

All The Fish
Stories Fit to
Print

The Worm

Kettle Creek
Edition
April 17, 1999



The Underground Newspaper of The Gabby



**"WE DON'T DO INTERVIEWS OR PRINT PICTURES - WE
JUST CRAWL THROUGH THE DIRT AND SEE WHAT STICKS"**

We're
Baaaack!!!
ALL NEW FOR
1999!!!!
Contributions
Needed!!!!
Deadline 3/19/99

*Mail articles,
anecdotes,
columns and other
assorted GabStuff To:*

*Brian Griffin
13E Scenic Drive
Croton, NY 10520
(914) 271-2680
mbgiffin@pcrealm.net*

Here are just some of the stories
we're working on in the newsroom:

- 30 years of Gabby
- Byron "Barney" "Andy" Anderson - Can he be the 3rd Five Time Gabby Winner?
- What do you do with Colaianneville once the camp fireman's burned it down?
- Annegan Returns ????- Where did we hear this one before? Step right up to the life-sized Pat Annegan cut out - push the button and hear the story of "The Inspirational Gabby", or take a pic with Pat!
- Founder's Awards - fantasy or fiction?
- Will new Founders be named?
- Of which do we have fewer - Founders or Founder's Awards?
- Gabtown - the review!
- Jeff Cole - Rookie of the Year or Miss Congeniality?
- Gabby in a Nutshell/The Casting Couch
- Gabby2000 - web sites, patches, bumper stickers, t-shirts, a new Gabstick, new security director(s)?, and Gabby only knows what else!!

Gabby Fever - Catch It!!!!

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**"WE DON'T DO INTERVIEWS OR PRINT PICTURES - WE
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What's Inside:

- ◆ Andy Goes Back To Back in 95 & 96
- ◆ Dane Wins His Fifth (Finally)!
- ◆ Annegan in Camp ??????? Believe It When You See It!
- ◆ Larry Selby - The Spirit of Gabby Camp?
- ◆ Gabtown - The Review
- ◆ New Colaianneville - Do We Need Our Own Zip Code??
- ◆ Founders Awards - Fiction or Fantasy?
- ◆ Business Meeting Agenda Worksheet
- ◆ Girls in Camp?? Here's an Argument For You!
- ◆ Jeff Cole: Rookie of The Year, or Miss Congeniality?
- ◆ G2K - How Will Gabby Greet The New Century?
- ◆ Plus - Gabby in A Nutshell, Gabby Word Search, Dear Gabby, The New Gabby Rolodex, And An All New Editorial!

Steve Mueller: The Worm's 1998 "Gabbyite of The Year"



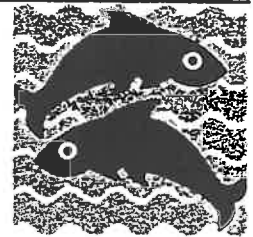
Steve Mueller, a.k.a. FireGuy, a.k.a. Crutches, has been awarded The Worm's 1st ever "Gabbyite of The Year" Award in a ceremony to be held somewhere, sometime soon. Cited for his dedication to Gabby and his willingness to, no, insistence on, attending Gabby Camp despite a broken leg and the loss of his father last year, Steve has been chosen to receive this soon-to-be coveted award. While you will not see his face on a Wheaties box anytime soon, there is talk of having his visage on cans of Straub beer, in keeping with the Gabby spirit.

Steve is a great symbol of Gabby: as a Rookie, he took both Rookie of The Year and The Gabby, but has not won again since that rookie year of 1981, despite fishing late into the night most years. Dedicated to a higher quality Gabby, he arranged for our split, delivered firewood in camp in 1989 with fellow Gabby winner Glen Dworkin. Diligent, he always brings his maul and axe to camp, splits wood so it will burn, and for years now has both delighted and comforted us with heat, light and outstanding visuals around the campfire. Quick to pitch in in any crisis, it was Steve who readily agreed to take over commemoratives along with Dr. Trout when Carl Ciccone bowed out after many years of dedicated and outstanding service. Resourceful, Steve redesigned the support system for Colaianneville and has had a big part in the design and construction of New Colaiannville. And who can forget "And A Tarp Runs Through It?" or "Tarp For Tarp's Sake"?

A descendant of the Paul Phillips Gabby Family tree, Steve has been responsible for the invitations of the aforementioned Glen Dworkin, this Editor, Perry Newton (the first-ever rookie to be disqualified from fishing for The Gabby by beating his sponsor to camp) and now his son and Gabby heir, Eric. Perhaps, most important, Steve is a shining reminder that while showing up may be 80% of life, it is 100% of Gabby Camp. Congratulations, Steve and many, many thanks from us all for your outstanding Gabbying, dedication, service, great chili and consistent inspiration! Your check is in the mail.

Byron "Andy" Anderson Nets His 2nd & 3rd Gabbies in '95 & '96!!!!

Takes Home Coveted Selby Cup In It's Debut



Byron "Andy" "Barney" Anderson of Trout Tie and Gabby Video Fame, who won the 1987 Gabby at 8:02 am, became only the fourth Gabbyite to win back to back Gabbys in 1995 and 1996. Andy's decision to even come to Gabby camp in 1995 was a last minute one and when he got there, he realized that his reel was broken. Fortunately, Dr. Trout had a spare to loan him. Still this opening day would get more difficult. Andy recalls coming back into camp at lunchtime after a disappointing morning of fishing, all bummed out because his waders had sprung a leak. He was so pissed off that he was ready to just sit out the rest of the day. " Larry came back into camp for lunch, got me going again, helped get my boots patched up, and I won the Gabby, and that was my last memory of Larry at Gabby camp." Andy's winning fish was a 17" palomino. Perseverance and Gabby friendships had gotten Andy his second Gabby trophy.

1996 saw Andy return to Gabby Camp to defend his title. He had heard of a new, outstanding commemorative, The Selby Cup, a quasi replica of hockey's Stanley Cup, honoring our lost friend and founder. Rumored to be big and to contain plaques honoring each of Gabby's winners throughout the years, it was to be awarded to the Gabby winner, but be a "traveling trophy" and be presented to each year's winner, having them return to camp the following year to pass it on.

Andy was fishing with Keith "Rob" Robinson, "The Man Who Only Catches Gabbies" and former Editor of The Gabsette who had returned to camp after a several years long hiatus due to family obligations. Making personal history, Rob did catch fish that were NOT The Gabby in 1996 but, as the day wore on, he and Andy were traveling the stream together in search of the 1996 trophy fish, sure that it had yet to be caught, when they spotted a nice deep hole on the cliff side of the bend in Kettle Creek, downstream from camp. There were two fly fishermen working the hole, Andy recalls, so he and Rob hung around until they moved on. Describing the spot, Andy remembers that "this hole just had to catch your eye if you were walking this section of the stream. It was a bright emerald green, and I just knew that there had to be fish in there...if I could get deep enough, fast enough."

