

# STREAMSIDE

VOLUME 26 ISSUE 3

DAME JULIANA LEAGUE.

WINTER SPRING 2021-2022

## Riffles and Runs

**By Dick Moyer**

As we close the books on another winter, I find myself taking stock of events that shape our club and contribute to our opportunities as fly fishers. It is probably safe to say that, at this time of year, many of us are eager to shake off the remnants of seasonal cabin fever, and many pale complexions are in need of some serious sun exposure. We all are certainly tired of dealing with the effects of a ubiquitous omicronic menace that has served to exacerbate these annual maladies. Fortunately, circumstances are aligning to afford us considerable optimism as we look ahead.

Typically, winter nights spent at the tying bench ensure that many fly boxes have been filled with “can’t miss” patterns that we now look forward to testing on our favorite section of stream. Once again, through the efforts of a group of hearty Dame Juliana League volunteers, the fly-fishing-only portion of French Creek was float-stocked in February, and a gradual renewal of angling activity on these waters is already well under way.

The Pennsylvania Fish and Boat Commission have apparently put an end to the ever-changing date for the state-wide opening of trout season by settling on the first Saturday in April, which falls on April 2 this year. Gone is the two-tiered system separating southeastern Pennsylvania from the rest of the State as well as the recent unpredictable COVID-19-mandated date changes.

Perhaps the highlight of our Club calendar is the upcoming April 23 date selected for our DJL Learn-to-Fly-Fish course, a tradition that has continued for 27 years. For the second year in a row, all available registration spots were filled months in advance thanks

to the tireless efforts and organizational skills of Skip Krause, our course Director.

Mike Ferraro, our Membership Chairman reports that our club is growing and now exceeds 150 members. Thirty-two new members will be added in April as the graduates from our Learn-to-Fly-Fish course each receive their first-year membership as part of the cost of registration.

The Dame Juliana League Board of Directors continues to evolve with the addition of a new Treasurer. Albert Wei brings impressive capabilities and enthusiasm to this role and we are pleased to welcome him. He succeeds Bryan Fulop, whose diligence in performing the treasury duties for many years is greatly appreciated. It should be noted that there are continuing opportunities for interested individuals to deepen their enjoyment of DJL by sharing their talents through Board membership. We welcome all who wish to explore such opportunities.

So, it is my belief that we can all look forward to coming out of the winter months with optimism concerning the landscape ahead, as things are shaping up nicely for our club and our members.



*Dick R Moyer*

# Writer's Cramp

By Matt Seymour

Every few years it's good to change up the batting order. Same thing with volunteer organizations.

With Ted Nawalinski I began in March, 2019, to publish STREAMSIDE. We inherited it from John Burgos who handed us the keys on the way out the door. He did it right.

It's been a delight. But I need a change. And so does STREAMSIDE. I've resolved not to be one of those well-tempered volunteers who waits patiently for a replacement. The cobwebs are beginning show on my tying bench and rod cases. Time for some enthusiastically literate Lou Gehrig to jump off the bench and replace Wally Pip at first.

I've left instructions on the kitchen table for how someone might do this, but wish the next someone would make the choices for its content their own. No use having a publication if it's written by a committee. We call that a memorandum. We need someone who can animate this newsletter with their own vision. *Call Emerson Cannon.*

This issue will be my penultimate. In it we have a potpourri of tasty literary victuals.

- **Bob Bonney** returns with a memory of his law enforcement service at the 2010 Utah Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City. He didn't get to arrest anyone but, despite that, seems to have had a good time. **Pp 31-34**
- **John Burgos** is back. This time he's just trying to make us feel bad about not living in Montana. **Pp 22-26**
- I believe **Dave Capone** has written my favorite piece from the last three years. He writes about growing up in a small town most of you know. His recollections have a tenderness I associate with the finest coming-of-age stories. It's a keeper. **Pp 3-6**
- We taken a few lines to welcome our new treasurer. **Albert Wei**, and give his predecessor, **Bryan Fulop**, a thankful send off. Two good men, one replacing the other. We're fortunate to have had Bryan as a friend and Albert a fresh mind! **Pp 26-27 ; P 30**
- **Mike Ferraro** has taken some time out of his frequent hospital stays to share a fly pattern. He's made some audacious claims about this one, so whip out your vise and give it a whirl. Pp 16-22
- I had the extreme pleasure of tagging along with some of Valley Forge Trout Unlimited's finest in the fall. **Al Renzi** and his merry volunteers bedded down some brook trout fry in a feeder of Valley Creek. This was a real science lesson surrounded by some of the best folks I ever met. Pp 9-15

•All right, I'm a little bit portly. Husky? Well, anyway we've added another recipe to our pages. This one is a "Friendship Cake" by **Kevin Moran**. No, I didn't get to lick the bowl. Pp 27-29

• Last but never least, author **Mark Usyk** has written another wonderful book (available on Amazon) about the vagaries of life, fly fishing, and earning a paycheck. It's called "Not all Trout Are Geniuses." **Buy this book or we'll kill this fish!** Pp 6-7



# GUIDED TO FRENCH CREEK

by Dave Capone

We moved from Norristown to Audubon in 1954 when I was six years old. Audubon was called "Birdland" back then, due to its proximity to the John James Audubon Shrine, and many of the streets were named after birds. We lived on Cardinal Road with surrounding streets named Thrush Lane, Robin Lane, and Wren Road.



Mr. Tom Freece, One of The Finest Men  
I Ever Met

Three doors away on Cardinal Road lived Tom and Marge Freece and their two sons, Tom and Jim. Tom was the oldest; Jim and I were two years younger with birthdays just four days apart. We three became best friends.

Across from Cardinal Road there was an abandoned white shack perched on the edge of a small airport. The airfield was quite busy back then, and throughout the year would host air shows which attracted sizable crowds. We neighborhood kids used the shack as a clubhouse and play area. Near the shack were the remains of a WWII fighter jet, its wings missing, but the cockpit intact and its machine gun sitting on a turret. It was a perfect hideout.

Audubon in the fifties was sparsely populated with open land, small family farms, a grocery store, a gas station, an auto repair business, and one restaurant, the Audubon Inn.

And best of all, there was Groff's General Store. My lifelong love of fishing started here, as on display in a corner of that store were long bamboo fishing poles with lines attached to their tips, and big red bobbers, leaderless hooks, and lead sinkers that were part of a kit. And sold separately, bags of dried grasshoppers. After earning and saving enough money doing chores, my best friends and I each bought this entire ensemble. Adding night crawlers to our bait supply, we would ride our bikes, poles across the handle bars, to Jean's Creek, off Park Avenue, which eventually emptied into the Perkiomen Creek.

That part of Jean's Creek must have been no more than ten feet wide, but had some depth, and was full of sunfish, suckers, and catfish. I went back recently and it just looks like a small ditch.

As the years went by, we graduated to fishing "the Perky" itself, at favorite places we nicknamed "the Point," and "the Falls." But the shining moment for a young fisherman happened when I was ten years old. Mr. Freece invited me to join him and his boys to opening day of trout season on French Creek. Opening Day started at 5AM, so I jumped out of bed before dawn and weaved through the back yards of Cardinal Road, and soon could smell the ham and eggs frying, as I reached the Freece's back door.

