



The Catskill Fly Tyers Guild *Gazette*

Volume 25, number 3

May 2022

The next meeting of the Catskill Fly Tyers Guild will be the Rendezvous on May 21. See the President's Message for details.

President's Message **By Joe Ceballos**



One of several adult stoneflies crawling on the CFFC&M bridge on April 24. Are the fish aware?
Photo: Chuck Coronato

Spring is here! It's been a bit on the cold side, but word is out of hatches spreading on our rivers. So far, fish appear to be hesitant to respond. Be that as it may, April is in the books, and we have much to look forward to.

Our website continues to gain content: most notably there is a Resources page, *Gazette* page, the History of the Guild video, and an Events page where you can find up-to-date announcements. Input from you, either in content or suggestions, is always welcome. Visit <https://catskillflytyersguild.org/> (not .com) and have a look at the latest progress.

The Rendezvous is scheduled for May 21 in the Wulff Gallery of the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum, and will run from 10:00 AM to 3:00 PM. Several members have responded with their fly-tying plans, and I thank you, but a few more responses will be even better. The museum has been working very hard to get the Wulff Gallery ready for us, and it would be a shame to have a poor showing, so I encourage you to attend. Contact us at catskillflytyersguild@gmail.com, make the subject line "Guild," and let us know what you will be tying. As noted before, and also on the events page of our website, the theme for the Rendezvous is "Modern Catskill Flies." This doesn't mean that we don't want historical patterns, but is meant to encourage a few members to experiment with new materials. Mark Sturtevant presents some interesting ideas to that effect in his Casting Catskill Cane column in this issue of the *Gazette*, and we have historical patterns represented in this issue by Tom Mason and Ed Ostapczuk.

The Rendezvous program will include an introduction to Catskill bamboo rods in the bamboo rod shop at CFFC&M by noted Catskill rod builder Mike Canazon. A roundtable discussion on our history, materials, and tying methods and techniques will be led by Dave Catizone, Bob Colson, and Tom Mason.

As our tradition is an extension and evolution from England, Bob Colson, a renowned bamboo rod builder in his own right, will be available to talk about English fly-tying methods and materials from the late nineteenth century.

The Rise

By Lois Ostapczuk



Based upon one of his photographs, my husband, Ed, challenged me to paint a watercolor of a rising trout. His photo depicted the head of a brook trout, with a fly rod on the far bank behind the trout, while sunlight distorted the color of the fish and the water holding it. A challenge it was.

Using artistic license, the fly rod was eliminated from the painting as Ed tried to describe how the trout should appear. Left to my own imagination for the most part, I proceeded to fabricate colors depicting the water and landscape design. Following two attempts at this watercolor, readers now see the final result.

View more of Catskill artist Lois Ostapczuk's paintings by visiting:
<http://catskillwatersart.blogspot.com/2014/02/blog-post.html>

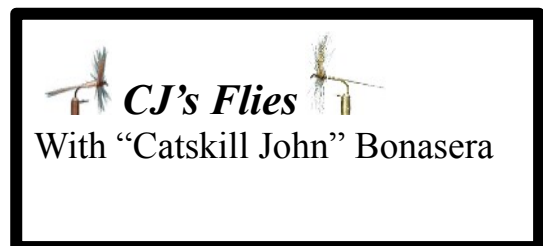
The Death of the Opener

In a *New York Times* piece from March 2, 1981, columnist Red Smith wrote the following:

One stormy April night three men rode out of the darkness into the streets of the Catskills village of Roscoe. "Gentlemen," said Sparse Grey Hackle, "remove your hats. This is it." "This is where the trout was invented?" the driver asked.

"Oh," Mr Hackle said, "he existed in a crude, primitive form in Walton's England—" "But this," said Meade Schaeffer, artist and angler, "is where they painted spots on him and taught him to swim."

Ever since I first read those words more than twenty years ago, I have never read anything that has even come close to how perfectly accurate the meaning of Opening Day in the Catskills feels. The season opener to me is right there with Easter, Christmas, and Thanksgiving. It was a date that you thought about, dreamed about, planned for, arranged your schedule around, and made sure that you were going to be there for—weather be damned!



