

**Mike Arnold's New Phone Number**

**781-9396** is now the number that you will need to use when you are trying to contact Mike Arnold. This is effective December 24<sup>th</sup>.

**FIELD REPORT:**

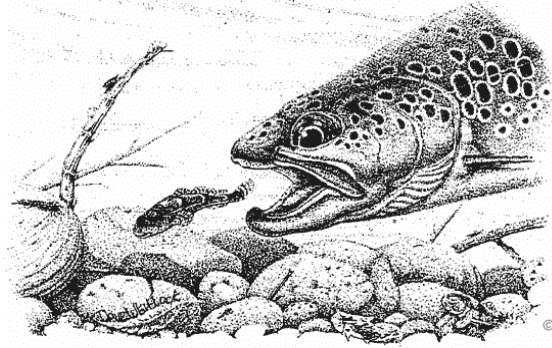
**CATSKILLS MOUNTAINS - ROSCOE, NEW YORK**

*By Kevin Brennen*

Fellow club member Tom Keener, my older brother Larry, my cousin Dave Harmon, and myself decided to check out Roscoe, New York – “Trout Town, USA”, a place that is apparently rich in history, a Mecca of fly fishing, and caters to outdoor sportsmen/ sportswomen. If you had taken a look at the weather radar at the time, you probably already have a good idea of the week we had in Roscoe. The weather there, much like the weather here and all across the Eastern United States for Mid-May, was great – if you're a duck. Cold temps, rain, rain, rain, and a little more rain were the daily norm. The drive up, which was almost right on the nose for my 12 hour estimate, was also of the wet variety. It started raining just before we got to Columbus and never stopped for the next 10 hours.



Roscoe Motel reminded me a lot of the old motel we used to stay in on the fall/spring Cherokee trips. There were also several choices for some good grub in and around Roscoe. The accommodations were pretty good and the owners were very friendly. The motel, which was one of the old 50's type motor courts, was located right on top of the Beaverkill River and a short walk to Junction Pool (proclaimed one of the most famous trout pools in America). A lot of the waters in the area are well-known trout rivers (Beaverkill, Willowemoc, and the Neversink) all of which were claimed to have 18" to 20" browns on average. Someone with the state of New York being wise had started a campaign, which secured miles and miles of the lower portion of these rivers for public access. Due to all the rain, we spent our time chasing after water that was not high and murky. Only a couple of fish were caught on the first three days. Fishing was pretty much limited to nymphs and streamers. We fished the Beaverkill the first evening we were there. It became pretty much un-fishable on the days to follow. The second day was spent on the Neversink River followed by a short session on a private stretch of the Beaverkill – an invite from our guide who took pity on us for our bad timing relative to the weather. This day



was meant to be spent with our guide Rick Miller but because of the unfavorable conditions, he canceled and gave us a full refund. The 3<sup>rd</sup> day we just threw in the towel and took the day to check out local shops and the Catskills Fly Fishing Center and Museum. There was not a big budget for this project but it was interesting none the less, if you have about an hour to waste. They cover a wide range of aspects on the sport including some history on local tiers who had originated some fairly popular patterns. Latter that week, they had Paul Jorgensen as a guest tier.

The last day the rain stopped and as the locals, the friendly people at Catskill Flies, and our would-be guide had informed us, the rivers cleared up at an amazing pace. Also as indicated, we began to see evidence of the abundant bug population. Unfortunately, with the incredible amount of rain we had, good deals of the waters were still up and moving fast. We tried two different locations on the Willowemoc in the morning without too much luck. Later that day, we ventured a short distance down the road to the East Branch of the Delaware River. It had no contributories and was very fishable. Unlike the other rivers in Roscoe, The Delaware is not stocked with brown trout but with rainbow trout, which tend to be more tolerant to the faster currents. The weather was great on the last day of our trip, which turned out to be somewhat of our “save-face” outing. Finally, fish were being taken on the dry fly. I took ten trout on the March brown, all in the 12" to 15" range, and Tom did likewise for another five total. Unfortunately, Larry and Dave had already lost hope and stayed behind to miss out on the only productive outing of the trip.

This was my Brother Larry's first fly fishing trip. I hope he hasn't been discourage or turned off because of our rotten luck on the weather. Minus the bad weather, I think the potential for a good trip was here. The thing I couldn't comment on is the fishing pressure. Due to the weather the numbers were probably way down. I was told that on a good day, certain pools could have as many as 15 people fishing there. I saw 8 to 9 people at Junction Pool the day we left but as with any river, the most visible and accessible areas are bound to have more fishing pressure. The state made sure that there was a lot of open water here and all within a relatively close proximity. I think I would be willing to give this area another shot sometime.

Art courtesy of Dave Whitlock. Used with permission.