



# THE BOB DWYER

## FISHING CLUB

### AUGUST - 2018

#### President's Corner

- The 2018 **Ray Williams Trophy Period** will begin on Saturday (September 22nd) and close on Sunday (September 30th) the last day of the regular season for many of the streams we fish.
- The Fall **BDFC Fish Fry** will be held on Friday (September 28th).
- The **BDFC Dinner Meeting and Banquet** will be held on Saturday (September 29th).
- The **2018 PH Grimes Trophy** will be awarded at the Dinner Meeting.

If you haven't already, please be sure to get your reservations in to **Gary** at the Mountain Brook Inn [mountainbrookinn@aol.com](mailto:mountainbrookinn@aol.com) or by phone at 607-832-4662.

#### A Few Reflections

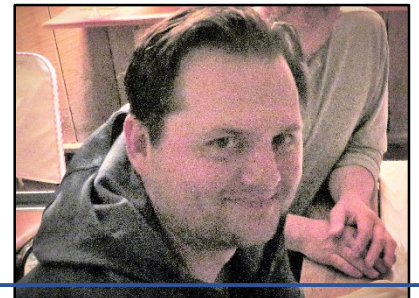
We had one of the largest gatherings we have had in years at the Spring, get-together. What with sons, grandsons, nephews and friends of some of our senior members (some of whom, will soon become members of the Club themselves) sharing enthusiastically in the fun and companionship we all enjoyed.



From the left is **Tim Christopher**, Chris O'Gorman's nephew; next to him is **Danny Wilson**, Peter Snetzko's nephew as well as Lenny Winstanley's grand-son;

to the right of the old man (Jon Dwyer) is **Julian Vigiletti** Ken's son;

and last but not least to the right is: **PJ Snetzko**, Peter's son.





## *Now, do you get the picture?*

(left to right, row by row, I will pay the fish-fry bill for the first Club Member who submits to me the names of each person in this photo)

### **BDFC History**

Four years ago, on March 3, 2014, **Kevin Grimes** our Club Historian traveled to **Jon Dwyer's** home in Tega Cay, South Carolina. There, he met with Jon's brothers **Bob** and **Rick**.

The purpose of this meeting was to interview them and document the **Dwyer Family History** that led up to the formation of the **Bob Dwyer Fishing Club**. Kevin spent the next three plus years producing and editing the first



segment of Club History entitled:

**BDFC Historical Diaries**  
**Chapter – 1 The Early Days**

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**BDFC History Continued**

Kevin did a **tremendous job** of not only **creating it**, but **narrating it** as well. This effort was completed in the early part of 2017 and partially shown to the membership attending the Spring dinner that year. However, it has never been disseminated to the Club. The original release happened to be a **“Power Point”** production which many of the **“senior members”** of the Club have no idea what to do with. So, with that in mind, please take another look at that group picture on the previous page while I ask the following:

***“How many of those appearing in that picture have any idea of the Great History of the Bob Dwyer Fishing Club?”***

We have added a number of new and younger members to the Club over the last few years and we have the potential to continue doing so. And I am sure that each of them is eager to understand and appreciate what this Club is all about, especially over her **48 years** of existence. This being the case, I have requested that **Kevin Grimes** and **Rob Dwyer** look into getting a CD of this first segment of **Club History** into each member’s hand ... and/or ... possibly working with **Eric Schwarz** at clubhosting.org to include it as an accessible **“click & show feature”** on the Club Web Site.

We look forward to hearing their thinking on this, at the Fall Dinner Meeting.



**See you soon at the MBI,**

**Tim Flynn**

**President – BDFC**



**Spring Highlights**

Brother Bob, Jim Flynn and I arrived at the MBI on Tuesday afternoon the first of May. We were greeted with some heavy rains the first day out which made for some good fishing. Each of us caught a number of nice trout from 13 to 17 inches.

And just like last year, it was Jim who managed to get a brook trout which measured 16 inches, to take the lead for the **2018 Perry Dimmick Trophy**.



Left to right we find **Dwyer Grimes** holding his 20-inch WB brown which held up to win the **2018 P.H. Grimes**

**Trophy**, edging out **Wayne Cerinetti's** Little Delaware beauty by a mere **1/8<sup>TH</sup>** inch.

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As I mentioned it was May 1<sup>st</sup> the opening day of the turkey hunt in NY State. Sure enough, **the kid** from Apalachin was there cleaning his game (at left)

While Jon Dwyer cleans the day's catch under Gary's bridge due to a driving rainstorm (at right).



