



The Catskill Fly Tyers Guild GAZETTE



Volume 20, number 4

July 2017

The Annual Catskill Fly Tyers Guild Picnic will be held on Saturday, August 19, 2017, from noon to 4:00 P.M., at the Elsie and Harry Darbee and Matthew Vinciguerra Memorial Pavilion at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum, 1031 Old Route 17, Livingston Manor, NY.

Bring a dish to share (appetizer, main dish, salad, or dessert), and your own plates, silverware, and beverages. Guests are welcome. You must contact Judie with the number of people who are coming and what dish you're bringing to share. A few people wait to see what we need on the list. E-mail her at darbee1@juno.com or call (607) 498-6024 and leave a message.

There also most likely will be our annual casting contest, presided over by casting-game commissioner Gary Sweet. As in the past, bring a rod or two—cane, glass, or even graphite—so people can play with each other's toys.

Don't forget the fly swap. Bring two flies of the same pattern—one to trade, and one for the guild—in separate containers and labeled with your name, the name of the fly, the size of the hook, and the date tied.

Note that there is no guild meeting in July. The annual Catskill Fly Tyers Guild dinner, usually held after the Rendezvous in April, will be held this year in September. See the notice below for details.

CFTG Supports Kids on the Fly

The mission statement of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild states that the purpose of the organization is to preserve, protect, and enhance the Catskill fly tying heritage, work cooperatively to promote the work of present Catskill fly tyers, provide a forum for the sharing of information, and promote the development of future generations of Catskill fly tyers. The guild's Education Fund is dedicated to furthering efforts to achieve the last of these goals, but programs that center on nurturing the Catskill fly tyers of the future have been difficult to find—fly tying is often at best only one among many activities at summer camps, for example.

Recently, the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild has appropriated funds and solicited in-kind donations to support the efforts of Kids on the Fly of New Jersey and New York. The motto of Kids on the Fly is "Teaching "KIDS" ages 10 to 100 fly tying." Initially, guild member Steve Fogel, one of the people active in Kids on the Fly, provided the guild with a list of things they could use to carry out that mission. With discounts from suppliers, outright donations, and other purchases,



we were able to supply the program with two Regal vises with bronze bases, three extra bronze Regal bases, and three Regal toolbars, as well as scissors, bobbins, hair stackers, beads, and other materials from Hareline Dubbin. The guild is grateful to Don Barnes at Regal for his support. Ted Rogowski also donated three Indian vises with tying toolkits. We obtained four necks from Charlie Collins at

Collins Hackle, and Dave Brandt donated four more. Manager Johnny Boyd at Dan Bailey donated a large supply of hooks and will continue to support the program. And we purchased two varmint-proof containers to store all the program's materials safely.



This is not a one-time event, and the guild expects to support Kids on the Fly and possible expansions of the program in the future. Other guild members also have begun to be involved in the organization. (That's Bob Hopken in the picture on the right.) If you're interested in contributing your time or just are interested in Kids on the Fly, you can find out more from the Kids on the Fly New Jersey Facebook page, <https://www.facebook.com/groups/74163234893>.

Annual Dinner

On September 16, 2017, the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild will hold its fourth annual dinner at the Rockland House, Route 206, Roscoe NY. Social hour is at 6:00 P.M., dinner at 7:00 P.M. Entrees are prime rib, \$29; salmon, \$27, or chicken parmesan, \$27. The price includes tax and tip. Contact Judie DV Smith at darbee1@juno.com or (607) 498-6024 to make reservations.

If anyone has something they'd like to donate for the silent auction or raffle at the dinner, please let Judie know as soon as possible.

Essay Contest Winners

Khristopher DiBartolo from Livingston Manor Central School and Vasilios Hondromaras from Roscoe Central School received the \$100 awards for submitting essays to the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild.

Show Tyers Needed

We need volunteers to tie at the upcoming fall and winter angling shows. The International Fly Tying Symposium will be held on November 11 and 12, 2017, in the ballroom of the Marriott Hotel in Lancaster, PA, and the Fly Fishing Show will be held on January 26, 27, and 28, 2018, in the New Jersey Convention and Expo Center in Edison, NJ. If you'd like to tie at either or both of these shows, contact show chair 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.

