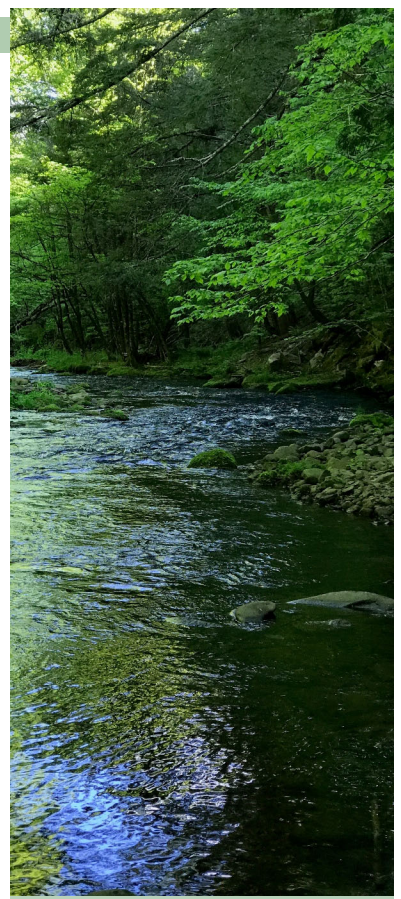




Riffles

The Monthly Newsletter of
East Jersey Trout Unlimited

March 2021
Volume 54, Issue 3
Please Consider The Environment Before Printing *Riffles*.



EJTU Needs Volunteer Leaders

Positions Available:

1st Vice President - Prepare to Lead Chapter
(Starting in 2022)

Conservation Chair - Lead Chapter's Environmental Efforts

Banquet Committee Chair - Run our Annual Banquet

Community Outreach Coordinator - Lead our Fishing Derbies and Events

**To Learn More Contact Chris Henrickson at
c.henrickson@icloud.com or 347-581-6361**

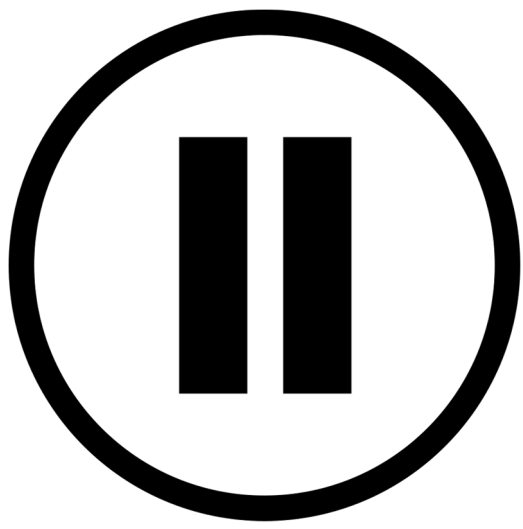
Don't Worry!

Mentoring and Guidance Will Be Provided to Those Who Volunteer.

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EJTU Is Pausing All In-Person Activities



Sadly, we are going to have to cancel in person meetings again for the foreseeable future. As of right now we are planning on not meeting in March and April.

EJTU Board of Directors

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Diversity Initiative

Jon Daffron - Ridgewood

Rifles Editor

Dino Eftychiou - Montvale

Veteran Services / NJ State Council Rep

Vic Mignoli - Little Silver

Trout In The Classroom

Jim Piombino - Fair Lawn

Youth Coordinator

Jeanne-Marie Thomas - Ridgewood

President's Beat

By Chris Henrickson



It sure has been a long, cold snowy winter. But trout season will be here soon and as George Harrison once sang on the classic Beatles album Abbey Road's "Here Comes the Sun"...

Little darling, I feel that ice is slowly melting
Little darling, it seems like years since it's been clear
Here comes the sun

Indeed, it is George, indeed it is. The sun is coming, and the ice is slowly melting.

Right about now as the snow is melting, daylight increasing and temperatures rising, out in the serene and unspoiled wilds of New Jersey, our aquatic insects and thus our wild, native brook trout are both slowly stirring from their winter slumbers, of their own accord, just as they evolved to do, completely and totally unassisted and unhindered by man.

