



The Catskill Fly Tyers Guild *Gazette*

Volume 25, number 1

January 2022

The next meeting of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild is scheduled for Saturday, January 15, at 1:00 PM. This will be a virtual meeting. Zoom links will be emailed to all members a few days before the meeting.



Winter on Bush Kill Creek, West Shokan. Photo: Ed Ostapczuk

President's Message By Joe Ceballos

Welcome guild members to 2022! I hope that everyone enjoyed a great holiday season and had a Happy New Year. As always, I hope this message reaches you in good health.

Please note that our January and February guild meetings will be virtual, and Zoom links will be sent to the membership a few days before the meetings.

Due to the increasing number of COVID cases in our region, the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild will not be staffing a table at The Fly Fishing Show in Edison, New Jersey. The

show will take place during the last weekend of this month, and it seems reasonable to anticipate that caseloads will still be high at that time due to the spread of the Delta and Omicron variants. The health of our members will always take precedence over promoting the guild.

If the COVID situation improves, then consider getting together at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum's Fly Fest to be held at the Wulff Gallery on Saturday, February 26. The CFFCM is requiring pre-registration with proof of vaccination along with a mask requirement. There is an admission fee of \$10. You can register by using the following link: <https://cffcm.com/eventscalendar>. Considering the current situation, CFFCM's position seems prudent and sensible and shows concern for the safety and health of all in attendance. We are currently planning to have a guild presence at Fly Fest, but we are monitoring the situation regarding the virus and will call off the guild's table if we can not in good faith ask members to attend or tie. Let's hope for a quick retreat of the latest variant.

We're at the part of the calendar when the days incrementally start to get longer, and now is a good time to check over rods, reels, lines, and especially flies to start preparing for a new season of fishing. As we know, warmer days in late March can often start hungry trout to feed. When looking over your fly boxes, consider your favorite patterns that are missing and need to be tied, and also think of new patterns to try. Also, take a look at materials and note what you don't have and needs to be replaced.

Speaking of things to be replaced, I hope that you add renewing your membership in the guild to your list. Membership renewals are due each year in February.

I'm wishing all of our members a healthy and successful 2022 where we renew old friendships and make new connections.

Looking Back with Al Case

It was my pleasure to chat with Al Case at the guild's most recent in-person meeting and to talk again with him on the phone. Al, who is a longtime resident of East Branch, New York, remembered gathering with a very important group in the back of Raimondo's Restaurant in Roscoe. The gathering happened in February 1993. He still recalls most of the names of the people who were there. Based on Al's recollection and minutes from the meeting that were provided by Judie DV Smith, we know that along with Al, the following were in attendance: founders Matthew Vinciguerra and Floyd Franke, as well as Dave Brandt, Judie Darbee Vinciguerra, Alberta Franke, Ralph Graves, Phil Chase, Poul Jorgensen, Charlie Krom, Dave Catizone, George Cleveland, Barbara Palombo, Manny Zanger, John Jacobson, Martin Redcay, Dave Pabst, and Paul Fillipone. That meeting was significant, because it was the start of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild.

Al remarked that the usual practice at the early meetings was for attendees to have dinner at Raimondos (he usually ordered a pasta dish) and then conduct the meeting at three tables arranged in a U-shape, away from the restaurant's other patrons. The earliest meetings had a few handfuls of people present, but soon grew much larger as the message got out and the guild gained the support of more members, resulting in the need to change the location of meetings to the Rockland House.

In the early 1960s, Al had the urge to try his hand at fly fishing, so he went to Abercrombie and Fitch in New York City to purchase what he needed to get started: waders, a vest, three dozen flies, an eight-foot Orvis Battenkill bamboo rod, and a Hardy Princess reel. A resident of Westchester County at that time, his first fly fishing found him angling for the wild trout of the Amawalk Outlet in the Croton watershed. While fishing the Amawalk, he made the acquaintance of a man named Harold Newman, who recommended that he get Ray Bergman's book *Trout* to advance his knowledge of fly fishing. Soon after, he was learning how to tie flies from a gentleman named Earl Lacey, who conducted a weekly fly-tying class at a nearby community center.

At our last meeting, Al, who is eighty-nine years old, was demonstrating a caddis pattern to our group, and he asked Andrew Sanders, age thirteen, to assist



Andrew Sanders and Al Case tying a caddis pattern

him at the vise. It was an inspiration to see Al, who was present at the guild's earliest moments, bridging a seventy-six-year age gap and working with one of our youngest members. Seeing Al and Andrew together at the vise was a perfect example of the continuation of the guild's mission to promote the development of future generations of Catskill fly tyers.