It was getting late in the day and Andy and Rob were running out of worms and having no luck. Andy was down to his last worm, when Rob decided to head back to camp. Andy, however, intent on defending his title, would stay and fish until the last piece of the last worm was gone. As Rob turned to leave, he tossed his bait box across the stream to Andy and headed back to camp. It had only four worms in it, but to Andy, it seemed like a gold mine at the time. Fishing with purpose as the sun began to set, Andy's perseverance paid off when he hooked a contender on the next to last worm in Rob's bait box.

(continued on page 7)

A Look Back - Memories of 1995

1995 was a great many things in Gabby History. Personally, it was the last year that The Worm was published. Sadly, it was also Founder Larry Selby's last camp. In reviewing the archives of The Worm it was the last time notes were taken by this editor in camp. Based on the lack of response from Gabbyites this year on the past 3 years, it may well be the last recorded history. In any event, here to tickle your memory are some memorable events and stats from Gabby Camp 1995:

- ◆ 13 Gabbyites attended camp, 11 Gabbyites fished and 13 fish were caught.
- ◆ Campers and their respective fish counts: Dane Konop, 0, Larry Selby, 1, Carl Ciccone, 1, Dave Rubino, 0, Byron Anderson, 1, Lee Haller, 5, Steve Mueller, 3, Jaymie Smolens, 1,(retired) Carl Wendell, 0, Glen Dworkin, 0, Brian Griffin, 1, Perry Newton, 0, Jim Colaianne, DNF.
- ◆ Andy wins his second Gabby with a fish he didn't net, on a reel Jaymie lent him, at a Gabby he wasn't even going to attend. The Gabby is a 17" palomino. Brian Griffin is runner up with a 16" brown trout. Steve Mueller is a close third with another nearly 16" brown, taken from the same hole as Griffin's.
- ◆ The weather was rain, ice and hail Thursday and Friday, with a great Friday night thunderstorm and warm and beautiful Saturday, Sunday and Monday.
- ◆ As Paul Phillips was absent from camp, Larry Selby ran the meeting, assisted by Dane Konop.
- ◆ During the fish count, Dane refuses to say "0" after the "Gabby In A Nutshell" video debacle, claiming his "retirement" is why he got skunked. During discussion, he asks Griffin how many Gabbies he has and Griffin replies "as many fish as you caught in 1995!"
- ◆ Carl Ciccone returns to Gabby Camp for the 25th Anniversary without the GabStick, Didn't he know he was going to Gabby Camp?
- ◆ Jaymie calls Andy's win " a monkey off my back!" Encourages Gabbyites - ABD - Anyone But Dane - Claims Dane turned the competition in something it was never intended to be. Dave Rubino offers to carry a placard around camp to support the cause.
- ◆ Carl Ciccone, disgruntled at making all those patches and trophies for all those years, but still not having won a Gabby, threatens to kill Griffin if his fish wins and he has a Gabby before Ciccone.
- ◆ Pat Annegan will be here any minute now...oh, wait!! The gate attendant has shut the door!
- ◆ Jaymie's 1st Commemorative effort, the 1994 25th Anniversary T-Shirt, nearly sells out.
- ◆ Larry Selby and Dane Konop reminice during a collaborative speech at the business meeting about how "these kids don't know anything..we had it TOUGH!!!"
- ◆ Selby admits that he ignores most rookies the first 4-5 years since he can't remember their names.
- ◆ The 10th anniversary of Colaianneville in 1996 is discussed, when a replacement is debated, Jim Colaianne says " I considered it, but f*** it!"
- ◆ Glen Dworkin, in his last Gabby Camp to date, considers designing a patch or hat commemorative for 1996.

A Look Back - Memories of 1995 cont.

- ◆ Perry Newton, a rookie invited by Steve Mueller, arrives at camp without his sponsor. Mueller had told him he would be in camp by 12 noon, but shows up at 4:30 with Dane. Mueller explains that he had stopped to buy a CB radio to convoy with Dane. Dane drives 80 MPH for an hour, then stops for 1 hour, 20 minutes, then drives 80 MPH for another hour, stops again...etc.. Perry arrives at camp at 3 PM and Jaymie notifies him that he is disqualified from Gabby competition for arriving in camp without his sponsor.
- ◆ Karl W. Wendell III has begun a career in real estate with Century 21 (soon to be followed by a career in stock brokerage, etc., etc., etc.).
- ◆ Dane takes rookie Perry Newton and Karl Wendel fishing on Sunday to "teach" them. Perry catches fish and Karl catches what would have been the Gabby just a few hours earlier, a 19" brown trout. Dane is skunked yet again.
- ◆ Dane proposes Team Gabby II for Team Gabby's 10th anniversary in 1996, claiming he will only coach. Wendel qualifies with his near Gabby on Sunday. Teams are to be Team Gabby vs. Team Worm. Dane characterizes Team Gabby II as "The Dream Team".
- ◆ Larry Selby, urged on by Griffin and Smolens Friday night, fishes hard and competes for Comeback of The Year Award.
- ◆ Steve Mueller envisions a new camp toilet design - a lawn chair with a toilet seat, says it should come with a blanket.
- ◆ Jaymie spends most of Saturday fishing Cross Fork Creek for native brookies, calling it "like shooting fish in a barrel".
- ◆ Jim Colaianne becomes the advance scout for the camp security team under the direction of Karl Wendell, charging up the hill at 2 AM to the camp above us in a rage over the music they are blasting. Getting their undivided attention, Colaianne negotiates peace in our time.
- ◆ 1996 is the 20th Anniversary of Gabby Trophies. All winners are encouraged to bring their trophies for a photo opportunity.
- ◆ Mueller and Konop devise a plan over Sunday night's campfire to get up early Monday, break camp and fish by 8 AM. At 1 PM Monday, they haven't finished packing.
- ◆ Discussing the small camp around the campfire, Gabbyites begin to concoct a list of the "Top 10 Reasons Why I Couldn't Go To Gabby Camp" - The #1 reason is "I was Dead", followed by "I was too poor", "it was Easter", "I am pussywhipped", "I'm tired of being shot at by the locals", "I was too busy at work" (Bob Prosperi)...etc., etc., etc.

Well that was camp in 1995. A lot of fun, some unintended prophesy but a good time was had by all. Unfortunately, we lost Larry 2 months later, The Monaca Boys haven't been back since, Glen Dworkin is trapped in Florida, Annegan never did show up and Paul Phillips and Bob Prosperi are still missing.

GABBY WORD SEARCH

PLAY IT YOURSELF, OR GIVE IT TO THE KIDS TO DO IN THE TENT DURING THE BUSINESS MEETING!