Lee and the Gray Wulff

Intrigued by the notation that the Gray Wulff had Esopus Creek pedigrees, I dug into the history of this famous Lee Wulff pattern. In doing so I consulted three of Wulff's books: *The Atlantic Salmon*, *Lee Wulff on Flies*, and *The Compleat Lee Wulff*.

Lee Wulff was born Henry Leon Wulff in Valdez, Alaska, on February 10, 1905. He would become an angler, author, artist, filmmaker, inventor, explorer, fly-casting instructor par excellence, and pilot—one of

Up on the Esopus



With Ed Ostapczuk

the world's best-known and most respected outdoorsmen. His angling and conservation credentials are impeccable. Wulff held world records and was inducted into the International Game Fish Association Fishing Hall of Fame, as well as the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum Hall of Fame. Although he studied engineering at Stanford University, his interests quickly turned to art, and then he soon became a freelance writer and filmmaker. Whether he pursued trout or salmon or saltwater game fish, he was comfortable with all sorts of fly tackle. Wulff was involved with the preservation of Atlantic salmon and one of the founders of the Federation of Fly Fishers. With his wife, Joan Salvato, they lived on the upper Beaverkill, where they ran a fly-fishing school. Wulff died in a plane crash on April 28, 1991, at the age of eighty-six.

In *The Atlantic Salmon*, Wulff wrote the following: "Probably the most widely used dry fly patterns for salmon are the Grey Wulff and White Wulff, designed by the writer in 1929. Although originally designed for trout as a general imitation of the larger May flies, they were also an immediate success for salmon. They incorporated animal hair (bucktail) for the first time in wings and as tail for a dry fly, giving these patterns extra toughness and durability and finer floating qualities than feather fibers had been able to supply."

In *Lee Wulff on Flies*, he wrote: "I used many kinds of hairs for the tails and wings of these flies . . . and decided that bucktail gave the best flotation and durability to the flies. Calf tail, while it does not have quite the elegance of bucktail, has great floating properties, and it is a lot easier to match into proper wing lengths and work into proper spreads." Thus, if present-day tyers chose to use calf tail instead of bucktail, that probably would be OK with Wulff.

Wulff noted that he sensed the need to develop a fly with additional bulk, durability, and enhanced floatability in heavier flows than what was offered by generally slender and delicate dry flies used at the time. He said he wanted a fly that would make it worth the trout's time and effort to rise. He studied various mayflies on the Beaverkill and Ausable Rivers before tying any Wulff patterns.

A somewhat lengthier background for the fly is provided in *The Compleat Lee Wulff*. There he says he tied his first Wulff patterns for use during the 1930 trout season in the Catskills and Adirondacks. "I used them first on the Esopus in that spring of 1930 with Dan Bailey, my regular fishing companion," Wulff writes. "Results were dramatic. . . . More important, perhaps, was the fact that I caught almost fifty trout on a single fly without having to change it." He adds that the Gray Wulff was tied with the *Isonychia* in mind. At the time, he and Dan Bailey often fished these waters together. Wulff had planned to call his Gray Wulff the Ausable Gray, his White Wulff the Coffin May, and his Royal Wulff the Bucktail Coachman. However, Bailey convinced him to name these patterns Wulffs, and Bailey went on to develop several of his own Wulff patterns for Western trout fishing.

Wulff credits his friend Ray Bergman for helping the patterns' popularity by including them in *Trout*. Bergman wrote that these patterns filled a decided need for larger-size dry flies. Bergman wasn't the only angler-author who valued the Wulff patterns. In *Atlantic Salmon Flies and Fishing*, Joe Bates wrote, "It is the Grey Wulff that is important . . . in that it was the first, and it established a distinct American style of dry fly."

Gray Wulff

Hook: Mustad 94840, size 10

Thread: Black

Tail: Brown bucktail

Wing: Brown bucktail

Body: Gray angora yarn or rabbit

Hackle: Dun



Lee Wulff on Flies provides detailed instructions on how to tie this pattern. I've also read that Wulff never used a hair stacker for his bucktail wings, because he desired a coarse appearance.

Looking Back Upstream



East and West

By Bud Bynack

The following appeared under the title “A Season in the East” in the January/February 2005 issue of California Fly Fisher, a magazine I help edit. It was written about a year and a half after I moved back to the East Coast. Except for the title, it has not been revised or changed. Looking back upstream, first impressions sometimes can be the most interesting.

