

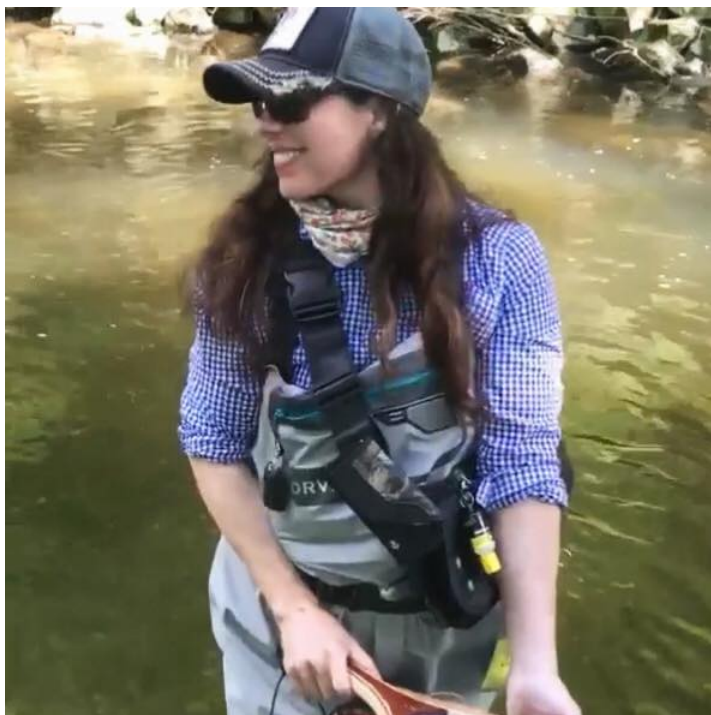
STREAMSIDE

VOLUME 26 ISSUE 3

DAME JULIANA LEAGUE

FALL/WINTER 2020

RIFFLES & RUNS



BRENNA DEKORTE - PRESIDENT, DJL

The Natives are Restless

On my way to fish the local creek, I did a slow drive-by of a favorite spot and saw that it was empty, so I turned around at the next parking area to head back to the pull-off. At the last minute, however, I decided to take a little walk on the trail first since there was one empty yet muddy spot tucked into the corner of the gravel lot, inviting me to slip on in. There are no marked spots there but somehow people can sense the way of things, our unspoken social contract at work. During the summer, parking lots of this kind were slammed with folks new to doing things outdoors. As the

summer progressed, the few places open to the public devolved into the wild west. Pioneers of the outdoors blazed new and unexplored claims to spots carved out of unpaved protected wildlife habitats. Sporty SUVs flexed their “off-road” capabilities for the first time.

On my way back to my vehicle after my walk I discovered that someone had parked me in. Normally I wouldn’t have minded spending extra time there but having the option of leaving suddenly stripped from me totally derailed all of the serenity gained by the walk. I paced around the vehicle, sizing it up for clues and looking for signs that they were soon going to move on or that they would be there awhile. Frustration and anxiety rising, I decided to breathe. Don’t panic. I can fish here. Just go fish. I geared up and stomped down to the water and found myself glancing back over my shoulder to see if the car had left yet. I wondered what the driver looked like.

Thoughts of who would have the nerve to park in such an aggressively rude way piqued my curiosity. Images of escaped work-from-home lunatics in stained bathrobes and wild-eyed frazzled mothers with grown-out chunky highlights flashed in my mind. The fish were being neglected - both, the ones here and the ones in the spot I originally intended to fish. Now tangled in a vine, I began jerking my line with something less zen than my usual light twitch. That only made the hook sink deeper into wood. Hulk rage rising, I yanked on it with

gorilla-strength like I wanted to pull down the whole tree, if not the whole world. My knots had improved and this one would not let go. Finally, my leader snapped and the fly line slapped me across the face. I was grateful that the hook stayed up in that tree and wasn't embedded in my face. I suddenly laughed at how tense I was. I was over reacting and maybe the person who parked me in was feeling just as stressed out and really needed to get out just like me. Maybe they had a kid who was going stir crazy and could only be soothed by some time out in nature to get perspective and reconnect with the beautiful world, free from glowing rectangles and zoom burnout. Or it may be someone lonely and needing to spend time communing with the critters and trees. I took a deep breath and felt my shoulders lower from where they had crept way up by my ears. I look down and noticed the flowing water and my slack line hugging my legs. I tied on a confidence fly. A smile crept back onto my face. A feisty little fallfish smoked my ant in a fast riffle, I admired its pretty shimmer and pink tipped fins with awe and elation, then watched it hastily swim away. Strolling back to my car I saw that the other car had disappeared.

Next time I won't take the last spot.




Brenna

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MY LIFE OBSERVING TROUT

By Wendell "Ozzie" Ozefovich



Since the age of six when I caught my first brook trout on a garden worm, I developed a passion for trout and their exciting world. I was fascinated by any body of water, stream or brook, even the tiny rivulets that form after a heavy rain.

WENDELL (ON THE LEFT) WITH HIS DAD (WENDELL SR.) AND BROTHER JOE

The closest trout streams were a hike with my father over the nearby mountain or through a mile-long train tunnel, which saved us a few miles. To this day while driving, I must slow down at every bridge, large or small, either to take a quick peek depending upon traffic, or pull over and check the layout of the stream or river and picture where those beauties might be holding.

Trout are fascinating because they are so perfectly made for their environment : sleek, efficient, beautiful and surprising. Surprising because they always find new ways to show me something new about a trout's life in their natural habitat: how they move, feed, spawn and behave under all stream conditions.

My Underwater World of Trout videos open a beautiful and magnificent window into a world few have ever seen and are of interest to more than just anglers. The view under the stream is not as bucolic or stable as you might believe. A stream is alive, not just with trout and insects, but with darters, dace and crayfish to name a few. What looks like clear water is chock full of bubbles, sticks, detritus, leaves and haze. Underwater we see different shades of green vegetation, some many feet long, swaying in both slow-moving water and also flourishing in extremely turbulent water. When directing my camera directly upwards toward the surface from below, I was mesmerized by the sight of bubbles from underneath the water which were created by a small waterfall swirling around sliding into a gin clear pool.

Unfortunately, when I first started filming the hidden life of trout, weather forecasting wasn't what it is today. The primary criteria in filming underwater is water clarity. This is weather dependent. On many occasions I drove to my favorite stream, a two hour trip, only to find it raining or there was rain

during the night making the stream cloudy. So, out comes the fly rod; it wasn't a complete waste. The controls and monitor for my underwater camera are strapped to my chest and rain makes it very difficult, if not impossible, to film - they are not waterproof. Up to the minute USGS streamflow conditions are a most valuable indicator of water clarity right up to the morning of departure.



Ok, the water is clear, so let's begin. I never film or fish from a sunny streambank unless I can make myself invisible; the only exception being big water. It is very, very important to wear earth colors on the stream. I wear olive, brown, dark gray, and even black to blend into the background streambank. This includes my darker waders, my hat, and every part of my equipment that faces the stream. Take notice that manufacturers are now making darker color vests. All anglers should dress this way, and above all, move very slowly and keep false casting to a minimum. I

discovered this when I was using my fishing buddies as aids while filming on the stream. When they were stationed on the opposite side of the creek, I placed my camera underwater and directed it towards them. Even with proper clothing, those flashy reels, watch dials, and plastic covered licenses gleamed like a beacon. If you sport a white beard, well, perhaps a dark Covid mask will do!

When filming in late fall with snow on the ground, it is impossible to film with that white background because the trout scatter as soon as I come into view despite crawling on all fours. When brook and brown trout are spawning in late fall, don't chuckle -- I wear Tyvek!

I am anywhere from six to twenty feet from the fish while filming, based upon the clarity of the water. Depending upon the situation, I am sometimes standing upright in the stream over fast moving or white water, crouched close to the water, prostrate on the bank, or concealing myself in the thicket.