Opening Day represented a new beginning, a time when like-minded individuals all got together at the Beamoc's ground zero, where their hearts lived, with excitement and anticipation for the new season ahead. Everybody knew the weather was going to be lousy; they planned for it. Likely, there will be a little snow; it will certainly be cold—probably below freezing; ice will be lining the stream edges, and the water will be no more than forty degrees. For better than twenty years, I made the trek to Junction Pool, where the Beaverkill and Willowemoc join, for the Opening Day festivities. Upon arriving, you'd be greeted with the smiling faces of folks mulling about and cupping hands around styrofoam coffee cups. You'd walk by little groups of friends circled up, talking about water conditions. There'd be people young and old in hip boots and waders, stringing up both spinning and fly rods, all with the same thought: will any trout be caught this morning? Worm guys and fly guys getting along like buddies—at least for one day!

But it's different now.

My experience this season was nothing like the last twenty-plus consecutive seasons. I still had the same excitement and anticipation as I always did, and I still got into Roscoe early as in all the previous years. The difference this year was, I felt like I was the only one celebrating it. Arriving to Main Street in Roscoe, not one store was open. Both of the town's fly shops had CLOSED signs in their windows. There were no cars on the road; not a soul in sight. I swung by Junction Pool—same thing. Heading back towards Livingston Manor, I gave a friend a call from the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum parking lot—also a ghost town—as he was up from Florida to take part in the festivities, too. His opinion was that everyone was probably tired because of the dinner the night before. I almost yelled back at him over the phone: “Tired! I got up at 3:00 this morning to drive the 150 miles, and I'm not tired! Where the hell is everyone!”

Then it hit me. I mean, I wasn't shocked by the realization, because we all knew that when the DEC changed from seasonal regulations to year 'round that there was no real Opening Day anymore, but what hit me was that the thrill of the Opener was gone. There's nothing to look forward to when you can just go to any stream at any time and fish like it's nothing special. How much excitement can there be when there are now no opening or closing dates?

There was one place open—the Robin Hood Diner—a place where I'd eaten breakfast hundreds of times. Pete, the owner of the diner, asked me what I was doing “up here today,” and I quickly replied, “It's Opening Day weekend man!” He glanced at me momentarily, then told me the fishing conditions were bad, that yesterday the water was all the way “up to there,” pointing at the bridge in plain view from my seat at the counter.

I could see he had already forgotten what Opening Day meant. To him, this was a Saturday morning, with no special tag or title—just a Saturday morning.

As I ate breakfast, I glanced over my shoulder at the road—still no cars, no buzz, no Opening Day vibe. It was just a cold April day in the Manor. A day just like every other day.



Opening Day of 2015 at Junction Pool

Up on the Esopus



The Adams Family: a Teal Variation

Perhaps the most universally known and fished dry fly is an Adams. Just Google this pattern to see the many variations that can be found and its rich history. The popular pattern is a generic imitation of mayflies, caddis, and midges. In Terry Hellekson's massive tome, *Fish Flies*, the author included twelve different versions, including Walt Dette's Delaware Adams. Some of those differences dealt with the fly's body, but many were related to the fly's wing. As the saying goes, "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." Clearly, the Adams appears to be a dry fly for all seasons, conditions, and a problem-solving solution when nothing else seems to work.

In *The Founding Flies*, author Mike Valla devoted an entire chapter to this pattern and its creator, Len Halladay, from Michigan. There's no sense in repeating the complete history of this dry fly here, other than to note that the earliest Adamses, if not the original, were tied spent-winged, had golden pheasant tails, and a wool yarn body. That version dates back to 1922, tied for use on Michigan's Mayfield Pond.

