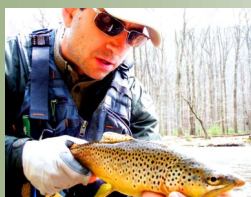


# STREAMSIDE

Volume 18 Issue 2 Periodical Newsletter of the Dame Juliana League

Spring 2012

## View from Kennedy Bridge *by Troy Dunn, President*



As predicted, last years rain produced a bumper crop of great fishing. The lower than normal precipitation during the first few months of this year accentuated the effect by concentrating the trout in the remaining deeper pools. I caught this nice brown trout (in photo) earlier this year during a Penns Creek Grannom hatch. Hopefully this latest turn to wetter weather will keep the trout happy throughout the summer.

The web site is back up in full swing now, and I want to personally thank Tim King for taking over the duties of web master. If you have any fishing pictures or journal entries, be sure to forward those to Tim so that we can keep the site fresh. The

web page is the best place to look for up to date information about the goings on within the club.

If you did not make it out to any of our meetings this spring, be sure to mark your calendar for our fall meetings beginning in September. Although it is a bit early to be able to announce our full slate of guest speakers; as always we will have a good mix of topics to whet your fishing appetite.

French Creek Float Stocking and the Annual Learn to Fly Fish Course were both very successful events, a big shout out to Emerson Cannon and Dick Allebach for their assistance with the stocking activity, and of course as always Bob Molzahn did an outstanding job organizing the course. If you were one of the many volunteers who helped out with the stocking or the course; many, many thanks!

We do have one sour note to report. There have been numerous break-ins and burglaries near French Creek, especially near Beaverhill Rd. This has the potential to have a ripple effect on our fishing access as homeowners once again begin to worry about the security of their homes. If you see suspicious behavior, please report it to the appropriate authorities.

Our next big event this year for which we will require volunteers is collecting parking donations at the Kimberton Fair. It is the last full week in July. We will be collecting donations from about 5:30PM until about 9:30PM on Monday July 23<sup>rd</sup> through Wednesday July 25<sup>th</sup>. We need about 5 people each night, and we always seem to be just a few heads short. If you can volunteer, please send a note to the

*(View is continued on page 6)*

## Learn to Fly Fish: Reflections On Our 2012 Course

*I was pleasantly surprised when I opened my inbox recently and found this email from one of the students who attended our 19th Annual "Learn to Fly Fish" Course a few weeks ago. In my mind it says it all. I am reprinting it below in its unedited entirety.*

*-The Editor*

Dear Dame Juliana League,

I would like to begin this with letter with a hearty "Thank You!" My sisters, Marie & Joanne and I attended your "Learn To Fly Fish course" on Saturday April 28, 2012, and it was such a pleasure! I cannot express what a joy it was to attend such a well thought out, and organized event. My family have always been half-hearted "bait fishers," you know the type.. We always had a couple of rods hanging out in the garage, and opening day was always camping out and partying until the wee hours of the morning, and being generally obnoxious. Being the last child of 5, and having been closer in age to my older brothers...

"fishing" was NOT a high priority in my life... But my sisters being 17 years my elders, have at this point their lives have reengaged with fishing because they have more time and their kids are out of the house etc.. I on the other hand was not seeing the joy of plopping a worm or what have you, in the water and watching the bobber.. On our annual family camping trips (yes these many long years later we still do this:) I would trudging around the woods and streams with my camera, which I found ever so much more interesting than what they were doing.. But the same things drew me to the water.. There is a calmness that being on a stream, lake or river can give the soul. One day, while trekking along Hyner Run, I came upon a fisherman.. He was oblivious to my presence.. He was a fly fisherman.. And I don't know what it was, maybe the light.. As he arced the line out of the water, and the droplets that followed where caught suspended in the sunlight dappling through the ever-

greens, and he dropped the fly in this dark hole just under a catch of roots, overhanging the stream, immediately even to my untrained eye I could tell he had something.... He eased & played his line... it was like art in motion... almost like music... It was one of the most amazing things I have ever watched... and then he gently unhooked the brook trout (I am assuming) a small nondescript brown trout of some sort about 7- 10 inches long, eased it gently into the current and after a moment it swam off.. Unharmd...I was

