



# The Catskill Fly Tyers Guild *Gazette*

Volume 23, number 1

January 2020

**There is no January meeting of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild.** Stop by the guild table and say hello at The Fly Fishing Show on January 24, 25, and 26, 2020, at the New Jersey Convention and Expo Center in Edison, NJ. See the ad at the end of this issue of the *Gazette*.

**The February meeting of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild** will be held at Fly Fest on February 29, 2019, at 4:00 P.M. in the Wulff Gallery at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum, 1031 Old Route 17, Livingston Manor, NY. This is the Annual Meeting prescribed in the guild bylaws. You can also bring flies to donate to Project Healing Waters and Casting for Recovery.

## **February Membership Renewals**

Catskill Fly Tyers Guild memberships renew in February. If you've already renewed, many thanks. If you renew on an annual basis, it's time to do it again. Annual dues are still only \$10.00.

We now prefer that you renew via the guild's online store: <https://cftg.limitedrun.com>. It's fast (just click the link, which is live, and allow your computer to access it), it's easy, and it ensures we have an up-to-date e-mail address, which is crucial if you are to receive future communications, including the *Gazette*. If you must mail a check, please enclose a note confirming your current e-mail. The snail-mail address is Catskill Fly Tyers Guild Membership, P.O. Box 663, Roscoe, NY 12776-0663.

## **Fly Fest**

Fly Fest returns to the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum on Saturday, February 29, when the museum and the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild host the event at the Wulff Gallery. The gathering, now held in memory of Dennis Skarka, the late owner of Catskill Flies, brings together fly tyers for a warm reunion during the cold winter and this year also is being held to mark the Leap Year. Tables will be set up to allow all who wish to tie to do so, and visitors can watch, ask questions, and learn.

The cost is \$5,00 to set up and tie, with that fee going directly to Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum. There is no need to register in advance. Information can be found at [cffcm.com](http://cffcm.com) or on the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild Facebook page.

## **Kids on the Fly Catskills**

Kids on the Fly Catskills, which has been offering fly-tying lessons before Catskill Fly Tyers Guild meetings, will hold its next session at Fly Fest on February 29 and then continue to be held before guild meetings, beginning with the March meeting.

## **The 2020 Fly Tyers Rendezvous**

Mark your calendars. The 2020 Fly Tyers Rendezvous, sponsored by the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild, will be held on April 4 at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum. Watch for e-mails with more details and contacts if you wish to tie at the event.

## Polly Rosborough and the Casual Dress

Anyone who has read a few of my *Gazette* columns knows that I often recall stout memories of early “wannabe” fly-fishing days. I started tying using a stamped metal vise from a \$4.95 Noll kit my parents gave me one Christmas as a thirteen-year-old. My early 1960s teachers included J. Edson Leonard’s *Flies*, Ray Bergman’s *Trout*, and of course Art Flick’s and Ernest Schwiebert’s books when it came to entomology. It was Schwiebert who wrote in *Matching the Hatch*: “aquatic insects spend all but a few days of their lives under water. For this reason trout do most of their feeding beneath the surface.” So naturally, I wanted to learn more about nymphs.

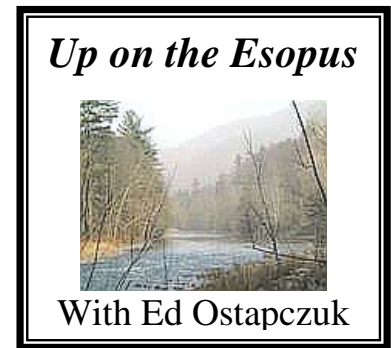
Back in the 1960s, I didn’t have ready access to informative nymph-fishing materials. Thus, Jim Quick’s *Fishing the Nymph* became a real Bible for me after I acquired a copy in 1965. Then, upon graduating from college and moving to the Catskills in 1970, I transferred into the local Trout Unlimited Chapter, Catskill Mountains. There I met J. Wesley Drake, who was a founding member of this first New York State TU chapter and recognized as the local nymph-fishing expert. I was a sponge for all the knowledge he would share. It was Wes who recommended I get a copy of *Tying and Fishing the Fuzzy Nymphs* by E. H. “Polly” Rosborough, an individual about whom I knew nothing. In early 1971, I acquired an Orvis reprint of this book, and its photo of Polly with many large trout made me a disciple.

