

STREAMSIDE

VOLUME 26 ISSUE 2

DAME JULIANA LEAGUE

FALL WINTER 2021

Riffles & Runs

by Dick Moyer

The pandemic has altered our lives in ways we could not have imagined just a short time ago. The consequent disruption to “normal” life introduced seemingly insurmountable challenges requiring adaptation, sacrifice and innovations.

Dame Juliana League’s committed Board of Directors, officers and our supportive membership have responded impressively to these challenges by employing creative measures in furtherance of our mission; that is, to foster enjoyment of fly fishing via education, shared experiences and member demonstrations.

While it is unfortunate that we have had to temporarily suspend our monthly meetings at the Kimberton Fire Company due to COVID-19 restrictions, our opportunities to socialize, learn and share enjoyable experiences have been little diminished. Monthly virtual gatherings on the Zoom platform have served as an entertaining substitute to in-person meetings. Interestingly, the meeting content and Zoom presentations have rivaled almost anything we have experienced through in-person meetings of recent memory.

Through veteran leadership, perseverance and a measure of good fortune we were able to conduct one of our most successful Learn to Fly Fish Courses in April. A robust turnout of 33 enthusiastic enrollees, great weather and a well-designed agenda made a thoroughly enjoyable day for participants and DJL volunteers alike. As a follow-on, a Sunday afternoon casting clinic was held October 3 for our members and all recent graduates of our annual fly fishing course. Two Fly Fishers International certified casting instructors were on hand to build on the basic casting concepts covered in our April course. The various casts and techniques demonstrated and practiced were of value to novices as well as the most skilled fly fishers among us.

A couple of stream cleanup mornings provided more occasions for camaraderie and this newsletter has

continued uninterrupted despite the pandemic. COVID-19 challenges notwithstanding, opportunities abound to enjoy the benefits of membership in our organization. I hope you will take advantage of them.



Dick R Moyer



In This Issue

Page 1 Dick Moyer runs down the latest in League news.

Pages 2-4 Paul Valentine shares his obsession with rubber.

Pages 5-9 Joan Penry tries to tempt you with cake made from Eden fruit.

Page 9 DJL Board Roles

Pages 10-13 How Penns Creek became a place for a young Frank Ehrenfeld came to better understand his father.

Pages 14-18 Richard Parris treats us to some fly fishing in Izaak Walton's neighborhood.

Pages 19 Dick Moyer caps the issue with thoughts of an imminent escape to Utah.

Page 19 The editor tries to sort out this issue's literary sock drawer.

Where The Rubber Leaves The Road

By Paul Valentine



I stood on the edge of a gravel road, staring down a mountainside that had, at one point, been pristine and perfect. Now that mountainside was littered with hundreds of tires—small passenger car tires, big all-terrain tires, even one or two tractor trailer tires. I stood and stared for what felt like hours, but, in reality, it was just several minutes. Thought after thought rushed through my overwhelmed mind. Who would do such a thing? Why would someone do this? Someone ought to do something and clean these tires up, but how? The tires had been rolled down a steep, loose bank off of a nondescript mountain road, strewn for hundreds of feet down a steep mountain ravine, like a giant game of ring toss. How could they possibly be dragged, carried, or pulled up a mountainside far enough to load onto a trailer or truck? And who in their right mind would voluntarily attempt such a crazy recovery operation? Well, it turns out I know a guy. Actually...I am that guy.

Over a decade ago, a much younger version of me went through the United States Army Vehicle Recovery Training Course. This training was a month-long, in-depth, tens of thousands of dollars course to teach the advanced skills required to get multiple-ton vehicles out of the most challenging situations you can imagine. Little did I know that 13 years later, that course would provide me with the knowledge and training I needed to begin my tire recovery mission. Using a couple of ropes, pulleys, a zip line trolley, and some serious determination, I was able to recover something as simple as automotive tires out of a steep mountain ravine. You heard that right—no winch, no electrical power, just

muscle, and mechanical force. After a few more minutes spent investigating the issue before me and recalling my

recovery training, I headed home and promptly began to order the pulleys and other things I would need to execute my crazy plan.

Several weeks later, in four inches of snow, I was back on that mountainside dragging tire after tire up the mountain suspended from a half-inch thick arborist's rope and several pulleys attached to a zip line trolley. It took several weekends, three or four trips with my small homemade flatbed trailer pulled behind my older Subaru Outback and hundreds of trips up and down that ravine, but I finally finished the task I had set for myself. Over two tons of tires, individually and sometimes in pairs, were carried, dragged, pulled up that mountain, loaded onto my trailer, and hauled back to my home to be disposed of at the landfill once I completed the job. However, the sad truth is that I don't know if that job will ever be truly completed. That one mountainside is only a tiny fraction of the hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of tires that have been dumped in locations similar to this one across the country over the last hundred years of automotive history. So, what's the big deal with tire dumping? Tires left on these mountainsides rot and break down, leaching heavy metals and toxic petroleum byproducts into our mountain streams and rivers. These toxins cause cancer and other issues in anything that comes into contact with them for extended periods. Every year, with every season, they slowly break down until all that is left is the damage they have done to the environment and ecosystems that we love.



