

THE BOB DWYER FISHING CLUB

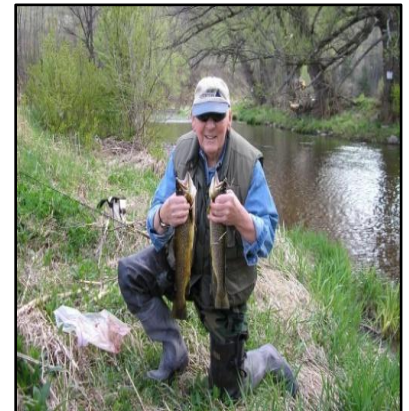
JULY – 2009

President's Corner

Hello, everyone. Well, Summer is upon us once again. I'd say that the trout fishing is slowing down now, but I don't think it ever got started. Fishing in May wasn't anything to brag about. For the number of fishermen in the local waters of the Bovina Center region during the days leading up to our Spring Dinner/Meeting, we sure didn't have a lot to show for it.

There were some good trout caught, but just not what we are used to catching that time of year. **John Miselnicky** (pictured to the right) did manage to land an 18 ½ brown trout (left) ... to set the pace for the BDFC Trophy run this year.

Whether you use a fly, lure or live bait, the trout should be coming out of their hiding places and slamming the potential meal. It seems as though this thing we call "trout fishing" is getting to be more like "work" and less like "play." The reason being of course, is that the early season water is getting lower each year due to the fact that we really have had no big snowfalls in late Spring like in the past. For years, there has normally been a 15" to 20" late March to mid-April snowfall, that's tended to "pad" the water table, giving us a nice Spring run-off.



Two fine East Brook Browns

On April 23, 1986, I drove to **Jack & Martha Hewitt's** farm for a few days of trout fishing with my wife and kids. From Kingston to Vegas it was a blizzard. There was a line of cars at the bottom of Pine Hill that couldn't make it over the top because of the heavy snow on the road. We all waited for snowplows to arrive and clear the way before we could venture on. All told, a foot to a foot and a half of snow fell that morning. On April 7, 1987 I retired from the Army. Of course, once again we all headed straight to Hewitt's. It was raining on Long Island when we left and it continued to rain all the way. I knew, right away we were in trouble with regards to water, when we spotted a small cabin floating down the Esopus River! So goes the so-called "days-of-old" things have surely changed. Since 1996 I have seen severe summer flooding of the Batavia Kill, East Brook, both branches of the Delaware and all of her feeder streams. I guess the most dramatic was several years ago when the **Cartwright's** still owned the property on the Batavia Kill ... water was running throughout their vast acreage while they stood in about a foot of it - in the kitchen of their old farmhouse!

Getting back to reality, I was in Bovina Center on June 24/25. The water was high, high and high! There were places next to the Mountain Brook Inn where I couldn't cross the stream in regular hip boots. **Gary Simmons** told me that they had numerous torrential downpours, throughout the month. My wife and I were witness to some the first evening. The next morning, the water was out of control and we were forced to go home. I'm sure, that with "normal" rainfall the rest of the summer there will be some decent fishing for those of you who can make it down. By the way, we did keep eight trout the first day (nothing bigger than 14 inches though).

Be sure your calendar is marked for our Fall Dinner/Meeting. The date of the dinner meeting is Saturday, September 26th at the Mountain Brook Inn on the upper reaches of the Little Delaware. Our cocktail party will begin at 5pm; meeting at 6pm and dinner at 7pm. The Roy Williams Trophy week will be September 19-27th. To make reservations, contact Gary at 877-692-7655 or by e-mail at: mountainbrookinn@aol.com you will be informed at a later date as to the specifics of the dinner menu.



Dave Dimmick

President

BDFC

The downside of using worms.
Another ... Sucker!

Two Entirely Different Tactics

Even though the fishing "wasn't anything to brag about" this Spring, as President Dave Dimmick put it; I must admit that I, for one, thoroughly enjoyed it. And that's because of two things. First, I happened across a "hatch" on the West Branch that was a sight to behold. As I was standing on the South Kortright Bridge, my brother **Bob** and his son **Rob** drove up, at which time I gestured to them to park their vehicle and join me. The three of us watched in awe as trout after trout came to the surface to satisfy their appetite. It was here that each of us tried to determine from our collective "arsenal" what we had to throw at them that might entice them to bite. We came across a number of flies and streamers that we thought might work but soon came to



Bob Dwyer checking out his gear

our senses and realized that without a fly rod we had no way of delivering the goods. That evening, I approached **Pat Grimes** and asked him if I could use his fly rod the next morning. He graciously honored my request.

Needless to say, I was out early the next morning (11am) and off to the West Branch. Where I found the trout to still be rising. However, not to the same pattern of flies they were the previous day. This time, instead of a medium sized white fly, they were after a much smaller fly – grayish in color. I figured it to be about a size 20/22 midge or gnat. So I rummaged through my borrowed gear until I found what I thought, perfectly matched the hatch.