For decades, I've relied upon an Adams in early spring for those first-to-appear surface-feeding trout. Typically, early Catskill mayfly hatches feature larger and darker "bugs" before progressing to smaller and lighter color variations as spring wanes into summer months. The Adams has always been my dry fly of choice when trout first start looking up at those initial hatches of a new season. However, being cheap and in a hurry to tie my flies, I was never a fan of tying an Adams with grizzly hackle tips. I never seem to have enough grizzly tips from other dry flies tied prior, nor do I want to sacrifice a fresh piece of hackle just for its tip.

Years ago, in an exchange of emails with Eric Peper, he suggested that I try tying my Adams using teal instead of grizzly hackle tips, and I have now been doing so for decades. Interestingly, while gathering background information for this piece, I noticed that Hellekson also offered the same advice in his aforementioned book. Hellekson wrote, "Personally, I like the pronounced barring of teal. It is much more durable than hackle tips."

If you're one of the many fly fishers who loves an Adams, you might consider tying the pattern with a teal wing, split in the style of a wood duck wing. The split wing adds a little Catskill style to a dry fly with Michigan roots. I find this version faster, cheaper, and more durable to tie and fish, tying my Adams in sizes 14 to 18. It's just one more variation in a celebrated line of dry flies.

Teal-winged Adams

Hook: Size 14 Mustad 94840

Thread: Black

Tail: Brown and grizzly hackle barbs

Body: Muskrat

Wing: Teal, split like wood duck

Hackle: Grizzly and brown



Meet Our Local Catskill Guides

By Ed Walsh

Growing up in the city settings of New Jersey's Hudson County didn't provide Steve Taggart much opportunity to enjoy the great outdoors. Fortunately, his dad had a home in Cobleskill, New York, where he spent his summers and was exposed to all that Mother Nature had to offer. As with many of us, his early fishing experiences were with spin or bait-casting equipment.

A good friend from high school, Mike Buynie, took him lake fishing, and his interest was piqued. Not long after, other friends who were avid fly fishermen took Steve along on one of their trips, and a lifelong love of the sport began. These jaunts turned into weekend trips to the Flat Brook and Musconetcong River in western New Jersey. It wasn't long before Steve purchased a fly-fishing outfit, and as they say, "The rest is history."

The friends fished as much as possible together, and their weekend trips expanded to the eastern Catskills and Esopus Creek, then farther upstate with vacation weeks in the Adirondacks fishing the West Branch of the Ausable River while staying at the Hungry Trout Resort in Wilmington.



Steve's go-to flies are Caucci/Nastasi Comparaduns

Wanting to learn as much as possible about fly fishing, Steve found himself spending a lot of time at the Streams of Dreams Fly Shop in Upper Saddle River, New Jersey. The shop's owner, Harry Huff, was a willing teacher, and Steve absorbed all that Harry had to offer. Harry introduced Steve to Al Caucci, and it wasn't long before he started exploring the Delaware River system and spending time in a refurbished pop-up camper at The Delaware River Club.

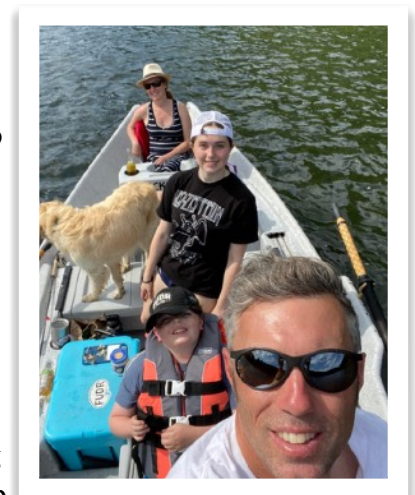
In 1998, Steve married his longtime girlfriend, Michelle. He was working for the post office with nighttime hours and split days. He continued spending as much time as possible on the Delaware.

With Michelle's support, he started to offer a guiding service to friends who fished the Catskill rivers. He continued his friendship with the folks at Streams of Dreams and one of its staff members in particular, Drew Moy.

With his guiding service growing, both he and Michelle knew "something had to give" with his work at the post office and the ever increasing demands by his guide customers. So, in early 2001, they decided on a move to Middletown, New York. Steve continued to travel to Secaucus and his postal job, but the time spent getting to the river was cut in half.