Mr. Freece would greet me with, "Come on in Poner, do you want some breakfast?" His favorite spot on the creek was on Hare's Hill Road, by the metal bridge. Although we boys had all graduated from the bamboo poles, my gear consisted of a rudimentary Sear's bait caster reel and a short rod. Tom and Jim had beautiful Shakespeare spinning reels with long, flexible rods. Equipment aside, it was my lack of skill that had Mr. Freece spending more time untangling the mess of line that jammed up my reel, than he did fishing or paying attention to his own sons. I did not catch a trout that first year. I was barely able to get an untangled line in the water.



That is me standing behind Jim Freece, my brother Joe, and Tom Freece. And Sheba, our dog. 1958 -1959.

I had a favorite Uncle, Fortunato, who was unmarried and who knew I enjoyed fishing. He did not fish himself, but always enjoyed spending time with his many nephews and nieces. He was a more intellectual man, a voracious reader, history lover, and liked exploring Chester County. He loved going into abandoned homes and digging around their properties, searching for old bottles, old door hinges and door knobs, and, what were to him, similar items of interest. And he knew French Creek and its environs. To fish with "Uncle Fort," we always drove across the Sheeder-Hall Bridge, and then along the graveled French Creek Road, past the houses, stopping where the cluster of big rocks and the deep pool remain, seemingly unchanged today. He would sit in his folding chair, reading - perhaps a



Uncle Fort

Hemingway short story -drinking coffee from the stainless steel thermos and smoking Chesterfield cigarettes. I would venture a short ways downstream and sit on one of the massive rocks, warmed by the sun, and cast my bait into the swirling pools, bringing up little bass and bluegills and chubs.

For my twelfth birthday, Uncle Fort bought me my first spinning rod and reel. It remains one of my best birthdays. Later that summer I caught my first trout there at French Creek. I was standing on the bank downstream, a bit further from my usual spot. I cast out into the fast water, and it was there I hooked a small rainbow trout. My Uncle caught a glimpse of my reeling it in, and dashed down to see it, but I was so excited and shocked, I unhooked and released the fish before he got a good look at it. It was like it was just too much to comprehend.

My friends and I continued to fish French Creek for trout, and once we got our driver's licenses, we would also go to the Pickering Creek, Valley Creek, and the Pocono streams, but French Creek was always our favorite. This was never fly fishing, which brings me to a rather ironic part of this story. One day Jim and I drove to French Creek where Robert's Meat Packing Plant was still in operation. As many may know, this is off of Pughtown Road, right along the creek in the section commonly known as "the bend." We parked in the plant's lot one Sunday, waded in, now using salmon eggs and mealy worms, walked just a bit downstream to the deep hole by the section of rocks and started fishing. We were doing quite well until a voice from the opposite bank shouted out, "Hey guys, this is fly fishing only, didn't you see the sign posted on the tree?" Well, we certainly didn't, and we reluctantly exited the stream. In hindsight, thankfully it was not Bob Bonney who alerted us and then invited us to one of his infamous "come to Jesus meetings," as he likes to put it.

In the mid-70s I owned and operated a lunch truck. Aware of the crowds along the stream on the opening day of trout season, I decided to suspend fishing for that day for a few years, and took my truck to French Creek. I started at the intersection of French Creek Road and Pughtown Road, and then continued driving slowly along French Creek



Road, stopping where I saw clusters of fishermen, right where I went with my Uncle. There were plenty of hungry fishermen. Many arrived in the early morning hours to secure their "spot" for the opening bell. A stampede to my food wagon often ensued, with some of the younger patrons fueled by beer and whiskey, and a distinct herbal fragrance clinging to their vests. On that stretch of stream I felt as popular as James Beard. Perhaps a few of you reading this story recall purchasing a coffee and a sausage and egg sandwich from a good looking, long haired fellow?

So I have come full circle on what I consider my home waters. My favorite Uncle Fortunato and Mr. Freece passed away years ago, Jim Freece and I do not fish together anymore, the lunch truck is long-gone, as is the meat packing plant, and now I do indeed

know why it is fly fishing only.

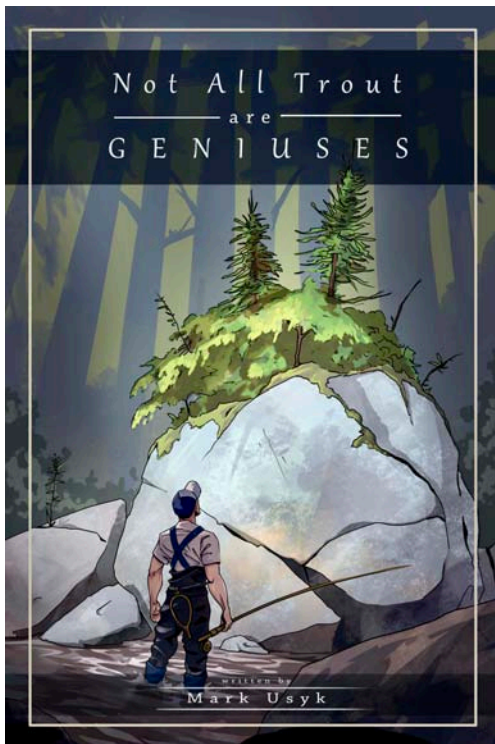
While some of the people and places have vanished, the impression they've made on me will last forever. As I wade into French Creek, right at the bend, and I look into the clear water, I can seem them, I can feel them, and I can catch and keep them.

**BIO**

*Dave lives in Collegeville with his wife Ginny. His days are filled with volunteering for a food pantry, working as a Dame Juliana League Board Member, spending time with his three grandchildren, and some fly fishing. Although not imminent, Dave has requested his epitaph to read: "He was an avid fly fisher, of average skill."*

# When A Book Happens

By Mark Usyk



The idea was simple. Write another book. The plan was straight forward: write my typical stories about fly fishing and the observations I make along the way. They're not always observations about fly fishing, and not even always observations about the outdoors or nature. But I weave it all together in a way that one thing leads to another and it works out. And done that way, I've always got something to write about. I mean, how many times can you write that you caught a trout before it sounds like a broken record? I'll tell you it's usually just a handful before people start rolling eyes and walking away. No, I'm writing about more than just catching fish in this third book. I think.

***Not All Trout Are Geniuses*** is my attempt to wake you up. Life isn't all about making money. As important as making a living is, there are still more important things than that. And there are a lot of fish out there to try to catch, which is a perfect excuse to go out and explore and experience... *life*.

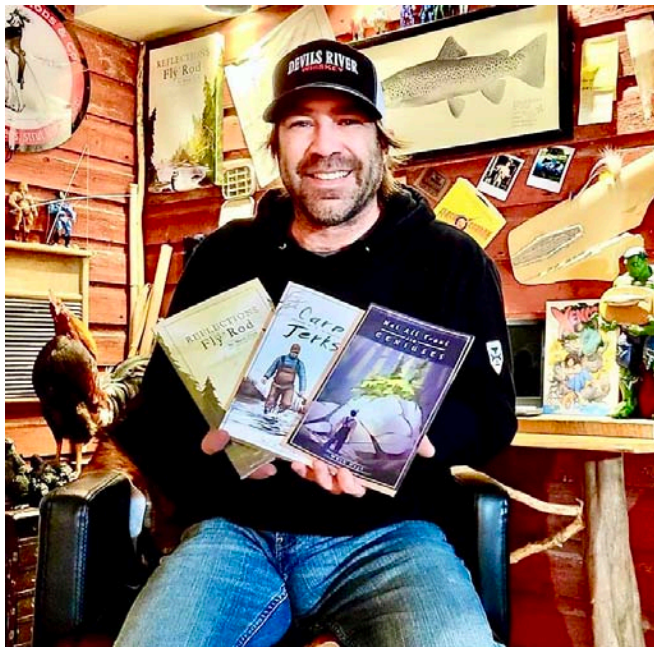
In many of the stories in this one you'll find me taking a lighthearted look at life standing in rivers, falling in and filling waders with cold water, and hooking trees on back casts. If you can't laugh at yourself, can you really laugh at anything at all in true happiness? I try not to take life too serious these days unless it's not being serious that I'm actually taking serious. But this isn't simply a book about stumbling around on slippery rocks hoping no one is watching.

