black-bodied caddis dry fly to bluegills and pumpkinseeds under the lakeside vegetation. Although young bluegills and pumpkinseeds are not known to be picky eaters, matching a fly to currently active insects almost always works well. The big ones (larger than ten inches) are an entirely different story and require all the stealth and finesse you'd use on very spooky trout. For example, I don't use head cement on my stillwater flies, because bluegills have a very good sense of smell. I've seen them come up to my fly, hover for a few seconds, then just slip away if it doesn't look, move, or smell right, and the fish that I was trying to finesse in this case was a large bluegill that I'd seen feeding under a mountain laurel.



I cast my caddis so it would land gently in front of the fish—but it never got there. A large dragonfly intercepted the slowly falling fly in midair and took off with it. Surprised, I expected it to drop my fly immediately, but it didn't. I bravely fought the dragonfly into submission and brought the beast to my hand. It didn't take me too deeply into the backing, and I didn't even need to use the net. The bug was no match for 5x tippet.

Fortunately, it wasn't hooked—just tangled in the tippet—so I gently loosened the line and checked for physical damage. Other than perhaps some minor psychological trauma, the dragonfly seemed fine and quickly took off to find something more palatable. I'm sure it avoided black caddis flies for a while—they fight back!

Casting Catskill Cane



With Mark Sturtevant

Difficult Trout, Fishing Pressure, and the Search For Answers

It can be funny in life when we get what we ask for. I was attracted long ago to the challenge and lore of difficult trout. Living in Maryland in 1990, I was a regular on Big Gunpowder Falls, a lovely small tailwater with a growing population of wild brown trout thanks to a hard-won conservation victory over the indifference of the City of Baltimore. A negotiated minimum flow agreement for several miles of the stream between two of the city's

reservoirs set the stage for a challenging wild fishery. Typical conditions featured cold, low flows of very clear water, and the little river's proximity to a burgeoning population, fueled by the new growth

in fly fishing, meant plenty of anglers vying for the attention of those bronze and golden-flanked gems.

The Gunpowder was a difficult fishery, and I absolutely loved it! With attention to my development as a fly fisher, fly tyer, and as a caster I did well, learning from the sparse hatches and managing to find and catch a good number of the larger trout in the stream—the ones most anglers never encountered. Those experiences drove me farther north in my quest to learn, and on to the next chapter in my search for difficult trout. Pennsylvania's Cumberland Valley was enjoying the last good period of fishing on its limestone spring creeks, and the streams were legendary. Meeting the great author, instructor, and angler Ed Shenk only furthered my interest in these storied waters, particularly the LeTort Spring Run, and I fished it regularly, soon moving to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, along the meadows of its sister stream: the Falling Spring Branch. At that same time, I made my first trip to the Catskills—and fell in love all over again.

My education continued on the spring creeks for twenty-five years, sadly witnessing the decline of those fisheries through mismanagement and lack of protection by the Pennsylvania Fish and Boat Commission. During that time, I became a solid member of the dry-fly fraternity. As hatches and dry-fly opportunities declined at home, I spent more time in the Catskills. Throughout those decades I noted the constant increase in fishing pressure and its effects upon the wild trout of the storied waters that I angled.

Twenty-odd years ago, I was convinced that trout learned from their human interactions, adapting their behavior to avoid capture and harassment from hordes of fishermen; difficult trout were becoming more difficult. I wrote and presented a paper outlining my belief and the experiences that fostered them for the Fly Fishers Club of Harrisburg. It was well received by my contemporaries, though fishery science rejected such ideas at the time. Times change, and today's science not only supports this concept of learned behavior, but it tells us that trout pass these avoidance traits and behavior modifications on to future generations through their genetic code. So, difficult trout are getting ever more difficult to catch for those of us dedicated to the fly rod. Like I said, it is funny sometimes when you get what you ask for.

In that old paper, I asserted my belief that our best avenue to solve this increasingly complex puzzle of catching trout was via the fly tyer's art. I am certain that all of you have seen rising trout that keyed only on the naturals in their window that were moving. I have watched this behavior become increasingly common for decades, and I still believe that our best weapon is indeed the fly itself.