Just like Battenkill rods, Hardy reels, and Ray Bergman's *Trout*—Al Case is timeless.

—Chuck Coronato

The Wallkill **By Tom Mason**

This very vintage Catskill style fly—the Wallkill—is a pattern displayed in plate number three from Ray Bergman's *Just Fishing*.



Tied and photographed by Tom Mason

Wallkill

Hook: Daiichi 1180, size 14

Silk: Pearsall's Gossamer, olive number 16

Wing: Mandarin duck flank

Tail: Cream

Body: Olive silk

Hackle: Cream

Just Fishing is truly a gem and should be on every angler's bucket list of books to read.

Unfortunately, the book does not list the pattern recipes for the flies on the plates. The flies were painted by Dr. Edgar Burke from originals furnished

by William Mills & Son. For a long time, I have wanted to tie some of these patterns. While rearranging yet another nook in my tying room, I ran across an article written by the late Don Bastion giving his interpretations of the pattern recipes. Turning to the computer, I also found the article while searching Don Bastion wet flies.

The Pink Squirrel—a Catskill Version

I've been flyfishing for trout all winter long since 2012. Along this journey, our *Gazette* editor, Chuck Coronato, introduced me to a highly effective trout fly for such endeavors. The pattern is known as the Pink Squirrel, created by John Bethke from Wisconsin's Driftless region. Driftless is a geological region occupying parts of several states: Wisconsin,

Up on the Esopus



With Ed Ostapczuk

Minnesota, Iowa, and a tad of Illinois. Unlike our Catskills, it is an area lacking glacial debris found in topsoil, such as boulders and gravel from the last ice age. Much like our Catskills, the region is also known for its trout fishing. The Pink Squirrel is a very popular trout fly in Wisconsin's Driftless area and a mainstay in my winter fly box.

I utilize it mostly as a dropper fly in tandem with another pattern, but also sometimes as a duo with another Pink Squirrel. It rarely lets me down. Because I only fish this fly in cold winter flows, I've often wondered if trout confuse the hot pink collar for a fish egg that broke free from a nearby trout redd. In Garden State flows, as well as legally fishable Catskill waters, it has accounted for brook, brown, and rainbow trout—they all love it!

There are many variations of this pattern to be found on the Internet, and I've taken the liberty of substituting the pink chenille collar with fluorescent hot pink UV Ice Dub. I only tie my Catskill version one way, as noted below.

Pink Squirrel



Hook: TMC 3761, size 14
Thread: Hot fluorescent pink
Bead: Gold bead
Tail: Three short strands of pearl Krystal Flash
Rib: Red copper wire
Body: SLF red fox squirrel nymph dub
Collar: Fluorescent hot pink UV Ice Dub or hot pink natural seal dubbing

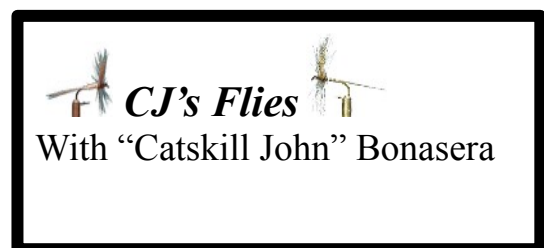
For true, historically accurate fly-tying aficionados, I suggest you check John Simonson's website, Wisconsin Fly Fisher and its "Pink Squirrel Fly Pattern" page: <https://www.wiflyfisher.com/Patterns/Pink-Squirrel-fly-pattern.asp>. John goes by the handle Wiflyfisher and is an active participant on Joe Fox's Sparse Grey Matter bulletin board, as well as The Classic Fly Rod Forum. John tells me that the Pink Squirrel page is the single most viewed page on his website.

Good tying and better fishing using a Pink Squirrel!

They Fish Better That Way

I was recently browsing through social media, as I sometimes do. My feed is—as you might imagine—around 90% fly tying and 10% sponsored adds. I truly enjoy seeing other tyers cranking out recognizable classic patterns.

Because we all have different ideas of how a fly should look, I'm never overly critical of different tyers' styles. Conversely, that's a big part of why I enjoy it, to see the way tyers depict a pattern from a dressing or plate in an old book. Anyone that does the same



may notice something else, too. Many call it artistic license, some call it substituting, and in some cases — it's just plain old misinformation.