As I have gone through this tire recovery adventure, a lot of time has been devoted to the task itself and research about the environmental threat these tires pose. I have learned a great deal. For instance, did you know that an average of 1.1 tires per person per year is scrapped, leading to over 300 million tires scrapped per year? And this number continues to grow. Illegal tire dumps are a breeding ground for mosquitos, rats, and other disease-spreading organisms. They have the potential for tire fires that produce acid smoke harmful to people and the environment. When these fires occur, they cannot be extinguished and can burn for several weeks, leaving behind a toxic oily residue that is nearly impossible to remove.



On December 3rd, 2020, an article was published by Science on what is causing the deaths of more than half of the coho salmon in Puget Sound tributaries before they ever get to their spawning grounds. Do you know what the cause is? Tire wear particles that are being washed off of roads into streams. Those particles then leach a preservative used to keep the tire from breaking down too quickly into those streams. That same process happens when waste tires are dumped illegally into stream beds, rivers, and lakes or ponds, albeit much more slowly. It's maddening. I mean, what do we do? How do we protect what we love and preserve it for future generations? I'm not going to propose that everyone immediately stop driving cars or limit how often they drive. I'm not going to claim to know the solution because, truthfully, I don't have a clue. All I can hope is that this information lights a fire in the minds of one or two people, and those people go on to solve a problem that, to me, seems unsolvable. Until then I will continue to search for and remove any tires that I can find. I am seeking sources for tire recycling instead of depositing them in landfills so as to reduce any potential future risks and contamination. Additionally, I continue to search for more information on these issues and how they can be mitigated now. While this journey feels as though it has only just begun, it has already started to reach the minds and hearts of my local politicians and through them, the federal level. Given time and continued pursuit maybe, just maybe, a major change can be made in the way Virginia and other states approach tires, illegal tire dumping and those who are continuing to add to this complex problem



Paul Takes His Work Home With Him



BIO



Paul Valentine is a custom rod builder and owner of Harbinger Rod Company (<https://www.instagram.com/harbingerrodcountry/?hl=en>). He primarily spends his time in Virginia and West Virginia fly fishing for Trout and largemouth bass but has been branching out into salt water gamefish in the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries. His passion is conservation and preservation of the waters we frequent in pursuit of our passion, fishing. He can be found (as often as time and business allows) digging line and lost flies out of trees and bankside brush along many mountain streams in the Shenandoah Valley or pulling tires out of difficult to reach spots in national forest or federally owned land like the borders of the Shenandoah National Park. To date Paul has successfully

raised over \$600 from his local community to help pay for the cost of removing and disposing of over two tons of illegally dumped tires in the George Washington National Forest. This money was donated through online sites like PayPal and GoFundMe. Donors and supporters include Chris Runion (elected member of the Virginia House of Delegates), Ben Cline (United States Congress) and others.

How Do You Like Them Apples ?

By Joan Penry

[Editor's Note: my tastebuds became aware of Joan's Apple Cake about seven years ago when she served it at a Project Healing Waters Christmas party. True, I stepped in line in front of some disabled vets to get a piece. Having tasted it I remain unrepentant.]

Joan (pronounced JO-ANN) Penry (nee Beck) was born in German country near Lancaster in Wrightsville, Pennsylvania. Her mother, Evelyn, and her grandmother, Minnie raised her right. Her elders did a lot of baking and so then did Joan. One of these elder baker's bequests was Sugar Dusted Apple Bundt Cake. It's been made the same way in this family for over 100 years.

Here's the recipe:

Preparation: 15 minutes

Baking Time: 1 hour

Servings: twelve (if you're fortunate.)

Preparation of Bundt Pan

- * 2 Tbsp sugar
- * ½ tsp ground cinnamon

Cake Batter Ingredients

- * 3 cups all purpose flour (Joan uses Good Medal)
- * ½ tsp salt
- * 2 ½ tsp baking powder (Bumford Baking Powder)
- * 2 cups sugar
- * 1 cup vegetable oil (Crisco Pure Canola)
- * 4 eggs beaten
- * ⅓ cup orange juice
- * 2 tsp vanilla extract
- * 1 21- oz. can of Lucky Leaf Premium Apple Pile Filling

Steps

1. Preheat oven to 350° F.
2. Meticulously grease and flour a 10-inch tube pan or bundt cake pan





3. In a small bowl, mix together 2 Tbsp sugar and cinnamon, carefully covering the bottom and side of the cake pan.



4. Combine the flour, salt, baking powder and 2 cups of sugar in a large bowl. *[Though the flour is unsifted I gently hand sift the flour by spoon into the balance of the dry ingredients.]*



4.a. I bring the eggs to room temperature by running warm water over them in a bowl.



5. Stir In the oil, eggs, eggs, orange juice and vanilla. Mix well.



6. Prepare the apple filling. Empty contents of canned apples on plate and meticulously trim out any bruise spots from apple pieces.