Although it is very common, there are no books on fishing that write about trout holding their position and feeding in fast water in the middle of the water column. If you've ever seen a hawk or seagull on a very windy day just holding in one position in the air without moving its wings, it's because the air is doing all the work. Those aerodynamic properties of air also apply to the hydrodynamic properties of water. All salmonids have that fusiform shape with pectoral fins that jut out like wings. They have the ability to play off the currents and hold their position in that fast water without showing any signs of swimming motions. Scientific research has shown that while "station holding" (the term they use) in fast water, salmonids expend less energy than a salmonid of equal size and shape that is holding in slow water where they must use all their body muscles to swim and hold their position. So, I



recommend you fish the fast water and even white water, the fish are there.

Trout are capable of all the above by virtue of the thousands of lateral line microscopic sensors stretching along each side of their bodies. Other electroreceptors, although unseen, line both sides of the head, around the eyes and below the jaw. They sense the current and automatically find the point where they can hold while expending the least amount of energy. Doctor Robert Bachman describes it as "the focal point." Every trout from the moment it emerges from the egg has this ability. These organs are so sensitive that they can sense the underwater

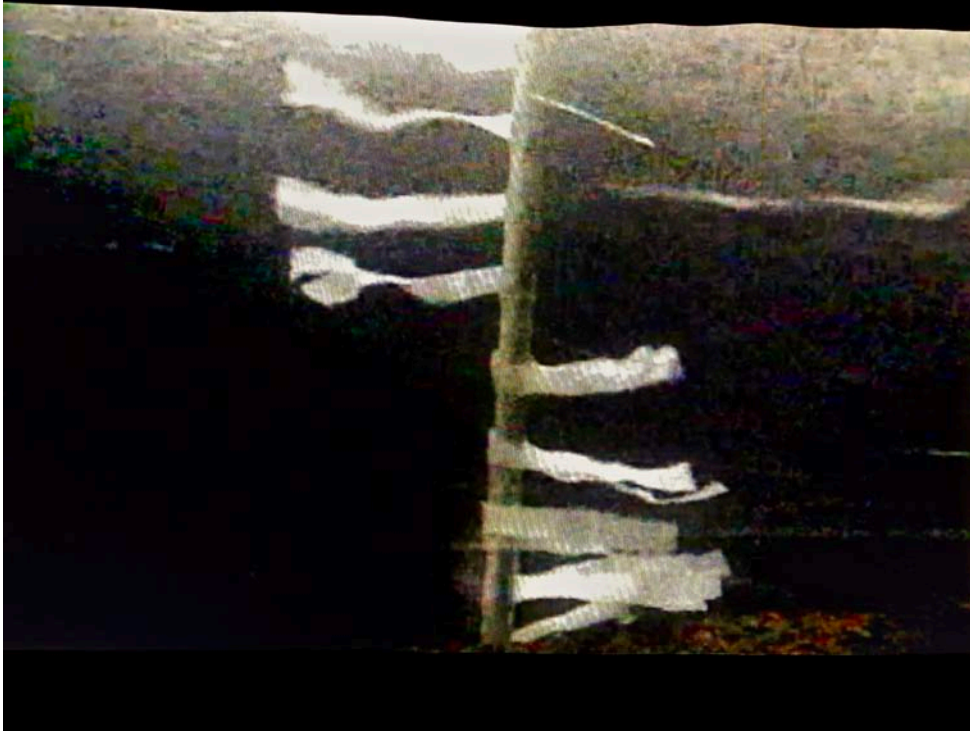
pressure waves made by a swimming minnow or the motion of a dun fluttering on the surface even before the trout sees it.

Trout Facing Downstream:

It all began in a duck pond. While observing the duck down in the outflow stream, I noticed the duck down stuck on the very bottom was hardly moving. Yet a few inches higher on a craggy rock, the down was fluttering upstream! Some down was also fluttering horizontal to the flow. That is what gave me the idea to build what I call a current flow indicator - a six foot section of threaded metal stock with strips of cloth attached approximately every two inches. I then hammered the rod into the streambed. The cloth strips on the surface indicated the fastest downstream flow. Moving down to less than a foot below the surface the strips indicated that the flow stopped! To my surprise directly below that, the strips fluttered in an upstream direction, until at the very bottom, the strips showed no flow at all due to friction with the bottom.

When reading the water, I recommend looking for areas where there is an up-flow of water -- an upward hump caused by a boulder or obstruction on the bottom. Directly below that protrusive section there is a sizable vortex that forms and causes the steamflow to dip to the bottom farther downstream and then flow upstream from there toward the obstruction. That is how I found that large brown trout facing downstream in fast-moving water as seen in Volume 2 of my underwater video series, "Feeding Lies." You'll see there are many vortices in turbulent water where a trout can be found facing downstream!

Using your fly fishing expertise, how would you hook a fish facing downstream? Now, an angler fishing a salmon egg, worm, or spinning gear would not have a problem; they would get the attention of any trout since they cast anywhere or everywhere blindly - including very turbulent water.

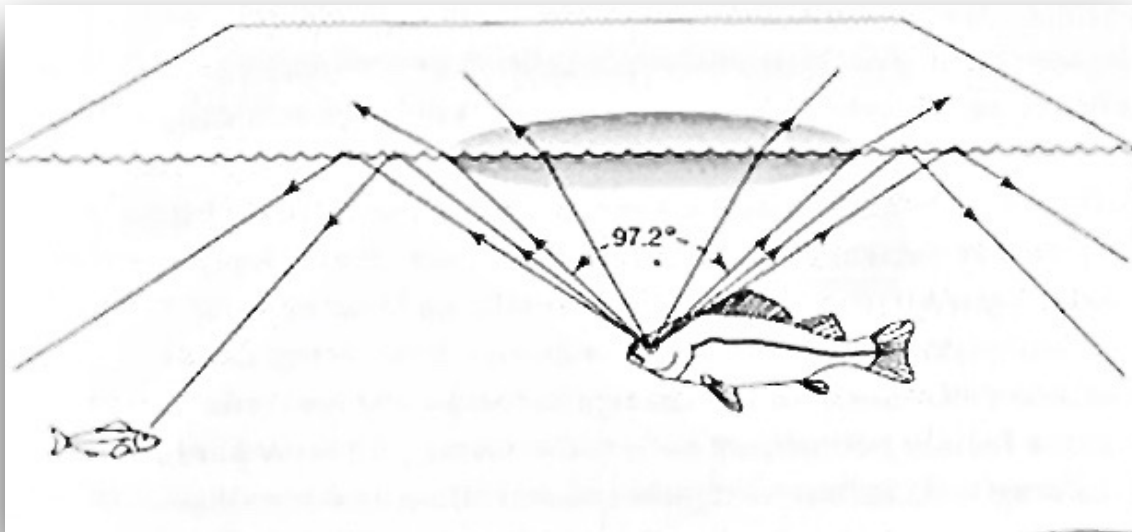


Trout Vision

I feel compelled to include the topic of trout vision because there are some misconceptions on this subject repeatedly misrepresented in many books, magazines and articles. For example I've often read "When wading upstream, take advantage of the 30-degree blind spot in a trout's rear vision." That is a completely unfounded concept. That so-called 'blind spot' only refers to its vision in the water beneath the surface, and even then it is entirely specious! No trout or any other fish has a blind spot in their view above the surface. They have a 360-degree

view of the outside world at all times from horizon to horizon.

Let me explain. Snell's law of refraction states, (I'm now paraphrasing) - any creature beneath the water surface sees the outside world only within a 97-degree cone of vision from their eyes to the surface attributable to refraction or the bending of light. The undersurface of the water outside of the cone, is a reflection of the bottom. The next time you are in a swimming pool, go underwater without goggles and look up, you will see the same 360-degree window view that a trout sees. The



THE TROUT CAN SEE EVERYTHING ABOVE THE SURFACE IN THEIR 97 DEGREE CONE OF VISION; THE UNDERSURFACE OF THE WATER OUTSIDE OF THE CONE, IS A MIRROR REFLECTION OF SUBSURFACE OBJECTS AND THE STREAM BOTTOM.

closer you get to the surface, the smaller the window. This means you can sneak up closer to a trout that is sipping midges than a trout that is positioned deeper. Keep in mind you should always stay low!