“You can’t go home again,” Thomas Wolfe said, and I didn’t. After 25 years in California, though, I returned to the East Coast, where I grew up, for at least a season of angling. But I returned to a base downstate, this time, to New York City, not to the rural upstate haunts of my youth. Having done so, it’s hard not to reflect on the differences between the East and the West, differences that I encountered in transit to new destinations in both directions.

On first coming to the West, and coming to Northern California, history seemed to melt away—to disappear into nature. There was so much of the natural world to explore, so much that was on a grand scale. My wife and I had backpacked in the Adirondacks of New York, but there, peaks over 4,000 feet are so few that hikers keep lists of the ones they’ve climbed. It’s a big deal, there.

By contrast, once, in California, we climbed Sonora Peak. At the summit, at 11,462 feet, we encountered two guys with a ham radio and antenna, a car battery, and the remains of a cold pizza, competing in some kind of transmission derby. That far north, I guess, it wasn’t so much the Range of Light as the Range of Lite Beer, at least as they saw it. Still, it was a big deal for us.

It wasn’t really history itself that seemed absent from California, though, but what is called “historicity,” the sense of life being *imbued* with history, the sense that living in the here and now is inextricably and for better or for worse connected to the lives and practices of those who went before, even if that was a long time ago.

In today’s California, there are certainly the artifacts of history—historical sites and monuments, plus interpretive centers and park rangers well versed in the past with which they are entrusted as curators. And it’s certainly not true that California lacks a history. In the East, the failed settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, was established in 1607; Plymouth, Massachusetts, was established in 1620; and the Massachusetts Bay colony was settled in 1630. By the time the Brits were first trying to make a go of the settlement on the James River estuary, however, the Spanish already had been colonizing California for something like 50 years. And of course, it’s not as if there was no one here when the Spanish arrived, either—people who still struggle to preserve their connection to their own pasts.

As an angler, you can’t avoid the physical traces of post-1849 history in California: the piles of hydraulic mining tailings on the lower Yuba, the photos of ice being cut on reservoirs on the Little Truckee for shipment to San Francisco or to sustain produce sent eastward on the transcontinental railroad, the rusting equipment and the orchards and outlines of dwellings left over from lumber camps and mineral-driven booms and busts throughout the Sierra and Trinity Alps. And of course, there are also the scars of clear cuts.

On the East Coast, raw traces such as these tend to be effaced, perhaps because the violence done to the landscape was less or at least technologically more primitive, or perhaps because it was done so many more years ago. Perhaps also the greed that motivated it was more thoroughly dissembled in the East than in the West, with the actual traces of the past more successfully hidden in sites of civil commemoration promoting the comforting idea of the superiority of modern life.

What you can’t avoid in the East, especially when it comes to angling, is the cultural and even moral sense of being connected to a living past. I used to live two hours’ drive from Putah Creek, pretty much the closest possible destination for Bay Area trout anglers who are desperate to spend some time on a trout stream—even if it has to be on that refuse-strewn and mud-snail infested tailwater. I now live two hours’ drive from the Beaverkill and the Willowemoc, fabled as the cradles of

American fly fishing, waters made famous by Theodore Gordon and the origin of the Catskill-style fly patterns tied by figures now almost equally recognized, at least among fly tyers: Reuben Cross and Harry and Elsie Darbee and Walter and Winnie Dette, of “Trout Town,” Roscoe, New York.

In addition to Theodore Gordon, figures important in the history of American fly fishing such as Thaddeus Norris (the reputed father of dry-fly fishing in America), George La Branche, Edward R. Hewitt, A. J. McLane, Ed Zern, Sparse Grey Hackle (Alfred W. Miller), Ray Bergman, Preston Jennings, Art Flick, and Lee and Joan Wulff, to name a few, all fished there. Roy Steenrod came up with the Hendrickson pattern there, and Edward Payne and Hiram Leonard crafted their cane rods in the area. If you tie flies, the genetic chicken hackle you use probably has a lineage that in part goes back to Harry Darbee’s breeding experiments.

That’s quite a list of names. As my friend Gary Sweet, a guide, commercial tyer, and member of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild, told me, “When you fish the Beaverkill and other places in the Catskills, and the place you are fishing has had a specific name tacked to it, you can’t help but be reminded of all the famous people who have wet a line in the water where you are now fishing.” Likewise, “When I see people like Poul Jorgensen and Judie Darbee,” Harry’s daughter “at the [guild] meetings, I can’t but think of his patterns, and the number of flies she must have tied while growing up, and the people that she tied them for. I have a hard time imagining the little tidbits of knowledge and little tricks that she has stored between her ears.”