The dust jacket of my copy notes the book was originally printed in 1965, but went out of print in 1968. It was later revised by Rosborough and in 1969 “re-published by Orvis, in the belief that it is a work of serious importance to all fly tyers AND to all fly fishermen.” In 1988, a Stackpole Books reprint additional copies.

Ernest H. Rosborough (1902–1997) was born in Arkansas, but moved about before finally settling in Oregon. Reportedly his nickname—Polly—came from California coworkers who thought he talked too much, like a parrot. His contributions to fly tying are many, including twenty-five classic fuzzy nymph patterns, published at a time when not much had been written about nymph fishing. In his book, Rosborough wrote, “I think the more vibrating action a nymph produces, the better my chances of success are.”

In 1975, Rosborough was given the Buz Buszek Memorial Award by the International Federation of Fly Fishers for his contributions to fly tying. And a December 28, 1997, *New York Times* obituary called him “a pioneer of modern fly-fishing in the Western states and a noted fly tyer.” It added, “Much like renowned Eastern anglers and fly tyers like Art Flick and Harry Darbee of New York’s Catskill region, Rosborough became an informal student of the aquatic insects that form the bulk of the trout’s diet.” Rosborough is mentioned by several noted angling authors, including Joseph D. Bates, Jr., Joe Brooks, Eric Leiser, A. J. McClane, and Mike Valla.

My favorite Rosborough pattern is his Casual Dress. I’ve been tying this fly since the 1970s, when I first acquired Polly’s book. It’s generic in nature and just looks fishy. Rosborough wrote that “it will produce well on any size [hook], as it seems to be universally accepted by fish.” He added that he developed this pattern on a 1960 trip to the Deschutes River. It was “casually dressed” and produced quite well on that trip. The name stuck, and it became a “standard production ever since and never fails to be worthy of the fly hook.” In *The Book of Fly Patterns*, Eric Leiser called the Casual Dress a “superlative pattern . . . that breathes and pulses with life when being fished.” How can you go wrong?



Mike Valla's books *The Founding Flies* and *Tying the Founding Flies* are excellent resources for information on Polly Rosborough and his Casual Dress. In the tying book, Valla takes readers through a fifteen-step process on how to tie this nymph. I tie my Casual Dress weighted with lead wrapped around the hook shank and with the slight modification of an added fine silver wire rib. I don't recall why I did this, but I've been tying it this way since the beginning. Plus, I cover the lead wire with neutral gray floss and then coat this with head cement. This is a trick the late Wes Drake taught me—it prevents lead from oxidizing and growing a powdery skin through the dubbed fur body after being fished. Plus, if desired, you can use needle-nose pliers to crush the lead, forming a slender, flat body—which I don't do on this pattern. Finally, if you want to enhance the nymph's fuzzy body, stroke it lightly with a dubbing brush.

My favorite Casual Dress is tied on a size 8 or 10 weighted Mustad 9671 hook. I fish it in cold early spring waters and heavier flows when I need to get down into the trout's zone.

### Casual Dress

Hook: 10 Mustad 9761, size 8 or 10

Thread: Black

Underbody: Lead wrapped around the hook shank, covered with gray floss, and coated with head cement

Tail: Muskrat, with guard hairs

Rib: Fine silver wire (optional)

Body: Muskrat, with guard hairs

Collar: Muskrat with rich guard hairs

Head: Black ostrich herl



### Tying Atlantic Salmon Flies, Part 3

In the last installment of "Tying Atlantic Salmon Flies," we ended by tying in the throat hackle of the Silver Doctor.

Now it's time to construct and mount the underwing and wings. The materials aren't exotic or difficult to acquire, and we'll be using techniques that will allow us to build all the materials without ending up with an overly large head.

The underwing is listed in the dressing as golden pheasant "tippet in strands" which means not a whole feather or feathers, but just the fibers from the feather, bunched and staggered. When tying for display purposes, over the years this has morphed into a pair of tippet feathers from the golden pheasant cape, sized to be as long as the hook and shaped to complement the wing.