When sight fishing, bear in mind: due to refraction the target fish is always deeper and closer to you than where you see it, unless of course it is positioned between your feet where refraction has very little effect. Refraction also has an incredible effect on the view a trout has of a fly that floats into its window, but that's a subject for another time. Teaser: Volume 3 Trout Vision covers that subject comprehensively!

You and others may think that you are an excellent fly fisher, but keep in mind the words above. They may render you exceptional!

BIO:

In the late 90's Ozzie combined his love of trout with a lifelong interest in movie making. He has produced a series of underwater videos exploring how trout feed, spawn and behave. He has chronicled wild and hatchery trout in their natural environs. His narrated video presentations have opened the eyes of thousands of anglers across the country.

There are currently two dvds available -- Discovery and Feeding Lies which explain in detail trout feeding behaviors. Volumes 1, 2 and 3 are now streaming from YouTube on The New Fly Fisher.



Video presentations include Atlantic Salmon Fishing, their life cycle, and what to look for in a guide, The Life Cycle of the Brook Trout for Trout in the Classroom Students, Fishing the Anaconda Settling Ponds and the Missouri River, Trout Feeding Behaviors, See Your Flies from the Perspective of the Trout Not Just the Angler, and Why We Love Fly Fishing - It's Not Just the Trout, a banquet presentation which appeals not only to anglers but to non-fishers alike.



MARINER EAST PIPELINE DEBACLE

A Personal Perspective

By Charle Griffen

The Mariner East pipeline is one of the most controversial projects in recent Pennsylvania history. The system spans more than 350 miles from Ohio and Southwestern Pennsylvania to the Sunoco refinery in Marcus Hook, PA, just outside of Philadelphia. Permits for the Mariner East 2 pipeline allow it to cross 1,227 streams, 570 wetlands, and 11 ponds. 17 of the streams and 92 of the wetlands it crosses are designated as Exceptional Value. Along the way the pipeline passes through the Marchwood development in Exton, PA, where I have lived since 1990. When my wife and I purchased our home, the deed included an easement for an existing pipeline which was laid in 1932. The original pipeline was designed to transport fuel oil. The Mariner East project included repurposing the original pipeline to transport highly volatile natural gas liquids under high pressure, as well as installing two more larger pipelines to carry these same highly volatile compounds. These compounds will then be transported from Marcus Hook overseas in specially built container ships, where they will be used to make plastics. From my desk I can look out the window and see several large pipelines at the edge of our backyard. These pipes have been there for several years and serve as a constant reminder of the Mariner East debacle. Following is a brief timeline of the project and its impact on our local community.



Marchwood, My Neighborhood

We were first contacted about the project by Sunoco in the fall of 2015. The land agent informed us that their permits allowed them to repurpose the existing pipeline and to install additional pipelines in the easement zone. They were offering us payment for an additional 5 feet of easement on our side of the original easement, which we refused because of our concern about the possible impact on

our property and home by the new pipelines. Sunoco tried to reassure us that there would be no environmental impact since they were going to use horizontal directional drilling (HDD) rather than open trenching to lay the new pipelines. Their promises soon proved to be false. On July 25, 2017 the PA Department of Environmental Protection issued a temporary partial halt to drilling after 17 homes along Shoen Road in West Whiteland Township had their wells contaminated as a result of Sunoco's HDD. In addition, fines were imposed and landowners were provided with potable water until new water lines could be constructed.

Horizontal Directional Drilling has since proven to be especially problematic when done in areas with karst topography. According to National Geographic, karst is bedrock made up primarily of calcium carbonate rock such as limestone or dolomite and tends to form cracks and pockets due to intrusion by acidic rainwater. The resultant crevices and cavities make it unstable and more likely to form sinkholes. Much of Southeastern Pennsylvania, including Exton where we live, has a karst topography. In March of 2018 several large sinkholes, some as close as 10 feet from houses, developed along the pipeline on Lisa Drive in Exton. The sinkholes forced the temporary evacuation of 5 homes. Some of the homes were subsequently bought by Sunoco and the previous owners were permanently relocated. These homes remain unoccupied.



The Pipeline Cometh ...



Sinkholes In The Neighborhood !

On August 8th of this year a spill of over 10,000 gallons of drilling fluid occurred at the HDD 280 site off Green Valley Road in Marsh Creek State Park, one of the most visited Pennsylvania state parks. The spill caused an intrusion of contaminated water into a major tributary of Marsh Creek Lake. Drilling was immediately suspended and containment and remediation began shortly thereafter. On 9/22/2020 the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection issued permit amendments to HDD 280 and several other drilling sites to allow open trench placement of pipes instead of drilling to prevent additional spills. Open trenching was the traditional way to lay pipelines, but caused so much negative impact to adjacent land and streams that HDD was developed as a means to avoid these impacts!



The Contamination of Marsh Creek State Park by Mariner East

On October 21, 2020 Marlene Lang of Patch reported that a sinkhole was discovered near the Chester Valley Trail in Exton, close to the Mariner East pipeline. She also reported on a lawsuit brought against Sunoco Pipeline L.P. by a whistle-blower geologist. The geologist claims obstruction of the permit process, falsification of reports by non-geologists and editing of the permits by Sunoco employees. The lawsuit is pending.

In sum, the Mariner East pipeline project is a debacle that began in 2015, which continues to haunt us and our neighbors in Exton and the surrounding communities that the pipeline traverses. In addition to the threat of sinkholes, well water contamination, damage to homes, and pollution of streams and lakes there is the remote possibility of an explosion from a leak of highly volatile gas from the pipeline. Should an explosion occur within our community of Marchwood it would likely kill

or maim hundreds, if not thousands of residents. Unfortunately, despite much protest, attendance at township meetings and lawsuits, there doesn't appear to be an end in sight.



BIO



Dr. Charles Griffen resides with his wife, Diana, in Exton, PA. He is a graduate of Villanova University and New England College of Optometry. His optometric practice is located in Malvern, PA. Charlie is a member of Dame Juliana League and is on the board of Valley Forge Trout Unlimited. He enjoys fishing for trout, smallmouth, shad and most anything that can be caught on a fly. He also enjoys hiking, biking and backpacking with his family.

A FRIENDSHIP RUNS THROUGH IT

By Fred Gender

I was pleased to be invited to write this article a while ago. I found out the expected dimensions of the piece and the subject matter, fly fishing and a friendship bound to it. That should be easy enough, I had over a month to complete it, the world is in pandemic shutdown and the days are too short to fish after work. Therefore, I was happy to say yes and get started. However, the one normal thing in a year marked by

abnormality is I waited until the last moment to start writing. Oddly, this time it worked to my advantage nearing Thanksgiving Day and as a result I had been reflecting on the joys of fishing, friendship, and the power of these things to help survive in tough time.

A lot of what and whom I'm thankful for is a shared path. A path that can be tricky to wade at times but, sometimes a path so powerful it pulls you along up hill. *This is the path of friendship!* For me that path often runs along a trout stream, a bass lake and sometimes even across a salt flat in the noonday sun. Walking next to me on that path was Tom Wade.

It has been a few years since I lost my best friend and fishing buddy. I use the term "fishing buddy" in the hopes to convey the essence of our relationship. Tom was that guy, the kindred spirit, the guy I always wanted to fish with. We just knew how to read each other's vibe and we would always want to fish the same way, at the same pace, in same style. When I say "style", I mean both technique and flare. Tommy had flare; he had the confidence afforded to a man usually in the right place at the right time.



TOM WADE

Tom, TW (or any number of iterations of his evolving nickname) was always at the right time because time stood still when we were together. Timeless, like a summer day at the bluegill pond. Not as men with Sage fly rods and a topwater game but kids. A kid on his bike, a kid with a zebco, a kid with a can of worms fresh from the garden, a kid with the power to stop the world from spinning in order to catch one more fish. Tom and I did not fish together as kids. We met as grown men. Very childish, but grown!