*(Course is continued on page 7)*

### ***Elsewhere in this issue...***

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*The Pattern Playoffs*

*The Good Life*

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*Saltwater Journal*

*Susquehanna Smallmouth Ban*

## The Marlin

By Emerson Cannon

For the past 6 years I have gone to Costa Rica and Guatemala to try for sailfish and blue marlin on a fly. A marlin is a deep water fly fisher's dream fish. There is no larger prize. Sailfish are not easy prey but are much more plentiful and 1% as tough as a marlin, as Hemingway so beautifully wrote in *The Old Man and the Sea*. Over the years several of our group had gotten marlins, but not me. I once hooked one but the top section of my fly rod was ripped off and the marlin spit the hook about 150 yards out. Luckily the popper was still attached and I reeled the top section of the rod back in. These fish test equipment as well as the angler.

This past year with about 5 minutes left to my allocated 30 minutes, Capt. Mike Sheeder yelled those heart-stopping words, "MARLIN! MARLIN!" Going into our pre-planned drill, I turned left to grab the 16-weight marlin rod as Gary went to my right to get the 14-weight sailfish rod out of the way. As I grabbed the rod leaning against the fighting chair, the line looped around part of the armrest of the chair. I tried to unhook this calmly without causing more of a problem. Luckily it worked and I threw the popper over the right side (that is, looking towards the stern, no 'port' or 'starboard' jargon). The marlin popper is different from the sailfish popper with thicker and many more feathers and lots and lots of flash! The drag on the marlin reel is set to two pounds as opposed to six pounds on the sailfish reel. As soon as the leader came taught from the boat going forward, I cast. Mike had been yelling for me to cast for a while but I had to wait to get all of the leader out - made that mistake of casting too soon before! I aimed for the water! Mike yells, just as he did with Dave, "Move it to the flat water." This begins about 20 feet off the stern and on the left side. I guess he meant for me to walk over and get it there, but I re-cast. Now he was saying, "No! Don't cast!" as the line went back....Too late! I re-cast and hit the flat water. The mates teased the fish in a bit more and then the marlin took it going from left to right with a vengeance! A sailfish will hit hard once in awhile. Some-

times the sail stays right there and messes with the popper and you must really strip strike to set the hook. The only easy strikes with a sail are when he turns and heads totally away from the boat. The marlin hits so hard that the strip strike is already built in as it eats and is going away.

The head and shoulders of this fish are



The Marlin

huge and that head and huge eye blasting across has your heart stopping, then accelerating out of your chest.

The fish went out and then turned left and zoomed about two feet deep for 40-50



The Marlin is brought to the transom of the boat before it is cut free to fight another day

yards and jumped a bunch of times. I was into my backing. The marlin rod has an 8-9 foot leader with its 20 lb section in the middle, 20-30 feet of 500-grain dark brown head to load the rod and 100 feet of 80 lb mono that acts as a shock absorber, as it stretches up to 10% of its length. This is then looped to 800 yards of 60 lb Tuf-Line XP backing. This same setup had

already gotten Danny a marlin a few years ago and Dave his fish the day before. I had tied all of the knots up to the leader, so I had been through two very nervous times and the knots had made it...just hoped for one more! Mike is backing down as fast as the boat can go...it was a bit choppy so the waves were crashing all over me and it

was difficult at times to see as the water washed between my face and sunglasses.

Mr. Marlin then speeds rapidly left, super fast and going deeper. I yell to Mike, "Should I go to the left corner?" as he always wants you to go straight to the right corner. He says yes. He is backing to the fish as I am cranking in as fast as my hand can turn. The fish now seems to be fairly deep but I am still tight. I have stuck the rod tip down in the water maybe two feet. All of a sudden the fish reverses and goes right but at an angle that takes it under the boat. Fortunately, I have had practice with this many times before, starting 35 years ago with larger smallmouths changing directions down deep and my having to go around a motor or the bow or whatever. I read about this technique in an Outdoor Life magazine. Bringing the rod tip up does not work!