If you opt to do the tippet in strands, simply choose a large golden pheasant cape feather and strip off the fibers from both sides, mix them by gently twirling them in a bunch, and tie them onto the top of the shank, slightly behind where the wing will be cinched down. This reduces bulk in the head area.

However, if you're tying a showy display fly, select a pair of feathers, sized to the hook, from each side of the golden pheasant cape, so the curvatures match when paired, and after stripping off the

undesirable fibers, work with tweezers to flatten the stems, which will allow them to sit low and follow the shape of the soon-to-be-built wing nicely.

The Silver Doctor's wing is a "married wing" composed of a variety of different bird feather components in different colors. Swan was a popular feather long ago because they are naturally white and can be dyed, and while swan is still a great historical material, many opt for goose shoulder, because it's very easy to find and is dyed in a hundred colors.

Other materials are bustard, both kori and florican, and golden pheasant tail. Both bustard feathers can be substituted with mottled turkey if the actual material is not in your stash.

Making a married wing is not difficult, but there are a few ways to go about it. There is no "right" way to build it—it's a matter of personal taste. Some like the look of thick slabs of color, and others like skinny slips of just a few fibers, but repeated twice or even three times. I opt for something in between, typically three or four fibers of each color, with the brighter ones on the lower part of the wing and the darker or mottled ones above.

Marrying slips from different bird feathers is one of the coolest things you can do in fly tying. Bird wing feathers have Velcro-like hook-and-loop structures that keep them together in the stresses of flight, and slips from different species amazingly just fuse together, though some do so more easily than others. Explaining the details of marrying wings could be a whole article by itself, but fortunately, there are tutorials online, and there's a good how-to of the process in *The Fly Tier's Benchside Reference* by Ted Leeson and Jim Schollmeyer, so I'm going to defer to these sources for explaining that technique.

Obviously, you need to build two matching sides, and by "humping" the wing, holding it by the tips and butts and gently bending it into a curved shape, you can give it the shape you desire. Once that's done, tie it on the top of the hook shank carefully, with the length of the head in mind. Use as few very tight turns of thread as possible, because just wrapping thread over the fibers does little to hold the wing, but a lot to build undesirable bulk.

With both wings installed, we can move onto the roof. The roof is composed of two opposing slips of bronze mallard cut from the lower curved area of a large matched pair of flanks. These were originally added to many salmon flies to protect the wing, and while they are tricky to get to sit just right, they are a very pretty addition to the wing. My advice when mounting these for the first time is to make them thin, say, four to five fibers wide. They get progressively more difficult to tie in as they grow in width.

Next up are the sides and cheeks. On the Silver Doctor, married teal and barred wood duck slips are the sides. Again, just a few fibers of each will suffice, and these two waterfowl flank slips marry easily. The cheeks are chatterer, or in most cases, kingfisher, the small feathers on the saddle of a kingfisher skin.

After the winging is done, a pair of "horns" which are macaw fibers from the tail of a blue-and-gold macaw, are tied on the sides of the wing and angled upward to end just over the top of the wing, extending as far back as the bend on the hook. These were originally installed to hold the sides and cheeks against the wing, but some like to shape them exactly like the wing and to go over the entire fly, following the contour of the wing completely.

A topping, crest from the head of the golden pheasant, is used to veil the wing. These are picked for shape, but can be shaped by soaking and laying them flat on glass in the desired shape. When dry, they will hold that shape. A little manipulation with tweezers at the tie-in point will allow you to set it at the proper angle so it hugs the wing.

The final step is finishing the head with red wool, just a tiny noodle on well-waxed thread to complete the fly. Whip finish and admire your work.

Every tyer of Atlantic salmon flies has a look they find attractive, and when making these yourself, I recommend looking at different examples, finding a style you like, and working toward that.

If I had to give one piece of advice, it's that if you are struggling to get a certain step right, take a break and don't continue, thinking you can make up for it later. Finishing a fly only to have that mistake haunt you will only make you wish you fixed it before, and it's better to get it all right than to rush through and finish something you're not pleased with. Good luck and happy new year!