I had taken about 30 trips around the sun when we meet, but he had a few more laps under his belt than I. At that time, we had both been working in the professional fly fishing and fly tying world in various capacities. We worked as guides, retail shop managers and we even became Upmqua Signature Tiers and product consultants until his death and shortly thereafter for me. As a result, we were fortunate to fish with many different people throughout our lives. Some you know from TV, some authored the books on your shelves, but most you never

heard of - and for some reading this, *you*. Whomever it was, it was awesome. I loved fishing with all of you and I look forward to wetting a line with you again. But fishing with Dubs was different, time stood still. It had the innocence of kids fishing a farm pond.

For a couple young guys in a business full of bravado and competition there was none between us. We just shared the sheer joy of each other's moments and took the opportunity to laugh at our own follies. Whatever we were up to we were having fun or finding the humor in the situation. I remember eating peanut butter crackers in a downpour and having no water to drink. The giggling, building to a cacophony of laughs and snorts, framed by a steady stream of tears and punctuated by cracker crumbs flying out of the cone of our rainhoods like ash from a volcano. We howled at the karmic cleansing associated with ending the maiden voyage of a perfectly crafted fly far out of reach in a tree. Or stood in awe of the man who laid down the perfect suicide drift that resulted in a subsequent chess match battle through the strainers to the net. We often fished hard and in very difficult conditions but whenever we were together it was fun even if it hurt a little.

I often found my body sore after fishing with TW. We had many adventures chasing all the fishes we could find in both fresh and saltwater. Was I sore from the twisting and turning associated with wading over the

greasy bowling balls of the Poconos or was it from belly crawling the banks of a Central PA limestone, or the death march out to the north jetty. It was any of those along with 12 hours of constant laughing and grinning while we did it. As a result, Tuesday morning was always a slow start up, we did some serious fishing on Mondays.

There is a line in the movie Good Fella's, something like: "Saturday night was for the wives but Friday night at the Copa was for the girlfriends". For the fly shop crew, it was similar but our mistresses were fish. The guys at the shop (other than the new kid) had Sunday and Monday off. Sunday naturally was spent with the significant other and Monday was a fishing day with the boys! It was the perfect situation were every Monday was a fishing day; nobody but the NFL planned anything on Mondays. There were no graduations, weddings, or recitals to steal valuable time from a waning hatch. It was the perfect scenario for a group of fly-fishing addicts to spend all week at work planning on how we could get our yayas out. Tom almost always drove and I rode shotgun and kept his coffee cup full. Sometimes the rest of the seats would fill from our cast of characters and what a cast. We had an endless supply of comedy material to work with when we got together. When I tell you we did every kind of fishing you can do in a three hour drive from home it is not exaggeration. We would fish all day and night, we squeezed everything out of those trips and ourselves in the process. We would routinely put in an 18 hour day, leave at 6 am and get home at midnight. Leave at midnight and get home at 10 pm. Exhausted, hungry and cranky Tom and I never had a cross word with each other. I know of no other human in my life I can say that about. Eventually things slowed down for the shop rats. The shop eventually closed and the participants in the Monday fishing Club became fewer. Tom and I still managed to find that time each week to fish but by this time we knew it wasn't about the fish anymore. Fishing was what we did while being friends.



Its been a little over 5 years since I last fished with Tom. I remember it like yesterday and I probably always will. It was the heat of the summer so we slipped away to God's Country and spent a couple days wet wading for little Brookies and the evenings laughing around a fire. It was one of our favorite things to do and the big woods are magical. Tom had spent over a year dealing with some health issues that kept him at home for most of that time. His recovery was difficult and painful but he persevered inspired by the thought of getting out to fish by summer. Tom and I spent a lifetime chasing big fish, though we would often smile and say "little fish need love too" before we would release them back to where they came from.

However after all of our adventure together I am certain that the fish that brought the biggest smile to my face was a 4 inch long brook trout and I didn't even catch it. Death came unexpected, like the phone call itself. I returned to our favorite spot one last time with Tommy and I made what was our final cast together. He is now part of the earth, the air, the water. He is part of the big woods. He is part of the magic. It took a little while before I was comfortable to fish up there again but that was before I understood. Before I understood that my friend was waiting for me and

although we could no longer make new memories, we could relive the old ones. And time could once again stand still.



BIO



Fred Gender is the lucky employee who spends most of his time outdoors on the French & Pickering Trust's Thomas P Bentley Preserve. A graduate of West Chester University, Fred has spent much of his adult life protecting the water and land of Pennsylvania and Chester County. He has served as a board member and officer of Trout Unlimited at both the local chapter and state level, a biological technician and wildland fire fighter with the National Park Service, and a preserve manager with Natural Lands. He even spent time as Mr. Gender teaching biology and environmental science to middle and high school students. His passion for the outdoors and all things natural is fueled by his love of fly fishing.

DECK THE HALLS WITH BOSTON CHARLIE

By Matt Seymour

Becoming the editor of this newsletter has given me an opportunity I could have only dreamt of two years go. I have now written an instructional piece in the style of a military manual too many ambiguous words, too many diagrams and too hard to decipher. My life's work is complete!

Here's a little holiday project for you Covid refugees to do.



Let's Go Bulbous!

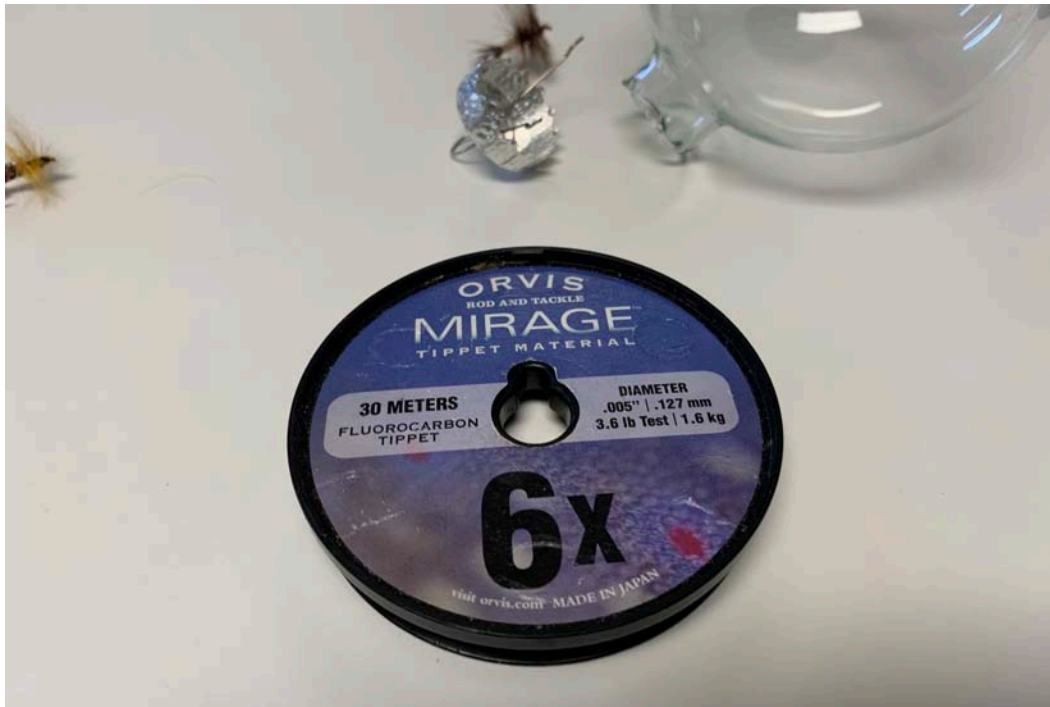
A couple of years ago my friend Jim Dowd showed a number of us at Project Healing Waters in Coatesville how to do this. Complain directly to Jim if my instructions turn out to be impossible to understand (or do).

