

All The Fish  
Stories Fit to  
Print

# The Worm

Kettle Creek  
Edition  
April 14, 2001



*The Underground Newspaper of The Gabby*



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

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**Byron M. Anderson :**  
**The Worm's 2001 "Gabbyite of the Year"**



Byron M. Anderson, a.k.a. "Barney" Anderson, a.k.a.

"Andy" is the unanimous choice of The Worm's Editorial Staff as "Gabbyite of The Year" for 2001, and will be honored in a ceremony befitting his Gabby Camp stature at this year's business meeting. Andy, only the fourth Gabbyite in history to not only win 3 Gabbys (1987, 1995 and 1996) but to win back to back Gabbys, has been a fixture in camp since 1981 when he shared Rookie status with previous "Gabbyite of the Year" winner Steve "FireGuy"

Mueller. That year, Steve won Rookie of the Year and also his first and only Gabby, though Andy recalls the GabScam." I remember seeing some 10 year old kid pointing at Steve that afternoon in town saying "there, Dad...that's the man that bought my big fish..." if that's not the story, it should be." Andy is also famous for his TroutTie and the original "Gabby, The Video", Andy has not only become a fixture and achieved "Quasi Founder" status, but is also the camp's new innkeeper, renting out rooms to the homeless of camp in his luxurious 3 room Coleman tent. Of his more recent contributions to camp, it was Andy who saved the new Colaianneville with his instant grommet repair kits and his extra tarp that formed the back wall for 2000's "Stealth Gabby". You've just got to admire a guy who travels all the way from Columbus Ohio in a soon to be antique Detroit sedan and lugs all his equipment, including his steel camp chair and snack tables up and down the hill to camp. Andy has also made numerous contributions to the Gabby Transportation and Public Works Department by designing and performing repairs to the Burma road leading down into the Pines. A renown storyteller around the campfire and world class mediator of the Great GabRage of 1999, it is Byron who truly deserves the title of Gabby Philosopher. In the true tradition of gracious Gabby winners, Andy always makes himself available to those seeking that competitive edge to hook the holy fish. Andy's son, Zack, is an occasional camp novice and will, hopefully, become one of the leaders of "Gabby, The Next Generation", however, Zack is unable to make camp this year, as he is the starting second baseman on his varsity baseball team. Andy will be arriving for his 21st camp with Keith "Rob" Robinson on Thursday. See page 6 for an all new Casting Couch, "Gabby Goes To The Oscar" as Andy contributes to this cheap and tawdry rag. Congratulations and thanks Andy for 21 fun years!!

## 30th Anniversary Camp - A Year To Remember

Dateline: The Pines

Few believed it was possible, but The Gabby celebrated 30 years of fun, friendship, fishing and debauchery in Gabby Camp of 1999. Returning to camp for the great event were 18 Gabbyites, forming the largest camp in recent years. Some were spurred to attend through the efforts of Founder Dane Konop, others were inspired by the debut of GabTown, The Official Website of The Gabby, some were curiosity seekers, there to gawk at the massive new Colaianneville, or to collect their fish flags, and still others were inspired by the Anniversary issue of The Worm, now a collector's item. 18 campers, yes, count 'em, 18 Gabbyites assembled for the celebration, including Founders Dane Konop and Paul Phillips, "Lost Founder" Patton Annegan and Ben Selby, son of late founder Larry Selby. Returning to camp after long absences were Ty Albert, Mark Bedont and Steve Brennan. Dane Konop was accompanied by his son and Gabby heir, Dane Christian, as was Byron Anderson with his son Zack. Jaymie showed up late in the afternoon, however, not late enough to miss the Gabby. Dave Phillips and Phil Cook manned DaveTown for the weekend and Steve Mueller was in attendance with rookie Mike "he ain't much to look at, but that bitch sure can cook" Guyder. Rounding out the cast of campers was Jeff Cole, who travelled 1,336 miles from the Tampa, Florida area in a rented truck to be there, and of course, this Editor.

The 30th Anniversary camp began weeks earlier on the web pages of GabTown, where differing opinions of who should be allowed to come and who shouldn't spawned GabRage99, but when the Gabbyites assembled, there was hardly a trace of resentment, as everyone just seemed glad to be in camp and to be with old friends. Thursday night, Davetown hosted the first gathering and Dane Konop sent everyone to bed early by re-telling old navy stories till 3AM. Friday was an amazing reunion of the group, getting acquainted with Lost Founder Pat Annegan and the usual boasts, prognostications and strategy sessions. A most memorable Business Meeting ensued Saturday night, with Paul Phillips once again hosting the festivities. After calling for a moment of silence for Larry Selby, Paul introduced Patton Annegan and Ben Selby to the group. Suddenly, out of the darkness, a Gabbyite made the call for a "whiz break". A whiz break?? The weekend was immediately dubbed "The Prostate Gabby", as Founder Dane Konop cautioned the group that "4 of you probably have prostate cancer and don't even know it". The new Colaianneville was officially introduced, though manufacturer's design defects were identified. A fish count was conducted by Steve Mueller, and failing to be able to get an accurate count after several vain attempts, the count was set at 30 fish, in keeping with the anniversary. The Fish Flags were distributed, Melissa Griffin's plea to allow girls in camp was even addressed. After a long and strenuous debate by the World's Greatest Deliberative Body, highlighted by Karl Wendel's pleas for fairness and equality, it was determined that girls would be allowed in camp, provided they didn't belong to anyone.

Steve Mueller was honored as Gabbyite of the Year and awarded a virtual reality fishing game for his selection, which was a hit with both adults and kids in camp. Mueller suggests that the game be used for a Virtual Gabby complete with a Virtual Trophy if you win. At a pause in the

## 30th Anniversary Camp - A Year To Remember

continued from page 2

meeting, Byron Anderson, budding Gabby Philosopher, answers a hypothetical question by making it multiple choice - there are four possible answers, A thru D - D is "I don't know". Andy notes that regardless of the question, the answer is always D. Karl Wendel gave a comprehensive report in his role as Director of Covert and Clandestine Operations, noting the successful "Stealth Gabby" additions to the great tarp due to a three county fire ban. Annegan, attending his first camp since the original, relates that when he showed his wife The Worm's "Business Meeting Worksheet", she remarked that "with all these smokes breaks, they must have this meeting in a non-smoking building." Jaymie claimed his 7th Gabby, rust and all, having shown up in camp at 4:40 in the afternoon. The secret Founder's Award was not awarded. That's just how big a secret it was. A debate raged over new founders being named, but was quickly dismissed, though rumblings and rumors continued. After the meeting concluded, Dane went down to visit the campers below, now annual visitors to Gabby Camp, to remark on how much he enjoyed the music they were blasting all weekend. At 4 am, as they tried to make an escape from their constantly mud filled camp, Dave Phillips greets them and prevents them from driving through Colaianneville. On Sunday, as Karl Wendel and Jeff Cole pack and prepare to leave, they sit down to enjoy a final beer at camp and find themselves getting comfortable again and in no rush to leave. They realize a truism of Gabby Camp - once you're packed and ready to go, the pressure's off - you can stay. Dave Phillips announces Sunday that his weekend goal of consuming 68 beers has been reached as he trades commodities with Jeff Cole for the remaining beers required to achieve the goal.

### George Carlin Wonders.....

- Do infants enjoy infancy as much as adults enjoy adultery?
- If God dropped acid, would he see people?
- Should crematoriums give discounts to burn victims?
- Why are hemorrhoids called hemorrhoids instead of asteroids?
- If a mute swears, does his mother wash his hands with soap?
- Does the Little Mermaid wear an algebra?
- Why is it called tourist season if we can't shoot at them?
- If you go to a book store and have to ask where the self help section is, does it defeat the purpose?
- If you ate pasta and antipasta, would you still be hungry?
- If one synchronized swimmer drowns, do the rest drown too?
- Whose cruel idea was it to put the letter "S" in lisp?
- If you try to fail and succeed, what have you done?
- How is it possible to have a "civil war"
- If man evolved from monkeys and apes, why do we still have monkeys and apes?