I’ve actually joined the guild, and at my first meeting, I was overwhelmed by the depth of experience (in one case, over 40 years of tying Catskill-style flies) and breadth of fly-fishing knowledge that the members brought to the table. Over the course of nearly two hours, one of them worked us through the steps involved in tying the wet-fly pattern called The Captain, from Bergman’s *Trout*, using a plate in the original edition as reference. Another member spoke at some length about four different ways of winging wet flies and the origins of these techniques in different parts of the British Isles.

I was blown away, yet also a little unsettled. At gatherings of fly tyers in California, I was more accustomed to seeing someone like Andy Burk tie a new creation based on, say, a fluorescent-pink synthetic material that didn’t exist six months ago, or perhaps an exquisitely imitative, yet sturdy *Callibaetis* nymph of his own devising, based on his own entomological investigations.

It’s not that Andy and other Western tyers aren’t interested in classic fly patterns. Instead, I think, it is not just pragmatism, but a premium on innovation that tends to trump historicity for them. They recognize and honor history without being bound by it. Sometimes, in the spirit of the West, they also transgress it. “Hey, Johnny! What are you rebelling against?” somebody asks the Marlon Brando character in *The Wild One*, set in Hollister. “Ehhh, what’ve you got?” Brando replies.

Of course, the West Coast and California have their own angling histories, traditions, and pantheons of innovators, chiefly, but not exclusively in areas other than fly fishing for trout, such as steelhead and West Coast salmon angling and fly fishing the surf and salt water. These innovations tend to be post-World War II developments, for the most part, however. I’ll leave out more names than ought to be mentioned, but it’s safe to say that Bill Schaadt and Polly Rosborough and Cal Bird didn’t *quite* antedate the Civil War, as Thaddeus Norris did, and that Dan Blanton still has some of his hair, and that although he ages at the same rate as the rest of us, Ken Hanley is forever young. The latter half of the twentieth century may someday be looked back on as a kind of golden age of fly-fishing innovation on the West Coast, the way the storied past of the Catskills is today, but in the West, the exciting past is so close to the present that the spirit of innovation seems to be what’s carried forward, rather than the ties to the past.

I don’t think that any Eastern tyer would say that he or she is bound by the past, either, but it’s hard to deny that intellectual and emotional investment in the past is greater there than it is among their counterparts in the West. At its worst, this can lead to a sterile antiquarianism—which I hasten to add that I haven’t witnessed. And, since we’re all human, it can lead all too easily to East-West rivalries of the “Neener, neener, neener” sort and to other forms of silliness, such as hagiography—the worship of the (in this case, East Coast fly-fishing) saints—and the mythologization of Western independence.

At its best, however, as Gary Sweet points out, the Eastern sense of historicity has an ethical component: “I’m not an elitist,” Gary says, “but when comments were published some time ago about the effectiveness or importance of our ‘traditional’ patterns and styles of patterns” in one of the national magazines, “I couldn’t help but think that the people who have this kind of respect for our own legacies and heritage have more respect for our resources.” It’s hard to argue with that, especially in the midst of the East Coast megalopolis, although I guess anyone from the West Coast megalopolis who has ever seen the eastern Sierra would argue that there are other sources of such respect, as well.

“But how’s the fishing?” you ask. It’s just as good as it is anywhere, when skill, luck, and experience coincide. It takes a while to learn a river, although having fished similar rivers helps a lot. I still haven’t gotten a handle on the Beaverkill, despite the invaluable help of Eric Peper’s *Fly Fishing the Beaverkill*, which is based on conversations between Eric and Gary LaFontaine. That’s because the Beaverkill is unlike most Western rivers I’ve fished, with the exception perhaps of parts of the Henrys Fork, which by no coincidence is Eric’s other favorite stream. The Beaverkill is about the width of, say, the Truckee—sometimes wider—but in the sections I’ve fished, it has a much lower gradient, is generally more shallow, and surrenders fewer clues about the location of fish, unless they’re rising.