## Silver Doctor

Tip: Flat silver tinsel  
Tag: Bright yellow floss.  
Tail: Golden pheasant crest  
Butt: Red wool  
Rib: Oval silver tinsel  
Body: Flat silver tinsel  
Throat: Light blue hackle, then mallard or teal flank  
Underwing: Golden pheasant tippets  
Wings: Swan (or goose shoulder) dyed red, blue, and yellow, kori bustard and florican bustard (or mottled turkey), and golden pheasant tail.  
Roof: Bronze mallard  
Sides: Teal and barred wood duck  
Cheeks: Kingfisher or chatterer  
Horns: Macaw tail fibers  
Topping: Golden pheasant crest  
Head: Red wool



## Junk Flies

By Chuck Coronato

There's a dream living inside the hearts of fly tyers. The dream is that there is an elusive, special fly that will work—almost magically—where all other flies fail. The dream is furthered by the hope that you will be the inventor who ushers this new pattern into the world, or at least be shown the pattern, thus inviting you into the exclusive club of those who know. You will of course have to fish this pattern in total seclusion or risk constantly hearing, “What's that you're using?” when other anglers notice your raging success.

Many have flirted with the idea that they've held the holy grail of fly tying. I remember one fellow who wanted to patent his special pattern and on an Internet forum posted its description, list of achievements, and finally a photo of his creation. Responders to the thread were not shy in pointing out that this inventor was trying to patent a very typical cased caddis larva pattern. I have a good buddy who ties a nymph using the fur from his cat. He calls the fly a Miss Kitty. He improved the Miss Kitty—and renamed it the Super Kitty—by palmering the hackle and adding a marabou tail. I couldn't resist pointing out that it is indeed a super fly, because it is now a Woolly Bugger.

Many flies that seem to have a special pull on trout are simple to make, use nontraditional materials, and are often classified as “junk flies.” Some of these flies have little to do with tying and seem more like arts-and-crafts projects. Many stretch the definition of what you can consider a fly.

My first encounter with a junk fly came on a summer morning when trout were sporadically sipping midges, but showed no interest in my match-the-midge patterns. An angler downstream had a sloppy cast, but also had a nearly constant bend in his rod. I walked along the bank and asked, “What’s that you’re using?” From a trout’s mouth he plucked something that looked nothing like a fly. It looked like a piece of cork on a hook—which is exactly what it was. He claimed that trout were taking it because they relished inchworms. This craft project of a fly was made by shaping some cork into a short cylinder, securing it to a hook shank with open spirals of heavy thread to give the illusion of segmentation, then coating it all with green paint. The paint had worn off of the one I was shown on that day, but it continued to work just fine. What I previously thought was sloppy casting was actually done deliberately. You wanted this thing to smack the water like it just did a belly flop off of the high board. I was sold. I made a couple of those flies (that I later found out are called Corkers) and fished them with great success the next morning. I caught trout from spots that I didn’t even think would hold a trout. But as the fly lost its green coating, and the stocked fish continued to suck it down, it occurred to me that it likely wasn’t eaten as an inchworm, but was probably taken as the common menu item in the diet of hatchery fish—a trout pellet.

While it’s certainly true that lashing cork to a hook seems like an affront to the romanticism that we often attach to fly tying, I think that there are varied reasons why we engage in our art. There are times when the traditionalist in me loves carrying a fly box full of Quill Gordons, Hendricksons, Cinbergs, and Atherton Number Fives. It’s like having a music collection that emphasizes the warm sound of vinyl records, rather than digitized copies. But there are other times when expressions of creativity determine what happens at the vise.

Creativity is a defining human characteristic. Almost everything that we encounter in modern life was once just an idea. Some ideas are so good that they’ve been around for thousands of years and haven’t been improved. People love to talk about the invention of the wheel, but I’m a big fan of bowls. It’s hard to improve a bowl. Maybe there was some luck involved in its invention. Maybe some caveman scooped a handful from a clay bank, looked at the depression left behind and thought: “Now that looks like a good place to put some cornflakes and milk.” Maybe he got tired of having breakfast in the same spot every day and finally figured out a way to take that depression in the clay with him. Whatever happened, we have bowls because of human ingenuity, and that flame of creative expression and urge to make stuff seems to be hardwired into our DNA. You even see this creative urge nurtured in many town libraries that have makerspaces where patrons can 3-D print their ideas into reality.

