

# THE GABBY GLOBE

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March 31, 2006,

Dear Fellow and Former Gabbyites,

Attached please find the premiere Edition of The Gabby Globe for 2006, which features contributions from not only myself, but Steve Mueller, Byron Anderson, Jeff Cousin, Jaymie Smolens and Mark Bedont. The final product is one that I and all of you should be quite proud of, as you will see as you read it. Unfortunately, Dane Konop was unable to do Gabby In A Nutshell for this edition, but promises to be back in 2007 and will be doing taped interviews in camp this year.

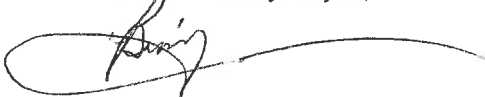
As you peruse the pages of this edition, you'll see the first-ever **full color** Gabby newspaper. You'll find familiar columns like "The Casting Couch" and "Harry Kinney's History of a Ghost Town", but I think you'll also enjoy many new features such as "A Fireside Chat with The Fireguy", "The Lost Boys", "Confessions of a Gabby Winner", "The Trout Academy's Stream Report" and "Gabby Winners Report", plus a biography of our namesake, George "Gabby Hayes". You'll also, I'm sure, enjoy Byron Anderson's "The Wendelian Wars of Conquest, parts 1 & 2, chronicling the growth and dominance of The Gabbys on Kettle, a little ditty entitled "Twas The Night Before Gabby" by one Clement C. Trout, an updated Gabby Rolodex and much more. For the first time ever, you'll also find a picture of this year's trophy before camp. It's a deliberately large edition, and ensuing ones will probably be smaller, so enjoy every bit of it.

All Gabbyites, past and present, are encouraged to contribute to future editions by mail, fax, or e-mail to the addresses on this letterhead for future issues, and please update any information that may be incorrect or missing in the Gabby Rolodex, as it will be a yearly feature. Want to remember a "lost" Gabbyite? Write down your memories and send it in for "the Lost Boys" with any pictures you may have, prints or digital. Want a column of your own? Send in a suggestion or sample, and we'll do everything we can to fit you in. Send in your remembrance of funny moments in camp, updates on your life and family, the ones that got away, your favorite Gabbyite, whatever you'd like to share. A story, a column, a photo, all contributions will be accepted and used whenever possible.

If you haven't been in touch for a while, I'd urge you to visit [www.gabbyhayes.net](http://www.gabbyhayes.net), where you'll find the guestbook to read the pre-camp ramblings of your fellow Gabbyites and Gabscams currently in progress, as well as to see webmaster Mark Bedont's latest Gabby Camp photos and features, where you'll find links to the water flow in Kettle, Cross Fork and its guestbook, trout stocking and much much more. By contacting The Gabby Globe you can also get past copies of The Gabsette, The Worm and DVD copies of "Gabby In A Nutshell, The First 25 Years".

This edition marks a new and bright day for The Gabby Hayes Memorial Fishing Expedition. I hope to see you all in camp, in spirit if not in person, and in the meantime, from all of us to all of you, please enjoy The Gabby Globe and let us hear from you!

Yours in Gabby Hayes,



Brian P. Griffin, Editor



George "Gabby" Hayes

# THE GABBY GLOBE



April 2006 — Streamside Final

"BRINGING YOU THE WORLD OF THE GABBY HAYES MEMORIAL FISHING EXPEDITION"

## GRIFFIN FINALLY WINS!!



Griffin beams accepting the trophies

**Cross Fork, PA** - Brian Griffin, an 18 year veteran of the Gabby, finally grabbed the brass ring by winning his first Gabby in 2005. Crediting a pre-camp enrollment in the Trout Academy, owned and operated by Jaymie Smolens, Ph.D, Salmonoid, Brian not only won the Gabby with a 18.5" retired breeder brook trout, but enjoyed, by far, his finest fishing ever, catching 20 fish including a Friday training session above the wire and at the Paradise Fish Farm in Coul-dersport. Mistakenly fishing with his spin cast rig in the regulated area, Brian landed a pan sized brown on his first cast Friday and got the feeling that it could be his year to win, having already caught more fish in Kettle Creek than in the previous 2 years. The big catch came after a day of hard fishing that started early with breakfast at the Oleana Country Store with Dr. Trout and his campmate Jeff Cousin. Having scouted the stream they took up a position at the head of the stream, just below the wire and fished it hard all day as a succession of would-be Gabby winners came through the hole, but it was not until around 5:30 that the big fish decided to bite. At first Brian wasn't sure what he had on the line, but as the Big Mama started to fight, cries of "ooh...oohh..this could be it" started. Fishing shoulder to shoulder with many of his campmates including Steve Mueller, Brian saw the fish as it battled and yelled for Jeff to come net it, while advice flowed. "Keep the tip up!" yelled one Gabbyite, as Mueller excitedly inquired of Griffin "got wood?" Of course, describing the exhilarating feeling of reeling in a Gabby, especially a first Gabby. Later, at the business meeting in the Mueller Camp, after a Mark Bedont challenge with a smaller fish, Brian was presented his trophy and the Selby Cup by Ben Selby. In his speech, he reflected on his history of futility in prior years and thanked Dr. Trout for his guidance and wondered aloud if the "Trout Whisperer" had communicated to the trout to "take one for the team" to yet further enhance the legacy of the Trout Academy, but the Doctor refused comment. From a March telephone conversation where the plan for a Griffin Gabby was hatched, the plan had gone exactly as laid out, Brian noted, and the result was magnificent. Truly, he noted, Gabby had chosen him. Holding the trophy high as he concluded, Brian told the rest of the audience that has not yet been blessed with a Gabby to never give up the quest. His win, he said proved that perseverance pays off. Griffin became the 12th different winner of the trophy since it's inception in 1976. See page 2 for a full history of the winners.

### The Worm Has Turned

**Peekskill, NY**— The Worm, The Underground Newspaper of The Gabby has crawled back into its hole, never to be seen again. With the motto " We don't do interviews or take pictures, we just crawl around in the dirt and see what sticks", The Worm published 4 editions, in 1993, 1994, 1999 and 2001 and included satire, the perpetuation of Gabby Lore, Dear Gabby, games, jokes, some actual reporting and inspiring editorials. In the last few years it has been absent and it was the editor's decision to retire it completely, in favor of this new format, more in keeping with the style of the original Gabby Newspaper, The Gabsette—"Our Commitment — to perpetuate half truths and myths of the Gabby Hayes Memorial Fishing Expedition" published from 1982-1989 by Founder's Award winner and 2 time Gabby winner Keith Robinson. The Worm was a caricature of Gabby life, and while somewhat inspiring, has had its day. This inaugural edition of The Gabby Globe fills the void left by The Worm, as any attempt to reproduce the Gabsette would be considered heresy by Gabbyites.

### The Trophy Turned 30!

**Bunel Pines**— Though the first Gabby excursion by our Founding Fathers took place in 1969, it was not until April of 1976 that a trophy was awarded to the longest fish. The Gabby trophy was born of controversy that year, due to a dispute between founder Dane Konop and Gabbyite Dave Gindlesberger as to whether the trophy should be awarded to the longest fish or the biggest fish. Dane had the longest fish, but Dave had the biggest fish. Rumors that Konop had broken the fish's jaw to insure its longevity gave birth to the "Slackjaw Gabby" and Dane was awarded the first Gabby trophy, using his Founder status to sway the debate. That plaque, while simple, is a collector's item, and will be included in an auction of the founders personal fishing treasures at Sotheby's following his eventual demise. In honor of the 30th anniversary of that founding plaque, the 2006 Gabby trophy is also a plaque ( see centerfold for a picture), ensuring the trophy will begin it's 4th decade as it did it's first. The Gabby Globe makes it possible for the very first time to see the trophy before Gabbyites get to camp.



Fire Ban Continues

**Bunnel Pines**— In 1999, a fire ban was imposed by The State Forester, leaving Gabby Camp with 2 loads of wood and no fire. Undaunted, Gabbyites, led by Byron Anderson and Steve Mueller, added sidewalls to the new 30 X 40 foot Colaianneville to keep the blaze from being visible from Route 144, supervised and approved by Karl Wendell, Director of Covert and Clandestine Operations. The plan worked Friday night, but by Saturday, was exposed. The business meeting was held by the light of a tiki torch provided by Dave Phillips.

Once again, in 2005, due to the excellent weather and dry conditions, a open fire ban was again imposed, causing Steve Mueller to cancel the wood delivery prior to camp. Dave Phillips had a small Friday night fire, and the Business Meeting was held at the Mueller camp, with Founder Dane Konop and Elder Byron Anderson huddled under a blanket in front of a propane heater.

To prevent other such occurrences in the future, in the exclusive, patent pending design of the first Gabby Condo by Brian Griffin and Jeff Cousin, an enclosed patio fireplace was incorporated into the design. Manufactured by Coleman, it features a 2 foot round bowl, circular steel grate walls 18" high and a domed lid with handle. Wood is inserted either by lifting the lid or through the hinged door in the circular wall. It generates a ton of heat as well as providing spectacular visuals. While we're amazed the Fire Guy never thought of it, we'll never go fireless again.



The Grand Master Speaks:

**Kettle Creek**—When Brian Griffin caught what would eventually be the 2005 Gabby, he believed that it was the catch of the day. Later Steve Mueller told him that Jaymie Smolens, Ph.D Salmonoid, Headmaster of The Trout Academy, confided in him that had caught a 20" trout Saturday morning, but put it back into the stream. When Mueller inquired of the Grand Master why he would release such a trophy trout, Jaymie simply replied "because I can".

THE GABBY TROPHY WINNERS

#1—Dane Konop  
1976, 1985, 1986,  
1991, 1997, 1998

#2—Bob Prosperi  
1977

#3 Larry Selby  
1978, 1982, 1983

#4—Keith Robinson  
1979, 1984

#5—Dave Rubino  
1980

#6—Steve Mueller  
1981, 2001

#7—Byron Anderson  
1987, 1995, 1996

#8—Jaymie Smolens  
1988, 1989, 1992, 1993,  
1994, 1999, 2002

#9—Glen Dworkin  
1990

#10—Ben Selby  
2000, 2004

#11—Zach Anderson  
2003

#12—Brian P. Griffin  
2005

2005  
Camp  
Roster

- Dane Konop
- D. C. Konop
- Ty Albert
- Jaymie Smolens
- Ben Selby
- Steve Mueller
- Jeff Mueller
- Mike Shanks
- Byron Anderson
- Zack Anderson
- Mark Bedont
- Alex Bedont
- Dave Phillips
- Phillip Keller
- Karl Wendel
- Darien Bohdal
- Gene Rodriguez
- Karl's 7
- Miscellaneous
- Mystery Attendants
- Brian Griffin
- Jeff Cousin

26 Total

THE GABBY GLOBE

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## IT TAKES A WHOLE VILLAGE..

**Bunnel Pines**— Hillary Clinton believes it takes a whole village to educate a child. Karl Wendel obviously believes that it takes a whole village to get him to camp and keep him out of trouble. "The Karl Caravan" pulled in the Gabby Camp 2005, resembling the Volkswagen at the circus that a dozen clowns emerge from. With, in fact, several vehicles, a total Camp Wendel of 10 people burst into Gabby Camp late Friday night, including Karl, Gene Rodriguez, Darien Bohdal and 7 other Karl mystery attendants, who were still unidentified by press time, with the exception of Joe ( last name unknown) who was awarded the 2003 Rookie of The Year Award at the 2005 business meeting for his role in getting Karl to and from camp as if he were a car service.

While the strategy of surrounding himself with a small mob, allegedly to get him to and from camp and keep him out of trouble would seem a sound one, within two hours of reaching camp, The Director of Covert and Clandestine Operations, managed to suffer a severe gash to his leg during a reconnaissance mission in the dark and began bleeding profusely. Immediately, the Gabby M.A.S.H. unit, headed by Phil Keller, a.k.a. Kuki, of Kuk's General Store fame, sprang into action. Applying pressure to the wound and an emergency patch bandage, Phil was able to stop the bleeding, but suggested Karl go to the nearest hospital and have the wound stitched. Ever the Spartan, Wendel decided to ride out the pain, and consult his substantial array of pain killers instead. Forced to sleep in an awkward position due to his injury, Karl awoke Saturday morning with severe pain, not only in the leg, but in his shoulder, and was unable to fish and spent the remainder of camp self—medicating. His current status is unknown, but The Wendel Gang is expected back in 2006.

In a related story, Byron "Andy" Anderson brought a 12" action figure of the deceased Pope John Paul II to camp this year, seen here showing it off at the business meeting. While the figurine ignited a debate on the separation of church and fishing, Andy defended his religious antics of bringing a dead Pope doll to camp and the business meeting for the purpose of having John Paul II do a Benediction at the business meeting and to bless Karl Wendel. Religion at the business meeting? We're lucky that we weren't hit by lightning! Jeff Mueller remarked that if this were a prayer meeting, Karl would walk again. But, on the other side of Andy's gesture is the fact that Karl, did indeed survive Gabby camp 2005, but certainly not unscathed. Best of Luck to Karl & his ever-growing Gang in 2006!



## ROAD CLOSED

**Rock "N Roll Highway**— Gabby Campers were met with a wonderful site upon arriving at The Pines in 2005. Huge rocks and sign posts blocked the access to the highway leading down to the rock 'n roll streamside camps of prior years as well as the road that had been cut through the center of Gabby Camp.

### NOTICE

Closed to ALL Vehicles

THIS ROAD CLOSED TO ALL VEHICULAR TRAFFIC INCLUDING  
MOTORCYCLES, SNOWMOBILES, MOTOR—SCOOTERS AND  
ALL TERRAIN VEHICLES.



Finally, a camp without rock and rollers, no blasting rock music till dawn. Having evicted the first rock and roll camp from the heights by arriving early and claiming Griffin Heights and Cousin Creek in the name of Gabby Hayes and the King of Spain several years ago, now The PA Dept. of Conservation had solved a problem who's solution was beyond the capabilities of Gabbyites. For several years now, we have used every device at our disposal to chase them out, as they are as annoying on Friday and Saturday as they are entertaining on Sundays, when they would helplessly spin their wheels in the mud trying to escape their camp for civilization. We had tried sending Dane and his Navy stories down a few years ago, but to no avail. At the 2003 Gabby Camp, a plan was devised to set up a ghost camp with all our excess equipment ala the fake Red Rock in the Mel Brooks classic, Blazing Saddles, It was enacted by Dave Phillips and Phil Keller in 2004, and while it initially worked, it was eventually exposed.

In a related story , the road into the pines was also repaired by the DOC and is now as smooth as a paved driveway. Congratulations and much thanks to the PADCNr for doing much needed and long overdue improvements to the site.



" Camp Red Rock" failed to secure the southlands

## Remembering the 2002 Gabby

Memory Lane— Despite the fact that there was no 2002 edition of The Worm, this editor did take notes from this memorable camp which was attended by Dane and Dane Christian Konop, Steven, Eric and Jeff Mueller, Karl and Chino Wendel, Darien Bohdal, Dave Phillips and Phil Keller, Byron and Zack Anderson, Ty Albert and Kaspie, Jaymie Smolens, Ben Selby, Brian Griffin and Jeff Cousin and was dubbed the “Monster Mash Gabby”.

The weather was clear and warm Thursday night, rainy Friday, overcast on Saturday morning, rainy in the afternoon, but clear Saturday night, followed by a sunny and warm Sunday morning that gave way to heavy rains in the afternoon and evening. The new Colaianneville was raised for the first time in 3 years, featuring a 30' X 30' overhead tarp with 5' side-walls and baseballs at each corner for rope connections, in an exclusive Mueller design. It was suggested that indoor advertising be sold to hang inside the huge tarp to defer camp costs. In the Muller camp, Steve used golf balls on the corners of his tarp.

