



The Catskill Fly Tyers Guild

GAZETTE



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January 2018

There will be no January meeting of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild. Stop by the guild table and say hello at The Fly Fishing Show, January 26, 27, and 28, 2018, at the New Jersey Convention and Expo Center in Edison, NJ. See the ad at the end of this issue of the *Gazette*.

At the January meeting, we usually tie flies for Casting for Recovery. If you'd like to contribute flies this year, you can mail them to Hank Rope, P.O. Box 100, Big Indian, NY 12410 or to Catskill Fly Tyers Guild, P.O. Box 633, Roscoe, NY 12776. Several people who can't make it to the January meeting contribute flies this way, so join them in supporting this good cause.

Tyers Needed

If you'd like to tie for the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild at The Fly Fishing Show on January 26, 27, and 28, 2018, at the New Jersey Convention and Expo center in Edison, NJ, contact John Kavanaugh at flymank@optonline.net, call his cell at (973) 219-7696 and leave a message with your contact information, or contact him via his Facebook page.

The 2018 Fly Tyers Rendezvous: Save the Date

The date for the 2018 Fly Tyers Rendezvous, sponsored by the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild, has been set: Saturday, April 14, 2018, from 10:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M., in the Wulff Gallery at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum, 1031 Old Route 17, Livingston Manor, NY. If you would like to tie at the Rendezvous, look for a sign-up sheet coming soon. Or just come to the Rendezvous to schmooze, and bring your friends to watch some of the most talented tiers in the Northeast do what they do best.

CFTG and Kids on the Fly, Sussex County, New Jersey

By Bob Hopken

The Catskill Fly Tyers Guild is sponsoring the start of a new Kids on the Fly tying class in Sussex County, New Jersey. Greg Becker, the owner of White Water Flies in Lafayette, New Jersey, has graciously offered his fly shop for our meetings. The guild is grateful for Greg's generosity and dedication to future tiers.

The meetings will be held the first Saturday of each month from 9:00 A.M. to 11:30 A.M., with the first meeting on Saturday January 6, 2018. The Locations is White Water Flies, 222 Route 15, Lafayette, NJ 07848. Look for a continuing announcement in future issues of the *Gazette*.

For questions or to participate, contact Bob Hopken at shrh@ptd.net or Nicole March at TheQuiltedTyer@gmail.com.

Thanks

Thanks go out to Bob and Julie Adams for representing the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild at the Block Party / Open House at the Roscoe Central School in September 2017.

Guild Ties for New CFFCM Hatch Chart

By Joe Ceballos

Outside the gift shop of the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum hangs a large display of flies showing the Beaverkill-Willowemoc hatch sequence of caddisflies and mayflies. The Catskill Fly Tyers Guild has donated a new and improved display for this exhibit. I want to thank all the guild tyers who helped make this project a reality: Ricky Bassett, John Bonasera, Dave Brandt, John Collins, Paul Dolbec, Allen Landheer, Tom Mason, Johnny Miller, Safet Nikocevic, Ted Patlen, and Mike Valla.

The display case was made by Jean-Paul Viollet, an accomplished craftsman and high-end furniture maker, as well as a budding Catskill fly-rod angler. Many thanks to him, as well.

The new display will be up by our next meeting, in February.