Meanwhile, back at the Pequest Hatchery, like clockwork, the New Jersey stocker rainbows are gorging themselves on trout food pellets. These delicious morsels are distributed to them by seasonal NJ Fish & Wildlife workers, paid for by NJ fishing license sales and made from such tasty, sustainable and all-natural ingredients as hydrolized feather meal, soybean meal, poultry oil, corn gluten meal, wheat flour and, for extra flavoring, blood meal. Yes, these 'bows are living like kings while being fattened up in their concrete raceways and are just about ready for the ride of their lives!

The hatchery truck is having its oil changed, coolant and wiper fluids topped off, tires retreaded, and air pressure checked. It will be rolling on down the interstate, spitting fossil fuel exhaust all the way to your favorite, not so secret honey hole. All the way the truck will be advertising on the sides and back of its flatbed in tasteful white and yellow lettering on a blue background "Great Trout Fishing Heading to A Waterbody Near You" or "Raised With Pride At The Pequest Hatchery!"

As both our wild and native brook trout and hatchery rainbow trout go about their completely different activities in their wildly differently lives, fly tiers equally as different are becoming more active as the days begin to grow longer and warmer.

One angler planning to target wild and native New Jersey brook trout in the spring crimps down barbs on size 18 Tiemco 100 dry fly hooks at his fly-tying desk, after studying hatch charts and tracing blue lines on topographic maps for a new, unpressured wild place where wild brookies against all odds might still survive. Just a handful more blue-winged olives to tie, then some blue quills and more midges for early season hatches. How nice it will be to hook and quickly release a wild brookie in a couple of weeks. He doesn't plan to take any photos, nor to touch any trout he might be lucky enough to hook. Why risk injuring such a beautiful, wild jewel?

Elsewhere in New Jersey, another fly tier is standing in line at Dunkin' Donuts. He sips his cup o' joe. It's made just the way he likes it, light and sweet and then proceeds to order a jelly donut, two Boston cremes and a French cruller. His insulin level and heartbeat both rapidly increase while he plots his next moves. This tier spent the morning slipping black slotted tungsten bead heads on two dozen 2x heavy, size 12 caddis hooks. He muses, I can't believe I have run out of fly-tying materials again, while paying for his sugary, round, fried pastries. This angler in question hops back in his truck, wipes powdered sugar off his chin, tunes the radio to Q104.3, turns up the volume and takes off for his next destination to resupply for the rest of the day's fly tying session.

Right now, you may be wondering, where exactly is he going? To which fly shop? Maybe it is Streams of Dreams? Could it be Ramsey Outdoors on Route 17 or the fabled Succasunna location? Or perhaps Tight Lines in Parsippany? The answer to that question is Pep Boys. Manny, Moe and Jack will be smiling at him shortly. He has run out of tan automotive detailing mops.

(continued on the next page)

President's Beat (continued)

From the Hatchery, into the stocking truck, on to a mop fly, into a cooler and then right on the grill. The circle of life as designed by man will complete itself once again in just a few short weeks. Thank goodness trout season in New Jersey will be here once again. What's that playing on the radio? Oh, it's the Beatles, my favorite!

Little darling, the smiles returning to the faces
Little darling, it feels like years since it's been here
Here comes the sun do, do, do
Here comes the sun
And I say it's all right

Yes, it is George Harrison, Yes it is.

Frank B. Hall Memorial Fly Tying Contest - Update

The Frank B. Hall Fly Tying Contest is an annual East Jersey Trout Unlimited event, the winner of which has "bragging rights" as EJTU's best fly tyer. The winner of the prior year's contest, Ed Janiga, selected the fly to be tied for this year's contest and will also serve as the contest's lead judge.

Due to COVID-19, we are going to push the submission deadline for our annual fly tying contest back until July 15th 2021. This will give everyone ample opportunity to enter the contest. We should have some in person meeting by then, where you can turn in you entry to any Director in person.

