
STREAMSIDE

Volume 21 Issue 3

Periodical Newsletter of the Dame Juliana League

Fall 2015

Reel Tails *by Emerson Cannon, President*

Since our last meeting, I fished a number of times in May on the Tully. There were great caddis hatches with lots of big hungry fish. One problem was finding the correct fly. There was no “ONE” good fly. I might have changed flies 15-20 times per morning. Maybe one fly took 5 fish over the entire period, but no more. I had to add tippet a few times per session. It did make it fun!

I then traveled to Maine June 1, for our 36th annual smallmouth and land-locked salmon fishing experience. As per the entire Northeast, hatches were maybe 3 weeks late. We arrived to a Hendrickson hatch on Grand Lake Stream from 1:30 PM until 3 PM. It was non-stop action with land-locked salmon. This hatch is never around when we are there. One sad thing...the next 5 days we fished lakes for smallmouths all day long and come back to fish the stream during the caddis hatch at night. In our 6

day stint, not a single caddis appeared after dinner and that first half day was the last of our land-locks taken or seen. We used poppers exclusively with bass on beds and near shoreline. They were eating poppers with slight sips or voracious at-



tacks. All in all, the fishing was fantastic. However, in the process of unloading luggage, I turned and felt my back go out. I had sciatica, a sore back and have had pain at different levels from June 1

through Aug 10. It has been a huge pain. I am certain in our group of anglers lots of people have experienced the sharp electric type pain in the lower back when you twist in just the wrong way. I have had this numerous times, in the past 30 years, but I never experienced sciatica. It makes the back pain look mild compared to this pain. I know fellow DJLers' have had this as well. Riding home from Maine, not being able to drive or sit easily, I thought about the slow recovery ahead. I have been to the chiropractor countless times, used any type of aids I heard about. I wanted to go to the Tully for the summer trico fishing but figured there was no way I could walk up and down those stairs. Also, my left leg was numb from the knee down to the end of my toes. Wading in any area that had stones larger than pebbles is tough. You cannot feel if you are next to a rock and consequently do not pick your foot up far enough. I fished Valley Creek one day in late June as a test. I figured it was not too deep or swift and I would not get in too much trouble. It was still an ordeal. I did manage a few fish, which felt good, but really took it easy. Fishing on a boat two times seemed fine but my back was not tested with big fish. Right now there is no pain down my leg but the back is still sore. I am off to Alaska for those monster pike in a few days so I hope there is not a return of back misery.

What I must do is to think a bit before doing any lifting. Really thinking before doing anything...ha ha. Hopefully all will get better...there is lots of fishing coming this fall!

We really are in need of people doing presentations to our club. If you could let board member know that you are interested, it would be greatly appreciated. We would love to see, hear about your adventure or hobby.

Here is our line-up for the fall.



Fall 2015 Meeting Schedule

Meetings are held at the Kimberton Fire Co. Fairgrounds Meeting Hall.
Doors open at 7:15 PM. Meeting begins at 7:30PM.

September 28 (Monday)

Featuring Waterways Conservation Officer Bob Bonney
“PFBC Update and Tales from the Stream”

October 26 (Monday)

Featuring Mike Steiner of Nemocolin Woodlands Resort Orvis Lodge
“Fly Fishing the Laurel Highlands of
Southwestern PA and Northern MD”

November 23 (Monday)

Featuring Jake Villwock of Yellow Breeches Outfitters
“Fishing the Roamer Fly”

December 28 (Monday)

Featuring the League's expert fly tyers
“Fly Tying Roundup”

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

Yellowstone Approves Fish Restoration Project on Soda Butte Creek

by *Bob Ballantyne*

Yellowstone National Park, in coordination with partner agencies Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks, Wyoming Game & Fish Department, and the US Forest Service, has approved a project to remove nonnative brook trout from Soda Butte Creek and re-introduce Yellowstone cutthroat trout into the stream as part of continued efforts to restore Yellowstone's native fish population.

The Soda Butte Creek Native Fish Restoration Project will help restore an important fishery in upper Soda Butte Creek by protecting native cutthroat trout populations of the entire Lamar River watershed from future invasion by nonnative brook trout. This project is part of Yellowstone's 2010 Native Fish Con-

servation Plan to conserve native fish from threats of non-native species, disease, and climate. Under this proposal, biologists will remove brook trout by applying an EPA-approved piscicide (rotenone) to Soda Butte Creek up-stream of Ice Box Canyon.

Pursuant to the National Environmental Policy Act, a draft Categorical Exclusion (CE) for this project was prepared and made available for public review from May 20 to June 19, 2015. The park received a total of 56 pieces of correspondence. In response to public comments concerning potential negative impacts to native Yellowstone cutthroat trout currently living in Soda Butte Creek, both Yellowstone National Park and Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks will use electroshock fishing to remove cutthroat trout prior to the rotenone treatments. The salvaged cutthroat trout will be held within the Soda Butte Creek watershed and returned to the creek in the areas of Cooke City and Silver Gate following the rotenone treatments.