There's a pretty prevalent message in these stories... You weren't born to just pay bills and die. From brook trout streams in the Adirondacks to bass in the creek running through town, there's a theme of getting away by simply getting away. You don't need to go far to forget the rat race. Any water will do when visited with a fly rod. Most of my fishing is done local. Life's too short to wait around for a couple trips a year to distant waters. Chances are you've got something local that while it may not be that pretty, still has fish in it. So go. But the stories don't stop there.

A trip to the Housatonic River in Connecticut for pike on the fly, the Finger Lakes region of NY for winter browns, and a two thousand mile road trip to south west Texas for a three day kayak fishing trip across the desert round out the stories that I hope will create a struggle in you. If you find yourself arguing to both keep reading and to put the book down and go fishing, well, that's what I'm aiming for with ***Not All Trout Are Geniuses***.

***Not All Trout Are Geniuses***. is Available on Amazon, and signed copies are always available for purchase at [jprossflyrods.com](http://jprossflyrods.com) along with my other books as well.

## Bio



**Mark Usyk is the author of three books: *Reflections of a Fly Rod*, *Carp Jerks*, and *Not All Trout Are Geniuses*. He's also had stories published in both print and online magazines as well as filling up the JP Ross Fly Rods Streamer Junkie Blog (<https://www.jprossflyrods.com/blogs/streamer-junkie>) with over one hundred and fifty short stories exploring life and blue lines on maps. He lives in upstate NY, where he identifies as a marginal fly fisherman and pushes his beliefs of unplugging and living your own life, not the life others want you to live.**

### **From The Book:**

*"I get asked all the time about brook trout streams in the Adirondacks. Specifically, where they are. They're where you find them. When you look for them. You've got to take a chance on a blue line on a map, and you've got nothing to lose but a little time, and if you're lucky, yourself. If it was easy, everyone would be doing it, and there probably wouldn't be very many brook trout left. So I'm glad it's hard. But it's not nearly as hard as you might think. It's at least easier than getting up and going to work on most mornings."*

## Dame Juliana League of Fly Fishers

President - Emerson Cannon

Vice President - **Vacant**, Secretary - Peggy Barnes, Treasurer - Albert Wei

Membership/Communications - Mike Ferraro

Sponsor Relations - Joe King, Outreach - Ted Nawalinski

Website - Tim King

STREAMSIDE Newsletter - Matt Seymour, Ted Nawalinski

Fly Fishing Course - Skip Krause

Other Board Members:

Dick Allebach, Bob Moser, Dave Capone

Member dues per calendar year are \$20 Individual, \$25 Family. New member 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](mailto:mseymour1128@earthlink.net)

## Bringing Back the Brookies

**By Al Renzi**

Valley Forge Trout Unlimited was recently awarded a TU Embrace A Stream grant of \$7500 to assess, conserve and restore brook trout habitat in Chester County!

The Stroud Water Research Center, Natural Lands and French and Pickering Conservation Trust will partner with us to accomplish this goal. We have the opportunity to raise additional funding through an Embrace a Stream



Challenge, which is a crowdfunding initiative that will expand our project by allowing us to purchase more temperature loggers, complete more macroinvertebrate assessments, as well as conduct additional brook trout DNA testing in existing and expanded segments of streams.

## Working Together On The Stream!

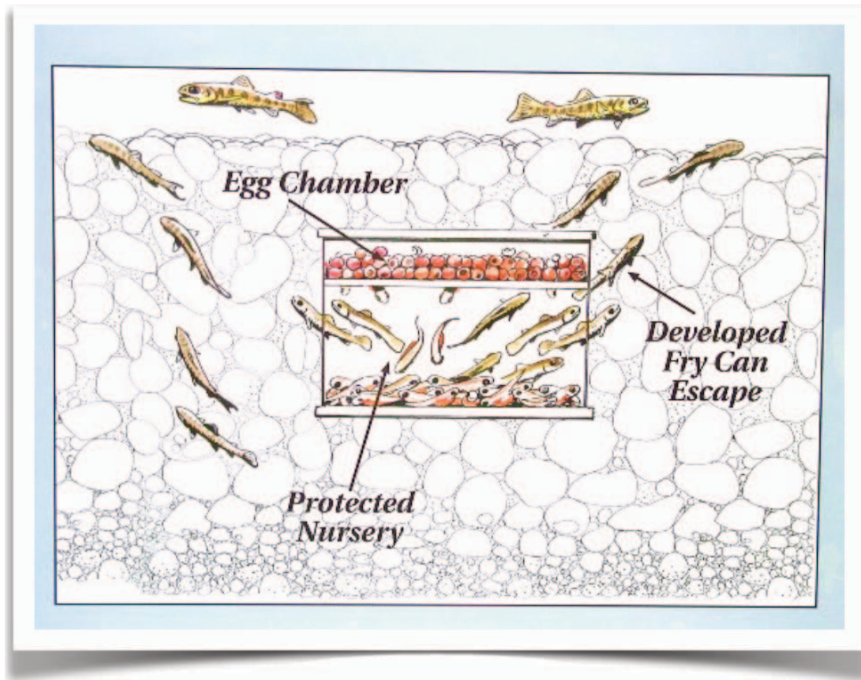
The second piece of good news is that we are back on the streams again! On October 31st, a group of 14 TU members and friends, planted 2500 brook trout eggs in a Pickering Creek tributary at Historic Yellow Springs, in Chester Springs. Additionally, we planted 2500 brook trout eggs in a spring that flows into West Valley Creek. This initiative helps to raise the awareness of the importance of our native brook trout and the fact that the presence of brook trout are a good indicator of clean water and good habitat. We were able to discuss the brook trout life cycle and the use of gravel beds to help mimic the streambed connections with old friends and new ones, too!

We started the day by familiarizing our volunteers with the challenge of successfully implanting eggs in the streambed:



Al Renzi Explains The Mission

The Vibert box is the device used to safely position the trout fry in the stream. The top chamber of the box is filled with fertilized eggs. The box is then planted in a stream. The eggs develop and hatch within the top chamber of the box. Once the sac fry have hatched, they can slip through the slots of the top chamber to the bottom nursery chamber. Within the nursery chamber, the sac fry absorb their yolk sac, start to swim, and eventually leave the chamber through the box's outer slots. The slots surrounding the egg chamber are 3.5 x 13 mm on the top and bottom, and 2 x 2 mm on the sides.



Our Box Prepped With Washed Gravel In The Lower Chamber



Before Eggs Are Transferred to Vibert Box  
Water Temperature in Egg Repository is  
Checked to Match Stream Temperature



Eggs Carefully Removed From Repository



Eggs loaded Into Box (White Eggs Are  
Infertile)



Teenage Volunteer Preparing to Give Birth!

Meanwhile down at the stream the hard work of bed preparation is progressing.



