



# The Catskill Fly Tyers Guild GAZETTE



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September 2017

**The September 2017 meeting of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild** will be held on Saturday, September 16, at 1:00 P.M. in the museum building at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum, 1031 Old Route 17, Livingston Manor, NY. Dette Trout Flies is sponsoring the Partridge Days event in the Wulff Gallery on the same date from 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. Enjoy that event, then come to the meeting, where Chuck Coronato will demonstrate tying the Dark Cahill dry fly.

Hook: Standard dry fly, size 12 to 18  
Thread: Black or brown  
Wing: Wood duck flank feather  
Tail: Brown cock hackle  
Body: Muskrat underfur  
Hackle: Brown cock

## Annual CFTG Dinner

The annual Catskill Fly Tyers Guild dinner will be on September 16 at the Rockland House. We will be celebrating the guild's twenty-fourth year, and Dave Brandt will be putting on a great Catskill program that you won't want to miss. There also will be a silent auction and raffles.

Entrees are prime rib, \$29; salmon, \$27; and chicken parmesan, \$27, including gratuity. There will be a cash bar. **Reservations must be made by September 9** with Judie at [darbee1@juno.com](mailto:darbee1@juno.com) or (607) 498-6024. Send payment to CFTG Dinner, P.O. Box 663, Roscoe NY 12776.

—Judie DV Smith, Secretary

## New Hats

We've received a new order of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild hats. Next year is the guild's twenty-fifth anniversary, and these are the anniversary edition of these popular hats—"Since 1993" appears around the adjustment opening in the back. They will be available at meetings starting in September and at the upcoming fishing shows—\$15 to members.

## The Annual Catskill Fly Tyers Guild Picnic

On Saturday, August 19, 2017, members of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild enjoyed excellent food and good conversation at the Elsie and Harry Darbee and Matthew Vinciguerra Memorial Pavilion at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum. In the casting contest events, Gary Sweet took first, Bill Leuszler second, and Gary Moleon third in the three-distance accuracy test; Bill Leuszler won the



long-distance accuracy event, with Gary Moleon second and Gary Sweet third; and in the casting through a vertical hoop for distance test, Bill Leuszler again prevailed, followed by Gary Moleon and Bob Adams. Bill Leuszler was the overall winner. Join us next year on the third Saturday of August for more fun and games.

## *Lumbricina*

What the heck is *Lumbricina*, anyway, some fancy name for an exotic food? Well, maybe. It's the scientific name for common earthworms—ya know, garden hackle. "That's blasphemy!" you say. "It's outlandish to discuss worms in the newsletter dedicated to preserving the rich Catskill heritage of trout flies!" Perhaps, but some of the fly fishers we hold in great esteem didn't seem to think so.

The venerable Ray Bergman, author of the much-loved *Trout*, titled the first chapter of *Just Fishing* "Trout and the Worm." In it he writes, "While some anglers, especially in this enlightened age, started the game of trout fishing with the dry fly, thus skipping the groundwork of bait and the wet fly, most of us began at the bottom of the ladder with the humble worm." He adds that "while worm fishing as a method of catching trout may not be considered sportsmanlike . . . I do contend that a knowledge of it is exceedingly enlightening to the education of the angler." And in *Trout*, Bergman boldly proclaims that a "fly rod is superior to a spinning rod" for fishing worms.

John Merwin, the editor of *The Compleat Lee Wulff*, says that Wulff insisted on including a chapter about worm fishing: "The Lost Art of Fishing with a Worm." In it, Wulff writes, "Let's have a standing ovation for the worm, the lowly little critter who is all things to all fishermen. No other single bait is so adaptable, as much at home in all fishing circles—or so maligned." Wulff goes on to provide sound advice on how to approach skillful angling with a worm.

There's a great story about fishing worms in Peter Barrett's *In Search of Trout*, titled "Old Friends and the Joys of Worm Fishing." The author tells how he and two longtime friends fished for brook trout in the Roaring Kill, a tributary to Art Flick's Schoharie Creek, just as they did in their youth. And what did they use to accomplish this task? Fly rods, with Barrett adding, "If my fly-fishing friends could only see me now. . . ."

However, my favorite worm-fishing narrative is included in Nick Lyons's *Fishing Stories*, which reads as an autobiographical recollection of his long and very distinguished life centered on fly fishing. The chapter "First Trout, First Lie" tells how a young boy who summered in the Catskills developed a love of angling, which with time greatly enriched the literature associated with this diversion.