In addition, our lead judge Ed Janiga has graciously offered that anyone can also mail their entries to his office or drop them off in person any day except Sunday 10-5 and 10-7 Monday and Thursday at the address below:

Edward Janiga OD
188 Lafayette Ave
Hawthorne, NJ, 07506

2021 Fly Pattern: Thunder Creek Streamer - Rainbow Trout

Hook: 4XL straight eye streamer (TMC 9394, Mustad 36620), #6

Thread: White for body, Red for gills

Body: Pearl Krystal Flash wrapped over shank

Ventral Side: White bucktail

Dorsal Side: Olive bucktail

Lateral Side: Pink bucktail



Contact EJTU

Website: www.eastjerseytu.org
Email: eastjerseytu@gmail.com
Instagram: [@eastjerseytu](https://www.instagram.com/eastjerseytu)
Facebook: [eastjerseytu](https://www.facebook.com/eastjerseytu)
Twitter: [@EJTU1](https://twitter.com/EJTU1)
YouTube: [EJTU](https://www.youtube.com/EJTU)

Mailing Address:

East Jersey Trout Unlimited
P.O. Box 366 Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ 07423

General Membership Meetings:

Second Wednesday of the month.
Doors open at 7:00 PM. Meetings start at 7:30 PM

The American Legion Hall
33 West Passaic Street
Rochelle Park, NJ 07662

[Directions](#)

Board of Directors Meetings:

Last Thursday of the month at 7:30 PM

Fair Lawn Athletic Club
14-19 Parmelee Ave
Fair Lawn, NJ 07410
201-796-9771

[Directions](#)

Conservation Committee Meetings:

Second Thursday of the month at 7:00 PM

Louis Bay 2nd Public Library
345 Lafayette Avenue
Hawthorne, NJ 07506

[Directions](#)

About EJTU

East Jersey Trout Unlimited (EJTU) is a community of more than 750 anglers in the greater northeastern New Jersey region who are dedicated to cold water conservation and the stewardship of our local watersheds.

Conservation Notes

By Rich Malizia



The new administration in Washington has pulled the plug on the Keystone XL pipeline. The oil and gas industry is up in arms. Claims of job losses and economic demise may be overblown or misdirected. The purpose of the proposed pipeline was to connect tar sands oil in Canada to export facilities in Texas. None of the oil would reach US markets. Other than the initial construction jobs, only a handful of jobs would be provided on an on-going basis. In summary, Canadian companies and Keystone would be the only beneficiaries, while the threats to the environment, first by the construction and later by the leakage from the pipeline (they ALL leak), would be the US's share. I believe if the Canadian companies need to export their environmentally destructive products, they should bear the burden of a pipeline which only traverses Canadian lands. Don't dump on us!

Opposition to other pipelines and gas and oil generating facilities is growing. The narrow view is a concern for meeting the need for electricity to power all of our gadgets, electric cars and trucks, and heating needs in the future. I believe the answer is wind, solar, conservation and efficiency. Sadly, many people are convinced that they need "Alexa" to change the TV station or turn off and on the lights. I admit that I am not well versed in these gadgets, so please excuse any inaccuracies in my comments. Do we really want to become a

culture where the family sits at the dining room table and sends text messages to each other? No electricity is needed to speak and to listen to each other. There are simple solutions. When you get a chill while sitting in your favorite chair watching TV, do you tell "Alexa" to turn up the heat or do you get up and put on a sweater? Put simply, we are spoiled. Many of us grew up with no concern for how our lifestyle would affect following generations. Of course pipelines never leak, oil tankers never sink, oil wells sitting on the bottom of the ocean never explode and coal is clean. Did you hear about the solar farm that malfunctioned and spread sunshine all over the place? It's all a matter of perspective.

Heavy snow and extreme cold doesn't help our eco-systems. Anchor ice which forms at the bottom of our rivers can be lethal to macroinvertebrates and things that are food sources to trout. Relatively high water has helped mitigate the damage. Everything eats something, so if food or access to it is limited fish populations can suffer. Trout season is only a few weeks away. Let's hope holdover fish have been able to survive the elements. Last year, due to COVID-19 limitations to the stocking schedule, trout season opened to catch and release fishing on April 1st. At this time there has been no announcement of current policy. Watch for information posted by NJF&W on their website.

Our conservation activities have been limited by weather and COVID-19 restrictions. We have not lost the desire to engage in meaningful projects. Please offer any ideas you have for conservation projects.

NJF&W will offer its annual trout stocking meeting virtually on Saturday, March 6th at 10:00AM. The meeting will offer current information about the stocking program and provide an opportunity for the public to voice their ideas. Consider tuning in.