## Gabby Winners: Something Old, Something New

1999 was a wonderful camp and exciting most of Saturday as much as for who was not there as for who was. Usually, Jaymie "Dr. Trout" Smolens is the first up and on the stream, but strangely, as dawn broke on opening day of 1999, Dr. Trout was nowhere to be found, having been delayed by a job change where he was now pursuing a lifelong dream by working for the railroad. Gabbyites were thrilled at the prospect and fished hard all day, many fishing for a big palomino that had trophy written all over it. Karl Wendel and Byron Anderson chased the massive goldfish all morning, at one point, throwing a rock at it to get the monster to move from an unfishable position. Excitement grew as the Gabby Guys returned to camp for lunch, as there was still no sign of Dr. Trout. Mark Bedont, perhaps favored by the Gabby Gods for his building of Gabtown, had a 14" rainbow, a sure contender, that he caught after I had spent a hour trying to entice him onto my hook. By 4:30, when the weary Gabby fishermen started to return to camp, there was still no sign of Dr. Trout and Andy, Karl and Mike Guyder were still chasing the extra large goldfish, who had settled in a hole down by the double bend in Kettle Creek below camp.

Suddenly, at 4:40, the Doctor appeared in the pines, immediately checking intelligence reports to find out what had been caught and if there were big ones left. Almost instantaneously, he was on the palomino who had eluded most of camp all day. Byron Anderson saw the Doctor arrive and cried out "hey, train guy - get away from my fish!!", but to no avail. Rookie Mike Guyder, obviously poorly trained by his sponsor Steve Mueller, actually got out of Jayme's way to let him pursue the fish. The Doctor, realizing that time was of the essence, placed a red worm on his hook and 3 casts later, the chase for Gabby was over, as he retrieved the 16" fish at 4:50, much to the awe and disappointment of the Gabbyites that had assembled. Ten minutes of fishing didn't seem like quite enough as the Headmaster of the Trout Academy quickly landed the second largest fish in camp, and confident of his 7th Gabby trophy, called it a day. Mark Bedont's 14" rainbow came in third.

Meanwhile, 1999 also saw the presence of a new Selby, Ben Selby, in camp. Defending his family honor proudly, while not catching the biggest fish, he caught 7 trout, the highest count in camp. Returning for the G2K Gabby last year, Ben would not be denied, winning his first Gabby and taking the coveted Larry Selby Cup home to Dolly for them to enjoy for the year. He will be returning for this year's camp to defend his title, bringing the new trophy and hoping that he'll be packing both up and taking them home after showing them off to the rest of camp. Welcome and congratulations to Ben. Certain to be vying for the title again is Dr. Trout, who has notified Gabby Camp 2001 that with his move last year to Virginia and his ability to get in early spring trout fishing before camp, he will no longer be "rusty" as he has been in previous camps while only winning an average of every other year since his rookie camp of 1988. The prospect of young competition doesn't bother the Doctor, as he continues to pursue what has been his policy since "The Challenge of 1994" for the 25th Anniversary of the Gabby - ABD - Anyone But Dane.

## Colaianneville, Mary Poppins and Smokey The Bear

Dateline: the Fire Circle



Colaianneville, the great tarp and meeting hall of The Gabby, limped in the breeze in the camp of 1998, a giant hole having been torched through it's center as the result of a white gas accident involving Ja ymie "The Fireman/Firebug" Smolens. Only one option could be considered: To commission Jim Colaianne, Camp Engineer, to create a new bigger and better version. Steve Mueller, Camp Pyrotechnician and Assistant Engineer had been chomping at the bit of this prospect for years, envisioning many design changes. Working with Jim during the off season, a huge new Colaianneville debuted in the 1999 camp. Measuring 30' X 40', it was magnificent. The one factor the engineers did not compensate for however, was how this giant would respond to wind. That answer would come quickly as the tarp went airborne 3 times, ripping crucial grommets and leaving the behemoth torn and flapping in the breeze. The third time it went airborne, Dane and I were sitting by the fire and Dane was calmly eating spaghetti. When the sudden gust of wind came up, the tarp began to rise higher and higher, lifting the steel center pole with it and still going higher. Dane, astonished at the aerodynamics, saw the steel pole headed for him as the tarp continued to rise, the pole eventually ending up over seven feet off the ground! Reacting quickly, Dane quickly handed me his food and grabbed on to the pole as it flew by, hoping his weight would be enough to hold it from being launched into space. Noticing that Dane appeared like Gabby's version of Mary Poppins, Steve Mueller looked quickly for rope, believing it might be necessary to tie a rope to Dane's ankle to keep him from taking off with the tarp! The wind subsided and Dane, the pole and the tarp returned to earth and emergency repairs and re-rigging were immediately undertaken and normalcy resumed, but this would not be the only challenge of the weekend.

A visit by Mike Stone made us aware that a 3 county fire ban had been instituted and that no campfires could be made. Quickly realizing the sacrilege involved, Gabbyites huddled to find a solution. Steve Mueller's longtime plan of adding walls to Colaianneville would be realized; we would build a back and side wall to conceal the view of the fire from the road and the forest rangers! Acting quickly, the plan was put into action utilizing spare tarps and lacing them to the overhead one with ropes. The "Stealth Gabby" tactic worked as well as it had to, despite another visit by Mike Stone that got a wink and a nod. At Saturday night's business meeting, the warranty on the tarp was questioned. All agreed that Jim Colaianne should have been in camp to repair it, or at the very least made him self available to fly in to perform the warranty work, a service often given by the manufacturers of other premium items like cars and boats. After much disgruntled chatter, it was decided that a recall was in order at the close of camp.

The tarp would break new ground in 2000 after the factory recall and repairs, the most significant being cut down to 30' X 30', we arrived at camp to discover that the tri-county fire ban was again in effect. So serious was the situation now, that even the back wall tactics would not be tolerated. Saturday night, being clear and cool, the business meeting was moved out from underneath the tarp for the first time since 1987. The despondent small group of campers huddled their chairs around a stump to the south of Colaianneville and sat staring at a small candle, remembering the great Saturday night fires of the past and trying to make the best of a bad situation. As the meeting was about to begin, Dave Phillips took one of his tiki torches from his camp and running up to the group as if he were an Olympic runner carrying the eternal flame, placed the torch at the stump and fire was restored to the business meeting. Selby should have been there. We couldn't bum our wood, so maybe, he actually could of built something with it!!



# The Casting Couch

The Musings of Byron M. Anderson



Well this year I decided to take the couch to Hollywood for the Oscar. I say Oscar because the true Gabby only goes for one category, and of course that is, The Best Supporting Actor. That was the Official Sidekick category. As a matter of fact the Best Supporting Actor was created to give an Oscar to Walter Brennan for a movie he had played but not starred in. It's a category that brings to mind names like Slim Pickens, Smiley Burnette, Fuzzy St. John, Andy Devine, Walter Brennan and George "Gabby" Hayes. So, in a Gabby frame of mind, lets go to the Oscar:

**Best Supporting Actor: 1. Willem Dafoe - Shadow of the Vampire** - This movie's a buzz...I can't even imagine how a title that wouldn't work in the fifties for Ed Wood all of a sudden put forward a nominee this year, that nominee being Willem Dafoe. Willem Dafoe. Wil-lem...Da-Fo. Saying his last name will get you shot in half a dozen neighborhoods at least. I like the man but, and here you have to use your best Chicago mobster voice, With all due respect, it sounds like a name thought up by Rocky Balboa & Moses Malone. **Buzz-Buzz-Buzz.**

**Best Supporting Actor: 2. Benicio Del Toro - Traffic** - Lets get serious. A movie about drugs and corruption and the nominee's name is Benicio Del Toro, Benny the Bull. **Buzzz!!** (enter Italian eraserphrase here)

**Best Supporting Actor: 3. Joaquin Phoenix - Gladiator** - He almost got me with this whole Joaquin and Phoenix thing, until I saw the movie and realized he was playing with my head. He was the bad guy! The evil emperor, and in the sidekick category. He's not Mexican. He's probably never been to Arizona and to quote the bimbo from Captain Ron, "Who is this guy? Already I don't like him a lot!" **Buzz!**

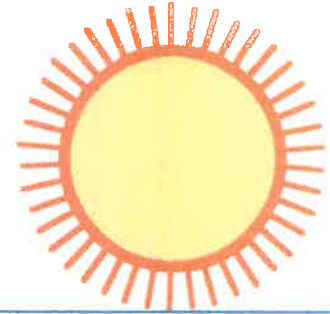
**Best Supporting Actor: 4. Jeff Bridges - The Contender** - I'm not a big Jeff Bridges fan, but the title is something every Gabbite can identify with so I say it's right in there, but not quite as good as the next one.

**Best Supporting Actor: 5. Albert Finney - Erin Brockovich** - Albert was my pick because he has all the qualities I see every year on dozens of faces opening day, which you must remember comes right after the Friday night campfire, which is almost as big as the Saturday night campfire. The 18 year old mind that has coped with a fifty year old body for an entire year in an adult masquerade, waking up to discover that he has once again done weird and terrible things to his brain in an evening of male bonding. Then to spend the next day stuporously, tempting fate and mother nature by standing hip deep in a cold rushing mountain stream. Mr. Finney has that same "I got drunk and woke up with a pine cone stuck to my face" face, that we all get each year and that's why he's my favorite.