Creativity at the vise is still mostly expressed with fur and feathers, but other materials can run the gamut from ordinary to bizarre. I wasn’t surprised that a coffee bean can be used to imitate a beetle—they do in fact look the part and float like corks—but I was taken aback when I first heard about Vladi’s Condom Worm, whose key ingredient is more likely to be found in a teenager’s wallet than in the kit of a fly tyer. When curiosity got the better of me, I mail-ordered a three-pack of the specific brand called for in the recipe. There must have been some confusion in my order, and I found myself in possession of 144 pink condoms.

There are some nontraditional ingredients that seem less heretical, based on their rarity or cost. Wrapping ordinary chenille on a hook produces the often disrespected Green Weenie, but a similar act of wrapping yarn on a hook gets admired on a level bordering worship if it’s done with some wire and a strand of genuine Chadwick’s 477 to make Frank Sawyer’s famed Killer Bug. Since the hard-to-find

Chadwick's yarn sells at prices exceeding \$100 per small card, substitutes for the yarn are a favorite topic of Internet discussions.

While Sawyer's Killer Bug blurs the lines of what is considered a junk fly, there seems to be a general consensus that using yarn to make egg patterns is frowned upon by traditional anglers. One particular egg pattern, known as a Blood Dot, uses yarn from a company whose slogan is "Feed 'em Fabric." A slogan like that is bound to catch flak in certain circles. I discovered this firsthand when I was kindly invited to fish some private club water in the Garden State, and several large trout found those Blood Dots to be quite toothsome on a day when most people were getting skunked. When I mentioned to a regular member of the club that their trout really like egg patterns, he twisted his face and said, "Yeah, they like worms too."

Clown Eggs are made with several shades of yarn on the same hook, resulting in a gaudy fly that resembles a clown's multicolored wig. The prevailing wisdom of this seems to be that you have a better chance of showing the fish a color that it is looking for. Although I've never tied one, I'm intrigued by the name, because real clown eggs actually exist. According to *Smithsonian* magazine, clowns in England started a tradition in the late 1940s of painting their unique look on hollowed-out eggs, eventually progressing to painting their makeup designs on ceramic eggs that are archived in The Clown Egg Register. Those eggs are used as a way for clowns to copyright the particular look that is used in their act. What I think is special about this practice (besides the inherent kookiness of it all) is that the clown eggs don't carry any kind of a legal protection for the clowns, but are more of an accepted friendly agreement within the profession. We fly tyers put our artistic expressions on fishing hooks rather than ceramic eggs, and we hopefully respect and give credit to the originators of those patterns, even though actual legal protections rarely apply.

It's hard for me to be a supporter of Catskill-style flies without feeling a certain level of shame in my occasional use of junk flies. It seems like a kind of lapse in morals. The temptation is often there, because junk flies work. Trout are not in the business of starving to death, so they sometimes grab all sorts of things, not just flies that we find architecturally pleasing, and although my preference is to fish dry flies for trout that are keyed into a specific hatch, there are times when I just feel like whipping any sort of bug out there in the hope that a trout will play fetch and bring it back to me.

I reconcile the conflict between tradition and experimentation by limiting where I use junk flies. The occasional strange offering may come out of the box if I'm fishing a local, heavily stocked stream, but in the Catskills, the contraband flies remain out of sight. The journey alongside beautiful mountains, followed by entering hallowed waters and feeling purifying currents against my waders changes everything. In those perfect moments, I know that I'm lucky to be in such a special place, and there's never the urge to put on a junk fly. The reason is simple. You don't curse in church.