EARLY BROWN STONE	NYMPH	1	JOHN BONASERA	PALE EVENING DUN	NYMPH	27	JOHNNY MILLER
	ADULT	2	JOHN BONASERA		DUN	28	DAVE BRANDT
LITTLE BLACK CADDIS	PUPA	3	JOHN BONASERA	GREEN DRAKE (GREY FOX VARIANT)	DUN	31	RICKY BASSETT
	ADULT	4	JOHN BONASERA		(COFFIN FLY) SPINNER	32	MIKE VALLA
QUILL GORDON	NYMPH	5	ALLEN LANDHEER	MAHOGANY DUN (ISO)	NYMPH	33	JOHN COLLINS
	DUN	6	DAVE BRANDT		DUN	34	DAVE BRANDT
	SPINNER	7	ALLEN LANDHEER		SPINNER	35	JOHN COLLINS
LITTLE BLUE QUILL	NYMPH	8	JOHN BONASERA	DARK BLUE SEDGE	PUPA	36	SAFET NIKOCEVIC
	DUN	9	DAVE BRANDT		ADULT	37	SAFET NIKOCEVIC
	SPINNER	10	JOHN COLLINS	BLUE-WINGED OLIVE	NYMPH	38	TEDDY PATLEN
HENDRICKSON LT. HENDRICKSON (FEMALE)	NYMPH	11	PAUL DOLBEC		DUN	39	DAVE BRANDT
	DUN	12	DAVE BRANDT		SPINNER	40	TEDDY PATLEN
RED QUILL (MALE)	DUN	14	DAVE BRANDT	LIGHT CAHILL	NYMPH	41	TEDDY PATLEN
	SPINNER	15	ALLEN LANDHEER		DUN	42	DAVE BRANDT
GRANNOM OR SHAD FLY	PUPA	16	SAFET NIKOCEVIC		SPINNER	43	TEDDY PATLEN
	ADULT	17	TOM MASON	CREAM VARIANT	NYMPH	44	TEDDY PATLEN
MARCH BROWN	NYMPH	18	ALLEN LANDHEER		DUN	45	DAVE BRANDT
	DUN	19	DAVE BRANDT		SPINNER	46	TEDDY PATLEN
	SPINNER	20	ALLEN LANDHEER	WHITE-WINGED BLACK OR TRICO	NYMPH	47	PAUL DOLBEC
GREY FOX	NYMPH	21	JOHNNY MILLER		DUN	48	DAVE BRANDT
	DUN	22	DAVE BRANDT		SPINNER	49	TOM MASON
	SPINNER	23	JOHNNY MILLER	LITTLE SULPHUR DUN	NYMPH	24	JOHNNY MILLER
DUN	25	DAVE BRANDT	DUN		25	DAVE BRANDT	
SPINNER	26	JOHNNY MILLER	SPINNER		26	JOHNNY MILLER	

A LIST OF ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE CFTG WHO DONATED SOME FLIES TO THE RESURRECTED DISPLAY OUTSIDE THE CFFC&M.

His Eminence

By Paul Dolbec

The inspiration for this fly originated from a call Joe Ceballos made, informing me that salmon were taking red flies on the swing at the Salmon River in Pulaski, New York. I must have been in an ecclesiastical mood at the time, because what came to me was to fashion a fly whose colors were taken from the garments typically worn by cardinals and monsignors. These Catholic prelates wear garments composed of purple and red, which was the image for this fly—call it divine inspiration. Fish could not leave this thing alone.



Thread: Red Uni 6/0

Hook: Atlantic salmon, size 1/0 to 6, e.g. Tiemco 7999

Tip: Gold holographic tinsel—a better attractor and more durable than standard oval gold tinsel.

Tag: Purple floss—a monsignor's defining color.

Tail: Golden pheasant hackle. This is the breast feather, not the crest plume.

Body: Red UV Ice Dub A dubbing loop provides the best results.

Rib: Medium gold wire or oval tinsel, five turns

First Wing: Red Krystal Flash, four strands, body length

Second Wing: Red EP Silky Fibers, a small amount, body length

Top Wing: Red arctic fox, up to the tail

Hackle: Red guinea hen, whole or half feather.

Head: Red UV Ice Dub, followed by small red thread head.

Here are some suggestions on how to go about tying this fly. These come from my experience and preferences. However, please proceed with your favorite style and approach. Remember, this is supposed to be *fun*!

Step 1, Underbody: Begin by building a thread base, starting at the return wire a salmon hook and ending just beyond the barb. Keep the thread flat (untwist it) by spinning the bobbin counterclockwise.

