

ALL THE FISH
STORIES FIT TO
PRINT

THE WORM

KETTLE
CREEK
EDITION

THE UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER OF THE GABBY

"WE DON'T DO INTERVIEWS OR TAKE PICTURES, WE JUST CRAWL THROUGH THE DIRT AND SEE
WHAT STICKS."

"GABBY" TURNS 25!!

CROWDS, DIGNITARIES EXPECTED FOR ANNIVERSARY OF DEBAUCHERY CLINIC

Cross Fork, PA. - Some said it couldn't be done. Some said it would never last. Some said things that decorum prevents repeating here. But, after 25 years, one thing is clear: The Gabby Hayes Memorial Fishing Expedition has survived and will celebrate it's 25th Anniversary this April 15th, 16th & 17th. It is anticipated that a full compliment of Gabbyites will attend the historic weekend. Rumors had circulated that President Bill Clinton would appear at camp, but apparently he declined the invitation when told that the stream would be high and that the possibility of "whitewater" existed.

Gabby Historian Bob "Unc" Prosperi was unavailable for comment, but it is believed that the first quarter century of Gabby will be divided into "eras" by the history books. Arguably, the most influential of these will be the "Technical Era" of the late 80's and early nineties which saw advancements such as "Colaianneville", the giant tarp for the community area of camp, named for camp engineer and Founders' Award winner Jim Colaianne, who conceived, designed and built the tarp. Among other contributions to the technical age by Colaianne was the well conceived, but short lived camp toilet complete with enclosure, seat and paper, which inexplicably and unfortunately was destroyed after it's first camp. The technical era has included innovations in camp such as multi port propane hookups which now power stoves and lanterns from a single source, high tech sleeping bags and tents, plastic gear containers and suitcase tables. Camp Director of Commemoratives Carl Ciccone has made his own contribution of the Gabby Camp Chair, a rocker that includes a drink holder and miscellaneous items tray. Split, delivered firewood is the contribution of Camp pyrotechnician Steve "Fire Guy" Mueller, not to mention his integration of the sciences of geometry and advanced calculus to fire design and heat and light calculations. Byron "Andy" Anderson has contributed "Gabby, The Video" to this technical era, and is rumored to be broadcasting it on his public access television show, "The Casting Couch" in his hometown of Columbus, Ohio.

Founder's award winner Keith Robinson ushered in the "Literary Era" with his publication of "The Gabsette", the official newspaper of the Gabby. It is generally believed that the Literary Era screeched to a halt with the publication of "The Worm" in 1993.

The size of the annual gathering was an area of much concern and considerable debate during the late 80's when rumors of the need for bleachers to be constructed at the fire circle circulated in response to camps of 25-30 members. This led to membership restrictions that have contributed to the much smaller camps of recent years. In an effort to encourage new membership, the New York camp will be bringing a rookie, Bob Knapp, of Peekskill for his first Gabby experience this year. Bob is an electrician for the City of Peekskill, N.Y. as well as an avid and experienced sportsman and debaucher.

The first 25 years of Gabby have brought the Teaming Era, the Great Palimino Debate Era, the Overcrowding Era, The Technical Era, The Literary Era and the Era of The Kinder, Gentler Gabby. What the next 25 years bring is anyone's guess, but whatever it is, to quote the late, great John Belushi in Animal House, "we're just the guys to do it."

AND THE WINNER IS...DR. TROUT AGAIN!

Gabby camp's resident angling instructor, Jaymie Smolens, Phd., Trout, Salmonoid once again won the 1993 Gabby trophy for the biggest fish in camp. However, as in 1992, Gabbyites were treated to a rousing game of "Gabby Poker" before the trophy was awarded. Heading into the late afternoon, Founder "Lord" Dane Konop had an 11 1/2" trout, that he hoped would win, but this would be a day for surprises. Responding to a missed strike near the bridge in the north end of Kettle Creek, Brian Griffin pursued what he was sure was a contender. Konop, sensing trouble, began to fish shoulder to shoulder with Griffin in the same spot. In a clever attempt to distract Griffin, Konop began to ask him for various pieces of tackle as he diligently fished the hole. In the end though, it was Griffin who pulled the contender from Kettle Creek, and after a cursory comparison to Konop's fish, he began to wonder if 1993 would be the year when Gabby chose him. In the end, it would be up to the Gabstick and Dr. Trout to decide.

