



# THE BOB DWYER FISHING CLUB

## NEWS LETTER

### AUGUST - 2013

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#### President's Corner

Did anyone say “**Big?**” As in, “**Big Trout?**” It seems as though the spring of 2013 picked up right where 2012 left off. We were treated to some great fishing during our get together in June, with many sizable trout being caught. I was feeling pretty good about the hefty 20 ½ inch brown I took on Thursday afternoon, only to be outdone by **Jack Flynn** on Friday morning when he bagged a 21 incher on the West Branch.

That was followed by newcomer **Rob Crowley** landing a 22 incher later in the day; on this mind you only his *second day ever* of trout fishing! And not to be outdone, **Dave Dimmick** snuck out early Saturday morning in pursuit of a trout he had the opportunity to catch the evening before. This time, he did not fail. All pumped up, he returned to the MBI to show off his catch. This brown trout turns out to be the standard bearer for this year’s BDFC Trophy – measuring in at 23 7/8 inches. The fishing results that week were so good that **PJ Grimes** requested our club secretary **Jim Flynn** to include in the minutes of our semi-annual meeting a list of the many 18-20+ inch trout that various club members took in the previous days.



**Jack, Rob and Dave, with their monster trout**

And it didn’t stop with the BDFC spring fishing week. For **Dave Dimmick** again checked in, late in June with a report of a 22 incher that he caught out of Neil Creek in the upstate.

In early June, we finally heard from our Club Treasurer **Peter Snetzko** who was unable to make the spring outing. He told us about catching his personal best, a 20 something inch brown trout that he took on the Little Delaware. The size however, was not verifiable since he left his tape measure in the car.

Luckily for the trout, Peter’s beautiful bride **Laura** was at his side on the stream, when she persuaded him to put the lunker back.

In early August, Jack and I were fishing the West Branch together and I pulled in a 21 inch brown out of a small run alongside where Jack was walking, just ten feet in front of me. I suspect that others have had similar success over the summer. Will anyone challenge Dave's trophy contender this fall? Thinking back on all of this, I tend to ask the membership ... *"Why all the big trout this year?"* So with that said, I look forward to the fall dinner to hear the veteran club member's theories on the answer to that question.

Now allow me to wax eloquent. Many of our BDFC members are familiar with the *Daniel Grey Fishing Club* in Armonk, New York. For those of you who are not familiar with this club, the DGFC has had in its membership from the early 70's, our own Patrick (H) Grimes, Len Winstanley and my dad Jim Flynn. Later on, Peter Snetzko, PJ Grimes, Emmet Murphy and I became members over time, as well.

The club's namesake, **Daniel Grey**, passed away in the year 1898. Recently, I happened across and had the pleasure of reading his obituary. It was originally published in the *Westchester County Reporter* on Friday; November 18, 1898. Mr. Grey's story *struck a chord* with me; and while too long to print in full, allow me to share several of its excerpts with you:

*'One by one the good-old-citizens, whose lives link the present generation with the past, are gathered to their fathers. The latest to be so recorded is the venerable Daniel Grey, of Harrison, New York. Known for years throughout the countryside, as a man whose deeds and whose life, throughout reflect credit on the old school American manhood. Of which he was a striking type.'*

*'Mr. Grey had a personality wholesome to contemplate, to the man whose faith in human nature was growing less through contact with it. His integrity and conscientiousness were as erect and stood out as clear cut as did his own picturesque, old fashioned figure, amid men of other mold. He was the personification of scrupulousness in the minutest detail.'*

*'Sometimes, his more worldly wise friends would tell him that he was too honest for the times. Implying that it would be more to his advantage, to change his almost quixotic ideas of honesty and fair dealing among men. To all of this he was deaf. He persisted in his simple, straightforward honesty to the end.'*

*'Moreover, Mr. Grey had a force of mind and vigor of intellect that made him a leader among men in the affairs of his town and county. All in all, he was a man, who's like we will not often look upon again. The world is the gainer by his having come into it and the loser at his lost.'*

Now, I make no comparisons to anybody, as I have no personal knowledge. I only present an example of the type of man others feel compelled to name a fishing club after – a man who is remembered fondly, over one hundred years later.

Mr. Grimes himself, felt compelled, to name a fishing club in memory of **Bob Dwyer Sr.** over forty years ago. I propose that, his son Kevin, our newly installed *Club Historian*, endeavor to devote some time in company with Bob Jr., Jon, Rick and others in an effort to uncover those compelling facts that led to his father's decision to do so. I know that I and many of the newer club members would appreciate this immensely.