For the first time, the Gabby camp stocked it's own hatchery trophy fish in Kettle under the guidance of Dr. Trout who was voted Chairman of the Fish Procurement Committee in 2001, and Steve Mueller, the 2001 Gabby winner (every 20 years Steve wins a Gabby) almost defended his title, catching a 21 1/2" trout, but in the end, lost to the Doctor who landed a 24" brookie. It was his record 7th Gabby. Jeff Cousin landed the biggest non-hatchery trout, a 21" brown hold-over, which he named Spot and walked in the stream. The fish was also voted the “Prettiest Fish in Camp”. Jaymie also became the only Gabby Committee ever formed to accomplish it's mission in a single year. You were now able to order you rod, reel and the fish of your choice from Dr. Trout. GabbyRods entered into marketing agreements with B.P.G. Mortgage Corp. and The Zen Buddhist Temple and Massage Emporium during camp.

Dane and D.C. Konop unveiled their new camp, Camp Konop, a.k.a. Founderland, which featured a pop-up pavilion, Coleman Table and Camp Kitchen and a new Ford Explorer to transport it in. For their efforts they were awarded the “Martha Stewart Camp Award”. Steve Mueller ordered the same kitchen as Dane the week before camp and had to pay extra to have it rush shipped. Nervous that it might not arrive in time, Steve wondered if there was a zip code for Bunnel Pines in case he had to ship it to camp instead. Ty Albert unveiled the Gypsy Camp a.k.a. The Zen Buddhist Temple and Massage Emporium, Griffin Heights and Cousin Creek was officially claimed as a permanent encampment and Kuk's General Store became a permanent part of DaveTown.

Around the campfire, Kuki found an injured squirrel outside of DaveTown that he named Rocket J. Squirrel and tried to nurse it back to health. Had it survived, Kuk proposed a steel cage match between Rocky and Ty Albert's dog Kaspie. Karl Wendel, noting that he had gotten a ride to camp, but his driver had left after dropping him off, mused about a couple of camp spoofs. Was this the “Gabby Witch Project”, with him stranded in the woods, and if so, who was the Wiccan? Or was this “Gabbygans Island”, with him and his camp marooned in the Pines—a 3 hour tour, a 3 hour tour...

The funniest moment of camp came courtesy of Byron “Andy” Anderson, who mused that if the Monacans won't come to the Gabby anymore, that we should clone a new tribe under the guidance of cellular biologist Steve Mueller. Andy volunteered to bring pornographic magazines and specimen cups to camp to have everyone contribute to a “Sperm Stew”. The contributions, he mused, would relieve tensions at the meeting and make for happy campers—“here's your magazine and cup—you have 5 minutes”. The resulting clone would either be Jim Thorpe All American or Frankenstein's Fisherman, and if indeed it turned out to be Frankenstein's Fisherman, that it wouldn't be able to attend the business meeting because it's afraid of fire!!!

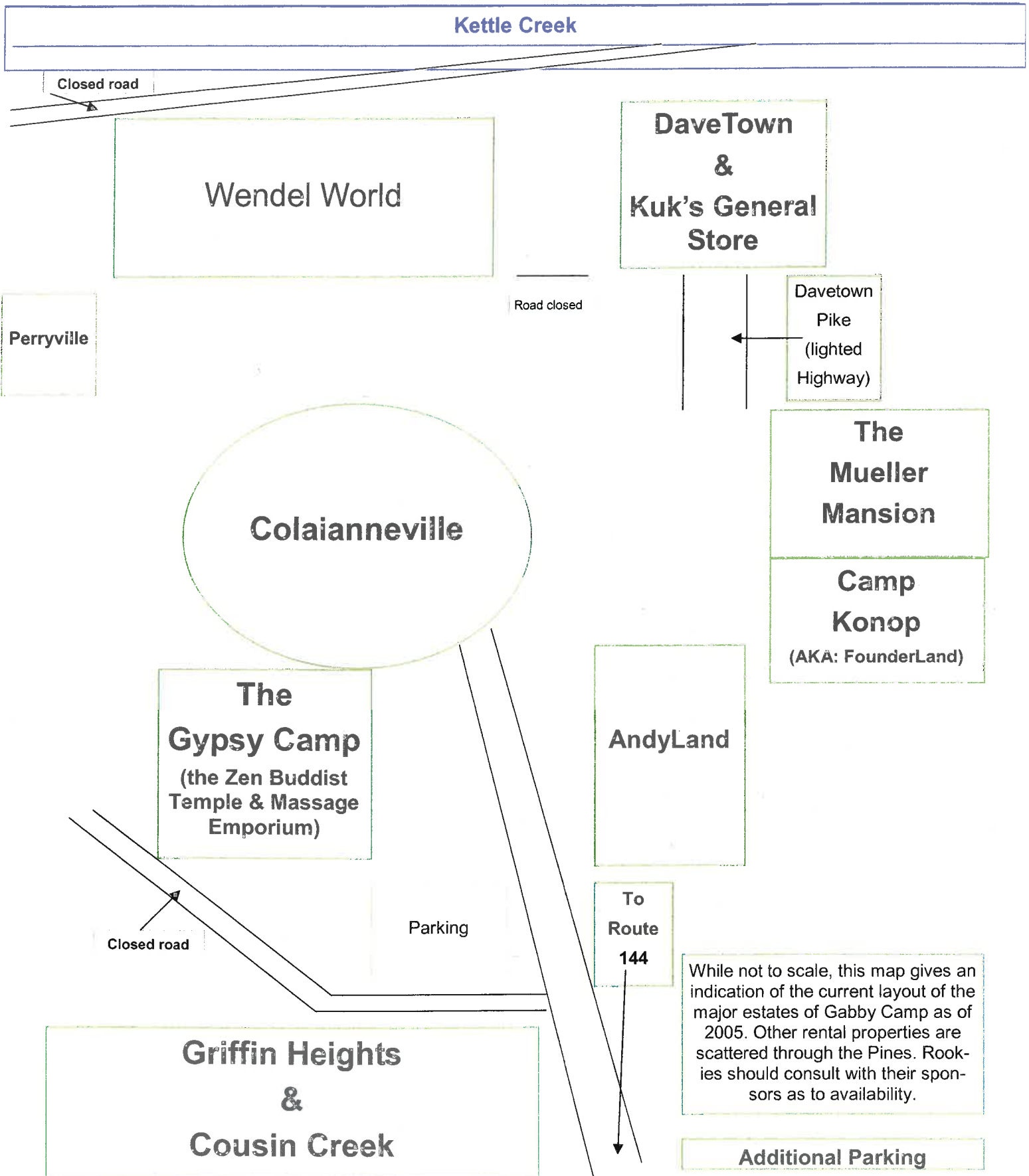


Andy lets the Gabbel point the way at 2005 BM

## To Gabbel Or Not To Gabbel

The Business Meeting—Steve Mueller has brought more than a few rookies to camp in his time. First, there was Glen Dworkin, Master camper and fisherman. Then there was Mike Guyader, a.k.a. Camp Bitch, who showed up with a tent the size of Colaianneville and three different stoves to cook his gourmet meals on. Then there was Perry Newton, who arrived in camp before his sponsor, and was almost banned from competition, sparking Larry Selby to quip “If you think a Gabby Rule applies to you, then it does”. In 2005, Steve showed up with another rookie, Mike Shanks. Having been thoroughly schooled by his sponsor with Gabsettes, Worms and, no doubt, endless hours of tales and memorabilia displays, Mike wondered to himself “is there a gavel at this business meeting to call it to order?” Does the greatest deliberative body of all time have a tool for order? Mike obviously has never been to a business meeting, despite his “education”. Inspired, he created the “Gabbel”, a Gabby gavel, and brought it to camp. During the business meeting, Gabby Elder Byron “Andy” Anderson found other uses for it, as seen above. After camp, Steve posted to the website wondering who packed up this latest piece of the Gabby Grail to call 2006's meeting to order. Could this new relic be lost? Is it possible that Byron packed the Gabbel and took it home to Mrs. Anderson to surprise her? Any information on the missing Gabbel should be reported to 1-800-NO-GABBLE.

# THE NEW AND IMPROVED GABBY CAMP



While not to scale, this map gives an indication of the current layout of the major estates of Gabby Camp as of 2005. Other rental properties are scattered through the Pines. Rookies should consult with their sponsors as to availability.

## GABBY HISTORY AND THE LEGEND OF "THE FIREGUY"

### GABBY HISTORY AS TOLD BY BYRON ANDERSON, GABBY ELDER

First in the Gabby chronology came the **Cro-magnon years**. The early gatherings of the ill-equipped and ill-prepared souls who pitched camp in the pines gathering fallen wood from the forest, burning long soggy logs in half to make shorter soggy logs to burn in half. Years of rainy nights that would drive us toward the great beer cave in the hill of the Cross Forks. Where the strange brews and smells created an atmosphere of rapture amongst us and we moved freely through the crowded beer cave, speaking to the elders of the other stream side clans. We were a young clan and not much known or understood, but in the beer cave all were welcome.

A few years later the clan entered it's **Pathetic age**. The Gabbys as we were now called, struggled to shelter ourselves beneath crude sheets of plastic, beach umbrellas or an occasional 6X6 tarp. During this period Gabby camp looked more like a gypsy encampment than anything else, but we were learning. The simple plastic shelters were teaching us to use the resources that surrounded us to our advantage. Fire wood was now being chopped and split with an axe and we were bringing our own local brews to camp making us less dependent on the beer cave. We brought in rookies and started to teach them our ways, and our numbers grew bigger, our tents grew bigger, our fires grew bigger, and our trout counts grew larger as well. All these helped to lead us to the Golden Age of Gabby.

**The Golden or Empire Age.** One opening day the forest primeval saw spread beneath its green canopy a huge fluttering blue mass that was to be known as Colaianneville. It was not only our shelter but our banner. It more than anything else signified the Empire of Gabby. Giving shelter to its own security force, newspaper, Doctor, sanitary facilities, camp engineer and fire specialist. Wood was now purchased, already cut and split, then delivered to our camp by one of those who now served us from the clan of the beer cave. All other nearby camps fell under our sway and we began to dominate vast stretches of the Kettle. Nearby camps who tried to flex any independent muscle were brought under control in a couple of ways. Either they were threatened strait out by our security forces commanded by Karl Wendel. Or Gabby founder and raconteur extraordinaire Dane Konop would be sent up to their camp to tell Gabby stories and drink large quantities of their beer until they would retreat to the safety of their tents for the night. These were heady days when Colaianneville and it's newest suburban addition Davetown with it's connecting highway project Davetown Pike dominated the pine covered landscape and Gabbys ruled the stream.

As with all things however we reached our middle ages, and the foundations of the empire saw it's first cracks. We were blessed with years of good weather and all seemed right with the world. The numbers in camp each year began to drop even as Mother Nature was putting us to sleep with a string of sunny and warm opening days. As the years of warmth went on the tarp went mostly unneeded as there was little need for shelter. Having conquered the forest, the stream, and the surrounding clans, now the weather too seemed to bow to us too. Then one year like Nimrod with his arrow, one of the Gabby's sent a pillar of flame through the center of Colaianneville toward the heavens, and just that fast the great tarp was destroyed. Our borders came under attack, and as the drought continued to dry up the lands and forced us to abandon our fire. None felt this more directly than the Fireguy.

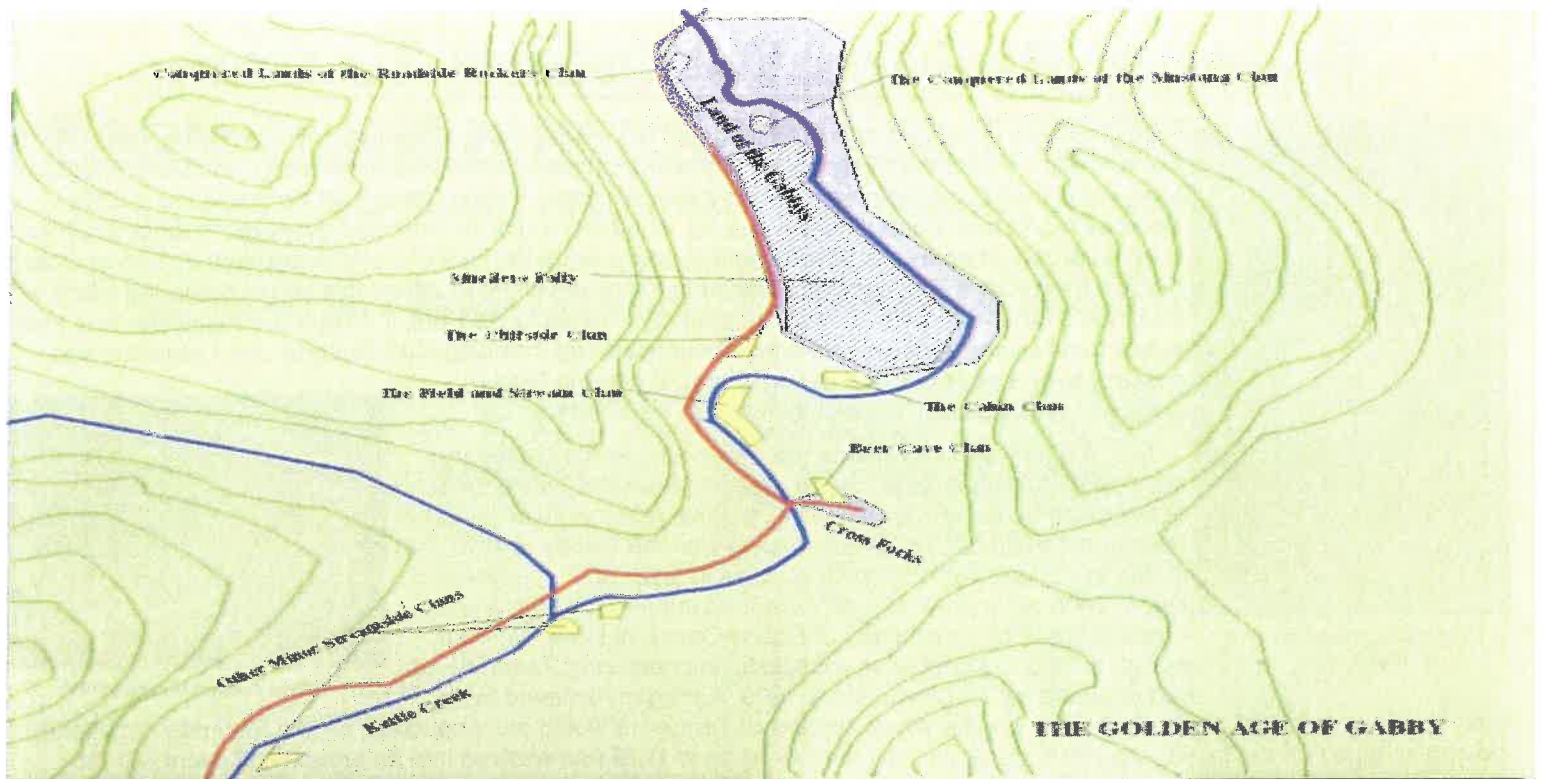
The Fireguy was a burly strapping fellow when he first strode into camp his rookie year. His vehicle was four wheel drive, his shirts were flannel, he had a bristling full beard, he looked like a fisherman. He and I were rookies together. He looked like he stepped from Field and Stream. I looked like I'd been lost in the woods and had accidentally wandered into camp. He won the Gabby his rookie year. The only trout I hooked that year was a rather nice rainbow that managed not only escape my hook on the foot path, but then proceeded to elude recapture in a surprising and somewhat humiliatingly lopsided fifty yard dash back down the path to the safety of the water.

Later that night at the camp meeting and trophy presentation things took an ugly turn. The fact that no one had actually seen my brother rookie catch the fish raised some concerns as the meeting went on, and the finding of what appeared to be a bar code on the fishes tail fin threw the awards ceremony into chaos. The award was presented but with many in the crowd chanting wildly and walking away from the fire in protest asking where will it end and calling it Gabscam. He returned the next year but was shadowed streamside by a member of the Gabby Rules Committee and never again considered a serious fishing threat. One year he was spotted at the edge of camp holding a "Will Fish For Food" sign. Another year he wound up as a hit man for hire to a seedy group known as Team Gabby.