7. Add the apple filing to the mixture and stir.



8. Pour batter evenly into prepared pan.



9. Place pan into a preheated **350° F** oven.

Bake uncovered for 1 hour.



10. (If you have the willpower) let cool for 15 minutes!



BIO



Joan Penry is the baker. Ed, her husband of 66 years, does the tasting. Joan was born in Wrightsville not far from where she met Ed at Gettysburg College. She learned to bake from her mother Evelyn and her maternal grandmother, Minnie. I became "acquainted" with her apple cake several years ago when she brought one to a Project Healing Waters outing. I dream of it often. She graciously let me photograph her making this recipe and even let me lick the beater. (Matt Seymour, Editor)



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

Articles, news, and fly tying tips are gratefully accepted and are due by October 15, February 15, May 15 and August 1. Please send them to:
mseymour1128@earthlink.net

Dame Juliana Flyfishers is an affiliate member club of Fly Fishers International
Visit our website at : www.djflyfishers.org.Dame

A Childhood on Penns

By Frank Ehrenfeld III

Preface:

Our characters are molded by many experiences. Certainly, our parents, family, schools, teachers, the era in which we grew up, our socio-economic advantages, etc. all play a role in who we become and what we value. As such, images of early childhood family gatherings during holidays, seminal moments of our first kiss, first car, first broken heart, and first trout stick with us – images we can recall of good times, bad times, and the many benchmarks in our lives.

My experiences at Penns Creek are among this list of important life moments. Penns has been much more than an opportunity to be humbled by wild trout. Instead, it represents (like many of those old, faded photos) the foundation for so many memories that have helped me grow, learn, and develop from that nimble and tireless 6-year-old kid to this “root-tripping, rock-slipping, where’s my wading staff” 60-year-old “boy.”

Let me try to crystalize those moments at Penns Creek into a few paragraphs that might remind you to think back about what shaped you, what continues to call and inspire you, and how you can tune into those passions to better understand yourself and this world. Of course, in this case, all while wading out to cast that #16 Adams just a few feet more to where that wily trout keeps rising...

Part I – Childhood Memories

The early autumn trip to Penns Creek was probably in 1967. The vivid memories are not so much from my landing my first trout there (that was on Six Mile Run not far away), but of the adventure of it all. A sweatshirt over my tee shirt, blue jeans with my Converse All Stars did the trick – as I recall the Indian Summer autumn sun forcing the sweatshirt off. The men on this trip wore flannel shirts which were also abandoned to tee shirts under fishing vests – and then later returned as the temperature dropped that evening.

The old Ford station wagon loaded down with five fully grown men arrived that morning with me in the pop out seats in the “way back.” I sat among the rod cases, the pile of vests, the cigarette cartons, and two huge old Coleman coolers of sandwiches and food and Coleman and Thermos coolers for drinks (water mostly and only a six pack of beer when a “church key” was essential gear.)

My father’s family was from Phillipsburg – just over the next several mountains from State College a few miles from his old college haunts at Penn State University. Dad grew up in a flyfishing household. My grandfather, recently retired Principal and Superintendent of the Philipsburg Osceola School District, was old school – hip-waders, button down white shirt, often a tie, an old fedora, a grizzled pipe with matches, tobacco, and tools in the fishing vest, and a basic wet and dry fly collection that his son, my father, had tied from donated pheasant, goose, rooster hackles and deer fur. Grandpa, in his seventies, did not roam miles up and down any stream poking and prodding each prospective hole for trout, instead, he was satisfied to pick a couple good holes, while patiently switching flies until his old wicker keel had evidence of success. He may have spent as much time sitting under the shade of a streamside willow or hemlock enjoying his pipe than he did wading and working the stream.

The men who accompanied my father this day at Penns did not include my grandfather, but instead, other friends and colleagues from the Phillipsburg area; his old high school teacher, Alf Jones; a neighbor, Mr. Dahlgren; and others that I can still picture but whose names have dissolved over time. The trip in that Ford was a cacophony of voices and an assortment of smells from pipes, cigars, and cigarettes. I enjoyed the trip through the old Boy Scout camp down to Poe Paddy and then, that day, parking upstream near the main abandoned railroad trestle leading to the famous tunnel at Penns.

On this day, unlike other early fishing adventures, Dad wanted to fish and not be bogged down teaching, untangling, knot demonstrating, etc. with me in tow. Instead, to perhaps compensate for this let down, he offered me the position of "Penns Creek Station Manager," a title I dreamed up that assuaged the loss of fishing that day. I accepted the offer (what choice did I have?) to man the post responsible for setting up a mini-camp around a fire pit at the sandy base of the Poe Paddy side of the old bridge. There I would carefully clean all trout caught by the men that day. I had become skilled with my dad's knife and could gut and clean trout expertly in a minute - while dissecting the stomach to report the contents to the men, thus assisting in their next strategy to match the hatch - or at least match the half-digested mayflies and larvae. In between the men passing by (all that day from our troop of five men) and dropping off trout, I explored the bridge, the entrance to the long-abandoned railroad tunnel, crayfish skeletal remains, raccoon, deer, and imagined bear tracks, as well as watching sizable browns and rainbows enjoying a buffet in that deep hole under the bridge.

