



The Catskill Fly Tyers Guild *Gazette*

Volume 22, number 6

November 2019

There is no November meeting of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild. Stop by the guild table and say hello at the Arts of the Angler show at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum on Saturday, November 9, 2019, and at the International Fly Tying Symposium, November 23 and 24, 2019, at the Sheraton Parsippany Hotel in Parsippany, NJ. See the ads at the end of this issue of the *Gazette*.

Note: Because this year the third Saturday in December falls so close to Christmas, the December guild meeting will be held on Saturday, December 14. The Catskill Kids on the Fly event will occur on the same date.

Scenes from the October Meeting

The origin of the Catskill fly Tyers Guild was a group of fly tyers getting together to preserve and carry forward the Catskill fly-tying tradition, but its center of gravity always has been tyers tying together, sharing what we know, and just talking. The October 2019 guild meeting returned to those roots.



L above: Dave Brandt actually tied more than one fly at the meeting.

R above: How it's supposed to look.

L below: Bob Adams prepares some material.

Photos courtesy of Nicole March

CFTG at the Shows

Be sure to drop by the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild table at all the fall and winter fly-fishing shows. At the Arts of the Angler show on November 9, in addition to the guild members tying at our table, Kids on the Fly will be hosting young tyers. As always, the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild will have a significant presence at both the International Fly Tying Symposium at the Sheraton Parsippany Hotel in Parsippany, NJ, on November 23 and 24 and at the Fly Fishing Show at the New Jersey Convention and Exposition Center in Edison, NJ, on January 24, 25, and 26, 2020. Stop by, greet old friends, meet new ones, renew your membership for another year, buy a hat, and have fun.

—*Nicole March*

7X

By Chuck Coronato

Ken and I were clueless when it came to fishing, but on a distant fall day, it was raining trout. We were friends who spent the entire morning trying to entice freshly stocked fish—a surfeit of rainbows, browns, and brookies—but scored only one fish, who gulped the minnow that was swimming for its life underneath Ken’s bobber. With that lone exception, every trout we took home that day fell from the sky. They fell from the sky because more experienced anglers pitied us and in an expression of either condolence or mockery tossed the surplus of their catch in our direction, as if they were lobbing pitches in a game of high-arc softball. We accepted their charity. We had no reason to be prideful and even commemorated our lack of shame by having our picture taken while holding a trout-laden stringer between us. Back then, we thought that’s the kind of thing that trout fishers do.

Our trout fishing evolved when Ken mentally connected a couple of dots and had the revelation that we could gain access to better, fly-fishing-only waters, simply by fly fishing. I shouldn’t have been surprised that my friend had the kind of moxie to imagine that a couple of duffers such as ourselves could rub elbows with the princes of the fishing world. We were once bangers of three-chord songs on our guitars, and Ken had proposed that we could elevate our status from rank amateurs to professional musicians if we could get paid at least one dollar to perform. Our two-man band, Cheap Thrills, went on to play several venues where we were paid to take the stage, despite considerable evidence that we lacked musical skill. If we could fake it as musicians, then this fly-fishing thing should be a snap.

Faking it as a fly fisher proved more challenging. Trout, perhaps because their judgment isn’t influenced by alcohol, proved to be a more discerning audience than the patrons of bars where we sang, and more than a year passed before I landed my first trout on a fly.

Many of my outings were return trips to the river of the “sky trout.” That particular stream had a variety of water conditions that yielded valuable lessons regarding angling with a fly. I learned about stonefly nymphs in fast water, how to twitch a Muddler Minnow to coax fish from undercut banks, and how the picky wild trout of the limestone-influenced east branch of the river could sometimes be fooled by a hair-wing dry if you pulled the fly’s wings down to create the impression of a cripple. But despite my growing affection for this lovely ribbon flowing through western New Jersey, I came to believe that all of the trout tossed at us years earlier had flopped to the ground with their heads pointing north—toward the Catskills.

Early attempts at Catskill fishing included annual fall trips with Ken. We no longer played music together, and the business of being adults was monopolizing our free time, but we always made it a point to be partners in incompetence and have an October fishing trip. We didn’t know that autumn is

not the easiest time of year to catch trout, with low, thin water, smaller bugs, and an armada of floating leaves to obscure the view of your fly. We were starting at square one again, needing to learn the best spots to fish, new hatches, and how to get a good drift on rivers considerably larger than any that we'd encountered in our home state.