I get that some folks want to have their own trademark way of doing things to be different or to stand out among the seemingly endless photos and fly posts, but what bugs me is when these pictures are accompanied by some description or statement about the origination of the fly, and it's not even close to the original, or it's so embellished to look "pretty" that it gives a false sense of what the fly really looked like. I've seen everything, from using whole-feather golden pheasant tippet for the tail tied like a boat rudder, to stripping one side of a hackle so the fibers stand up at a perfect ninety degrees to the shank. These tricks and others are great for getting more "likes," but what does it do for the guy who Googles a particular pattern and that's the one that appears on his screen?

As very few people purchase old books anymore (I mean, why would you when the Internet has everything you need right there) you see these "mutations" of 100-year-old flies now tied with epoxy heads, substituted materials, and everything out of proportion because it *looks* fancy— but it doesn't look anything like the pattern was originally intended to look.

I imagine that these flies, tied in this way, were never meant to fill a slot in a fly box, have tippet knotted to them, or be cast into moving stream water, anyway. They were tied to be shown off, mostly to strangers on a worldwide platform. That's fine, I mean they are enjoying doing this just like anyone who sits in front of a vise. I remember Ralph Graves telling me in early 2000, that he hadn't fished a fly in years—but Ralph sure could tie with the best of them.

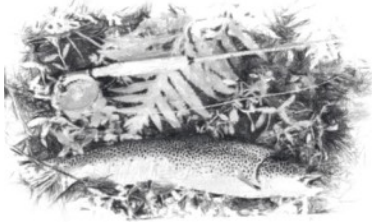
Another thing we are all aware of is ability. Some people have great hands, some don't. Both groups can tie flies that are both serviceable and durable, and we all know as anglers that's the most important quality in fly tying. Most times, I'd fish a messy, scraggly fly before I would a clean, perfect one. Because few flies look exactly like the bugs they imitate, the one that works best is usually the one that leaves the most impressionistic pattern on the surface, or looks the most edible subsurface.

I remember from a bunch of years ago, walking into Catskill Flies in Roscoe, right around lunchtime. Owner Dennis Skarka was holding court as he always did, with a couple of guys listening to his enjoyable story. One of the guys standing close to me was holding a fly in his hand. I asked him if I could see it, and he proudly held it up, so I had a great view. It was awful. At first, I thought he had just started tying, but before I spoke (fortunately) it was obvious that the fly was not freshly tied, but likely a well-used fly that he had for a while. He told me that he came in for a replacement, but changed his mind because he had caught so many trout with the fly that he couldn't bring himself to retire it. He just wanted Dennis to "fix it" a little, and put a couple wraps of thread on the thing before it completely unraveled. This to me was both comical and brilliant. I was thinking, "Man, how cheap is this guy?" But it wasn't about being cheap at all. It was brilliant, because even though this hook with mangled materials was so ugly that I wouldn't have bothered to bend my knees if I dropped it, it was the most valuable fly in his box! And he knew the most important rule of fly selection—they fish better that way.

Membership Renewals

As Joe stated in his President's Message, February is the month to renew your dues for the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild. The cost of dues remains \$20. Renewals and new memberships are both accomplished by using the following link: <https://cftg.limitedrun.com/>.

Casting Catskill Cane



With Mark Sturtevant

Reflecting Upon A Season Past

It is winter now, both practically and officially, and as I experience my own personal withdrawal from a wonderful dry-fly season, it has always been the time to pause and reflect. The year 2021 proved to be my best season yet here in the Catskills, a season of joy, experimentation, remembrance, and personal records.

At my tying bench during the ice-laden winter months, I embarked upon a new chapter in my quest to better mimic the translucence of mayflies. I gathered an assortment of Daiichi's Crystal Finish hooks and armed a bobbin with pure white tying silk before blending new colors of silk dubbing to match some of the major hatches. The flies looked good, though as fishing sometimes goes, they seemed to get too little time upon the water for a fair evaluation. I reserve experimental flies for the most difficult trout, the ones that refuse my established patterns, but refusers proved scarce once the dry-fly season began.

Spring seemed destined to begin early, with many fine days in March that drew me to the rivers, but the trout and the mayflies were unmoved by the glorious warming air and sunshine. April began and teased me mercilessly with even lovelier days, but nearly half of the month passed before the river offered that first gift of a single rising trout. With the spell broken at last, I expected a hatch, and I found one the very next day. Hendricksons appeared, and I was elated! The trout, it seems, were unimpressed, as not a single rise would dimple the surface throughout the emergence.