With things going well for the Taggart's, Steve took a leap of faith and partnered with longtime friend Drew Moy to open the Tight Lines Fly Fishing shop in Parsippany, New Jersey.

Although he was completely committed to the success of the new business, time wasn't on his side. Living in Middletown, traveling to Secaucus, spending time in the fly shop, and in-season guiding was taking its toll on him physically. There just wasn't enough time in the day to keep this pace going, so after four years with a hectic schedule, and with the



The Taggarts: Michelle, Dylan, Aly, Steve, and dog Nova.

arrival of Michelle and Steve's first child, his interest in the fly shop was sold.

As luck would have it, Steve received a callback for a position he had applied for with the Middletown Fire Department, and he became a full-time firefighter in 2005. With a firefighter's schedule, he had more time to guide, and his business continued to grow rapidly.

To add another element to that business, Michelle and Steve purchased a camp in the town of East Branch. They now offer bead and breakfast services where everything is about fly fishing; Michelle prepares meals for their customers, and the Taggarts have a wonderful place for their growing family to relax and enjoy the country.

Although Steve now spends most of his time fishing and guiding in our area, he has also fished in Canada, the Bahama's, and out west. His preference will always be dry-fly fishing. He really enjoys the



Does a guide ever have enough flies?

Main Stem but knows the entire Upper Delaware System well. Steve's experience as a guide was noted in the second edition of Paul Weamer's Fly Fishing Guide to the Upper Delaware River.

Steve feels very fortunate to be in the position that fly fishing has provided, and he gives back to the sport and its environment whenever possible. He's a board member of the Friends of the Upper Delaware River and a cochair of their Bill Canfield Fly Fishing Camp that teaches kids, ages twelve to seventeen, all about our sport. There are two-week sessions each summer, and kids learn about aquatic insects, fly tying, stream etiquette, casting, and how to catch and release fish properly. Each student gets personal hands-on instruction from some of the area's best guides and fly-fishing instructors. You can learn more about this camp by contacting the FUDR at <https://www.fudrcanfieldcamp.com/>.

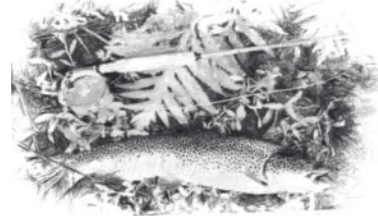
Steve reports that he guides approximately fifty trips per season and spends at least the same amount of time fishing the wonderful Delaware River system for his own pleasure. The majority of his customers are regulars, but he tries to find time for new clients when time allows. He can be reached at steventaggart@gmail.com or (201) 218-5776.

A Glimmer of Hope

It has been a difficult spring thus far. March offered so much promise, just as it had last year, but nature had other plans in store. In the last week of April 2021, I was wading low water in eighty-degree sunshine, still fishing the most remarkable Hendrickson hatch I have enjoyed in my decades upon the Catskill rivers. I had half a dozen trophy brown trout to my credit for that hatch and was loving every moment of a perfect Catskill spring! Ah, how different is April 2022.

Whether you are residents, or watch the forecasts and river gages from afar, you all know how this season has sputtered and failed to enthrall as of this writing, yet there is something valuable to be gleaned from every season. Five days remain in April as I write these words, and it appears that the month will close with a shiver. Let us bow our heads and pray for the glories of May.

Casting Catskill Cane



With Mark Sturtevant

Ten days ago, I was searching for spring, lingering late along the Beaver Kill. The only flies I had seen were the same small black caddis and early stoneflies that had brought unfulfilled hope to this wandering angler for several weeks. Aware of the calendar, I was trying hard to convince myself that I would see a hatch, an easier task at one o'clock, less so as my watch revealed that it was nearly four. I was ready to pack it in when my wandering eye caught a flutter of gray motion out there in the run.

A single clue, but enough to bring my rapt attention to focus on one particular line of drift, and then another brought a smile to my face. The fluttering visions were wings, and soon the first stationary mayfly bounced down the current – the Quill Gordons had arrived!