Go to a craft store buy some Christmas balls - the type you hang on a tree. (Michaels in Exton has a large variety). Where I shopped they came in two suitable kinds. The first was a *plastic bulb*, an ellipsoid, for \$1 Each. The second, a spheroid, *glass bulb*, sold four in a pack for \$3.99.

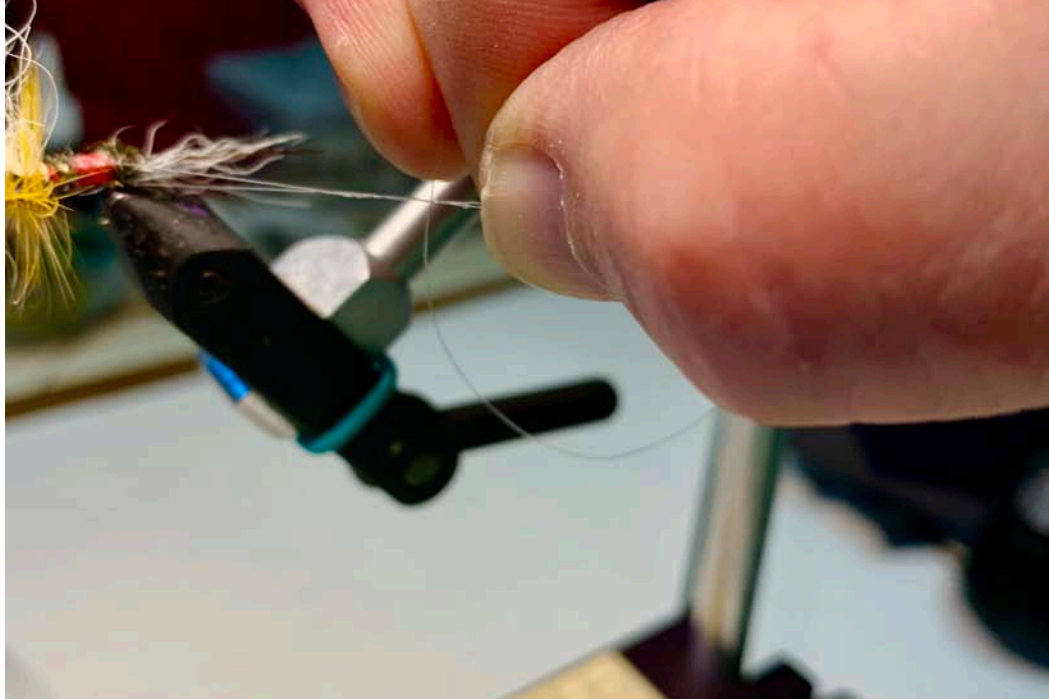


We will attempt to take one of our favorite trout flies (the more garish the better) to hang suspended in one of these bulbs. I picked a rough looking Royal Wulff to embarrass myself:





THEN SNIP A 10-12" PIECE OF 6 OR 7X MIRAGE TIPPET MATERIAL. WE LIKE FLUOROCARBON FOR ITS INVISIBILITY.



TAKE THE TIPPET MATERIAL YOU JUST SNIPPED AND TIE A SNUG, BUT NOT TIGHT, KNOT AT THE BALANCE POINT OF THE FLY.



FINDING THE "BALANCE POINT" MAY REQUIRE MOVING THE KNOT UP AND DOWN THE SHAFT OF THE HOOK UNTIL THE FLY LOOKS "BALANCED". WHILE I'M FLAILING AROUND FINDING THE RIGHT BALANCE SPOT I USE MY VISE TO SEE HOW THE FLY HANGS. ONCE I'M SATISFIED IT WON'T HANG LIKE A DYING SWAN I TIGHTEN THE KNOT AND TRIM THE TAG.

This is the point at which you may want to grab a cup of coffee, have a smoke or turn on a meditational tape.



NEXT, REMOVE THE CLOSURE FROM THE BULB AND SEPARATE IT FROM THE HANGER WIRE.

(Be Patient, The Glue is Coming!)

Before we secure the tippet to the lid we must measure how much line we need to suspend the fly to sit about halfway from the top of the lid to the bottom of the bulb.

Now I can see the point to which I must tighten the tippet to make the fly suspended at the correct distance from the cap.



HOLD THE DANGLING FLY NEXT TO THE OUTSIDE OF THE BULB. DETERMINE THE POINT FROM WHICH THE FLY MUST BE SUSPENDED UNDER THE CAP. THEN MARK THAT SPOT ON THE FLUOROCARBON TIPPET WITH A BLACK MAGIC MARKER



TAKING THE TIP OF THE TIPPET MATERIAL, (NOW TIED SECURELY AROUND THE FLY) YOU MUST BRING IT UP THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF THE CAP. THERE WILL BE TWO HOLES. PICK EITHER. ONCE YOU BROUGHT 5-6" INCHES OF TIPPET THROUGH HOLE #1, PASS IT DOWNWARD THROUGH THE OPEN HOLE (#2).

Now that the tippet has been drawn through both holes on the cap, pull it up to the black mark. Secure it underneath the cap to **where the black mark may appear on the tippet**. Use a simple knot again to secure this length to the underside of the cap.



Check the dangle height by lowering the trussed fly into the bulb. If it's correct, double the knot under the cap.

Now that you are certain your balance point is correct and your fly is dangling from the right height within the bulb, glue! Assure that the glue (I prefer Loctite Super Glue) is covering the knot under the lid - completely. Let it dry thoroughly and (with your fingers crossed) lower your suspended fly in to the bulb. Seat the cap.



To Reprise:

1. Find the balance point or dramatic angle of the fly with a simple overhand knot. If OK, double it to lock it from slipping.
2. Slide the end of the tippet up through one of the holes in the cap.
3. Place the fly in the ball and put on the cap.
4. Adjust the height of the fly in the ball by tugging the tippet.
5. Lock the tippet in place on the cap with a drop of super glue or a flash of UV light with UV sensitive glue.
6. For added security, wrap the tag end of the tippet around the cap and add another shot of adhesive.
7. Trim the tag end of the tippet

Get this right or the ghost of Jim Dowd may haunt you on Christmas Eve!



BIO



Matt Seymour is the current editor for the STREAMSIDE Newsletter. In addition to his participation in the Dame Juliana League, Matt is a member of Valley Forge Trout Unlimited and has been actively engaged in the Coatesville VAMC Project Healing Waters Program since its inception. You may bump into him at Orvis in Plymouth Meeting. If you do, buy something expensive.

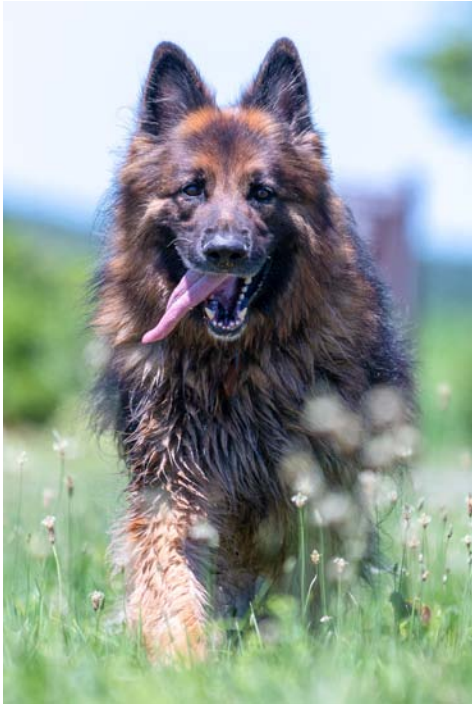
MY BEST FRIEND

By Bob Bonney

We never know who or what God will place in our path as we walk through this life. In the spring of 2011 Sharon and I lost Buster, our 6 ½ year old German Shepherd Dog (GSD). Buster was extraordinarily intelligent, loved children, swimming, played nice with other dogs, would do anything for a ball and excelled at tracking. The neighborhood kids voted him the “coolest dog in the hood.” Buster and I were training to be the first K9 team for the PFBC. Unfortunately, he injured both of his knees before he was 30 months old, requiring major surgery, which ended that dream. In May, 2011, an aggressive form of arthritis in his back took him.