A lack of skill didn't dampen our enthusiasm. On our first trip to the Beaverkill, Ken was so excited to see the river that he grabbed his rod and rushed into the water. He was knee deep by the time he realized that he'd forgotten to put on his waders. Later that weekend, our ignorance shined as we cursed an angler who told us that he was fishing "the usual" after we inquired about the fly he was using. We had one of those *Well shut my mouth* moments when we saw a compartment in a fly shop labeled "The Usual."

I finally proved that one of us was capable of catching a fish—but it didn't count. While seasoned regulars presented tiny Blue-Winged Olives to sipping risers, I dredged Cairns Pool with a Hare's Ear Nymph. It seemed like the eyes of every angler were watching when I scooped a net under a brown trout of at least sixteen inches. My sense of accomplishment took a dive when I saw a minnow firmly wedged between the nymph and the trout's mouth. I'd finally caught my first Beaverkill trout, but through the unlikely chain of events—fly catches minnow, and minnow catches trout. I'd inadvertently invented some sort of live-bait transitive property in the artificials-only section of the river. People started asking, "What did you get him on?" I didn't risk telling the truth and told them that it took a Hare's Ear. After all, Ken and I knew that we were on shaky ground, since the last time we caught only one trout on a minnow, people had hurled fish at us.

The minnow-trout weekend came to an abrupt end when rain pelted our camp and sent us retreating to the laundromat in Roscoe to dry our clothes. When we saw that cars coming from higher elevations were covered with snow, we knew that it was time to beat a hasty retreat back home. The calendar hadn't even reached Columbus Day, and tree branches were still full of leaves. The added weight of wet snow collecting on those leaves sent limbs and entire trees crashing to the ground. We could take a hint. Although I became a regular in the Catskills, it would be more than two decades before the two of us returned for another fall trip.

Passing time left the expected marks on our lives. Ken raised his family several counties away from where my wife and I lived, and I focused on teaching math and spending my spare time fly fishing. Still, we had the kind of friendship that would always pick right up where it left off, even if we went a long time between visits. But passing time also shows us that many things that we think of as being rock solid are sometimes hanging by just a thread. Without going into all of the details, we've recently been forced us to deal with loss, grief, career changes, and vanishing freedom. It would've been easy to give in to the nagging suspicion that the best parts of life—and all of our best stories—were in the past. It was time to make other plans.

I'd already drained my pint of brown ale at the Roscoe Brewery when I saw Ken walk through the door. This was our meeting place to make good on a plan to get back to the Catskills. Unlike earlier, carefree times, this weekend required a lot of schedule shuffling and rescheduling after cancelations. There would also be some differences in our itinerary. The focus of this weekend was not fishing. Fly fishing would be minimal, but we might do some kayaking and certainly a lot of hiking to explore the trails near the cabin belonging to Ken's daughter and son-in-law. No more tents for us. If we were outdoors at night, it would be to drink beers around a blazing fire just beyond the cabin's deck.

The plan seemed to hold in the early stages. We fished a bit in the Beaverkill, where I hooked a good-sized fish that rose deftly to my drifting Cinberg. The fish turned out to be a big chub. What is it about this river that won't let me catch a trout, clean on a fly, whenever Ken's on the scene? We joked about my bad luck over supper. Then Ken said he'd found an old cassette tape in his house. The tape

was a recording of our band playing our last gig, nearly forty years ago. The room brightened. I was itching to be transported by this audio time capsule to a youthful, optimistic moment. The only concern—and a big one—would be the condition of the tape. The old tape wasn't stored properly and likely was brittle. It might not survive a playback and could snap at any time. Ken hoped that the tape would hold together long enough to have it digitally restored. I wanted to hear that tape more than I wanted to catch a season's worth of trout.

The hiking trails near the cabin did not score highly on the scenery index, and they all fizzled at dead ends. When a cold rain started to fall with more intensity, I thought back to our snowed-out, tree-crashing weekend. With kayaking and additional hiking off the menu, I suggested more fishing. Ken was lukewarm about the fishing idea, but acquiesced when I assured him that I knew a few good tailwater spots where hatches would be improved by the rain. Fish hid from us at our first location, but we certainly had no difficulty attracting raindrops. Ken was ready to cut loose from the fishing, but I held out for one more spot.