And then there's Theodore Gordon, father of the Catskill dry fly, who in a 1913 *Forest and Stream* article about the first trout he caught notes that it was on a worm, in Bonnie Brook. This bait was no ordinary worm, Gordon writes, but a scented one, at that, carried in a sock filled with asafetida. This revered Catskill fly fisher also notes, "If I needed fish for food I would use bait if it was necessary." In another magazine article, Gordon defended bait anglers, remarking, "Please do not consign these men to the Fishermen's Purgatory. We do not ask for love, but for goodness' sake be charitable."

As a young wannabe fly fisher, I learned quite a bit concerning the whereabouts of Mr. Trout by drifting garden hackle, using my fiberglass fly rod. *Lumbricina* was my personal professor as I was being schooled in the ways of trout, though in later life, I never fully embraced the Green Weenie, San Juan Worm, or Pink Squirmy.

So the next time you observe someone fishing worms, especially if it's a young lad or lass, don't look down on them. And remember the words of Ray Bergman: "Just Fishing! All life is that to some extent. If we are not fishing for one thing it is another. But angling! . . . In it we find peace and contentment," whether we're drowning worms or soaking flies.

### *Up on the Esopus*



With Ed Ostapczuk



## Book Review

### *The Coch-Y-Bonddu Books Angling Monographs Series*

Published by Coch-Y-Bonddu Books, Ltd., 2016; £20.00 per volume, softbound,

<http://www.anglebooks.com>.

The poet Randall Jarrell once defined the novel, as seen by literary critics and reviewers, as “a prose narrative of some length that has something wrong with it.” The common understanding of the term “monograph” is not much friendlier. It tends to be thought of by some readers as “a book so narrow and technical that it can’t possibly interest me.” But anyone who dismisses a book by a term on its cover can miss out on something that can indeed be of interest. It all depends on who “me” is.

A monograph actually is “a specialist work of writing (in contrast to reference works) on a single subject or an aspect of a subject, usually by a single author,” as whoever made up the definition of the term on Wikipedia put it. As a specialist work on a single subject or aspect of it, such books tend to have limited and self-defining audiences. If you care about the subject, you’re in that audience.

And that’s the case with the books in the Coch-Y-Bonddu Books Angling Monographs Series, published in Machynlleth, Wales, under the general editorship of Paul Morgan, with a limited and numbered publishing run of 250 for each volume. At \$26.39 each for the first four volumes, which are reviewed here, according to the exchange rate at the moment when I wrote this, they’re actually priced at the low end of angling books published in the United States, although the postage from Wales can add \$10.00 to \$13.00 to that.

By their nature, some monographs have broader audiences than others. I can see any fly fisher with a taste for angling history settling down in a comfortable chair with an adult beverage and enjoying the first volume in this series, *Imitators of the Fly: A History*, by Peter Hayes, a member of the Flyfisher’s Club of London, the central hive of all things fly fishing in the UK since the club was founded in 1884 and a trove of resources for anyone writing a history of fly fishing in Great Britain.

This “potted history,” as Hayes genially characterizes it, begins with a romp through fly-fishing history up to about 1800 that will gladden the heart of anyone fond of claiming that there really is nothing new in the sport. As he sums it up in the foreword, “Who would have thought, for example, that fishing a lead-weighted nymph on a short leader with an indicator section in the leader ‘Czech style’ would have been recommended by two flyfishing writers in the 1600s? That the problem of selective trout would have been dealt with over two centuries ago?”

But the bulk of the book traces “the explosion of imitative and presentational progress that occurred between the mid-1800s and the mid-1900s.” These are viewed largely from the point of view of doings within the empyrean of the Flyfisher’s Club itself, especially with regard to the dry-fly/wet-fly controversy surrounding Frederic Halford and G. E. M. Skues, both of whom were members, which as you can image made things awkward down at the club at times. In a brief valedictory section, “The Expatriation of Innovation,” however, he does note that more recently, “the greater bulk of the activity has taken place in the USA, with the field being led by writers like Cutter, Harrop, Harvey, Lafontaine, Mariano, Proper, Schullery, Swisher & Richards, and Wright.” I’m a former West Coast guy, and it’s nice to see my friend Ralph Cutter in that company.

A breezy combination of angling history and club gossip, this account proved impossible for me to put down. And the writing is as lively as the way in which the book is conceived. The English language belongs to the Brits, after all — reluctantly, they let the rest of us use and abuse it — and spritely British wit always is a pleasure to encounter.