I waited and watched while that little ten-minute flurry of hatching mayflies brought joy to my heart, though it was not until they diminished that I saw the first rise: that blessed splash of white water that signaled the beginning of my dry-fly season. My arm elevated the line, my wrist flicked, and a Dyed Wild 100-Year Dun sailed out and alighted a few feet above the mark, drawing the second rise of the season and a solid hookup! I played that fine trout as if it was the only fish in the river, and I, a starving man, bringing it at last to the net while I thanked the river gods.

I spent the weekend on dry land as my high spirits were beaten down with winter storm warnings that promised a foot of snow for the coming week. I was committed to steal the last few hours from the coming storm and headed back to the river under darkening skies.



A Translucence Series Quill Gordon tied Catskill style.

Passing winter at my tying bench, I have any number of ideas and experiments for trout flies. For the third year in a row, much of that experimentation was centered around translucency. A prime focus of that work was the group of flies I termed my *Translucence Series*, conceived in 2021. The formula involved blending the available colors of natural silk dubbing to match our primary hatches. I purchased a supply of Daiichi Crystal Finish hooks, and several spools of white 6/0 Ephemera brand tying silk, feeling that the white silk tied over the mirror-like silver finish of those hooks would allow the silk dubbing blends to provide the truest color and maximum translucency to my fly bodies.

I tend to reserve experimental flies for encounters with the most difficult trout; my reasoning being that a better fly should be able to tempt a rise from a trout that fails to respond to other proven patterns. With the largess of the 2021 season, my Translucence Series flies found very few opportunities for trial. I made an effort to group my experimental patterns in a special fly box, nestled in compartments alongside the mainstays for the early hatches, and promised myself that they would get a good trial this season.

During those stolen hours in the eye of the storm, I encountered another hatch of Quill Gordons, this one more substantial than the first, with mayflies riding the surface of a much more fishable flow. I took a good brown on what I'm calling the Dyed Wild 100-Year Dun, but there was another riser moving about, close at hand, that refused both that fly and two others. As the hour-long hatch dwindled, I spotted the rise of a larger fish in a well-known lie down river, and moved into position to make a try.

My casts and gentle presentations were ignored. When I sought to change my fly, my eyes settled on the Translucence Series counterpart of my 100-Year Dun. That brown came solidly for the new fly and fought bravely to avoid capture, but rod and angler prevailed, that I might admire nineteen inches of bronzed old warrior in the net. Obviously, that fish liked something about the experimental pattern.

I believed the hatch was spent, for I saw very few flies upon the surface, but I did see another rise from the upstream trout that had thoroughly spurned my advances earlier. Luckily, my position allowed for a careful turn and a rebracing of my feet in the current before offering a cast upstream and across to that fish. It took the Translucence Dun as if it had been waiting all day for for that fly!

It is always a joy to battle wild trout in the clear, cold high water of spring; for those conditions often bring out the best in them. This trout proved to be even stouter than the last—somewhat heavier and brighter. Two fish does not make a fly pattern, nor prove a theory of pattern design, but the implications are pleasing. From their earliest days, my experiments with heightened translucency have born fruit. Though they have been under-fished in a sense, they have consistently done exactly what I created them to do: take difficult fish that refuse my established, well-proven imitations.

There are a few Translucence Series Hendricksons nestled into that special fly box, and though I'm presently looking at a cool, rainy day, I expect a few more will be tied to find their way to the river this afternoon. They will not be my first choice, for I believe in the merit of reserving such experimental flies for the less catchable trout. That is the only way I have to prove these theories to myself.

The Translucence Series Hendrickson version of my 100-Year Dun is tied with a four-color blend of silk: light tan, cream, dark hare's ear gray, and pale yellow—and yes—the late John Atherton's influence, and my own observations of naturals lie beneath these multi-hued blends. The tailing is light pardo Coq-De-Leon, beautifully speckled, and the wing is of course—wood duck. Hackling is from one of Charlie Collins's beautifully barred rusty dun roosters. I like the look of this pattern and hope to report its success at our Fly Tyer's Rendezvous on May 21, but that lies in the hands of the river gods.