This is a picture of a very proud **Lenny Winstanley** standing with the male contingent of his family (far left & far right) Lenny's daughter **Laura's** sons Matt and PJ Snetzko ; second from left Lenny's daughter **Allison's** son Danny Wilson and of course his son-in-law ... our faithful treasurer ... Peter.

Later that night it was off to the Vasta's Bistro and Pizzeria in Stamford, NY. This photo is entitled

*"The three stooges plus one"*

Any guesses as to who the **"one"** is?



Wayne, Jon, Bob & Tim take over the bar

Then off to Bea's as Julian beefs up for a day's fishing

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Over to the Plattekill we go and while dad **Ken Vigiletti** looks for the right lure ...

After some instructions from Jon Dwyer, Ken's son **Julian** catches his **first trout** on a Panther Martin

On the way back to the MBI we picked up some road-kill for the **BBQ** at Kevin's Tunis Lake house.



**Ryan & Robbie Dwyer** flank **Wayne Cerinetti** as they await the good eats.

**"Come and get it!"**

Jon and Lenny enjoy a **Martini**, while they stay **out of the way** of the mad rush.



The next day, Jon took Danny and

It was on the East Branch where

and on a little known, tributary where

Lenny out for a days fishing. Danny caught **his first** brown trout Len's quest for a fine brookie paid off.

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The moment has come for the kitchen crew to roll up their sleeves and get to work, for the **Fish Fry and Dinner Banquet** are coming up – back to back! But as usual, **they were up to the task** and pulled them off **flawlessly**.

**“OUR THANKS TO BECKY, JANE, GARY and PHIL!”**



From the skillet, to the draining rack along with the potatoes and everything else ... **Fit for a King!**

I went to Gary's web site and found that of the **15 reviews** he was rated **5.0** (excellent) in all categories. These included **service, food, value and atmosphere**. One lady from New Jersey started her review like this:

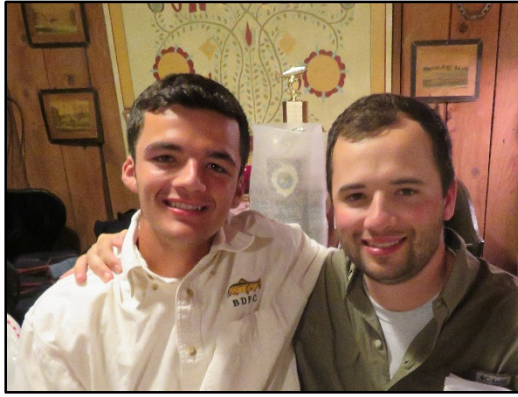
*"When I go to Heaven, I know it will be like the Mountain Brook Inn and Gary will be hand picked by God to be my host ..."* **What might you write?**

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**Saturday Night Delight**



**Tim Flynn and Rob Crowley**  
crossing the bridge  
"To Paradise!"



Montana State University freshman  
**Dwyer Grimes** with brother **Brian**  
(Bosman to Arlington – long trip)



**Peter Snetzko** - Our Hero



(L to R) **Chris O'Gorman, Wayne Cerinetti** and **Rob & Ryan Dwyer**  
(Might be some sort of problem there)



It was certainly a pleasure to have **John Knoeppel** as well as the **Dimmicks** (Dave & Francine), join us at the dinner table.



**Bob Dwyer and President Tim** present the **Perry Dimmick Trophy** to Jim Flynn (L) for the largest brook trout caught in 2017 (16 inches). At right, **Jon Dwyer** is awarded the **Bob Dwyer Trophy** and the **Ray Williams Trophy** for the largest trout caught in 2017 as well as the last week of the season (a 23-inch brown).

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### Closing Tribute



**Brian Grimes** shared with us, a letter which his Grandfather **and founder** of the Bob Dwyer Fishing Club wrote **about him**, in the year 2000. I wanted each of you to see it in print, it read as follows:

#### **“The Old Man and the Kid”**

The day was bright and clear, not a cloud in the sky. He was 8 years old and going fishing with his grandfather. Four days earlier he had an appendectomy and was taking it easy at his grandpa’s home in the Catskills.

As they walked towards the headwaters of a well-known Catskill stream, His grandfather said they would try to fish **two holes**, that would not require any wading. The interest of the youngster piqued, when he was told that a trout of 20 inches had been taken out of each hole and that a **“monster trout”** had been seen twice in the last three years - in the first hole.

His grandfather **surprised him**, by saying that the prime purpose of today’s fishing **was to learn more about the outdoors and how to fish**. If he caught a trout, all the better. The old man thought **back 30 years** and remembered when the **youngster’s father** started the same way.