There was a new rod accompanying me on many of those false starts, a longed for Thomas & Thomas Hendrickson from the Tom Maxwell era, and I wished desperately to introduce that wonderful rod to a spirited Catskill trout. Another week passed until I witnessed a massive hatch of Hendricksons, and again risers were few and far between, with the river surrendering one decent brown trout. When at last the gates opened, however, the rivers rewarded me with the finest Hendrickson fishing I have ever enjoyed.

Amazingly, I found another cherished Thomas & Thomas, a 5-weight Paradigm—my personal holy grail of bamboo. That rod and the Hendrickson vied for my attentions throughout the season.

Expectations were high, but the wealth of mayflies proved to be limited to the early Hendricksons as spring progressed. March Browns and both the large and small sulphurs were spotty, though some memorable brownies came to net during that fishing. I was anxious in mid-May, as my young friend Andy was finally able to come up for a couple of days of fishing after years of invitations. His departure was delayed, and our chance for fishing upon his arrival would be limited to an evening session. My nervous energy found me along the Delaware River at noon, figuring to fish a bit and scout out an area for my friend.

I rigged up my eight-and-a-half-foot Thomas & Thomas with a classic St. George reel and took a walk along the river. Déjà vu ensued when I noticed a gentle rise along a very specific piece of river bank. A year earlier, I had hooked a tremendous fish that quickly straightened the hook on my caramel apple X-Caddis in that very same location. I smiled to myself as I recalled that day and appreciated the significance of the fly tied to my leader: a caramel apple X-Caddis. The brown that the Thomas and I bested that day was more than two feet long, and I am convinced that fish was the same old fellow that opened up my hook the year before. Sometimes, the second chance can be the charm.

Before I knew it, tales were spreading about the first Green Drakes, and I approached the hatch well-armed with 100-Year Duns, emergers, and a few experimental flies. I found no drakes in the traditional haunts as May rolled into June, save one late afternoon emergence. Those trout were untouchable, taking below the surface and unwilling to sample even my most proven emergers. There will be more study and work at the vise this winter!

Summer weather came early in June, and I carried the eight-foot Sweetgrass Penta rod that Jerry Kustich and Glenn Brackett had designed and crafted for me during the autumn and winter of 2020. Conceived as a summer rod, this 4-weight bamboo carried a special reel as well—a Trutta Perfetta—made by Vlad Reshenko in the Ukraine. I expected *Cornuta* olives might be due for an appearance and had tied a few CDC duns at dawn. Wading in the morning mist, I encountered three cruisers during the first hour. The penta and Trutta Perfetta performed as they were destined to, and browns of nineteen, twenty-one, and twenty-two inches came to net in that miraculous debut hour.

I only saw a handful of *Cornutas* that morning, and would see no more. Summer hatches were less than slim, leading me to expect the best for my terrestrial fishing. I relied heavily on my Grizzly Beetle pattern that had proven so effective during the summer of 2020, but this year, many trout demurred. Were there no naturals to tune the trout into the usually deadly beetle shape? I will never know.

I reasoned that the paucity of late spring and early summer mayflies should make the larger trout uniquely responsive to a larger meal. In January 2020, I designed a new cricket pattern, updating ideas generated twenty years ago in the Cumberland Valley. The fly wasn't fished much at all that year because the Grizzly Beetle was so eagerly accepted. When trout weren't taking tricos, pseudos, or tiny olives, the beetle was the boss. I set out to give the new cricket a proper trial.

As much as I revere the rights of spring, the Catskill summers have proven to be my favorites. Lacking the crowds of springtime, summer allows me the freedom to hunt trophy brown trout. I truly love searching the water for the most difficult trout in the rivers: the fish that thrive by being secretive and wary. When I find them, the game requires a careful stalk and the perfect cast, or the hard-earned opportunity vanishes. To me, this is the peak of angling.

There were trout taken with minute spinners, tiny olives, ants, and sulphurs along the way, and yes, the Grizzly Beetle still accounted for some memorable fish. Fly designers receive a special satisfaction when their thoughts and inspirations result in a fly that brings success on the water. I tied my cricket following a proven design for a grasshopper I had tied two decades ago. It was proven back then on the Cumberland Valley limestoners. The following summer, it was sent west with a friend who guided in Montana, and I got back rave reviews. I had no doubt that the principles of my design were sound.

I guess it took me twenty years to adapt that same thinking to the cricket due to the faith I had in another pattern—the fly that I refer to as the Baby Cricket. The Baby was my favorite dry fly for many



Brown trout with Mark's Cricket Photo: Mark Sturtevant

of those years. I am glad that I finally decided to tie Mark's Cricket 2020 on that day two years ago. That fly and I had a truly remarkable summer!