**See ya soon, and that's the Oscar from the Casting Couch.**



## Dane Christian Konop Camp Meteorologist



The 30th Anniversary Gabby in 1999 marked the debut of Dane Christian Konop as Camp Meteorologist. Working on a project for school, Dane brought with him weather measuring equipment that he set up in front of Camp Konop, while his father tried several times, vainly, to remember how to set up his tent. Dane Christian established means for recording temperature and measuring rain, which we unfortunately had plenty of in 1999. The weather was reported as clear Thursday with rain late Thursday night, intermittent rain Friday, Saturday and Sunday and rain mixed with snow late Sunday night and Monday morning. In the four day period, Meteorologist Konop measured 1.4" of rainfall.

DC returned to camp in 2000 and re-established his weather station, however this reporter was unable to confirm his findings, though camp was relatively warm and dry last year, making it safe to move the business meeting out from under Colaianneville. Young Mr. Konop, conspicuously quieter than the older version, was awarded a trout pocket flashlight for his contributions to camp in 1999 and 2000 by The Worm and it is hoped that he will continue to report his findings for publication in future issues.

In a related story, Steve and Jaymie report that according to Erin Churchill, there was still 8-10" of snow on the ground as of two weeks before Opening Day, however the expected temperatures for one week before opening day are a high of 62 and a low of 43. It is expected that the stream will be high but clear, of course depending on rainfall which is always imminent this time of year. Don't forget to pack your rain gear and shorts - who knows it may be a snowball fight in shorts year!

## The Tin Man

**Dateline: Gabtown**

Jaymie "Dr. Trout" Smolens, Phd., Salmonoid put all on notice in Gabtown this year that since moving to Virginia and being able to get in some Spring fishing before camp, that he would no longer be "rusty" for Opening Day. This from a man who already owns every Gabby record except having caught a larger fish than the "Inspirational Gabby" of 1969. Dr. Trout was notified that the Editorial Board of The Worm was, in light of this "rusty revelation", considering changing his official Gabby moniker from Dr. Trout to "The Tin Man" of Wizard of Oz fame, who of course, rusted after getting caught in the rain. The good doctor replied that the proper title would be "Tin Man, Phd., Rustology" and questioned The Worm's ability to do so, noting that "no officiality has been granted to The Worm". What's this Dr. Trout?? Officiality? And just

whom would that come from? Badges? We don't need no stinkin' badges!!!! The Editorial staff also contemplated concocting a complete allegoric spoof of The Wizard of Oz for this issue starring all your favorite Gabby Guys. To this, The Tin Man replied that The Trout Academy was looking to lead Gabby Camp down the yellow brick road to the Wizard of Cross Fork, implying that he, was indeed, the title character. It became necessary to note to the poor deluded doctor that the Wizard was a man who operated under a false facade, overly impressed with is own self importance and stature among the characters and forever linked to lots of hot air, and that, as such, Jaymie would be miscast. Who's your choice?

EAST  
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**THE FISHING ISSUE!**

# FIELD & STREAM

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## Trout From Scratch

No-frills fishing requires a different way of thinking.

**M**Y BOSS GAVE ME THE AFTERNOON OFF FROM MY summer job working up in the mountains of Oregon. I strolled away from our base camp, down the cinder road to where a small creek curled through a meadow. I peered in. It was even worse than I had feared.

There were trout, lots of trout, and they were big—gliding in and out of visibility, flashing every now and then as they turned to take a nymph. It was an idyllic situation, a stream packed with feeding fish, a high mountain vista, a beautiful sunny afternoon off from work. There was only one problem: I had no fishing gear—no rod, no fly box, no tippets, nothing, *nada*.

Dazed by the cruelty of the trout gods, I wandered back toward camp.

A snarl of monofilament, bait hook and all, littered the stream bank, so I picked it up without thinking and brought it to the trash can. Just as I was about to toss the mess away, a ray of sunlight snuck through the trees and hit the snarl. Was this a sign?

I hurried back to camp. On the picnic table, I laid out the totality of my fly-tying equipment: one hook with barbs everywhere, a 6-inch Buck knife, two rocks, and the little spool of black thread from my emergency sewing kit. With the two rocks, I smashed the barbs down on the bait hook, leaving a pretty good nymph hook. I pressed the point of the hook deep into a stump that would act as my vise. I tied on the thread and looked around for materials.

As I gazed around, hoping for a Metz Grizzly hackle

to fall in my lap, I noticed my wool sweater. After picking at it a bit, I had some little balls of fuzz and dubbed those in. I found a piece of candy wrapper in the fire pit and tied that in for some flash at the wing case. I dubbed in some more sweater, added some legs made from human arm hair, tied it off, and *taa-daa*, a flashback nymph—and a pretty good one at that.

I unsnarled the monofilament, salvaging about 5 feet,

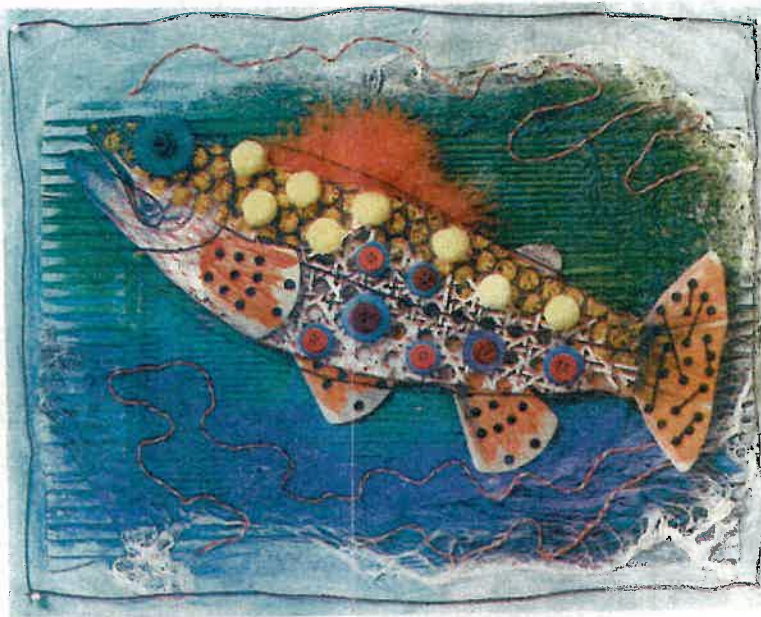
and tied this to the fly. For my fly rod, I ran down to the creek and cut a thin willow sprout about 5 feet long, then tied the line to the tip. I was ready.

At the creek I crouched down and crawled through shooting stars and willows and flipped my nymph out into the channel. I followed it downstream with the rip of my rod—high-stick nymphing—

keeping in contact with the fly. The line jerked, and a nice brookie was up and dancing.

This was my introduction to what I like to call back-to-the-basics flyfishing. Since that fateful afternoon, I have often fished with a minimum of gear, done well, and loved every minute of it. On a recent study-abroad program to New Zealand, I took along a pack rod, a tiny fly box, and some tippet. We were stationed on the edge of a lake that had incredible fishing in the outlet river. Every day after lectures and duties were done, I would run 2 miles down to the river to fish the evening caddis hatch for the huge brown trout. But I soon lost both of my size 12 caddis imitations, snapping them off on fish that felt so big they scared me.

I searched my traveling fly box for answers, but all I



could find was a size 12 unweighted Gold Ribbed Hare's Ear. I cut away some of the dubbing but was stumped for a wing that would turn this into a floating caddis dry fly. That night, as I put in some earplugs to prevent my bunkmates' snoring from keeping me awake, I realized that the earplugs were closed-cell foam. I got up, cut a caddis wing from the earplug, and tied it down with some thread. My improvisation was a big hit with the browns, and time after time, huge forms materialized from below, drifted up, and sucked it down.

I have tried various streamside experiments. Some worked; many did not. I now always throw two things in with the rest of my camping gear: a couple of hooks and a spool of tippet. With these items and regular camping gear like a knife and thread, I use what I find around me to invent wild streamside creations. I look for discarded feathers, any sort of shiny, plastic trash like candy wrappers or Ziploc bags, tufts of fur caught on barbed-wire fences, and even the clothes on my back. I tie these flies onto about 6 feet of tippet and attach the tippet to a 5-foot-long willow or ash wand.