As the years passed, rumors began to circulate about who the shadowy figure was who always pitched his tent back in the trees away from everyone else. He was becoming the Gabby without a country. Yet some began to notice in him a distinct knack with fire. When he was near the fire it would always seem bigger, or at least warmer. Everyone in camp started to notice his talent with a flame and agreed, he must have been a fireman....or an arsonist. He was just too good. Whatever his past, he became known as the Fireguy. He was put in charge of all Gabby campfires and they became the envy of all the streamside clans. Sometimes members from other clans would even wander into Gabby camp and try to befriend us, just to sit near and behold the flame. Like a pyrotechnic Frank Lloyd Wright he was a master of his craft. The flames would rise, the ground would boil, and Colaianneville on a rainy Spring night would give off steam as the fire warmed the tarp from beneath. He could pitch a log from twenty feet that would land perfectly on the pyre, sending thousands of small embers skyward transfixing all those nearby.

Then when all seemed to be going right, Gabby fate would deal another blow to the Fireguy. The years of good weather that everyone had embraced with such enthusiasm had not only put the reconstruction of Colaianneville on mothballs, it had also forced a local ban on all campfires. At the peak of his newfound fame The Fireguy found himself out of a job.

(Continued on page 7)



“ Everyone in camp started to notice his talent with a flame and agreed, he must have been a fireman....or an arsonist. He was just too good. Whatever his past, he became known as the Fireguy. He was put in charge of all Gabby campfires and they became the envy of all the streamside clans. Sometimes members from other clans would even wander into Gabby camp and try to befriend us, just to sit near and behold the flame. He built perfect fires every time. Like a pyrotechnic Frank Lloyd Wright he was a master of his craft. “



**THE LEGEND OF FIREGUY (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)**

Many a man would have folded under this latest blow, but the Fireguy was not just any man. He reached deep inside, gathered himself together, and with a face filled with single minded focus and determination he picked up his fishing rod and strode once again toward the stream. Though, at that moment, no one could have guessed, this day would see his restoration as a Gabby, and the making of another Gabby legend, exactly 20 years later. When he returned from the stream that evening he laid the proof before us, a beautiful trout. Even with part of the tail fin missing (this one actually HAD a bar code) it was far greater than any other fish in camp, and was proclaimed the Gabby.

That night as if a sign of Gabby rebirth the rains returned to Camp. A new tarp aptly called Colaianneville II fluttered over our heads, and a fire was built within it. Once again around the fire circle there were fish tales to tell, brew to drink and in the midst of all this, an old mystery came to an end. As we all listened, bathed in the light and warmth of the fire, the Fireguy told us that his real name was Steve Mueller and that he really wasn't an arsonist at all, but had started out in television as a stunt double for Dan Haggerty, then moved into the production end of films and was currently involved in the production of a series of driving safety videos for the Maryland Department of Highway Safety the first of which was titled "Quantum Physics and Your Car" or "How to Fold Space and Get There Faster".

So as the evening came to an end, everyone went back to their tents a little happier, warmer, and little more hopeful. The Gabby would survive and grow. One fisherman can make a difference.

There are at least forty-three stories in Colaianneville, this was just one of them.



# Founder Phillips To Return To Camp



Paul seeks guidance from the Gabby Gods

Wire Services - Reports have surfaced and have been independently confirmed by younger brother Dave Phillips. That Paul Phillips, one of the four original Gabby Founders along with Dane Konop, Larry Selby and Patton Annegan, will once again grace Gabby Camp with his presence in 2006. Sources report that Founder Dane Konop, who has religiously attended every camp since trophies were awarded, often as the sole founder in camp since the loss of Larry Selby, saw Phillips at Dolly Selby's New Year's Eve party and was able to convince him to attend this year's gathering which will mark the 31st anniversary of the Gabby trophy. In addition to Paul, it is reported that Dane was able to talk to other past Gabby luminaries about attending including Carl Ciccone, Jim Colaianne and possibly even Lee Haller and Dave Rubino. While it is highly unlikely, (see Ciccone), we wish him well in his efforts.

While Paul is a Founder, he has never won a Gabby. His early years of fishing gave way to "minding the store" while the rest of the camp fished on Opening Day. In later years, he was joined in this pursuit by Bob "Unc" Prosperi, who won the Gabby in 1977, but slowly lost interest in his fishing pursuits in favor of the comforts of camp. 2006 will mark Paul's first visit to camp since 1999, when in honor of the 30th anniversary of Gabby Camp, not only did Paul attend, but Dane Konop was successful in convincing Patton Annegan to attend his first camp since 1969. Annegan, believed to be



Patton Annegan in camp in 1999

lost, was found in 1989 by the Gabsette, and he vowed to attend. Ten years would pass however, before he finally did attend, having no clue that the fishing trip the original four had embarked on in 1969 had evolved into an annual cult event with trophies, Founder's Awards, commemoratives and newspapers, not to mention The Business Meeting. Patton vowed in 1999 to never miss another camp, but of course, has not been seen since, though there are rumors that he might attend in 2006.

Since it's inception, The Gabby Business Meeting has been Paul Phillips' forum as Master of Ceremonies. Whenever Paul is in camp, he presides over the Business Meeting, which in recent years has seen substitutes such as Dane Konop, Steve Mueller and others, but none can displace Paul, much in the same way Bob Hope once was with the Oscars. Negotiating the often unruly and disrespectful mob, Paul has shown grace under fire (literally), quelling strikes and successfully negotiating Gabstalls, filibusters, smoke breaks that never end, collection of monies, new and old business, awarding of trophies and all sorts of other predictable and unpredictable Gabby business. Of course, there have been times when Paul's task has been harder than he has been. We can never forget that the first year he invited his younger brother Dave, when Paul fell



Paul Phillips and Bob Prosperi strategize around the campfire.

asleep in his chair and rookie Dave won Rookie Of The Year honors by propping his brother's chair up with a stick to keep the slumbering Paul from falling to the ground. Nor can we forget Paul backing up while addressing the meeting and falling backwards over the woodpile, disappearing from sight, but hey, those things happen to the best of us in Gabby Camp. In the 1994 camp, Paul had just pulled out of his campsite on the south side of camp, when a pine tree fell in the exact spot in which he was parked and camped, narrowly escaping being crushed. Fearless Business Meeting Leader has returned! Welcome back Paul, we've missed you!



Paul succumbs to calls for a smoke break



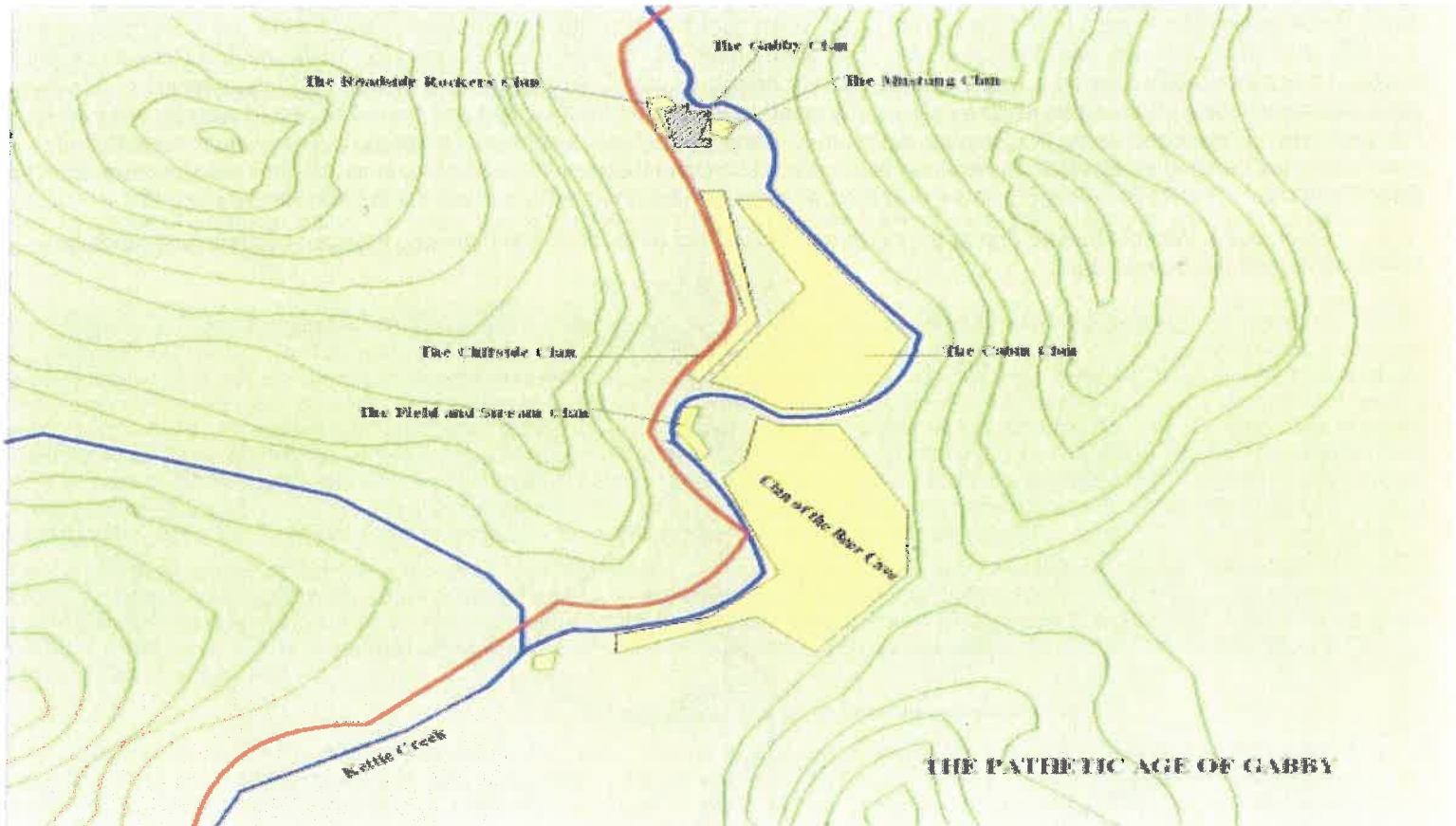
Paul conducts the meeting under the watchful eye of Larry

# THE WENDELIAN WARS OF CONQUEST: FROM THE ROCKER CLAN TO THE BEAVER DAM

PART ONE—GABBY HISTORY AS TOLD BY ELDER BYRON ANDERSON

*“Any fool can win a war with a great army. Only a great fool can win a war without one.”*

*An Tzu*



As the Pathetic Age came to a close, the Gabby numbers began to grow, and the need for expansion became apparent. There was, of course, a certain amount of unclaimed land around the camp and this was rapidly occupied. The Gabbys however still found themselves cut off on two sides by two smaller clans. The Roadside Rockers Clan held the desirable high ground north of the Gabby lands. The Mustang Clan held the less desirable lands to the south in the swamps and flood plains of the Kettle. Ridding themselves of the Roadside Rockers became their first goal.

This would not only secure the Gabbys the high ground above camp but also control of the road that gave access into their pineland campsite. It would also rid them of a lot of really loud rock music in the otherwise silent primal forest. The Gabbys also hadn't forgotten that it was the Rocker Clan who had in the early years, challenged them for their traditional Gabsite. Seizing it one year as their own, they forced the clan deeper into the trees where there was little flat ground for tents or openings for fire. For all of these reasons, the Gabbys held their first council of war, and in this historic council, the first seeds of Gabby expansion were planted.

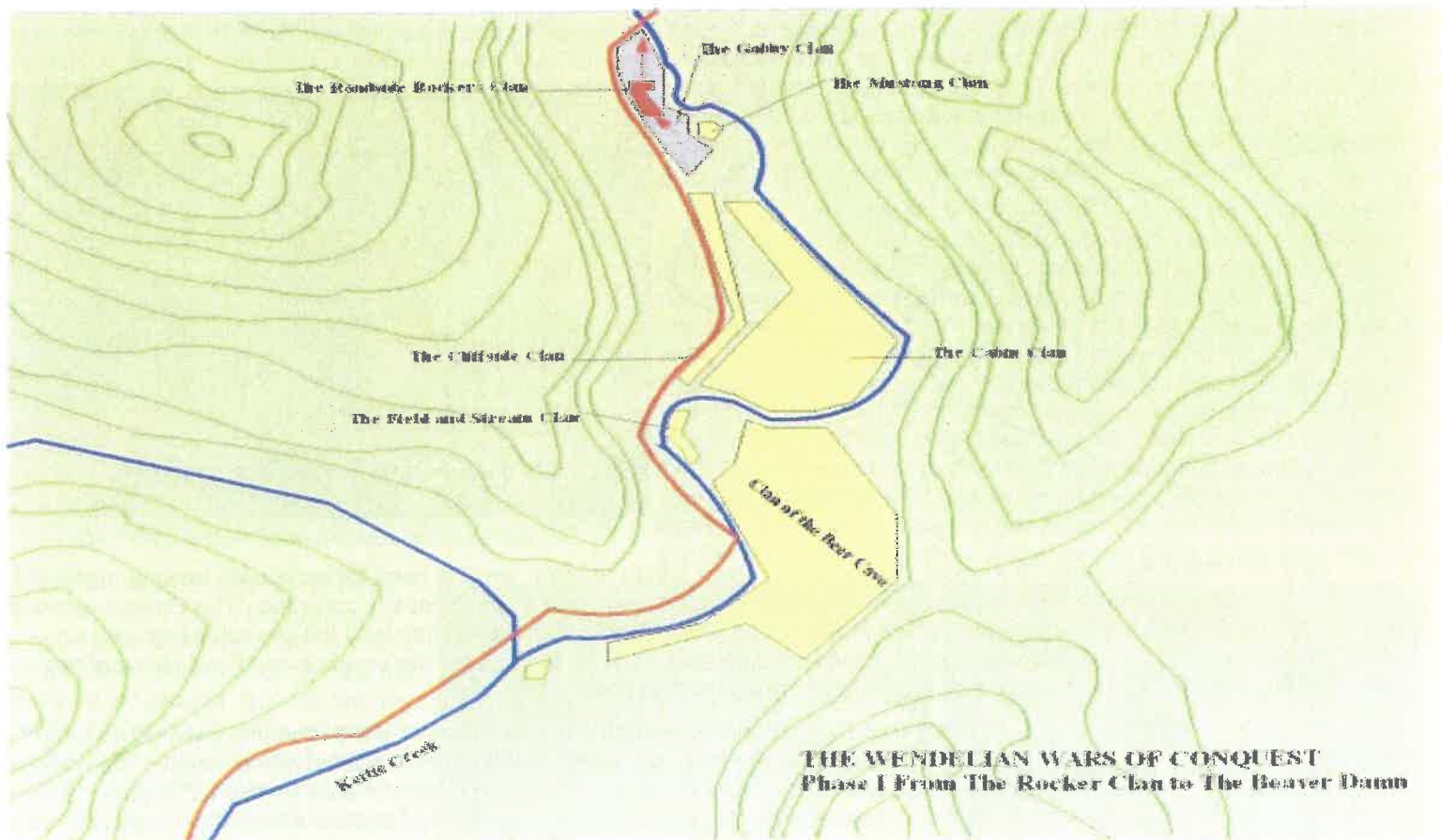
There were many questions that needed to be answered before any kind of a campaign could begin though. Questions like, who would be the leader, and who would he lead? Or, if we could agree on a leader and a Gabby decided to follow (or at least accompany) this leader into battle, and this leader gave an order, would this order necessarily apply and demand compliance? As any member of the clan can tell you the word "apply" takes on a whole new set of problems when used in the context of Gabby.

*(continued on page 10)*

Because of this, a new philosophy of war was needed. As always seems to be true throughout history, there is a leader for every troubled time. One such man had just paid his cab driver and stumbled forward into the light of the fire. A man with an idea, and really big knife, and with his blade he drew his vision of Gabby conquest on the ground. It would become known as An-Tzu, the Wendelian Art of War, and Karl Wendel would become its master. An-Tzu involved the perfection of the one man attack as a form of total war. The ability to judge an enemies weaknesses, form a plan of attack and carry out that plan, knowing that his fellow Gabbys were always behind him...though not necessarily with him.