The author's Translucence Series Hendrickson 100-Year Dun

The Catskill tradition is a long one, filled with the contributions of legendary fly tyers and anglers. It is truly humbling to research the history of the region and seek clues to the knowledge of the past. We have an ability to build on our heritage. Our wild trout fisheries have been sustained in no small part by the miraculous adaptation of the fish we seek, and at times, our craft must adapt to rise to the challenge.

We have many fine fly tyers as members of our guild, some masters of the classic styles, and others who take the modern approach. I enjoy it all, and I hope that sharing my thoughts and ideas may spur others among our group to experiment and produce a few patterns worthy of joining the classics—the next generation of Catskill dry flies.

Mark Sturtevant can be followed on his blog, *Bright Waters Catskills*: <https://brightwatercatskill.art.blog>

The Beaverkill Red Fox: A very “Foxy” Recipe

By Tom Mason

I have looked at this fly for some time now and have become completely bewildered. The dressing and history (pardon the pun) are very “foxy” to say the least. It is mentioned in *Catskill Fly Tier* by

Harry Darbee and Mac Francis as being an Ed Hewitt creation with a tail of ginger, a muskrat dubbed body ribbed with gold, and a ginger hackle fronted by light dun. According to the story, the fly was found hanging in a tree after Hewitt had broken it off by Vera York and brought to Darbee to copy. The same story can be found in *Fly Patterns and their Origins* by Harold Smedley, who got it from Walt Dette. According to Harry, he and Walt Dette—who he was in business with at the time—sold them by the bucketful. In *Trout* by Ray Bergman, the pattern is called the Blue Fox. In *McClane's Standard Fishing Encyclopedia*, the pattern is called the Beaverkill Red Fox. It is called the Blue Fox and tied by the Dette's In Eugene Connett's book *Any Luck?* In *Flies*, by J. Edson Leonard, the Blue Fox has a tail and wing of grizzly, and the Red Fox number 1 and number 2 are both completely different flies, with wings of gray duck and teal. *The Dettas A Catskill Legend*, by Eric Leiser, lists the fly as the Blue Fox, and *The Complete Fly Tier*, by Rube Cross, also lists it as the Blue Fox.

Confused, I am. How could the same pattern recipe have two different names?

Now, to add to the confusion, I was gifted recently a copy of the list of fly recipes compiled by Elsie Darbee on note cards. Elsie's notes list the fly as the Beaverkill Red Fox, but her notes also say that Eugene Connett (*Any Luck?*) says it is the Blue Fox.

It just took a poor fly tier like me to continue the saga of the “Foxy Blue Beaverkill Red Fox.”



The Beaverkill Red Fox

Hook: Standard Dry Fly

Tail: Ginger hackle fibers

Body: Muskrat

Rib: Gold tinsel

Hackles: Ginger fronted with light dun

Editor's note: Adding to the multiple use of the name Red Fox is the pattern tied by Ray Smith. Ed Ostapczuk wrote about Ray Smith's Red Fox in the March 2020 issue of the *Gazette*. You can click this link to access that issue <https://catskillflytyersguild.org/wp-content/uploads/2022/05/Gazette-3-2020.pdf> and scroll down to page six to read Ed's thoughts.

Fairwell to my Good Buddy

My close friend Bert Darrow passed away on April 9. The photo that you see is just one of the many days that Bert and I fished together. I met Bert about seventeen years ago. I'm not totally sure about the circumstances of our first meeting, but it must have been related to the Theodore Gordon Fly Fishers (TGF). We became fast friends, and I got quite involved with TGF, given their good conservation work being done on the Beaverkill and elsewhere.