I called the breeder to let her know about Buster. Two weeks later she called back saying she had another puppy for us. I wasn't interested, but Sharon was, so we brought home this little eight-week-old black ball of fur. We named him Jager. Jager was everything Buster wasn't. At 13 weeks, instead of playing nice he was beating up other dogs twice his size at the dog park, chewing up my heirloom antique furniture and on and on. These were things Buster never did.

For several years I tried really hard to keep Jager from getting too close. I didn't want to go through that heartbreak again. But eventually Jager wormed his way into my heart. Soon he was going everywhere with me. At age four Jager was invited into the chiropractor's office, then church, the barber shop, surgeon's office and dentist (yeah, that one blew me away too), not to mention countless stores. Jager grew into a handsome 105 lb. long coat GSD, whose main interest was eating, chasing critters, and protecting his mom and dad. And he is damn good at all three.



JAGER

Fast forward to January 18, 2019. Jiggy Jag (his doggy daycare nickname) is a healthy, mature eight-year-old pup. We are at Jager's "Happy Place," Struble Lake. We were running around having fun when I tore the Achilles tendon in my right foot. Just like that I'm out for six months after being back only four months from an 11-month medical leave from knee surgery.

During that down time Jag and I spent an enormous amount of time at Struble Lake.

It's amazing what I saw in street clothes versus the uniform. For instance, I noticed how people would drive into the Struble parking lot, sit with the motor running, until another vehicle appeared. The first operator would leave his vehicle (motor still running), jump into the second vehicle for a couple of minutes, return to his vehicle, then they'd depart. I observed this behavior for several weeks. At this point I was healing and anxious to get back on the job.

One morning around 7am an individual parks in the usual place and waits with his motor running. His "Friend" arrives. First guy jumps into the passenger side of the "Friend's" car.

As if on cue Jager walks directly in front of the car causing the dealer to look up at him instead of me as I walked up from behind the car to the driver's door. From there I could clearly see the dealer counting pills and handing them to the buyer who was putting them

into a plastic container. I also observed a large stack of money on the console. I knocked on the window, introduced myself, and asked the buyer to hand me the drugs, which he did. I asked, "What are these?" "Xanax?" He replied. I told the driver to turn his engine off. His eyes got huge, then he put his car in reverse, backed out and left in a big hurry, along with the buyer.

Anyone see a problem here? The buyer's car was sitting there with the motor running with no one in it. I called Pennsylvania State Police, informed them of what transpired, then waited for the trooper to arrive. While waiting for the State Police, a van pulled into the parking lot with an older woman and a young man who looked exactly like the buyer who had just left.

She exited her vehicle and I introduced myself. Mom said, "I know who you are." I replied, "I don't recognize you, but I *do* recognize ... your son (with a smile of course). I informed her a trooper was on the way. Shortly after that another car arrives with two other young men. They parked, got out, walked over to the buyer and handed him something. The trooper arrived at the same time and arrested all three for possession of drugs. Still no clue who mom was or why she was angry with me.



NICE DOGGY

A month later we are back at Jager's happy place. We had the place to ourselves when a compact car pulled into the parking lot and parked facing the lake. Four males in their thirties were in it. The male behind the driver immediately got out and walked down to the lake, this seemed suspicious to me, so Jager and I walked about 30 yards behind the vehicle where I could get a photo of the plate. This only took a few minutes. As I was finishing, the man returned from the lake, saw me taking photos and asked, "Are you taking pictures of our license plate?" I said, "no just taking some video of the lake." Naturally he wasn't buying that.

He said, "No, you were definitely taking pictures of our plate" and began walking straight towards me - with a purpose. I wasn't too concerned, because I had a surprise waiting for him. The first surprise saw what was happening, trotted over, sat at my side as if I had heeled him up. Mr. Aggressive took one look at Jag, stopped mid stride, did an abrupt

about face and returned to the car. They left and I've never seen him or that vehicle there again.

I think Jager was mildly disappointed.



BIO:

Bob Bonney is Chester County's Waterways Conservation Office and valued member of The Dame Juliana League, Valley Forge Trout Unlimited and Project Healing Waters. Beside being a gifted nature photographer and a pretty good fisherman, he and his sidekick Jager may be a poacher's worst nightmare.



BOB BONNEY WITH HIS FIRST BEST FRIEND , BUSTER

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Member dues per calendar year are \$20-Individual, \$25-Family.
For new members please add \$5.






Articles, news, and fly tying tips are gratefully accepted & are due by November 15,
March 15 , May 15, August 15. Please send them to: mseymour1128@earthlink.net

Dame Juliana League Fly Fishers is an affiliate member club of Fly Fishers International
Visit their website: www.djlflyfishers.org


THREE COMMON METHODS FOR STEELHEAD FISHING IN UPSTATE NY

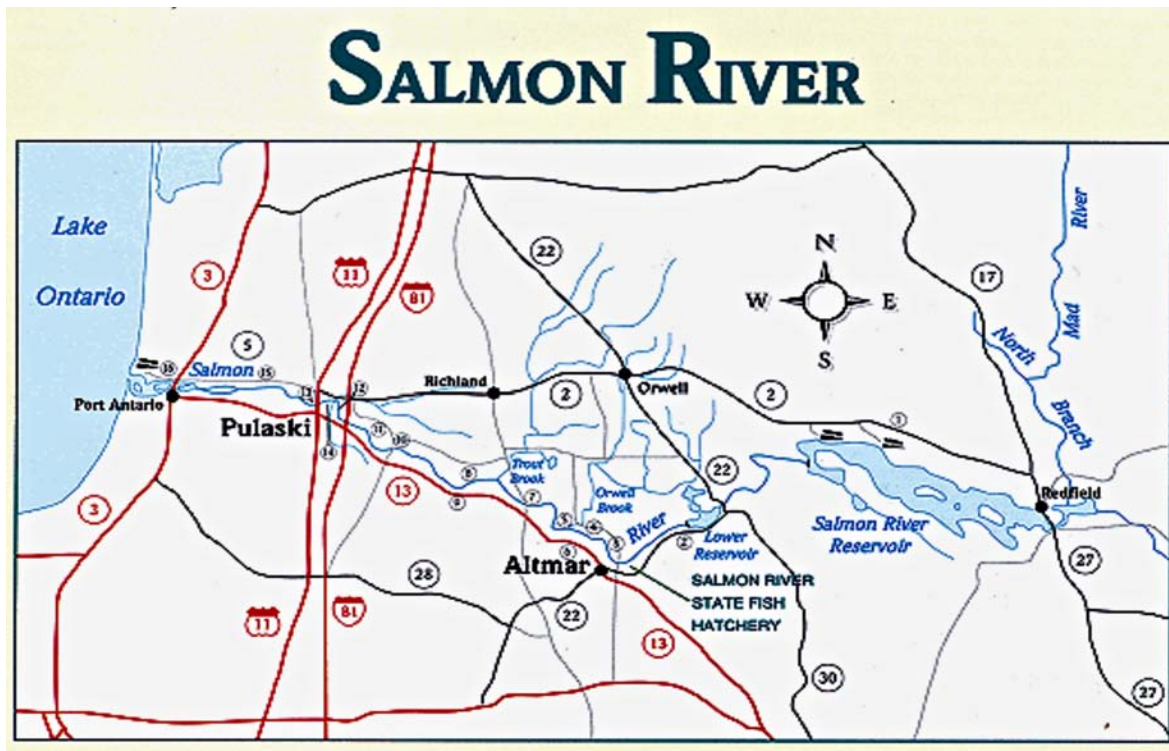
By David "Rocky" Rockwell

Although spring was late arriving and early summer was dry, we had a wet August, a record here in Pulaski, NY, setting up a great water flow for the fall Steelhead Run. This fishery is all about migrating fish and NYS's Salmon River is a year-round fishery! The order of these migrations with the spawn seasons beginning in September are:

-  King Salmon (Fall)
-  Coho Salmon (Fall)
-  Steelhead (Best in Spring)
-  Rainbow Trout (locally known as 'Domestic Rainbows'- hatchery programmed to spawn in Fall)
-  Brown Trout (Fall), Smallmouth Bass (Spring / Early Summer)

 Landlocked Atlantic Salmon (Late Summer / Early Fall)

 Skamania Steelhead (Late Summer / Early Fall)



We see the occasional Salmon the first weekend of August when river flows are raised for weekend kayakers. Every 4th or 5th year there are significant numbers in August but focus on mid-September for Salmon in numbers. In late September, early October, spawning begins in earnest. Salmon egg/milt scent flows out the river mouth and alerts Steelhead, Rainbows & Browns in Lake Ontario, encouraging them to enter river for the annual fall banquet. Through October & November the egg bite is on and then transitions to salmon flesh, insects, minnows and alevins as Steelhead remain in the river preparing for spring spawning.

