



# Gordon's Quill

Vol. XVIII, No. 10

SPRING 2006

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## TGF Annual Soiree a Great Success

James C. Aker

**M**arch 11th, Theodore Gordon Flyfishers held its 44th Annual Day celebration at the New York Anglers' Club in downtown Manhattan. Those who attended commented favorably on the event, and some said it was the best



*Bob Yunich prepares*

Annual Day held in recent years. The final count was 69 happy souls who spent a profitable evening enjoying all things fly fishing within the hallowed halls of the Anglers' Club. Directors began to filter in the door around 5:00 PM to set up for the Annual Meeting. Bob Yunich was there bright and early, proxies in hand and ready to do his duty as Secretary of the Board of Directors. He deserves a good deal of credit for his hard work tallying proxies and tracking raffle tickets, and reservations for the dinner.

The Annual Meeting got underway around 5:30 PM and, with a quorum of Directors present, President Peter Smith gavelled the meeting to order. The directors and members present listened to some brief remarks from President Smith on TGF in 2005 and the continuing growth and health of the organization. He then introduced John Happersett, TGF Treasurer, who reported to the assembled mem-



*Chip Westerman confers with John Happersett*



*Gary Eisenkraft looks on*

bership on the financial health of TGF in 2005, which is good, the 2005 Annual Report, the addition of a new Accountant and the election of Charles (Chip) Westerman as Assistant Treasurer. Chip will act as John's assistant and will eventually take over the position of Treasurer upon Mr. Happersett's retire-

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**THEODORE  
GORDON  
FLYFISHERS,  
INC.**

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**Editor-in-Chief**

David Miller

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All correspondence regarding  
Gordon's Quill should be sent by e-mail to  
editor@tgf.org or by post to: Editor, TGF  
PO Box 2345, Grand Central Station,  
New York, NY 10163-2345  
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**President's Message – SPRING '06 GORDON'S QUILL**



I wish that all TGF members could have attended our Annual Day at The Anglers' Club in March. We began the event with an official meeting of the members during which time three chairmen of core committees gave reports on 2005 activities. Terry McCartney for the Conservation Committee, John Happersett for Finance and Jim Aker for Membership. It was good to witness a few members-at-large participating in the meeting by asking pertinent questions of some of the committee chairs, which is always a healthy sign of an engaged organization.

Our distinguished guest was Howell Raines, the eminent journalist and former managing editor of The New York Times. Mr. Raines read for us an intriguing passage of a fly fishing trip of his to faraway Christmas Island from his forthcoming book, *The One That Got Away: A Memoir*. He was also gracious enough to take a few questions from our members. I'm certain that his manuscript will receive a wide readership from not only the fly fishing community but also from the general public when it is published next month.

Almost all of the fifteen TGF directors were present for Annual Day and I'd like to thank them here and now for making the evening quite a success, especially the conservation raffle and the spirited auction. However, two unsung heroes were unable to make it and I think this is a good opportunity to mention them by name for all the good work they do for TGF. Joel Filner, a longtime TGF director who is known to many members, has been recovering from a medical condition which prevented him from attending the event. Joel is an activist who can always be counted on for manning the tables at the winter fly fishing shows and helping out with the mechanics of our auctions and raffles. In addition, he has hosted a couple of recent joint outings with TGF and the Salty Fly Rodders at Shinnecock Inlet in the summer. And this year he tied up some killer salt water flies for our Annual Day auction. (I believe Ryan Kenny, my son-in-law, was the winning bidder on those nifty lures, plus a lot of other stuff.) Joel tells me he's on the mend and we look forward to seeing him at the next meeting of the Board of Directors. Hopefully, Joel will even be in good enough shape to hoist a glass of Smithwick's at Desmonds, where some directors gather for an early sandwich before board meetings.

Our other notable unsung hero is John Barone, who has served at TGF's eyes and ears and as our representative on several conservation issues that are critical to TGF's mission. John is a very busy lawyer who somehow manages to carve out time that is just invaluable to the Conservation Committee and to all of us. Since he works behind the scenes, many TGF members have yet to make his acquaintance, but it's time he got more recognition for his excellent contributions.

Hats off. 