Bert was a consummate angler and fly tyer, and he never wasted a cast. His casting was so smooth and effortless in appearance that it gave credence to being an FFI Certified Instructor, which he humbly never touted. Given his interest in dry-fly-only fishing, he became known as the “the Dry-Fly Doctor”—and rightfully so—as he was extremely skilled at the practice. I learned much from Bert, and he helped me to be a better angler.

Bert was also a close friend of Art Flick and had learned to tie flies from him. Bert’s recollections of Art were always interesting and insightful. As Art was also very active in conservation, he may have provided the impetus for Bert to follow in his examples.

Fly fishing was only one side of Bert. The conservationist that he was bested any of his casting abilities. His involvement and testimony in the Esopus river effluent dumping lawsuit (TGF vs. The City of New York) is no doubt a stellar moment for a David versus Goliath. Organizing law students from Pace College to fight NYC and winning was for sure a good moment that he always cherished.

I worked with Bert on the TGF Horse Brook Culvert Project, where I again saw his tenacity that led to getting things done. Subsequently, any time I see that completed project, I’m reminded of how much Bert cared for the environment and his Beaverkill.

There is much more that can be said, but above all he was a friend, and we had many good times together. He will be dearly missed. As George LaBranche said of Theodore Gordon’s passing, “When you get to that bench by the side of the river, save a spot for me.”

—Joe Ceballos



Bert Darrow (1946 to 2022) fishing in 2007 on the Farmington River.

Obituaries


Lawrence “Larry” Solomon. Larry Solomon died unexpectedly on April 9, the day of his 84th birthday. Larry was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 9, 1938. He loved anything to do with the outdoors. At a very young age, he taught himself to fish with a stick and a string. His father taught him how to play golf, leading Larry to Junior Golf competitions and the golf team at the University of Miami. He served with the U. S. Army in the Korean War, cherishing American freedoms his entire life. His long career as a meticulous financial planner ended with clients becoming friends. Fly fishing was one of Larry’s many outdoor passions. After years of careful observation and experimentation on the river, he co-authored with Eric Leiser, *The Caddis and the Angler*, a ground-breaking publication that was the first book ever written about caddis flies, and he created the Delta Wing concept for tying caddis imitations. Larry was inducted into the Catskill Fly Fishing Center Hall of Fame in 2012. He hunted regularly with friends, enjoyed cross-country skiing, and was the men’s golf club champion at the Warwick Valley Country Club, where he played for thirty-one years. Larry is survived by his wife of

thirty-eight years, Rose, daughter Lauren Solomon-Politi and her husband Michael Politi, sister-in-law Jennifer Leigh, grandchildren London Rose and Aston Lawrence, niece Samantha Leigh, and nephews Peter Granat and Simon Leigh. A formal celebration of life at the Mulder Chapel in Warwick will take place next spring.

A Conservation Thought

John Bonasera's fine writing in this issue of the *Gazette* starts with an excerpt from an article by columnist Red Smith. Many people are familiar with the short bit that was reprinted, but few seem to remember that the main point of Smith's original piece was to alert readers to a serious threat to the health of the Beaverkill River. The entire article, *The Sewer of Beaverkill*, is available here <https://www.nytimes.com/1981/03/02/sports/the-sewer-of-beaverkill.html> from the *New York Times* archives. I hope that you take the time to read the original story, enjoy the wonderful prose of Red Smith, and remember the importance of supporting groups such as the Theodore Gordon Fly Fishers and the many citizens who come together in the ongoing fight to preserve the sport that we love.

—Chuck Coronato

 Please write for the *Gazette*! This newsletter depends on all guild members for its content. Our many and continued thanks go to our regular contributors who faithfully write, and there is also plenty of space for additional members to add their musings to these pages. Items from nonmembers are welcome at the editor's discretion. Your articles, cartoons, paintings, photographs, reports of information, and bits of whatever else is interesting and fun are vital to this newsletter. Send submissions to Chuck Coronato, coronato3@verizon.net or 412 Highland Avenue, Wyckoff, New Jersey 07481 (201) 723-6230



One of many small streams in the Catskills that hold wild brook trout. The walking and wading can be challenging, but as you see—the rewards can be delightful!