Dad did have some concern about my safety. First, mom didn't need to know about using his knife to clean the



One of Dad's Favorite Sections of Penns

trout, nor apparently did she need to know the hours spent exploring alone. I recall he cautioned me about the potentially dangerous flow and limestone-aided slime that coated most submerged boulders to the extremes of slickness. I often wondered why, like the scales we use to measure physical properties such as sound volume (decibels), speed (velocity), flow (cubic feet per unit time), the international standard for slippery rocks is not measured in "Penns." I came to realize years later that that unit already expressed a measurement constant in tantalizing trout that tease but escape capture; "Trout 24 : Frank 1. I had a 4% Penns today" might have been uttered and kept in more scientific journals to record the failure rate that this stream often produced.

I found out later that my dad had fished the entire section above the Poe Paddy State Park in the morning (he moved fast in those days) and then a mile plus downstream towards Panther Hollow in the afternoon. His go-to flies at Penns included various sizes of Adams (wet and dry) perhaps mimicking the grey fox and slate drake that were out, light cahill, sulfurs, and various caddis. He also enjoyed success that day with ants and bee/yellow jacket patterns that I found always worked at Penns in the early fall.

The men gathered in late afternoon at "my" station with trout laid out in neat rows in the cooler - way before catch and release. There was smoking, eating of homemade sandwiches, more smoking, descriptions of hatches, what was working, and the obligatory "ones that got away" anecdotes. I knew the day was not over - not even close. Too many trips to Kettle Creek, northwest of Penns, had cemented the understanding of what the evening hatch represented. I recall many trips with my dad and this group of men walking through forests and up/down "short cuts" in total darkness with the rare aid of an old 2 - or 4 - D-cell battery-powered aluminum flashlight.

This night would be special. The coolers were loaded back into the station wagon. The men went - two upstream, two downstream, and I thought I'd be left manning my post with the glow of the small fire warming me as the temperature dropped. Instead, my father told me to follow him, downstream by way of the tunnel. Talk about dark and cold... add in some bats and my imagination was off the charts. "No trains, right?" "I'm sure no bears are in here." "Does this tunnel ever end?" Dad held my hand with the glow from his Marlboro our only source of light



At Night "Darker Than a Wrestler's Underwear!"

through the middle interior curve of the tunnel. There was light at the other end. "Whew."

"We" fished far below Swift Run for the evening hatch. My dad was having success in a handful of seams and feeding lanes. More importantly, I was being used to help triangulate the location of rising trout as the light faded. A technique that served me well years later and provided help to my friend and flyfishing companion, the ever patient and persistent, Jeff Davis of Yardley, PA.

As much fun as I had 'helping' the real adventure was yet to start. Eventually the only light was the stars and the faint glow of a sliver of moon rising over the low mountains. Dad waded near waist-high to retrieve me on the far side of the stream. We walked streamside upstream for a half mile until near Swift Run. Then dad, wanting to cross sooner than

later, looked over the stream and using his best judgement (see previous knife and fire examples) gave me some quick instruction that included "your mother doesn't need to know," "remember those swimming lessons at Cub Scouts," and "just hang on and don't choke me." He stepped into Penns with water only at his ankles (how difficult could this really be) and hoisted me up on his shoulders with my legs dangling on his chest and my arms around his forehead (not his throat).

"Wow," I thought, "a ride on dad's shoulders – cool." No wading staff for this 6' 240lb XXL barrel chested man. He gripped me (okay, he gripped *his* rod) and step by slippery step waded out into Penns. A third of the way up to his thighs and halfway at his waist, his full-sized waders endured the next few steps. Though there were a few touch-and-go moments I was truly all smiles, maybe almost laughing. Dad confessed later how having already committed to doing this crossing that he had regretted it – but felt that the current would have knocked him over if he decided to turn around. I asked him what the plan was if we took a dip into the fast-moving stream; he was more afraid of hidden rocks than either of us drowning.

We made it to the other side. I remember after letting me down he inhaled a cigarette. Our walk back to the Poe Paddy parking area was generally quiet. The glow of the car and its riders awaited the ride home. I relived the day in my head listening to the stories of evening hatch victories and defeats. I can still smell Penns as I write this 54 years later. I can still smell the rubber waders, the mustard on those sandwiches, and the fog of smoke in the car. I loved it. For me the day was a success complete with important responsibilities, learning about men and comradery and how, even when much older, you can still have so much fun flyfishing Penns. That day with my father is too rarely rehearsed in my mind. I think years ago it was recalled when, with my son, I enjoyed getting annihilated in pounding surf at the Atlantic Ocean shore or when, a few years later, on Father's Day, my young son and I took my father out to Neshaminy Creek in Bucks County near our home. Little did I know that we would be creating another indelible memory that day. Fly rod in hand, a #16 Adams dangling on the end of too-short piece of leader and tippet, my son caught his first trout – a stocked brown that never completed the Ph.D. of his Penns Creek brethren. With joy, my dad's eyes lit up. Standing on a sandy shoal near shore with my rod in his hand, the leukemia and early Parkinson's seemed to subside for a bit. His legally-blind eyesight squinting to see the fly on the water was aided by two younger generations triangulating the rising trout's position. That same day my son caught his first trout and his grandfather caught his last.