Tight Lines and colder water,

*Peter F. Smith*

President, Theodore Gordon Flyfishers

# Trout Fishing in Afghanistan

David H. Miller

The burned out hulks of Russian tanks lining the road to the mountains lay far in the future that June day as we raced toward the Salang Pass north of Kabul. My friend Jerry had proposed that we drive over the pass to one of the small mountain streams at 11,000 feet to fish for brown trout. He had been told that they were plentiful in the pocket water of these streams, trout that were the direct descendants of those brought to Afghanistan by British military in the late 19th century. The ancestors of these trout had surely been pursued by woolen clad second sons of British noble families, before the Second Afghan War in 1888 had ended that part of the "Great Game" between Russia and England for control of the passes into Kabul and the Indian plain.

But now it was 1968 and the competition between the US and Russia had brought the first modern benefits to the Afghans. There was an excellent ring road all around Afghanistan that carried mostly truck traffic, one half built by the Russians, and the other by the Americans. There was also a large and highly modern and architecturally striking US built international airport in the southern city of Kandahar. The airport was part of the encirclement of the Soviet Union and we were told had a military hospital, a huge oil depot, and everything needed for US air operations. The Russians were just completing the construction of a new polytechnical school on the outskirts of Kabul, near the Russian built flourmill and bakery which processed US AID flour into Russian bread. Women were coming out of the chadri (erroneously now called the burqa by current western journalists who adopted the term from Pakistan, not Afghanistan) in Kabul, entering professions such as law, education and medicine. But Kabul was then still a sleepy and small center of intrigue in a new chapter of the new game that was later to heat up so dramatically.

It was the "Golden Age of modern Afghanistan", a time of peaceful cooperation between the super powers in a country so undeveloped that the best hotel in the city, the Spinzar, might casually leave three day old sheets on your beds when you arrived, and the primary source of for-

eign food was from the storage rooms and freezers of US AID staff whose houseboys found this an easy source of extra income. For foreign fishermen, privileged members of the foreign aid teams that were everywhere in the country, the ring road meant you could easily drive into the mountains from Kabul and chase trout.

The Salang Pass was high and barren, littered with fallen boulders and free of the softening effects of trees and grass.



*View of the Salang Pass, snow tunnel on the left.*

The stream we went to was narrow and nameless, at least for those of us who didn't live in the immediate area. Like many of these streams, it had a barren beauty of boulders and rushing water, foaming white pools and pockets, and the promise of trout waiting to rocket up from the crevasses to grab our offerings.

This wasn't sophisticated fishing. None of us had thought to bring fly rods to Afghanistan. But Jerry had everything we would need, including a clutch of spinning equipment, spinner clad hooks for use with worms if we wished, and transportation in the shape of a big white International Travelall supplied by USAID which could hold probably eight of us. He also had a pair of very personable Afghan

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previous page*

servants, a cook and houseboy both named Abdul, whom Jerry distinguished by calling them "Abdul One"[Abdul yak] and "Abdul Two" [Abdul du] in Farsi. They would accompany us to provide translations, advice and a bit of lunch after we had fished. They were expert kabob makers and we could look forward to a fine meal to tide us over at mid-day.

There were four of us, a little cross section of the international community in Kabul at the time. Jerry was working for AID, living in a nicely furnished house and enjoying the privileges of a handsome Texan bachelor in a town with quite a few single young American women, mostly Peace Corps volunteers. Bill was a veterinarian,



*Trout Stream in the Salang Pass*

but also a Mormon doing his bit of missionary work. In fact missionaries were surprisingly numerous in this very Moslem country and the Mormons were very prominent among them in Kabul. It seemed to me then and now a futile effort among the fierce and fundamentalist tribesmen of the country. Our other companion was a German of uncertain assignment, probably doing intelligence work under the cover of business. I was in Afghanistan with my wife Kathie, both of us teaching English at Kabul University as our Peace Corps assignment.