## *Looking Back Upstream*



## **Memory Makers**

**By Ed Walsh**

For years, I planned a spring trip to the Catskills in hopes of being there when the Hendrickson hatch was active. I talked to people at all the local fly shops, examined every hatch chart I could find, and based on that information tried to be there in mid-May. On the first couple of visits, I got skunked. It was too early, too late, or I was on the wrong section of river or the wrong river altogether. But then it happened. I hit the jackpot.

I was staying at the Dream Catcher Lodge on the West Branch when my old golfing buddy Bruce Concors called to tell me the hatch would be active on the upper section of the river near the

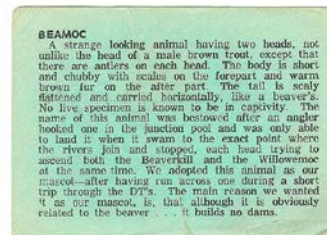
Gentlemen's Club the following day. It seems Bruce was talking to Rob Lewis, a regular West Branch guide, who had floated that section of the river the day before and said with the water and air temperatures just about perfect—the bugs will be breaking the surface the next day. It sure is good to know smart people.

As instructed, we got to the parking area next to the Gentlemen's Club around 11:30 and in position for the anticipated 1:00 P.M. arrival of the elusive Hendricksons. Bruce suggested I set my sights on the river's far bank just above the club and a short distance downstream from the island in that section of the West Branch. Also as instructed, I tied on a Hendrickson Comparadun and anxiously waited.

Around 12:45, I started to notice a few rises, and by 1:00, the hatch was in full-blown mode. Everything I had read or heard about the hatch was occurring right in front of me. Bugs and fish were all over the place, and even without the best casting stroke or fly presentation, I started to catch fish. It was one hell of a lot of fun.

I don't remember what time it was when it happened or how many fish I had caught by then, but I must have gotten a little reckless when a big brown started taking some line. I was using a wood walking staff and had released my net in preparation of landing the fish when I realized my fly line, the staff line, and my net line were all tangled together. A little embarrassment set in, but then I realized no one was watching my efforts to untangle my mess. The other guys were also into the hatch, so my problems went unnoticed. After what seemed like an hour ( probably fifteen minutes ) I got things straightened out and couldn't believe my luck when I netted that seventeen-inch brown. I don't know who was more surprised, the fish or me.

As I look back on that first successful Hendrickson hatch, I wonder if I hadn't had the misstep with the tangled mess, I would remember that event so vividly. I can't say for sure, but let me share one more experience. Friend and fellow guild member Billy Buchanan and I floated the West Branch last July with guide Jesse Filingo. We caught and lost some sizeable fish, got caught in two severe thundershowers, cast to one big brown for more than half an hour, floated the last couple of miles in a dense fog—and what do I remember most? I netted one fish after my reel fell off. Maybe things like that are supposed to happen to me so I have material for this column.



## Obituary

**Robert D. Hopken** passed away on Saturday, December 7, 2019, at the age of sixty-eight. Born in Jersey City, NJ, he was a longtime resident of Vernon, NJ. Robert was employed at Montana Construction in Lodi as a project manager. He was a lifetime fly fisherman and volunteered his time at Kids on the Fly in Lafayette, NJ. He was a member of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild and the Pro Team of Enrico Puglisi Flies. He attended and played football at Auburn University, and he remained a loyal fan and shared that love with his daughters and son-in-law. His commanding presence and the smell of his pipe will be remembered and missed by all who knew him.

He is survived by his loving and devoted wife of forty-seven years, Susan, his two daughters, Amanda B. Hopken and Meredith B. Hopken, her husband, John "Chip" Switzer, his mother-in law Elaine Letsche, and several nieces and nephews.





**Uncle Bob**

**By Nicole March**

Robert Hopken, or “Uncle Bob,” as many of us called him, was not only a great friend, but an avid educator of fly tying. Over the years, he volunteered his time to teach kids and adults alike, not only how to tie their first fly, but how to further those skills, feeding their continued interest with multiple lessons. He had an unwavering patience for teaching the basics and would never hesitate to take time to explain the steps again if you were having trouble.

Month after month, as those same tyers came back for repeat lessons, he was able to watch them grow and hear the excitement in their voices as they discussed what they were tying next. New patterns and techniques were practiced, newly tied flies were brought from home for a closer inspection, and many laughs were had as fishing stories were shared over tying vises in the Whitewater Flies shop on those Saturday mornings.