Retirement has been a true blessing in this regard. Living here in the Catskills, and fishing the entire season has broadened my experiences tenfold in three short years. Several-hundred-dozen flies have been born on my bench here in Hancock. There have been Catskill classic flies, as there always will be, but many have been experiments—players in the search.

Several concepts continue to guide my experimentation: the importance of soft, mobile materials, which I learned at Ed Shenk's vise, the lifelike qualities of light and its reflections, learned from the late great Gary LaFontaine, and the importance of observation on the water, which is a lesson learned from every thread of bright water that I have ever been privileged to angle.

Movement, and the appearance of movement, catches the uncatchable trout—at least some of the time. Most of us will never know what is seen from the trout's perspective, though we have LaFontaine's words to describe the things his diving and underwater photography revealed to him and his contributors. Oh, how I would have loved to see first hand what he saw as the trout fed on a hatch!

Every square foot of our flowing waters is different and constantly changing throughout each day. Current, clarity, the amount and composition of suspended matter, sunlight angle, and the intensity and penetration of light compose the myriad factors at work each time we cast a fly to a trout. The insects themselves vary in shade from stream to stream—sometimes remarkably so. What other variables are at work that we never see? We will never know how the trout sees all of this, and how it processes the



The author's tying area with an abundance of materials ready for fly-tying experimentation.

In talking with my friends, I tell them that I tie *fishing flies*. I can turn out a mountable pattern when I have the need, whether it's a traditional Catskill classic or one of my own creations, but I don't nit pick so much with the day-to-day patterns that fill my fly boxes on the river. Amid all of the observations I have made, I've found that difficult trout often select bedraggled, crippled, dead or dying flies from the drift, none of which look exactly alike. Have generations of anglers taught the craftiest trout in our rivers to avoid those perfect little models of insectdom that we fly tyers are taught to strive for? It is a curiously interesting thought.

On a very early trip to Roscoe during my formative years I stopped to visit the wonderfully friendly First Lady of Cottage Street, Mary Dette Clark. I loved to chat and watch her tie her beautiful dry flies. Mary has always been supportive to other fly tyers looking to learn and share. I hadn't found much in the way of rising trout that day, and Mary suggested that I park at the corner and walk the path to the Willowemoc, smiling as she told me that I should find some activity in that spot.

I found eight trout rising regularly to something that I couldn't see! I tried a few different flies—the ones expected at that season—and all were ignored. Eventually, I unfolded my little dip net and seined the surface drift. A cluster of bubbles that I captured revealed a bedraggled and drowned Blue-Winged Olive mayfly. Among the contents of my fly boxes, I had a few of my very first attempts at tying CDC dry flies that I tied as Blue-Winged Olives. I wasn't proud of them. They looked more like feathery little green and blue blobs than mayflies, but I recognized that they looked a lot like the blob in my dip net.

I caught seven of those trout, with the eighth one having jumped enough that it finally escaped the hook before I could bring it to hand. They were average-size brown trout, perhaps ten to twelve inches long, but I had observed and solved the puzzle with the ugly little flies that I was ashamed of. Looking upstream, I noticed a tail of frothy whitewater just where the river disappeared around a sharp bend. I reasoned that the olives must have been hatching on that unseen riffle and flying off, with mostly the ones swamped and drowned in the white water ending up in the drift in my little pool downstream. I learned that day that trout do not only eat perfect little upright-winged dries that look exactly alike. That lesson is alive and well in my thoughts today, and it gave me a new way of thinking about trout and trout flies.

I love, admire, and aspire to the Catskill fly-tying tradition: a tradition of simplicity, beauty and precision, with the magic that has drawn all of us to join the guild. As we have discussed in the guild's Zoom winter meetings, new ideas and concepts have their place, too. Consider that scruffy flies, tied

stimuli. The unknowable is part of the magic.

Much of fly tying and design (just like fly fishing as a whole) has become overly commercialized. I find more and more fly patterns being touted by their creators that leave the impression that the tyer tried to see just how many different things could be lashed onto a hook. Far be it from me to stifle anyone's creativity, though it seems no coincidence that many of those tyers also sell those same materials to the public. Some of these creations catch fish, but I

quite often find success with simple flies, and I believe many guild members have enjoyed similar experiences.

purposefully, can be terribly effective when encountering our most educated, pressured, and jaded members of the Catskill trout fraternity.