Step 2, Tip: Cut the tinsel at a sharp angle and tie in four or five overlapping turns. Untwist the thread to make a flat surface to applying the floss tag.

Step 3, Tag: Tie in the floss from the point of the hook to the edge of the tinsel and back again. That is, double-wrap the floss to form the tag.

Step 4, Tail: Tie in the golden pheasant breast feather to form the tail. Take a turn of thread behind and under the material to force the tail upward. The tail should extend to or slightly beyond the bend of the hook.

Step 5, Rib: Tie in the gold tinsel or wire the length of the shank for durability, as well as to help build a level body.

Step 6, Body: Make a dubbing loop and wrap the UV Ice Dub to just beyond the return wire of the hook. Follow this with five turns of the ribbing material and tie off.

Step 7, First Wing: Tie in four strands for red Krystal Flash, extending to the front edge of the tail.

Step 8, Second Wing: Tie in a small bunch of red EP Silky Fibers slightly longer than the length of the Krystal Flash.

Step 9, Top Wing: Tie in the arctic fox, extending to slightly beyond the rear end of the tail.

Step 10, Hackle: Fold and tie in the guinea hen by the tip and wrap forward four turns.

Step 11, Head: Dub with a small amount of UV Ice Dub, followed by forming a small thread-based head. Do not build the head all the way to the eye, because you should leave room for a Turtle Knot.

Looking Back Upstream



Charm and Pursuit

By Chuck Coronato

I lost my appetite while attempting to eat the first trout that I caught. It was a perfectly good, state-issued rainbow, fresh from a clean stream and properly cooked, but it turned my stomach when it touched my lips. That wasn't supposed to happen. Making a meal of the prey supposedly aligns with the atavistic urges that send us on the hunt, connecting to a time when success or failure on the water could make or break one's prospects for survival. Having that fish on my plate, and then in my belly, was going to be the culmination of a long journey. But culminations lead to endings—and that was the problem.

In the first century, the Roman naturalist and philosopher Pliny the Elder said, "An object in possession seldom retains the same charm that it had in pursuit." Although it is unlikely that Pliny had trout in mind, his sentiments regarding the nature of charm and pursuit have stood the test of time and explain why I've pursued trout, but have been disappointed when I attempt to keep them.

The first seeds of salmonid desire were planted in the form of specific instructions from my Uncle Joe when he took me fishing to a trout-stocked lake. He pointed to his New Jersey fishing license and told me that he didn't buy the extra stamp, so if he caught a trout, he would have to throw it back. Then he added that he had the option of giving the fish to me, since I was too young to need a license. That little talk from Uncle Joe stands out in my memory as being notable for the sincerity with which it was delivered and for its considerable legal inaccuracy. The truth was that the rules did not allow my uncle to give me a trout, and even if his intentions were to return every one of them that he might catch, he had no business even angling in stocked waters without a stamp. Still, the message was clear—that trout are something special—and it would take a certain amount of luck and the circumvention of law for a trout to be possessed by the likes of us.

The notion that trout are prized and are worth pursuing always stayed in my mind. After all, here was a fish that required you to shell out extra bucks just to be eligible for *the hope* of catching them. The trout that I'd seen in photographs were beautiful, and I pictured the places where they came from to be remote and serene. I longed to visit such places, but had to bide my time until I was old enough to provide transportation away from the crowded area where I lived. Trout became a dream, kicked down the road to be picked up as a young adult, and I didn't catch my first until age twenty-five. When I finally scooped one of those elusive jewels into my net, slipping it onto a metal stringer just seemed like the thing to do, but my stomach later cast a vote of dissent when that fish stared at me from a plate.