Phase I of the campaign had both psychological and frontal assault aspects to it. The initial psychological thrust involved sending a member of the Wendelian Special Forces to pay a visit to the Rocker Clan after dark, at their fire. One man, one mission, that was at the heart of An-Tzu. The man on this mission was Dane Konop, known to the younger Gabbys as "Dane the Silent". He was one of the Clan founders who had first landed on these shores and claimed these lands so many years before. He was a tolerant man of few words but that was about to change. His patience was at an end and this noise had to be stopped. Beer would be spilled this night, Rocker beer. Waiting until their campfire was burning high in the night, Dane set out on his mission. While pretending to be a friendly guy from out-of-town, looking for a little conversation...and a beer, he would sit with them and talk, and drink, and talk, and drink, and talk. This went on for hours, until well into their beer reserves, the Rockers began to panic. They desperately needed a way to save whatever beer they could. Not knowing how else to rid themselves of this mysterious and relentlessly thirsty stranger, they simply retreated to their tents for the night and hoped he would wander back off into the darkness. The next morning the Rockers woke up to discover their supply of beer obliterated. They would need to find more. So they decided that before any serious fishing could be done they would need to leave camp and procure more from the Beer Cave clan. The Rockers didn't know it, but the bait had been taken and the serious fishing had already begun.

Once gone, Wendel moved first to the north and staked out all lands to the highway, then east claiming all lands between camp and the beaver dam.



By the time the Rocker Clan returned, the war was over. Their camp had been moved across the highway, and the construction of Griffin Heights was well underway. An-Tzu had its first victory. At the campfire that night Wendel was given the title of Gabby Security Chief for Life. The first of the second generation Gabbys who were rookies that memorable night, named him Karl "Longblade", and they sat next to him at the fire circle as disciples at the master's feet. They listened to his tales, laughed at his jokes and were one with the blade. It was, as all Gabby nights are, a good night at the fire.

The first Gabby war was over and the pinelands and its road now belonged to them, and to honor the occasion there was declared the first Pax Gabatus. (for more revisionist Gabby history, see Part II on page 12)



## *A Fireside Chat* *With the Fireguy* *By Steve Mueller*



### *The Gabby, My First 25 Years*

We each hold in our hearts particular years from our pasts that hold special meaning for us - birth of a child, sports accomplishments, graduations, marriages(s). For me 1981 is heavy with significance, as it was the year of my first Gabby Hayes Memorial Fishing Expedition. The Gabby! At that time I was in my mid-thirties, still at my first professional job at the Wistar Institute in Philadelphia, married, no kids, just pluggin' along. I had developed a friendship with one of my work colleagues, one Paul Phillips. We shared some common interests and tastes - the biological sciences, the outdoors, Punch cigars and real ale. One day he takes me aside and reveals something about himself which he had heretofore not mentioned - that he was a founding member of small select group of fellows who gathered to camp, fish and party on one Kettle Creek near Cross Fork, PA on opening day of trout season. He asked if I'd care to join them. Sounded like it could be fun, so sure, why not. Such is often how a man's life is altered forever! The memories from the past twenty-five years of Gabby Camps (I've never missed one) could fill a book of quasi-non-fiction. My intent here in this Fireside Chat is to capture some of the highlights and the changes that have occurred over these many years. I'll start with -

### *My First Gabby Camp*

There is something special being invited to the Gabby by a Founder. Paul had been there from the beginning. He had netted Annigan's Inspirational Gabby. He was living and breathing Gabby tradition, and he made sure I knew its beginnings, its stories, its trappings. He carefully related all this to me over beers, as this was still the era of Gabby oral tradition - no Gabzettes, Worms, Globes, Gabby in a Nutshell videos or Gabtown websites. Included were careful instructions on what gear was essential for Gabby Camp - waders, lawn chair and beer! As is often the case with rookies, he'd provide my fishing tackle. The day finally arrived and we headed out. I can still close my eyes and relive that first ride up Rt 144 from Renovo, listening to Bob Dylan tapes and Strauss's Blue Danube for the final stretch to Cross Fork. Gabby Camp had a somewhat different aura about it back then, which I'll characterize as "early primitive". Consider that Paul and I arrived in camp with everything we'd need, including food for five of us, packed into the back of a VW Jetta. A long ways from current practice, which moved Jim Colaianne to dryly observe, "You guys come to camp with five thousand pounds of ultralight camping gear!".

I hit Kettle opening day, psyched and "go in' for the Gabby". I was a Gabby rookie and trout fishing rookie, but I came fully prepped with the knowledge gleaned from a copy of P. Allen Parsons "Complete Book of Fresh Water Fishing" that my true Gabby wife (subject of a future Fireside Chat!) had given me for Christmas. I drifted night crawlers along the underbanks upstream from Fish City. I fished alone. I was immersed in the Zen of Kettle Creek Gabby Nirvana. Wham - he hits, pulls, fights, surrenders. Brookie, 15 1/8". The Gabby. Rookie Gabby. Gabscam Gabby. First Gabby.

### *A Tarp Runs Through It*

The first two years of Gabby for me were idyllic - clear brisk mornings, midday sunshine in the 70s, spectacular starlit nights. Hey, this is not bad! Then ensued several years of more typical fare - a bit of snow in the early morning, then a cold drizzle midday, followed by cold wind-driven rain and/or snow. Cast, retrieve, break the ice off your rod ferrules, cast, retrieve, repeat! Once I nearly fell into the Kettle with vertigo produced while following my line with the stream flowing left-to-right and the snow squall blowing right-to-left. When the sun shines, the Bunnell Pines are wonderful, but when the cold rains come, its rough. In 1983 it had drizzled on and off during the day, but not enough to dampen the spirits. Later assembled around a small campfire we were several smoke breaks into the Business Meeting when Dane caught my eye across the fire and quipped "Anyone notice it's raining?" We were sitting happily oblivious to the downpour! A higher standard of civilization had to be set. In 1984 Paul and I put up a truly pathetic 4' x 6' tarp, which did set, nonetheless, a new higher living standard. No less than six of us stood beneath it for a Business Meeting smoke break to escape the downpour. Soon tarps marked every camp - tarps next to tents, over tents, near tents. I once packed five tarps and put one up where there were four pines just perfectly spaced - "tarp for tarp's sake". My next idea was to construct a ceremonial pine log and tarp tepee large enough to accommodate the Business Meeting. I discussed this over Christmas beers with my Founder, and Paul suggested we call Jim Colaianne, "Steve, we're biologists and he's an engineer". We call, I outline my idea, and Jim says, "I've got us covered". Gabby 1986 - Colaianneville unfurls! Looking down on camp from Route 144, I was struck that, yes, "A tarp runs through it". Now -

### *Let There Be Fire*

I love fire. No, really. I love it. Campfires. My father loved them; I love them; my son, Eric, loves them. My theory is that the pattern of heat and visual effects of a campfire were embedded via evolutionary selection onto our neural patterns. We became human around campfires. I am very adept at getting wood to burn. When I first joined Gabby Camp the practice was to come to the Pines, pitch a tent, and then scrounge about for firewood, in the rain, with hatchets. Doable, but inefficient. Paul and I started to pack as much fireplace firewood from home as would fit into the trunk of the Jetta! Other Gabbyites followed suit. Then in 1988, Glen Dworkin and I noticed bundles of firewood for sale next door to the Kettle Creek Tackle Shop. We filled the trunk, returned to camp, burned it, went back for more, burned that. During the third trip we met Erin Churchill, a local mountain man, and his wife Marty, who provided the firewood to generate extra income. We asked if they

(continued on page 22)



## Know your Namesake

A biography of George Francis "Gabby" Hayes

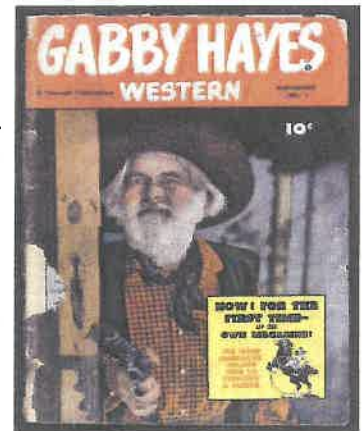


We call it The Gabby Hayes Memorial Fishing Expedition. But do we know why? What do we really know about George "Gabby" Hayes? For all of you who have ever wondered, and even if you haven't, here's the story:

George Francis Hayes was born in Wellsville, NY on May 7th, 1885. As a young man, George worked in the circus and played semi pro baseball. He appeared in vaudeville, making an appearance at the opera house in Cross Fork, PA in 1905, and the legitimate stage, primarily in stock companies. He married Olive Dorothy Ireland in 1914, and at the age of twenty nine. Though they were married until Olive's death in 1957, they had no children. Hayes' film career began in 1923 with his appearance in the silent film "Why Women Marry". In his early career, Hayes was cast in a variety of roles, including villains, and occasionally played two roles in a single film. In contrast to his later, unshaven, toothless screen persona, George (not yet Gabby) Hayes frequently showed up in clean-faced, well groomed, articulate characterizations. Hayes was quite successful, not only as an actor, but as an investor. He retired in his mid-twenties until the stock market crash of 1929 wiped out his investments and he had to return to acting. Ironically, if it had not been for the stock market crash, the world might never have known him for his most famous roles, and "root toot tootin" Gabby Hayes would never have been the namesake of our annual retreat.

Upon his return to acting, Hayes found a niche in the growing genre of western films, many of which were series with recurring characters. Ironically, Hayes would admit later that he had never been a big fan of westerns, complaining that they all looked and sounded alike. Hayes, in real life, an intelligent, elegant, well appointed man about town, was cast as a grizzled codger who uttered phrases like "consarn it", "yer durn tootin", "durn persnickety females", and "young whipper snappers". In 1933 he appeared in several Lone Star westerns featuring a young John Wayne, alternating between heavies and comedy roles. Wayne is among the many cowboy stars who has credited Hayes with giving them valuable acting tips during their formative days. In 1935, Hayes replaced an ailing Al St John in a supporting role in the first Hopalong Cassidy film, co-starring with William Boyd. Hayes character died halfway through the film, but audience response was so strong, that the character, Windy Haliday, was later brought back into the Hoppy series as a regular. Hayes played the part from 1935-1939, but left Paramount in 1939 in a salary dispute and moved to Republic Pictures. Paramount held the rights to the character Windy Haliday, so a new nickname was created for Hayes character: Gabby. As Gabby Whitaker, Hayes appeared in over 40 pictures between 1939 and 1946, usually with Roy Rodgers, but also with Bill Eliot, Gene Autry and Randolph Scott. Gabby Hayes was a popular performer and consistently appeared among the top ten favorite actors in polls taken of movie-goers of the period. He would occasionally enjoy an "A" picture assignment in films like "Dark Command" in 1940 and "Tall In The Saddle" in 1944, but from the moment he became "Gabby" Hayes, he was more or less consigned exclusively to "B" pictures. Over his career, George Francis Hayes appeared in an amazing 192 films.

The western film genre declined in the late forties and Hayes made his last appearance in "The Caribou Trail" in 1950. After that, Hayes turned his attention to television, where he starred as host of "The Gabby Hayes Show" (hello out there in televisium land), a popular Saturday morning children's western series, which ran from 1950-1954 and he was also the subject of a western themed comic book series. When the series ended, he retired after a round of personal appearance tours and stints as corporate spokesman for Popsicles and Edixa cameras. George "Gabby" Hayes died in 1969, the first year of The Gabby Hayes Memorial Fishing Expedition, at the age of 83, and was buried in Forest Lawn—Hollywood Hills Cemetery in Los Angeles CA.



For his contributions to radio, Gabby Hayes has a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame at 1627 Hollywood Blvd., and a second star at 1724 Vine Street for his contribution to the television industry. In 2000, he was posthumously inducted into The Western Performers Hall of Fame at The National Cowboy and Western Heritage Museum in Oklahoma City, OK. Homage was paid to Hayes in a different way (besides us). In the 1974 Mel Brooks western, "Blazing Saddles", a lookalike actor named Claude Ennis Starett, Jr. played a Gabby Hayes-like character. In keeping with the one running joke in the movie, the character was called Gabby Johnson. After delivering a rousing, though largely unintelligible speech to the townspeople, David Huddleston's character (the mayor of Red Rock) proclaimed " Now who can argue with *that*?"



# THE WENDELIAN WARS OF CONQUEST: DIVIDING THE SOUTH & THE CONQUEST OF THE MUSTANG CLAN

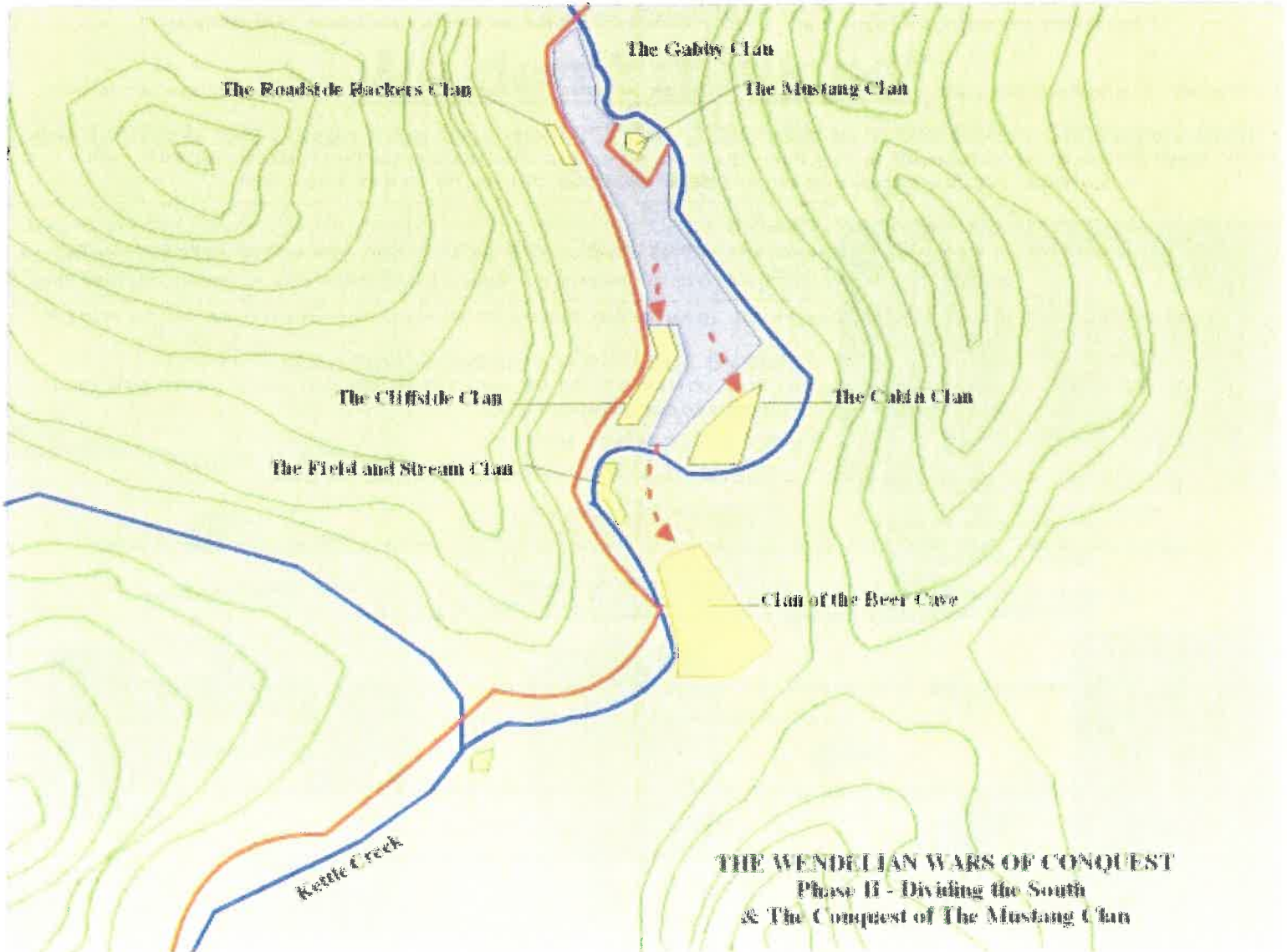
PART TWO—GABBY HISTORY AS TOLD BY ELDER BYRON ANDERSON

*“Patience is the key. Fate will always open a door; the trick is being ready to slam it on the other guy’s foot.”*

*An Tzu*

The second and final phase of the Wendelian conquest was much like the oil wars of the larger nations. We needed beer and the Beer Cave Clan had it. Camp Security Chief for Life Karl “Longblade” Wendel, had so far accomplished all that had been asked of him, or at least he said he had. He had weakened the influence of most of the other streamside clans and now he was ready to turn An-Tzu loose once more. Now he sent out a Special Forces raiding party led by himself, Pete Floyd, Dane Konop, Steve Mueller, Keith Robinson and Bob Prospero, to take the Beer Cave itself. This was to be accomplished with a three pronged attack. As Wendel and Konop led sorties into the northern fringes of the Cabin and Cliffside Clans to distract them, Pete, Steve, Rob and Bob penetrated straight south dividing the two clans forever and striking into the heart of the Beer Cave itself.