TAKE TIME TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

TU Asks for Your Help to Save the Lower Snake River

Trout Unlimited asks for your help by signing the petition to bring down the dams on Idaho's Lower Snake River. Find more information and sign the petition at this link:

[Lower Snake River | Trout Unlimited](#)



New EJTU Members

Welcome and thank you for helping us to protect northeastern NJ's cold-water resources. We look forward to meeting you at one of our upcoming conservation projects, meetings or fly fishing trips!

To Join EJTU or Renew Your EJTU Membership

Visit TU National's membership page at gifts.tu.org. Remember to choose to be assigned to "East Jersey Chapter - 091".

EJTU Photograph of the Month



Tied and Photographed by Christopher Henrickson

“Quack”

Hook: Vintage Mustad 94840

Thread: White Waxed Veevus

Wing: White Calf-tail fibers

Tail: Brown Hackle Fibers

Body: Peacock herl divided by band of red floss

Hackle: Brown

Ramapo River Access

The area of the Ramapo River at Glen Gray Road has long been a popular access point for anglers. The number of anglers utilizing this area has increased markedly this year. Anglers have enjoyed access to the eastside shoreline by way of a footpath that parallels the river from the bridge downstream for quite a distance. This is PRIVATE PROPERTY. Property ownership extends to the midpoint of the river. For a number of years angler access has not been obstructed. However, some time ago a fence was installed to prevent access. The fence was taken out by flood waters and was never replace, but another fence could be installed.

Anglers should appreciate the current situation. If you access the river along the shoreline path, you are in fact trespassing and proceeding AT YOUR OWN RISK. The recent spread on invasive vegetation combined with flooding has weakened several of the trees along the river causing some to fall. This presents an additional danger to anyone passing through the area. Please be alert to these conditions. If you choose to traverse this area, please be careful not to litter or to damage any property. If you see litter, make an effort to pick it up and dispose of it properly. “NO TRESPASSING” signs have been placed along the path to remind folks that this is PRIVATE PROPERTY. Some thoughtless person(s) had torn down the signs, which were replaced by the property owner. Please do not cause an adversarial situation. Tearing down the signs will only cause problems.

Your access to this area is a PRIVILEGE which should not be taken for granted. Property owners could easily enforce their rights to prevent you from entering their property.

FISH SMART! Let’s not lose this access.

I Go Back

By Ron Mroz

“Every time I hear that song, I go back” is a line sung by country singer Kenny Chesney from his song “I Go Back” as he describes each time he hears a certain song from his childhood it stops him in his tracks and brings him back happy memories of what took place at that time in his life. Well, I go back every time I fish familiar waters and it’s not all about the fish I encounter such as the first trout I caught on a Muddler Minnow drifted downstream at the three bridges or the largest rainbow trout, with a bright thick pink stripe along its side, that followed my fly during a retrieve, at what I call Club House Turn because of the large bend in the stream and it looks like a place I where would have built a fort when I was a kid. The behemoth trout saw me and then turned away. I threw everything I could at it even as the sky darkened and the thunder boomers were getting closer and louder. I had to leave because the hair on the back of my neck and arms was standing up telling me to get to the car quickly. I even took the next day off from work to fish that area for three hours and never saw that beast again.

Instead, it’s usually a certain pool, tree, log, trail, etc. that brings me back to special memories. Many times I go back during the car ride to my familiar waters. I can’t seem to pass these places without the happy memories I have that took place there in days gone by. There’s the place where I had to stop my car to move a large snapping turtle from the middle of the road and the spot where the first wild coyote I ever saw crossed in front of my car. That was a shocker because I had been in that area for over thirty-five years and never seen a coyote. When it got to the other side of the road it stopped, I stopped the car, and we exchanged long glances at each other, which enabled me to confirm that it wasn’t just a domestic dog. The first red fox I had seen was along the timberline by the abandoned field that I have to walk through to get to Club House Turn. Once when I came out of the stream on my return from Club House Turn to hit the dirt fire road, there was a woodchuck walking slowly in front of me. I was trying to poke it in the butt with the tip of my fly rod to get it to move faster, but the furry critter remained just out of reach before I could make contact.