The Channel Is Cleared



The Washed Gravel Is Set In The Stream



The Bed Is Ready As the Eggs Cool A Little Downstream



Box Covered By More Washed Gravel. Orange Finder Line Set For Spring Check Up



The Crew. Some of the Finest People on Earth!

## More Good News!

Along with these two updates, we can also report that over the past year, we continue the deployment of temperature

loggers in tributaries in the Pickering and West Valley Creek watersheds and preliminarily it appears that there may be several of these tributaries that could hold brook trout. We have downloaded the loggers, especially the temperatures during the month of July and August. These data will be reviewed in partnership with the Stroud Water Research Center to more definitively determine whether we have identified good candidate brook trout tributaries.

Brook trout are under significant pressure in Chester County, PA, due to habitat loss and degradation that started with deforestation and agricultural development in the 1700s, and increased with more recent suburban development. The Bring Back the Brookies project is an important contribution to the Valley Forge Chapter's long-term efforts to conserve and restore trout in S.E. Pennsylvania, with particular focus on brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) in Chester County. A key problem that we hope to address is the lack of recent brook trout survey data. Most data go back to the 1980s and 90s, reflecting invaluable efforts by Chapter member Joe Armstrong, with more recent observations by PA Fish and Boat Commission and small chapter members from a limited number of sites.

The fact that these data have not been updated in several decades calls into question the current status of brook trout health and sustainability in Chester County. Now that we have considerable funding obtained through the TU Embrace a Stream grant, we can assess through DNA testing the brook trout sites that have been previously identified, in order to determine if there have been any changes to their status. Historically, eDNA technology has not been available for such research investigations. Electrofishing has been the standard in assessing fish population



heterogeneity, numbers and sizes. But there is the potential for substantial morbidity associated with the electrofishing process, especially in smaller tributaries with much less surface area. In addition, the cost of undertaking electrofishing studies across several watersheds in Chester County would be prohibitive. For example, a one site electrofishing study could cost up to \$3000 per site for a 100m section, whereas an eDNA assessment of the same site would cost approximately \$67. Although, eDNA technology has not currently been validated to measure abundance of either brown or brook trout, we believe that eDNA testing represents a good screening tool that can direct selective electrofishing assessments if quantitative data are needed.



As brook trout patches are identified through eDNA testing, we can better identify and understand the conditions under which brook trout are currently living by recording temperature with remote sensors, and dissolved oxygen, pH, and conductivity with hand meters, and collecting macroinvertebrates for additional information on overall stream health. Watershed and streamside land cover will come from the NLCD 2016 database. Streamside habitat will be assessed using the PA DEP protocol. As a part of this evaluation, the genetic presence of brown trout (*Salmo trutta*) will also be assessed, which will give us insight into the overall suitability of stream habitat for trout, and the brook trout/brown trout presence and their potential interaction. Our partners will include the University of Maine for eDNA testing and Stroud Water Research Center for eDNA protocol development, water sample collection, mapping and data analysis. Access will be acquired through partnerships with Natural Lands and French and Pickering Conservation Trust. Natural Lands will also be an important partner in coordinating an educational

session on the importance of brook trout and water quality. Valley Forge TU members will oversee data collection for temperature, dissolved oxygen, pH, conductivity, macroinvertebrates, and habitat assessments.

By assessing current brook trout habitat status in Chester County, we hope to gain an understanding of the physicochemical and biological conditions that brook trout are currently experiencing in the face of climate change and future development inevitabilities. In addition, we hope to utilize this information to inform the conservation and restoration efforts in brook trout streams that are under threat, as well as repopulate streams with brook trout where appropriate habitat exists.

In summary, our objective for the Bring Back the Brookies initiative is to update brook trout physical and biological survey data to current day standards and to further the science and understanding of brook trout habitat in S.E. Pennsylvania with the ultimate goal of preserving the species for future generations. The TU Embrace a Stream grant gives us an exciting catalyst to undertake this important conservation initiative.

***If you would like to be involved in the Bringing Back the Brookies TU Embrace A Stream project, please contact [al@yellowspringsfarm.com](mailto:al@yellowspringsfarm.com).***



## BIO

*Al Renzi is co-owner of Yellow Springs Farm, a Native Plant Nursery. He and his wife help homeowners learn about using native plants as part of a larger plan for conservation, whether they own one acre or 100. Al also serves on the board of Valley Forge Trout Unlimited.*

# The Blue Backed Cracker

By Mike Ferraro (Photos by Matt Seymour)

One night Mike Ferraro tossed a frank-n-fly into the muddy waters and bang! First hits of the evening up and down the river! (The details remain fuzzy about how many fish were actual brought to net - but the action was memorable.)

The little rascal that caused the commotion, created by the Minister of Mayhem, Mike Ferraro, looks like this:



Some of you doubters may think this looks more like a saltwater fly than something a brown trout may lust for in muddy water. Seasoned fly fishers don't care. (Remember what a humpy looks like?) It catches fish!

More good news . This fly can, with a modest amount of practice, can be tied in under five minutes:

- 1. Put a size 4, 2x streamer hook in the vise and add about 10 turns of .035 lead wire.**

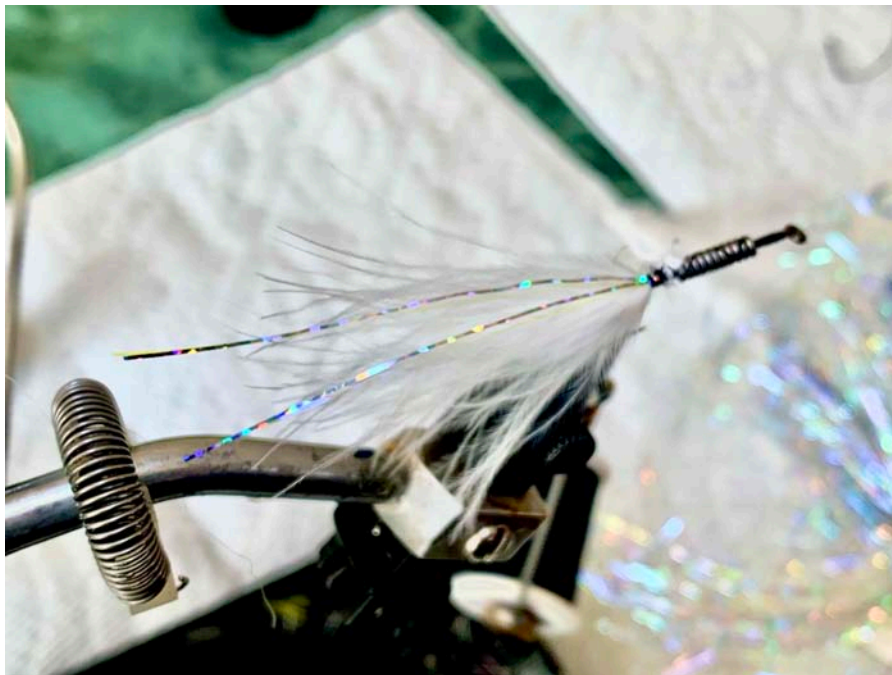




- 2. Peel some white marabou off its quill and tie it on the shank directly above the barb.**



- 3. Tie a halved piece of flash around your thread and directly on top of the marabou.**



**4. Using Wapsi Palmer chenille in size medium, color pearl, tie in a piece at the back of the hook and wind it forward to the eye. Using touching wraps, insure that the individual fibers are lying toward the rear of the hook .**