The fishermen split up when we hit the stream, each trying his luck in the various pockets of pounding water. I stopped first by a likely looking section that was filled with foam but also had enough of a back eddy where I thought a trout might be able to hold against the thundering current. The rod was an older fiberglass

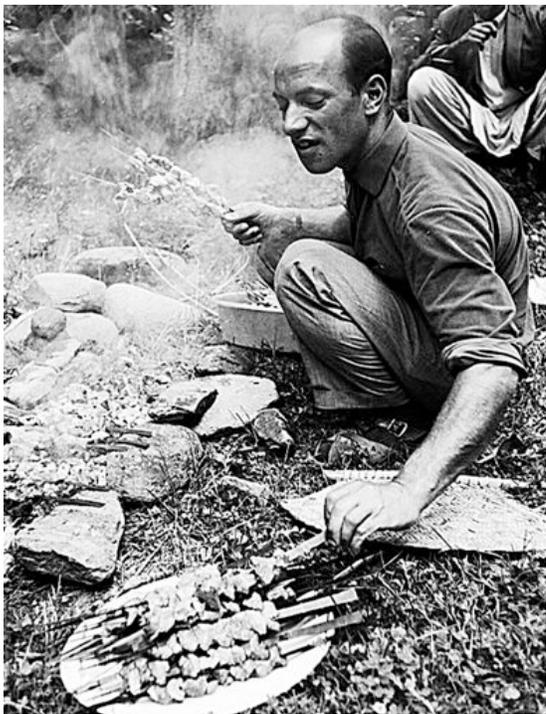
model, long enough and supple enough to cast decently at least, and the reel was a good one, a Mitchell as I recall. Thoughtfully I rigged the swivel with an improved clinch knot, and pulled out a Mepps spinner with a bit of foxtail on the treble hook. It was a decent rig, with about a 6 lb. test line, but it wasn't really my idea of fishing. I was uncertain about the technique, but Jerry had told us to just cast a spinner into the slower water (if you could find any), or to dabble a worm behind the boulders and twitch the spinner to give it a bit of flash. These were small spots in small water, and I didn't expect much. I had decided to forgo the worm for the moment and just use the spinner.

I immediately saw a flash at the spinner in the first eddy I started working, but the fish appeared small and disappeared so quickly I wasn't sure it was a trout—a chubb maybe? A couple more casts in this spot were not productive, so I moved on downstream.

This was the drill for the rest of the morning, flipping the spinner into the pockets, sometimes getting a tug or seeing a flash of sliver in the harsh mountain light. The water was crystal clear, and very cold which made the fishing a bit tougher as well. We didn't want to wade or fall in as the current was far too swift. And these trout were wary—had they seen this before?—and didn't strike as readily as we had expected. Somehow we thought that this would be fishing an untouched high mountain stream, which had been the tone of

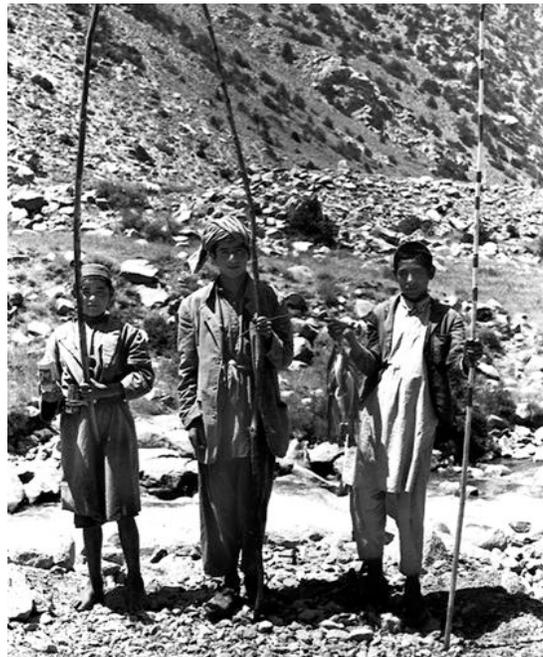
our conversation on the trip through the switch-backs and grinding climbs from Kabul. But this was just frustrating. Beautiful water, eddies that had to hold fish if there were any here, tentative tugs that had to be strikes, but no fish.

I worked my way down a long and beautiful section of the stream before lunch without result—fish flashing by, but no real takes and no fish. Abdul One and Two meanwhile were working their magic on a massive pile of kabobs at a smoky little fire they'd started with the wood we brought along. Lucky we had, at that, for there was not a scrap of spare wood in sight and we could see for probably 30 miles at this elevation. The tasty kabobs, some potato salad, chips and a beer made it a real picnic in the Pass. But none of us had caught any trout.