Me and Dad About 20 Years Ago

Part II – Penns Creek Anglers Society
Part III – Pawnee Cabin on Swift Run
Part IV – Next Chapter



BIO



Frank Ehrenfeld III resides in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Frank is the proud father of three grown children. He is a women's fastpitch softball coach and college recruiting director, active in elected leadership positions in his church and community, a musician with his brass quintet and drummer for a few different groups, a master of ceremonies, a gardener, a cook, an avid reader, and a Philadelphia sports fan. Frank loves playing Santa Claus and savoring single malt scotch after a day of fly fishing.

Fishing In The Footsteps of Giants

by Richard Parris



When Matt Seymour asked me to pen a feature on fly fishing for the Dame Juliana League of Fly Fishers I was excited and perplexed in equal measure. As a Brit who has spent many years living in the US in the Pacific Northwest, then in Virginia, and now resides back in the UK, I was unsure of the theme for my piece. Do I write about trout fishing in the Cascade mountains, small creek fishing in Virginia, bonefishing in the Bahamas, catching redfish on fly in the Sea Cotton Islands of Georgia, or fly fishing in the UK for trout, grayling, and sea bass? My eagerness to write the piece was swamped out by the choices. Sometimes there are just too many flies in the “fly box of life” to choose from and it is time to take a pause, slow down, and reflect on the “contemplative man’s recreation”.

During the COVID lockdown, fishing was one of the few activities allowed under UK government guidelines. To take advantage I signed up as a member of the Leek & District Fly Fishing Association, (<https://ladffa.com>), (LDFFA), which owns the fishing rights to the beautiful River Dove in Dovedale on the Derbyshire/Staffordshire border. This is arguably the best four-mile-long stretch of one of the top six chalk streams in the UK (if US readers need an excuse to visit the UK take note there are only 200 chalk streams in the world and 160 are in the UK). What’s more, it’s a stretch of water fished by Izaak Walton, author of "The Compleat Angler." Walton was born nearby in Staffordshire and fished Dovedale with his friend Charles Cotton in the 17th century. Walton, by his admission, was influenced by Dame Juliana two centuries

earlier. It seems fitting, therefore, that I should use this article to link across the ocean and reflect on what we can all learn by walking in the footsteps of Angling Giants. I will write about Dovedale, my club, and my fishing adventures in this time capsule of a location. Perhaps, if you like what you read you can join me for a day on the river the next time you are in the UK.

For the rest of this feature, I will draw on the wisdom of this giant of our sport, Izaak Walton, to illustrate what I have learned in recent times and, indeed, over a lifetime of fishing. I will base this around literary quotes attributed to IW.

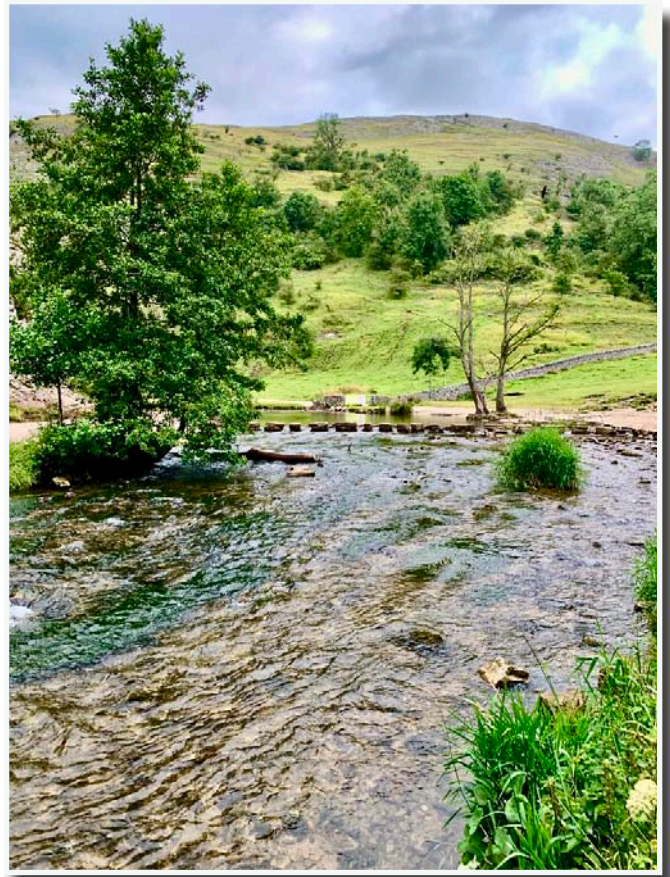
“Rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration.”