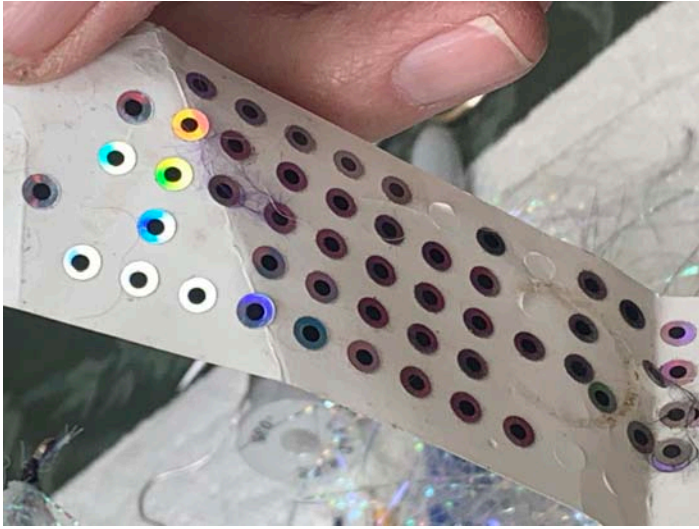
5. After you've wrapped the chenille to the eye, tie it off behind the eye, secure it with a couple of whip finishes, then glue the head.



Mike Uses This Special Glue Provided By His Manicurist. His toenails looks great.



**6. Affix adhesive-backed eyes and cover with a single drop of UV glue on each eye. Harden with UV lamp .**



**7. Using a blue permanent magic marker and holding the marabou to the rear, color the back of the fly to simulate the back of baitfish.**



**8. The finished striping should look like this.**



**BIO**

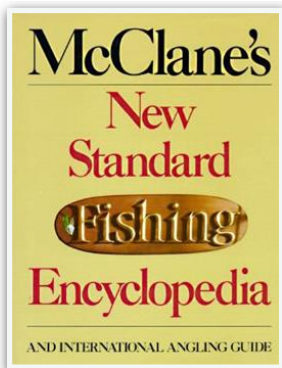
**After graduating Penn State University, Mike served as a Company Commander in the Army with the 2<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Division in Korea.**

**His career of 33 years was with Campbell Soup, Pepperidge Farm and Godiva Chocolatier.**

**He saw the light and began fly fishing 23 years ago and, though not disdaining trout, prefers warm water and salt species. A skill that endears him to his friends and fishing buddies is his ability to NEVER catch more or larger fish than they do!**

**Montana**

**By John Burgos**



“When I was a kid...” Isn't that how most good stories start? Anyway, early on I got my hands on a copy of McClane's Fishing Encyclopedia, *read* just a few pages but *ate up* all the pictures. Of particular interest were the articles and pictures of Montana. Montana was, and still is, considered the Mecca of American fly fishing. I was sure I'd make my way out there one day.

This obsession quickly became a "bucket list" item for me. Nearly 30 thirty years later, I ended up moving here.

I first visited Montana in September, 1992. On that first trip I travelled with my friend Terry. He had studied at Montana State and had extensively explored the mountains and streams of the Bozeman area. One of his favorite places, and one he knew I had to visit was Spanish Creek.

Spanish Creek begins high up in a distinct set of mountains called the Spanish Peaks. Situated in the Madison Range, just north of Big Sky, the peaks are deep within the Custer Gallatin National Forest. Access is gained through a road that crosses the Flying D Ranch, owned by (Ted) Turner Enterprises. The Flying D has the distinction of being an active bison ranch. It is wise to allow time on your schedule to account for bison on the access road. It is common to see wildlife there including coyotes, elk and bears as you make the drive.

Spanish Creek is a small freestone creek that cascades down the mountain. And, yes, the creek has fishing opportunities. Small cutthroat and brook trout readily attack surface flies. But more importantly, the appeal of that area was to explore the Spanish Peaks and fish the alpine lakes.

This past summer I convinced my brother and a friend to join my wife, Gloria, and me for a multi-day trip into this majestic back country.

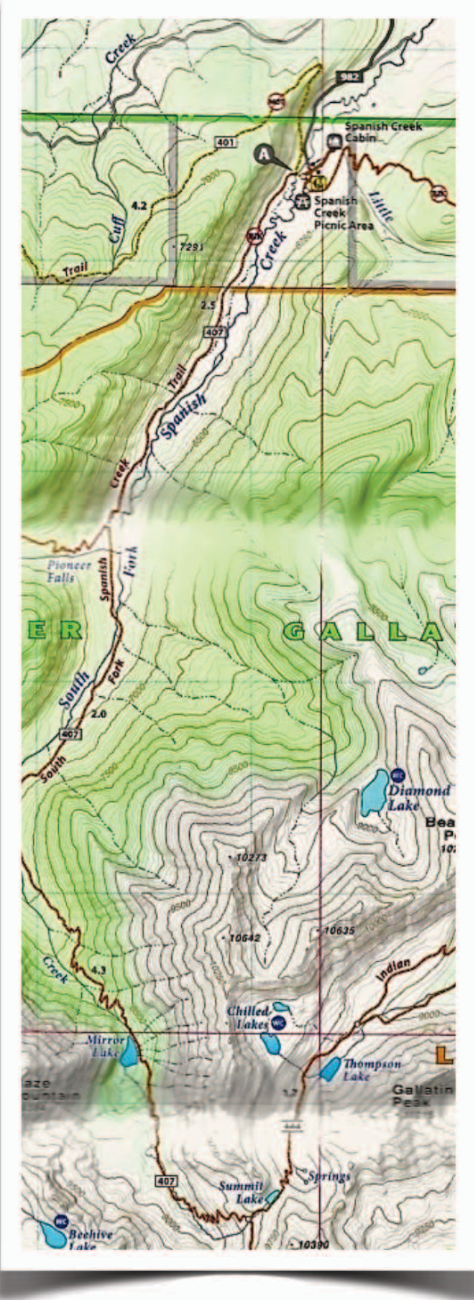
The bulk of the terrain we planned to cover is above 8500 feet. At my age, backpacks get heavier and the trail steeper. It was imperative to do my homework. Planning the route was a challenge. To add complexity, southwest Montana was in drought conditions. The chance of wildfire was higher than I had ever experienced. Contingency plans were necessary. Working closely with my brother, we developed a route and plan that would provide a plentiful mix of scenery with time to set up camp and fish. Through several iterations, we came up with a route that would allow us to visit the most lakes while taking in the ruggedness and awesome beauty of the alpine terrain.

With the route locked, our packs loaded, we began our journey.

We made the drive to the the Spanish Creek trailhead. After parking and securing our car, we began our trek from the Spanish Creek picnic area. Our first destination was the Spanish Lakes. They are a group of three lakes on the south side of Blaze Mountain, sitting at over 9000 feet . The lakes are on a scheduled stocking program by Montana Fish, Wildlife and Parks (FWP). Interestingly, some lakes are stocked with Yellowstone Cutthroats while others are stocked with Westslope cutts. No, I don't know why. I didn't mind catching either kind.



My Brother With A Good Cutty



"Are we there yet?" Finally, as we approached the Spanish Lakes, the water came within view. One thing that I



The Fabulous Spanish Lakes

learned and affirmed after each hike, is that every destination is "earned" in the Montana mountains. The trail takes you to the middle of the three prominent Spanish Lakes. We took our backpacks off, pumped some water and briefly relaxed as we took all this in. To add to our optimism, we could see several rise forms across the lake. After the short break, we searched out camp spots. While walking the shoreline, we could see many of the cutthroat trout swimming around.