Back at camp that evening, as the last of the Gabbyites gathered for the business meeting, "Gabby Poker" began. Dr. Trout offered his "contender" to the gabstick, followed by Konop and Griffin's fish. Based on those entrants, it was clearly between Konop and Griffin for the trophy, and an eyelash would decide it. Concious of Konop's penchant for jawbreaking in these situations, Griffin watched him closely. As the fish were laid out on the Gabstick, much jockeying took place but it was determined that Griffin's fish was the larger by approximately the thickness of the trout's lip. It was then that the inevitable happened. Dr. Trout reached into his cooler and pulled out a 14 3/8" trout that unquestionably would take the trophy. Foiled again in a masterful game of "Gabby Poker", the discussion turned almost immediately to what has become an annual debate about awarding a trophy for 2nd place, as Dr. Trout may never lose.

The trophy is Jaymie's fourth Gabby and second back to back win, tying him with founder Dane Konop in both categories. It is his fourth win in his first six fishing years (He attended camp but missed opening day in 1987. Sources expect Smolens to be at the top of his game this year in an effort to become the first 5 time Gabby winner and owner of 1/5 of the Gabby titles awarded in the first 25 years. Congratulations to the Doctor and good luck to all this year.

In a related story, sources close to the Circuit Court in Smolens' home town of Hershey, PA indicated that Jaymie has filed an application to have his name legally changed to "Gabby Smolens", however, the court has refused to confirm or deny the story.

AND NOW, HEEERE'S LARRY!!

In the absence of founder and regular business meeting emcee Paul Phillips, Gabbyites anxious to dish out abuse, called upon founder Larry Selby to conduct last year's business meeting. Sounding (and fishing) more and more like an over-the-hill senior citizen, Larry rambled on aimlessly to open the meeting and, of course, was constantly interrupted and heckled. Fortunately, no one remembers anything that he spoke about, which saves us the painful duty of having to recount it here.

MOVEMENT OF GABBY DATE ???

In a move to break Gabby tradition and display an unusual amount of common sense, discussions are expected at this year's business meeting to propose moving the date of the annual event to the 2nd weekend of trout season. Possible reasons are thought to be less people on the stream, less people in the woods, less drunken people with guns in the woods and better weather. Numerous "Smoke breaks" are expected during the discussion, so come prepared.

GABBY RETIREMENT PLAN PROPOSED

As we celebrate the 25th anniversary of Gabby, it becomes increasingly evident that none of us is getting any younger (just ask Larry Selby). In these days of recycling to protect the environment, we have become increasingly aware of the annual waste of fish each year that are neither saved or cooked. In an effort to address these concerns, Gabbyites Glen Dworkin and Brian Griffin made a proposal at last year's business meeting that may just merit further consideration: The Gabby Retirement Plan.

The concept is basically simple: All fish caught each year at camp will be collected, packed in ice and shipped to our conveniently located storage warehouse in beautiful downtown Hoboken New Jersey, where they will be flash frozen and stored. These gems of Kettle Creek will then be traded over the commodities exchange to accrue benefits like supplemental health care, ambulatory equipment such as wheelchairs for transportation to the stream and prosthetic devices. Each Gabbyite contributing over 100 trout will be entitled to a cemetery plot on a hill overlooking the freezing/storage facility complete with a lifetime guaranteed plastic headstone showing their Gabby titles and accomplishments.

Of course, a percentage of the fish will be maintained for the "Buddy, Can You Spare A Trout Fund" from which Gabbyites may make annual withdrawals after reaching retirement age to insure a well balanced diet. While the economy may be poor and social security may go bankrupt, contributors may be secure in the fact that while they may lose their jobs and homes, by all that is Gabby, they'll never go hungry again.

GABBY : THE FRANCHISE

As America shifts under the Clinton Administration from a service economy to an "idea economy", here's an idea whose time may have just about come: Gabby : The Franchise Opportunity of the 21st Century. Imagine if you will, highways and thoroughfares all over America with giant neon signs announcing "GABBY'S", The fast food restaurant with a hook. The menu - Trout on a Stick, Trout Gabnuggets, Trout Gabmuffins, Fish Ama Jig sandwiches with real jigs. Kids' meals with toy surprises - rubber worms, candy split shot and plastic lures.

In addition to food, think of the merchandising possibilities - Gabby, the T shirt, Gabby, The Video, Official Gabby lawn chairs, commemorative laminated editions of the Gabsette, melted Straub bottle paper weights, fishing vests with Gabby patches, baseball hats with Gabby patches, anything with Gabby on it. Need a play area for the kids while you eat or enjoy a cold Straub in the Fire Circle Lounge? Give 'em a pole and let them cast into the Gabby trout tank in the parking lot - fun for the whole family.