Albacore give you great practice in doing this as well! I just made it around the left corner - 3 more seconds and the rod would have been caught on the corner and probably broken. I was shuffling across the length of the transom so as not to tangle up my feet on my way to the right corner and now the yellow line of the backing was bellying in the water and I was desperately trying to get the slack out. In the back of my mind, Jake was saying, "Keep the tip in the water to add pressure to the line while it is in the belly!" The line nearer the fish was near the surface spraying a stream as it was headed towards the bow. I was not at the corner...yet. Rod tip was three feet under the water. I could see the fish in my peripheral vision now jumping up past the bow behind me, but I was concentrating on winding. Just as the line belly was getting closer to being more taught, the fish takes off to the rear past me on my right.

(continued on next page)



## The Marlin

*(continued from previous page)*

The belly disappeared immediately and now I was just holding on again pointing the rod at the fish. The drag on the marlin setup is only a few pounds to handle just this kind of maneuver! Every fast change brought spray off the line as it changed direction following the marlin!

I could easily see the fish as it sped away since the water was very clear and the fish was large. Mike now is backing up full speed; I am winding but not full speed as the boat was traveling about the same speed as the fish. The fish slowed somewhat and we got closer. I am winding. Ricardo, our second mate, was holding my shorts to keep me from falling in. The fish is getting closer; I am reaching over and winding. I stretch as far as possible and get within 2-3 feet of the leader. A fish is 'caught' when the leader touches the tip-top. The boat moves, the fish moves more...cannot get the leader in as the fish now accelerates to the left and it goes deeper. We turn left to follow. The fish comes nearer the surface and is about 100 feet away! Mike is going full speed in reverse trying his best to get close. All of sudden the engines quit! I glance around for a second and there is pandemonium behind me, but I stay focused on the fish. Later I found out the turbochargers overloaded!

Flaco, the main guide opens the hatch to the motor and I hear Mike yelling directions to reset breakers or whatever.

Mike had told me the day before, he will blow up his engines if that what it takes to get one of these guys. It seemed forever but the engines fired back up and we continued going back. The fish had taken maybe 100 yards of line out. It turned right as we followed and I wind...with Ricardo holding my shorts! We were gaining! My heart was pounding! I kept thinking: do not wind too hard and do not

said that maybe that stuff just cuts through the water easily or something but it has some good mojo!

Enough rest...now to get it in. For the next 40 - 45 minutes the fight goes on. At least 100-150 yards of backing is out by now. Raise the rod tip, reel down. Fish goes out. I get four turns in going down, fish takes three turns out. Sometimes he takes out more. I get it to the blue line. It takes it all out again. I get it half-way down the blue line. The fish takes less out but still lots left to reel in. This continued for a long time. We were gaining but my arm was killing me. I just hoped my old cheerleading injury did not re-pop! Mike said to give it a few more lbs of drag. I ask Flaco to adjust and he does. He knows way more than I do what a few more pounds means when turning the darn knob on my reel! Finally I got it to the leader again. Flaco grabs the leader and keeps yanking to try and make it jump. It will not! It starts to swim away - again! Mike says to really put the heat to it - no problem breaking it off as it is beat. I pumped as much as I could and it finally broke. No problem.

All of the excitement and congratulating followed. The day before, I asked Dave after his catch, who are you going to call first? I thought he might say Mark P. but he said he'd first call his wife, then his daughter. When I got the fish leaedered, I thought...there is no one else to call but my wife and then my daughter and tell them about 250 pounds of pure power and excitement...not me...the fish!



Emerson's Marlin flag (upper left photo)...upside down means released, the pink item on the lower right is a fly...which means of course, caught marlin on a fly then released. Marlin fly (right photo). Emerson with 130 pound Sailfish (lower left photo) caught on same trip.

put pressure on it. We got closer and I reached; the fish paused and we got real close and I slowly got the leader into the tip top. Mike yells "Got it!" and we all cheer. The fish now goes straight down.

Mike says that he does not know where we got our luck, but that fish should have been off three times. He had never seen a fish go to both sides like that and jump but stay hooked...luck was working! Mike said he hates the blue monofilament because he cannot see it but



## Excerpt from "On the Blue Water: A Gulfstream Letter"

*by Ernest Hemingway (Esquire, April 1936)*

"...But what is the excitement in catching them from a launch? It comes from the fact that they are strange and wild things of unbelievable speed and power and a beauty, in the water and leaping, that is indescribable, which you would never see if you did not fish for them, and to which you are suddenly harnessed so that you feel their speed, their force and their savage power as intimately as if you were riding a bucking horse. For half an hour, an hour, or

