

ALL THE FISH
STORIES FIT TO
PRINT

THE WORM

KETTLE
CREEK
EDITION

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

THE "DOCTOR" IS IN ! TAKES THIRD TROPHY IN FIVE YEARS, INSTITUTES "GABBY POKER"

Dateline : Cross Fork, PA - Jamie "Dr. Trout" Smolens reclaimed the coveted Gabby Trophy today renewing his personal quest to rapidly rewrite every Gabby fishing record on the books, especially those held by "Lord" Dane Knopp. In a daring move, thought by some to be fueled by anger at Knopp, the Doctor entered his smallest catch, a 12" brown trout, as an opening bid, as if to dare the camp to "raise him" at which point he could call or raise with still larger fish.

Dane Knopp, relying on rumors that Jamie had an 18" Palomino or "goldfish" as they are sometimes called in camp, questioned early in the evening if such fish were to be admissible entrants in the competition. This touched off a rather ugly debate on the merits of the Palomino reminiscent of 1988 and 1989. In the end, someone who still has enough brain cells left to have actually remembered those notable discussions, recalled that the decision was that "a fish is a fish" and the Palomino was indeed legal. In a related issue, Carl Wendell AGAIN argued that if a fish is indeed a fish, why weren't his suckers considered in past years.

In one of the shortest and most unmemorable acceptance speeches in Gabby history, the ever humble Dr. Trout claimed the beautiful trophy and the meeting continued. It was later dubbed the "Sobriety Gabby" by Bob Prosperi, proving that it must be easier to catch fish when you can be on the stream at 8AM with open eyes and a clear head.

Future goals of Dr. Trout are thought to be an unprecedented fourth Gabby, two sets of back to back winning years, and the ultimate goal of replacing the "Inspirational Gabby" by catching a 24" trout. As for the rest of camp, one thing is certain: while discouraged by the prowess of Gabby Camp's own Doogie Houser, it will make everyone in camp a better fisherman as the level of competition rises to reach the lofty heights Jamie has set in his first half decade. Congratulations and continued success to Dr. Trout.

LIVE, FROM THE TALL PINES, IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT!

DATELINE: FIRE CIRCLE - Paul Phillips, once again emceeding last year's Gabby business meeting, opened the festivities by doing his Chevy Chase impersonation, performing a near perfect backward pratfall over the woodpile. Observers gave it an incredible score of 8.5 out of a possible 10. Especially notable was his total disappearance from view resulting from landing prone on his back behind the pile of wood, out of the light provided by the fire. Of course, all good comedy involves great timing, and Paul lay stunned on the ground for several minutes, evoking raucous laughter from the Gabby gallery. Asked later if he planned to repeat the performance next year, the founder related that off his great scores, he planned to work with Chevy himself during the winter to perfect a move where he comes out of his camp and tumbles haphazardly down the hill to the rim of the fire circle while The Spike Jones Orchestra provides sound effects.

Dateline: Fire Circle

"UNC" DONS YASSIR ARAFAT DISGUISE, SEANCES WITH GABBY HAYES DURING BUSINESS MEETING !

Bob Prosperi, known to Gabbyites as "Unc" suprised the membership at Gabby Camp during the business meeting by pulling up his jacket hood and contorting his face to look almost exactly like PLO leader Yassir Arafat and then drifted off into a trance seeking to contact the spiritual leader of the group, Gabby Hayes. Repeatedly rolling his eyes and gazing upward to the night sky, "Unc" was heard to make mystifying noises in his search for spiritual communion with the old cowboy. At the conclusion of the meeting, Bob returned promptly from his seance when Byron Anderson invoked his name. When asked if he had made contact, Prosperi smiled widely and cackled " They went that a way !" indicating that he had indeed been successfull in reaching Gabby Hayes. Seeking to make this practice a yearly ritual, "Unc" said that at this year's meeting he will try to make contact with the spirit of Annegan.