Adventures In Dovedale

Dovedale in the Peak District National Park, a large area of public access land, has been a tourist draw for the last 200 years. In a river valley cut into a gorge in carboniferous limestone by the spring-fed River Dove, gin-clear water bubbles and dances and shimmers as it flows over weirs, through riffles, into deeper pools. Shaded by trees and



Being a Discourse of
FISH and FISHING,
Not unworthy the perusal of most *Anglers.*
*Simon Peter saith, I goe fishing: and they saie, We
also will go with thee. John 1. 9.*
London, Printed by T. Maxey for RICH. MARRIOTT, in
S. Dunstons Church-yard Fleetstreet, 1653.



rocky outcrops that overhang the river, a restricted access conservation trail leads enticingly from pool to pool inviting the angler to cast a dry fly or nymph in rapt anticipation. Unlike many English chalk streams, the river Dove, and its environs are largely left to nature and many of the beats must look as they did in Walton's day.

The exception to this is the lower gouge where tourists and families visit the river's famous steppingstones to enjoy the stunning scenery and for children and adults to paddle in the shallow gravel adjacent to the eponymously named Izaak Walton Hotel. Picture this, wild brown trout and grayling sipping down mayflies and olives between the feet of laughing children and young-at-heart adults. While anglers wade from back to bank seeking pools and foam lines, families, and groups of all creeds from the industrial heartlands of the English Midlands break bread, picnic, and stand in line to cross the river on stepping-stones installed as a tourist draw in the 19th century.

Beneath the feet of these joyful visitors lies a watery world of trout and grayling feasting on the feedstock stirred up by trampling humanity. All this commotion desensitizes the trout to an approaching anglers' silhouette who can cast a line to fish that are unobserved by many a weekend pleasure seeker.

"I have laid aside business, and gone a'fishing."

Never has Izaak Walton given such sound advice in the 16th century to prepare us all for living in the 21st century.

Dovedale Diary

Let me explain; this essay is six months late on my promise to Matt to write the piece, mainly because after a lifetime of being in business, when many say I should be retiring, I remain driven by the buzz of making deals. This eats the hours and creates a blizzard of conflicting priorities. The hustle of work-life is all too often a hard taskmaster. For me, fishing is the perfect antidote to these stresses of business. It clears my mind and cleanses my body. It smooths my mental health, and the fresh air and exercise keep me physically healthy.

For me, the escape begins the moment I pull into the Dovedale parking lot, sitting as it does in a deep gouge without cell phone coverage. I walk a mile along the bank until I am alone away from hikers and tourists; the cliffs and trees frame a narrow sky and my ears hear only a babbling creek and bird song. I can tie on an olive dun, apply a dab of floatant and make a perfect upstream cast without fear of a cell phone ping of incoming messages interrupting a moment that Walton may have experienced 400 years before.

The in-the-moment concentration on a just-visible hackle, in a foam line below a riffle, is an escape from the real world into a timeless piscatorial realm. My angler's poise and readiness to strike a hook hang in a finely-tuned balance, when all at once a rolling golden flank emerges from the depths, and the denizen's mouth engulfs my dry fly.



It is a moment that can rarely be consummated without a zen-like focus that has already emptied the mind of more earthly distractions and connects the angler with a brotherhood of fisherman across time and continents. Standing literally and metaphorically in his footsteps, I become at one with Izaak Walton in sharing a moment of anticipation.

As time stands still, a trout sips my fly and I tighten the line and as it pulls away and bends the rod and I feel restored and exhilarated. This is the moment when the balance between my consciousness and the natural world reaches harmony. The fish is no longer quarry - it is an emissary from a watery world. While it is no real challenge to my modern rod, I nurse it into the net as if it was as valuable as gold. I release the barbless hook and count the spots on its side. Such beauty in something so wild. I admire its size but I am grateful it's not the biggest in the river, so I can return next week in search of that. Carefully, I photograph the fish in the net without lifting it free from the water, I then smile as I drop the rim of the net and watch my trophy kick away back into the stream. Then it's gone as if nothing ever happened. The circle is complete and I am grateful that today I laid aside business and went a'fishing.

"O, sir, doubt not that Angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly."



The hiker stood and watched as I backcast downstream before placing the dry fly 45 degrees upstream within a few inches of the rock wall of the opposite bank just at the point where the current sped over a submerged boulder before breaking and bubbling into the most enticing of pools. "Your casting is beautiful to watch," the hiker said, "like a form of art." Did she not see all the casts that didn't fall quite so effortlessly in the sweet spot at the head of the drift. How many hours of toil have I spent to perfect the roll cast of my dreams? Is it muscle memory that allows the side cast to plant the fly in the creek under the tree rather than adorning its branches? It seems to me that the line between art and blunder is a very fine one.