V O D H R T I X T F M E W G X G Z J D Z C P I Q
D B M B O O J W G Q U W R X R X H S P G K C P C
F Z U L A O O I O W N K G C N E N F L O D B R B
X S G S G I K K R V I U K H S N D U B G T O F S
N X I N I I T N I G G O C E G E K N T M S T I H
S K L N I N C E P E L C T B K N Y F U S T R E B
F P G O K T E O M O X S Y F U C D A F O H S Y R
C F Q I N E E S L R E K K A I A I O H P F E O C
S B V G S G R E S D O O I P R R R T I Y P D L Y
V F N A S T E S M X V W Q G I K E T S A B U C L
G C R S O G O S F Z T B F S Y N Y G S B H B N X
O L J D B B U V T X O Q W I W Y E J U M A V A C
W N O R S E C P E I P B F K S Y I S V Y R G H G
Q V I D E O U Z P V Q Q Q T S M W C O A G X B R
G N P M P A T C H E S T A U Y Z T I H D W I I D
B J A K J H U O K L X X F N S B P U N A M Q U T
F I R E U E L T T E K J I E N M L O T E I T L C
S M Z R E K O J L O J N P K N E X E N A F R V J
P G Y R H T P X H D L Q O H R R G J S O R I D H
Q D E J J T U O R T F L C H I T E A Y E K P S W
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A S S Y E N N I K R T C Q G N I L O N S M D R G
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S E A M T R C R U W V E G T S T T Q O F U N Q C

GABBY WORD SEARCH WORDS

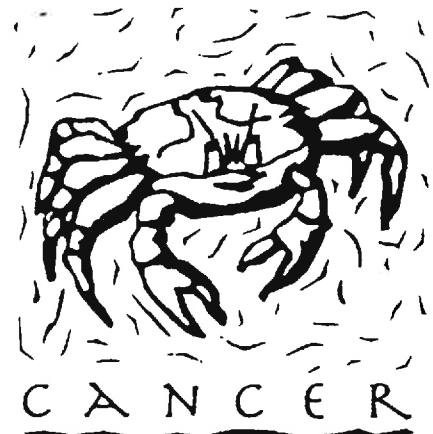
BUSINESS	CROSSFORK	POTTER	KINNEYS	CHAIR
LONGEST	GABSTICK	FIRE	SMOKE	LANTERN
STOVE	STRAUB	LICENSE	ANNEGAN	TENT
MEETING	FIREGUY	SUCKER	FISH	DRINK
WORM	NUTSHELL	GABSETTE	SELBY	PHILLIPS
COLD	UNC	TROUT	WINE	TROPHY
ROOKIE	FOUNDER	KETTLE	CAMP	
HOOK	PINES	PATCHES	KONOP	
SINKERS	GABBYHAYES	VIDEO	TARP	

Larry Selby -The spirit of Gabby Camp??

Returning to Gabby Camp in 1996 was not an easy task. Having lost our dear friend and founder, Larry Selby in June of 1995, everyone knew that camp could not ever be the same. However, for those who did return in 1996, there was a strong sense that Larry was there in camp with us. Reinforcing that theory, the small group of Gabby guys were treated to a magnificent lightning and thunderstorm Friday night in camp, the first in anyone's memory in all the years of Gabby. Was it Larry letting us know that he was still there in camp with us? Heaven knows, but 1997 and 1998 have brought other, strange and seemingly unexplainable occurrences, contributing to the theory that Larry may, indeed, be in camp. What will 1999 bring? It's anyone's guess, but as I began to plan for this year's Gabby, thinking of who to invite, how to structure The Worm, way back on February 17th, two months to the day before Opening Day, I was flipping through the NY Post when I came upon the following horoscope for my sign of Cancer:

February 17, 1999:

"You may be old fashioned at heart, but even a Cancerian needs to keep up with the times. Within a matter of days you will get the chance to do something a little bit different and out of the ordinary. Go on-you're not past your "sell-by" date yet".



See you in camp Larry!!



Business Meeting

Bulletin

MELISSA GRIFFIN MAKES HER CASE
FOR ATTENDANCE AT G2K!



Editor's Note: The following is a solicited opinion of The Worm. It does not necessarily reflect the view of The Worm, and as all things Gabby, should not be taken too seriously.....but then again.....???

My name is Melissa Griffin. Yes, I am the daughter of The Worm Editor Brian Griffin. I'm 11 years old and I have been in a debate with my father over being able to attend The Gabby for many months now. In our last discussion, he said that I should write a position paper for The Worm, and here it is. So listen up, cause I'm gonna getcha, getcha, getcha, one way or the other!

Let's start off with why I shouldn't be unwelcome in camp, then we'll get to why I should be welcome in camp. I shouldn't be unwelcome in camp, because I'm just as qualified as any of you to fish for the Gabby. I also shouldn't be unwelcome in camp because I'm a girl. I'm just as capable as all your sons to pee in a hole and fend for myself! I can also throw snowballs in my bathing suit for your information! And you don't have to worry about me being obsessed with N'SYNC, B.S.Bs or 98*, I hate them, so I won't go around camp singing retarded songs or have ugly pictures up inside my tent.

Here are some reasons why I should be welcome in camp: I know all the Gab history, and the private competitions, such as the competition for who will win the most consecutive Gabbys, and who will win the most Gabbys overall. I've seen "Gabby in a Nutshell" a zillion times, I've practically memorized it! And overall, I KNOW HOW TO FISH, unlike some of you! In the summer of 1997, I caught a 15" fish during me and my dad's annual camping trip to Hunter Lake, which also proves I'm an experienced camper! I've camped with my dad every summer for the last five years!

In conclusion, I've probably got more reasons to come than you have to not let me come. Also, this is a case about about sexual equality. The rest of the country has reached it, why hasn't Gabby Camp? So, as a final word(s), PLEEZE LET ME COME, PLEEEEEZE! Besides, I know Patrica Ireland personally and she and I could make you take your wives and girlfriends!

"Andy" Anderson Goes Back to Back, Wins Selby Cup cont'd from pg2

At campfire ceremonies, Andy accepted The 1996 Gabby trophy from Dr. Trout, joining Larry Selby, Dane Konop and Jaymie "Dr. Trout" Smolens (twice) as the only Gabbyites to win the coveted trophy in back to back years. In addition, he also won the infamous distinction of being the first Gabbyite in history to win the Selby Cup. Congratulations to Andy for his inspiring wins!

Annegan in Camp???

Believe it When You See it!!!!

Way back in April of 1989, the headline of the 20th Anniversary issue of The Gabsette screamed "ANNEGAN IS FOUND". It claimed that Pat Annegan, lost since 1969 and claimant to the largest trout ever caught in the 30 years of Gabby, the 23 1/2" "Inspirational Gabby" had been found after all those years by simply making a phone call to local directory assistance. We were all treated to some great articles detailing Annegan's past since that first Gabby trip, including a timeline of events in his life, a classic retelling of the story of "The Inspirational Gabby", ("I thought I had a turtle"), the revelry that followed at Kinney's, a retelling of the search and how it all started with a case of Straub beer. Even The Casting Couch proclaimed "Finding Annegan Was Meant To Be". All of the secrecy surrounding the headline story in The Gabsette had culminated with the announcement that Pat Annegan would indeed be in camp in 1989 for the 20th Anniversary of an event he had founded, but never known about. The excitement was so thick you could cut it with a fillet knife as Gabbyites from far and wide assembled in camp to meet the lost founder. Unfortunately, just as easily as he had been found 10 years ago, he managed just as easily to get lost again, and despite promises every year for the last decade, our lost founder, Patton Annegan, remains lost.