Dateline: St. Mary's PA

GABBYITES WAKE UP "RIP VAN STRAUB", PRESENT HIM WITH COMMEMORATIVE PATCH

Camp contingent rouses drunken brewer during tour and
honors him

A group of Gabby campers including the Monaca group and Dane Knopp repeated a yearly ritual by visiting the Straub Brewery while en route to Gabby Camp. Making last year's visit special were their plans to present the owners with an official 1992 Gabby patch which featured a case of Straub, conceived and designed by the ever-talented chairman of the Patch & Trophy Committee, Carl Ciccone. To make the presentation they inquired of employees as to the whereabouts of the owner, Dan Straub, and were promptly directed to the office where Mr. Straub was passed out behind his desk, reeking of his infamous brew. As his cousin shook and slapped him in an attempt to wake him, the brewer began to flail his arms, knocking over dozens of used bottles which covered his desk. Mumbling his way through introductions to the group and listening to the bizzare story of the patch which probably invoked the DT's, Straub led them to the line, where he quickly snatched several bottles of his brew and passed them out, continued to mumble incoherently, and finally returned to his desk and passed out himself.

The concept of honoring people for their association with traditional symbols of Gabby Camp led to speculation as to who else might be spotlighted in the future. Candidates are thought to include the designer of the portable potty, Chrysler/Jeep chairman Lee lococca, Uncle Josh of salmon egg fame and agricultural commodities broker Carl Wendel.

In a related story, Dane Knopp, in a somewhat altered state of mind in last year's Sunday night camp, attempted to heat his Straub bottle taken off the brewer's line in the embers of the campfire to form a paperweight or ashtray to become a Knopp family heirloom to be passed on to future generations. Upon examining the fruits of his labor on Monday morning, Knopp announced that the unrecognizable blob of cracked and melted brown glass " needed more work" and vowed to continue his task at the 1993 camp.

Dateline : Kettle Creek

"ANDY" ANDERSON DISCOVERS ANCIENT UNDERSTREAM ELEVATOR SYSTEM BUILT BY INDIAN TRIBES !

Byron "Andy" Anderson made an amazing archeological find while fishing last opening day, discovering a revolutionary elevator system built into the stream by an ancient Indian tribe. While standing on what he thought was an ordinary log in Kettle Creek last opening day, "Andy" was quite suprised to find that the log had been modified to give way, lowering him to the next level of the stream. Upon reaching that next level and still unaware of his amazing discovery, Andy became aware that it was time to find the stop button on this elevator as the next layer collapsed, lowering him chest high into the stream. Realizing that surrounding fisherman might mistake him for a whale and harpoon him, Byron quickly clamored to the surface and up on to the bank of the creek.

Theories were advanced that the Indians had indeed devised this as a fishing aid to lower themselves into the pool, or, perhaps that it had been devised as a security device to keep large white men from fishing in their streams. When asked for his reaction to being automatically lowered into the water, "Andy" was heard to say " I could have sworn I heard an old Indian chanting " Next stop - Third floor, ladies lingerie" before I began to swim for shore."

COMMITTEE REPORTS:

PATCH & TROPHY COMMITTEE - The 1992 patch was distributed and is truly a work of art with meticulous attention to detail. There will be no patch this year as one man commitee Carl Ciccone prepares for the 1994 25th anniversary patch.

It has been suggested that while it is indeed a heavy burden to expect Carl to spend the time and thought required to design patches every year, perhaps it is time to involve other Gabbyites on the commitee to handle the middle years and let Carl work exclusively on Anniversary and Commemorative patches. That way, his burden is lightened, his focus and talents are geared exclusively to special patches, yet we will still get our yearly souvenir.

GABSETTE COMMITTEE - One thing is to be made perfectly clear, The Worm is certainly no replacement for the Gabsette, just a hopefully entertaining tidbit during it's hiatus. If Keith Robinson does indeed return to camp this year and is interested in continuing the Gabsette, it would only be fair to have reporters and columnists volunteer and commit themselves to contributions which would be subject to his superior editorial and publishing skills.

FIREWOOD COMMITTEE - Under the capable control of Steve Mueller, alias Fireguy. Burn, baby, burn.

Real Estate Committee, Rookie Committee, Engineering Committee, Public Relations Committee, The Committee To Appoint Committees - Have not reported in years - capable of bringing some life to what was mostly a yawner of a business meeting in 1992.