Where I’ve fished the Beaverkill—the popular Holy Water, in the no-kill sections—there are pools (almost always occupied by other anglers) linked by a number shallow runs that don’t have a lot of obvious structure. In the runs, the trout, which are mostly browns, tend to hold in the slightly deeper depressions and holes. I’ve spooked enough fish out of them while wading to have figured that much out. And being browns, they tend to move around, seeking shade as cover and following other brownish imperatives, including contemptuously avoiding the numerous anglers stomping around the streambed on a daily basis almost year-round. The browns definitely behave a bit differently from the rainbows that predominate in the Western waters I fish, and that difference takes some getting used to, too. I also haven’t hit any decent hatches. I probably could come up with a few more excuses, as well, if that would help, but you get the idea. Skunks live on the East Coast, too.

The Willowemoc (say “willo-WEE-moc,” Westerners), a main tributary of the Beaverkill, is another story. It reminds me of the Little Truckee, being about the same width, although in parts, it’s like the Truckee itself, with a four-lane superhighway (Route 17, soon to be renamed Interstate 86, “The Quickway”) running nearby. It has a steeper gradient than the sometimes infuriatingly placid and unreadable Beaverkill, and it has a more familiar riffle-run-pool structure. It’s where I’ve felt most at home, most confident, and consequently where I’ve actually caught fish.

In the spirit of all the highfalutin’ fly-fishing culture associated with the place, with the Catskill Fly-Fishing Center and Museum right there on the Willowemoc’s banks, I wish I could say that all my success has come while fishing the upstream dry fly, but in fact, when nothing is hatching, size 6 Black and size 10 Golden Stonefly Nymphs are the go-to searching flies, while size 10 Eastern March Brown Nymphs work until that hatch is over, then size 10 *Isonychia* Nymphs, swung and stripped, work just fine through the latter part of the season.

My first fish did come to a dry, but it wasn’t exactly on an elegant Quill Gordon, either. It rose to a Coffin Fly Spinner, an imitation of the adult stage of the Eastern Green Drake that’s the size of a small hummingbird, tied on a size 8, 3X-long hook, with big clumps of deer hair for its wings and tail. It doesn’t balance in the surface film on its hackle, hook, and tail fibers, the way the classic Catskill dries are supposed to do. It goes “splat,” then drifts along like a ditched DeHavilland Otter.

Since bugs like these differ from the hatches in the West (and thankfully for my aging eyes, they also tend to be bigger, mostly size 12 and even 10), I’ve been doing a fair amount of tying to restock my boxes and, as I guess shows from what I’ve already said, I’ve done a fair amount of thinking about pattern preferences between the West and the East, as well. I started out tying and fishing Catskill-style dry-fly patterns, because (duh) I was fishing in the Catskills, but, in the Western sprit of Brando’s Johnny, I switched mostly to parachute ties when I realized that the places I was fishing were a good deal less turbulent than most Western waters. I think they’re more realistic, from the trout’s perspective.

And of course, however much the lives of the trout are shaped by water conditions and the emergences of aquatic insects in the recent past, the fish themselves just don't care about history. Heraclitus was speaking literally—and ontologically—when he said “You cannot step twice into the same river,” and anglers know that's certainly true. Conditions may look the same to you, but it's how they look right now to the trout that matters. What worked yesterday may not work today. What worked 75 years ago may very well work even better tomorrow than it did then. You never know. You've got to find out.

At that point, I think, it becomes irrelevant whether you follow tradition or innovation, whether history or transgressions against it or innovations on it are what turn out to prevail. One of the joys of fly fishing is the way in which everything comes down to the moment at hand in the here and now—solving or failing to solve the problem of a difficult drift, figuring out a hatch, setting the hook on a deliberate rise or on an unexpected one. The surroundings—the physical beauty of the place or the sense of history that attaches to it—can enter into the present moment from time to time and enrich it. But fishing's fishing: It's what's happening now, always different, even as it is always almost the same. The past is at your back, the future is in front of you: What are you going to do?

In the East, though, some of those surroundings aren't as accessible to everyone as they are in the West. That's another appreciable difference. I haven't been able to do any surf fly fishing there yet (my seasons still involve work, as well), but I know that unlike in California, much of the coastline is in private hands, and access is mostly limited to state and local parks. Likewise, stretches of the classic Catskill streams are in the hands of private clubs or individuals. There are private waters in California, of course—on the Truckee, McCloud, and the Owens and on private lakes and ponds—but access in the East is much more of an issue. “The very rich are not as we are,” F. Scott Fitzgerald is said to have told to Ernest Hemingway. Hemingway's reply, “No, they have more money,” branded him as a better writer of fiction than a social critic. Old money in the East almost always gets its way. Then it sells the property rights to the new old money.