It was my cricket that enabled me to pay proper tribute to my friend and mentor, the late great Ed Shenk. When I angled the Neversink River with the Shenk Tribute Rod in mid-September, it was that fly that brought a twenty-inch brown to net, the first trout taken on a bamboo rod made specially to honor Ed: seven feet of flamed bamboo carrying his vintage Hardy Featherweight reel. That very special tackle allowed me to take my friend along on the rivers of my heart.

The past year had twists and turns, as every season does, but I was fortunate to fish with my best friends on the bright waters that I love best. I was blessed to angle with some amazing cane rods, most armed with vintage reels to orchestrate the magic of a hard-running trout. I enjoyed the glory and magic of the dry fly for six full months, making memories and forming ideas for the flies yet to come—patterns to make magic next year.

Two months have passed since I last cast a dry fly, and four more lie ahead before the rivers might offer that gift once again. There is magic in bright water; each of you know it as surely as I. Memories of that magic carry us along through winter, as we tie a new fly to pin our hopes upon, or polish a fine old rod that landed a two-foot trout.

May the springs and their aquifers be filled by the rain and snow of winter, and may the trout and insects multiply and bring anglers glad tidings come springtime. May you enjoy a remarkable new year!

Looking Back Upstream



A Coffee Stop **By Chuck Coronato**

The night before a fishing trip, most anglers make sure they select the rod and reel that they want to take, get their wading gear together, check weather conditions, and pore over fly boxes to make sure that all of the anticipated hatches are covered. But if you have a taste, or as I do—an addiction—to coffee, then you're probably preparing a thermos of the good stuff before you hit the road. The thermos is fine for lasting through the day, but staying awake on the drive home after a long day on the water is when a stiff cup of caffeine becomes less of a sign of the good life, and more of a safety plan. Knowing where that vital hit of brew can be grabbed along the route home is just as essential in your planning as taking the right fishing gear.

When I'm home, I'll admit to being a bit of a coffee snob: the beans are freshly ground using a burr grinder just seconds before they get contacted with 205-degree water, and the pour-over method is used to brew a single cup at a time. But, when I'm driving home and feeling heavy eyelids starting to close, pragmatism overcomes good taste, and my usual coffee stop is the McDonalds located off Route 17 in Liberty, New York. Though the coffee isn't gourmet quality, this location has several plusses: it's on the way home, a quick off and back onto the highway, open late enough for fishing trips, and all sizes of coffee at Mickey D's can be purchased for only a buck.

A couple of years ago, I was returning from some early season fishing in very chilly weather. After pulling into the parking lot near the famous golden arches, I stripped off several layers of insulation that were no longer needed and got on line to order. You've probably noticed that men have a reputation for

not letting go of old, comfortable clothes, to the point of wearing shirts and pants that are well on their way to disintegration. Add to that my fondness for repurposing old objects, and you can understand how a heavily used merino wool sweater was now in service as a base layer on a cold day. That sweater, once nice enough to wear in front of a classroom, now looked like it had been hung on a line and laundered with the discharge of a 12-gauge shotgun. Despite my wife's numerous objections, I declared that old sweater full of holes "still nice enough to wear."



Being a Saturday night, there was a large crowd inside the restaurant, so I took out my phone while waiting on line and used the time to send a few texts. I glimpsed what I thought was a disapproving look from a woman with long dark hair who was standing behind me and maintaining several feet of distance (even though this was a year before the pandemic started). She was standing close to a little girl of about ten-years-old who I assumed was her daughter. I remember thinking to myself, "What's up with all of this distance, lady? I know that I don't smell bad." (I shower every month whether I need it or not.)

I resumed texting on my phone, but couldn't help notice out of the corner of my eye that the little girl had gotten a little closer to me and was pointing her finger at the skin showing through the holes in my sweater. Her mother quickly tugged her back in what seemed like a protective move. It became clear that I was being shunned as some sort of destitute stranger who was to be pitied, but also to be avoided at all costs. I guess that mother didn't want her daughter near someone in ragged clothes who may not even have enough money to pay for his food.