Maybe we fly fishermen are all artists in our way? Rather than evoking a landscape and a mood

with brushes, a palette of colors and a blank canvas, we anglers walk the river with a rod, line, and concoction of feathers, fur, and silken thread aiming to impersonate and mimic some of the most ephemeral of creatures at the very

moment when they transition from an underwater bug to an iridescent thing of beauty. Surely this is an art of the highest form.

"Good company in a journey makes the way seem shorter."

In "The Compleat Angler," Walton navigates a journey through the English countryside with two friends, a hunter and a falconer. During their pastoral journey, they enjoy a discourse on the joys of fishing. Four hundred years later the conversation remains *en pointe*.

In LDFFA we are privileged to enjoy the company of members who are passionate about flyfishing and nature. Spread as we are



Dovedale Brown

throughout the country, we enjoy companionship through an active Whatsapp group. Barely an hour passes without a posting celebrating a catch, reporting on water

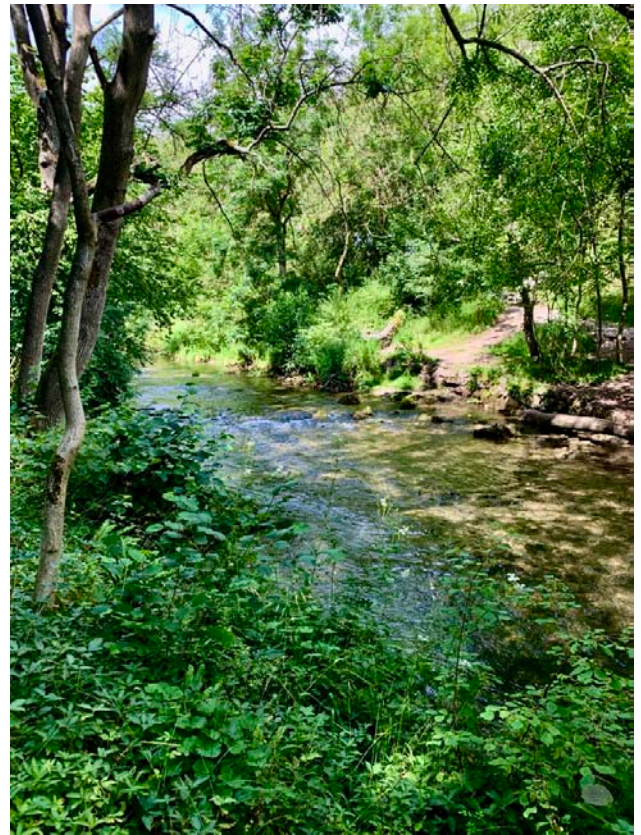
conditions, or even debating government policy on river pollution or the reintroduction of beavers into the UK for the first time in 400 years. The beaver conversation is particularly active this week as there is concern amongst anglers that beaver dams will materially change the ecology of some prime trout streams. The virtual chat room means that even though we may only see one or two members on the bank through a day's fishing, we are always in good company and our shared experiences often lead to better and more successful days on the riverbank and make the time between outings feel all the shorter.

As it is in cyberspace, so it is in the physical world! When on the Dove, I can walk four miles along bank and creek bed, and as it twists, and turns trees and rocky outcrops obscure the trail such that I can never see very far ahead. At the end of the day, the long walk back to the parking lot can seem so much further than on the outbound walk especially with nightfall closing in and no end to the path in sight. So what a joy it was last week to meet a fellow club member, Simon, at the end of the club's water. As an owl hooting

heralded in the evening, we walked the trail together and talked about the fish caught, the fish lost, the best fish of our lives, and all things in between. So absorbed were we in our reverie that in no time we had reached the trailhead and car lot. Keeping good company does indeed shorten the journey.

"You will find angling to be like the virtue of humanity, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of blessing attending upon it."

When I stand on the edge of a riffle, with light dancing on the everchanging ripple and with dappled shade playing in response to the wind in the trees, it is hard not to feel blessed and in awe of the natural wonders that envelops the angler. Are they sedge flies or olives or mayflies fluttering off the water as the trout or grayling sip the feast floating down the stream. We anglers must ponder the fly box to match the hatch or be bold enough to persevere with our



favorite patterns knowing they have worked here before. Confidence or science or superstition, we all have our methods for fly selection and, with it, we architect our great fish days and our dry net days.

The Fish

Dovedale is blessed with wild fish both brown trout and grayling. No stockfish here. For those not familiar with grayling (*Thymallus thymallus*), it is often called the “lady of the stream,” and is a member of the salmon family, distinguished by its large “sail” of a dorsal fin for steering in the stream. Often more obliging than trout, but very fast and darting in its bite, it can be caught on many of the same flies as trout but often in different parts of the river. I have always had great success with Klinkhammer patterns and love to catch grayling off the top while many of my fellow club members have their go-to nymph patterns. Very limited in its range in North America, it’s such a beautiful fish, I recommend it’s a blessing worth traveling to the UK to catch.



Typical Dovedale Grayling

"Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so."