You won't find Cow Poop Pool on any fishing maps. I know fewer than five people who refer to the spot by that name, but the water stays frigid, and large trout rise steadily with no sense of urgency as they leave dimples on the glassy surface whose microcurrents devil the drift of your fly. I knew that we would have a challenge fishing this spot, which demands long leaders and downstream presentations, but I was feeling we were running out of chances for one of these trips to result in a trout caught on a fly. We would have to make our final stand in this pool.

A steady light rain resulted in the expected intensity of the Blue-Winged Olive hatch, and the streambred browns were not ignoring the floating banquet. I attached a 6X leader to Ken's line and handed him a small Dorato Hare's Ear. I went with the same leader plan, but attached a tiny cripple/spinner pattern that I was hoping the trout would find irresistible. This was not to be. Trout showed all sorts of willpower as they left my fly off of their diet, rejecting it en masse. In the meantime, Ken, who was wearing lightweight waders, was at one of those decision crossroads where you either keep casting and risk hypothermia or call it quits and walk shaky-legged to the bank. An engineer by trade, Ken made the sensible call.

I hate to fish tippets lighter than 6X. I'm not so crazy about 6X, either. I want to be able to play a fish with the confidence that my line won't break and land fish quickly for a healthy release. I often get away with using 5X by making my tippet very long and using a reach cast to present the fly as the first thing the trout sees in its field of vision. None of those tricks were working. I had to fetch the spool of 7X buried deep in my sling pack, kept there in case I have to make the kind of deal with the devil that these fish were demanding. I changed the fly to a pattern that's no more than some olive thread on a tiny hook with a puff of CDC near its eye.

Ken's patience wasn't going to hold for much longer as he shivered alongside the abundant Japanese knotweed, so with a sense of urgency, I picked out the nearest dimple in the water and made a careful downstream presentation. Just as I thought that my choice had been rejected, the fly disappeared in a delicate swirl. I set the hook lightly and was tight to an unhappy trout. I won't say that the fish bolted, as freshly hooked trout often do, but it made a steady, impellent run to the middle of the stream. My normal strategy of applying side pressure would've left too much line on the water's surface that could collect weight from weeds and extra pull from drag, resulting in the snap of that spiderweb of a tippet. Instead, I kept the rod high until I saw the butt end of my leader after gaining back some line. The fear of losing this last-chance fish was running through me as I held the net just below the water's surface. I knew how often flies pull out and tippets pop at that last moment before you get the trout's head up and slid downstream to the waiting net. When this Catskill beauty finally passed through the hoop and rested heavily on the rubber mesh, I couldn't believe that it had stayed

tethered to the 7X. It was also a relief to find no minnow this time, just a threaded hook with a wet bit of feather that came from a duck's butt. I gently held the fish at the water's surface for a moment for Ken to see before releasing it and watching it swim away.

Fishing was done for the weekend. I'd just caught what I felt was a fish of redemption. It was a fish that chased away the ghosts of past failures and proved that these beautiful mountains had finally accepted us.

It turns out that Ken wasn't thinking any of those things. It didn't faze him that we hadn't been a successful fishing team in the Catskills over all of these years. We were driving back with the heater blasting in the car, and he asked, "So, what kind of fish was that?" It didn't matter to Ken that it was a trout. He was there for a higher purpose.

A week after our return, I got the news that our band's performance was saved. The old tape held.

The season is nearing its close. There are no sure things in life, but I hope that there are still fish to be caught, health for loved ones, and time to reconnect with old friends. Whether it's old, crackly tape or spiderweb-thin tippet, it never hurts to dial up a little more faith and know that the things that shouldn't work are sometimes the things that you need to believe in the most.



Looking Back Upstream



My First Fly

By Ed Walsh

I am certain my introduction into fly fishing was similar to most of yours: a family member or friend encourages you to try it, and before you know it, you're hooked. After awhile, that same person suggests if you're going to be a fly fisher, you'll need to learn how to tie your own flies, because there's nothing better than catching a fish on a fly you tied yourself.