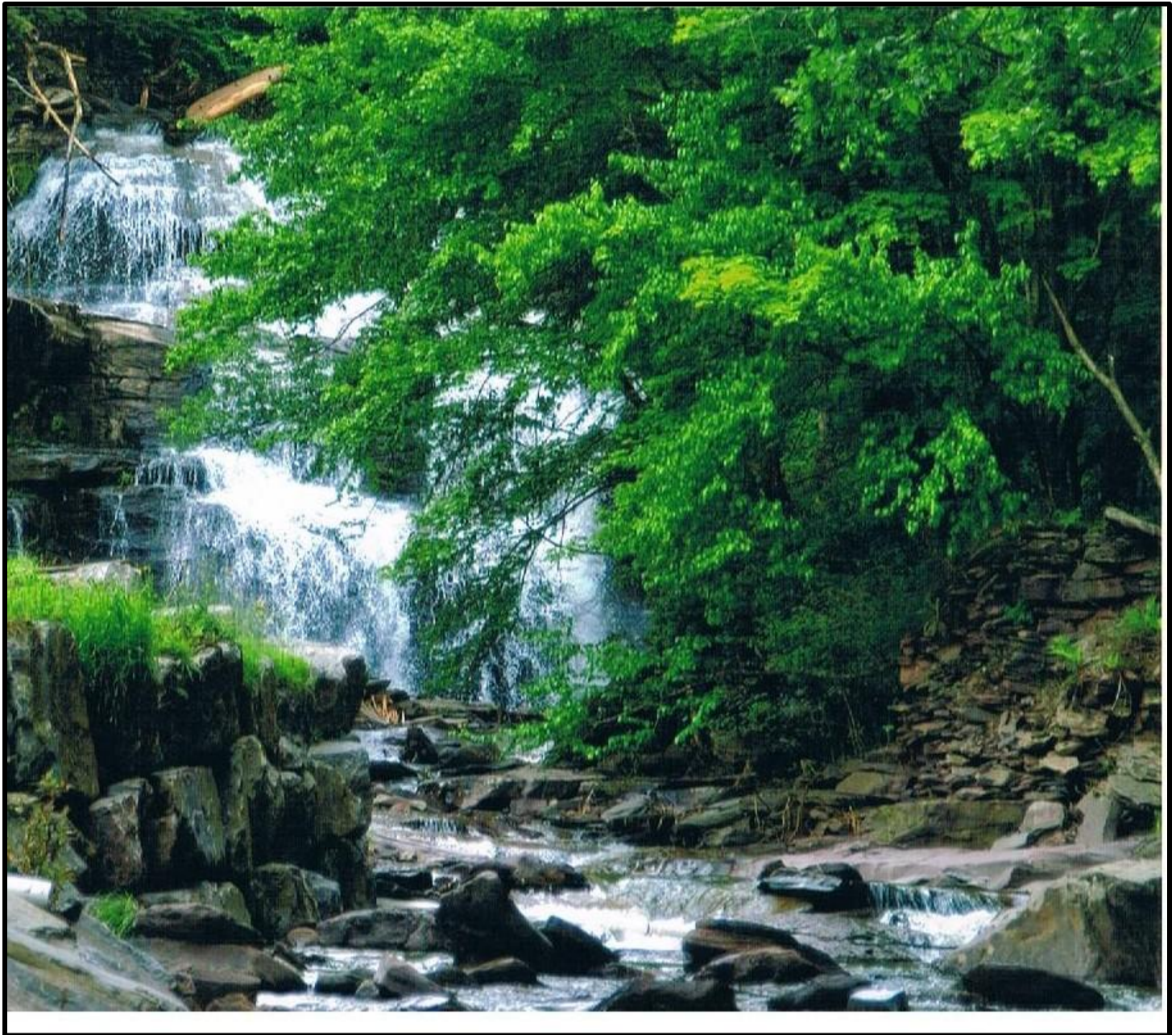


*I look forward to seeing you in September,*

*Tim Flynn*

**President  
BDFC**





### **Where is this beautiful waterfalls?**

Can you guess where this beautiful *waterfalls* is? If *you can*, I will treat you to a dinner at the Andes Hotel this coming trip. No one identified where the “*secret waterfalls*” was, that I highlighted in the last newsletter. So I again ended up *eating alone*. So now I ask, that you look this one over real good and send me your guesses. My email address is [rsdwyer@aol.com](mailto:rsdwyer@aol.com) if you wish to opine (that means if you wish to send your opinion). And I will reply accordingly to your guess. Am looking forward to seeing all you guys in September.