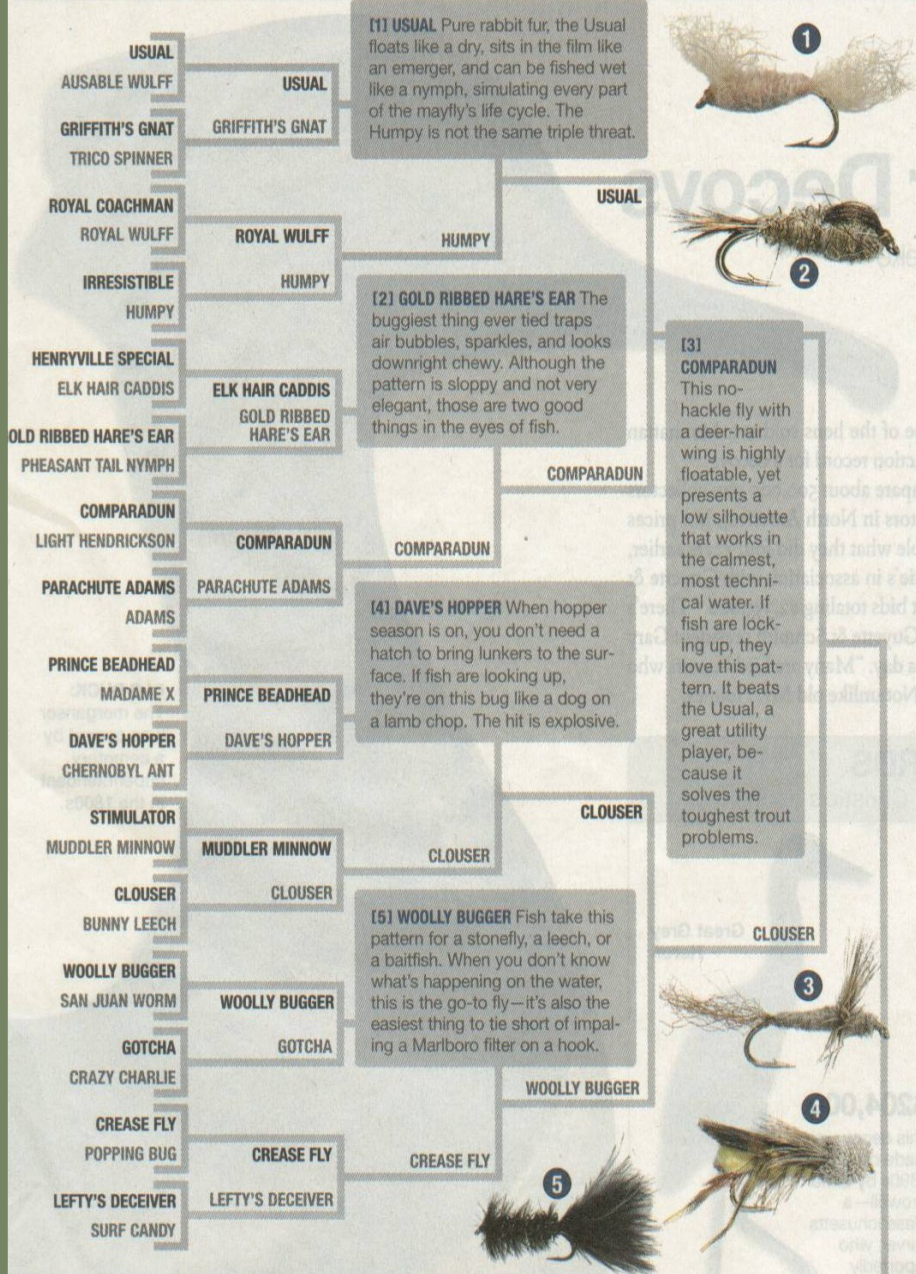
five hours, you are fastened to the fish as much as he is fastened to you and you tame him and break him the way a wild horse is broken and finally lead him to the boat. For pride and because the fish is worth plenty of money in the Havana market, you gaff him at the boat and bring him on board, but the having him in the boat isn't the excitement; it is while you are fighting him that is the fun."