With the 30th anniversary of The Gabby upon us, founder Dane Konop proclaimed in late February, as he has each year for the last ten years, that Pat Annegan will be in camp this year. This editor blithely suggested that perhaps Dane was bringing a life-size cardboard cutout of Annegan, complete with a voice recording triggered by a big red button on his fishing vest that would enable us to hear someone, maybe even Annegan, recite the story of that first Gabby camp and the giant fish, reminiscent of a mammoth loaf of Italian bread. It would be a Kodak moment: "Take a pic with Pat". Stories would inevitably ensue of how entertaining the cardboard Annegan was around the campfire, Dane might even take it down to the stream and put a fishing pole in it's hands, attaching a 23 1/2" cardboard fish to it's hook. In all probability, knowing these Gabby Guys, it would be inevitable that before the weekend was done, the Cardboard Founder would be sacrificed to the fire, burned in effigy for fooling us yet again.

Will Pat Annegan be in camp this year? I certainly hope so. If he doesn't show this year, he may find himself banned for all time as the "Con-Founder". We'd all love to meet you Pat and demonstrate what The Gabby has become from it's humble beginnings in 1969, but will you be there? Will you be there before the gatekeeper closes the gate? This story always seems to have the same ending.."to be continued..."

DEAR GABBY....

Dear Gabby,

I'm a long time Gabby guy who is having serious doubts about whether Gabby is still for me. Now we've got rookies by the dozens, kids, internet friends, a web site, and, god help us, FISH FLAGS! I long for the old days when a bunch of guys could just camp and fish and party and be local celebrities. Larry's gone and it just doesn't seem that the Gabby will ever be the same again, but I miss my friends. What should I do? **Moaning in Monaca and Elsewhere**
Dear Moaning,

I feel your pain. I was once kind of fond of prohibition, segregation and being able to smoke in restaurants. The simple truth is though that times change, but not always necessarily for the worse. Experience has shown that life is what you make of it and it sounds as if time with your friends might be worth suffering through some changes; it is, after all almost the 21st century. As well as the responsibility you feel they have to you to keep things the same, you have a responsibility to them to not prejudge them or the changes. Often things look or sound a lot worse than they really are. Give it a chance. Do what Larry would do. Go to camp, act like you own the place, ignore anybody you want, make fun of the people you don't like and wipe your ass with the fish flags! Larry would also tell you not to take next year for granted.

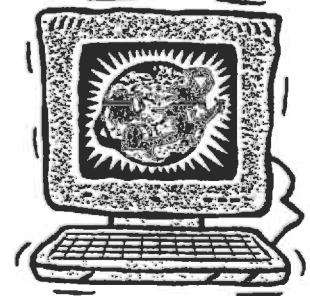
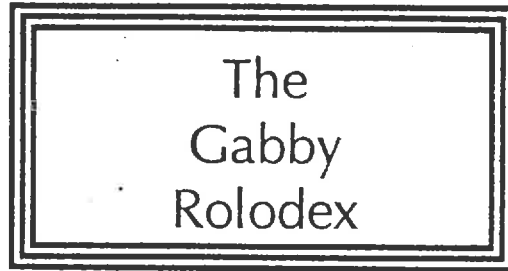
Founder's and Their Awards - Fantasy or Fiction??????????

In the long and storied history of Gabby Camp, only three people have been honored with the coveted Gabby Hayes Memorial Fishing Expedition Founder's Award. It is rumored that this year, a fourth such award will be presented. We will then have more Founders Awards (4) than Founders (3, or 2 depending on your perspective). Founder's awards, like founders, are rare. They are presented "only when the founders feel like it", according to Founder Dane Konop. Previous to this year, Carl Ciccone was won one for his outstanding work as Chairman of the Trophy and Patch Committee. Keith Robinson was awarded one as editor of The Gabsette. In 1989, the last such award was presented to Jim Colaianne for his construction of Colaianneville, the giant tarp and for his role as Camp Engineer. Now, there is talk of another. Who will it be? Will Bob Prosperi be honored as a Neo-Founder or for his dominance of the Negative Gabby Award? Could fate smile on The Worm's 1998 Gabbyite of the Year, Steve Mueller, for his years of service as Fireguy and creation of the outstanding Selby Cup? Might Byron "Andy" Anderson win for his contributions to Gabby camp? Can Colaianne win again for the New Colaianneville? Will Karl Wendell be recognized for his expert manning of the crack Camp Security Team? Will Dane Konop, the lone Founder, meet with himself and decide to bestow one on himself for Gabby In A Nutshell? Could Mark Bedont be the recipient as Camp Photographer and creator of GabTown, the web page? Curiosity is bubbling everywhere as Gabbyites examine their resumes and practice their acceptance speeches, but just who the winner is remains a mystery. Whoever it is, let's hope that winning the award doesn't go to their heads and they stop coming to camp like some previous winners.

The last few camps have been filled with discussion about the appointment of Neo-Founders to replace the missing ones. As of this writing, Dane Konop has been the only Founder in camp since 1995. Larry is gone, Paul Phillips has been missing in action since a falling tree almost crushed him on his way out of camp in 1994, and Annegan, well, is Annegan. Last year, Steve Mueller was designated to run the meeting, but despite his stature in camp, received little respect (as if Paul ever did!). Are we to be faced with the prospect of Dane running the meetings into the 21st Century? I'm sure I'm not alone in saying that that is too much to even think about. So what are we to do? Do we elect new founders? Appoint Neo-Founders (we currently have only one in Bob Prosperi, who has been MIA for years)? Designate a Founder's Award winner to run the meetings, that is, if we can get them into camp? Surely, this is an issue for the World's Greatest Deliberative Body to decide, but one thing is clear: something must be done to restore order and procedure to the Business Meeting and Awards Ceremony. Any volunteers?

The Casting Couch by Byron "Andy" Anderson

And I thought video was the wave of the future. Now we've got web sites with photos that rain, stream reports, watershed information and all kinds of stuff. I feel like I've been sitting with Jed Clampett by the cement pond all year. This damned computer can tell me what they like to eat, what temp they like it best at and what time of day is their favorite munching time. The only thing it can't do..is put the damned thing on your hook. You'll still have to do that by yourself and I guess that's the trick of it, isn't it? So bring your laptops and I'll meet you at the stream. And that's how it looks from the Casting Couch.



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- Paul Phillips 908 Deer Road, Byrn Mawr, PA 18010 610-527-7873
- Jaymie Smolens PO Box 308, Hershey, PA 17033 717-533-1754/367-8198 troutgabby@webtv.com
- Ray Croker 3137 Farmer Drive, Highland Indiana, 46322
- Jack Saul 3 Burley Drive, Holbrook, NY 11741
- Perry Newton 536 Meadow Mist Way, Odenton, MD 21112
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- Bob Mitchell RBM1@psuvm.psu.edu
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- Rich Jones Box 214B Hillco Drive RD2, Dallas, PA 18612 717-443-7189
- Karl Wendell PO Box61, White Haven, PA 18661 717-443-7189
- Dave Rubino 823 Sixth Avenue, New Brighton, PA 15066
- Lee Haller 1401 Waterdale Road, Falston, MD 21047 DH112233@aol.com
- Jeff Cole 216 Pass Key Road, Sarasota FL 34242 941-346-3792
- Bob Knapp 801 Bay Street, Peekskill, NY 10566
- Keith Robinson somewhere in connecticut
- Patton Annegan...??

