

STREAMSIDE

Volume 24 Issue 2 Periodical Newsletter of the Dame Juliana League Summer/Fall 2018

Riffles & Runs by John Burgos, President



Another season of DJL events concluded last spring. We had a terrific season of speakers, capped off

by our own "home grown" **Four Corners** format. For those of you who couldn't attend the **Four Corners** presentation it featured four club members presenting and discussing a subject area that they each know well. I tended a "corner" and discussed nymph fishing for trout. **Mike Ferraro** provided information for getting started in saltwater fishing. **Joe King** discussed tactics for smallmouth bass fishing. In the last corner, **Skip Krause** presented techniques for largemouth bass fishing. The presentations were informal and interactive with questions taken from the audience. Thanks go to Skip for putting together this entertaining and educational program. We look forward to holding similar meetings in the future. As always,

new presenters are welcome so we encourage you to participate. Referencing the presenters in April, total expertise in a subject area is NOT a requirement.

Many thanks to **Bob Moser, Ted Nawalinski, Ed Nugent, Dave Capone, Michael Flott, Bob Klinger, Emerson Cannon, Troy Dunn, Mike Costello, Jim Shaughnessy, Joe King, Gil Detweiler, Mike Ferraro, Brian MacElroy, John (Skip) Krause, John Norton and Keven Dunn** who helped us and the Kimberton Fire Company park cars for their yearly fair in late July. This simple three days of volunteerism allows us to use the KFC facilities for all of our meetings during the year. For those of you who haven't yet participated, volunteers are required from 530-930PM to collect donations from cars entering the fair. The evenings are always fun with great comradery and KFC provides us with food tickets for food and drink during a break. If you never signed up before, please consider doing so in 2019. Not only do you help DJL, but you help the fire company raise essential funds for their services to the community at-large. Thanks to **Troy Dunn** for coordinat-

ing this effort.

Unfortunately, this past April, we had to cancel our **Learn to Fly Fish Course** due to low pre-registration. This was a disappointment as it was the 27th straight year we have offered the course. The course has always been a highlight of the year for all, including the instructors, organizers as well as the students. A round of applause and thanks goes out to **Bob Molzahn** who has led the effort all these years. It remains puzzling that registration numbers were so disappointing this year as there was no lack of effort and marketing the course was the same as previous years. Next spring we will be looking at freshen ways to get the word out and attract students. Speaking of next year, after 27 straight years of organizing this course, Bob has indicated that he will be stepping away. We are in need of a volunteer with strong organization skills to help us keep our streak alive next spring. If interested, please contact me at any meeting or by email.

An interesting and new project we have begun is that of an "EBay Coordinator" to help augment our fundraising through online auctioning of donated items. If you have items to donate, please contact us, either at a meeting or send us an email. Note that items do not necessarily have to be fishing or fly fishing equipment. Mike Ferraro has set this whole system up with a club EBay account. We are also now looking for someone with an interest in running these auctions to take over from Mike.

Lots of work goes into making sure we have a successful season. Beyond the fly fishing course, we have general meetings to schedule. High on the list of tasks is setting up a slate of speakers. Thanks go to **Emerson Cannon** who has pulled this task off sensationally over the years as we've always have hosted entertaining and informative speakers and topics. Likewise, were would be without **Joe King** pulling money from your pockets for you to play the odds on the bucket raffle.

Fall 2018 Meeting Schedule

Meetings are held at the Kimberton Fire Co. Fairgrounds Meeting Hall. Doors open at 7:15 PM. Meeting begins at 7:30PM. For more information about our meetings check our website www.djlflyfishers.org

September 24 (Monday)

Featuring DJL's Emerson Cannon

"Fly Fishing for Northern Pike in Alaska"

October 29 (Monday)

Featuring beekeeper Tim Murray

"Bee Keeping Techniques in Pennsylvania"

November 26 (Monday)

Featuring six of DJL's Legendary Fly Tyers

"Six Killer Fly Patterns-A Demonstration"

Fly tying equipment, materials and instruction will also be provided to all members who want to learn this craft—email djlfppa@gmail.com to sign-up.

"Meetings are open to the public so bring a friend"



Riffles is concluded on page 3

Where the Lines Are Drawn

by *Domenick Swentosky*

I'm fascinated by the arbitrary lines people create for themselves. Nowhere in life do I see the tendency to define and delineate so strongly as it's seen in fishermen. Anglers constantly draw lines about how they fish, about what kind of fisherman they are, and more emphatically, what kind of fisherman they are *not*.