There’s this one spot where I always have to exit the stream so I can get around a deep drop off. To do so I must step over an old blown down tree and one time there was a five-to-six foot black snake lying on the other side just as I was stepping over. I share the same opinion about snakes as Indiana Jones does and in case you’re not familiar with Indiana Jones, he doesn’t like snakes at all. Another time there was another five-to-six foot black snake, although I wouldn’t be surprised if it was the same one that was following me, that was lying across the middle of the dirt trail I was on and had to encourage it to move on with my rod tip. Thank goodness I had my nine foot rod that day.

Otter Pool was given its name because just as I arrived to a heavy log jam I noticed something moving in the thick part of it that was parallel to the stream bank, which I stopped to watch as the ghost slowly emerged as an otter. I watched this playful critter for over an hour as it slithered into the water, swam around chasing trout, popped its head up out of the water, then went back under to grab a fish and returning to what I suspected was a bed to feed its future trout chasers. The otter repeated this numerous times as I stood motionless by the part of the log jam that crossed perpendicular to the stream flow. Then, at one point, the otter chased a rainbow trout to within three feet of my legs, then turned and disappeared. I’m not sure if I was eventually noticed or if playtime was finally over. I bet that trout was happy.

There is another log jam that I stopped to fish alongside of and was startled by an enormous snapping turtle that you and I couldn’t have gotten our arms around if we wanted to. It started coming up the stream bank out of the water towards me until I jumped back and it turned away. There was another time when I was cutting across a particular swampy area to access the stream and was just about to step on a boulder that I never noticed before only to realize it was the back of large snapping turtle. I stood there about two feet away from it as I wondered if it was injured because it wasn’t moving away from me until I realized it was “making the beast with two backs,” as Othello would say, with another snapping turtle underneath it.

My head is on a swivel whenever I get to a certain stretch of water where I once looked upstream and saw a black bear crossing the stream about fifty yards from me. I know the odds are slim that I would see a bear in that same spot again, but I can’t help being reminded of it every time I fish that stretch or get out of the water to hit the trail it also crossed. There is another spot where my daughter and I were driving into and noticed a black bear across the river heading into a thicket of rhododendrons that I planned on fishing by. I decided it was better for my nerves that we fish elsewhere that day. I’m very ambivalent about seeing bear while fishing because of their wildness and because I don’t see them very often while fishing, but when I do see them that close I have a difficult time calming down to fish effectively.

I Go Back (continued)

There are times during the spring or summer after a heavy rain that a marshy area forms along the stream or along one of the dirt roads and these new pools become loaded with frogs. My daughter loves chasing frogs more than fishing and one time she found a plastic container and decided to see if she could scoop up a frog. After numerous attempts, she surprised us by finally capturing one with her “frog catcher” and I will never forget how fast her joyous hooting and hollering changed so quickly after the frog jumped out of the container onto her. I bet I would have won a million dollars if I had that on video. That place always makes me laugh when I pass by.

I remember one day after a storm and the stream was high and muddy, not stained, but chocolate milk muddy and I was having a tough time wading and not catching any fish. I saw what looked like a small branch coming at me but it was creating a wake behind it. Then, I thought it might be a muskrat, but when it got close enough I noticed it was a weasel or mink with a trout in its mouth. How was he able to catch them, but I couldn't? That critter climbed up on the bank and to eat its catch and headed back for more. I look for that critter every time I'm in that area, knowing I probably won't ever see it again, but I still look for it anyway.

One of my all-time favorite fishing memories was with my dear friend and my deer friend. My buddy has never fished for trout in a stream before. After catching and releasing a few nice fourteen inch rainbow trout, we turned around to head back from Kerry's Pool, which I named after the pool where my wife Kerry put on a trout catching clinic one day. A deer crossed in front of us and continued to watch and follow it downstream for over a hundred yards as it shoved its nose under the water to possibly eat weeds. It definitely saw us, but didn't care, which was all right with us. After entertaining us for about thirty minutes, our deer friend decided to get out of the water and disappear into the thick brush.