*Abdul fixes kabobs*

After lunch, as we walked back to the road where we'd left the car, we met a small group of young 8-9 year old Afghan boys, each holding a stick with 3-4 brown trout on it. They wanted to sell us these fish, which Abdul One told us they'd caught this morning right where we'd been fishing, only they had been there really early it appeared. Abdul explained this all to us very tentatively and with great awareness of the apparent power and prestige of our distinguished if thoroughly skunked little group of fishermen.



*Afghan boys with trout rods*

We were all a bit shy about admitting our defeat in this circumstance, each reinforcing the other's embarrassment about buying trout. So we tried to bargain, even offering a Coke and a Seven Up in part exchange for the fish. But the boys tried a Coke and decided it was a strange and bitter drink, even if they clearly treasured the cans for the metal and stuck the empty Seven Up in their belt. After all, a couple of us were carrying Charikar knives that we'd actually watched being hammered from old car springs. So, who knew what the cans might turn into—certainly a bit of spare change for the boys.

We never bought the trout. That evening my wife, Kathie, just couldn't understand why we didn't buy these trout, especially since she was so confident I'd return with fresh trout there was nothing else planned for dinner.

Kathie and I returned to the states a few months later where I tried my hand at an academic career in Russian history. That didn't work out too well and I became an international banker instead. My replacement as an English teacher at Kabul University was a well-educated, chic and pretty woman, by the way, for women really were moving into the professions in Afghanistan in the late 1960's.

The little Afghan boys probably grew up to be mujahedin and fought the Russians. 🦋

# The Case of the Ambiguous Angler

## Solving the Riddle of the Patron Saint of the American Dry Fly Tradition

James C. Aker



**T**heodore Gordon Flyfishers! It's an organization that has, for more than forty years, upheld the ethics and practice of the great Theodore Gordon himself. We, like he so many years ago, hold meetings of our organization at the Union League Club of Manhattan. We, like Gordon, advocate public access to waters, promote catch and release practices, and are dedicated to conservation. We employ the very ethics originated by Gordon himself. We act in his name.

But who was the man for whom TGF is named? Who was Theodore Gordon? What do we know of the details of his life? What were his life experiences like? What adventures, both triumphs and tragedies, brought him to fish the fabled rivers of the Catskills; to mimic the



Epeorous Pleuralis dun with his invention of the Quill Gordon dry fly? What forces led him establish a fly fishing ethic still observed around the world and finally what events brought him to the life of a lonely recluse in a farmhouse on the Neversink River?

And, who was the mysterious lady photographed with him upon the river in the only two existing fishing photos of Gordon? The woman Theodore referred to in his letters as "the best fishing chum I ever had." What did she of the Tam O'Shanter, short jacket, and skirts, who waded wet and matched his efforts step for step, know of him and his genius? What did she mean to him? What was their story?



*Gordon and mystery woman fish the Neversink River-1895*

Sparse Grey Hackle writes in his enduring [Fishless Days and Angling Nights](#), that Herman Christian, a friend of Gordon in later life, indicates that this lady was the one lady of Gordon's life; his one great love. Roy Steenrod, also a friend and contemporary of Gordon, was said to have known her name, but as was the custom of a far more romantic, civilized, and less sensational era, he refused to identify her. Who was she and what became of her?

Gordon was such a prolific writer. He wrote many of his "Little Talks" for various publications of the day such as [The Fishing Gazette](#) and [Forest and Stream](#), and his notes and letters comprise a full five hundred pages of a most informative and evocative collection entitled [The Complete Fly Fisherman](#) compiled and edited by the late John MacDonald. Why are there no books penned by Gordon himself or at least a manuscript or two. How could this be? How could this diminutive creative genius have left us without setting pen to paper and bequeathing to us a written legacy worthy of the master fly tier and angler of his time. There are so many mysteries that have never been fully explained about this man who changed the face of fly fishing in America. Much of the life story of this creative intellect remains arcane, and enigmatic.

We all know that he was born in 1854 into a well to do Pittsburg, Pennsylvania family, lost his father at an early age, lived in the South for a time with his mother Fanny Jones Gordon, as a young man worked on Wall Street as a Securities Trader, and retired to the Catskill Mountains on the advice of his doctor. Gordon, as we all know, was physically small in stature and suffered from life long pulmonary illness to which he eventually succumbed in 1915. He is buried in the Gordon vault at the New York Marble Cemetery located in lower Manhattan. We also know that he is the father of the American dry fly and founder of an entire school of fly tying technique: the Catskill School. He was



a dedicated life long conservationist and gentleman angling sportsman who advocated a genteel ethic for the fly fisher. His accomplishments are legend in fly fishing circles.