Think of the promotional possibilities - with every purchase customers get a Gabby Gamecard - scratch and sniff gamecards that smell like trout when you scratch them off - get one with five Gabby trophies on it and you win an all expenses paid trip to the Trout Academy and actually get to meet and fish with Dr. Trout and those Gabby Guys. Need a hobby? Collect and trade GabbyCards. On the front a picture of your favorite Gabby Guy, on the back his statistics from the Gabby each year. Limited Edition Collector Series Sets available consisting of Gabby winners, Founders and Founder's Award Winners.

All genuine Gabby trout will be supplied from the Hoboken N.J. flash freeze and storage warehouse. Startup costs and franchise fees are to be received up front by certified check in the amount of \$250,000 per franchise. 5% of sales royalties and 4% advertising allowance extra to be paid by franchisee. Quick action now could have an offering ready in time to make Entrepreneur magazine's annual 500 best franchises in America edition. ACT NOW!!!!

GABBY WINNERS ROLL CALL

THE LAST NINE WINNERS IN THE "RECORDED HISTORY ERA"

Back in 1985, Founder's Award winner and Director of Commemoratives Carl Ciccone began recording the Gabby winners and the official size of their fish on the "Gabstick". In a recent interview with The Worm, Carl provided us with the winners and the official sizes of their fish. In honor of the 25th Anniversary of the Gabby, we hereby present the Hall of Fame of "The Recorded History Era" :

1985 - Dane Konop - 11 1/4"

1986 - Dane Konop - 19 5/8"

1987 - Byron "Andy" Anderson - 14 3/4"

1988 - Jaymie "Dr. Trout" Smolens - 18 3/4"

1989 - Jaymie "Dr. Trout" Smolens - 17 1/4"

1990 - Glen Dworkin - 12"

1991 - Dane Konop - 15"

1992 - Jaymie "Dr. Trout" Smolens - 12"

1993 - Jaymie "Dr. Trout" Smolens - 14 3/8"

What does it take to win a Gabby - as small a trout as 11 1/4", but over the last nine years the winner averaged 15". Excluding the palamino winners of 1986 and 1988, the average drops over an inch to 13.8" and the average Gabby in the 90's is a mere 13.34" Is "Dr. Trout" as good as they say? Despite his obvious skills and effective public relations, two of his Gabbys have been under the average size of the winners since 1985 (of course, it could be argued that the average is as high as it is because of 88-89 fish). Yet, despite Jaymie's dominance over the last 6 years, Founder Dane Konop has the largest fish of the historical era with his 1986 palamino at 19 5/8". Could 1994 see the first "Gabpool" in which campers establish a betting pool on the size of the winning fish Friday night? Who knows? Once gambling's in camp, perhaps we could schedule "Trout Bingo" for Saturday night instead of going to town - R-17, BINGO!! It could be the perfect activity for some of those older Gabbyites.

WARNING, WARNING, WARNING!!!

In a Worm exclusive, it has been learned that there will be no 25th anniversary commemorative patch and possibly no trophy for the Silver Anniversary Gabby winner. Commemoratives Director Carl Ciccone would not elaborate, but did say that he had not prepared a patch and was not bringing a trophy, though possibly that Founder Dane Konop might secure one. Furthermore it was learned that Founder Larry Selby and Founder's Award winner Jim Colaianne were not planning to attend the anniversary camp. **WHAT'S GOING ON HERE???????**

GRIFFIN LOSES GABBY, WINS ELECTION

Peekskill, N.Y. - Three short weeks after finishing second to Jaymie Smolens in the 1993 Gabby competition, Gabbyite Brian Griffin won a three year term as trustee on the Peekskill Board of Education. Going into the race a decided underdog, Griffin was vying for the single available seat and found himself in a two man race against the eight year incumbent, Paul Colon. Complicating the race was the fact that Colon and Griffin live across the street from each other and their children have been friends for years. As the incumbent and a supporter of the current Superintendent of Schools, Colon had the backing of the local teachers union, Central Administration and the endorsement of the local Gannett Chain newspaper.

In a hotly contested race which saw the Colon camp pull out all the stops in waging the dirtiest campaign in recent memory, Griffin stuck to the issues and achieved what many believed to be impossible, a victory on May 4th by the narrowest of margins - 52% to 48%. Jubilant in victory, Griffin and his supporters celebrated until dawn in a drunken frenzy which he could only compare to Saturday night at Gabby Camp. When asked by reporters what his future goals would be, Griffin listed higher educational standards, reduction of taxes and winning the coveted Gabby trophy.

WIVES AT THE GABBY?????

BY GLEN DWORKIN

For those of us who need reminding, here's the latest reason why we don't have our wives at the Gabby.

It all started when this writer and "Fire Guy" were talking about the 1994 Gabby last month. We were all psyched about going, questioning who might show up - discussing what we might do to kill the fish - how to dethrone Dr. Trout, and in general, getting mentally prepared for the great event. We were having a great time reminiscing about past events and personalities, little realizing that our wives were within earshot.