Passing on his knowledge to new tyers and the next generation was something Uncle Bob accomplished not only through his tying at shows and his work on the Enrico Puglisi Pro Team, but as the cofounder of our Kids on the Fly Northwest New Jersey chapter, as well as his service as the educational outreach coordinator for the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild, focusing on passing our traditions on to the next generation through a fly-tying session held a few hours before Catskill Fly Tyers Guild meetings.

If there was one thing that Bob felt strongly about, it was education. You could always bet on him being the first one there and the last to leave at Kids on the Fly sessions, making sure everyone had a chance to tie their share and ask questions, and while our tying programs in New Jersey and the Catskills will continue, they will never be the same without him.

I know I speak for many others when I say this: it was an absolute honor to have taught beside him over the years, and he will be greatly missed in the many lives on which he had such a profound impact.



## **In Memory of My Friend, Uncle Bob:**

### **War Damn Eagle**

**By Paul Dolbec**

Uncle Bob was a fishing buddy and a fellow fly tyer. Bob tied at both the Fly Fishing Show and the International Fly Tying Symposium, and we were both members of Enrico Puglisi's Pro Team. Bob and I shared many dinners and often roomed together at many of these events. Although we knew each other for only a short period of time, it did not take long for me to realize that this was a special person, dedicated to both his family and his love of fly fishing and tying. Tying was not a private passion of his, but one he shared with young and old alike by his contributions and efforts with the highly heralded Kids on the Fly program.

Atlantic salmon fishing was on Bob's bucket list, and as a fellow tyer, he often commented to me about how he revered the style of feather-wing Atlantic salmon flies. What could be more fitting than to honor Bob's memory and commemorate him with a fly designed specifically for him? The colors for this pattern are taken from Auburn University's colors, his alma mater, where Bob was a four-year starting football lineman and enjoyed a highly successful academic career. The name, "War Damn Eagle" is taken from the battle cry of the Auburn Tigers football team.



The pattern details are as follows.

Hook; 2/0 Alex Jackson – *Often selected for presentation-style salmon flies*

Tip; Small gold oval tinsel – *Gold complements the blue and orange, along with remembering that Bob had a heart of gold.*

Tag; Double wrap of orange and blue silk – *Silk is the highest form of material used for tags on salmon flies. Need I say more?*

Tail; Golden pheasant crest dyed orange – *Traditional tailing for salmon flies.*

Body; Orange and blue seal fur – *Seal is a traditional body dubbing material for salmon flies.*

Rib; Medium oval gold tinsel

Wing; Orange over blue – *Prime hen hackle in Auburn colors.*

Eye; Jungle cock – *Another traditional material used for adorning salmon flies.*

Horns; Blue macaw – *A dressing most often used for this part of the fly.*

Head; Peacock herl and hot orange thread – *Herl is used on a limited number of feather-wing patterns for the head of the fly, but in this case, it adds a touch of class and symbolizes honor and grace, characteristics of the person we are commemorating.*



This newsletter depends on all guild members for its content. Items from nonmembers are welcome at the editor's discretion. Without the articles, information, for-sale or want ads, cartoons, newsworthy information, and whatever else is interesting and fun that members submit, this newsletter simply becomes a meeting announcement. Send submissions to Bud Bynack, [budbynack@gmail.com](mailto:budbynack@gmail.com) or 69 Bronxville Road, Apt. 4G, Bronxville, NY 10708, (914) 961-3521.



# The Fly Fishing Show



**The New Jersey Convention and Expo Center**

**Edison, New Jersey**

**January 24, 25, 26, 2020**

## **Show Hours**

Friday: 9:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.  
Saturday: 8:30 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.  
Sunday: 9:00 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.

## **Admission**

**Adults:** \$18 for one day  
\$28 for two-day pass  
\$38 for three-day pass

**Children under 5 free, 6–12: \$5**

**Scouts under 16 in uniform: free**

**Active Military with ID: \$10**

**Cash only at the gate**

**Regardless of the weather, the show will go on!**