My wife is still relatively new to trout fishing and she has been a really good sport about going fishing with me, getting to a stream at first light, donning her waders, and hoping to catch a trout or two while not getting eaten by a wild creature. She jumps and grabs my arm a lot when she hears something in the woods close by and there is one spot that takes me back to when a beaver swam by and smacked its tail on the water to startle us and did it ever do so. Then the beaver kept swimming close to us and I couldn't convince Kerry that beavers don't attack or eat people. Let's just say that it's a good thing there was nobody else in the area or they would have thought there was someone getting killed in the woods. This past season, we were coming up to one of my favorite plunge pools and it looked like a piece of wood was stuck from making it over until we got closer and noticed it was a baby beaver that was struggling to make it over the eight-inch drop. The poor little guy was crying and crying for its mother as it kept falling backwards into the apparent waterfall, and swimming closer and closer to us. The little sucker finally made it over and vanished into the bushes, but on subsequent trips past that spot, I can feel my wife's death grip on my arm even when I'm alone.

There are so many other places along the stream that bring back pleasant memories such as watching a mother merganser sitting on a log with her thirteen babies or where I've seen pheasants cross in front of where I was fishing to avoid hunters during shotgun season, or where I have seen a bald eagle or osprey with a trout in its talons.

I've read somewhere that that all we are, are memories and experiences. Perhaps you have already packed away your fishing gear for the winter, or it's just too cold and nasty outside to fish, or maybe you just have cabin fever. I'm sure if you stop and think about it for a little while, you can think of places along your fishing journeys that stop you in your tracks and bring you back to special memories and experiences. Hopefully that can pass the time until it's time to get back out there and make some more fishing memories and experiences.



The Legacy of Harry Darbee - Genetic Hackle

By Chris Henrickson

Do you tie flies? How about dry flies? If you do tie dries, you know the most critical component in a dry fly is the hackle. Hackle mimic the delicate tails and legs of aquatic insects and allow our dry flies to float on top of the water. Hooks, thread and synthetics are all made in factories and their supply is pretty much unlimited. Dry fly hackle is a different story. Dry fly hackle comes from chickens and they are raised on farms. In fact, only a select few companies actually raise chickens for dry fly hackle.

Many young or new fly tiers take for granted that a wide range of natural (non-dyed) dry fly hackle colors are readily available at any fly shop. Today there is plenty of dun, brown, black, white, ginger and grizzly hackle on the market. This was not the situation in the recent past. Historically, certain natural dry fly hackle colors were very limited and a dun-colored hackle in particular was extremely rare. There were lots of brown and white hackle available, but dun colored hackle was virtually impossible to get. Most dun colored capes and saddles that were available were actually white hackles that were died to match a dun colored hackle. In addition, most of the hackle that was used by tiers were imported from either China or India and were of poor quality and limited color variety.

As far back as Theodore Gordon, many famous fly tiers took to raising their own flock of chickens in order to get the quality hackle they needed. Rube Cross, The Dettles and Harry Darbee all had their own flocks of birds that were maintained with the hope of getting just a few good dun-colored birds. Dun colored birds depend on a recessive gene. If you breed two dun-colored birds together, their offspring will not be dun-colored but will be black or white. Therefore, even in the flocks maintained by fly tiers dun-colored birds were few and far between. Maybe a couple of chickens out of 100 would be dun-colored. Of these few that were dun-colored, not all of them had particularly good feathers for tying dry flies. Needless to say, dun-colored hackles were coveted and treasured as a critical component of Quill Gordons, Red Quills, Blue-winged Olives and many other traditional Catskill style dry fly patterns.

Dun colored birds were so rare, that they were plucked of their very valuable hackle several times while alive. Later they would finally be slaughtered, and their full capes and saddles were harvested. This would maximize the amount of dun colored hackle feathers available from each bird.

Raising these birds was messy and it took a lot of time, effort and money. Flock owners would have to get out in the cold weather to break up frozen dishes of water for the birds, keep the coops clean and protect them from a variety of predators such as cats, weasels and racoons often with the aid of a rifle in the middle of the night. All of this was done to get just a few of the rarer colored birds like duns.

Flocks that were maintained by fly tiers initially came from a variety of different chicken strains such as Blue Andalusians, Bantams, Rhode Island Reds and Brown Leghorns (Think Foghorn Leghorn from the cartoons). These chicken breeds had been bred for poultry, eggs and other characteristics. They had not been bred to have good fly-tying hackle. So, fly tiers with flocks would breed the individuals that had good, long stiff feathers, minimal webiness, feathers that didn't twist and good colors. The ones that didn't have these characteristics, would not be bred and wound up in the oven, or more likely the soup pot. Over time these early flocks bred by fly tiers evolved into what is known today as "Genetic Hackle". Basically, genetic hackle is a breed of chickens that were selected and bred for characteristics that are advantageous for fly tying!