Two flies tied and photographed by the author that are purposefully messy, lifelike, and very effective. On the left is his Shadfly (Apple Caddis), and on the right is his Hendrickson Emerger.

Mark Sturtevant can be followed on his blog, Bright Waters Catskills:
<https://brightwatercatskill.art.blog>

Meet Our Local Catskill Guides By Ed Walsh

Joe Rist's familiarity with the Catskills started at a young age with regular weekend trips and summer camping vacations spent in the region. As with many visitors, fishing became a big part of those excursions, and like most youngsters, his introduction into the sport was with a spinning rod.

It was on one of those trips that Joe noticed fishers using a long rod waving a line through the air, and he asked his dad what they were doing. After a brief explanation, Joe decided that this style of fishing was something that he wanted to try, and he found a starter fly-fishing package under the Christmas tree a few months later.

Joe didn't embrace this "fly-fishing thing" right out of the gate. He actually caught his first fish with a fly using a Zebco spinning rod. It wasn't until he got out of the Navy in 1980 that the fly-fishing bug got his full attention.

A much more important bug hit him around this same time when he met a young woman on a trip to Virginia Beach with a few Navy buddies. Jeannie Uva lived only a few towns from Joe in Westchester County, and after that first meeting they started dating when he returned home after his service duties ended. They were married a year later.

Joe secured a position with the post office in Buchanan, New York, and soon thereafter a family was started with the arrival of daughters Nicole and Stephanie. As the children were growing, Jeannie and Joe purchased a house in the town of Poughkeepsie, so their daughters could attend school in the Spackenkill district.

With a rekindled interest in fly fishing, Joe, as in his younger days,



Jeannie and Joe Rist

spent many weekends in the Catskills accompanied by Jeannie and the girls, often camping at Peaceful Valley Campsites in Shinhopple. During that time, he became friendly with many local fishers and fly shop owners. Joe and Catskill Flies Shop owner, Dennis Skarka, became best of friends sharing experiences and information about the local waters.

Joe has always been an active person. As his retirement in the post office loomed, he started looking for an opportunity to keep busy when that career ended. By chance, he was looking through the Catskill Flies website and saw an ad for a fishing guide. He called his friend Dennis, set up an interview, and he was offered the position. Joe started guiding for Catskill Flies on weekends until his retirement was finalized. Fulltime duties were assumed thereafter.

A fishing guide's life can be hectic and time consuming, and it's extra difficult to meet expectations when you live one and a half hours from your daily starting point. With total support from Jeannie, Joe met the demands and became a much-asked-for guide, rarely missing a beat, even with days starting before dawn and ending hours after dark.

Things changed for Joe in early 2019, when Dennis Skarka passed away. Dennis's wife, Ellen, was forced to run the operation. She needed help in the shop and asked Joe for support, which he gave gladly. It wasn't long before Ellen let Joe know that she was going to sell the shop and asked if he might be interested in the buying the business.

Joe and Jeannie spent significant time examining this opportunity. After much sole searching, they decided it was the right option for them and took ownership of what is now Trout Town Flies in February 2020.

Joe constantly examines trends in the fly-fishing industry and realizes that women are one of the largest new groups entering the sport. To accommodate this trend, Trout Town Flies offers free seminars for women once a month from June through September. Joe and his volunteer female fishers teach casting, wading, stream etiquette, fly selection, and even get into a stream and try to catch fish—often with success. A full class of ten is the norm.

Joe continued to guide on a regular basis, but then found that he needed to spend more time catering to his customer's needs and marketing his business, so his guiding time has been reduced significantly this year. But that doesn't mean you won't find him on the water, fishing one of our outstanding rivers. He still loves to see a trout take a surface fly and to feel the tug of the line when the fish starts to run, but equally important to him is the desire to share those experiences when people stop by the shop to purchase supplies, ask questions, or share stories.



Joe instructing at an angling seminar for women



For those of you who may not know Joe, I suggest stopping by his store, and if you find a big guy with an even bigger smile on his face, sitting at the fly-tying desk when you enter, then you've found Joe. Introduce yourself, and ask him any questions that you have about tying—he's one of the best—along with any questions about fishing in this area.

With all people interviewed for this column, I ask for a fly to include in the article that they developed or use often. I think you'll find Joe's choice, its recipe, and the reason that it was developed a very interesting addition.