(Continued on page 14)



The plan was the same as with the smaller clans, with a team Gabby approach. Rob (who is remembered as the founder of the Gabzette and Radio Free Gabby) had once been held hostage in a wood shed for hours by the Beer Clan, now he helped bring them to their knees by putting the collected beer bottles back on the tables while convincing the band to play on. Then, as Bob Prosperi and The Fireguy did the Mud Shark on the floor of the cave, Pete Floyd flanked their security forces and stormed the Cave Communications Center (CCC) to announce the Gabby take-over. With an intoxicating swiftness it was over. As the band played In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida, a treaty was signed giving The Gabbys control of vast stretches of lands and stream from the catch and release area at the bridge, southwest to the gas line. The Beer Cave clan would be allowed control of the lands from the Cabin clan west, and would pay the Gabbys an annual beer tribute. With that done all attention shifted to the Mustang Clan.

The Mustang Clan posed a special problem because they usually had women in their camp which always divided any Gabby war council. With half of the camp chanting the Gabby war cry of "Kill the Pig, Kill the Pig", and the other half wanting to go to Davetown with binoculars. The cooler heads around the fire won out, and it was decided to build a Great Wall of Gabby around them to cut them off and isolated them. Their lands were not seen as being worth a war, so for years there existed an uneasy peace created by the isolation of the smaller lowland Clan. Then late one night the Mustang women whom they had begun to leave at home, showed up at their camp. Having discovered secret communications between their men and Betty the Go-Go dancer extraordinaire of the Beer Cave, they descended on the camp one night, and with fury and fire smote the men of the Mustang Clan. Overnight the last of the rival streamside clans ceased to exist, Gabby Manifest Destiny had been fulfilled.

Around the next nights campfire the founders proclaimed the Pax Gabbaticus, and there was peace in our pines.

### QUOTES FROM AN-TZU, THE GABBY ART OF WAR

"BE SWIFT TO VICTORY, FOR TIME SPENT AT WAR IS TIME SPENT AWAY FROM THE STREAM."

"THERE IS NOTHING SO LIKELY TO PRODUCE PEACE AS A GOOD FIRE, GOLD BEER AND A PLENTIFUL STREAM."

"THE FIRST PROBLEM IN COMMAND IS THAT IF YOU FIND SOMEONE WHO BELIEVES THAT YOUR ORDERS APPLY TO THEM, YOU'VE PROBABLY FOUND SOMEONE TOO DRUNK TO CARRY THEM OUT."

"ANY FOOL CAN WIN A WAR WITH A GREAT ARMY. BUT ONLY A GREAT FOOL CAN WIN A WAR WITHOUT ONE."

"FATE WILL ALWAYS OPEN A DOOR. THE TRICK IS IN BEING READY TO SLAM IT ON THE OTHER GUY'S FOOT."

"IF ANOTHER CLAN TAKES WHAT IS YOURS, YOU EITHER STAND UP AND FIGHT, OR PUT ON A SKIRT AND CALL YOUR SELF NANCY."

"IT'S ALWAYS EASIER TO GIVE AN ORDER THAN IT IS TO FIND SOMEONE TO CARRY IT OUT."

"THE COMMANDER WHO HAS NO ARMY WILL ALWAYS HAVE THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IN HIS FAVOR."

"VICTORY MEANS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY."

"WITH A FORCE OF ONE, THE ORDER IS CONCEIVED, GIVEN AND EXECUTED IN PERFECT HARMONY;  
THAT IS TRUE UNITY OF COMMAND."

"WITH NO FORCES TO BE CONFUSED, ALL CONFUSION BELONGS TO THE ENEMY."

"IF NONE FOLLOW IN BATTLE, NONE CAN SAY YOU LIE AT THE CAMPFIRE."

# The Gabby Condominium

Griffin Heights & Cousin Creek - 2005 saw the following post on the Gabby Hayes Memorial Fishing Expedition website:

## *Heir Stefan "Uber Kamp Ingenieur" Mueller*

***builditandtheywillcome@GabbyKamp.com***

*While I haven't gotten to a stream as yet to work out the angling kinks, I did spend time in my backyard this weekend working out the Gabby campsite kinks to ensure that no time is wasted setting up in the Bunnel Pines. In fact, I have perfected the Unitized Gabby Campsite System, which facilitates setting up a camp with no tent fly, no mid-tarp pole, and no trees! It is highly wind resistant, provides tarp coverage over tent and living space, as well as, integrated sidewalls. Patents are pending. Instructional demos are available by appointment.*

**Perfected the Unitized Gabby Campsite System?? No mid tarp pole? No trees?**

**Patents pending?**

## **We don't think so!**

**Brian Griffin & Jeff Cousin introduce the 10' X 30' 2006 edition of the Gabby Condominium!!!!**

**Featuring:**

Living room with fireplace, separate dining room with zippered doors, state of the art kitchen with two zippered pantries, sink, stove and oven, wash stand, totally tarp enclosed bedroom, bathroom with commode and shower, six windows. Wind & rain proof.



*Cabela's* Standard Modular Wall Tent System

*Cabela's* Camper's Kitchen

We will be hosting nightly Gabfests around the fire Wednesday through Sunday nights in Gabby Camp.!

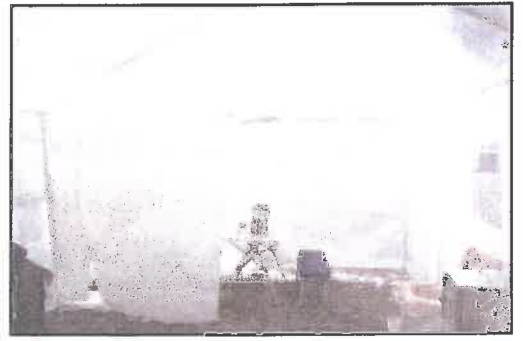


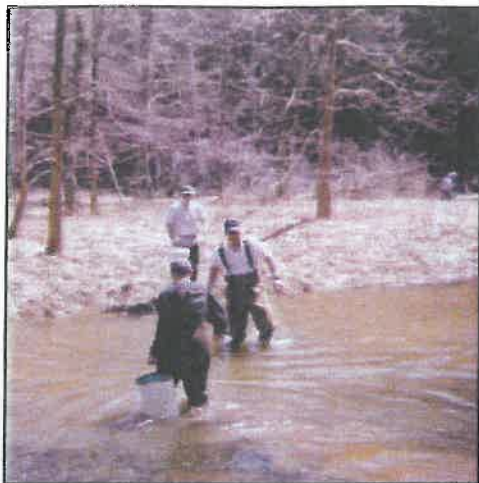
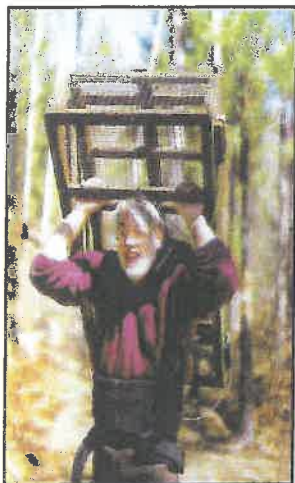
- 1-1/4" diameter, 20-gauge steel frame
- Clear polyethylene windows with roll-down closure flaps
- Walls extend to each corner
- No floor
- One-year warranty on canopy top
- Complete kit weighs 139 lbs.





# The Gabby Condominium (Patent pending)





Gabbyites procured trophy trout from the hatchery in 2002 and stocked them in Kettle Creek and even pulled some back out including Jaymie's 24" Gabby winner



Zack Anderson poses with his 2003 Gabby



Ben Selby show off his 2004 Gabby as Dane and Andy look on



Jeff Cousin's 2002 catch didn't win, but was voted "Prettiest Fish in Camp"



The 2005 Gabby



# The Fish Of The Gabby



Ben Selby accepts the 2004 trophy



Jaymie ponders.....Gee, I wonder if he's going to retire?



Dane Konop passes the trophy on to Glen Dworkin in the "Miracle of 1990"



"Next year, I want my trophy to be THIS Big"

Zach Anderson accepts in 2003 while Founder Dane Konop looks on



## The Trophies: A Look Back



Steve "I catch a Gabby every 20 years" Mueller accepts in 2001



Dr. Trout accepts #7 from Steve Mueller in 2002



Byron "Barney" Anderson hoists his 3rd Gabby Trophy in 1996



Jaymie Smolens & Ty Albert pose with Jaymie's 2nd in 1989 in "The Headset Gabby"



In 1988, Dane explains how, in the future, Jaymie will always have one more Gabby than he does



The Selby Cup



# The Camps Of Gabby



From top left to lower right  
Camp Konop, 2002 winner of  
the "Martha Stewart Award"  
Camp Wendell, camp entrance,  
Griffin Heights & Cousin Creek,  
Davetown & Davetown Pike,  
AndyLand and the Mueller Man-  
sion before total enclosure in  
2005



A  
Creek  
Called  
Kettle



### A Fireside Chat with The Fireguy (continued from page 11)

delivered locally; he said, sure. To our camp in the state forest Pines? Why not. Done. The next year I called Erin in January to place our now regular order for two pickup loads (about a cord). Now Fireguy is happy and we have -

#### *The Four Pillars of Gabby Camp*

Bob "Unk" Prospero summarized it well with the following initiation question for rookies: "What are the four pillars of Gabby Camp?" To wit - The Lawn Chair, The Coleman Stove, Colaianneville, and Delivered Split Firewood. Hey, that's all I need (well, and a cot, self-inflating air mattress, pillow, tent with integrated, extended tarp with dropped sides, gas stove, gas hibachi, stove stand, kitchen table, folding picnic table, folding latrine chair, coolers, micro brew, Merlot wine, Dominican robusto cigars, and freshly ground Starbucks Sumatra coffee with Baileys Irish Cream!). Upon The Four Pillars have been built over the years a series of increasingly complex Gabby Camp accommodations: Chez Dane, Ty's Yurt, Dave Town, Mueller Mansion and the soon to be unveiled Griffin Heights/Cousin Creek Gabby Condo. But all this pales before -

#### *The Kettle and The Pines*

The beauty of our stream and forest stirs me every year. Once on a Sunday fishing with Dane just below the reg area, we were just standing there, taking it in, and I turned to him to say, "Nice planet". What is interesting, however, is that over the years, gradually, and at times dramatically, The Kettle changes. The spot where I caught my first Gabby was at that time the main stream, and now essentially runs as a mere trickle. The runoff in 1983 was so heavy it restructured the flow into the bed, back against the mountain (which flow I didn't even know existed until 1984!). Fish City was the place to fish; they used to stock it; now it's a silted in backwater. For twenty years we've commented on the gradual loss of the red pines in camp - victims of blow down and old age. In 1986 we strung up Colaianneville with twenty-foot lines; hell, there were trees in the way! Now I have 100-foot lines on it. But what really struck me last year was the large number of hardwood saplings and six-foot trees replacing the pines. The forest has been transitioning and climaxing right under our feet. I predict that in twenty five years it will be the Bunnell Beeches! Now that makes me feel like a Gabby Elder! But through it all there persists The Gabby. Whence the Gabby? For its wellspring you need only look to -

#### *The Founders*

We each have various other places special to us where we fish or camp with dear family or friends. But then there is the Gabby. What is the source of its special hold on us? It springs from The Founders, each of whom have placed their special mark on it. Annegan provided that initial invitation which thrust Konop, Phillips and Selby into Potter County, where he then pulled the monster Inspirational Gabby from Kettle Creek. Following The War Years and their return to Kettle, Konop set the stage and mythic undertones for The Modern Era when he 1) obtained a trophy for the largest trout caught opening day, 2) called it the Gabby Hayes Memorial Fishing Expedition, 3) landed the second longest trout that year, and 3) took home The Gabby based on winning a debate over the semantics of "largest". Selby went on to set a series of Camp firsts - first lawn chair and first Coleman stove. Larry emerged as the first Gabby Master - first Gabby not caught in Fish City, first two-time Gabby winner, first three-time Gabby winner, and first back-to-back Gabby winner. And Gabby Camp is still directed by his famous dictums - "Want to win the Gabby? Catch a bigger fish!" and "If you think a Gabby rule applies to you, then it does". Finally, the influences upon the Gabby of my Founder, Paul Phillips, have been much more subtle, yet profound. Here we have the, at times difficult to sense, yet essential, rational underpinnings of Camp - a Business Meeting with an agenda and order; thoughtful conversation which includes listening to the other; the demonstration that the boisterousness of Larry and megalomania of Dane could be constrained; and the dictum that "Where there are muddy waters, the Gabby cannot lead".

#### *Gabby, Next Generation*

As the years passed and the Gabbyites entered their middle years, some of us couldn't help but wonder - when we get old, who will bring us to Camp, feed us and roll us up to the Kettle in our wheelchairs? Where would the needed youngblood come from? Dane and I realized we had the answer - our sons! So in 1996, Dane's DC, Larry's Ben, Andy's Zack, and my Eric became the vanguard of "Gabby, Next Generation". Having the boys in camp added a whole new aspect to camp - Karl Wendel now had Gabbyites at his level! The Next Gen has grown, especially under the guise of It Takes A Whole Village to get Karl to Camp. And the place in Gabby Camp of the Next Gens was firmly established when Ben caught his first of two Gabbys (accepting the Selby Memorial Cup) and Zack caught his Gabby.

#### *The Ones We Miss*

One part of Gabby Camp that we, as young guys full of piss and vigor, did not plan on sharing was the loss of fellow Gabbyites. But, alas, it was inevitable. However, Pete Floyd's passing in 1983 was a bit of a shock; he was like we all were at that time, immersed in life still in his mid-thirties. I believe we viewed it as an aberration. However, Larry's death in 1995 (Larry Selby, a Gabby Founder dammit, the first Gabby Master) hit hard and close to home, perhaps more so for those of us Gabbyites who, like Larry, had entered our middle years. We're hit again in 1996 by Bob Graezer (the Quiet Gabby Guy). Then the deepest cut of all, when Karl "Chino" Wendel III, one of our Next Gens, is taken in 2004. No matter your age or camp stature - 20's or 50's, Founder, Elder, Journeyman, novitiate or Next Gen - it hurts. I'd like for you to contemplate a bit on the disparate effect these deaths have had on Gabby Guys with regards to the ensuing Camps. In some instances, entire camps stopped coming, while in others, the survivors have returned. I for one hope that the survivors of my passing return to Gabby Camp, to share their sorrow, and to lift that glass we raise during the Business Meeting to toast The Ones We Miss.

*See you in Camp,  
The "Fireguy"*

# The Trout Academy's 2005 Gabby Report

By Jaymie Smolens, a.k.a. Dr. Trout, P.hD., Salmonoid, Headmaster



Dr. Trout, P.hD., Salmonoid, Headmaster of the Trout Academy

**Congratulations to Brian Griffin\*\* who is my latest graduate of the "Trout Academy" and 2005 Gabby winner. But I would like to clarify his grandiose ramblings in the "Guest Book" after last year's Gabby. The trout didn't know you, have any feeling for you, care about what you look like, or any other harmonic convergence theory's you may have about how you think you caught him.**

**Catching trout has nothing to do with the trout choosing any of you. It is as simple as reading the stream, having the correct offering, with the right presentation, to the specific feeding lane, in the correct velocity at the exact movement he goes on the feed, period! The Trout Academy is now accepting applications for potential enrollee's for this years Gabby\*\*.**

**\*\*Results not typical. The Trout Academy makes no guarantees as to the success of your fishing due to physical, mental, and chemical limitations.**



The 2005 Gabby Winner

*Editor's Note: The views expressed by Dr. Trout in this space are his own and do not reflect the feelings of the management of this newspaper. While it may be "as simple as reading the stream, having the correct offering, with the right presentation, to the specific feeding lane, at the correct velocity at the exact moment he goes on the feed, period!", and while it may indeed be that simple for him, the convergence of those six things to the rest of us, is the equivalent of an asteroid hitting the earth or having a date with Catherine Zeta-Jones on Saturday night and having her ask you up to her bedroom after dinner as she rubs your thigh, winks at you and sucks on your earlobe. While the 2005 Gabby winner certainly extols the benefits of the Trout Academy and it's Headmaster, the "Trout Whisperer", he also acknowledges the romance and mysticism of the Gabby, and it's ability to choose it's ultimate captor, even if the six factors have been achieved, and even if after that, the fish still has to consult with the Headmaster for permission to bite.*

## Get Gabby On e-Bay!

If you can find them, all of these Gabby Hayes collectibles and much more are on sale on e-bay.