I'm not quite sure what I find so evocative about back-to-the-basics fishing, except that it seems to work better on small streams and creeks. Maybe it reminds me of my childhood and when I was first learning to fish, when my dad tied a length of tippet to a stick with a wet fly and taught me how to jiggle it in front of those bluegills that hung around under the dock. It reminds me of walking barefooted in creeks, poking about, looking for crayfish, bugs, fish, whatever. Sometimes I still take off my wading shoes and mince up a small creek, letting the mud squish between my white, sun-deprived toes. Sometimes my feet get too cold from snowmelt creeks, so I sit on the bank, thinking back to simpler times as I warm my feet in the sun.

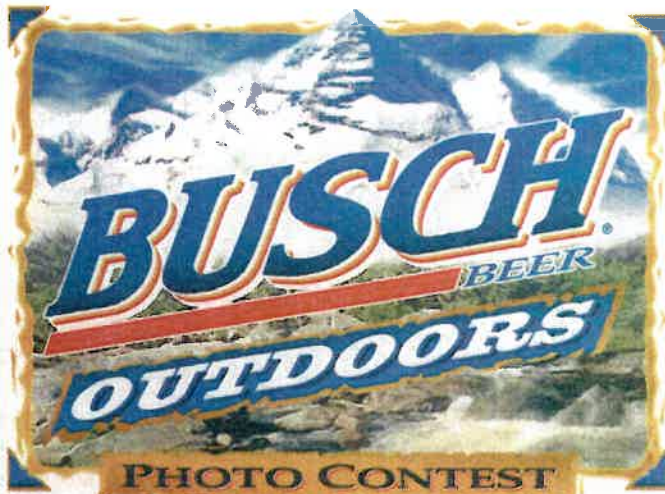
Maybe back-to-the-basics fishing just forces me to be closer to the earth. Inevitably I end up crawling through the grasses and the sedges, and in the process, I enjoy things that I wouldn't otherwise notice: a little green tree frog stuck to a leaf, a sparkle in the sand that turns out to be a discarded dragonfly wing, a patch of bog orchids and shooting stars—wildflowers I'd previously seen only in field guides. These discoveries give me little bursts of joy, as if the natural world is sharing its secrets.

Back-to-the-basics fishing is also a cure for when I get tired of fishing for finicky trout that care about every little hackle fiber and spook if you think of casting within 50 feet of them. Long casts, long leaders, and big water can drain some of the charm and relaxation from a day of flyfishing. This is when I put away my five rods and six fly boxes, grab my camping gear, and head for the nearest small stream.



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\*Submit a 35mm slide, negative, or large format film, rather than a paper print. Kodak Ektachrome SW or VS, Kodachrome 64 or 25, Fuji Velvia or Provia are recommended, as they enlarge well. People or domestic animals are not permitted in the photo. Judging will be based equally on the following criteria: overall visual appeal, originality, and quality/clarity of photograph. Judges' decisions are final, and winner will be notified by mail or phone. All photographs become the property of Anheuser-Busch, Inc., and will not be returned.

No purchase necessary, but hurry, all entries must be received by June 1, 2001. Open to legal residents of the United States (except CA and TX), 21 years of age or older.

By participating, participants agree to be bound by all of the Official Rules of this contest. For a copy of the Official Rules, write to us at: Busch Outdoors Photo Contest Official Rules, P.O. Box 1710, Young America, MN 55584-1710 or check out our websites at [www.busch.com](http://www.busch.com), [www.abenvironment.com](http://www.abenvironment.com) or [www.conservaionfund.org](http://www.conservaionfund.org).

## Smart Trout, Dumb Trout

Hatchery fish aren't necessarily stupid; they're just ignorant.



Typical early season scene: Hatchery trout tend to stay put at first. Later on, the survivors will be harder to catch.

**F**OR ANGLERS SKILLED IN THE WAYS AND WILES OF wild trout, hatchery fish can be a completely different game—one in which a neophyte blithely dunking a small wad of Velveeta cheese can actually outfish a seasoned pro with his boxes of precisely tied nymphs.

Hatchery trout aren't necessarily dumber than wild trout. But they are ignorant, which wild trout are not. Being raised in a concrete trough means hatchery fish haven't learned to tell the difference between a small, drifting piece of bark and a drifting mayfly nymph. So when they are dumped from a truck into a river or pond shortly before opening day (or, in states where the season is open essentially year-round, the first day you may legally take stocked trout), hatchery fish at first don't recognize—and therefore often ignore—many of the natural foods (and corresponding imitations) taken by wild fish. A brightly colored and strongly scented cheese tidbit, on the other hand, smells like food and stands out dramatically as an easy meal in its drab underwater surroundings. By analogy, it's like spotting the Golden Arches amid the visual clutter of your local strip mall.

I'm not suggesting that you necessarily start your trout season with cheese baits. But if you, like many others, are

chasing freshly stocked trout on opening day, there are some special things you should keep in mind.

### Location, Location

Hatchery fish rarely venture far from the spot where they were first dumped in a river, pond, or lake—at least not for a few days. This usually means concentrations of trout in larger pools near highway bridges, for example, that are easy for hatchery workers to reach with trucks. On some rivers in some enlightened states, however, more effort is made to spread stocked trout over several miles of river, either by float-stocking with boats or by hand-carrying fish in buckets to more remote pools. Check with your local district fisheries office before the season starts to find out where the fish will be. The object of put-and-take stocking is to have the fish caught, so most agencies will supply or often publish this information readily.

In newly stocked streams, look for trout in places where you wouldn't expect to find them. The sudden influx of hatchery fish in a section of river usually means there are more trout there in the short term than the river would naturally support. So for trout, there aren't enough hiding places and lies to go around. Hatchery trout compete among themselves—and with wild or holdover trout if present—

for favorable resting spots. The losers get pushed into backwaters or areas of shallow cover where trout would not ordinarily hold—and where you can catch them.

### Brighter Is Better

Newly stocked trout like to whack bright, wiggly things.

Light spinning tackle is ideal when used with common in-line spinners with bright blades or small, shiny spoons. Flyfishermen, meanwhile, will do better with flashy patterns such as sinuous white marabou streamers or even garish Mickey Finns than they will with drab and traditional Hendrickson nymphs, for example. (Fish new to the river just won't recognize a drab and drifting nymph as food.) In trout ponds, meanwhile, the *splat* of a red-and-white plastic bobber hitting the surface can actually attract hatchery fish, which will readily eat a small garden worm held 2 feet below the bobber. (For details on using worms for trout, see F&S Fundamentals on page 106.)

After a few days, things get more difficult. Fishing pressure will have made the remaining trout more wary, and the trout themselves will have started to acclimate to natural foods. In trout ponds, absent any rising fish, switch to baits such as Power Bait Trout



Take stocked trout, like this rainbow; release any wild fish.

Nuggets or fresh worms fished on the bottom from shore. The same is true in streams, where a single Trout Nugget drifted with a small hook near the bottom is an excellent transition bait, resembling a hatchery food peller that trout will still recognize and accept as they

make the switch to more natural foods.

Because trout, like other fish, not only learn but also remember what they learn, substantial fishing pressure over time will make the fishing even more difficult. Trout that were easily caught on opening day may be nearly impossible a couple of weeks later. Now's the time to switch to more imitative flies, lures, and baits, and to employ all the stealth you'd use in fishing for wild fish.

Imitative swimming-minnow plugs will still score for spinfishermen, as will small, drab trout jigs. Flyfishermen can successfully revert to traditional imitative flies, both nymphs and dries. And while traditional worm-dunkers will still score, the real sharpies who can drift and twitch a small, fresh minnow near the riverbottom will do even better.

If there are also wild trout where you happen to be fishing, you'll probably be catching a mix of wild and hatchery fish by these methods. The wild (or holdover) fish will be brightly colored, with healthy-looking fins. The hatchery fish will still feature dull coloration, and fins will often have obviously frayed edges. Knowing the difference will allow you to creel the stockers and release most of the wild fish unharmed.

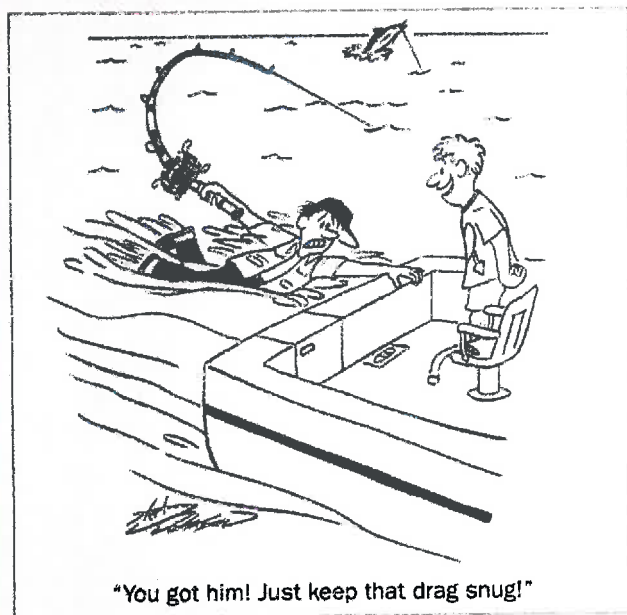
### hatchery vs. wild trout

Because wild trout are so celebrated in print and in practice, hatchery trout get a bum rap. This is often a mistake.