These facts and perhaps more so the absence of facts, have proved to be an inspiration to one of our more recent TGF members, Jeff Larmer. Jeff is a semi-retired non-profit executive and aspiring novelist who now makes his home in Bozeman, Montana. As an avid fly fisherman, life long conservationist, and amateur angling historian, the gaps in the history of the patron saint of the American dry fly intrigued Jeff enough to investigate the Gordon history in depth and to eventually lay out a plot line for a historical novel based around the life and times of Theodore Gordon.

“ The story has all the elements to make a truly interesting and entertaining book.” Jeff told this reporter recently over lunch in Manhattan at Smith and Wollensky, the birth-place of TGF over 40 years ago when it was Manny Wolfe’s.

The working title of his book is Neversink Walks and it is a story told in retrospect through the eyes of one who knew Gordon intimately. The opening takes place in the mid 1950’s and looks back over nearly 60 years to the turn of the century.

Gordon astream

The plot synopsis reads: *“On assignment a young Sports Illustrated reporter, unable to grieve over her fiancé’s recent death, discovers the living, aged secret lover of a long deceased, famed Catskill Mountain fly fishing recluse, Theodore Gordon. Becoming Lady Catherine’s confidant she learns of their great love story and unravels a mystery leading to the hidden location of one of angling’s most holy manuscripts, resolving her own personal issues in the process.”*

Jeff stated, “It has romance, intrigue, mystery, and a timeless message.”, and went on to say “Gordon has been regarded with much reverence and elevated to sainthood, by some, but I was more interested in the man and his ethic and philosophy of life.” Larmer feels that the conflicted relationship with his mother Fanny and the identity of the anonymous lover enhance the human quality of the story. The fact that the now priceless manuscripts of this master of the art and science of angling were both destroyed by fire also adds to the riddle.



Larmer has taken great pains to remain true to the know facts of Gordon’s life, but has let his fruitful imagination enter in where the facts leave off. Characters familiar to all of us will appear at different times in the story. Roy Steenrod is there as is Herman Christian, Anson Knight, Elsie Darbee, George LaBranch, Mr. Hewitt, and even Jim Payne makes an early appearance. With this approach, he weaves a truly compelling chronicle of the human condition and the romantic culture of fly fishing in a far more pastoral and genteel age at the turn of the 20th century.

Jeff insists on as much accuracy as can be gleaned from the known facts. “This is a story that must be told properly. Theodore Gordon was too important a figure not to do the right kind of job.” “ It must be written well or it will not be written at all.”, Larmer declared. He feels that the story must be told in novel form primarily but hinted at a possible screenplay somewhere in the future should the book be a success. Jeff expects to have a working draft to the publisher within a year to eighteen months and a release date within two years. I for one will be standing in line to buy a copy when it is finally released.



Gordon and friend relax

The historical novel Neversink Walks will be a story of love and loss, tragedy and triumph, failure and accomplishment and the ultimate solving of the riddle of the life and philosophy of one of fly fishing’s greatest masters. It should provide inspiration for all the values of humility, acceptance, hope, and timeless grace. Perhaps we will finally be able to have some possible answers for some of those mysteries that surround our namesake and solve the case of the ambiguous angler. 🦋