## " 'Twas The Night Before Gabby" by Clement C. Trout

Twas the night before Gabby and all through the camp,  
Not a creature was stirring, no light in any lamp.  
The rods and the reels were all lying in wait,  
With hope that in the morning, they'd have the right bait.

The campers were snuggled all tight in their bags,  
With dreams of trout catching and flying fish flags.  
The Straub had been drunk, the cigars smoked away,  
In the morning they'd rise in pursuit of their prey.

When out in the Pines there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bag to see what was the matter.  
I unzipped the window, I unzipped the door  
With wonder and excitement filling my core.

The moon on the breast of the glistening pines  
Gave the luster of midday to the Gabby Camp sign  
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a beaver capped stranger without any beer.

With a Volkswagen sedan packed to the gills,  
This was obviously a stranger with plenty of skills.  
More rapid than eagles, he pulled out his nymphs,  
And as he examined them, I spied for a glimpse.

It was quite an array, close to a hundred I thought,  
Apparently he made some, but some were store bought.  
He examined each one for color and shape,  
Then went thru his tackle box and found his lead tape.

His rods were all perfect, his reels how they shone,  
Whoever he was, he was a fisherman to the bone.  
But who was this stranger, this fisher of trout?  
Whoever he was, the fish were in for a bout.

He was dressed in brown waders and a red windbreaker,  
A professional sort, not like us fisherman fakers.  
A bundle of fishing tools he had attached to his belt,  
And his fingers flew fast as he prepared himself.

His eyes, how they twinkled, in the cold, it was very!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as red as it goes.

The end of a line he held tight in his teeth,  
And he cut it to length with a knife from his sheath.  
He had a tall face and an insulin pump on his belly,  
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.

He was narrow and tall, quite the overgrown elf,  
And I worried to see him in spite of myself.  
But a wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but continued his work  
And laced up his rods and turned with a jerk.  
And as he turned, I could see on his jacket,  
"Dr. Trout, P.hD" stitched, defining his racket.

A doctor of trout? Who invited this lout?  
How will this do? The others will pout!  
He'll win every year, of that there's no doubt.  
And take the mystery out of who's got the biggest trout.

As I ran the scenarios over in my head,  
I realized I'd probably just go back to bed,  
But then in a twinkling, I heard as he spoke,  
"My name's Jaymie Smolens", and I damn near had a stroke.

'Twas the Night Before Gabby" (continued from page 24)

"Aren't you the one they call Doctor Trout" I asked?

And he smiled, almost as if he had been unmasked.

"That's true, he replied, but don't get unnerved,

My only task here is to get what I deserve:

A number of trophies and champion trout

Always one more than Dane, so off he can't spout".

Suddenly it seemed, my dread had subsided

And he had my attention, completely undivided.

He spoke of the rods and the reels and technique

And he pointed out ways to fish that were definitely unique.

I learned what I could in the time he could spare

Not knowing that one day a Gabby I'd snare

It would be to his credit and a little bit of luck

That I, the loser tag, could finally chuck.

The Doctor, my doctor, helped get me a win,

And now he says back to back wouldn't be a sin.

So when you think of the Doctor, don't be so crabby,

Take his advice, and have a  
great Gabby!!

## The Story of a Ghost Town

### Cross Fork, PA

A Short History of its Rise and Fall

By Harry Kinney

One fine morning in June, 1910 – the 17<sup>th</sup> to be exact – a hotel man from New York State neared the town of Cross Fork, PA, in an unusually complacent mood. Good humor was, to be sure, a strong point of his, as it should be with all landlords; but today his face beamed even more jovially than usual, for was he not about to mount one more step on the ladder of prosperity?

Business in his home town had fallen off, and for some time the conviction had been growing on him that a change of climate would be good for his health, to say nothing of his pocketbook. He felt that he had been particularly fortunate in his choice of a new place to settle. Cross Fork was a railroad terminus, and he remembered having heard traveling men speak of it approvingly as one of the liveliest little towns in PA. Surely prospects must be good there for an enterprising and experienced hotelkeeper like himself.

So perhaps it was no wonder that he approached the town with rosy visions of a prosperous future. Next day, however, the heavens wept with him as he hastened homeward, a sadder but wiser man.

What was the matter? Simply that he was too late. The big sawmill which had been the life of Cross Fork had shut down for good the year before. Since then the town had been transformed as if touched by the magic wand of an evil genius.

When the man from New York State alighted from the train, he was greeted by a heap of ruins – for the station had burned down the previous autumn, and had not been rebuilt. When he went uptown, he found more ruins. Here were the remains of what had once been one of the leading hotels there, those of an entire block of stores and residences; property could be bought for a song. But who wants to sing when the concert is over and the audience is leaving as fast as it can get away?

On that June 17<sup>th</sup>, 1910, Cross Fork was truly in sad condition. No prodigal could more effectively have wasted his substance in riotous living. For some 15 years the town had been on one glorious spree, and now it lay dying in the midst of desolation – a splendid example "to point a moral or adorn a tale".

In the 1890's, much of northern central Pennsylvania was a magnificent untamed wilderness known as the "Black Forest". While it was true that the early nineteenth century had seen the removal of much of the white pine in the area, the virgin hills of Potter and surrounding counties were clothed in oak, black cherry and other desirable hardwoods.

Southern Potter County was practically uninhabited except for hunters, trappers and a few isolated woodsmen. The forest was far too rugged for settlement, and one colloquialism stated that the overgrowth was so dense that it was "impossible to read at midday". It was under these circumstances that the Lackawanna Lumber Company in 1893 set about establishing a hardwood lumber camp at the juncture of Cross Fork and Kettle Creeks.

(continued on page 26)

The road to colonization was not an easy one. This was not the first time that people had been introduced to the area in number. Early the same year, the renowned Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, had purchased a large tract of Potter County land from a Philadelphia land agent and attempted to found "Little Norway". He brought in a hundred would-be settlers, all from his homeland, and officially established a community charter. A few months after the arrival of his settlers he found he had been duped and did not own the land. The 25 thousand acres he had purchased did not have clear title, and Ole Bull was never successful in bringing the culprit to task or reclaiming the purchase price. Saddened and disillusioned, Bull was able to seek out the rightful owner and purchase enough land to house the settlers. But the venture was doomed. His castle was built in 1855 and subsequently torn down in 1860. It is the hope of all people in the Kettle Creek area, one that is shared with thousands of others throughout the State of Pennsylvania, that this famous landmark will be rebuilt as a tourist attraction as well as part of Pennsylvania's long and interesting history.

The settlement gradually dwindled down to nothing, and a few years later, the only evidence of a man's dream was the abandoned farmland and the violinist's unfinished castle.

The effort of the Lackawanna Lumber Company was destined to greater success. Geographically, the site of the logging town was breathtakingly beautiful, nestled as it was at the junction of two sizable virgin streams among majestic mountains. Logistically, the location presented the opportunity of getting the logs out by water, and it lent itself to the later establishment of a rail line.

When the lumber company started construction of the community that was to be called Cross Fork, the entire county boasted a population of five or six large families. Only a year later an enterprising boom town was to thrive in this background.

The lumber mill became fully operative in 1895, and at the same time, to provide transportation for the finished product, a spur of the Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad was completed to Cross Fork. Branches of the spur were extended into the forest, and the woods resounded with the voices of lumberjacks and the sounds of their axes and saws.

The stage was set and what shortly followed was one of the most fantastic booms the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has ever seen. The area became as industrious as its citizenry, and the rest of the state interestedly followed the development of Cross Fork.

The Lackawanna Lumber Company opened the Lackawanna Store, a company operation, that in a short time boasted the greatest retail trade in Potter County. Cross Fork gave rise to five grocery stores, two clothing stores, a fine millinery store and a complete dry goods shop. As the economy became more stable, it witnessed the openings of two drug stores, a hardware-sporting goods store and several more retail undertakings. The United States Post Office at Cross Fork became one of only a few that offered international money orders. Three physicians and two dentists founded practices, and soon the town had a funeral parlor.

The citizens reveled in their good fortune, and they gave evidence to their thankful attitudes by promptly opening four of the finest churches in the land. Although it took some little time to install permanent pastors, traveling evangelists were invited to appear in Cross Fork, and because of the legend of the town, men were delighted to make their services available.

Gourmets found excellence in Cross Fork's three restaurants. At one time there were seven hotels doing business in the town! The town council blocked the opening of formal saloons or bars, but each of the hotels had a bar and served liquor. On wholesale liquor store supplied all seven hotels and was even reported to doing a retail business with some privileged citizens. Houses of prostitution prospered, and there was much activity available to the lovers of dice and cards.

A fine YMCA opened, Fraternal orders were founded, and the community sought to establish social castles. Masonic lodges sprang up along with Odd-fellows halls and orders of the Maccabees. Social planners soon scheduled regular dances, music recitals, and card extravaganzas.

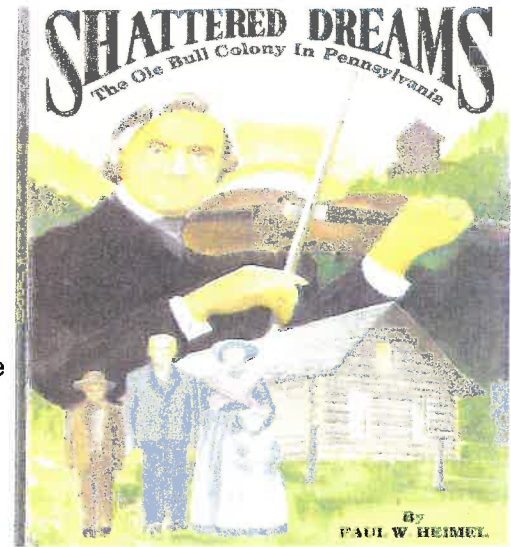
The ten most beautiful girls of Cross Fork established their own social club and opened their meetings to the public only by invitation.

Traveling companies of players visited the town's opera house. Amateurs staged their own plays and dreamed of the transition to Broadway. The period of preoccupation with the arts was somewhat short-lived, although culture became a by-word in the Cross Fork educational system.

Gabby Hayes played on stage in 1905, in the opera house. He has come back to Cross Fork two times and stopped to see Harry Kinney.

The combination grade school-high school was one of the finest looking structures in town. The very latest in laboratory equipment was imported from Philadelphia, and teachers were thoroughly screened. The total enrollment is said to have reached 250 students.

(continued on page 27)



Cross Fork was a sports minded town with its own baseball team. In order to assert itself on a tough competitive schedule with surrounding communities, professionals were recruited and placed on the payroll of the Lackawanna Lumber Company.

Residents claimed their fire company as being one of the best in the Commonwealth, and music lovers formed a band which made guest appearances in other towns.

Strange as it may seem, throughout all of the aforementioned growth, Cross Fork never had a police force or a policeman. Like many boom towns before it, Cross Fork was founded on a theory of omnipotent civil liberty, and the majority felt that it was not necessary to adopt formal law enforcement. The result was confusion and the cultivation of minor and petty crimes. The Cross Fork News tried unsuccessfully to influence the people, but their apathy was one of the factors that contributed to the town's downfall.

The population of Cross Fork ran upwards of three thousand, but this figure did not include the population of South Cross Fork, a suburb just over the Clinton County line. Also, it should be realized that the number of tourists and transients in town was continually high although not reflected in its permanent population counts. Living accommodations could not keep up demands and, as a result, many families migrated to Potter County and became disillusioned and left without establishing residence. An electric lighting system was completed, and water systems as well as sewage systems became operative. A local telephone company offered service to subscribers, and almost every home sported a telephone.

Cross Fork's entire economy could be summed up in three words, Lackawanna Lumber Company. The original mill was destroyed by fire, and replaced by a modern, larger capacity operation in 1897. The new mill was ravaged by fire also and replaced in 1903.

The 1903 mill boasted a daily production capability of 230,000 board feet and its yearly output was an incredible 72,000,000 board feet. Residents proudly pointed out that the mill's annual production was sufficient to "encircle the globe with boards an inch thick, and 12 inches wide". The dollar value of this fantastic productivity was over a million dollars at 1903 standards. Much of this rough lumber was processed right at Cross Fork in the Lackawanna Lumber Company's planning and finishing mills.

A secondary or off-shoot industry was the production of staves by the Pennsylvania Stave Company's mill, built in 1897. The stave company purchased the timber from the Lackawanna Lumber Company but did its own logging. The entire operation featured three steps: the kindling mill, the shingle mill, and the hub factory. Although the company showed a success pattern, it too was parasitic and responsible to the Lackawanna installation.

Lackawanna manufacture reached its peak in early 1908. In a single month the sawmill produced a cut of 6,659,695 board feet of rough hardwoods. The lath mill turned out 2,254,300 pieces,

while the planning mill processed 2,286,968 feet planed and matched.

Logically enough, Pennsylvania Stave broke all existing records by cutting 3,626,170 staves and 136,520 pairs of heading in the very same month. Logging camps dotted the landscape, and the "Black Forest" was in a frenzy. Rail lines specially created did their utmost to keep pace with the loggers and the mills, but stockpiling became necessary. Logging operations ran ahead of the tremendous capacity of the sawmills, and, as a result, over 20,000,000 board feet of uncut lumber per year were transported down Kettle Creek for finishing at Williamsport, PA.

About five thousand lumberjacks – hicks- in local parlance – were engaged in the work. They were of the rough, roving type characteristic of their calling. For the most part, unmarried and homeless, they lived from hand to mouth, saving money in the woods, only to squander it to the last red cent, as soon as they struck town. For them conversation and oaths, civilization and debauches, were as inseparably connected as living and breathing. When the hicks came to town there was, indeed, something doing in Cross Fork. Then it was –

Hooray for today, and hooray for tonight, and forget all the rest of it boys,

Hold on Mr, barkeeper, close up your jaw! We're paying for all of this noise.

We won't mosey out, and we won't set down, and you can't keep a one of us still;

You can charge, if you want to, as much for a yawp. We'll settle all right in the bill!

Then having got the fever out of their systems, they would return to the woods to recuperate and prepare for the next spree. When sober they were good workers, too. One crew claimed to have established a world's record by loading forty railroad cars with fifteen hundred and twenty logs, containing more than one hundred and seventy thousand board feet, in seven and a half hours. To those who have never loaded logs themselves, these figure may seem more impressive when it is pointed out that each log was handled separately, and that the average time required for loading was less than twenty seconds to each log, inclusive of time spent in the moving the loader from one car to another. ( continued on page 28)

The people of the town of Cross Fork, and for that matter all of Potter County, were so preoccupied with the infectious growth and prosperity that they were completely unaware of the obvious beginning of the end. Transportation costs prevented the realization of anticipated profits. Speculative notes were becoming due on all sides, and it became apparent that every segment of the economy had overextended itself. Rumors caused riots and near riots among townspeople, and lumberman became disgruntled at the inability of the lumber company to honestly meet its payroll. Once the ominous signs became a reality, fright replaced rationality and panic ran rampant. Everyone thought of getting out from under at once.

In April 1909, the fatal blow that all prayed would never occur became a reality. The huge mill closed down its operations. The death knell had been rung for Cross Fork, PA.

It was true. The giant Lackawanna Lumber Company found it impossible to stay in production. The Pennsylvania State Company was flooded with applications for employment, and they did their best to stabilize the economy.