For most of us, our first foray into this part of our sport meant assembling the necessary tools and enough materials to tie the basics: Woolly Buggers, Hare's Ear and Pheasant Tail Nymphs, and maybe a simple dry fly such as a Griffith's Gnat or Elk Hair Caddis. I also suspect many of us followed the same paths when we started by attending fly-tying sessions through local TU chapters, state-sponsored programs, or local fly-tying groups. Along the way, we attended fly-fishing shows to watch the expert tyers, purchase tying videos, and buy enough instructional books to fill a small library.

When I started out, it all seemed simple: exercise thread control, and don't crowd the eye. I thought I was following those simple commands until I got on a stream and tried tying one of my new creations to my tippet.

I was on the Salmon River in Colchester, Connecticut. This is a heavily stocked fishery that is a great place for a beginner. The trout are eager to make you think you know what you are doing. I was given a generic nymph by a friend and caught couple of fish, but when this section of the river slowed down, we moved upstream to a less populated area. My friend pointed out an eddy on the other side of the stream, a place he'd always caught fish. The water was shallow, but the streambed contained a lot of bowling-ball-sized slippery rocks that made getting to the other side time consuming.

About halfway across the stream, I decided it was time to tie on one of my creations, so I plucked a Hare's Ear Nymph out of my box. That's when I became aware of the importance of not crowding the eye. I was using a 4X or 5X tippet and a size 12 nymph, so even with faltering eyesight, there should have been no problem, and there wouldn't have been if I actually could have found the eye. I must have spent twenty minutes standing in the stream, trying to get that fly attached using every device on my vest. I finally exited the stream, sat on the bank for what seemed like half an hour, and finally exposed enough of the eye to attach the tippet.

The good news is that when finally I got to that eddy, I realized my friend was right about fish being there. I caught four or five trout and then a few more fishing downstream before I lost that nymph on one of those boulders. As the saying goes, my mother didn't raise any fools, so I wasn't about to try tying on another one of my nymphs in the middle of the river, and it was about time to head home anyway.

Over the next few days, I went through all the flies I had tied and made sure the eyes were clear and accessible. There were a few that were unrepairable, but I sure did pay better attention when tying in the future.

Today, I am involved in a fly-tying program at a local middle school and teach the kids the same rules I learned when I started. Occasionally, one of the students will crowd the eye, and I'll relate my experience. Most will dismantle the fly and start again, but there's always the one who says, "It's no big deal—I'll be able to tie it on my tippet." I imagine that somewhere down the line, he'll be standing in the middle of a stream, have a problem tying on that fly, and he'll think, "Maybe I should have listened to my instructor." I hope he does that, and I hope he will pass the advice on to the next generation.

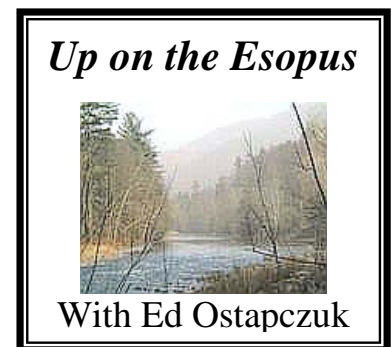
More Terrestrials: Grasshoppers and Crickets

My last *Gazette* column covered two patterns that imitate terrestrial insects that trout eat: an ant and a beetle. Both served as my early introduction to fishing terrestrials. This column discusses two more: grasshoppers and crickets. There are a lot of flies out there that imitate these bugs, but both of the patterns I'll discuss have the distinct Northeastern flavor of the Pennsylvania limestone creeks, and both are tied the same way: the Letort Hopper, and Letort Cricket.

The waters are a little turbid as to who was the creator of this wonderful dry-fly pattern.

Chapter 4 of Ed Koch's *Terrestrial Fishing* (1990), a book referred to in my last column, is dedicated to the Letort Hopper. Koch provided background and the recipe for this fly, giving credit to Ed Shenk, but also writing, "The evolution of the Letort Hopper was no overnight event." He goes on to mention a long list of other names associated with hopper patterns, including Charlie Fox, Vincent Marinaro, Ross Trimmer, Ernest Schwiebert, and others.

In *Remembrances of Rivers Past* (1972) Ernest Schwiebert dedicated a chapter, "Grasshopper Wind," to his version of the Letort Hopper, singing its praises. Schwiebert provides a hopper recipe,



perhaps a bit more elaborate than Koch gave him credit for, while mentioning Charlie Fox, but not Ed Shenk, when discussing this pattern. Schwiebert goes on to credit Ross Trimmer. Schwiebert noted that the lack of hackle allows the dry fly to float flush in the surface film, looking “hopper-like.”