The Joe Rist Brown Floating Nymph

Hook: Light nymph hook, sizes 12 to 18
Thread: Brown
Shuck: Brown Antron
Abdomen: Dark-brown fur dubbing
Rib: Small copper wire
Thorax: Same as abdomen
Post: Zelon (white or color of choice)
Hackle: Dun

Joe tells me that he was fishing the Hendrickson hatch on the no-kill section of the West Branch of the Delaware River a few years ago. Fish were rising, and quite a few fishermen were in that area, but few fish were brought to net. He noticed fish keying on an emerger, or possibly a cripple, and he was able to catch a few of these bugs before leaving the river. Back at his vice, he attempted to duplicate what he found on the river and learned a few days later that he made the right choices when fish attacked his new pattern aggressively. His Brown Floating Nymph has been one of his go-to patterns ever since. Although this is a surface pattern, he does suggest letting this fly sink occasionally.



You can find more information about Joe Rist and Trout Town Flies at www.trouttownflies.com or call (607) 290-4107

Two Pink Ladies By Tom Mason



Pink Lady tied and photographed by Tom Mason

Harold Smedley, in his book *Fly Patterns and their Origins* writes, “To George M. La Branche, of New York City, goes all credit for the popular Pink Lady.”

George La Branche tells of the origin of the fly in his book *The Dry Fly and Fast Water*, published in 1914.

La Branche’s favorite fly was the Queen of the Waters. This is likely because it was his father’s favorite fly. Once, when failing to obtain his desired patterns for a trip, a clerk sold Mr. La Branche some flies called King of the Waters. The King and Queen differed in body colors, with the King having a

scarlet body, as opposed to the Queen's body of orange. Drying after usage, the body of the King faded to pink. The pink-bodied fly, tied as the imago stage of a mayfly with its upright wings and tail, is known as the Pink Lady.

Pink Lady

Hook: Allcocks Model Perfect 04991, size 14

Silk: Pearsall's gossamer salmonberry (pink)

Wing: Mallard primaries

Tail: Dark ginger

Body: Salmonberry silk

Rib: Gold metal tinsel

Hackle: Dark ginger

Many of the vintage patterns had wet and dry versions. This Pink Lady wet-fly dressing is from Ray Bergman's *Trout*.

Pink Lady (wet)

Hook: Mustad 3906B, size 10

Silk: Pearsall's gossamer salmonberry (pink)

Tail: Golden pheasant tippet

Body: Salmonberry silk

Rib: Gold tinsel

Legs: Dun hackle

Wing: Mallard Primaries



A Bergman wet Pink Lady. Tied and photographed by Tom Mason.

Happy Birthday to Agnes Van Put

Our congratulations and best wishes go to Agnes Van Put, who celebrated her 105th birthday with a crowd of well-wishers at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum. Agnes is a treasured member of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild and is a constant presence at the CFFCM. Agnes's charm and warm hospitality has made many a visitor feel welcome in the Catskill community. We love you Agnes!



A Toast and Last Cast

Many friends of our beloved Dave Brandt gathered for a toast and a last cast in his memory. Tom Whittle organized the ceremony, which took place during the afternoon of Summerfest at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum.



Bottles raised in a toast for Dave Brandt

Tom distributed bottles of Dave’s favorite beer— Newcastle Brown Ale—and shared some of his special memories of Dave. Tom’s thoughts were joined with touching words from Joan Wulff, Hoagy Carmichael, Mike Canazon, and Bruce Concors. “To Dave” was said with bottles raised high, followed by a last cast using one of Dave’s bamboo fly rods.



Joan Wulff casting in memory of Dave. One by one, friends made a cast with Dave’s rod.



This newsletter depends on all guild members for its content. Items from nonmembers are welcome at the editor’s discretion. Your articles, cartoons, photographs, reports of information, and bits of whatever else is interesting and fun are vital to this newsletter. Send submissions to Chuck Coronato, coronato3@verizon.net or 412 Highland Avenue, Wyckoff, NJ 07481 (201) 723-6230.

Do you know someone who is interested in joining the guild? Direct them to <http://cftg.limitedrun.com>

Note: CJ’s Flies with “Catskill John” Bonasera will return in the *Gazette*’s November issue.