Fires were not uncommon to lumber towns, and during the "golden days" of Cross Fork were a common occurrence. Insurance companies made immediate settlements preventing the losses from being permanent. But, after the realization of the magnitude of the town's plight, a rash of property fires began taking place, and in every case all or almost all was a complete loss. It became impossible for the fire insurance companies to cover the risks and pay the damages. The month of February 1910, saw an entire city block of Cross Fork ravaged and completely destroyed by fire. All the fire insurance policies were cancelled by the companies. The fires stopped, and this introduced a period of forced sales by property owners.

Five room framed houses with steam heat and running water were offered for sale at twenty five dollars. Seven room homes were advertised at thirty five dollars with no takers. Many buildings were unceremoniously torn down and everything salvageable shipped out by rail.

The year 1913 saw the closing of the Pennsylvania State Mill. In the same year, the Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad discontinued service to Cross Fork and, adding insult to injury, commenced to tear up the rails.

In four short years after that the population of Cross Fork dwindled to 61. The entire elementary and secondary school enrollment stood at less than twenty five. One hotel kept its doors open, and three small stores remained. The sound of industry had been replaced by resolute silences. The forest had been replaced by vast patches of scrub brush, and the entire landscape was left with the scars of fallen enterprise and misadventure. Not even the Cross Fork News was left to write the town's obituary. In less than twenty years the phenomenon had vanished even more rapidly than it had come.

## **The Trout Academy's Stream Report**

**By Jaymie Smoiens, a.k.a. Dr. Trout, P.hD., Salmonoid, Headmaster**

**First the great news is that our stream section is scheduled for stocking on March 16<sup>th</sup> @ 10:00 AM. As of February 19 the streams were in great shape and this will facilitate float stocking of our home waters.**

**We should have another great year with a lot of fish being caught.**

**It has been several years since we have been blessed with another forward thinking fish warden who realizes that our stocked trout need time to acclimate to stream conditions and get on a regular feeding routine.**



**Think of it if this way:**

**You get up everyday and breakfast is on the table in the comfort of your home. All of the sudden you get chased out of your room and are shoved down the steps. Next thing you know you are flat on your back on a very old Otis escalator and at the top, instead of just getting off, you are hurled into the back of a big dump truck and taken for a long drive down a bumpy route 144. The truck stops and you are scooped out with a front end loader for another bumpy ride and then are dumped out into the second floor of a strange house. You can bet it will be a few days before your get over the trauma and venture downstairs in hopes of finding breakfast on the table.**

**These guys have a full month to settle down into our favorite holes and become acclimated to the offerings of the Kettle. The PA fish commission has been doing studies the last 2 years on the preseason movement of stocked trout. The results overwhelming show the trout move downstream. Our March 16<sup>th</sup> stocking along with the March 1<sup>st</sup> stocking of the regulation area up at the bridge should provide another great year of fishing below the "Wire" and through the regular Gabby waters.**



# The Ramblings Of A Journeyman Gabbyite

By Jeff Cousin

**PIGS FLY!**

**HELL FREEZES OVER!**

**GRIFFIN WINS THE GABBY!!!**

In yet another sign of the impending apocalypse, BPG, in a masterful execution of a well thought out plan, pulled the greatest upset since Glen Dworkin and won the 2005 Gabby Hayes Memorial Fishing Expedition. But not without typical BPG controversy. Was it indeed Griffin's first Gabby win over 18+ years of suffering through humiliation, narrow defeats and outright failure, or was it conversely Dr. Trout's 8<sup>th</sup> Gabby win. Only Griffin's hairdresser knows for sure and he's not talking. What next? Hillary wins the presidency? Among inner circles Griffin is referred to as the fifth horseman of the apocalypse; the false prophet; the anti-Gabbyman.

The win virtually guaranteed Griffin will have many silent visits to Davetown in 2006, despite the fact that a win for Griffin is a win for the Phillips family. Shockwaves reverberated to Wellsboro and back.

One can never draw conclusions from rumor and speculation, although in this case there may be allegations and charges pending against BPG, but a small sampling of the facts following Griffin's alleged win will allow the interested, if any, Gabbyite to draw his own conclusions.

Possibly the most incriminating piece of evidence is the lack of any pictures of Griffin's actual acceptance of the Selby Cup. Sure, there were twenty odd witnesses, but twenty witnesses will give twenty different accounts of what actually occurred. Are any of these witnesses credible? What was the condition of those witnesses at the time in question?

Griffin, who for the past 18+ years fished and camped with solely sub-par equipment, will show up in 2006 Gabby camp with a campsite worthy of Donald Trump and now fishes with high end fishing gear seen usually in Trout Unlimited classics. Griffin, who admittedly had a rough year in 2006, obviously either came into a long lost inheritance, or, as Griffin freely admits, deals were made and money changed hands. If this were the NCAA, BPG would be banned for life.

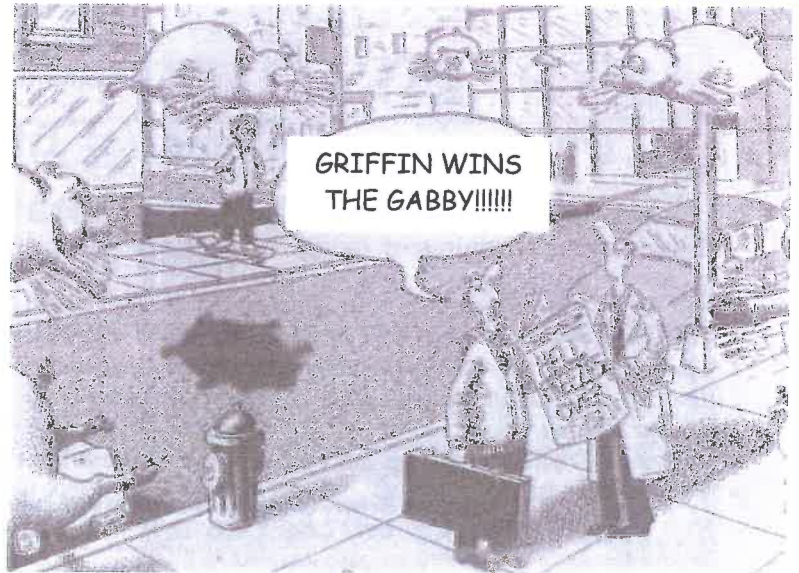
As an innocent bystander to the unfolding events of 2005, I was at times in shock as to what I was actually witnessing and wondered how low a man would stoop to win the most prestigious award this side of the heavyweight championship. At other times, I have to admit I looked on in awe at how BPG set his goal of a Gabby championship in 2005 and admired how BPG achieved that goal with such shameless and underhanded conduct. As everyone knows, the first rule of Gabby camp is that there are no rules, and Griffin surely proved that in 2005.

As just a small sampling of Gabby rumor will prove, there are no limits to how one Gabby win can change a man's life and indeed how Gabby rumor can quickly turn to Gabby lore.

Shortly following his alleged Gabby win, BPG was seen by reliable sources with Dr. Trout in Deb's Bar and Grill exchanging overstuffed manila envelopes. Deb's Bar and Grill has since closed and now goes by the name of The Kettle Creek Bada-Bing. The parking lot is always full of late model Esplanades and it is impossible to get a reservation, if indeed one would want to frequent that questionable establishment. If you do, you had better be packing.

In one frightful report (to some) the body of a white male in his 50's was found in the Jersey pine barrens slumped over the

(continued on page 30 )



# The Trout Academy's Spring Creek Report

by Jaymie Smolens, a.k.a. Dr. Trout, PhD., Salmonoid, Headmaster

I posted on the Gabby web site about my State College trout tutoring and on-stream experimental trip February 15-19 but wanted to share it here for those who are not regular visitors. It was difficult coming up with a title for the article as I always try to stay close to my humble roots.

What I came up with was:

From The Pages of:  
The Internet Home of the

## Gabby Hayes Memorial Invitational Fishing Expedition

**"Dr. Mowed Them Down In State College, Here Comes Gabby #??**

**Uh, I need to check the Selby Cup"**

*"Just when you thought it was safe to go in the water I have finally perfected a technique over three years in the making. The four day trip to State College, where I was fishing on the ultra tough and much fished "Spring Creek", was simply unbelievable even by my standards. From 65°F on last Thursday to only 7°F on Sunday I could literally take trout at will. The "Technique" was truly amazing and the Trout couldn't resist the offering. There were no fish safe last week in Lion Country. Today I just got in from a short afternoon of fishing on a Wild Brown and Brook Trout stream up off the Skyline Drive and well it too was..... Kettle Creek here I come! Feb 23, 2006"*

**\*Thanks to Brian Griffin who pointed out that I am working on Gabby number eight.**

## The Ramblings Of A Journeyman Gabbyite

(continued from page 29 )

steering wheel of a green Chevy trailblazer. Although this is not a rare position for BPG, what was different was that the male in this case, at first reported to be BPG, was DOA from two large caliber gunshot wounds to the back of the head. Initial reports were proved false, as BPG turned up in Switzerland with one of his frequent companions, Frank Serpico. It is unknown how the auto in question was found to contain approximately two cases of empty B&B bottles and mountains of an outdated rag called "The Worm".

In yet another extremely odd and disturbing report, the al-Jazeera network is reporting that photos of Osama Bin Laden have surfaced in Afghanistan at the location of the daisy bombed Tora-Bora site. While photos and videotape of the master-mind of terror are not uncommon, what is very disturbing about the recently published photos is that a widely known logo appeared encoded on the turban of the AK-47 toting Bin Laden. It was not until this logo was decrypted by Pentagon officials that it was found to read... **"BPG Mortgage Corp. - Financing Your Future"**.

BPG, who was hunting quail in Texas with Dick Cheney at the time this latest news surfaced, dismissed any association with the terror kingpin, and merely explained that his business had indeed gone worldwide and that he was now contributing to the rebuilding efforts in Afghanistan. Dick Cheney, when interviewed, commented that along with his fishing expertise, BPG was an excellent marksman and had taught the Vice President everything he knew about handling a firearm. When pressed further, Cheney dismissed Griffin as just another "pushy New Yorker".

No doubt many more facts will come to light as the investigation proceeds but for now the Selby Cup resides in Peekskill, New York, where it is undoubtedly full of burned out Merit cigarette butts.

As for BPG, he now boldly predicts back to back Gabby wins, but as any Gabbyite worth his weight in night crawlers knows the chances of this happening are as remote as the Philadelphia Phillies winning the World Series.

Reporting from Cousin Creek in the heart of Griffin Heights, home of the current Gabby champion, proudly representing the Phillips Family, and where you can always count on "a grease stain running through it", this is Jeff Cousin signing off until Gabby Camp 2006.



## The Casting Couch

By Bryon "Andy" Anderson



# The Return of Troutenstein

So who had the big idea to buy a plaque this year instead of a trophy? When I first read it I knew it was a big mistake. Can't anybody besides me see the madness of it all? This will bring everyone out of retirement, including Dr. Troutenstein. Couldn't you see that he was tired of collecting trophies. He had no place else in his house to put them, and his wife was probably telling him that if he brought another one of those big assed things home she was going to hit him with it. Then what does the kid from New York City go and do? He goes and buys a plaque! A plaque...is everyone in New York crazy!? Now he's got the Dr. looking around his house thinking to himself, hell I've got lots of unoccupied wall space. She couldn't bitch too much if I hung a few plaques on the wall. Hey...and big shocker, we're now getting GabbyGrams from him on the streams outside State College telling us how he's learning all kinds of new ways to kick our asses. So now I find myself having this recurring nightmare, and no mater how much I try to shake it, I can't, and this is how it goes.

Jaymie's on the stream, and slips on a rock or something and has this freakish accident. The last anyone knows is that he's gone under and no-one's seen him or knows what's happened to him. Now in a perfect world, search parties would be sent out immediately, but of course this is not a perfect world, this is Gabby Camp. So instead of searching, everyone immediately grabs their rods and heads for the stream. Now in this dream it's about mid afternoon and I have just netted this absolutely beautiful trout. I mean it's got everything but a big G on its forehead. I try as calmly as I can to get him on my stringer and start walking back to camp, and as I'm walking along the stream I see this strange thing coming at me in the water. At first it looks like one of those sailfish things, you know...one of those surfboards with a mast in the middle. The mast is sticking strait up out of the water and the current is bringing it slowly toward me. Then to my surprise I see as the object floats right up to my feet that it's Jaymie. The bastard's as stiff as a board, and in his right hand he's still gripping his rod which is what I had mistaken for a mast from a distance. Now you might think that's a terrible dream, and it is, but it gets worse. As I stare down at him, I see that he has this eerie shit-eating grin on his face. Then I notice that his left hand is giving me the finger, and as my eyes slowly follow his line to the water I see, to my horror, the biggest goddamned fish I've ever seen, and the realization hits me that even dead the bastard has beaten me...and I wake-up. No shit! Every Night....

So I want to thank Brian for that little addition to my nightly slumber. Maybe there's still time to take the damned thing back and exchange it for some big gaudy monstrosity about three feet tall with five or six big gold leaping trout on it. Something he wouldn't dare take home. If you can do that, then maybe there's still a chance for us all. Just in case though, I'm bringing a couple extra cases of beer this year, I may need it.

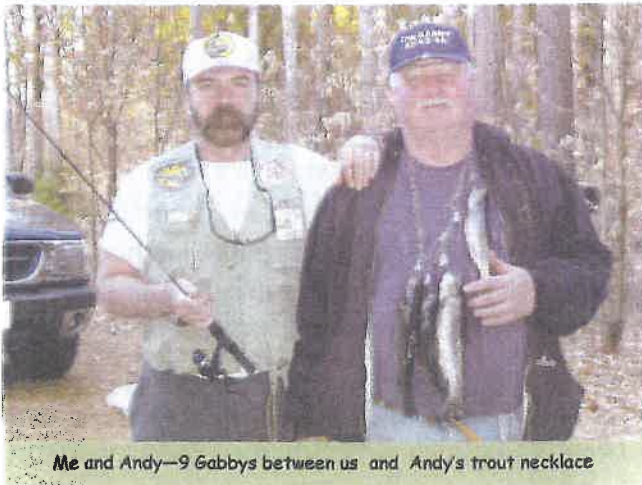
That's it from the Casting Couch





# Gabby in a Nutshell

By Dane Konop



Me and Andy—9 Gabbys between us and Andy's trout necklace

Some fun photos of Gabby Camp 2005 courtesy of Elder Steve Mueller



Madame Tussaud's wax figures of Andy & Steve in the pines



Andy looks worried that his fish might not contend???

Gabby In A Nutshell will return in 2007



Mike Shanks, Steve and Jeff Mueller ready to hit the stream



Mark Bedont and Brian Griffin's contenders weigh in



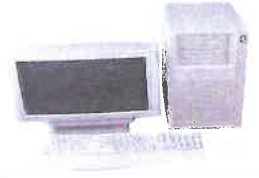
The winner and new Gabby champion!!