"DEAR GABBY"

Dear Gabby,

In my second Gabby last year, showing my obvious lack of sense and humility, I bragged on Friday night that I would win the Gabby easily and show all the guys up. Well, needless to say, I not only got skunked, but broke my fishing rod and returned to camp a soggy, pitiful mess. It was so embarrassing, I slept by the campfire as a self imposed penance, risking the certain death which could have resulted from a shift in the fire. I'm so confused and humiliated, I don't know what to do.

Soggy Sophomore

Dear Soggy,

Shut up and learn to catch fish.

Dear Gabby,

As an aging founder, I'm having trouble keeping up with these young guys. I campaigned for years to allow fly fishing, but in the four years since it's been allowed I haven't caught many fish, much less memorable ones. These young guys with their technology and quick reflexes and ability to rebound quickly after binges are too hard to keep up with. The Gabby is changing and I'm afraid that I can't keep pace. What should I do?

A Shadow of my Former Self

Dear Shadow,

There comes a time when we all feel too old and too slow. In your case it might just be true. Remember that if all else fails, you can always go on the lecture circuit with your black bear story.

Dear Gabby,

I just can't take it any more. Laying in my bag at night, I can't get to sleep with all the damn snoring that goes on. You'd think that these guys were competing for cash and prizes - one is worse than the next, and they are everywhere. Besides the sound of it, the wind it produces blows their odors all over camp. What can I do?

Sleepless

Dear Sleepless,

That's a tough one. Next year, try passing out corks and clothespins.

GABBY QUOTES:

1991 - "WHEREVER GO , THERE YOU ARE."

CARL WENDEL

1991 - "...AND WHEN YOU LEAVE, YOU'RE HERE, BUT WHEN YOU ARRIVE, THERE'S NOBODY THERE."

BYRON ANDERSON

1992 - "THE DEFINITION OF A LEADER IS A PERSON WHO CONVINCES PEOPLE TO DO UNPOPULAR THINGS FOR THEIR OWN GOOD."

DANE KNOPP, LEADER

1986-1992 - "I'M FREEZING!!!!!"

GLEN DWORKIN

1991 - "LOOK AT ALL THIS WOOD, DON'T BURN IT - LET'S BUILD!"

LARRY SELBY

1992 - "IT SURE IS TOUGH TO FOLLOW IN JAMIE'S FOOTSTEPS"

STEVE MUELLER

(AFTER NEARLY DROWNING TRYING TO CROSS THE STREAM BEHIND JAMIE)

GABBYTECH REPORT:

Plastic storage containers are everywhere and solve the most basic of Gabby Camp problems: how to keep things clean, dry and organized. A must- have camping accessory.

Four seater suitcase table - lightweight, compact and sturdy. Solves camp problems of wet knees and sore backs. In the case of Chez Dane, it can also double as a hot dog stand to raise beer money on weekends.

Propane - rapidly becoming the way to go throughout the camps. Led by Little Wellsboro, more campers are converting each year.

GABBY CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED - BAIT GIRLS - DIGGING WORMS, TYING FLIES, BATING HOOKS. MUST BE ABLE TO SHAPE MOUTH INTO A PERFECT "O".

WANTED - STREAM ATTENDANTS - OPENING BEERS, FEEDING SANDWICHES, RE- RIGGING RODS, STRINGING FISH ETC. MUST BE ABLE TO SHAPE MOUTH INTO A PERFECT "O".

WANTED - SLEEP ATTENDANTS, MUST PREPARE CAMPS AND TENTS FOR DRUNKEN, SMELLY TROUT FISHERMEN IN EVENING, LEAVING MINTS ON PILLOWS. TOLERANCE OF FOUL ODORS AND SNORING A MUST. MUST BE ABLE TO SHAPE MOUTH INTO A PERFECT "O"

WANTED - GABBY GEISHAS, MUST BE ABLE TO COOK AND CLEAN, BATHE AND MASSAGE DRUNKEN, SEXIST, SMELLY TROUT FISHERMAN AT ALL TIMES ON COMMAND FOR ENTIRE WEEKEND. GOOD LOOKS A PLUS FOR MOST CAMPERS, HOWEVER, IF UGLY, REPLY TO BOB PROSPERI WHO BELIEVES THAT THERE IS SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL IN ALL WOMEN, NO MATTER HOW UGLY THEY ARE.