Other volumes have more specialized audiences. The second in the series, *The Lost Salmon Flies of Balmoral*, by Colin Innes, uses extracts from the diaries of John Michie, Queen Victoria’s head forester at the royal castle and estate in Scotland on the River Dee, later “factor” of the estate under Edward VII and a longtime salmon angler and fly tyer on the river, as a way to discuss and provide recipes for the Dee style of Atlantic salmon fly, including the Dee strip-wing fly.

As with the other volumes in the series, this is copiously illustrated, and the illustrations include flies tied to these recipes by Edward Kublin. I'm not a tyer of Atlantic salmon flies, and so I am not in the principal audience for this volume, but gonzo tyers of salmon flies certainly are. Such considerations perhaps explain why I was flabbergasted by the Dee "Eagle" flies, which were not named metaphorically. Eagles were routinely shot as varmints on the Dee estates, and tyers had a plentiful supply of the fluffy feathers ("fluffies") found on the thigh of an eagle. They look a bit like marabou. Oy.

The third volume, *Angling Books: A Collector's Guide*, by Keith Harwood, is, alas, a guide to collecting only British angling printed material — not just books, antiquarian and recent, but also British angling catalogues, magazines, booklets, and book plates. The author's interests are broad and not limited to fly fishing, embracing publications on coarse and sea fishing, gear collecting, and books on individual species. Although he has a soft spot for the writing of John Gierach, in terms of content, this is a basically book with a British audience. As a representation of the ethos of the collector of angling books and the angling bibliophile, however, it is exemplary. I know someone who's a bit like Harwood, and Harwood's concerns and tactics would bring nods of agreement from anyone who cares about angling literature.

Of more direct interest to aficionados of angling literature in the United States is the fourth volume in the series, *American Angling Bibliographies: An Essay and a Guide to Resources*, by Ken Callahan, a longtime bookseller from rural New Hampshire and, according to his author photo, cultivator of a magnificent beard of Jehovah-like proportions. As the title says, this is a second-order bibliography or metabibliography, containing an annotated list and commentaries on bibliographical resources that are needed by anyone interested in collecting angling literature published in the United States. It also includes "an addendum of angling books collections (both current and historical)" in the United States and Canada "in university or college libraries, museums, and clubs. Some of them can be searched online." Again, this obviously is not a mass-market paperback, but if you want or need this kind of information, here it is.

Future publications in the series seem to promise an equivalent mix of narrowly focused and somewhat broader audiences. *Understanding Fish Vision*, by Professor L. T. Threadgold, looks like it will be yet another contribution to that engaging topic, and *Flyfishing with Charles Cotton and James Chetham*, by the important angling historian Roger Fogg, could tempt anyone who has made it past Izaak Walton's milkmaid songs to Cotton's actual fly-fishing contribution in *The Compleat Angler*. *The Tragedy of Burbot*, by John Langridge — well, maybe not so much. But if your "me" matches the audience for any of these monographs, and you live on a suitably narrow alley of interest, there may be something right up that your coming out on the other side of the pond.

—Bud Bynack



## Summer Mousing

Around a month ago, I took part in a midnight fishing excursion on the upper Delaware. "Mousing," it's called, a strange ritual where you cast huge, articulated "mouse flies" in total darkness in hopes of hooking a daytime-dormant carnivorous brown trout.

Admittedly, this was not something to which I initially looked forward. The thought of wading in frigid moving water with absolutely no ambient light and giant multihooked flies whizzing overhead didn't strike me as either safe or smart. The thought of a once-in-a-lifetime brown, the kind you don't see in daylight hours, was what swayed me to go.

In Alaska, mousing is something that's done all the time. They have lemmings, bigger than mice and a thousand times more plentiful at certain points in the year. Giant rainbows eat these things with the same vigor that our Catskill trout eat Hendricksons in June.

While many consider mousing in the Catskills a fairly new thing, in reality, it has been going on for a really long time, but not exactly in the same manner. The late Dr. Allan Fried told me how



mousing was done in the old days . . . “shingling.” “You would live trap a field mouse” he began, “and you fashioned a small harness that you put the mouse in so he was free to move, but couldn’t get out of it. Every once and a while, you would find an enormous brown either in a log jamb or under a structure that made it impossible to catch it during daylight hours. But at night, they would move around freely. With the heaviest gear you had, a big saltwater hook would be hooked through the harness, and the mouse was placed on a piece of roof shingle. Positioned upstream, you would float the mouse on the shingle to where the big trout was, give it a little tug, the mouse would fall off the shingle and try to swim to the edge of the stream, and if you were lucky, that giant brown would get him before he got there.”