If you have any corrections, additions, changes, etc., please get them to me during camp. Thanks!

GREAT MOMENTS IN GABBY HISTORY!

1994 saw Dr. Steve Mueller named as the new Chairman of the Trophy Committee, joining Jaymie "Dr. Trout" Smolens, who was named named Chairman of Commemoratives, to replace Carl Ciccone in two critical areas of Gabby history and lore. Responding to the challenge with his usual resourcefulness, Steve came to camp with a beautiful plaque to honor the 1994 Gabby Winner. Only problem was, that Steve had had a bass, not a trout attached to it!! Carl Ciccone, was, of course, appalled and outraged! The incident led Glen Dworkin to suggest that Steve bring a box of different fish to screw on the plaque in 95, so the winner could pick his own type of fish. Glen remarked, " When I win my next Gabby, I want a geffilta fish!"

The New Colaianneville - A Shining City In The Woods??

Each year, it is a ritual, not unlike the lighting of the Olympic torch. The great tarp, Colaianneville is raised, the fire circle reset, wood piled on, and some white gas poured on it for ignition, poured in a trail away from the fire circle so that it can be lit safely from a distance. The gas is ignited, runs it's path to the wood and in a spectacular whoosh, the Gabby Fire is relit to welcome all camp visitors.

1998 saw a slightly different version of that scenario as Jaymie Smolens, a.k.a. Dr. Trout and the camp fireman (not to be confused with FireGuy), saw the fire dwindle after it's initial lighting. In an effort to revive it, Jaymie thought that a little more gas would surely do the trick. What happened next, happened quickly. No one is sure quite how, or how much gas Jaymie decided to add, but the ensuing fireball that rose up didn't quite dissipate before it got to the tarp. The result was a now gaping hole in the giant blue tarp celebrating it's 12th Gabby. It would not see a thirteenth.

Rumors flew that Steve "FireGuy" Mueller, who has been mulling over new designs for the tarp for years that include walls, chimneys, enclosed walkways from the fire circle to each tent, etc., had secretly conspired with Jaymie to blow the tarp up so he could create a new one, but intensive investigations could not provide anything but circumstantial evidence of a conspiracy. The issue quickly became how to get a new tarp constructed in time for camp. How big should it be? Should it be improved on along the lines of Steve's musings over the years? Who would create the design? Who would construct it? When dealing with Colaianneville, it was believed best to go back to the master, Jim Colaianne. First he would have to be told that his master creation and Gabby Camp legacy had been "accidentally" destroyed. But Jim responded with his usual resiliency and engineering skill. Collaborating with Mueller, a new Giant Colaianneville has been created and will be cristered in camp this year for the 30th anniversary of Gabby. The old tarp has been cut up into "fish flags" to be distributed to all Gabbyites who catch fish in the 1999 camp. Theoretically, this means that people who paid for the tarp 13 years ago and will again for it's replacement this year, could leave camp without even a memento of it. Of course also raises the question of why anyone would want a dirty, smelly carbon and cresote stained patch of 13 year old polyethelene when they could just let their fish rot and keep them instead. However, we do need to indulge the founder, he is, after all, all we've got left.

How big is the new tarp? Does it have flaps, doors, tunnels, embroidered pictures of Gabby Hayes or Jim Colaianne? For the answers to these and other thrilling questions, you're just gonna have to get your butt into camp!

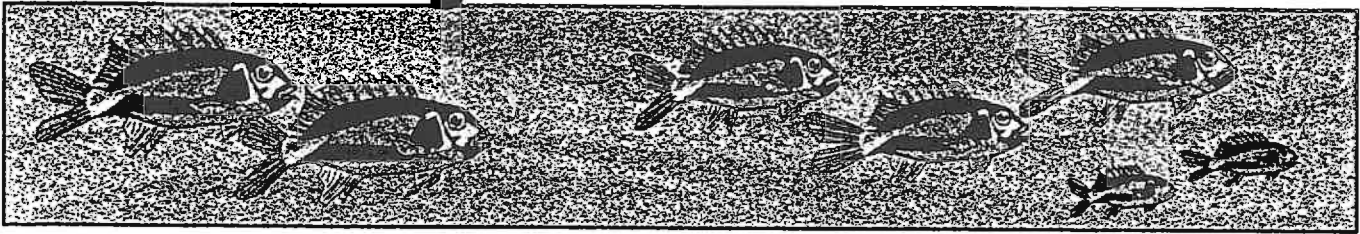
Jeff Cole - Rookie of the Year, or Miss Congeniality?

It was Easter of 1998 when Jeff Cole and I were chatting about life, Jeff's impending marriage to the lovely Nancy Woods and the pressures of just being a guy and getting by in the nineties, that Jeff remarked that he needed to take a few days off to relax and unwind. Asked where he would go and what he would do with his time off, Jeff said he'd probably just stay home. Having known Jeff for 6 months and realizing for some time that he could be Gabby Camp material, I suggested, "Don't just take time and stay home - come with me to Gabby Camp and we will change your life." The idea intrigued Mr. Cole and preparations began. Jeff hit the Orvis store. The night before camp, he and I watched "Gabby In A Nutshell" and got into the Gabby Spirit by downing a few and smoking a few more. One thing led to another and pretty soon it was 4am. The departure for camp the next morning didn't happen until roughly 1:30PM. I soon learned that when dealing with Jeff, this would become a pattern.

Jeff got to camp and was recieved well, but it soon became obvious to all that he was a nightcrawler. Enjoying the Gabby fire till dawn, Jeff was up at 6:30 Saturday morning, but back to sleep by 7:15. As fishermen returned to camp for lunch, they were serenaded by Jeff's resounding snores. He finally did awake and went to fish about 2:30 pm, cocksure that if Gabby was going to choose him, Gabby would just have to wait for him. Though there were no witnesses, Jeff does claim to have caught a fish and released it. When it came time for Rookie of the Year to be decided, Founder Dane Konop, noting Jeff's relaxed demeanor and techniques rebuffed the nomination of Jeff, dubbing him Miss Congeniality instead!



Gabby In A Nutshell



Dear Gabby Guys,

As I write this, the weather has been overcast, in the low 50's and threatening rain most of the morning, folowed by brief, intermitteñt periods of bright sun in the afternoon. Reminded me of Gabby weather in Potter. Even though I was supposed to be doing my taxes, I had to take a little time out to get out my old fishing vest and new tackle and play with them for awhile. I've got Gabby fever.