Fly tiers and anglers owe a particular debt to legendary Catskill fly tier Harry Darbee for his efforts in the development of genetic hackle. At the time of the writing of Harry Darbee's seminal book "Catskill Fly Tier" in 1977, he remarked "My own flock of chickens is over 40 years old and has everything in it. So many chicken breeds have found their way into it that it could never be classified." Mr. Darbee had basically created an entire new line of chickens for fly tying from scratch. His flock even swelled to over 1,000 birds at one point.

Most fortunately for today's fly tiers, Harry was not secretive or proprietary with his chicken flock. He would often very generously give away eggs and young birds to friends and other fly tiers with dreams of having their own flocks for fly tying purposes. Most notably, Harry Darbee gave away chickens to Minneapolis lawyer Andy Miner and to Livingston Manor, NY, resident Doc Fried.

Both men similarly followed suit and gave away birds to others. Ultimately the genetics from Harry Darbee's flock found their way to the flocks owned by some people you may have heard of like Bucky Metz, Charlie Collins, Bill Keough, Ted Herbert and Tom Whiting. You can see exactly how the vast majority of today's dry fly hackle are directly descended from Harry Darbee's birds in the attached chart from Whiting Farms.

Harry's birds formed the basis for pretty much all of the major genetic hackle available today. There is, however, one major exception - Henry Hoffman. Henry Hoffman began his own genetic flock without the help of Harry Darbee in Oregon in the 1960's. Hoffman was an avid fly angler and his family owned a small chicken breeding operation in California. Henry knew all about poultry husbandry and his Hoffman's efforts were concentrated on breeding the best grizzly hackle chickens. He succeeded. His flock was eventually sold to Tom Whiting and is the foundation of Whiting's awesome line of super grizzly hackle. Today these grizzlies are still the best available on the market in my opinion.

COVID - 19

SOCIAL DISTANCING



FISH LOCAL

Stay close to home. Keep your fishing trip short. Avoid high-traffic destinations.



BE SAFE

Avoid crowds and groups. Keep a distance of 6 feet or more from others, including staff stocking fish. Advise children not to wander into the personal space of other anglers.



BE ADAPTIVE

Move quickly through parking lots and paths. If crowded, choose a different fishing location or time to visit.



STAY HOME

If you're not feeling well, stay home.

6 Feet of Social Distance



- ONE FISHING ROD LENGTH -



For additional information visit:
www.NJFishandWildlife.com

TROUT STOCKED LOCATIONS



About Riffles

Riffles Editors: Dino Eftychiou, Chris Henrickson, and Charlie Ruzkowski

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Riffles is your publication; we encourage all members to contribute articles, tips and stories. Articles may relate to trout, trout fishing, fishing in general or conservation. All articles are published, edited and may be condensed at the discretion of the editors and should meet EJTU standards regarding protecting our environment and the merits of "catch and release." Pseudonyms may be used, but the editors must be informed of the name of the member who writes the article.

Questions, Comments and How to Submit Articles

Any suggestions you may have to improve *Riffles* are greatly appreciated. If you have any articles or content you would like to submit, please email the Editors at eastjerseytu@gmail.com. We look forward to hearing from you.

About Trout Unlimited

Trout Unlimited is a national organization with about 300,000 members and supporters organized into over 400 chapters and councils from Maine to Montana to Alaska.

This dedicated grassroots army is matched by a respected staff of lawyers, policy experts and scientists, who work out of more than 30 offices nationwide.

Looking to Buy, Sell, Swap or Donate a Fishing Related item?

EJTU can help! Chapter members are welcome to list items they are looking to buy sell or swap on either our online [website forum](#) or on our [Facebook Page](#).

All chapter members are welcome to attend our annual tackle swap and BBQ at our July regular membership meeting. At the meeting you can display all of the items you want to sell or swap.

EJTU also accepts donations (which are tax deductible) of items, which we will sell to raise funds for chapter activities and conservation projects.