Finally reaching the counter, I ordered a large coffee, dug my right hand into a pocket of my jeans (which weren't looking much better than my sweater) and pulled out a crumpled dollar bill. The mother and daughter were still keeping their distance from the disheveled poor man in front of them. I sensed a feeling of outrage building in me. I didn't enjoy being treated like a loaf of moldy bread based solely on appearance. If it repulses them to be in my presence, then that's too bad. Sure, I get the fact that parents have to teach their young kids certain levels of caution around strangers, but this was a very safe place, and if this mother would also like to show her daughter how to practice kindness to a victim of hard times—then a teachable moment was now at hand. She could have stepped forward and paid for my coffee. Yes, that would have been nice. What kind of person forces a down-on-his-luck stranger to spend what appears to be his last dollar on a meager cup of coffee? What a horrible person she is! Would it have killed her to spend a single buck on a fellow in need? Where's the compassion? What happened to "alms for the poor" and "whatsoever you do for the least of my brothers?" I just don't understand this world anymore.

Still seething with anger from being judged by ice-cold hearts, and disappointed by this parent's abject lack of humanity, I reached my right hand holding the sad one-dollar bill to the young guy behind the register. As I did that, I remembered the texting, and in my left hand—in plain view of the mother and daughter—I was holding a thousand-dollar cell phone. Buy me a coffee? Could I have misread the entire situation and gotten a little carried away here? Never mind.

Obituaries

Austin “Mac” Francis. We lost a wonderful writer and strong supporter of the Catskills when Mac Francis passed away in the middle of December 2021. Mr. Francis was born in Sumter, South Carolina, and as a youth, he developed a love of mountains and rivers. He graduated from Princeton University with a degree in English Literature, then entered the U.S. Navy, serving on board the USS Hancock stationed in the Pacific with the Seventh Fleet. One of his Navy assignments involved writing cruisebooks for the Hancock. He did this work at Dai Nippon Printing while living in Tokyo, Japan. It was through this experience that he learned about the publishing business, leading after his military service to his working with several publishing and advertising firms in New York City. In the early 1960s, he met Ross Johnson, who was originally from North Carolina, and they were married in 1965. Ross and Mac shared a strong love of the outdoors, and after Ross’s uncle introduced them to fly fishing, they eventually started spending their weekends in the Catskills. Mac Francis met Harry Darbee when Mac went to the Darbee shop to show Harry a fly that had caught his best trout to date, and was purportedly tied by Harry Darbee. The fly, in fact, was not Darbee tied, but a long friendship between Mac and Harry was kindled, and they co-authored Harry Darbee’s book, *Catskill Fly Tier*, in 1977. Mac Francis founded The Beaverkill Press in 1983, and he wrote several other books, including *Catskill Rivers* and *Land of Little Rivers*. Plans for a memorial service are unknown at this time.

Post-Meeting Report

On December 18, 2021, the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild held its monthly meeting virtually. Thirty-one members were in attendance, and Fred Kline gave an interesting talk on the historical overview of wet flies in England, and then he changed the focus to American waters.

Fred tied and photographed the following flies:

The Coch y bonddu

Hook: Partridge sproat bend, size 2
Tag: Oval gold tinsel, medium
Body: Five strands of peacock herl
Ribbing: Oval gold tinsel, medium
Hackle: Furnace or brown rooster
Head: Black lacquer





The Ginger and Sunflower Hackle

Hook: Partridge sproat bend, size 4

Tag: Oval gold tinsel, medium

Body: Sunflower silk

Ribbing: Oval gold tinsel, medium

Hackle: Palmered ginger rooster with four additional turns at the collar

Head: Black lacquer

Conversation during the meeting regarding the purpose of the Coch-y-bonddu indicated that it was originally tied to imitate a Beetle. Further discussion disclosed that all wet flies that are generally tied in small sizes, can also be tied on much larger hooks and will be effective for larger trout.

Books recommended for wet fly patterns were *Trout* and *Just Fishing*, both by Ray Bergman.

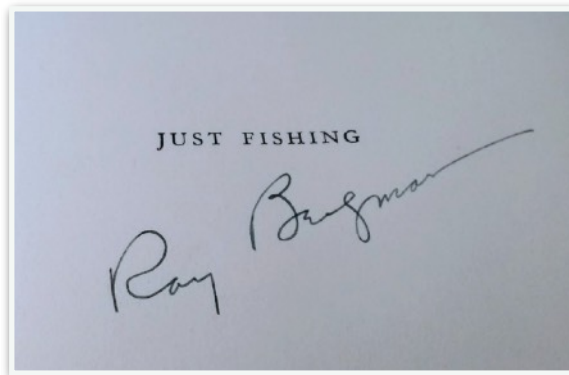


Photo by Tom Mason



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