There are many cases of trout streams that offer only marginal habitat—often because of summer overheating—in which short-term, put-and-take stocking offers the only trout fishing to be had. Then, too, and especially in suburban areas, the demand for trout and catch-and-keep trout fishing far outstrips anything that could be supplied by a wild population. Stocking catchable-size trout is an obvious solution in both suburban streams and trout ponds. This is just as true, by the way, in Colorado or California as it is in Connecticut.

There are times, however, when wild trout need to be favored, and management trends of the past 20 years increasingly do just that. Pristine habitat that supports wild trout obviously needs protection, and that includes not dumping hatchery fish on top of a healthy wild population. But keeping that wild population healthy often means highly restrictive creel limits—or no-kill—in the face of intense angling pressure.

For those who want to keep and eat trout, hatchery fish have been, and will continue to be, a ready and widely popular answer.—J.M.



## Dangerous Game(fish)

Your **skin** is no match for the **spines, teeth,** and gill plates of your catch.

**F**RESHWATER FISHERMEN ENJOY A PEACE of mind that saltwater anglers don't. For example, we don't have to worry much about suffering the fate of the Alaska fisherman who shot his 150-pound halibut in the head, then was beaten to death when the fish came alive in the stern of his boat. Nor do we lose much sleep thinking about the experience of Victoriano Pacheco, who was speared by the bill of a sailfish that jumped over the gunwales of a 30-foot Bertram in Panama, and who proudly showed me his chest scars a year later.

But landing freshwater fish can result in serious injuries. In an unstable boat, just bending too far to one side can dump you in the drink, so it's important to keep your own stern centered in the craft or stand to one side for counterbalance while your companion nets a fish.

Swinging your catch up into a boat or onto a pier is probably the method most fraught with peril because of the danger of a thrashing fish and exposed hooks. And lifting a fish by its gill plates, which should be discouraged for the irreparable damage it can do to the fish's breathing apparatus, can result in nasty slices to the fingers. But even careful anglers can get into trouble if they don't know the proper landing techniques for species they have little experience catching.

### Bass

Our most popular gamefish is also among the easiest to land. Just curl your index finger under the lower

jaw and reach inside the mouth with your thumb. Pressing down will partially immobilize the fish, and the yawning maw of even smaller bass makes hook removal a cinch. However, keep in mind that holding a large bass this way can damage its jaw.

Larger species that are similarly short on dentition can be lipped in reverse: Place your thumb under the jaw and reach inside the mouth with all four fingers. The only worry with either method is being accidentally stuck with treble hooks. If you're inexperienced, it's safer to deal with a mouthful of metal by first netting the fish or holding it across the back of the head, then using pliers to disengage the hooks.

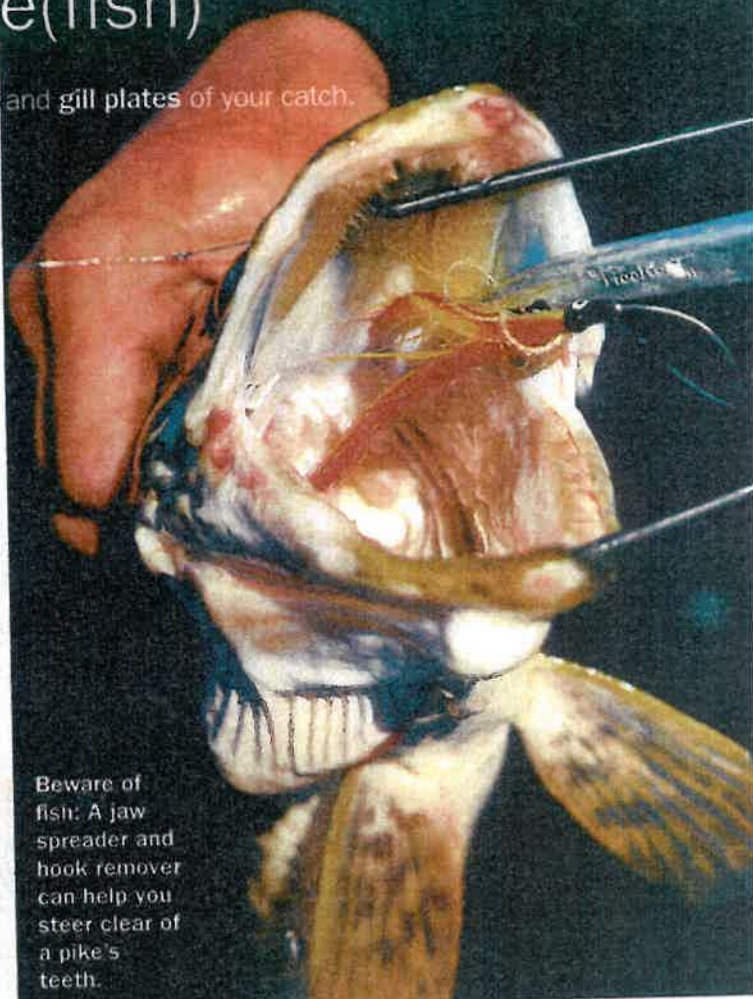
### Catfish

Catfish have sharp, and in some species poisonous, spines in their dorsal fins and at the rear of their pec-

### hold it

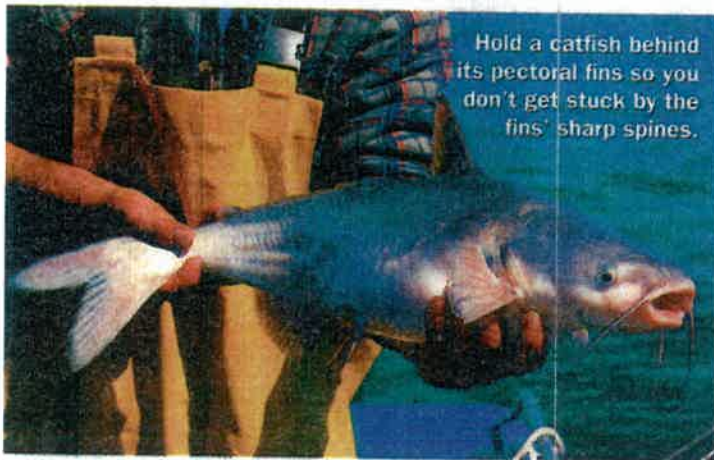
Landing a fish is easier if you wear thin cotton gloves or ones with raised rubber dots. This will prevent a bloodletting by small teeth, but its real advantage is to give you a good grip. Wet the glove to avoid removing the fish's protective coating.

Readily available gripping devices, such as the Lipper, which clamp onto the lower lip, enable you to securely hold a fish without placing your hand in jeopardy and are practically mandatory for landing big fish such as striped bass and pike from float tubes or other small watercraft. The BogaGrip (Eastaboga Tackle, 256-831-9682) does this, too, and has a built-in scale for weighing your catch.—K.M.



Beware of fish: A jaw spreader and hook remover can help you steer clear of a pike's teeth.

toral fins. Small catfish squirm vigorously when handled, and great care must be taken to avoid being stuck. Don't attempt to fold down the dorsal spine with your hand. Instead, place your thumb behind one pectoral fin and your forefinger behind the other; this will flare the rigid pectoral spines outward while you cradle the fish



Hold a catfish behind its pectoral fins so you don't get stuck by the fins' sharp spines.

with your palm under its belly. Anyone who "noodles" for catfish by groping along undercut riverbanks with his hand deserves whatever fate befalls him.

#### **Pike and Muskies**

These sweetwater barracudas, with their torpedo-shaped bodies and Himalayan grins, are probably the most difficult fish to land safely. Experienced anglers keep their fingers out of harm's way by extracting hooks with long-nosed pliers (channel-lock models offer the surest grip) or hook-removal tools, but the trick is getting the fish into proper position. Pike especially are notorious for giving up the fight early and allowing themselves to be docilely drawn alongside the boat, where they rest like hand grenades with loose pins, primed to explode at the slightest touch.