Once I got down to the stream, I went above the run to practice my casting a bit. It took me about fifteen, minutes before I felt comfortable with it. After which, I approached the rising trout below. Over the next half hour or so I managed to miss on a number of strikes, but finally hit pay dirt on another and landed a plump 15 ½ incher. By this time, the rises were diminishing as the hatch seemed to ebb. I did happen to catch one more nice brown of about 17 inches (pictured at left).

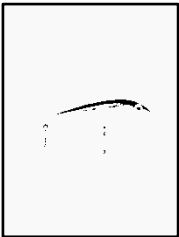


Then, as I was readying to leave, I made one last cast. One, which turned out to be ... a perfect cast ... across the stream, well under and up against the arching stone façade of this magnificent ornate bridge ... one which proved to produce ... a violent boil.

After setting the hook, this mammoth of a trout had its way with me. It headed straight down stream stripping line as fast as the reel would shed it; finally coming to rest in the deepest part of the run, some 60 yards below me. With no way to get down there due to the depth of the water under the bridge, I had no choice but to try to *turn it* up stream.

No Dice ... for the moment I put pressure on her, she thrashed her head, much like an adult “Labrador retriever” wrestling a rope from one’s hand. With that, the line snapped out of the water and up in the air. “It broke me off ... or so I thought.” Once I got my line in, I came to realize that my tiny “midge” was still intact; but altered: **the hook was straightened out!** So, there you have it, this year’s story of: “*The big one that got away*” while implementing tactic number **one** (midge fishing).

Now, tactic number **two**. This one involved using a lure I have never used while trout fishing. A quarter ounce Countdown, Silver Rapala. The next day, after trying to find some of the “others” in our group



without success, I decided to go down stream towards Hamden. I went into a remote area of the river where there were some fine runs, the first of which rewarded me with a number of feisty small mouth bass. Albeit, they were a lot of fun to catch but they were not what I was looking for. So I began zeroing my casts in and

around a deep eddy just off to the left side of the main part of the run. Pretty soon ... **bang** ... my biggest trout of the trip 18 ¼ inches (pictured to the right). The Countdown Rapala proved to be the right lure to use that day. I had fished, the first two days of this trip to the Catskills with my old reliable variety of Panther Martins and Pins Minnows, with minimum success. Of course, 90 plus degree temperatures combined with sunny skies and clear water certainly entered into the equation.



The Countdown Rapala is only about 2 ½ inches long, but it casts much like one of those *practice plugs* you sometimes get when you buy a new reel ... straight and long (I could cast it clear across the river at its widest point). Another plus, was its hook setting capability, I didn’t lose a fish with it whether trout or bass. Every fish I caught, I had to use pliers to remove the hooks from their mouth (and sometimes, sides as well). What’s especially nice about this lure is that when fishing deep water, you can let it sink before starting your retrieve. It sinks at a rate of one foot per second, so you just “*count it down*” to the depth the fish are more likely at. I assure you, I’ll never be caught on the stream again **without** one of these dandy little lures in my tackle box.



Brian Grimes receiving the BDFC Trophy from **Jon Dwyer** for his winning trout for 2008 – a magnificent 24 ½ inch brown



Bob Dwyer Jr. congratulating **Peter Snetzko** on winning the end-of-season Ray Williams Trophy – a 17 ¾ inch brownie



President, **Dave Dimmick** receiving winning accolades From **Bob Dwyer Jr.** for his perennial winning of the award named after his own father, the Perry Dimmick Trophy for the largest brookie of the year – a 17 ½ incher



Lenny Winstanley, enjoying the whole affair



Rob Dwyer Signifies his approval, with a wink



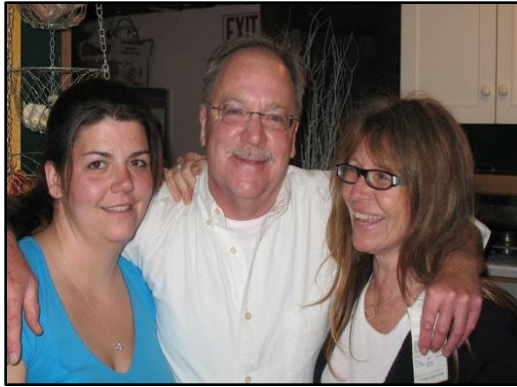
John Knoeppel, concurs



As does, Tim Flynn



Mike Glavin and Eddie Sisson on the edge of their seats during the festivities



While Gary and the Kitchen Crew pose "with a sigh of relief" – that it's finally over



and our sleepest member, Dwyer after a hard days fishing. I understand his sister Meagan caught a 15 inch brown



We also had a surprise visit from one of Gordon's closest friends



Kevin Grimes with a beautiful 19 1/2" Brown he caught in the West Branch on Sunday. However, it has an **asterisk* associated with it



On July 4th, this great nation of ours, came together to celebrate Patrick Henry Grime's birthday. And with it (just down the road - in DeLancey) one can observe, first hand, this wonderful symbol of peace and symbol of this land - the American Bald Eagle.



May God bless our troops, who continue to fight to preserve our nation's freedom and may God bless America.



Jon Dwyer

**Publisher
BDFC**