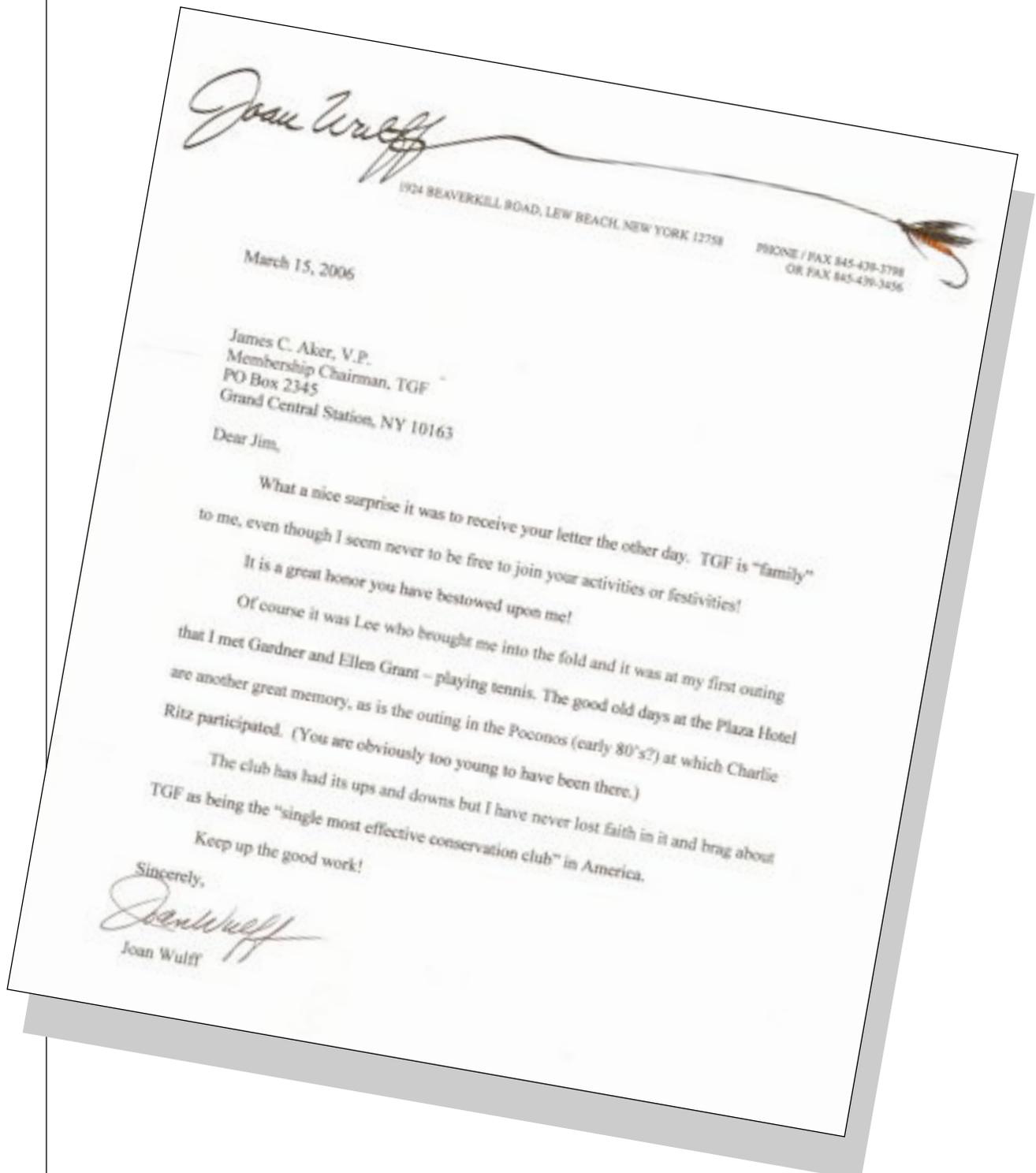


Jeffery Larmer at the old Manny Wolfe’s

# Joan Wulff , TGF's latest Life Member

TGF recently conferred an honorary Life Membership on Joan Wulff in recognition of her continued devotion to the sport of fly fishing and her dedication to the cause of cold water fisheries conservation. She has built a solid reputation and much good will for our sport, and provided substantial support to this organization over the years. 

What follows is her response:



# TGF SPRING 2006 CONSERVATION PROJECTS

## April 29 - Project Access Spring Clean-Up Day

It's that time again! Please join us for the annual Project Access Spring Clean-Up Day. Over the years, Project Access volunteers from TGF and several other groups have built paths and ramps along the Beaverkill and Willowemoc to give elderly and disabled anglers access to the streams. There are Project Access sites at the Catskill Flyfishing Center, Covered Bridge Pool, Hazel Bridge Pool, Ferdon's Eddy and Cairn's Pool. We return each Spring (on the Saturday following Arbor Day) to clean up and repair the Winter damage at each site. This year that day falls on April 29. Please save the date and join us!