*Bob Dwyer*

**Field Editor  
BDFC**



**Some Further Highlights**



**Wayne Cerinetti's 21 incher**



**Peter Snetzko's best**



**Home cooking, with Tim's 20 1/2 incher & fixins**



**John Miselnicky at secret hole**



**The boys of summer David & Dave**



**A visit with our favorite lady**



**Bob Dwyer, Bea Sohni and Jim Flynn enjoying lunch at Russell's Store in Bovina Center, NY**

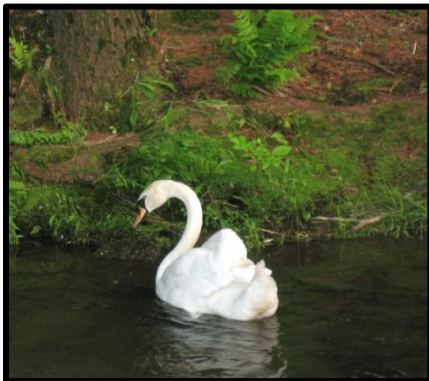


**The Dwyer Clan from North Carolina  
Bob, Russell, Ryan and Robbie**





**Gary and his new companion - Otis**



**Gary's feathered friend**



**Bob making sure Fr. Tom doesn't  
shortchange him on a manhattan**



**Then it's off to the newly  
renovated Andes Hotel**



## Dinner Meeting Shenanigans



There's a beautiful red glow in the new wood burning fireplace



The dining hall is adorned with flowers



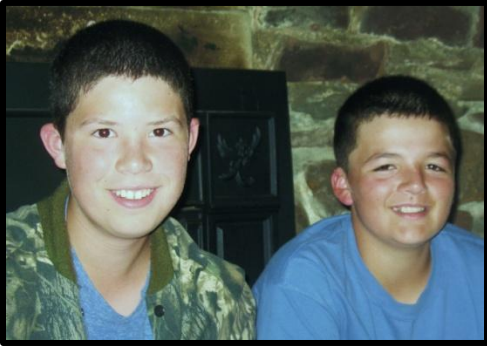
And Mr. Sunshine is dressed to the nines for the reception of all three Club Trophies



The kitchen crew is gathered in the galley readying themselves, for the task at hand to cook for and serve the masses and lastly, to clean up the messes. From left to right are: Kari Hall, Gary, Marianne Parsons & Becky Miller



Bob Dwyer with his detailed Catskill Mountains map, introducing the boys to other area streams and explaining to them ... how to get to there



**Ryan & Dwyer warming their buns in front of a hot fire**



**A little horseplay going on between father and son**



**The evening entertainment kicking into high gear: PJ, Rob & Wayne**

### A Closing Thought

When I was a kid I utilized a push mower to cut the grass. There was no such thing as a gas operated power mower, much less one you could ride. Then there were hand tools like rakes and brooms. Now we have *lawn gophers* to get the leaves up. And when was the last time you saw someone sweep the sidewalk? Now, that would be a too strenuous and time consuming activity. Instead, we use a magic wand, commonly referred to as a power blower. A hand held or shoulder mounted piece of equipment which generates number five hurricane force winds to do our *sweeping* for us.

Remember when we used to get the old bucket and hose out to wash the car? Now, we go to the *car wash*, where we either use the power sprayer or simply *drive through*.

I can't believe all the newfangled equipment they have on the market today. I was in a lawn and garden shop recently looking over some labor saving devices when a clerk came up and said, "That's one of the latest, It will do *half the work for you*" ... I replied ... "Well if that's the case – *give me two of them*".

The Bible tells us that as God's image bearers we have dominion over every living thing. Maybe that's the answer to Tim's question as to why we're catching so many big trout of late. But let me go on, the Bible also urges us to *work* with our hands so that we can provide for ourselves and others. That *work*, when performed with the right attitude, can be pleasurable and rewarding.

So, whatever your *labor* do it diligently and gratefully. For when God puts *work* into your life, He expects you to put *life* into your work. So as we celebrate the *Swan Song of Summer*, may we thank the Lord for giving us the *work* necessary to earn our daily bread and the willingness to share that bread with others. So with that said I wish you and yours ...



*A Happy Labor Day Weekend,*

*Jon Dwyer*

**Publisher**

**BDFC**