While a streamside lunch of freshly caught wild brookies may seem like the perfect meal for the outdoors, they are far too precious and scarce to take from my local streams. It's not as if a hatchery truck will stop by to replace those missing residents, particularly the eating-size fish whose genetics need to remain in the system. When I find myself fishing in a remote location where it seems OK to keep a few fish without harming the population, I remind myself that one man's "remote" is another man's "local," and I'm fishing someone else's stream, someone who has been faithfully protecting the resource. For that reason, standard equipment includes not only a box full of flies, but also a pocketful of pardons for all trout caught.

It would be easy to use the practice of catch and release to affect an air of moral superiority and to view as troglodytes all who prowl the banks carrying stringers, creels, or the white pail of ignorance. However, that stance would be condescending and untrue. I'm no saint. I poke living creatures through

their mouths and haul them around the stream against their will. To my knowledge, Mother Teresa never snagged the sick and the hungry by their lips and dragged them through the streets of Calcutta. My actions are not motivated by heavenly grace, but by the need to stay in this game. By granting the fish its freedom, we grant ourselves the freedom continually to pursue it and to be charmed in a way that no meal could ever match.

Looking back on all of this, it's not a surprise that I couldn't eat that first trout caught so many years ago. I'm also probably not alone in that experience. We feed on dreams, and living dreams are considerably more vibrant than dead fish. Our continued longing outweighs actual attainment. It's what makes us plan excursions, tie flies, and stand in cold water wearing leaky waders. And when the objects of our pursuit are unhooked, we send them swimming away to affirm the hope that we ourselves are not visiting their world for the last time.

Winter Trout Fishing and Snowmelt

Five years ago, I took up the pursuit of winter trout fishing with the aspiration of catching at least one trout on a fly every month of the year. This opened a whole new and diverse angling perspective, and I acquired a few idiosyncrasies along the way. These chilly escapades offered a fresh set of stimuli, perhaps the most important being the opportunity to interact with nature again after endless days sitting home, maybe tying flies by a warm woodstove. For me, there's nothing as surreal and serene as the deafening sounds of falling snow mixed in with the gurgle of a trout brook half choked with ice. Often, I'm the only angler about, and just hearing a junco or seeing a blue jay might be the day's highlight, a struggling little black stonefly a real bonus. Initially, I fished Catskill streams still open to angling and the Farmington in Connecticut, but then learned to head south—to the Garden State, where the climate might be a tad warmer and the streams free of ice.



sporting sluggish metabolisms. My favorite places to drown flies are pocket water and plunge pools, which usually are free of ice. Once in a while, I might need a dry fly, and then I use only an Adams or Dorato Hare's Ear in sizes 16, 18, or 20. This time of year, an angler might encounter a few midges, tiny Blue-Winged Olives, or Early Black Stoneflies, but boxes and boxes of flies aren't necessary and only weigh me down.

I believe timing is everything in winter fishing, with air temperature and time of day tending to be critical factors. On days when the terrain is covered with snow or the brooks are lined with ice, I've had my best success fishing early. Normally, the best fishing occurs shortly after first sunlight touches the water, up to about 1:00 P.M., maybe 2:00, but I found that freestone streams shut down once shade creeps back over them. The window of opportunity is very narrow, so I don't waste time changing flies, especially because hatches tend to be nonexistent. I also learned that snowmelt is a major factor

Up on the Esopus



With Ed Ostapczuk

A half dozen flies will do me just fine. Mostly I nymph with a short, tight line, often only the leader touching water. My favorite patterns include three weighted nymphs: a size 10 Casual Dress, a size 10 Martinez Black, and a size 14 Pink Squirrel used solely as a dropper. I like generic patterns that represent various food forms on which trout feed. I'm also fond of a black size 8 Conehead Woolly Bugger and a size 6 Slumbuster, if real depth is required to put a fly in front of a trout's nose. Typically, they don't move about much in cold water,

in winter angling. That's why I prefer days with air temperatures around forty degrees, but only slightly higher.

On freestone streams bound by snow and ice, if a winter day gets too warm, snowmelt becomes a major negative factor. You'll know snowmelt when you see it. It causes streams to take on an aqua tint, so it's easily recognizable.