We meet at the Catskill Flyfishing Center at 9:00 am, divide up, work on the sites for about three hours and then have a cookout for lunch. You'll be on the stream in time for the afternoon hatch. This is always a wonderful day of camaraderie and rewarding effort for all involved. Bring a friend or the whole family - the more the merrier. We have tools but extra shovels, rakes and wheel barrows are always welcome. Work gloves and boots are a good idea. If you plan to attend or would like more information, please contact Terry McCartney at 914-835-1961 or by e-mail at [mccartney@aol.com](mailto:mccartney@aol.com).

## April 30 - Horton Brook Rock-Rolling

The floods of the past few years have left an immense gravel bar at the mouth of Horton Brook on the Beaverkill. As a result, the cold water flowing down the brook that makes the Acid Factory Pool such an important thermal refuge for trout in July and August does not flow as well as it could. We are working on a long-term solution to the problem but, in the interim, the DEC has given us permission to do some hand-tool work at the mouth to channelize and maximize the flows at the mouth of the brook. This will benefit the trout by keeping the water cooler and provide passage up the brook. We will do this work on April 30 (the day after Project Access Day). We'll meet at the corner of Old Rt. 17 and Horton Brook Road at 9:00 a.m. and work for about 3 or 4 hours. Bring work gloves and hip boots or waders and plan on getting a little wet.

## May 13 - Beaverkill Adopt-a-Stream Clean-Up Day

TGF is one of the first members of the Federation of Flyfishers national adopt-a-stream program having adopted the Beaverkill. One of our responsibilities is to conduct periodic litter clean-ups. We do this once in the Spring and again in the Fall. Depending on the size of the work party, it usually takes a morning and leaves you free to fish in the afternoon. The next clean-up day is scheduled for May 13 - we will meet at the Reynold's House in Roscoe at 9:00 a.m. Please join us!

### **Save the date: June 9-10**

TGF Conservation Fund Dinner and Clearwater Junction Fly Tying Event  
at the Rockland House in Roscoe. Invitations will be out soon!

ment from the board.

Mr. Smith also asked Terry McCartney, TGF Vice President and Chairman of the Conservation Fund and Committee, to report on our conservation activities. He updated the assembled membership on the state of the Conservation Fund and the projects begun and finished in 2005 and those carried over to 2006. Terry also expressed genuine concern for the challenges TGF will face on the conservation front in the coming year, as two major development projects now threaten several gold medal Catskill trout streams. He encouraged all members to get involved in an active fashion in the truly important work of the TGF Conservation Committee.



Newly reelected Directors Sara Low and Bert Darrow share a toast with present Director Karen Kaplen

After a series of questions from those present on the Horton Brook project and the Krieger Project, Mr. Smith introduced James Aker, TGF Vice President and Chairman of both the Membership Committee and Founders Fund Committee. Jim reported on the growth of membership in 2005 and the continuing upward trend into 2006. Plans for 2006 were discussed and the Founders Fund Scholarship to be awarded this summer at the Conservation Fund Banquet was mentioned.



"Do I hear \$50?" David Berman auctions an item. Katie Frangos looks on.

At this point Mr. Smith called the official part of the meeting to order. Directors whose terms were ending were noted and the nominating committee presented its recommendations and nominees to the members present. Mr. Yunich reported the proxy count and noted that with those present, there was a quorum. A voice vote was taken on the nominated directors and Terry McCartney, Sara Low, Bert Darrow, David Berman, and Bob Yunich were unanimously elected to serve on the Board of Directors until 2009. Officers for 2006 will be elected at a later board meeting. A motion to adjourn was quickly made and happily seconded. Hearing no objections, at 6:30 PM the 2005 Annual Meeting was closed, and the cocktail hour began.

had arrived and were hobnobbing with the members. Nick and Mari Lyons were there as well. David Kramer, one of our founders was present. David Miller the Editor of Gordon's Quill and The TGF Bulletin was accompanied by his wife Kathie and their son Ashley who is an environmental attorney. One of our younger student members, Miss Kate Frangos, who helped hand out Raffle prizes, was there with her Uncle Jim Aker, and David Berman, in the absence of Laird Claymore MacBerman, acted as our auctioneer again this year.



John Shanahan examines his winnings while Nick and Mary Lyons and Tina and Peter Smith look on.

TGF President Peter Smith and his wife Tina, sat at the head of the long table with John Shanahan on their right. Lenny Bryer was at the other end of the table. Lenny has been twenty eight years with TGF and still an active participant in many of TGF's events and a Director. John and Gloria Happersett reported that they also thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Richard Schager, a former President of TGF, was quite at home at the Anglers' Club of which he is also a member. Director Richard Machin,



Richard Schager and Richard Machin compare fishing notes

who does all the art direction and design for TGF publications and is in charge of all our mailings, was there and also enjoyed the festivities.