These lakes receive their share of camping pressure during the summer months. I was somewhat surprised that, in my opinion, real quality tenting locations were hard to come by. It took us a bit of walking until we came up with a suitable location.

After setting up camp, we hit the lake for our shot at the westslope cutthroat trout. These fish were not going to eat just anything. We had to cycle through some flies. We tried different droppers. But, once we honed in on the fly of the night, a size 10 yellow stimulator, the cutts were more than willing.

We spent the next two days trekking through the beautiful Montana mountains while ending each day fooling a few fish. The adventure lived up to the billing.







Fishing the alpine lakes of Montana are rewarding just as they are. Beware: many are fishless. If you are after the biggest fish, it is best to check the FWP stocking schedule (<https://myfwp.mt.gov/fishMT/plants/plantreport>). The fish are stocked as fingerlings and typically grow to their largest size in three to four years.

The most influential variables I encountered were windy conditions and limited room for backcasts. Many of the lakes have at least one shoreline that is wooded and steep. The fish generally are not big. We caught fish up to about 15 inches. Nothing more than a 4- weight rod would normally be necessary. But, with the conditions mentioned, a 5-weight is not a bad choice.

have to feed. Generally, these alpine lake fish are keyed to any well-placed surface flies. Elk hair caddis and grasshopper patterns are always a great choices. The aquatic bug selection is fairly limited. A well-stocked lake box will hold small scud patterns and other small flies like chironomids. Dropping a "Ray Charles" below a grasshopper point fly can be effective.

The opportunity to fish these lakes is short. Ice out often doesn't occur until mid June. They are often iced up again in October. The fish take advantage of the few short months they



Going Home ... Never Easy

Given the opportunity, a backcountry trip is a rewarding endeavor. You'll experience sights and sounds that are just absent around home. My best advice: plan to go! Happy trails.



## BIO

*John Burgos is a past President of the Dame Juliana League.. He has been chasing spotted fish on the fly for nearly 45years most of them in the creeks of Pennsylvania. After a few trips to Montana he decided to make a radical lifestyle change by moving "The Big Sky Country." To visit him. You may find him lost on some dusty dirt road outside of Bozeman.*

# A New DJL Treasurer

## As Shared With Matt Seymour



**Albert Wei** first learned of Dame Juliana League through a chance meeting with Skip Krause on the Tulephocken. Skip handed him a club card and Albert joined DJL - couldn't have been simpler or more fortuitous for DJL and our new member Albert!

Albert's original passion for fly fishing started when he was 12, watching Saturday morning fishing shows on ESPN such as the Walker's Cay Chronicles with Flip Pallot. His parents encouraged his fly fishing by taking him on outings while both of them patiently waited in the car. After a 20-year hiatus he picked up the sport again after encouragement from a neighbor and a trip to the Salmon River for steelhead, which got him hooked for good.

As the new Treasurer, Albert will keep track of the financial details of Dame Juliana's accounts, as well as collaborating with the Board to identify strategies to increase funding for future programs. Some of his initial ideas include digitizing the Club's account payables and receivables, and exploring new revenue streams to can expand programs for DJL members,

**BIO**

*Albert is husband to Mary and father to Damien (4), Diana (2), and Clare (newborn). He resides in Collegeville, PA, and enjoys angling, craft beers, movies, and spending time with family.*

*Albert is an employee of SAP, based in Newtown Square, but has the luxury of working from home. He started his career in marketing but now has a strategy and operations role.*

*Those of us who have already worked with Albert are impressed by his proclivity for action and accessibility!*

## Uncle Kevin's Gingerbread Cakes

by Kevin Moran

---

### AUNT MARGARET'S GINGERBREAD (COMFORT CAKE)

---

Over 50 years ago, my mother, Margaret, spent an afternoon baking a cake with a couple of her nieces, using a recipe they'd found in a cook book. They were spending time together, trying to keep their minds off Mom's sister, who was upstairs, dying of cancer. For a few hours, that preparation and bake time provided a bit of solace to the three of them. Ever after, Mom called the cake Gingerbread. With it's multiple spices and flavors, it soon became a family favorite and provided the next three generations of family, friends and neighbors with a hearty treat over a cup of tea or a glass of milk. A neighbor called it Friendship Cake, others, Spice Cake. At Mom's funeral, a few years back, the priest referred to it as Comfort Cake and asked the assembled crowd if they'd ever had some.

Fully two-thirds of the 700 folks in church raised their hands.

### The Recipe:

#### WET INGREDIENTS:

- 4 EGGS
- 1 BOX RAISINS (15 OZ.)
- 1 BOTTLE APPLESAUCE (25 OZ.)
- 2 STICKS BUTTER (MELTED)

Combine all wet ingredients and mix thoroughly.



**DRY INGREDIENTS:**

- 4 CUPS FLOUR
- 2 CUPS SUGAR
- 2 TEASPOONS BAKING SODA
- 2 TEASPOONS CINNAMON
- 1 TEASPOON SALT
- 1 TEASPOON NUTMEG
- 1 TEASPOON GROUND CLOVES
- 1 TEASPOON GINGER

Combine all dry ingredients and mix thoroughly.

Fold the mixed dry ingredients slowly into the wet. Thoroughly mix and then before transfer to pan(s) or muffin trays.

1. Lightly grease 1 bundt or 1 funnel cake pan (single cake) or 2 x 1.5 quart loaf pans.
2. Then line the pan(s) with parchment paper.
3. Add ingredients evenly and bake in a preheated oven at 350 degrees for 1 40 minutes in the **bundt** pan, or 1 hour and 10 minutes.



hour



**Important Step**

*If you trust the eggs, allow youngest child to lick spoons/ bowls.*

*This ensures that someone else will learn the recipe, and help you bake, every Christmas, forever!*

4. Cool 15 minutes, pop out of pan(s) and remove paper liners. Allow 1 to 1.5 hours to cool further before covering.

## Uncle Kev's Notes :

For a pan liner, I use parchment paper, laying it sideways across the pan bottom.

- My oven runs hot, so I bake the loaves or funnel cake size at 345 degrees.
- For full size muffins figure on 22-24 minutes.
- For mini-muffins, the recipe above fills four 24-muffin trays. (See photo on right.)
- When baking mini-muffins all at the same time, I do two trays to a shelf for 9 minutes, then swap trays on the shelves and do 9 min. more.



## BIO

Kevin is a retired software engineer who enjoys baking. He's a shirttail uncle. (*His nephew is my favorite son-in-law - Matt.*) Kevin has taken a few scenic trips, most lately to the Rocky Mountain States where he didn't have the slightest inclination to go fly fishing!

# Moving On

By Bryan Fulop

The last three years serving as the DJL treasurer have been a real joy. It has been my pleasure to be part of the board and getting know the members more deeply. I have greatly enjoyed the time fishing with and serving alongside all of you.

As many of you may know, I am also very involved with Trout Unlimited, and while not planned, it became important that I become President of the Perkiomen Creek chapter. I'm excited for this new opportunity and the chance to



continue the good work in the watershed.

As many of you may know, I am also very involved with Trout Unlimited, and while not planned, it became important that I become President of the Perkiomen Creek chapter. I'm excited for this new opportunity and the chance to continue the good work in the watershed.