The first hole beckoned, but they followed a circuitous route to a **casting spot** behind a heavy screen of shrubs. The youngster was told *“If you can see the trout, he probably has already seen you. Remember that the trout looks for cover before food. If we cannot see or spook a trout, they are probably deep in cover **and the catching** will be **mighty tough**.”*

With the bushes so high, the boy would have to forget the easier side arm cast and adjust to an overhead one today. His first attempts snagged on the trees behind him. As the casts improved over the bushes, they found their way into the branches of the trees on the other side of the stream. Finally, the casts started to land in the lower section of the hole, but understandably not one fish was seen. The old man **realized** it was going to be a **difficult day**.

They stealthly **moved up the hole** behind the brush screen. Kneeling down behind a small tree, the youngster’s cast into a wider section of the hole - brought a strike from a flash of yellow. But the 11-inch brown jumped and threw the kid’s spinner. A few more fruitless casts, found them creeping further up the hole, to a small opening between the brushes. **“Here, is where I saw the monster,”** said the old man.

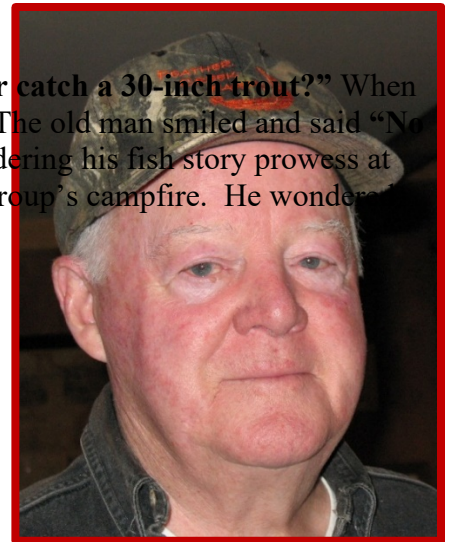
The cast was his best of the day, alighting under a canopy of bushes along the opposite shoreline. As the boy retrieved the lure, the grandfather slightly moved the rod tip, so that the lure would curve away from the lair. **With a rush**, the dark form of a **huge trout** moved towards the lure. Even the grandfather was excited. **“Do you see the size of that trout?”**



A quick inspection and with the flick of his tail, **the monster** moved back under the canopy to his lair, behind a huge boulder. Nothing was going to stop the youngster now. Again, and again, he threw towards **the monster's lair**. It took a while, before the youngster realized, that you rarely get more than **one cast at a trophy**. They continued to the head of the hole, while a few more trout flashed, the kid had no more strikes.

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As they moved to the next hole the youngster asked, "**Grandpa, did you ever catch a 30-inch trout?**" When he replied "**No**", the kid said "Do you know that trout was 30 inches long?" The old man smiled and said "**No it wasn't, but it was a great trout ... probably 22 or 23 inches long.**" Considering his fish story prowess at such an early age, the old man thought he would fit well around any fishing group's campfire. He wondered how many years it would be, before the youngster realized that most trout stream fishermen would never see **such a fish** in their lifetime.



The second hole was large and circular. A newly downed tree limb made a whirlpool, with a number of trout facing down-stream in the back eddy. Casting from atop the small embankment, his first cast landed in the deeper water of the hole. A small trout sped towards it but did not hit it. **The boy had not seen the fish**, so Grandpa took off his Polaroid glasses and put them on the youngster. "**Wow, there's a trout. There's another one. Why, there must be a hundred trout in this hole.**" Grandpa grinned and thought to himself, "**Next he'll be trying for the multiplication of the loaves.**" However, the enthusiasm of the youngster did not increase the number of strikes.

"**Time to hit the road**" brought a look of disappointment to the boy but a sense of satisfaction to the Grandpa, who turned to move along the grassy embankment. Then there was a loud splash and the cries of the 8-year old calling "**Grandpa, Grandpa!**" Turning back, he saw the boy floundering in the water up to his chin. Jumping into the water he waded to the child. Grabbing him, he lifted him high above his shoulders and put him up on the shore.

"**You OK?**" ... The subdued youngster whispered "**yes**". The old man retrieved the rod from the stream and climbed ashore, **feeling a bit older than before**. A few seconds passed and the boy realizing, the great commotion that had just occurred in the pool said, "**You know, Grandpa, the next fisherman that tries this hole won't catch any trout.**" The old man marveled at the quixotic nature of youth ... from the screams of fear, to the appraisal of future fishing success all inside of **one minute**.

The old man slowly picked up the boy's rod and they moved out along a faint deer trail between the ripening blackberries and the dying nettles.

**So, there you have it, a letter written by one of my dearest friends, Patrick H. Grimes ... I love you man!**



**Have a safe and joyful Labor Day,**

**Jon Dwyer**

**Publisher BDFC**

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