The Skamania steelhead is present but rare in this fishery. This strain of steelhead was developed by the State of Washington from wild stocks on the Washougal River. Currently Skamania strain steelhead are only stocked in the Salmon and Little Salmon Rivers. Your best chance of catching one of these powerful fish is during and immediately following one of these periods of increased flow. This Skamania was caught by a Wounded Warrior with Rocky as the guide in the Little Black Pool, Douglaston Salmon Run , 9/2018.

Fly Fishing

Dead-drift or Indicators: Make cast slightly upstream, mend fly line (usually upstream) and drop rod tip as fly drifts downstream to extend presentation with as little drag as possible.

Swinging: Using streamers, swinging covers water quickly. Works best with warmer water and at its best in spring when Steelhead are dropping back to lake after spawning. Cast at 45 degrees downstream, mend upstream and, keeping rod tip low, allow fly to swing until directly below your position.

Rods: 6 to 9 weight fly rods – My personal recommendation is "Get a Switch Rod" (a.k.a. Single Handed Spey)! These 10'6"–12' switch rods provide real advantages:

- Easier to Roll Cast
- Easier to mend
- Longer drift (presentation)
- Efficient hook sets
- More leverage fighting fish (less shoulder fatigue!)

Reel: Fly Reels serve two purposes:

- Store fly line
- Provide a drag.

A \$29.95-reel stores line as effectively as a \$399.95 reel. The difference in cost is the **DRAG SYSTEM!** A fresh-run Steelhead (average 7 -12 lbs.) requires an efficient drag system. *Do not try to save a buck here.*

Line: For dead-drifting nymphs/egg patterns and indicator fishing go with a Switch Line. For swinging streamers, buggers and egg sucking leeches, use a weight forward compact switch line. Either line can be used for all three techniques but there are trade-offs.

Backing: Adequate 20# or 30# backing is critical to managing a steelhead. 200' is a minimum. Remember, not having enough backing puts your expensive fly rod at risk. Also, a lost fly line due to inadequate backing or a failed knot is NOT uncommon here!

Rock's Steelhead Leader

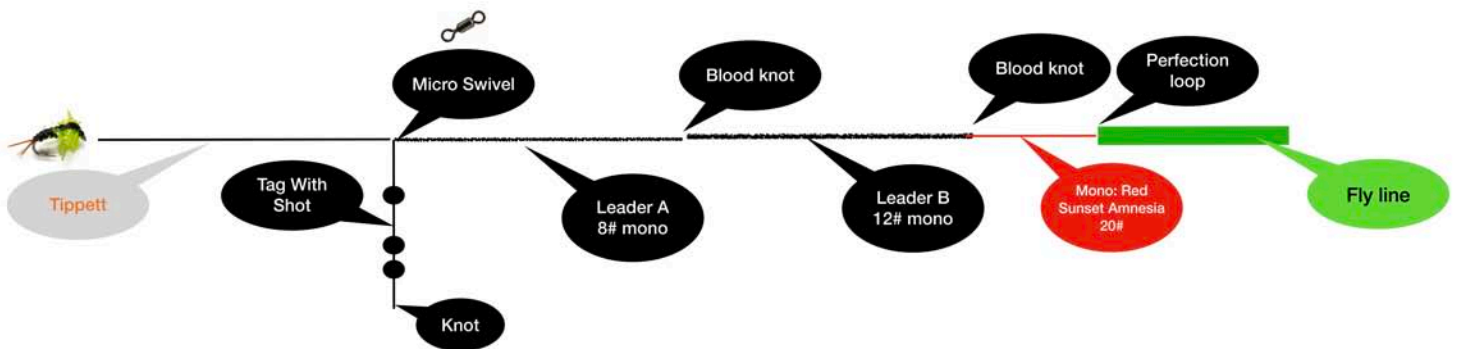
Designed based over years of fishing Salmon River and observing Steelhead. Years ago, we observed steelhead and salmon moving away from our presentations. What disturbed them? Some of us agreed that these fish felt the vibrations caused by the thick butt section of our tapered leader! This observation has been clearly verified for the last 3 or 4 year by drone footage! There is NO need for expensive tapered leaders when casting a small amount of shot. Tapered leaders are often a negative to a proper presentation here!



ROCKY ROCKWELL WAIST- DEEP IN STEELHEAD WATER

Leader (see attached detailed diagram):

Steelhead leaders should be simple. Avoid expensive tapered leaders. Vibrations from thick butt sections are felt by the fish negating a perfect presentation.



ROCK'S LEADER OVERVIEW

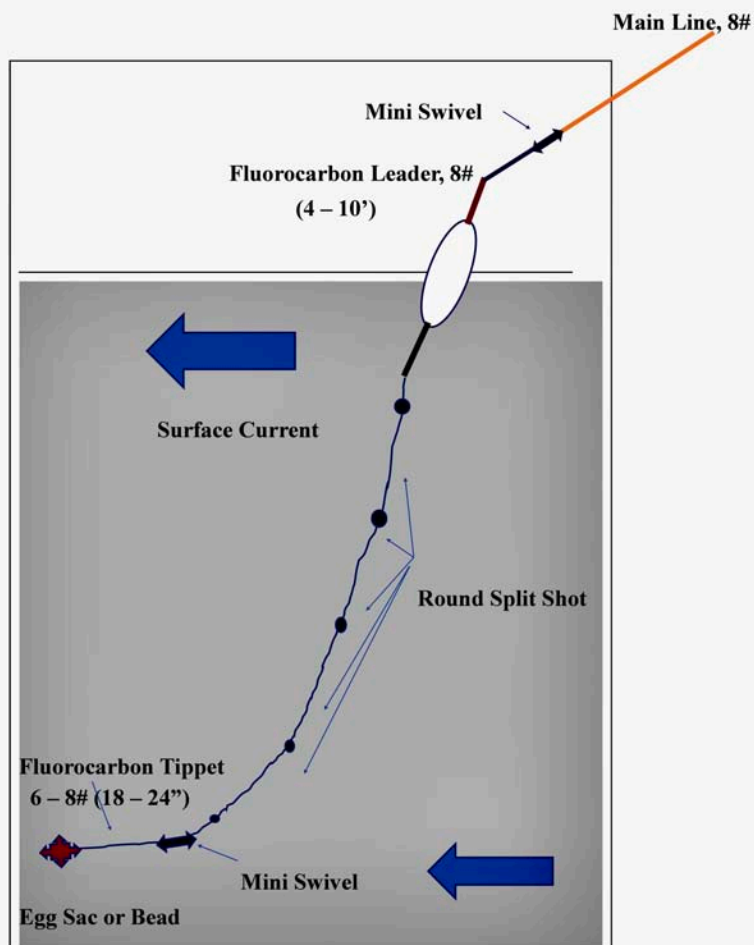
- 🚩 Overall length should be rod length to one foot longer.
- 🚩 Fly Line to 1' of 20# Sunset Amnesia Mono (red or yellow) via perfection loops
- 🚩 2.5' – 4' of 12 # mono (Maxima Chameleon or Ultra Green)
- 🚩 2.5' – 4' of 8# Fluorocarbon
- 🚩 Micro-Swivel (#12 or #14) via Trilene Knot with a short tag for split shot
- 🚩 Fly (Trilene or loop knot)