# The Pattern Playoffs



EVERY MARCH, 65 NCAA teams face off to determine one national champ. But basketball isn't the only spring sport, so writer and flyfisherman Peter Kaminsky applied the playoff approach to the world's top flies. He started with 32 patterns and ended up with one. Here's how he called it.



## CLOUSER

IT'S THE MOST effective flyfishing invention of the last 20 years, maybe the

last 3 million. The brainchild of Pennsylvania smallmouth angler Bob Clouser, it works everywhere for every fish—trout and bass in streams, anything in a lake, stripers on the flats or in an autumn blitz, even bonefish in the Bahamas. Because it has lead eyes and can be fished like a jig, there are those who say it's not a fly. But for pure fish-catching power, it's the best.

ADAPTED WITH PERMISSION FROM *THE ENLIGHTENED BRACKETOLOGIST: THE FINAL FOUR OF EVERYTHING*, EDITED BY MARK REITER AND RICHARD SANDOMIR, PUBLISHED BY BLOOMSBURY.

## The Good Life

by Joe King

Retirement is without a doubt the best. All you need to do is figure out where to fish today. A trip to White Clay Creek on a warm February day proved to be quite satisfying.

I started to nymph fish with good action using a stonefly nymph and serendipity dropper in the AM. The midges started to hatch in the afternoon. The challenge was that the fish were all brown trout, no rainbows, not like French Creek which has mostly rainbows. It took a while to determine what they were looking for.

A trip to Spring Creek in March was very rewarding. I'd been there before, and the name of the game was the Blue Wing Olive mayfly. I am happy to report BWOs work just fine! In the morning, I started nymph fishing with a fly Charlie Meck recommended (size 20 bead head he calls BLM – Beaded Little Mayfly). Wow! Does this fly work in the AM!

About 1 PM BWOs started to hatch, and I had to switch to dry flies. Hackled dry flies didn't work. The fish would come up and slap at it, but it just wasn't what they were looking for. In a small midges' box I found a fly I tied a long time ago (size 20 CDC BWO). That was all it took to fool the brown trout.

If you haven't been to Spring Creek in a while, park at Fishermen's Paradise and walk up the just-opened Canyon Section. If you walk up to the footbridge, the pool just up from it is really good for dry fly fishing.

I picked up a little job to help pay for these trips. I open the doors at Summit Fitness Club two days a week at 5 AM. It gives me time to tie flies and read fishing magazines. I'm done by 8 AM and head out fishing. Life is good!

*"The trout do not rise in the cemetery, so you better do your fishing while you are still able."*

Sparse Grey Hackle



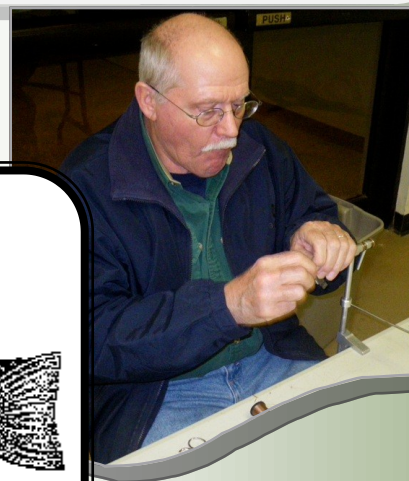
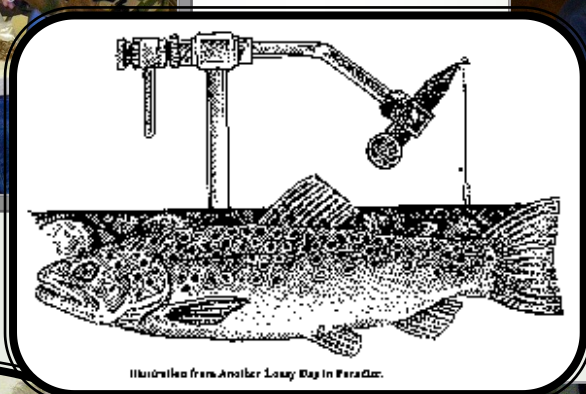
## Fly Tying Meeting 2011

Our annual December meeting has typically been a fly tying round-up. Last year (2011) the last Monday of the month was December 26. We had 18 willing and able members, tying, learning and sharing patterns and techniques! All in all, the night was a huge success!