President Smith rose to say a few words about the previous year and to recognize some of our fallen comrades and their important contributions to the sport of angling and conservation. A moment of silence was held to remember TGF founder Ernie Schwiebert, Stephen Sloane, Curt Gowdy, Dr. Dick Jogodnik, and others who now fish the cold mountain streams of a loftier location.



Howell Raines

Dinner was a sumptuous meal of either filet of beef or broiled salmon served with the house wine of choice. During the dessert course our speaker, Howell Raines, rose from his seat to address the gathering. After a few opening remarks Mr. Raines read a passage from his soon to be released book: The One That Got Away: A Memoir. He read a humorous selection on the "Manhattan Laws of Fly Fishing" as practiced by members of the New York Anglers' Club and the Theodore Gordon Flyfishers, and how he one day succumbed to temptation and broke those laws by trolling a fly instead of casting it. Ah, the horror, the horror!

For anyone who is familiar with Mr. Raines' works, such as Fly Fishing Through the Mid Life Crisis, you will know that his style is light hearted and quite entertaining. The One that Got Away will be released in May of this year and I know many who were present for this presentation are waiting for it to reach bookstores with great anticipation.

The Raffle and Auction were a great success. Many fine prizes were donated by individual members, Small Business Members, and supporters of the TGF Mission from every quarter. Salmon fishing trips to Kodiak, Alaska donated by Doyle Hatfield of Saltery Lake Lodge, were won by Laura Berger and also Peter Kury. John Shanahan won a marvelous stay at the lovely Battenkill Inn owned by member Alan Edmunds and his wife Judy. Nick Lyons won a trip to Montana donated by the 5 star Paws Up Resort of Montana, but generously chose to donate it to the evening's auction. It was later bought by Mr. Kurt Huhner. Kate Frangos won a lovely 7 piece 9 foot, 5 weight travel rod donated by March Brown Ltd. Rods. Being a neophyte angler of two years and heretofore using hand me down rods, Kate was thrilled. Linda Eisenkraft won a marvelous limited edition print donated by Vito DeVito Fine Art.



The rarest auction item of the evening was won by Ryan Kenny, the prototype reel of the new Theodore Gordon Flyfishers limited edition Bradley reel, hand made by Richard Bradley of Fur Brook Fly Shop of Livingston Manor and marked with the distinctive serial number TG1. This reel is the first in an edition of at least 25 that will be offered as a premium to new Life Members.

Many other prizes and auction items were won and many of our members went away happy after a truly first class evening.

The Board of Directors expresses its gratitude to all the members who have provided support to the TGF mission by attending these events and by generously taking part in the fund raising efforts of our organization. Your continued support keeps TGF strong and on mission. Thanks to your support TGF continues to be a force to be reckoned with in the actions and passions of conservation politics and cold water fisheries protection. We hope to see all of you at events such as this in the future.

## **In Memoriam**

*Mary Dette's Husband, Gene Clark*

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*A Memorial Service for Ernest Schwiebert*

*Friday, May 5th, 2006 3:00 PM*

*Princeton University Chapel*

(Near the Corner of Harrison and Nassau Streets in Downtown Princeton on the campus)

## **MEMBERSHIP UPDATES REMINDER**



Members, please note that if any of your contact information changes, whether address, telephone and most importantly E-mail address, you should send the information to Jim Aker at [Membership@TGF.org](mailto:Membership@TGF.org) or send a snail mail note to:

**James C. Aker**, *VP Membership Chairman*,  
Theodore Gordon Flyfishers, Inc  
P.O. Box 2345 Grand Central Station,  
New York, NY 10163-23245.

It's important that you keep this information current, in particular your e-mail address, since more and more of our information is now being distributed primarily by e-mail (e.g. the monthly TGF Bulletin and luncheon announcements) as a more efficient and economical way of keeping in touch with the membership.

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### **Gordon's Quill**

Theodore Gordon Flyfishers  
P.O. Box 2345 Grand Central Station  
New York, NY 10163-2345  
[www.tgf.org](http://www.tgf.org)

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