Conventional hoop-design nets are the most popular landing tools, but many fish are taken on treble-hooked lures, which tangle hopelessly when the fish wrenches its head. This not only makes unhooking the fish messy and prolongs the time your fingers are within range of tempered steel and needle-sharp teeth, but also tears the flesh of the fish's jaws. Rubber or vinyl-coated nylon mesh tangles less with trebles.

Many anglers have turned to cradle nets, which support a fish along its entire length on netting drawn between parallel dowels. Using them is a two-man procedure, however, and to avoid tangling hooks, the fish must be exhausted and drawn across the netting with its head at the surface, not always the simplest of tasks.

Wading anglers planning to release a catch should first make certain they have taken the fight out of the fish. Then they can place a hand across the gill covers and turn the fish upside down underwater, which will quiet it, before removing the hooks. Those who are keeping their catches can land modest-size pike by grasping them across the back of the head with the thumb and fingers firmly imbedded in the eye sockets.

Pike resist capture most vigorously when hooked with fly or bait because they can fight better with their jaws closed. You'll have to pry them apart to remove the hook. An inexpensive jaw spreader will safely keep the mouth open.

#### **Trout and Salmon**

Although trout possess sharp teeth, most anglers are more concerned about hurting them than about being bitten. The safest release, for both you and the fish, is to leave the trout in the water and reach down with a hemostat to free the hook. Like pike, trout can be sedated


by cradling them upside down underwater; this also works with whitefish, which otherwise spin around violently upon capture.

Salmon and steelhead anglers who can't be encumbered by a net can grip the fish firmly at the thinnest part of the tail (a wet glove helps). With the tail lifted above the level of the head, most fish will calm down long enough for you to safely remove the hooks.

#### **Walleyes and Panfish**

Walleyes possess a pair of businesslike canine teeth at the front of both jaws, so use a landing net for these vampires. To hold them securely, grab behind the head, then, taking care not to be sliced by their razor-sharp gill plates, slide your hand rearward to fold down the spines on the dorsal fin.

Perch and sunfish can be handled with the same sliding grip. Children should be taught this method with their very first catch, for even small bluegills sport dorsal spines that will draw blood.

UNLIKE ANIMAL BITES, FISH BITES DO NOT ALWAYS LEAD TO infection. However, deep puncture wounds that do not drain freely can easily become infected by dirt, fishing scents, or the water itself. Disinfect stab wounds from teeth or hooks, and see a doctor if swelling or redness persists. 

*Next month: The hazards of handling tackle, including what to do when you've been impaled by a hook.*

## Worms for Trout

How to fish three **opening-day scenarios** with the **classic April bait**.

**W**ORM FISHING FOR TROUT IS A TIME-HONORED tactic, especially in the cold waters of early season when trout are deep. For best success, however, pay attention to how you rig your worm. Fishing in high, roily water; in low, clear streams; and in trout ponds and lakes each requires a different approach.

### High-Water Rivers

When trout rivers churn with early-season runoff, a large (4- to 6-inch) nightcrawler hooked once through the collar is the classic approach. Use a No. 6 or 8 Eagle Claw Baitholder or similar hook with a barbed shank to better retain the worm. This hooking method leaves both worm ends free to wiggle in the current, as split shot a foot or so above the hook allow the worm to roll slowly along the bottom of deeper runs and chutes. Common snelled hooks—the kind with heavy pre-tied leaders that are ubiquitous in paper packs of six—will work okay, but a single hook tied directly to your 6- or 8-pound-test monofilament line will work better. Larger brown trout respond especially well to this method, as they grab and gulp the whole worm rather than just nibble at the free ends.

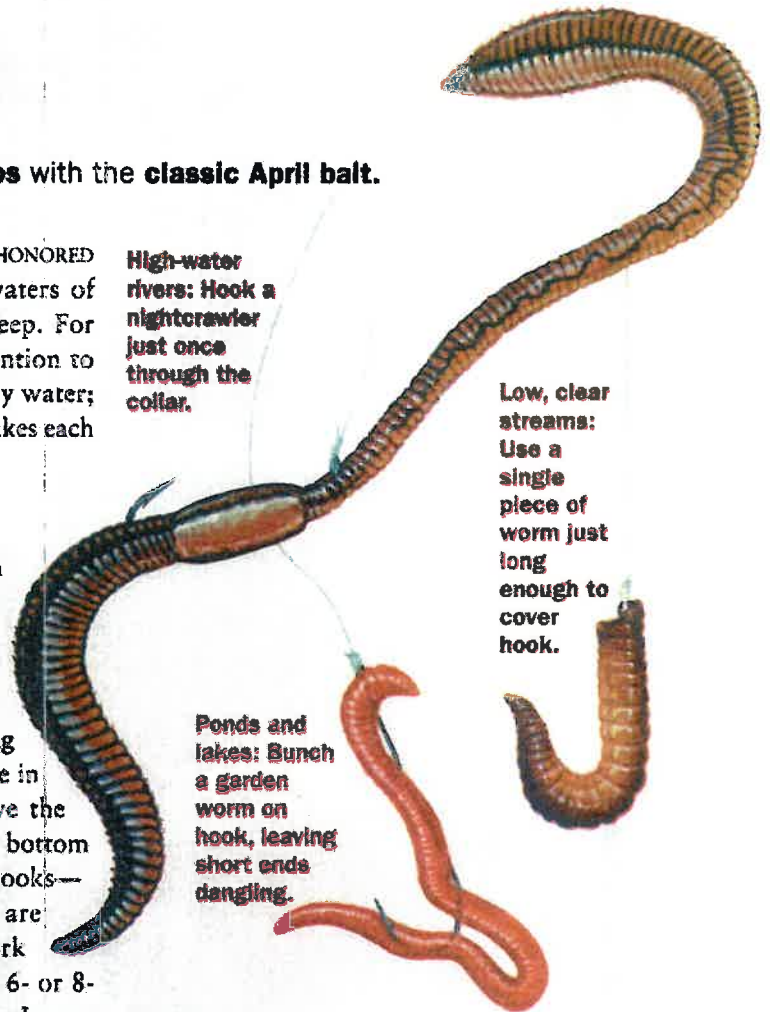
### Low, Clear Streams

When conditions are opposite from the above, you'll often find that a small piece of garden worm or nightcrawler will interest more trout than will a bigger gob of meat. Use your thumbnail to pinch off a section of worm just large enough to entirely cover your hook. Here again, heavy snells will discourage some picky trout, so tie a No. 8 to 12 hook directly to your fine monofilament. A small, fresh worm fragment still exudes plenty of trout-attracting scent, but the key word here is *fresh*. As your bait becomes water-washed and pale-looking—which usually occurs after 15 or 20 minutes of fishing—replace it with a fresh worm fragment. Because your worm section is hardly longer than the hook itself, you can set the hook immediately

**High-water rivers:** Hook a nightcrawler just once through the collar.

**Low, clear streams:** Use a single piece of worm just long enough to cover hook.

**Ponds and lakes:** Bunch a garden worm on hook, leaving short ends dangling.



upon feeling a tap or tug. You'll gut-hook fewer trout this way and can more easily release unharmed those fish you don't want to keep.

### Ponds and Lakes

Many anglers fish for freshly stocked trout in ponds on opening day, and worms can be especially effective. In this case, however, change your rigging so the hook passes through a small garden worm at least twice. This bunches the worm on the hook and leaves only very short ends free to wiggle. Also make sure the worm completely covers the hook, leaving no portion exposed. That's because your worm will be sitting still in a pond, giving trout a better look than in moving water. Additionally, the bunched worm prevents a trout from merely grabbing and snapping off a free end while escaping the hook, as often happens when the worm is suspended beneath a bobber.

## When the Cork Goes Under

Amid the **competition, commercialization, and contrivances** of fishing...**hope.**

**A** FEW YEARS AGO, SOME OF THE FARSIGHTED folks who work for the parks department in a city near my home approached state game and fish officials with a simple idea: Stock one of the metro park lakes with an extra helping of catfish, solicit local businesspeople to chip in the needed bait and tackle, round up a few volunteers to help bait hooks and untangle lines, and let some city kids fish for a few hours. No charge. No hassle.

For once bureaucracy took a backseat to common sense. The game and fish people thought it was a grand idea. A date was set. The lake was stocked. Bus transportation was arranged.

The response was astounding. Fishermen outnumbered volunteers 50 to 1. From kindergartners to teenagers—mostly inner-city kids—youngsters lined the lake three deep waiting their turn. The project director, a big-hearted man who would like to put a fishing rod into the hands of every kid in this country, eyed the swelling crowd and announced that everyone who wanted to fish would have the opportunity to do so. Organizers had planned to fish until noon; they stayed until dark.