EDITORIALS

AND GOD CREATED GABBY

In the beginning, there was God. Then, in both an obvious and natural progression, there was God's Country.

On the second day God wept at the beauty of his creation and Kettle Creek was born of His tears.

On the third day, God said "Let the earth bring forth grass and herb yielding seed after it's kind", and God saw that it was good. Noticing that His mouth became dry, He created Straub.

On the fourth day God said "Let there be light" and fire was born, of both wood and the Coleman stove.

On the fifth day, and quite clearly on a roll, He saw that the waters were empty and He created trout: rainbow, brook and browns. (Contrary to other heretical dogma, He did not create the palomino).

In the morning of the sixth day God said "Let us make man in our image, and likeness", and Gabby Hayes was created. And God said "Let man have dominion over the earth, the water, the fish and in most cases, the fire. But just to keep it interesting, let us give the grasses, herbs and the Straub the opportunity to have dominion over him." And God told Gabby "I have given you all that is necessary", and it was so.

On the seventh day God ended his work, tied a tarp to four trees, invented the lawn chair and sat down and rested. And God blessed the seventh day and he saw that it was very, very good.

The rest, as they say, is history. Ice ages, kings, countries, industrial revolutions, wars and the like came and went over the continuum of time until April of 1969, when four lonely, cold disciples of God's vision of man gathered in a clearing among the pines of God's Country and were smitten by a revelation: Society, filled with responsibilities such as bills, jobs, laws, wives and children was in and of itself a deviation from God's purpose. Mankind had clearly missed the point: All that was necessary was right there among the pines.

Taking the icon of God's image, Gabby Hayes, they returned to their tribes scattered across the land and began to spread the good news of peace, serenity, insanity and trout. These "Founders" vowed to return to the hallowed ground once each year to seek the true meaning of life while up to their asses in water chasing the ultimate symbol of their quest, a trout called Gabby.

As the news of this annual gathering spread and the years progressed, this ritual known as "Gabby Camp" has evolved. To date, it has developed into a quasi-organization with only one rule: that there are no rules. The four pillars of Gabby Camp: The lawn chair, the Coleman stove, Colaianville and split, delivered firewood give testament to our commitment to a return to life as God meant it to be. Patches glorifying the yearly event are worn. The one chosen by Gabby each year is awarded a holy statue. Records of these events are kept and distributed yearly in the Gabsette. Each year at the business meeting, emotional discussions ensue designed to redefine the group's purpose, subject to Parlimentary Procedure.

And what of these Gabby Guys? Of the four originals all but one have survived, that one having been swallowed by society and losing his way. The group, with names like Lord (or is it King) Dane, Unc, Doctor Trout and Fire Guy, are clearly visionaries for these troubled times which have brought a three year hiatus to the Gabsette and no patches three of the last four years. Traditions are dying out. Throughout the land cries of "Where will it stop?" can be heard. And indeed, where will it stop? The Gabby's great legacy of self glorification must be preserved. It must be remembered that we are, after all, on a mission from God.

THE WORM IS AN OCCASIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE COMMITTEE TO PREVENT BORING BUSINESS MEETINGS AND TIRED CAMP DISCUSSIONS. IN KEEPING WITH THE GABBY SPIRIT IT HAS NO RULES OR SPECIFIC EDITORIAL PERSPECTIVE AND PRETTY MUCH PRINTS WHATEVER IT DAMN PLEASES. IT MAKES NO BLATANT ATTEMPTS TO OFFEND ANYONE, YET FRANKLY DOESN'T REALLY CARE BECAUSE ANYONE THAT COULD POSSIBLY BE OFFENDED BY THIS SHOULD DEFINITELY LOOK INTO GETTING A LIFE. AFTER ALL, WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR NOTHING?