Snowmelt causes several issues. First, it depresses already cold stream temperatures, thus further depressing a fish's metabolism. Large amounts of snowmelt will also raise the stream's volume and flow, making it more difficult to place a fly in front of less than interested trout. But I think the most important factor is that snowmelt changes the water's chemistry. There have been several scientific papers written on the topic of snowmelt and episodic acidification, that is, a lowering of the water's pH. I believe this can debilitate trout and even cause fish mortality in some cases.

Among my observations of the problems caused by snowmelt, the most significant incident occurred while I taught middle-school math and participated in a Trout in the Classroom project. The science teacher and I each had our own TIC trout tanks. One year, she used bottled water in her tank, while I used stream water from a brook that was adjacent to the school property and that supported trout. When TIC trout reach a certain size, half the tank's water must be replaced weekly to remove fish waste. One warm winter day, with snow along the brook, I took the water I needed from the stream, recycling half the fifty-five gallons of water in the tank. The brook contained snowmelt, but I didn't give it any thought. The very next day, my trout tank suffered approximately a 50 percent mortality rate due the change in pH caused by the creek water. The science teacher's trout were fine. Our seventh-grade students and I witnessed a first-hand nature lesson.

Years later, on a winter day forecast to reach sixty degrees, I fished a little brook containing rainbows. Fortunately, that morning I was fishing by 9:00 A.M. It was an ice-lined brook, with snow on the banks. I caught almost a dozen small wild rainbows using a Casual Dress. However, after 10:30 A.M., I never experienced another hit. By the time I quit, air temperatures had risen to over fifty degrees and were climbing. Rivulets of snowmelt ran all about the landscape and into the trout stream. Later that evening, I learned the brook's volume had doubled that warm, sunny winter day.



As noted above, winter angling is unique and special in its own way. I look forward to these days, though sometimes a calendar month might not offer many opportunities. When snowmelt is a factor, I've learned to examine fly fishing through an entirely different lens, one I don't use the rest of the year. And interestingly enough, since I began winter angling, March has been my most challenging month, because often it contains the greatest amount of snowmelt.



My Latest Heresy: Bug Collars

Since holiday shoppers have morphed from actually going shopping for the holidays to clicking a mouse and getting two-day delivery, I have been spending slightly more time

online perusing various websites when ordering things for my family. One thing leads to another, and I went from pea coats to fly-tying materials.



I came across these little donut-looking things in the “Blowout” section of a popular online site and figured for half price, I’d give them a look. Bug collars. Two days later, I was in possession of a handful of little bags of pretty little discs, jingling and sparkling. I couldn’t wait to try them.

Once I sorted them out on the bench, I figured I would add them to some patterns I use regularly. If sized to a bead properly, these can be butted directly to the bead, or you can dub a little material to wedge in between, which looks good on caddisfly patterns to simulate legs.

Obviously, the sky is the limit with these things, and I haven’t done too much experimenting with them yet, but I do like the potential they offer. Along with adding some weight, they can give a pattern a “hot spot” that many times works as a trigger for finicky trout that see a lot of flies.

I look forward to making some more changes to my standard flies by adding these collars, and I’m pretty excited about trying them in the spring, which at the moment seems so very far away.



Obituary: James E. “Bucky” Sterns passed away on November 23, 2017. He was eighty-five years old. He was a member of the New York State Bar Association and served in the U.S. Army from 1955 to 1957. An outdoorsman and fly fisher, Bucky was a fifty-year member of the DeBruce Fly Fishing Club, where he served as president, secretary, and director. He was an adroit fly tyer and gave hundreds of flies to friends and acquaintances and other anglers he met along trout streams. He was a former tying instructor for the Orange County Cooperative Extension and was privileged to tie for the wounded heroes of Project Healing Waters.



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@verizon.net 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 26, 27, 28, 2018

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, under 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!