Perhaps by way of cosmic compensation, streams and reservoirs in the Croton watershed—the drainage that provides the New York City water supply, administered by the New York City Department of Environmental Protection—are open to anyone who applies for a permit. Presumably, that is supposed to prevent somebody from dumping two tons of arsenic—or LSD—into the drinking water. It's less than 45 minutes from my door. It's a put-and-take fishery that tends to suffer from high water temperatures in the summer. In my fascination with the Catskill waters, I've ignored it so far, but then, there are times when you've just got to fish, and the watershed's protected scenery sure beats Putah Creek's littered banks.

Finally, I must confess that all of this sense of history as a living present has begun to take its toll on me. I recently acquired a cane rod. The next thing you know, instead of fishing in a tie-dyed T-shirt, I'll be accoutered like a nineteenth-century gentleman, in tweeds and a cravat. . . .



Yellow Drake Spinner

Sulphurs are in full swing, and the Isos are showing in small numbers near my place in Sullivan County. My typical weekend routine begins

at the town gas station and convenience store on Friday night around 10:30. It's exactly one mile from the house, and its five picture windows and overhead illumination have taught my more about entomology than any of the books I have on that subject.

While reading about mayflies in books teaches you their fancy names and their distinctive features, seeing them clinging to glass below a 100-watt light bulb in 3D really tells you the story, and while the published hatch charts give you a decent approximation of emergence dates, seeing the bugs live eliminates



any question about what's on the trout's menu right now. Since the store is literally within a stone's throw of the stream, the mayflies don't have far to travel. A light breeze in that direction would put them at the store in seconds. So for me, having a mayfly carnival on the same road as my house is a godsend, and I move my fly selections around accordingly.

One bug that I find in small numbers every July without fail is the Yellow Drake spinner. It looks like a behemoth, clinging next to the Sulphurs and Cahills, a very slender, airy-looking mayfly with three tails and speckled wings. It's so large, in fact, I can see them even before I get out of the truck.

From what I gathered reading up on them, they prefer streams with silty bottoms, because the nymphs are of the burrowing variety, and the spinner is the more important stage to imitate. So I tied three of them, inserted them in my clip-on fly holder, and got my truck loaded up for an early morning trip.

I didn't even think about them the next morning, though. I was doing OK with my go-to pattern, and when something is working, why change? I got off the water, and after a day of doing other projects around the house, I planned on an evening session, someplace I never fished before dark.

Arriving at the stream, I was anxious to see what this place looked like right before dark. The bulk of my fishing is in the very early morning, and I know this section fairly well, but I rarely see insect activity in the morning, except for the occasional spinner or March Brown dun.

One pool in particular interests me, because in low water, it's quite a challenge even to see a fish. The structure is good, with a large logjam on the far bank, a fairly deep pool area, and a shallow and fast-moving tailout. The casting is easy—just high weeds on both sides, and you can fish directly upstream from a good distance back.

I pondered fly choice and tried an Adams, size 12. In the fading light, it was invisible. While I'm used to fishing flies I can't see because they are supposed to sink, I dislike not seeing a dry fly. Then the new fly crossed my mind, off came the Adams, and it was on with the Drake.

As soon as it touched the water, I figured I had made a good choice, I could see this thing with a gnat in one eye! It looked like a sailboat out there, turning in the current. Just as I lifted it from the water for a recast, I broke it right off in a trout's mouth.

I didn't end up getting anything with the second one. The light was almost gone, and I was happy to raise a trout with one anyway. However, I will keep at least a couple with me on those evening outings in the summer months, when a light-colored fly is easier to find in the waning light.

The pattern I used is tied in the parachute style, to let it sit lower in the water, more like a spinner would. I also like to dub a ball of yellow for an egg sac—it helps spread the tail.

Hook: Daiichi 1280, size 10 (or any 2X-long dry-fly hook)

Tail: Barred Microfibbets (three, splayed)


Body: Pale tan hackle quill

Wing post: Bleached Comparadun deer hair

Thorax: Tan dubbing

Hackle: Grizzly



 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.