In *Rising Trout*, (1967), Charlie Fox mentions several terrestrials, the Crowe Beetle among them, sharing recognition for various patterns including “the Schwiebert hopper,” a dead ringer for “Ed Shenk’s Letort Hopper.” There appears to be a single difference between these patterns. Schwiebert tied his turkey wing in Muddler style, while Shenk tied it flat over the body.

The origin of the Letort Cricket is a little less confusing. Both Fox and Koch speak highly of the Cricket. Fox writes, “It is this fly in its larger size which broke the Pennsylvania State record for the largest brown trout caught on a floating counterpart of nature.” Koch dedicates two chapters in *Terrestrial Fishing* to the Letort Cricket. In the second, Koch writes about a catching a nine-pound, 27-1/2-inch brown that took his size 12 Ed Shenk Letort Cricket, which in 1962 became the Pennsylvania record brown trout caught on a dry fly. Koch’s book also notes that the only differences between the Letort Cricket and Hopper are the hook size and the color of each version of the pattern.

Next summer, when the Catskill mayfly hatches have waned, think terrestrials. Both of these patterns have served me well. In the meantime, perhaps think about the last chapter of Schwiebert’s *A River for Christmas* (1988), a book of angling stories, trout fishing in Chilean rivers. The author ends by noting, “Christmas is still two weeks away, I said unhappily, and I can’t stay. . . . I sighed. Just thinking what a fine present the Cumilahue would make—and about getting a river for Christmas!” Well, the holiday season is less than two months away, so here’s wishing you and yours a happy, healthy holiday season and tight lines in 2020.

Letort Hopper, Ernest Schwiebert Style

Hook: Mustad 9671, size 12 to 18

Thread: Brown

Body: Yellow floss

Wing: Mottled turkey, tied Muddler style

Head and overwing: Deer hair, clipped and shaped

Letort Cricket:

Hook: Mustad 9671, size 12 to 16

Thread: Black

Body: Black dubbed fur

Wing: Black goose or duck quill

Head and overwing: Black deer hair, clipped and shaped

My favorite hook for both patterns is a size 12.





Tying Atlantic Salmon Flies, Part 2

Last issue, we covered some of the basics involved in tying salmon flies. In this installment, we will dive into the construction of a fly, read about the parts, offer some tips, and note some obstacles to avoid while making these flies.

As is the case with every fly we tie, the hook is the foundation. If you're using an eyed hook, a significant step is not needed, but if you want the antique look, silkworm gut lashed to a blind-eye hook constitutes the eye. There are decent substitutes for silkworm gut available, but in my opinion, if you're going to expend the effort to construct a blind-eye fly, twisted gut is far better a material than white fly line backing or twisted 5X tippet.

Twisted gut comes in various sizes and is best matched to the fly by closely gauging it to the hook wire diameter. You soak the gut in water for a short time to soften it, then, using a tool such as a bodkin, form the eye, with the looped section tied at the bottom of the shank, forming a triangular shape at the head, looking at it from the front. Imagine the gut sitting side by side, with the hook nestled on top of it.

Considering that the gut is the component to which the leader attaches, if these flies were ever actually to be fished, you would need to "fully gut" the hook, meaning that the two tag ends of the gut would run all the way down the shank to just before the bend. When attached this way and properly waxed to prevent fraying, it's an extremely strong eye, and any hook would straighten before the gut would pull out.

For show flies, some tyers use little more than a loop at the eye and trim away the tags. This is fine, but such a short amount of gut lashed to the hook can sometimes move around when finishing a fly head, and spending a lot of time on a fly only to have it fall apart at the end can really frustrate you.

Before moving on to the actual materials, let's talk about the names of the sections. A typical wet trout fly may have just a few—a tail, body, hackle, and wing. However, a typical salmon fly starts with a tip, tag, tail, butt, body ribbing, body, and hackle and is fronted with teal or mallard flank. The tip, farthest from the eye, often is tinsel—flat, embossed, oval, or twisted. The tag is just forward of the tip and often made from silk or floss, usually longer than the tip and gradually increasing in diameter to allow for a smooth transition from tip to tag. On our Silver Doctor, the tip is flat silver tinsel with a tag of bright yellow floss.