FISHING GENERATES MEMORIES THAT LAST A LIFETIME, THEN live on through the stories anglers tell. Recall your own experiences: The glow of your father's cigarette while he sculled a boat in the predawn light—the only sound the rhythmic *slurp-drip-drip slurp-drip-drip* of the ash paddle. A beaver pond under a May moon. Bass. Bluegills. Bonefish. Carp. Catfish. Crappies. Muskies. Pike. Salmon. Saugers. Tarpon. Trout. The line that disappeared into blue water and emerged 100 yards distant attached to 300 pounds of marlin. A 5-year-old's first perch.

But for all its simple charms, fishing sometimes seems to be overdosing on itself. Tackle boxes are the size of suitcases. Five dollars won't buy a lure. A boat costs as much as a small house. Show up at the ramp with your 12-foot aluminum, and feel the stares from guys waiting to launch their gleaming 20-foot beauties. Then, we are in the era of tournament mania. Fishermen are media stars and pitchmen touting lures,

boats, electronics, rods, reels, line, shirts, sunglasses, batteries, and more.

We are conditioned to believe we cannot fish without every gadget available. To walk into a tackle shop is to experience sensory overload. And for some, fishing is even becoming a spectator sport.

But there is hope. At a recent sports show in Kentucky I had the opportunity to interview one of the top pros. A former guide, he had caught the tournament wave early and ridden it to fame and fortune. He was stationed at a sponsor's booth, signing autographs and shaking hands.

During a coffee break I asked if he still had the time or inclination to fish for fun.

"Oh, sure," he said. Then between donut bites he added, "But you know what I really like?"

I expected a lecture on the quality of every product name sewn onto the man's shirt. "No, what?"

He licked the sugar from the corners of his mouth and drained his coffee cup. "There's a little lake a couple of miles from my house. Just a pond, really," he said. "When my kids were little we'd go down there with worms or minnows—whatever we had. We'd usually dig our own worms.... But anyway, we'd go down there and catch bluegills under an old cork bobber. We'd fish from the bank or paddle around in a little boat I had. We'd catch 'em by the dozens." A crooked-tooth smile split his face, a face burnt a permanent brown from more than 30 summers of chasing bass under a sizzling sun.

"I still like to do that. I really do," he said. "I absolutely love it when the cork goes under."

*Train a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not turn from it.* I doubt this author of Proverbs had fishing in mind when he composed those words. But you never know.





## Andy Remembers Ben Selby's 1st Gabby In 2000

Dateline : The Casting Couch

*Editor's Note: Gabby history is a funny thing sometimes. I can't always remember everything. In fact, I usually remember little, and it becomes necessary in the interest of semi-professional rag writing to solicit memories from others whose recollections may be better than mine. This is one such instance. The Worm greatly appreciates Mr. Anderson's insights. They actually made me remember!*

Ben caught his trout near the old beaver dam east of camp. Dane, Jamie, Steve and I were fishing the same hole from the far bank. We had been fishing and rotating positions all day with some results, but nothing you could call a contender. Sometime after lunch Ben comes wandering through the woods reminding me of Jimmy Stewart in Mr. Smith comes to Cross Fork. That sort of tall lanky walk with the down home smile. He comes to the stream and while he's trying to decide whether or not to cross he spies a downed tree on his side of the stream and decides to stay put. He walks out on this log, which of course ends right above our spot, proceeds to lie down, propped up on one elbow, he drops his line in the water and starts eating Good-N-Plenty's. At some point a little later, Ben mentions being out of something and that he needs to go back to camp. At first I thought it was bait, but it turns out he was out of Good-N-Plentys. It must have been at that point that the Gabby knew he had to act fast or be left with the four of us, so he bit on Ben's line and the rest is Gabby History. I might also add here that these are, of course, my personal memories of the event and that all other memories of those there, or not there, are also correct, no matter how much they might differ from mine.

## Jeff Cousin Named Rookie of The Year In 2000

I've brought a few rookies to camp in my time with some very interesting results. The first was Bob Knapp. Bob was great in camp, a good fisherman, and even raised Old Glory in camp and, seeing as how he was the only rookie in camp that year, he seemed like a shoe in for the award. Until of course he was nominated and asked to say something on his behalf. For whatever reason, Bob was unable to speak and the meeting moved on. Three years ago, I brought Jeff Cole to camp. Jeff slept till 2 in the afternoon on Opening day, deciding that if the Gabby was going to choose him, the Gabby would just have to wait for him. His affability and party skills could have earned him Rookie of The Year, but when it was proposed at the meeting, Founder Dane Konop decided that the title of Miss Congeality suited him far better. For 2000, I decided to bring Jeff Cousin to camp, the same guy I wanted to bring in 1999 but was widely chastised for because of his profession. Jeff was a great camper, fun around the campfire and a good fisherman. As the Gabbyites of 2000 huddled around a tiki torch on a stump, I nominated him for the prestigious award. Would he choke? Would he be voted Most Likely to Succeed? With baited breath, I waited, and finally, YES, he was voted in by a clear majority. When asked to make his acceptance speech, Jeff deftly delegated the responsibility to the first runner up, an unremembered member of the Davetown camp, who was speechless. Jeff joins Steve Mueller as the 2nd Rookie of the Year in the Paul Phillips Gabby Family, the fastest growing branch of the tree. Congratulations to Jeff, who is returning for 2001.



## Founders and Foundlings

The debate has raged for several years now that with Larry gone, Paul Phillips only a occasional visitor to camp and Annegan being lost for 29 years, that new Founders should be named for The Gabby Hayes Memorial Fishing Expedition. Some of the regulars who have contributed so much to camp over the years feel that recognition is deserved, perhaps as Neo-Founders, or Founders: The Next Generation. Others debate that there can only be the original four, that to replace them or add to them would lower their stature. The 1999 camp saw heated debate over this issue as well as the guiding presence of three of the four original Founders, who appeared to have no interest in

being added to, replaced or otherwise diminished. Would this end the debate? The whisper and secret lobbying would continue all weekend.

In a **Worm Exclusive**, it has been learned that on Monday of the 30th Anniversary Camp, longtime Gabbyite, former Rookie of The Year and Gabby winner and 1999 Gabbyite of The Year, Steve "Fire Guy" Mueller approached Founder Dane Konop with a secret plan to undermine the apparent decision of The World's Greatest Deliberative Body as the Founder was contemplating a mid-morning ritualistic walk into the Pines with his favorite chair. Mueller proposed the naming of "Acolytes", from the Greek meaning followers, attendants or helpers for the Founders. Felt to be a more politically correct title than Neo-Founder, these acolytes would be trainees, able to step in and perform official duties like presiding over the business meetings and such, under the watchful eyes and auspices of the Founders.

Upon his return from the woods, Konop seemed intrigued by the idea, having had some time to concentrate and properly consider the proposal. While not committing to it, he assured Mueller that this approval process, which could take years and cost millions of dollars, would have to include consulting with the other Founders, doing massive marketing research studies, compiling huge amounts of polling data, extensive lobbying and probably large cash payments, but he was optimistic of the prospect that it could actually happen eventually.

I'm left to wonder, did America's Founding Fathers have Acolytes? Attendants? Helpers? I've heard of Stream attendants, Gabby Geishas and bait girls, but acolytes? The debate is sure to continue.

### Gabby Lost and Found:

**Lost:** Dave Rubino, Lee Haller, Carl Ciccone, Bob Prospero, Jim Colaianne, Glen Dworkin, Bob Mitchell, Pat Welch, Stan Voedish, Cliff White Bob Knapp and Bob Graeser.

**Large Reward offered for the safe return of these Gabby veterans who were last seen on milk cartons. Please come home. All is forgiven and you are greatly missed.**

**Found:** Pat Annegan, Steve Brennan, Mark Bedont, Keith Robinson, Paul Phillips

## Founder Goes Berserk At Business Meeting, Attacks Worm And It's Editor

Dateline: The Fire Circle

It was wonderful to have so many familiar faces in Gabby Camp in 1999. At Saturday night's Business Meeting and Awards ceremony, with Paul Philips once again presiding, the call went out for collection of funds for wood, the new tarp, hay and other community cost items. Paul then graciously acknowledged The Worm and it's editor for a fine job in compiling and publishing the Anniversary issue. Suddenly out of the darkness, fellow Founder Dane Konop, believed to be suffering from dangerously high levels of testosterone and possibly Jack Daniels, stepped into the fire circle, interrupted the festivities and angrily accosted this editor for using web site material in the issue, violating copyrights, and accusing me of contending that it got people to come to camp. Defending both my honor and that of this rag, which Konop himself dubbed "The Best Free Newspaper In Camp" in 1994, I tried to explain that the reprinting of letters and articles from the website was done to make them available to those Gabbyites would did not have access to the site, and that it was indeed my hope, that in addition to the considerable efforts of Mr. Konop in getting people to attend camp, that The Worm had helped to inspire people to attend and also to make camp and the business meeting itself more interesting and fun. Despite my best efforts, Konop remained enraged and inconsolable. It was at this point, that Steve Mueller and Paul Phillips moved us both off to the side of the firecircle to mediate the dispute as our shocked and stunned Gabbyites began to softly chant that John Lennon classic, " All we are saying is give peace a chance.....".