While I'll miss interacting with you as much as before, I'm confident that I'm leaving you in good hands. Here is what I know:

- I've had the opportunity to spend some time with Albert Wei and feel he will do a fine job as treasurer.
- We have sold out the LTFF course two years in a row. I feel this is the life blood to the health of the club. Keep up the great work.

- There is a core group of members that gets along well and respects each other.

Thanks again for the opportunity, - and to any reading this who are on the fence about volunteering in a more meaningful way, I say, "Go for it! You will be richer for it as am I."

**Bryan Fulop**  
**President**  
**Perkomen Valley Trout Unlimited 332**

## Olympic Conservation Officer

### By Bob Bonney

On an August afternoon in 2001 I was patrolling Marsh Creek State Park when I ran into Frank, a part time park ranger there. Frank's day job was a patrol officer for West Whiteland PD. Frank mentioned he was chosen to be an Olympic Police Officer for the upcoming 2002 Utah Winter Olympics. He said they were choosing only 630 officers from the entire nation. Naturally I was intrigued, so he gave me the information on how to apply. However, there was a caveat: I had to stay for the *entire* Olympic games. I had enough vacation time saved, but I needed Harrisburg's approval, which they gave. I thought, "It's already August, I don't have a prayer," but I knew, if I didn't apply, my chances were zero. So, I filled out the online application and didn't have to wait long. September 14th (right after the horrors of 9/11) I received a letter from the Utah Olympic Public Safety Command (UOPSC) that I had been

selected as one of the  
 630 Olympic Police Officers!



Prior to leaving I had to pass a Federal Flying Armed course. (I flew in civilian clothes armed with my duty weapon). The Salt Lake Olympic Committee arranged for our housing and food during the games. I would be staying at Weber State College in Ogden, Utah, approximately 45 minutes from Salt Lake City. I was assigned to Olympic Square at the games.

On February 3rd standing at the magnetometer in the Philadelphia airport, I showed my credentials including my Federal Flying Armed Certificate to security. I passed them around it and signed a log. I thought was "good to go." There are only six of us officers boarding the flight to Minneapolis for the connecting flight to Salt Lake. As we prepared to board, a very large woman pulls a uniformed airline pilot and myself, (remember, I'm in civvies), aside to check our carry-on luggage. She rummages through the pilot's immaculately packed suitcase. He was livid. I could see steam coming out of his ears as he watched her rifle through his things, then cram them back into his suitcase.

Meanwhile a young TSA man was running a hand-held magnetometer all around me, as I attempted to hand him my flying-

armed creds, which he completely ignored. Somehow, he missed my .40 cal. Beretta strapped to my right hip under my coat. I can't tell you how reassuring that was. This was a sign of things to come.

As I boarded my connecting flight from Minneapolis to Salt Lake I was summoned to the captain's cabin though for a brief moment I thought the captain might not allow me on his flight. I thought he may be curious why a conservation officer was flying armed on his flight, but after I explained that I was chosen to be an Olympic Police Officer for the games, it was all good.

Once in Salt Lake I had to wait a couple of hours for a bus for the 45-minute ride to Weber State College where I would be staying during the Olympics. While waiting I got to know John, one of the Salt Lake Airport Police Officers. This would prove to be fortuitous on the way home.

Upon arriving at Weber State, I was issued my credentials, badge, and uniform. All of our badges and uniforms -- federal, municipal and state -- were identical, although our badges were the only ones with "Olympic Police" on them. We were sworn in with full police powers and assigned our duty stations. As I said, mine was Olympic Square, which was a fenced off seven block area in Salt Lake City.

My daily shift began at 3:00 p.m., which meant I had to leave Weber State College at 2:00 p.m. My shift might end anytime between midnight and 3:00 a.m. – 4:00 a.m. depending what was going on. Olympic Square contained all of the media, figure skating, ice hockey venues and the awards ceremony platform. Typically, I supervised the entrance where the magnetometers were located or I guarded one of the two exits. I felt these exits were some of the most important assignments there. Only two of us were assigned to guard each exit, so if someone uncredentialed were to enter through an exit, Olympic Square would have to be completely shut down and cleared again. This would be a catastrophe. And yes, occasionally someone would attempt to enter through the exit to avoid the long lines at the entrance. *That was not happening on my watch.*

I also supervised the tent area a couple of nights. This was where all vehicles entering Olympic Square with supplies were searched by the National Guard. These men worked long, hard hours and slept on cots at night. I never heard one of them complain.

On one particular evening my partner, Dave, and I were called outside. There was a three-story building on the opposite side of the street with a man standing on the edge of the flat roof. He was facing opposite of Olympic Square, so we walked over to the building to investigate. I yelled to the man, "What are you doing up there?" He replied, "Nothing," and continued standing on the edge ignoring our commands to step away. So, I yelled, "Come down here, NOW." Dave and I instantly looked at each other, thinking the same thing at the same time. I probably shouldn't have put it quite like that. What if he was suicidal and stepped off the edge? In the end it turned out he was the janitor for the building and actually belonged there. Whew!

On one of our days off, we went to the women's downhill at Snow Basin. We weren't there long when one of the Salt Lake Olympic Committee (SLOC) folks approached us. (SLOC personnel were in charge of everything inside the Olympic venues.) Although we were "off duty," we were in full uniform in the event that we might be needed in an emergency. The two SLOC folks stated they had an issue with an individual attempting to scalp tickets for other events, which was forbidden at all venues. They stated they had warned him, but he continued hawking tickets anyway.







Women's Downhill

Dave and I were the first available officers they could find, so we walked to the opposite side of the stands and there he was, trying to scalp a handful of tickets (at a significant profit of course). As we approached, he had that Oh S\*\*t look on his face and couldn't hide those tickets in his pocket fast enough. Dave and I laughed because we both knew this was going to be fun! Naturally, he denied scalping the tickets, then attempted to intimidate us with, "I'm a lawyer." (Like that was going to make two seasoned officers run for the hills.) I looked at Dave and smiled, saying, "I've never arrested a lawyer before, how 'bout you?"

"Nope," Dave replied.

I said to our new friend, "If we get called back here again you will be leaving in cuffs." He got the message because we weren't bothered for the remainder of the event.

Being stationed at the entrance, exits, and roving patrol of Olympic Square was, I believe, the best duty there. I got to meet Olympic athletes, past and present. For instance, I met the Russian Figure Skating Team. I also met and spoke with former Olympian swimmer John Naber. He won four gold medals setting four world records at the 1976 Olympics in Montreal. It was slow at the moment so we spoke for quite a while and before he left, we traded pins.

Trading pins was huge at the Olympics. Everyone did it -- athletes, officers and civilians. Most brought their own specially made pins while others bought pins at the Olympics to trade. One of the two pins John traded to me was one of only 30 he had made especially for this Olympics. He traded one of those 30 pins to me because I recognized him when I saw him!

The remainder of the games went smoothly. Then the time came to return home. It turned into another interesting story to tell.

When I checked my baggage the lady at the counter directed me to stand in the line waiting to pass through the magnetometer. I knew this was completely contrary to what I was supposed to do. I reminded her that I was an officer and flying armed. She repeated, I was to go through the magnetometer, so I stood in the magnetometer line and waited my turn to enter the boarding area. When my turn came, I walked through the magnetometer and of course I set it off. The lady on the other side motioned me through then pulled out her magic wand. I told her, "Oh you don't need that - I know what set it off."

"Oh, what was it?" she asked.