As usual this time of year, I'm excited about the opening of PA trout and Gabby, now less than a month away, and look forward to seeing my fellow Gabbyites soon in camp. In case you couldn't tell, Gabby is THE major event of the my year. It's Christmas, Fourth of July and Halloween all rolled into one.

I'll admit, this year is special to me - the 30th anniversary of that first weekend Pat Annegan, Paul Phillips, Larry Selby and I found our way to Kettle Creek. While each and every Gabby weekend since then has been unique, one thing has remained constant: the weekend of fun always ended too soon, even when we made it a four day trip. Again last year I was the absolute last person left in camp. I just hate to see the Gabby come to an end.

One of the reasons that I get so excited about goin' for the Gabby, I guess, is the realization that the Gabby is such a fleeting wonder, like a window onto a rare reality that opens for only a few special days a year.

Since I usually get there early, I'm on the lookout all day Friday for my Gabby buddies. In twos and fours they come rolling down that old rutty road in the pines into camp for the traditional Gabby handshakes, back slaps and, in recent years, hugs. Next to the camp meeting, and sometimes the actual fishing, my favorite part of Gabby camp is greeting my fellow Gabbyites as they return to camp each year.

Tents are pitched in traditional spots. Camp begins to look just like it did the year before, and the year before that. Guys who would otherwise be strangers to each other in other places, at other times, in Gabby camp become neighbors. Old friendships are renewed. Some years, old friendships get started.

But this special fun is fleeting, all over in a matter of two or three days.

I'll see everyone again the next year. I've seen Gabby Guys come and go. Some guys move away. Some guys lose interest. Some guys die, or worse, take up golf! In recent years I've taken to wondering how many Gabbys I, or any of us, have left. The supply of Gabby fun is not endless.

Which brings me back to this year's controversy. As everyone obviously knows, I wanted to encourage a large turnout this year (since I sent out about three dozen letters to you and as many past attendees as I could track down). I had hoped to stir up a little extra interest and try to get some old regulars we haven't seen recently to return to camp. I even recruited a new founder. Rookies are all well and good, but frankly, I'm more interested in seeing old Gabby friends than making new ones. I had hoped that the new tarp, the fish flags, the new Gabby web page, and special events would help, not hurt the cause.

I never thought that there would be a controversy over too many guys coming to camp. But I understand the concerns. It's a real Gabby conundrum.

Now that many of us have "matured", shall we say, I no longer assume that on the one hand, every Gabby guy ought to be able to invite whomever he pleases to Gabby camp. That's the way it's always been. We were all invited. Every Gabby guy was invited by a founder or someone who was invited by a founder. Pat Annegan invited me to Kettle Creek. I invited Paul Phillips. Paul invited Selby. Annegan was invited by friends who offered him the use of their trailer. It's an "invitational" tournament. Throughout the years, this system has worked remarkably well in assembling an amazingly compatible group of guys. The term "compatible" doesn't do our group justice. The Gabby causes brothers.

That being said, I also understand the difference between "sons" and "brothers" and acknowledge that some fear that having young men in camp will cramp the style of us veterans. I once thought so, too. But first, it should be remembered that the precedent was set long ago, in about 1987, when Pat Welch, the Gabby camp physician, brought his 16 year old son John to camp. I don't remember John cramping my style that year, or anyone else's. If you haven't been to the Gabby in the past few years, you should know that we've had a couple of sons in camp who fish hard, are legitimate Gabby contenders, and tend to fit in quite nicely with their older Gabby brethren. Plus, and you may scoff knowing my own camp behavior over the years, frankly I don't think the essence of Gabby camp is drinking, swearing and spitting. (It's fishing.) Sure we still drink, swear and spit and compete, but we do it in a sportsmanlike, albeit, eccentric way that

Gabby In A Nutshell continued.....

that is something our sons could actually learn from. Plus, as best as I can, those folks who are most affected by sons in Gabby camp seem to be the Gabby dads who brung 'em. This year, I'll know that pleasure.

I also understand that through the years some Gabby guys have felt that our circle was beginning to expand too widely, that camp was getting too crowded with strangers, that Gabby traditions and old friendships were imperiled by a constant influx of rookies with new ways. So, a good number of years ago, we did decide, informally, to place self limits on ourselves; each Gabby guy would invite only one rookie at a time. No one took an oath or signed anything; but we had an understanding. This approach seemed to work well in ensuing years. One by one, new guys came to camp to replace old guys who drifted away. Gabby camp and Gabby culture slowly "evolved", but there were never too many rookies at any one time to change the basic nature and routines of camp too quickly. The only rookie controversy came the year Perry Newton showed up at camp before Steve Mueller, who had invited him. Someone told Perry that because he had arrived ahead of his sponsor, he was not eligible for the Gabby. He asked Selby if this was true. To which Larry immediately replied "If you think a Gabby rule applies to you then it does."

While everyone has always been entitled to invite whomever he wants to camp, all of us have carefully hand picked only the "choicest" candidates for Gabbyhood using a simple criterion: would he enjoy Gabby camp and would other Gabby guys enjoy his company? All in all, as I said earlier, this simple system has worked remarkably well in assembling a diverse but fraternal group of friends.

This year, if anyone feels this brotherhood has been diluted by too many new arrivals, I understand. I'll admit to occasionally thinking the same thing watching some of y'all arrive in camp over the years. But Gabby camp has slowly evolved, and it survives. I still feel like the Gabby guys, recent rookies included, are my brothers. And the Gabby is still a very good time.

A couple of years ago when Larry died, his wife, Dolly, asked me to speak at his memorial service. Among other things, I mentioned how important his leadership had been to his Gabby brothers, how he could always be counted on to be the voice of common sense, usually in unique ways. In the current controversy over too many rookies coming and too many oldtimers not coming, I would invoke Larry's spirit and common sense: If you think someone is "Gabby material" and will fit in with his new Gabby brothers, invite him. We'll trust your judgement.

As to the "one rookie limit", it's a rule that should be followed (if you think it applies to you).

I hope those who are not now planning to make the trip will reconsider, If you don't come to Gabby camp, we'll miss you. The Gabby will continue, but will be diminished by your absence.

As for me, short of death, I'll see you in camp. **Dane**

And other select opinions....

Steve Brennan I can't wait to see the new camp and all you old friends again. I haven't been to Kettle for several years and can't wait to have that itchy head feeling again..on say Friday or Saturday. Look out fish!!! The Gabby Guys are coming again."

Steve Mueller -NOW GET THIS ALL YOU LONG TIME GABBY GUYS WHO HAVE NOT BEEN IN CAMP IN RECENT YEARS AND ARE LOOKING FOR SOME NEW F***ING EXCUSE NOT TO BE THERE THIS YEAR - I DID YOU ALL A FAVOR LAST YEAR -THERE ARE NO MORE EXCUSES. I HAD LOST MY DAD AND I HAD A F***ING BROKEN LEG - BUT I KNEW I NEEDED TO BE THERE AND THAT MY FELLOW GABBY GUYS NEEDED ME TO BE THERE. AND THEY WERE THERE FOR ME. WE NEED YOU THERE AND YOU NEED YOU THERE.