Newbies to fly tying were given detailed instruction and were rewarded with their own flies, created and tied by themselves. They all made their first Wooly Bugger on club vises with club materials! Other members were given intermediate to advanced instructions in how to make comparaduns, streamers, emergers

and nymphs. Some of the best ideas were given by members walking around showing all specific ways they actually form their patterns.

All of the instruction and sharing was performed by club members. Next time we encourage many more members to come out with their vises to share and learn. Do not forget that we have six club vises with all materials included to use so no excuses that someone does not have equipment! Plus, it was a fun time for all.





## Saltwater Journal

Steve Ferrar came to our April 30 meeting and presented a couple of videos that made me want to go back home, dust off my 8-wt. rod, change to a sinking line and run to the Jersey shore and Sandy Hook in particular. Although I couldn't go on the trip that Steve offered to host on May 4, Mike Ferraro, our Membership

Coordinator, sent me a few pictures he had in his file which gave me a several more reasons why fishing can put you in places that will sometimes amaze you. Now Mike readily admits he is not much of a trout fisherman and prefers to enjoy his piscatorial pursuit in saltier locales. It is nice to live in an area that, within a two-

hour drive, provides such a superb range of fishing opportunities. If you have questions about fishing the salt Mike is a great resource and I am sure would be happy to help you out. Mike's email is michael.ferraro7@gmail.com



-Clockwise from left-

Mike with a whale skull found at Island Beach, NJ.

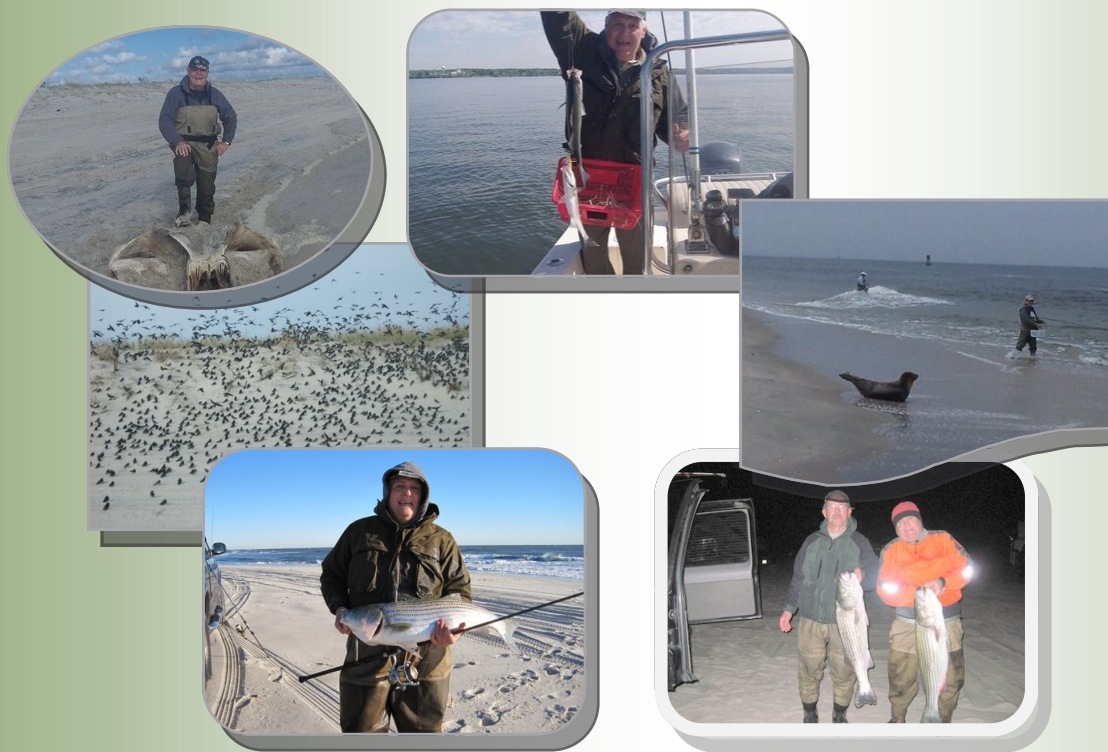
Mike with two schoolie rockfish on a tandem fly rig at the Susquehanna Flats.

Ken Leung at Sandy Hook with a harbor seal watching the action.