Then it happened. Our wives chimed in.

**"Well, you should plan! -
Who's getting the wood?
What are you going to eat?
Who's going shopping?
Why don't you call so and so and see if he's coming?"**

Questions, questions, questions!! What? - Take all the fun out of our spontaneous Gabby action????! **We don't think so!!!**

Well, they couldn't comprehend that. They think that all fun must be planned. Can you imagine? - A planned Gabby? Cocktails at 5:30, hor d'oeuvres at 6:00, dinner promptly at 7:00 - -planning for which ensemble to wear to the stream?? **Where would it stop??**

We've had the High Tech Gabby, The Team Gabby, The Sobriety Gabby, and The Kinder, Gentler Gabby, but the thought of a "Planned Gabby" makes me want to puke!

So remember guys - **NO WIVES - NO PLANNING!!** - in the traditions of the great hunters and gatherers of history, let's all be spontaneous at the Gabby.

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, GABBY?

AN EDITORIAL

Here at The Worm, we try to accentuate the macho, fun side of the Gabby, those three days without wives, children, phones, jobs or responsibilities. While we may joke about it, that is the fun, but there is so much more. By the time my first Gabby had ended, I knew that I left Bonnell Pines with an inner calm that had been missing for a long time. That relaxed, in-touch, content feeling that made me wonder if indeed, I had stepped through a portal in time and space where reality was simply not allowed, but where regeneration of the mind, body and spirit was achieved. That first time, I wondered, but knew that I would be back to seek the answer. The answer has taken time, and it is an undeniable "yes", but the understanding of exactly what it is that makes the Gabby that portal is still unfolding.

In the pages of The Gabsette and around the fire circle we have debated the theories of the hunter and gatherers of ancient times and our subliminal quest to imitate them, but that theory is subject to the same analysis. It is more that merely realizing our male heritage, but rather understanding the aspects of it.

With regeneration, like real estate, I have found that location is everything. God's Country, the pines, and Kettle Creek are the perfect stage. To sit at the fire at night and look out at what true darkness is; to look up and see what a star-filled sky really is; to lay in your tent at night and hear only the call of the creek and know what true silence is; to sit on the bank of Kettle Creek on a brightly lit Sunday morning and realize what a church and worship really are; to find yourself content to sit and do absolutely nothing but be in awe of our Mother, nature, with nothing to renovate, repair or improve on. Of these things, inner calm is spawned.

Atmosphere is also critical to regeneration. Are there sweeter words on planet Earth than "Welcome to Gabby camp"? I don't think so, especially when spoken by a member of our brotherhood of kindred spirit. An amazing group of pretty regular people who spend their lives as sons, husbands, fathers, doctors, writers, contractors, salesmen, etc. but who share a unique responsibility to each other for 3 or 4 days each year: to demand nothing, to seek nothing, to give acceptance to each other and genuine thanks for their presence and and reverence to their mutual tradition. Some are friends beyond the circle, but never so much as during their presence in the camp. All know that no one need impress, cajole, influence or change another, but rather to only enjoy them all for what they bring and to realize the preciousness of the short time provided. Of this, grows peace, brotherhood and a true sense of self.

Location and atmosphere are critical components to the mix, but without the secret ingredient, Gabby would be destined to only be good, and it is so much more than that. Into this mixture is added joy, that feeling of happiness that comes from success and a sense of well being. To share a meal or magic elixir, to fish shoulder to shoulder on the fabulous stage of Gabby; to compete yet not be disappointed, for there is no failure here; to share a story that perhaps could be funny no where else, but here it makes you ache from laughter; to never conquer, but try your best to control your destiny with the elements, for success here tunes your mind as a maestro would tune a Stradivarius, and magically creates the ability to then achieve greatness.

The Gabsette, The Worm, the trophies, the patches, the Gabstick, the "business meeting" are all merely trappings, the stamps on our passports and souvenirs of our yearly trip through the portal of our regeneration, which when properly transversed, makes all things possible. As with all things rare, it is to be cherished, preserved and protected. Happy Anniversary.

The Worm is an occasional publication of the Committee to Prevent Boring Business Meetings and Tired Camp Discussions. In keeping with the Gabby spirit, it has no rules or specific editorial perspective and pretty much prints what ever it damn well pleases. It makes no blatant attempt to offend anyone, yet frankly doesn't really care because anyone who could possibly be offended by this should definitely look into getting a life. After all, what do you want for nothing? Send literary contributions to B. Griffin, 523 Dyckman St. Peekskill, NY 10566