Shingling was not a method I ever considered, though there are times I would like to do this with the mice that live in my Catskill place.

For gear, I chose an old glass Shakespeare 7-weight, Medalist 1495, and a leader that consisted of around 6 feet of 15-pound test. The fly was made with shanks, like the Waddington shanks used overseas for salmon. I made a jig to bend my own shanks from .025-inch stainless wire. I can make them in custom lengths and with little variations to accommodate hook placement.

There are many types of mouse flies sold in shops and online, but after talking to some friends who have been doing this long enough to know what works, I found that an effective trout mouse fly looks less like a mouse than I imagined. The key is getting it to sit in the water like a mouse does, not to have whiskers and a big fuzzy body.



Fishing them is pretty straightforward. You’re mainly casting them from the middle of the stream across to the bank, slowly retrieving them with a hand-twist retrieve and then taking a step downstream and repeating the presentation. There is no doubt about when a fish grabs the fly—it’s both explosive and violent, and keeping a good hold on the rod grip is a must. The heavy leader insures you don’t lose flies or fish, but getting a solid hookup can sometimes be challenging. These trout blow up on the flies, but don’t always get solidly hooked. I started wondering if they try to drown them before actually eating them.

Many times, due in part to the fact it’s pitch black and you have very little idea where you are, you will hook the grass on the bank, or your fly will tangle up the leader, or you could have a foot-long weed stem impaled on a hook, making the fly look like a snake that’s coming toward you instead of a mouse. . . . Still, it’s all good fun.

On my trip we had multiple takes but landed only one, a beautiful, but “small” fifteen-inch brown. When my buddy waded over to see it, he said, “Cool—that’s the smallest one I ever saw take a mouse.” Ummmmm, thanks, I guess?

## **Lydia and Dolly**

**By Chuck Coronato**

“Saw another ghost, Lydia?” said Sheriff Garret.

Lydia sat alone at the counter of the Bridge Street Diner with her back turned, sipping a bottle of Coke through a straw, deciding if she should answer. The soda was the telltale sign that she’d slipped her hand into another pocket looking for keys and had instead fingered some small change that needed to be spent quickly to push away the bad feelings. She routinely bought a drink with the cash—possibly spending a dead man’s money—and the sheriff knew this. He was well aware of Lydia’s tendency to lose chunks of time and memory and her delusion that she could see ghosts walking

through town, believing that the way to positively identify them from the living was to see if they have keys in their pockets.

Ghosts have no need for keys.

“What do you want with me this time, Sheriff?” said Lydia, moving a scuffed metal cylinder from the swivel-stool next to her and setting it on the floor at her feet. This wasn’t an invitation to sit, but an attempt—too late—to hide her new treasure.

Sheriff Garret recognized the old tube and spoke as he sat down.

“What you’ve got there belonged to my late friend Lindy Ricker. I don’t know why it’s in your hands instead of mine, but I sure as hell hope that you didn’t buy it from his son. I’d hate to think what that money is being used for.”

Lindy’s son was known around town as just “Ricker.” Ricker had a streak of cruelty that could never be explained. From an early age, he developed a penchant for killing birds with a slingshot, always firing yellow jellybeans and marking his territory by arranging their bodies on the ground after forcing one candy into their beaks. With his dark rituals and disregard for life, Ricker had a promising career as a serial killer until it was derailed by a methamphetamine addiction.

Lydia couldn’t be faulted, checking Ricker for keys. His drug-ravaged body looked close to death as he tried to blend into a town that seemed to care more about trout than people. Lydia simply saw a person who looked more ghostly than most who’d crossed over to the other side as she furtively reached into his sagging pants and felt the jagged metal teeth. She wanted to let those keys slip back into his pocket, but the invisible hand of enchantment would not allow her to loosen her grip.

*I’m not here to steal*, Lydia told herself as she unlocked Ricker’s front door. Smells of mold and overflowing garbage saturated the air as she sprang room to room, tripping on worn carpets, until she stumbled to the front of a closet door that had the sound of desperate knocking coming from its other side. After her eyes adjusted to the dim light of the enclosure, Lydia saw a dark, three-foot tube. *Maps*, thought Lydia, as she gently lifted the container, deliberately leaving the keys in the exact spot it had occupied. In her mind, this wasn’t a theft—it was a silent trade.