I first picked up a fishing rod baited with hook and worm at the age of 13. Since that time, I have fished around the world. From big seas to small ponds. From mighty rivers to overgrown creeks. I have caught mighty tarpon and diminutive minnows. But what I have learned is that the best place to fish is always the water I am fishing in today, right now! The biggest fish is always the one I’m going to catch next and my favorite fly is the one I have just lost to a monster of the deep when it is the last one of its type in my fly box.

Reader, I may not be a poet but I was born to fish. I hope one day you will join me in England to walk in the Footsteps of Giants and perhaps catch your fish of memories.

Richard Parris, October 29, 2021





Bio:

Richard Parris lives in Leicestershire in the heart of England. During his entrepreneurial career he has spent considerable time living and working in Washington State and Washington, DC. Richard has fished around the world and has experienced all styles of fishing in both fresh and saltwater for all manner of species. Now a committed fly fisherman he enjoys nothing more than casting a dry fly on a small stream. His fish of a lifetime is a 14lb bonefish caught on a fly in the Bahamas.

The Last Cast

By Dick Moyer

Recent weeks have brought a sharp chill in the air as well as an almost perceptible rumbling in the ground as another thundering herd of retirees have taken to I-95 for their annual trek South for the winter. Despite the leanings of many of my migratory friends I have steadfastly resisted joining them, choosing instead a more westerly point on the compass for my winter escape. Now don't get me wrong; I enjoy the sunshine and warm ocean breezes of Florida as much as anyone, and often make it down there toward the end of the "season" for a week or two of golf and various water-based activities as a means of getting an early jump on spring. That said, I spend a large portion of these months in a genuine winter wonderland - Park City, Utah.



Some have questioned why I leave one cold-weather environment for another wintry venue every year. My explanations always focus on the allure of Utah's snow-covered Uinta mountains with their 11,000-foot elevations, the rustic ambiance of an old west silver mining town and, of course, the Provo River, a world-class trout fishery in its own right. (This is, after all, a fly fishing newsletter).

Half my days are spent taking in the incredible beauty of these majestic mountains from on high, with skis on my feet. On alternate days waders replace my ski pants, affording me a different perspective as I cast to wild browns and rainbows, surrounded by magnificent mountain vistas. The beauty is so breath-taking that I almost don't care if I don't catch any fish. Well, okay, *almost*.

As the Provo flows through these mountains it is interrupted by two deep water reservoirs – the Jordanelle and Deer Creek reservoirs. The tail waters below each dam provide excellent habitat for trout and no longer require stocking for fish to be plentiful. Fish counts reveal portions of the river that accommodate 3,000 trout per mile. This fact, combined with prolific bug hatches that take place throughout the year, afford fly fishers outstanding angling opportunities year-round. Such opportunities are not confined to the Provo since it is but one of several excellent western fishing options worthy of serious consideration as an enjoyable winter escape – something to think about.

I am a firm believer that winter shouldn't keep us from getting outdoors to enjoy all that nature has to offer. That is especially true for fly fishing enthusiasts. We don't have to be restricted to tying flies to fill our fly boxes in anticipation of next spring's opening day of trout season. A winter fishing escape of the type I just described is available in venues too numerous to mention. If winter travel is not in the cards there are plenty of opportunities to dip a line in one of our local streams in pursuit of wild and holdover trout. I am often amazed at how quickly winter passes the more I find myself standing in a winter stream so engaged.

Writer's Cramp

By Matt Seymour

Despite the long hours Ted Nawalinski and I devote to this publication, it is generally a labor of love. Soliciting (extracting?) stories is often a renewal of old fly fishing friendships and acquaintances. We even have the audacity to call people who we may only know about but who strike us as interesting or informative. Fortunately these qualities are frequently accompanied by some literary sensibility. Sometimes, not always.

Our first story is by Paul Valentine whose acerbic perspective appears in most of his many posts to Facebook. I thought his curmudgeonly style might resonate with a few of our readers spend time sharing why "the world is going to hell in a hand basket." This will be Paul's second article for us over the last two years.

Joan Penry's apple cake recipe is shamelessly self-serving. I first consumed a manly portion of one of these about 6-7 years ago at a Project Healing Waters Christmas party for vets. I may forget names and appointments, but I never forget a cake like that. Several cakes later I convinced her to give us her recipe. A gift cake was involved. And I licked the mixer blades.

On one of the many occasions I went swimming in Penns Creek I was washed about 60 yards downstream and in my thrashing let go of my fly rod. A day and night later one of the fellows who hosted us at Penns, Frank Ehrenfeld, snagged my rod as he fished at dusk. It was another 100 yards from where I climbed out. His rod rescue interrupted my drinking jag back at the cabin. I had the presence to thank him and finish the Bushmills.

Seventeen years ago I was attending the wedding for the daughter of a friend in the UK. At breakfast the next day I met Richard Parris and never forgot that he was a fly fisher. We hadn't spoken to each other until about 6-7 months ago when I re-contacted him through our mutual friend. I am the ultimate pest and proud of it.

If you're even modestly interesting and haven't been buttonholed by me yet .. keep the porch light off.

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