Calm was restored as an uneasy peace was reached and the meeting resumed. Dave Phillips, a huge supporter of The Worm spoke on it's behalf, as did many others. When Paul resumed the meeting, I was asked if The Worm required the benefit of a collection from the faithful and I acknowledged that despite upgrades, The Worm would remain "The Best Free Newspaper in Camp". Before moving on to other matters, Jeff Cole remarked " Keep Up The Good Worm!".

*She was soooooooooooooo blond ....she sent me a fax with a stamp on it....she thought a quarterback was a refund.....she tried to put MGM's in alphabetical order....she thought Boyz II Men was a day-care center....she thought Eartha Kitt was a set of garden tools....she thought General Motors was in the Army....she thought Meow Mix was a CD for cats.....under "education" on her job application, she put "Hooked On Phonics" ....she tried to drown a fish.....she tripped over a cordless phone....she spent 20 minutes looking at the orange juice can because it said, "concentrate."....she got stabbed in a shoot-out.....she told me to meet her at the corner of "WALK" and "DON'T WALK" ....they had to burn the school down to get her out of third grade.....at the bottom of the application where it says "sign here," she put, "Sagittarius."....she asked for a price check at the DollarStore.....it takes her two hours to watch "60Minutes." ....she studied for a blood test and failed....she thought she needed a token to get on "Soul Train."....she sold the car for gas money.....when she saw the movie rating "NC-17: under 17 not admitted," she went home and got 16 friends.....when she heard that 90% of all crimes occur around the home, she moved....she thinks Taco Bell is the Mexican phone company.....when she missed the 44 bus, she took the 22 bus twice instead.....when she went to the airport and saw a sign that said "Airport - Left," she turned around and went home. ....she got locked in a grocery store and starved to death.....*

## Commemoratives: A New Idea

Commemoratives are always a difficult subject. Since the retirement of Carl Ciccone as Chairman of The Trophy and Patch Committee, we have had three wonderful tee shirts, however, the last few years have been commemorative-free. As I watch my tee shirts age and even tear with use and washing, I realize that my Gabby memorabilia is fading away slowly, and we all lose out by not having something to remember each year's camp by. In contemplating this conundrum, the usual problems come to mind, most notably, the small production quantities required that make it not only difficult, but expensive, to have something made that is worthy of the Gabby and its long, rich history. Amazingly, I had an idea about this subject a while ago. Why not commission a visitor to camp to take a photo of the members of each year's camp and have the photo reproduced with a banner displaying the year and possibly the theme of the Gabby Camp on to a quality tee shirt? It will instantly remind us what year it was, of who attended camp, of what we were celebrating and should be relatively inexpensive thanks to computer technology and the plethora of tee shirt makers at malls, parks, flea markets and craft fairs. Bring your thoughts to the business meeting.

## Gabby Profiles: Jeff Cole

Jeff Cole, Miss Congeniality of 1998, has been in camp for the last three years and rapidly made it obvious to all the he marches to the beat of a different drummer. His first year, he sleeps till 2 pm on Opening Day and is dubbed with his Gabby moniker. His second year, he drives 1,336 miles each way from Florida to attend Gabby camp. While some might think that his record setting trip to camp would make him some sort of a celebrity among Gabbyites, it cuts no slack with anyone. At the business meeting of 99, he is asked to move his chair to make room for Dave Phillips, not only a long time Gabbyite and host of Davetown, but a former Rookie of The Year and brother of Founder Paul Phillips, who had been relegated to the "balcony", or "cheap seats" (even though all seats cost the same \$20.00). Jeff repeatedly refuses, then finally moves, then, thinking better of it, moves his chair back. Defending his actions, he states his position on the matter, saying "The meeting is first come, first serve - you get here late, you sit in the balcony - there's a science to getting comfortable for the meeting and once you are, you are." In 2000, Jeff pulled in to camp late in the afternoon Saturday, perhaps trying to emulate Jaymie's 10 minute Gabby of 1999, arriving with a huge plastic bass mailbox, claiming the Gabby is his, that he's got the biggest fish in camp. After falling asleep and missing the meeting Saturday night, he is awakened by a room service delivery of ham and eggs made to his car. What's the deal Jeff? Sleep till 2? No fire circle etiquette? A giant plastic BASS mailbox? Missing the business meeting? Room service to your car on Sunday morning? Where will it stop, where will it stop?



# Editorial

Each year, as I contemplate producing The Worm, the issue flows around this piece. A central theme to the year, to the camp, to The Worm. As I finished taxes this year and began to think about Gabby Camp of 2001, I began to wonder what this year's idea for this space would be. Then I found myself walking into a local pub one night a couple of weeks ago, to see a guy I'd gone to high school with who was performing there that night as a musician. We had been friends and worked stage crew of the Drama Club together, played a lot of basketball and listened to a lot of music together back in 1972 and '73, but then as the years began to fly by, as almost inevitably always happens with childhood friends, our paths drifted in different directions as we went on to finish school, pursue careers and relationships and families. I realized that we hadn't seen each other in the better part of 25 years and that in all likelihood he would not even recognize me. As I went in the door and approached him, he was crouched near the floor, facing away from me, but I immediately recognized the voice as being his. As he rose and turned, he looked at me quizzically, as if to say, "you're standing here staring at me and I suppose you think I'll recognize you, but I don't have the vaguest idea." The face was slightly different, as mine surely was to him...a little less hair, a wrinkle here and there, but the eyes and the smile hadn't changed along with the voice in all that time. As I introduced myself and we began to get re-acquainted and remember, it was in some wonderful ways, as if nothing had changed.

I took my seat as he began to talk to the room and perform. Suddenly his guitar and voice filled the air with the music was once our music, the anthems of our youth, and I felt a warmth and familiarity that had escaped me in my middle age, the kind that can only be rekindled by an old friend not seen in too long. For nearly four hours, I reminisced with him and the music and the memories and caught up with what had happened since we had last had the opportunity to say hello to each other so many years before. As the evening wound down and I was saying goodbye to him, I had a revelation about him that amazed me and I shared it with him. Though the years had passed, he was still the same person that I had remembered from so long ago, unchanged by the world we all put up with that tries so desperately sometimes to twist us into a shadow of what we once were and the things we hoped to become. Seeing him again had given me one of those rare opportunities in life to feel young again and appreciate the history that is my life. He was scheduled to be back again at the end of the month and I told him I'd do my best to bring my friends, and even some of our old friends for the next performance, because good times, especially those as good as that night had been, should be shared with anyone capable of appreciating them. Times like those are truly a gift.

Suddenly I knew what would be in this space, and I thanked him for reasons unknown to him and asked him for his address so that he could read this when it was done and get some sense of how fortunate we all are for this wonderful thing we do each year, The Gabby. Each year we come to the Pines and share our memories and our friendship and remember fondly those who aren't there and vow to do our best to reach out to them for the next time, for these are the special times of life like no others. To share memories and laughs and good times, to escape our lives and our problems; to be kids again for

all too brief a time. To see those who haven't shown up in too many years and to share that same quizzical look, and then to have it all come back in a flood of fond memories. To share a few drinks, some laughs, some wonderful old stories, to remember other missing members of our fraternity and vow to do our best to entice them to return. To share the good times again as only they and we can appreciate them, for those times and these times are truly a gift.

In 2001, we celebrate the Gabby Odyssey that has brought us all together, one by one, since 1969. The legends, the traditions, the memories and the fun will be shared by those who are able to attend. For those who cannot, and for those who choose not to, you are in our hearts and you are missed. The very best part of the Gabby Odyssey is that Gabby Camp always has, and always will be, here for you and that you can always come home again. We'll keep the homes fires burning for you..

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?

Post script

Andy, our prayers are with you, your Mom and your family

A very special thanks to Chris Brown

Rest Easy Dad

See you in camp Larry - has it been 6 years already?