One person fishes only dry flies, but the next fishes dries to rising trout only inside perfectly circular rings. Anything less is simply unsporting, you see. One subgroup fishes nymphs on a tight line only, while the next insists indicators are superior — as long as they aren't called bobbers, right? The streamer purist is something I never expected to see, and yet here we are.

There's a distinct faction of fishers who insists the only way they get their thrills is by watching a fish *eat* the fly. Nymphing is too lazy and passive; fishing dries could be fun too, but it's just so easy ...

These extreme opinions aren't all that common, but I tend to believe there's a bit of it in all of us.

Thankfully, most of the people I run into these days are the type who say, "I don't care how other guys fish, but this is what I like, and it's all cool." There's a growing diversity of angler styles and an acceptance of other methods that parallels it. That's important because the world is getting smaller, and we're all going to need each other's cooperation pretty soon.

I'm glad we're at this point, really. Fly fishing needs to lose the grumpy elitism that hangs around its neck. Shed the weight. Open up and breathe a little.

Yet, the irreproachable lines of some anglers that I still encounter defy logic. Last fall I met a guy who rigidly and relentlessly opposed the fishing of nymphs. "It's no better than fishing bait," he sneered. He was quite certain his lines were drawn correctly. Everyone else was missing the target. He defiantly told me he fished only dry flies and — get this — streamers. Really??

I rarely poke the bear in moments like these because it accomplishes nothing, but I just couldn't help myself. After all, my new friend clearly wanted to tell me more, so I asked the question. "Aren't your streamers pretty much like *baitfish* imitations?"

"No," he insisted. "Who knows what they take a streamer for. And nymphing is just like fishing worms."

Yup.

"What if I dead drift a streamer then?" I prodded. "Is that OK, or is that just bait fishing too?"

"Same thing," he said, and walked away.

I'm not so sure the guy had actually thought things through before drawing *hard* lines and judgments around the labels of bait fishing, nymphing and streamer fishing.

About once a month, someone becomes angry with me for fishing with the Mono Rig and writing about it. That's not fly fishing, you see, because you're not using a fly line. Ahhhh, so if I put a bobber and some split shot on a shorter leader and use fly line, then it's fly fishing again, huh? And if I put an ultra thin plastic coating around some thick monofilament and print "Competition Fly Line" on the box, then am I fly fishing again if I spool that up? (I think comp lines are great, by the way).



Where's the reasonable line to be drawn then? Is it fly fishing because of the specific thickness in the taper of a fly line? Or is it the length of the leader itself? So 19 feet is not fly fishing, but a 17 foot leader is fly fishing? That makes no sense.

People are eager to defend their own fishing positions, so much in fact, they often preemptively shield themselves without

being attacked. When it comes up in conversation that I'm an avid fly fisher, some guys quickly tell me they "just fish conventional gear and don't know how to fly fish." They often seem shy to admit that they fish bait. My usual reply is that I fished minnows for two decades of my life, and I'll probably fish minnows again soon. The term fly fisher carries too much baggage, and I often feel I must apologize for *that*.

There's constant comparison among some anglers — too much competition. And life could probably be a little happier, easier and freer without it.

I have my own lines, of course. As I've mentioned before, I don't kill wild trout. So what. I used to, and that history never leaves me. So I keep an open mind toward others who kill their catch.

I guess all these lines and delineations come from human nature to defend the choices we make. Something about a fishing rod in hand seems to amplify this character trait, and some anglers will defend their choices as if they're unarguably the best.

I suggest to draw your own lines, decide why and how you'll fish, and figure out what makes you happy out there. But keep an understanding that the lines, the delineations, are yours alone.

Be happy. Be fishy. Have fun.

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You Can Be Lucky And Not Catch A Fish

by Dave Capone

I fished Valley Creek on one of the warmer days this past January, starting downstream from the parking lot off Bradford Road.

As I waded, another fisherman passed by me walking on the trail above the stream. He remarked that he just had to get out on the water that day but had not yet had any action. After not seeing any surface activity I fished the standard smallish nymphs, to no avail. I even slung a green bead head wooly bugger into that cold, shallow water hoping to frighten a brown trout into a state of shock where it would then perhaps swim into my net. There was a light coating of snow on the ground, and the ice clung tight to the banks on both sides.

After an hour of working my way upstream my day of fishing ended around dusk. As I made my way back to the parking lot and opened the hatch of my SUV, I noticed a gray pickup truck to my left and a white van to my right. I removed my waders and vest in the fading light and then drove away, starting my 30-minute drive home.

About fifteen minutes into the ride, it hit me, "did I leave my fly rod and reel leaning against my car?" I turned around while driving, a risky panic move, and my fear were confirmed. A quick U-turn and I sped back to the parking lot muttering to my-

self, "you big dummy".