From childhood, Lydia loved maps. Her father collected antique maps and would unroll one from its tube, showing Lydia details drawn in old ink while they’d discuss future adventures and places they’d travel together. All of those plans died six years ago when she met Sheriff Garret for the first time, who informed the family of her father’s attempt to rescue a dog that was struggling in a deadly section of the town’s legendary river. The dog miraculously got to shore without help, but the most important person in Lydia’s world was trapped in a sweeper.

The sheriff’s description was detailed—firsthand detailed—and Lydia knew that he was right there, saw it all, and did nothing to save her father.

Home, in the solitude of her room, Lydia unscrewed the metal cap of the prisoner she had liberated from Ricker’s house. A strong aroma of old varnish punched her. *Maps don’t smell like this*, thought Lydia, as she reached in, expecting the stiffness of rolled paper, but instead feeling the softness of cloth. Lydia saw a gray artificial fly with upright wings of wood-duck feathers hooked through the material of a red, four-compartment sack that held a bamboo fly rod. The rod was heavily used and had thread wraps of eight different colors. Serious collectors would recognize the eclectic mix of shades as a serious flaw and hindrance to the rod’s value—but to Lydia, all of these imperfections were beautiful. Each different wrap seemed poised to share its unique story with her, and she gently ran her fingers along the rod’s purple glue lines, imagining that she was stroking its veins.

The colors of the rod and the way it slept so peacefully in its bag sparked memories of a special gift, given when her father unfurled a map of Central America. Pointing to their country of origin, papa gave Lydia a set of Guatemalan worry dolls, nestled in a red cloth pouch. In keeping with tradition, she told her concerns to each doll and then placed them under her pillow before going to sleep. The day after her father drowned, a nine-year-old Lydia had more need for those little friends than ever, but she walked to the bridge over the river and dropped the dolls one by one into the flow, hoping that her father’s spirit could use them to ease his torment. Lydia looked at the rod in front of her and knew that its perfect name should be “Dolly.”

Dolly listened to Lydia's new worries. Swaddled in plush cloth with her special fly, Dolly was leaned against the night table, cap off so she could breathe and sense the first rays of morning light. Lydia repeated this ritual every evening, sleeping more deeply and awaking with less apprehension for the new day.

Some collectors of bamboo rods believe that truly special pieces of cane have a type of telepathy and can communicate with the person casting them. Lydia was starting to hear Dolly's thoughts. Dolly loved being Lydia's nightly confidante, but let her know that she wanted to be casting again, feeling the chill as she sliced through morning air and the rush of line racing through her guides.

Lydia had to learn casting from scratch, but had her direct link with Dolly to teach her exactly how a rod should be handled. Practicing each morning on the grass of the town square became their mutual form of devotion. It had been a long time since her previous owner had cast Dolly, and he had the grip and lack of vision of an old man. Now Dolly was in the hands of a person who still had passion and dreams. Lydia's young touch on her cork grip seemed more than functional—it was a type of seduction—and Dolly was smitten.

Sheriff Garret snatched a stray candy wrapper off of the grass while approaching and watched as Lydia's deft casting stroke started slowly, then increased speed.

"Nice, tight loops you're forming, Lydia," said the sheriff.

Standing near, he looked directly at Dolly and said, "This rod sure took a beating in old Lindy's hands. Don't get me wrong; it casts beautifully, but just look at those crazy wraps. It needs a complete restoration."

Lydia didn't like how the sheriff said those things right to Dolly's face, displaying the casual insensitivity of someone eating a cheeseburger in front of a cow.

"I'd have the worn guides removed, completely strip the old varnish, clean the cork, and get all of the thread wraps done in original colors. If I had this rod, it would be as it should. It would have its dignity back."

Dolly cringed with the sheriff's words. She'd accrued a lifetime of memories in her so-called flaws and was not about to conform to someone else's idea of perfection. Removing old varnish would be akin to stripping her skin. Making her look like every other rod of her model would cause her to lose what made her special. She panicked at the thought of giving up her memories, especially the recent ones with Lydia.

Lydia was certain that she couldn't trust Sheriff Garret. She knew that he coveted Dolly and sensed that he had a scheme to possess her without putting money in Ricker's hands. His late friend's son would likely give the sheriff the rod as a thank-you for being tipped off about Lydia's "trade" for his property, putting Lydia and Dolly in the path of an unhinged assailant intent on maintaining his reputation.