The aftermath: "heavy is the head that wears the crown"



## The Gabby Rolodex



- Anderson, Byron, 871 Copeland Road, Columbus, OH 43212 ~~614-421-6647h~~ [AD161672@aol.com](mailto:AD161672@aol.com), [banders@capital.edu](mailto:banders@capital.edu) 614-361-7302(c)
- Anderson, Zachary, 4443 Kimmel Road, Columbus, OH
- Annegan, Patton, 7694 Royann Drive, Fairview, PA 16415
- Bedont, Mark, 6702 Jade Post Lane, Centreville, VA 22020, 703-830-4482h, [mobjr@aol.com](mailto:mobjr@aol.com)
- Bohdal, Darien, 48 Pine Hill Road, Mt. Pocono, PA 18344
- Brennan, Steve, 43803 Michner Drive, Auburn, VA 20147, [BrennanSH@aol.com](mailto:BrennanSH@aol.com)
- Ciccione, Carl, 100 Heath Drive, Baden, PA 15066, ~~412-869-5727h~~ <sup>724</sup>
- Colaianne, Jim, 2634 Fountain Drive, Wexford, PA 15090
- Cousin, Jeff, 540 Shawanga Lodge Road, Mamakating, NY 12721, 845-733-7767h, 845-674-5105c, [cousinjc@frontiernet.net](mailto:cousinjc@frontiernet.net)
- Dworkin, Glen, 4968 Pelican Manor, Coconut Creek, FL 33073-2422, 954-725-6524h
- Griffin, Brian, 1252 Jackson St., Peekskill, NY 10566, 914-737-3740, [bgriffin@bpgmortgagecorp.com](mailto:bgriffin@bpgmortgagecorp.com), [briangriffin47@yahoo.com](mailto:briangriffin47@yahoo.com)
- Haller, Lee, 1401 Waterdale Road, Falston, MD 21047
- Keller, Phillip, 2201 W Chester Apts. Apt A13, Broomall, PA19008
- Konop, Dane and Dane Christian, P.O. Box 3234, 182 Potomac View Lane, Shepherdstown, WV 25443, 304-876-3628h, [dkonop@aol.com](mailto:dkonop@aol.com)
- Mitchell, Bob, 613 W. Park Ave., State College, PA 16803, 814-238-7047h, [RBMI@psuvm.psu.edu](mailto:RBMI@psuvm.psu.edu)
- Mueller, Steve and Eric, 95 Ashley Court, Myersville, MD 21773-8417, 301-370-0371c, [snmueller@fastmail.us](mailto:snmueller@fastmail.us)
- Mueller, Jeff, 17 Lincoln Ave., Binghampton, NY13905, 607-723-9786h, 607-222-2588c
- Newton, Perry, 536 Meadow Mist Way, Odenton, MD 21112
- Phillips, Paul, 908 Deer Road, Bryn Mynr, PA 18010, 610-527-7873h
- Phillips, Dave, 3413 Horton Road, Newtown Square, PA 19073
- Prosperi, Bob, 812 Hanover Road, Gettysburg, PA 17325, 717-334-9365h
- Robinson, Keith, 11615 Victoria Court, Carmel, IN 46033
- Rodriguez, Gene, 178 Laurel Street, Hazelton, PA 18201, 570-454-5771h, 570-977-7539c, [GeneRod@ptd.net](mailto:GeneRod@ptd.net)
- Rhode, Jeff, 2 Indian springs Drive, E Glenmore, PA 19343
- Rubino, Dave, 823 Sixth Avenue, New Brighton, PA 15066
- Selby, Ben and Dolly, 2624 Timberglen Drive, Wexford, PA 15090, 412-935-0134h
- Shanks, Mike, 676 Lake Drive, Westminster, MD 21158, 410-346-7069h
- Smolens, Jaymie, 1385 Stone Creek Lane, Apt.202, Charlottesville, VA 22902, 434-242-4448c
- Wendell, Karl, P.O. Box 61, White Haven, PA 18661

## THE CROSS FORK INN SOLD

Cross Fork — The Cross Fork Inn was sold last spring to Deb of Deb's Place. The Inn has been for sale for the better part of the last 10 years. Deb has been moderately successful with Deb's Place which she has owned and operated for at least the last 20 years. In a Gabby Globe exclusive interview conducted on Sunday night of the 2005 camp, Deb said that she bought the Cross Fork Inn, but not Erm's tackle shop, which has been vacant now for almost 3 years. It was her intention to sell the original Deb's Place, located roughly 1.5 miles south of the Cross Fork Inn on Route 144, as a camp. Her plans were to take possession by June 2005 and operate a restaurant and bar similar to her current place. We wish her luck!



# "The Lost Boys"

Profiles of Gabby Members Gone,  
But Not Forgotten.



So many times in Gabby history, former Gabbyites, for reasons as diverse as the people themselves, lose their way to Gabby Camp one year. One year becomes two, two becomes three, and before long they are nothing more than memories. This column will serve as a remembrance of some of the more notable of these figures in Gabby Lore.

## Glen Dworkin — "Onward Thru The Fog" By Brian P. Griffin

I met Glen Dworkin for the first time when I moved to Peekskill in late October of 1985 and we became next door neighbors. Glen was selling Amway products at the time, so I was naturally hesitant to get too close or spend any real time with him, but slowly we became friends, and eventually, good friends. Then one day in the early spring of 1987, Glen approached me about going on a camping/fishing trip to the wilds of Pennsylvania with him in mid-April. Something that was called "The Gabby". While the concept of spending 3 days in a tent in a forest with Glen made me a little uneasy, I listened as he related to me stories of what he described as an by-invitation-only annual event, attended by a large group, that was started by four college buddies in 1969. He explained about the Founders, and that he had been invited a few years earlier by Steve Mueller, a former beau of his then wife, Carol Eagen. Mueller had been invited by Paul Phillips, one of the Founders, Steve had invited him, and now he was inviting me. Now, in 1987, The Gabby happened to fall, as it does this year, on Easter weekend, and between having a small child and a pregnant wife at the time and the tent in the woods thing, I graciously declined, but agreed that maybe I'd go in 1988.



When March of 1988 rolled around, Glen started talking Gabby to me again, and the more he talked, and showed me Gabsettes and patches, and told me stories of the fun at camp, the more interested I became, and finally agreed. We made our plans, packed our things and headed out on Friday morning before Opening Day. I quickly learned a few things about Glen as a camper and a passenger. Glen would buy things for The Gabby - gloves, hats, lures, etc. separately during the course of the year, each in its own blue plastic bag. He packed for camp the same way. The man of a thousand little blue plastic bags descended on my Jeep and I looked at him quizzically as we loaded them all up into the car. The second thing I learned was that Glen has a bladder the size of those little plastic cups that come on top of the Ny-Quil bottles. No

more than every twenty minutes on the six -plus hour journey to camp, he had me looking for a bathroom. In fact, one year, as I recall, we set a world's record for stops on the way to Gabby with 21, including stops for beer, licenses, bathroom breaks, phone calls, food breaks and a few miscellaneous stops for equipment we still needed or forgot to pack. Which brings me to the next thing I learned about Glen: he always forgot something, and usually, it was an important something. My first year, he forgot the fly for the tent, on a weekend that saw rain, snow and temperatures in the mid-teens, but somehow with duct tape and garbage bags as a substitute, we managed. I later learned that in previous years he had forgotten his lawn chair, and even his sleeping bag one year, forcing emergency trips to Renovo for these much needed necessities. Once in camp, I realized that everyone else there knew something about Glen that I didn't: his laugh. Gabbyites around the fire would take turns making Glen laugh in rapid-fire succession, because, once Glen got going laughing, there was no stopping him. He would cackle on for 10-15 minutes at a time, uncontrollably. In his most famous episode, he got going, couldn't stop, laughed so hard he started choking, then regurgitated straight into the fire, and without missing a beat, went right back into riotous laughter. That became forever known as "Doing a Dworkin" in Gabby camp.

Glen was also a fisherman of few skills, always wearing his "Onward Thru The Fog" baseball cap in camp and on the stream. He had been a blocker for Team Gabby, whose role was to cast over any other fisherman trying to get in the hole, which seemed to be a natural skill for him. Team Gabby members even threw fish at his line out of pity at one point. Despite his reputation, in my third year in camp, Glen pulled off the "Miracle of 1990", in which he won the Gabby. We were fishing together in the tail end of the S bend south of camp above the gas line, when Jaymie walked by and asked Glen if he wanted to catch a fish. Glen of course said yes, so the Doctor pointed straight out to a stretch of ripples in the stream and said "cast right there", reminiscent of Babe Ruth in the 1932 World Series. Glen cast his line where Jaymie had pointed, and sure enough, reeled in a roughly 12" hatchery brown trout. While it was certainly a thrill to be



(continued on page )

the recipient of such wizardry by the Doctor, Glen realized that his fish, while a personal trophy, probably was not a contender. However, upon returning to camp, interest turned to surprise, and surprise turned to shock as it became apparent that Glen's tiny trout might be the biggest fish in camp. That night he Gabby faithful at the business meeting sat dumbstruck as Glen accepted the trophy as the winner of the 1990 Gabby, once again proving that "The Gabby chooses you".

Following his upset win in 1990, and feeling cocky, as many first time Gabby winners are prone to do, Glen placed the following ad in the 1995 Edition of "The Worm" This ad, of course became my inspiration for helping sponsor Dr. Trout to get to camp and my enrollment in The Trout Academy in 2005, which resulted in me winning my first Gabby last year.

## WANNA WIN A GABBY?

### PAY SOMEONE TO CATCH IT FOR YOU!!!

### NOW THERE'S "CONTRACT - A- GABBY"!

#### A PAID\* ADVERTISEMENT BY GLEN DWORKIN

Let's face it. Some of us have it, and some of us don't.. Want to increase your odds of getting a Gabby? Contract with a Gabby winner.

Who says you have to fish? There are rules like no fly fishing, and it must be caught on opening day in Kettle Creek, but who says that you have to be the fisherman (we don't allow women at the Gabby - another rule).

As a Gabby winner, I for one, would be perfectly happy to sell my next Gabby to an unfortunate sole. I would fish for you. You would now have two chances to win a Gabby - yours plus the proven skills of a Gabby winner.

Of course, I would sell to the highest bidder. However, I do have some values. I would not want to sell my Gabby at the Business Meeting. I would hate to see the Business Meeting become an auction. All contracts would need to be signed and paid for prior to the presentation of the trophy. (I do not accept checks or credit cards) and no payment is due unless I win.

If you know you can't fish, let's talk. Contact me c/o The Worm, Box 100.

\* I haven't paid for this advertisement yet because Brian doesn't accept checks or credit cards either.)

Yet with all the Glen stories, and all of us who know him, love him and remember him have them, my favorite was in camp in 1995. Karl Wendell, had, as usual, rolled into Gabby camp late on Friday night, bringing with him a brand new tent, still in the box. It was a rainy night, and Karl's choice of campsite that night was on the down slope of the hill below Colaianneville. In the dark, he fumbled to set up his new tent that, of course, he hadn't sealed the seams on, and set it up with the doors facing up the hill. Karl spent a very soggy weekend in that tent, inspiring Steve Mueller to remark that " a river runs through it". Needless to say, by Sunday, Karl had no interest in breaking camp, and especially in ever having anything to do with that tent ever again. Sitting around the campfire with Glen, me and a few others, Karl offered the tent for free to anyone that was willing to take it down and take it home with them. "It's a brand new tent", Karl implored. Suddenly, Glen cleared his throat and responded, "I might be interested....". Karl figured he had his guy, until Glen started to reason through the situation. "Taking that thing down and packing it up is a lot of work and worth more than the tent is Karl. I'm not cheap labor, and besides, I'm going to have to hire help to get it down and get it packed up, and then there's the transportation and storage costs...." The ensuing negotiation was one of the funniest things I've ever seen in my life, with the final deal including Glen getting, not only the tent, but 3/4 of a bottle of Sambuca Romano and about a half ounce of what was rumored to be "Karl's Special Oregano", as well as miscellaneous favors to be named later.

That was Glen at his finest, and indicative of his camp persona. Gabby Camp always had an extra added dimension when he was there. I'd personally like to thank my sponsor for inviting me, what is now 19 years ago, and for many great years in camp, as well as for being my friend. Now I've got my Gabby too, and I wish you could have been there to see it. We miss you buddy. Come home soon, and in the meantime, enjoy The Gabby Globe!

# Confessions of a Gabby Winner



Peekskill, NY— As you all know, I was the winner of the 2005 Gabby Hayes Memorial Fishing Expedition, in a surprise, if not shocking turn of events. Actually, I've never had a better day of fishing on Kettle Creek, even if I hadn't caught the Gabby. It all started with the news that Jaymie Smolens might not make it to camp last year, for the first time in 18 years. You see, Jaymie and I were rookies together in 1988. Jaymie actually was in camp in 1987, but got lost and arrived too late to fish, so I've always considered 1988 to be his rookie year. It was also the year he won his 1st Gabby. Jaymie broke the news about probably not making it to camp on the Gabby website, which is famous for its Gabscams, so at first, I wasn't sure what to make of it, but as time went by and more posts went up, it actually seemed to be well on its way to becoming a fact, that he would, indeed miss the 2005 camp. On or about March 28th, I put a post on the website recalling Glen Dworkin's 1991 article for The Worm entitled "Contract a Gabby", where he offered to catch a Gabby for anyone for cash. This recollection inspired me to consider hiring Doctor Trout as my personal fishing instructor by sponsoring him to get him to camp. Now I know that all sorts of allegations have flown thru the airwaves before, during and after Gabby Camp that deals were made and that vast quantities of cash were exchanged. Hell, I've been linked to The Mob, Osama Bin Laden, Dick Cheney and God knows who else. I've been called the anti-Gabbite, among other, less savory things, chased by the Potter County zoning board, and am currently being investigated by the FBI in connection with the Ted Kennedy Chappaquiddick incident, the John and Bobby Kennedy assassinations, the murder of Martin Luther King, the MCI WorldCom and Enron scandals and Hurricane Katrina, and all over a fish!



Well, I'd like to set the record straight right here and now. Indeed, deals were made and enrollment fees in the Trout Academy were paid. In considering my options last year, I thought about the fact that for 17 years I had been going to camp at an average cost of \$600-\$800 a year to not catch the Gabby.. Between food, intoxicants, gas and fishing and camping

equipment, The Gabby was the most expensive damn fish I never caught. Not that I didn't come close a couple of times (or so I thought), but that was no consolation. I had come to a point a few years ago, where I had accepted the fact that it would never happen and that I'd just enjoy camp, fishing and being with my friends for a few days. Then, last year, the opportunity available to me seized my brain. For years, like many in camp, I was skeptical about Dr. Trout's advice as to fishing. Was it misinformation to save the best holes for himself? Where exactly was this mysterious figure going at 6 am every opening day? How does he catch those mammoth trout? What was his secret? What was the mystery? Could he be trusted? It was time to find out. I received specific instructions within a few days of enrollment as to what equipment to purchase and told not to vary from the list a bit. I complied. When I showed up in camp, the Doctor loaned me a reel and took me out Friday along with Jeff Cousin. I learned things about fly fishing I never knew, because I had never tried it before. I learned things about technique and the stream and the ecosystem of the creek that I never could have learned on my own or in any of the dozens of books on trout fishing I had read over the years. The amazing thing was that the things I was learning were no deep, dark mysteries. They were simple, logical things, right in front of me that I had never noticed or learned on my own before.

That first cast in Kettle on Friday morning with my spinning rig in the regulation area hooked a hatchery brown. Even though I crossed lines with another fisherman and was scolded for using spinning gear there, I had caught my first trout in three years. A couple of near catches with the Doctor's fly rig preceded an afternoon trip to the Paradise Fish Farm, where, with barbless lures, I caught an amazing 13 trout, which of course, did wonders for my confidence going into Saturday. Now Saturday's conditions were pretty ideal, even though I never would have believed it standing in the stream at 7 a.m., freezing, and a bit hung over from the Friday night camp revelry, but as the day wore on and the temperature rose and I learned a knot or two, the fish started to bite. Suddenly, there I was, pulling fish after fish out of Kettle. Hell, I even caught the same fish twice! None were huge, but I was catching fish and my confidence was high. The important thing was to just keep fishing and hope that the big one would bite. I fished shoulder to shoulder with Ben Selby (in fact, all over top of him for a stretch) at those holes below the wire, as well as with Jaymie, Jeff, Steve Mueller, Mark Bedont and a host of others. As it turned out, I was in the right place, at the right time, with the right bait and the big one did eventually bite, right in front of a group of campmates, and I, for the first time in 18 years, knew what it was like to catch the Gabby. Having a lot of you right there made it a very special event, especially since it ensured that there would be no Gabscam allegations, or so I thought.



Trout whispering, deals and payments aside, I caught the fish. In a 36 hour span I had caught an amazing 20 trout, when in the past, one or two would have thrilled me. My previous biggest catch was a 16 1/2" brown that came in third in the 1999 competition. My Gabby was an 18 1/2 " brook trout, and is stuffed and mounted on my wall. I will cherish it always. There are lessons to be learned here for sure, and I'm glad I learned them. Camp, and life, for that matter, is a much better place once you've won a Gabby, and I've finally got my first, and that's a feeling money just can't buy. After 18 years of spending, it was the most expensive fish I've ever caught, but worth every penny!