Jaymie Smolens - ...I HAVE ALWAYS RESPECTED MY GABBY ELDERS, EVEN DANE, AND HAVE A GREAT LOVE AND RESPECT FOR ALL OF THEM. THIS IS A PERSONAL TIME FOR ALL. A TIME OF RENEWAL. A TIME TO RELAX AND LET GO OF YOUR INNERMOST INHIBITIONS. I AM AGAINST ANYONE OR ANYTHING THAT CAUSES THE SLIGHTEST NEGATIVE EMOTIONAL DISCOMFORT....

AND MY PERSONAL FAVORITE...

Andy Anderson - Gabby 99, Well the Gabbygrams have been interesting to say the least. It sounds at times like we've created some type of bull**it country club or something. The puking, drinking, smoking, cussing, farting types that we are, (and remember we still had enough fog on the brain last year to bum the place to the ground) doesn't quite fit in with the membership review and black balling. I think that sometimes we forget that in spite of what kind of strings the Gabby pulls in our hearts and minds, we're still a bunch of Saturday morning stumble bums who spend the first part of opening day trying to sober up from the campfire the night before, and would have it no other way. I'm still hoping that some minds will change, because it would be good to see everyone again, and yes you are missed.

THE GABBY BUSINESS MEETING WORKSHEET

The Gabby Business meeting is a sacred event, the annual gathering of the World's Greatest Deliberative Body. Problem is, that these days, you never know who's gonna be there to run it, how to figure out old business from new business, when to call smoke breaks, how to collect money without breaking up the meeting, or for that matter, how to heckle properly. As a public service, we at The Worm have provided the following outline for whoever the poor shlub is who gets suckered into doing it by Dane. God help us, It could even be Annegan!!!!

- 1) Call to order, greeting and welcome
- 2) Compliment the guys that showed up, admire the new tarp (providing that it hasn't been torched yet) and the fire, ridicule a couple of rookies and kids.
- 3) Pass the plate - Take everyone's money for wood, hay, tarp, pension funds, the Gabby Apprentice/Training Program Fund for kids, etc, etc, etc....
- 4) Smoke break - calling it before this point tends to hamper the ability to collect money.
- 5) Fish count - this usually takes at least three tries, especially after a smoke break.....be patient!!
- 6) Committee Reports - The Tarp Committee, the wood committee, the commemoratives committee, the Trophy committee (break it out at this point and pass it!!), the newspaper committee, the website committee, the security committee, the membership committee, the committee to oversee the committees, etc., etc., etc. Try not to let this go on for more than an hour or two...
- 7) Smoke break
- 8) Call for contenders
- 9) The official Gabstick measurement - Kodak moment
- 10) Concession Speeches
- 11) Awarding of the Gabby Trophy and the Selby Cup by previous winner - Kodak moment
- 12) Acceptance speech by Gabby Winner..however long it is, we have to suffer through it!
- 13) Smoke break
- 14) Old business - there isn't any - ever!!- no one remembers anything that happened more than 10 minutes ago!!...anything suggested is either new business or should have been in the committee reports.....
- 15) New Business - Pick a topic from suggestions or make up your own - Founder's Awards, Founders, should there be kids in camp? Should there be girls in camp? Rookie limits? Should we move camp to somewhere with trees? Should we plant trees? If Monaca won't come to camp should we move the Gabby to their houses? Palominos, suckers, fly fishing, camp toilets, etc, etc, etc,..
- 16) Adjorn

Personally, I liked the days when the Gabby was cooked for the group and everyone recieved communion. Bring something good to pass around at the meeting and most of all remember:

Any calls to make or amend rules must be met by an immediate Smoke break, strike call, riot, or combination of any or all of these remedies. Be Alert!!!!!!

GABTOWN, THE REVIEW

[HTTP://MEMBERS.AOL.COM/MOBJR](http://members.aol.com/mobjr) PASSWORD: GABTOWN

It was about three years ago or more that Founder Dane Konop started suggesting that for the Gabby to prepare for the 21st Century, a website would be necessary. Of course, I believe that it was the same year he worked on the film "Twister" and was musing about pitching a screenplay to Steven Spielberg about the Gabby. Well, the movie rights are still in negotiation, but GabTown is now a reality.

The product of the combined imaginations and talents of Dane and former camp photographer and now camp webmeister, Mark Bedont, Gabtown is a brilliant forum for the history of Gabby camp, as well as a tool for preparation for camp. Filled with a mother lode of information from stocking reports to weather reports, Gabtown is the ultimate tool for the Gabbyite hungry for a competitive edge, the Gabby historian searching for details and Gab stories of camps gone by, or the boisterous Gabbyite, anxious to say "hi" to his buddies, or stir up a pre-camp controversy. In a very short time the site has gone from being under construction, to a very polished, professional site worthy of The Gabby.

The graphics of the site are great, from the rolling eyes announcing new additions, to the image of the 1999 PA trout stamp, to my personal favorite, the trout for all fisherman that changes from a brown to a rainbow to a brookie in a constant chameleon-like catharsis. The entire script of Gabby in A Nutshell, complete with photographs can be found in the links and the overwhelming popularity of the Gabbygrams created the need to create archives after only 45 days of existence. It's filled with something for everyone, including Bob Dylan manning the Gabby Share-A-Ride program. It's also great to see the portrait of name-sake Gabby Hayes, the old sidekick, presiding over the page.

Many thanks to Mark and Dane for Gabtown. It's been great for those of us who have been there to have a little Gabby in the long, dark days of February and March. As for the rest of you, if you haven't checked it out, it is a "must-see" for all Gabbyites. Personally, I can't wait to see it grow in post-camp and the years to come.



Gabby in the 21st Century What Will it Bring???

As we make our lists, check our tackle, air our sleeping bags and pack our gear for Gabby camp 1999, the last Gabby of the 20th century, one can only wonder what the 21st century will have in store for the Gabby? We have somewhat of a head start with GabTown, the website that we're sure will only continue to grow and get better, but what of commemoratives? As of this writing, there is no planned commemorative for the 30th anniversary this year, except of course for the fish flags, but G2K must be worthy of one.

As you pack your gear, gas up and head for camp, give some thought to what an appropriate commemorative for the second century of Gabby might be? A simple G2K Bumper sticker would surely be both memorable and a conversation piece at home. A custom designed T-shirt could be a great commemorative, the fourth in a series by Chairman Dr. Trout. But, maybe, just maybe it's time for another Gabbyite to come out of retirement to be commissioned to design a Gabby in The 21st Century Commemorative Patch. What do you think??



Editorial

Well guys, it's Gabby time again and we're here to celebrate the 30th anniversary of the event. The Worm is back to celebrate, we've got a new tarp, a trophy, the Selby Cup, a Founder's Award and, yes, even fish flags! But that's not all we've got. In what is supposed to be a brotherhood of friends, we have new controversies, but this time they're not friendly disagreements. They are GabRage, an unattractive and argumentative style of expression that is stirring up bad feelings from New York to Florida, and from Connecticut to Ohio. And what the hell are we arguing about? That "other" people aren't good enough to hang around with us! I'll tell you one thing, controversies were a lot more entertaining when we were arguing about whether suckers were eligible, if Palominos were trout and if fly fishing was against the "rules".