Dolly immediately sensed the feelings of doom that were paddling toward Lydia.

"We have to get to the river," said Dolly.

Dolly led Lydia to the last place that she had fished with Lindy. Trout sipped in the surface of a placid pool, but the river took a sharp turn downstream to treacherous water that no one dared challenge. A winding path sloped upward from the river to a parking lot. Trees obscured any view of cars, and the spot had the special feel of a place where you could be at peace because no one would find you and where you could be in peril for the exact same reason.

Lydia slipped off her shoes and eased into the water, shaking out several practice casts when she was in up to her shins. Venturing deeper, she settled into a rhythm, feeling the bend of Dolly's spine as she loaded line and let it spring out. Dolly delighted in the slither of wet line stripped back slowly and how she glistened with moisture in the sharp sunlight of approaching noon. Together, they were a perfect unit, drifting through a calm state where time and fear were powerless to touch them.

Lydia splashed water onto Dolly as they stepped toward the shore. She giggled, noticing how her jeans were soaked to her waist, and was resting on a streamside boulder when she saw the birds. They weren't in the air, but were lying on the ground—yellow jellybeans in their beaks. This was Ricker's place, and she knew he'd be coming.

The sound of a slamming car door from the unseen parking lot confirmed Lydia's fears. It wouldn't matter if the first set of eyes coming down that path belonged to Ricker or to the sheriff, because the results would be the same—someone was coming to take Dolly away. Lydia's fear shifted to rage. She resolved to kill or die so Dolly would not lose her memories. She picked up a sharp piece of broken glass, gripping it so tightly that it sliced into her fingers until they oozed blood. Lydia anticipated slashing Ricker across his jugular, finally turning him into the young ghost that he was fated to be.

Dolly could sense the battle's outcome before it started. She felt Lydia's passion more deeply than ever and regretted that she was about to lose her memories just as she was embracing the best moments of her life. Dolly made a choice that she would soon not be able to remember, but that was destined to change Lydia.

"Put down the glass for a moment. It would be a shame to come this far without casting the fly that's been with me for so long," said Dolly.

Blood smeared the cork grip when Lydia cast the fly—the fly that shared Dolly's memories—farther than any cast she'd made before. The force of the effort caused the fly to snap the old, brittle leader, and the fly drifted downstream toward turbulent water.

"Put me down here by the path," said Dolly. "You can't let that fly get away."

Lydia didn't want to leave Dolly exposed. She quickly stripped off all of her wet clothes, used them to conceal Dolly, and tied back her long hair with the rod sack as she dove naked into the water, absorbing the abuse of the river as she chased the fly around the bend.

There was no sign of Dolly when she returned. Lydia grabbed the tube that was still behind a bush and scaled the path to the parking area, crowded with onlookers surrounding the sheriff, who was standing beside a cloth-covered body in a perimeter of yellow tape.

Lydia had no doubts about who was under the blanket. The contest with the river gifted a wisdom that purged her fear of Ricker and left her feeling a measure of sympathy for a life that could end in no other way after continually bearing its full weight on cracked ice.

The crowd's eyes abandoned Ricker's body and became pinned to the naked woman—scraped and lacerated by the river's claws—as she made determined strides to Sheriff Garret's car. Dolly was lying across the back seat. Lydia let her right hand linger on the glass for Dolly to see and then looked at the door panel, painted with a star that read "Sheriff."

In one explosive thrust, Lydia let go of everything, and smashed the rod tube through the driver-side window.

"That's a gift from my father, you cowardly bastard!"

Sheriff Garret did nothing. Again.

*I'm starving*, thought Lydia. Dolly's fly was fastened to the cloth that crowned her head, and the rod bag formed a scarlet stripe that molded to the contour of her back as she moved with an unburdened gait toward the diner by the bridge. The crowd followed her, leaving the sheriff alone with Ricker.

Inside the squad car, the shattering of glass that lasted only a moment for everyone else was continually fragmenting into a never-ending rain of glory for Dolly. She couldn't be saved by battle, and she couldn't be saved by guile. She was saved—by Lydia's blood—soaking into the cracked spaces of her imperfect grip, forming an indelible union of their DNA deep within her where the sheriff would never be able to strip it away.

Dolly knew that she had Lydia with her forever.



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](mailto:budbynack@verizon.net) or 69 Bronxville Road, Apt. 4G, Bronxville, NY 10708, (914) 961-3521.