Tippet

🚩 Fluorocarbon

- 🚩 3.5' – 4' long (never under 3' & never over 4' per NYS Law!)
- 🚩 5# – 8# based on water flow, clarity & sunlight

Micro Swivel:



🚩 #12 or #14

🚩 Steelhead often hold in heavy water. Strong currents will twist leaders so a small (and strong) swivel is required

🚩 Any fly will twist a leader and this is absolutely true for Woolly Buggers or Streamers

🚩

Tag:

🚩 Short (less than 2"), just enough length to handle split shot (too long can interfere with the leader & create wind knots)

🚩 Protects leader from being nicked & weakened by split shot

🚩 Overhand knot at the end of tag to retain shot

- ✚ Mending assists allowing fly to sink, helps it to lead presentation & begin a drag-free drift
- ✚ Mending past the amnesia & into the leader pulls on the fly, defeating the purpose of the mend

Weight:

Use just enough leader weight to tap bottom once or twice. Frequently make incremental changes in weight as you change position in a pool or a run or move to a new location. Snagging bottom a lot? Common errors here: –

- ✚ over-weighting
- ✚ casting too far upstream!

Flies:

Day in and Day out, presentation is more important than pattern, generally a bottom bite!

- ✚ One Fly, single hook only
- ✚ Keep flies simple (going to lose flies on Salmon River)
- ✚ Eggs are slightly more dense than water! Steelhead see natural eggs bouncing along river bottom
- ✚ Flesh Flies for November:

SPIN FISHING:










FLESH FLIES IMITATE PIECES OF SALMON FLESH DRIFTING ON THE BOTTOM OF THE STREAM. FISHING WITH THE TYPICAL RABBIT STRIP FLY, THE PRESENTATION IS OVER AS SOON AS THE FLY IS PULLED OFF THE BOTTOM OF THE STREAM AT THE END OF THE DRIFT. WITH THE WOOLLY BUGGER

Spinning allow anglers to cover more water, usually faster than Fly Fishing. Like Fly Fishing, presentation is more important than pattern and keeping the lure near the bottom and at the speed of the current is critical.

Make cast slightly downstream, rod tip up, line directly from rod tip to float and drop rod as presentation drifts downstream to extend drift with as little drag as far as possible. Occasionally stall float Adjust weight and float as you change stream positions.

Standard Shot Pattern (Steelhead Spinning & Center Pinning)

-  Main line (orange or yellow mono8#) directly from rod tip to float
-  Two mini swivels required (main line to leader & leader to tippet)
-  Surface Current always stronger than bottom current
-  Shot is staggered: largest close to float; smallest close to tippet
-  Shot spacing: Closer together starting at float; further apart as you near tippet
-  Shot patten is designed to assure that egg sac, bead or lure leads presentation
-  Float should be slightly upstream to indicate lure is leading the rig!

Rods: 10' – 12', 2 Handed Noodle Rod

Reel: Spinning with good drag, Size 2000 – 2500, Line Capacity 150 yds. 8#









Line: 8#, High Visibility mono

Leader: **5–8# Fluorocarbon**, attach micro-swivel to mainline to 4' max tippet (NYS Law)
Most Spin Fishermen use a 'Float', staggered spit shot from float to swivel & a short leader with a bead or egg sack. Detailed diagram of "Shotting Patterns" at Raven Float Fishing Guide on the internet.

Floats: Wide variety of shapes, size in grains to relate to shot weight.

Weight: Staggered shot from float to swivel. For diagrams of weight systems see Raven Tackle

Flies, Lures & Baits: Single hook only!

-  Flies: - Same as Fly Fishing (often over-looked but can be highly effective!)
-  Lures:
 -  Trout Beads
 -  Various plastics: Trout worms, Gulp Minnows, Plastic Scented Eggs
 -  Small spinners
 -  Small Plugs: Jerk minnows have become popular over night
 -  Bait:
 -  Salmon or Brown Trout Eggs tied as a small blue, pink, orange, natural clump

 Night Crawlers work, even in Jan/Feb

CENTER PIN

Easily the fastest growing technique seen on the Salmon River! It allows drag-free drifts up to 40 – 50 yards! It is the most efficient system available for steelhead and numbers of fish caught verify this! Pinning takes some getting used to and NOT easy to learn! Casting, controlling the presentation & fighting a fish are totally different from any other technique! To learn the fundamentals, check out Raven Tackle on your computer (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RIElpFRNPnc&feature=emb_logo). Better yet, find an experienced Pinner!!!

Cast slightly downstream, rod tip high, line running directly from tip to float, occasionally stall float while line flows smoothly off reel.

Rods: 13' – 15', Center-pin Rod (long-handle & noodle-like)

Reel: Large spool built with ball-bearings mechanism (or similar) with 1:1 retrieve ratio. NO drag, allowing the bait/lure/fly to travel at the speed of the current. As the surface current is faster than current near the bottom of the stream, you need to finger the rim to slow the drift a bit. Fingers are the drag, similar to palming. Good luck!

Line: Same as Spinning

Leader: Same as Spinning

Floats: Same as Spinning

Weight: Same as Spinning

Flies, Lures & Baits: Single hook only! All spinning applications that can be dead-drifted, using primarily eggs or glass beads.

BIO



David "Rocky" Rockwell is a retired Army Officer, whose qualifications include Special Forces & Ranger Tabs, Master Parachutist, etc. 'Rocky' was recalled in 2002, serving 2 Iraq tours. He has recently retired as guide who is still a favorite at the Douglaston Salmon Run (<https://www.douglastonsalmonrun.com>) in Pulaski, New York.

As a guide, Rocky has primarily offered his skills to "Wounded Warriors," "Project Healing Waters" and other military personnel. He stays busy as a Fishing/Environmental and Military History Lecturer. (He specializes in African American Military History.) A list of his lecture topics will be forwarded on request:

profrock01@aol.com

LAST CAST

By President Kiddo

The DJL board has been hard at work keeping the virtual ball rolling and taking the downtime to revamp the by-laws and think outside the box for meeting presentations. In my short time as interim president, I've seen how much time and heart our board and members put into making this league a pleasure to be a part of. If anyone would like to get more involved please don't be shy and hit one of us up.

We love seeing all of your faces at monthly virtual meetings and have recently learned how to fly fish safely and effectively from a kayak from Mark Bange, how to have fun and keep it simple with Jim Kukorlo's "nightcrawler" pattern is now the stuff of legend/nightmare. Our November guest, author Mark Usyk, gave us a much needed break from learning things and was a pleasure to talk with and his story of the "wet elk" smells of donated fly tying materials and putting roadkill deer in the backseat of a car. I would like to thank all of the members and supporters for all of your help and participation for making DJL feel like a home for the hopelessly obsessed fly fishing enthusiast.



"HEELAN COOS"

The stream clean up and stocking of our beloved French Creek FFO section went off without a hitch and a few of our members got to shake hands with the 22 inch beast of a lunker that we hear is doing well. If you get down there, wave hello to the trail cameras and if you see anyone fishing say hello because we might not recognize each other from our zoom meetings. Well, you'll recognize me because I will be the one looking at bugs under rocks or trying to get the "heelan coos" (how the native pronounce Highland Cows) to give me clumps of their hair for tying material.

Our Learn to Fly Fish course is open for enrollment and will be held Saturday, April 24th, at Warwick Park thanks to the hard work of Skip Krause, our education coordinator. It's on the DJL

website which you can probably find since you are probably already on it if you are reading this. The Learn to Fly Fish Course is a great gift idea for the holidays and who says you can't buy happiness! It's also a beautiful way to support the league especially since we aren't currently doing our bucket raffles.

Stay safe out there and happy fishing!



Brenna

Featured Friends of Dame Juliana League