When I arrived in total darkness and whipped in, there was a fellow standing next to that white van, looking as though he was waiting for somebody. I hadn't even come to a complete stop as I rolled down the passenger side window and he exclaimed, "Did you forget something"? I put it in park, left the engine running, and jumped out, and he immediately turned and went into his van and pulled out my gear that he had rescued and handed it to me with a big grin on his face. I just shook my head and thanked him profusely, and offered him a reward which he graciously refused. He proceeded to tell me that he is from Northeast Philadelphia and was patiently waiting for quite some time in that lot, figuring the forgetful owner was sure to come back.

We exchanged our mutual experiences on Valley Creek, and he then proudly displayed his fly box holding an array of sizes 20 through 24 dry flies and nymphs, who in the moonlit night looked like pencil dots on a white page.

As it was time to say so long, we shook hands and exchanged names. And come to think of it, I forgot his about fifteen minutes into my drive home.



Riffles *is continued from page 1*

Don't underestimate your contribution here. The bucket raffles go a long way in helping fund our programs, including paying for outside speakers. If you haven't yet been tracked down by **Mike Ferraro**, consider yourself fortunate. As you know, Mike coordinates and manages our membership tracking system. Mike has set up a PayPal account for the club to make it even more convenient to keep current with your dues. Thanks also to **Ted Nawalinski**, our Outreach Coordinator, who tirelessly touts the lot of media to each of our meetings. Do him a favor, lighten his load and borrow one of the great titles.

This all takes time! I say this because the club is always in need of assistance especially since several key volunteers are aging and, dare I say it, running out of gas. From stocking fish, creating monthly flyers, or tracking down speakers all these tasks take time and ENERGY! So if you are interested in helping the club out for any of the above mentioned tasks, or have an idea for something new and innovative, please contact any board member or send us an email. We'll be happy to discuss your ideas.

We're looking forward to a great fall season. We hope to see you then and be prepared with some good fish stories. Half-truths are welcome.



One week before her wedding, a mother pulls aside her daughter, the bride to be. She says, "I will now give you the advice that has been passed down from generation to generation, from woman to woman."

The daughter listened attentively as her mom continued, "Cook a man a fish and you feed him for a day. But teach a man to fish and you get rid of him for the whole weekend."

The Last Cast

Two of our long time and valued members made their last cast this year. Both were good friends of the League.

Joe Vasile passed away on May 15, 2018 at the age of 84. Joe was a Korean War veteran and active in several environmental and sportsmen's organizations including the League. For many years he acted as the League's Treasurer and was responsible for "computerizing" our financial affairs. He helped over several decades with our **Learn to Fly Fish Course** and laboriously collated and bound hundreds of copies of the course manual provided to our students. He picked up lunches from Wawa and helped with casting and registrations. I had the privilege of fishing with Joe on several occasions including a memorable foray to the **Hungry Trout** in the Adirondacks. He was soft spoken and unassuming but he was always there when I asked him to help out. He was a good friend and I will miss him.

Jim Matson made his last cast and left this world on July 13, 2018 at the age of 74. Jim was a long time member of the League and the Atlantic Saltwater Flyrodders and was President and Inventor of Brinefly Innovations where **The Pulse Disc™** was created. Jim made sure we had a good supply of donated Pulse Discs for sale and in our raffle at our meetings. Jim volunteered to help at our **Learn to Fly Fish Course** and was especially useful in helping **George Christian** collect all the bugs he needed for George's segment of the course. Although I didn't know Jim that well he was good friends with several other League members who he fished with regularly. Donations in Jim's name can be sent to Project Healing Waters. He will be missed. -The Editor



**Dame Juliana League
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Member dues per calendar year are

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For new members please add \$5.

Newsletter Editor- *Bob Molzahn*

Articles, news, and fly tying tips are

gratefully accepted and are due by January 1,

May 1, and September 1.

Please send them to rjm1949@comcast.net

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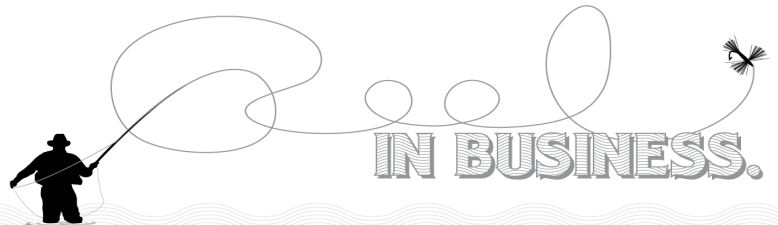
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