Mike and Ken Van Gilder with two fly rod stripers, November 2010.

Mike with a Jersey striper, December 2011.

Island Park birds.



## Susquehanna Smallmouth Fishing Banned

For the first time in more than a decade, from May 1 to June 15, 2012, the Pennsylvania Fish and Boat Commission will make it illegal to possess, or even try to catch, smallmouth bass in the lower Susquehanna River. These protections during breeding season-which follow "catch and release" rules imposed in January 2011-are meant to help restore smallmouth bass populations, which have been plummeting in the Susquehanna since the late 1990s.

Scientists are still investigating the cause of repeated fish kills in 2005, 2007, and 2008. Researchers suspect that low-oxygen levels in the liver may have stressed young smallmouth bass and made them more vulnerable to naturally occurring columnaris bacteria.

Many of the male smallmouth bass also have sexual abnormalities, with

eggs growing in their testes, according to State Biologist Geoffrey Smith. "The Susquehanna River populations are among the most severe," Smith said. "Nearly every one of the males we've submitted has been positive for intersex (female anatomy)."

Juan Veruete, a kayak fishing instructor on the river, has noticed the decline. "Just about every guy who's been out on the river for an extended period of time will tell you that they are catching fewer fish," he said.

John Arway, Executive Director of the PA Fish & Boat Commission, recently wrote a letter to Secretary Krancer of the PA DEP explaining their concern. It is doubtful that any follow-up action will be taken given the current direction of the Corbett Administration. -The Editor



## View *continued from page 1*

club e-mail address [djlff@comcast.net](mailto:djlff@comcast.net) and let us know. By helping the Kimberton Fire Company with the fair, we get free use of their facilities for our meetings. It is one of the many things we do that helps keep our dues so low while still being able to provide quality speakers and events. Tight lines, Troy

## ARTICLES WANTED!!

The next edition of **STREAMSIDE** is due out in September 2012. If you would like to write an article, story, share a fly pattern or write a poem please do so and send it by August 31 in MS Word format to

[rjm1949@comcast.net](mailto:rjm1949@comcast.net).

All articles received will be published.



**Course** from page 1

floored.. Standing there gawking with a camera in my hands having utterly missed this photographic coup! He became aware of my presence and spoke to me.. And then I started with the questions.... I had never seen anyone leave the activity of fishing (besides my sisters) without either a wicked hangover or a string of fish to go home and gut.. Or both.. Let me just say this elderly mountain gentleman enlightened me, to a whole new world.. That was about two years ago.... Then my friend, who is a breast cancer survivor, went with her sister to a "Casting for a Cure" event in North

Carolina.. And she was the one that actually inspired me to talk my sisters into signing up for your event... IF we liked it we could go from there... or if we didn't... we didn't have to invest any more money than your class... which by the way, was one of the best investments of our lives! We had such fun and bonding that day! You were all so informative and knowledgeable.....and patient! I had to drive to Virginia that night after class to pick up a friend ..and my fingers where just itching to get on a stick and practice what you had imparted. Guess where we stopped on the way through Harrisburg on the way back home??? You have added 3 new fly fisher

-women to your ranks! There is a bit of all of it that was our favorites,,, my sister Marie ( the teacher) was fascinated with the biology of the nymphs, streamers & flies.. Joanne, (the nurse) was unbelievably the first of the three of us to catch on to the synchronicity of the casting... (she is also the one we laugh at for being uncoordinated so imagine our shock!) and I, well... I have to admit...the fly-tying was one high point because I can see the art in each piece... but learning to think like a fish was by far my favorite.. Well, off to study the life cycles of mayflies.... Thank you again.

-Polly M.



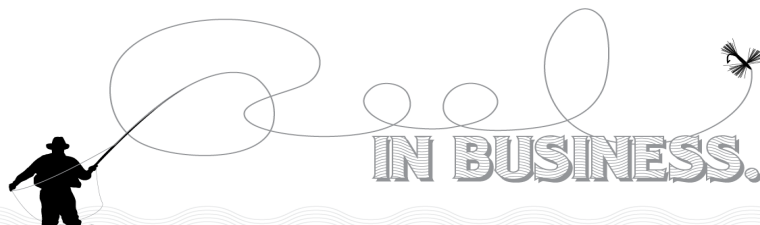
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