I attempted to hand her my FAA paperwork and stated, "I'm a police officer and I'm armed." She immediately began screaming at the top of her lungs, "He's got a gun! He's got a gun! Call the police!!" (Naturally a hundred people were staring at us). John, my airport police officer friend, must have been very close to our boarding area (did I mention I'm the luckiest guy I know?) because he instantly appeared. I explained to him what the lady at the counter had ordered me to do. John would be having a talk with her. I boarded my flight and made it home with memories of one of the most amazing and incredible experiences of my life. I sure do love this job! Should you ever have the opportunity to visit the Olympics take it, it's a life experience unlike any other you will ever know.



## Bio

*Bob Bonney is Chester County's Waterways Conservation Office and a valued member of The Dame Juliana League, Valley Forge Trout Unlimited and Project Healing Waters. He also may be a poacher's worst nightmare.*

*Bob Bonney has, over the last three years, contributed more articles to STREAMSIDE than any other writer - by far. There are reasons for that; he's interesting; he represents the core values of The Dame Juliana League; he's serious about protecting our Pennsylvania wildlife; and whenever he's not in Utah, he's in the field nearly every day!*

## Last Cast

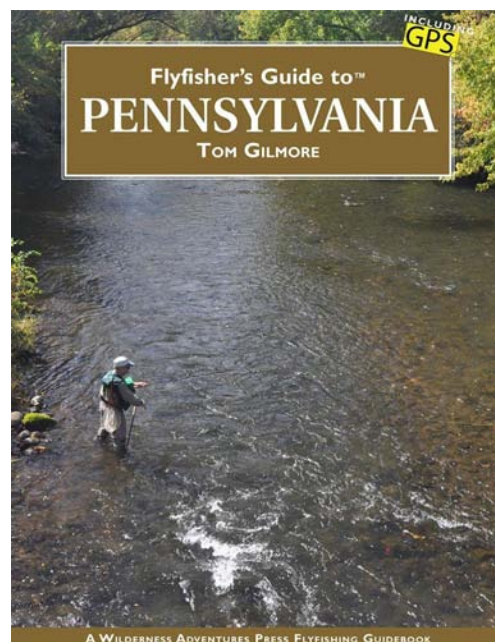
By Dick Moyer

What should the coming years of our retirement look like? This conversation has taken place seemingly hundreds of times between my wife and me as we endlessly ponder how best to make our retirement years truly golden. Options often discussed include frequent travel, a vacation home or temporary residence, permanent relocation and even sailing away on a boat.

We acknowledge that such decisions should be driven in large measure by the activities we enjoy most. For me, frequent quality fly fishing opportunities are a must. Consequently, researching attractive fly fishing venues in those locations where we might consider spending a significant amount of our retirement time often occupies my attention. The fly fishing experiences I have enjoyed most throughout my childhood and adult years generally serve as a basis of comparison for this research. Not surprisingly, most have been somewhat close to home right here in Pennsylvania.

The Pennsylvania Boat and Fish Commission boast on their website that Pennsylvania is home to some of the best trout fishing in the world. It is further stated that trout can be pursued state-wide in tiny mountain brooks, famous limestone streams, large rivers such as the Upper and West Branches of the Delaware River, and the Youghiogheny River, as well as the tributaries and ocean-like waters of Lake Erie. To augment these representations the website cites nearly 16,000 miles of wild trout streams, close to 5,000 miles of stocked trout streams and over 125 stocked trout lakes in the state. Independently, well-known fly fishing author, lecturer and instructor Ed Jaworowski calls Pennsylvania "the quintessential trout state east of the Mississippi."

Tom Gilmore, in his excellent resource manual, **Flyfisher's Guide to Pennsylvania**, ([https://www.amazon.com/Flyfishers-Pennsylvania-Wilderness-Adventures-Flyfishing/dp/1940239087/ref=sr\\_1\\_2?](https://www.amazon.com/Flyfishers-Pennsylvania-Wilderness-Adventures-Flyfishing/dp/1940239087/ref=sr_1_2?)) lends credibility to these assertions claiming that Pennsylvania has more miles



of trout streams than any state except for Alaska.

So here is my dilemma. I find myself drawn to tropical breezes, spectacular mountain vistas, seaside splendor, global adventures in foreign lands and pristine fairways in widely-scattered citadels of golf. Pursuit of experiences that will satisfy these predilections will, at times, take me far from home, and some compromises will be necessary along the way. Nevertheless, the lure (pun intended) of Pennsylvania's treasured trout fishing resources will certainly keep me in the Keystone state for a substantial portion of my retirement years. It appears that "some of the best trout fishing in the world" can indeed be found right here in my home state. Tight Lines!

## French Creek Stocking Day 2022

Recognize Any Of These Faces?

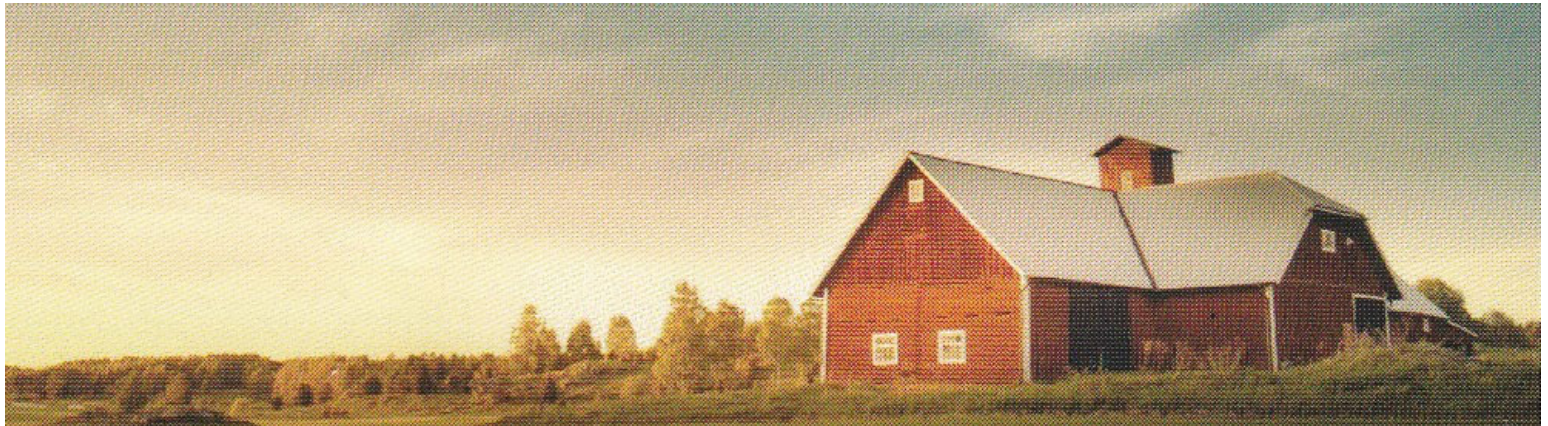
---



# Friends Of The Dame Juliana League



# Friends Of The Dame Juliana League



**Pughtown Agway**  
Your Neighborhood Country Store & Garden Center

Feed Store (610)469-9238	819 Pughtown Rd. Spring City, Pa 19475	Garden Center (610)469-6688
-----------------------------	--	--------------------------------

Anna Magazzeni, President

[pughtownagway@yahoo.com](mailto:pughtownagway@yahoo.com)  
[www.pughtownagway.com](http://www.pughtownagway.com)