The next component is the tail, and just as there are thousands of patterns, there many types of tails. Our Silver Doctor uses a golden pheasant crest, chosen and shaped to suit the hook size.

The butt is not only a pretty addition to the fly, it is one of the few things that actually helps hide imperfections. Since there has to be some lashing of the tail in front of the floss tag, the butt step hides the trimmed tail butts. On most salmon flies, black ostrich herl is used, but on our Silver Doctor, it's red wool.

The dressing calls for ribbing, and we now attach that to the far side of the hook and lash the tag end the length of the shank just short of the eye, where the body will end. Always keep in mind while tying these or any flies, the smoother and more clean the underbody is, the better the actual body will turn out. Our Silver Doctor has a flat silver tinsel body with an oval silver ribbing, and you need a perfect underbody for the tinsel to lie correctly without shifting.

Once the body is wrapped and secured, for wrapping the ribbing, the accepted method is five turns, evenly spaced, with the third wrap centered at the middle of the body facing you, allowing the tie-off point to be at the bottom of the shank near the eye. This will be covered with hackle, but I always try to leave the top of the shank at the eye unmolested, because the wing needs a good base for attachment. I always use the lower side of the hook for the tie-off point for all materials.

After the body is complete, size and prepare a light blue hackle, tie it in, and wind and stroke it downward and backward to train the fibers to sweep rearward. In front of the hackle, tie in and wrap a few turns of a mallard or teal flank feather, stroked and shaped as you did with the hackle.

That finishes the body section of the fly. In the next installment, we will tie in the underwing, main wing, sides, and topping.

Obituary

Richard Frank Post, of Livingston Manor, NY, died on September 9, 2019, in an accident at his property in Pittsfield, NY. He was born on April 19, 1945, in Englewood, NJ, and graduated from Old Tappan High School in the class of 1963. He first pursued a career in welding, then, in 1976, he and his wife, Susan, fulfilled his lifetime dream when they opened the Fur, Fin & Feather Sport Shop in Livingston Manor, a business that continues to thrive to this day. Richard was very active in his community: he was a member of the Sullivan County and Livingston Manor Chambers of Commerce, the Sullivan County Longbeard Turkey Association, Mid-State Arms, New York State Arms Collectors, the Sullivan County Federation of Sportsmen, the Schenectady County Conservation Council, and the Elks Club. He was a life member of the NRA. In 2017, he was also recognized as Sullivan County Sportsman of the Year. In his free time, he loved being outdoors, hunting, fishing, and camping. But above all else, he was passionate about spending time with his family. He was a loving and considerate husband to Susan, his wife of fifty-one years.

He is survived by his devoted wife, Susan, of Livingston Manor, daughter Tracey Skaggs and her husband, Ron, of Patterson, NY, son Richard Post and his wife, Joanna, of Stanford, KY, and his grandchildren, Alden and Jady Post of Stanford, KY, as well as by his large extended family and friends.



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 or 69 Bronxville Road, Apt. 4G, Bronxville, NY 10708, (914) 961-3521.



The Arts of the Angler Show



Saturday, November 9, 2019

10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.

Catskill Fly Fishing Center & Museum in Livingston Manor, NY

General Admission \$5.00

Food available for separate purchase

Get together with friends, fellow tyers, and vendors at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum's home on the Willowemoc, talk about fishing, and participate in the reborn of Arts of the Angler Show. In addition to fly tyers' row, there will be a fly-tying class for kids, a vintage tackle seminar with pieces from the museum's collection, and seminars.



The 29th Anniversary International Fly Tying Symposium



November 23 and 24, 2019

**The Sheraton Parsippany Hotel,
Parsippany, NJ**

SATURDAY: 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.

SUNDAY: 9:00 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.

ADULTS: \$15.00 SATURDAY

\$12.00 SUNDAY

WEEKEND PASS: \$22.00

CHILDREN UNDER 16: FREE

Now located at the intersection of Interstate 80 and Interstate 287, with free parking, the International Fly Tying Symposium offers plenty of seminars, classes, and exciting fly tyers, including overseas artists demonstrating and lecturing. At last count, seven countries are represented and more than eighty tyers. As always, there will be materials, books, and DVDs on display and for sale, including what might be the largest selection of fly-tying materials ever assembled in one exhibit hall.

For more information, go to: <http://www.internationalflytyingsymposium.com>.