For twelve years I've been coming to Potter and fishing Kettle with all of you. I still remember my first camp. It was standing room only, something akin to a large living room, or group of living rooms where guys wandered around from camp to camp, saying hello to each other and getting caught up over a cocktail or two. Everyone was glad to see each other and to meet the friend or friends anyone had brought along. It was a fraternity and we were all brothers. You didn't have to meet admission criteria, all you had to do was show up and enjoy yourself with your friends. It was very simple and in its simplicity lay its beauty.

I remember when Glen Dworkin and I arrived my first year. I hadn't been camping in about 20 years, but believing that nothing had changed since I was in that army blanket tent in the backyard, I had packed everything I thought I'd need in my little canvas rucksack and brought a cooler for food. I learned early from my fellow Gabbyites that this was no way to prepare for Gabby camp. Now I can't fit my stuff in a 4 door Chevy Blazer, but collecting it over the years, showing it off and sharing it has been great fun. I didn't know the first thing about trout fishing. I didn't even know what waders were. But after that first year, I tackled up, learned from the Gabites, and I've even caught some contenders in my time. I was shy and unsure, but the Gabby was easy, because it was fun. I was readily accepted, assisted as needed, especially when Glen would forget something, like the tent fly that first year, and I was always encouraged to return.

Those first few years, the Gabby gave me a lot. Since then I have always felt an eager responsibility to give back to the Gabby, to try to help to keep it fun. I created this paper back in 1993 after The Gabsette disappeared because, even if they change format, some traditions need to be maintained, especially if they're fun. Say what you will, but I've always tried to make The Worm fun. Satirical, silly, inaccurate at times, but fun. I've been able to use it as an expression of my views of the Gabby, but most importantly, I created it to share with all of you and to make it a forum for everyone. You see to me, that's what the Gabby is all about - having fun and sharing it with everyone. Where would I be if Glen and Steve hadn't shared their fun with me? A man of considerably poorer spirit, no doubt. Through death, divorce and depression, the one constant in my life besides the love of my children, has been the Gabby and these guys I consider family.

But as the years have gone by, the Gabby has changed. Not necessarily for better or worse, but it has changed. The Founders and regulars started worrying about it getting too big and it got smaller. The Gabsette folded its flaps, but a few years later The Worm appeared. Fly fishing was allowed, but no one ever caught anything doing it. There were no more patches, but we had some pretty nice t-shirts. Carl stopped doing trophies, but we got a plaque with a bass on it. Larry died, but we have the Selby Cup.

Change is a funny thing. No one ever likes it, but no one can ever stop it either. It is a necessary part of all living things, and make no mistake about it, the Gabby is a living, breathing entity, no different than the people it consists of or the trout that we chase. Change, however uneasy it may make us, is necessary and it is also good.

I've written some stuff about Larry this year, and the funny thing is that I've found that I can still have some fun with him even though he's not here. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to be at his funeral and say my last goodbye, but I was able to express my thoughts, feelings and reflections of Larry with Dolly and Ben in a letter. As it was personal, I will not share it here, but I will tell you one thing. Larry and I got to know each other a lot better in the Gabby of 1995. He was seriously considering not coming that year, but at the last minute, he changed his mind because Larry understood what some of us sometimes forget. Larry knew that the Gabby was his. He was a symbol of Gabby, the embodiment of Gabby tradition, the proud poppa of Gabby and he knew it wouldn't be the same for everyone else if he wasn't there. He also knew that for whatever faults it may have, there is no better place on earth for those 3 or 4 days than among his friends, camping, fishing and partying. He ran the meeting with Dane and they rambled on as

Founders are prone to do, and he had a great time and we had a great time because we were all together again, celebrating each other and what Gabby had grown to be, and, of course, still chasing that elusive trout. There was one more thing that Larry understood. He understood that while the Gabby is very rich in traditions, traditions and rules are two vastly different things. He knew that as long as we had each other, we didn't need rules and that as long as we had each other, the traditions would take care of themselves.

Larry also dealt well with change. When the split delivered firewood showed up, it was Larry who suggested that we build with it rather than burn it. Larry never met a rookie he didn't like because he never paid much attention to them, unless of course, they won the Gabby. But he didn't care who invited them, what they did for a living or how their sponsor met them. All he was concerned with was whether or not they were enjoying this thing we call Gabby; whether or not they were having fun. As I remember it, it was Larry's antics in 1988 that made 16 year old John Welch refer to all of us as a bunch of old fools he was embarrassed to be seen with. Consequently, he never came back. Larry knew: some guys just never get it, but it was ok; it would just take care of itself. That was the way of Gabby.

It seems sometimes that it is easier to complain about things than appreciate them. Through the years, we've complained about the Gabby becoming too expensive with patches and trophies and t-shirts and newspapers and tarps and wood, but I don't ever remember anyone being forced to contribute a dime and we always covered costs. We've whined about Jaymie winning too many Gabbies, that no one else would ever have a chance, but then Jaymie went off to fish for brookies in Cross Fork Creek. In the midst of all that, I don't think anyone can forget Glen's Miracle of Kettle Creek or Jaymie's role in it. I remember the grumbling about Dane and the video and "The Challenge", only to see Dane get skunked. I remember Karl arguing about his suckers, but I also remember him coming back into camp with that 19" brown that Sunday in 1995 too. Sometimes my own whine has been heard above the others, especially with this soapbox I've created. But it's funny how it always seems to work itself out. Without rules, with nothing more than our respect for the Gabby and our friendships, when it's all said and done, it works out, and it's always been a lot of fun. However the Gabby changes, whatever the future brings, all that we have to remember is that the Gabby always has been, and always will be, exactly what we make it.

If there's 30 of us in camp, there's 30 different opinions on any given subject and that's exactly how it's supposed to be. But are you willing to let a couple of rookies or kids take your Gabby away from you? Are you going to presume that new people who may come, whatever their age, will ruin the Gabby for you? Or do you remember that this thing is your thing, and if new people are there, whatever their age, that we all have a clear responsibility to show up to show them, to teach them, to train them as we were all shown, taught and trained once ourselves. Everything else will take care of itself. That is the way of Gabby. It always has been and it always will be.

There's not much in life that lasts 30 years or looks nearly as good for it's age. It may have a crack here and there, but it's still the Gabby and it's still ours, to do with what we want, to make of it what we want. We don't need rules or restrictions, all we need is each other. Larry decided to come at the last minute in 1995 and taught us the lesson of a lifetime. I don't know about the rest of you, but we've got some rookies and possibly even a new Founder to break in, and I for one, wouldn't miss it for the world. It ought to be a lot of fun. 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 whatever 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 any of this should definitely look into getting a life. After all, what do you want for nothing?