Cutthroat trout are the only trout species native to Yellowstone and were once the dominant fish species within the park prior to Euroamerican settlement. Native cutthroat trout are thought to be among the most ecologically important fish of the

Greater Yellow-stone Ecosystem and are highly regarded by anglers. Genetically pure Yellowstone cutthroat trout populations have declined throughout their natural range in the Intermountain West, succumbing to competition with and predation by nonnative fish species, a loss of genetic integrity through hybridization, habitat degradation and predation.

More information, including park responses to public comments, can be found in the final

documentation on the National Park Service Planning, Environment, and Public Comment (PEPC) web-site, www.parkplanning.nps.gov/SodaButteCreekCE. Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks

also accepted comments on their plan and more information can be found at: www.fwp.mt.gov/news/publicNotices/environmentalAssessments/conservation/pn_0026.html.

An environmental compliance process culminating in a park-wide Native Fish Conservation Plan/Environmental Assessment (EA) was completed in 2010. This CE qualifies under the previously documented and approved adaptive management framework of that plan/EA, signed with a Finding of No Significant Impact (FONSI) signed in May 2011.

The cleansing of waters and introduction of native cutthroat trout populations in Yellowstone National Park have been done, in the past, mostly in remote waters. This part of the project (which started in 2010) is going to be more visible and will include waters outside the park on the Soda Butte Creek upstream from Ice Box Canyon.

Bob Ballantyne is a regular contributor to this newsletter and has fished Yellowstone Park for several decades. Many thanks for his contribution.



Yellowstone Cutthroat Trout—note the wide spots

"It seems to me that the earth may be borrowed but not bought. It may be used but not owned. We are tenants, not possessors, lovers and not masters."

-Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

Efficiency on the Fly - Knots

By John Burgos

I have been at this game a long time. Over the years, across the streams I've watched countless people enjoying the outdoors on the water. I've seen aggressive young guys moving quickly through the fast water. I've seen Fathers and sons, husbands and wives, groups of young kids. From catching that once in a lifetime trout to sitting on a rock at the edge of clear mountain stream, everybody is looking for something different for their day on the water. However, one thing is usually common. When they are actually fishing, they want to catch fish.

One overriding premise that I've come to agree upon is that you cannot catch a fish if your line is not in the water. So, you have to keep it there. But, you also have to keep it there with an effective rig.

Perhaps the major comment I hear from people I talk to if they're not catching fish is that "it is too much trouble to change". Too much trouble? If even one of your intended outcomes for the day is to catch fish, then find a rock, sit down and take the time and modify your rig to adapt to the conditions.

In this article I'd like to address one of the concerns that fisherman have when attempting to change rigs, knot tying. What I find most common is that fishermen are slow at tying knots. Sometimes that is due to age. Reading glasses may be a solution. Other times I sense a lack an unfamiliarity with knot tying options.

The way I see it, for your time actually on the water, you will use knots to do two things:

- Tie a fly on
- Join two pieces of monofilament (eg. Replace a tippet)

There are lots of really ingenious ways to accomplish both of these tasks. My advice to you is to select on or two knots for each of these tasks. For example, my two favorite knots for tying a fly on are the Improved Clinch Knot and the Davy Knot. For joining two pieces of monofilament, I recommend the Blood/Barrel Knot or the Surgeons Knot. I am a freshwater fisherman. If I am lucky I may catch a two pound fish. These knots are right for me. They may not be right for your application.

Select a knot from each category that is suited for your application. Practice each knot at home. Get proficient enough that you can tie any knot in about 30 seconds or less. Its not really a race. Its OK if you don't go that fast. Proficiency is most important.

Here is one of the better online resources for knot tying: http://www.netknots.com/fishing_knots/

There are many other applications for knots like attaching leaders to fly line. I don't discuss them here as I consider these applications infrequently used on the streamside. But, please read about them at the provided link.

In conclusion, become a proficient and quick knot tyer. By doing so, the task of adjusting your rig to meet ever-changing conditions will not be so daunting. Ultimately this will lead to more fish to hand.



Looking Back: Chester County Conservation Camp

By Natalie Burgos

Seven years ago, thanks to the Dame Juliana League, I attended Chester County Conservation Camp (CCCC) for the very first time. I was twelve years old, and in my bratty pre-teen state the last thing I wanted to do was go to summer camp. I sat in the car brooding as my parents drove me to French Creek State Park, the last place I expected to become home to some of my fondest memories. In spite of my initial too-cool-for-camp attitude, this camp truly changed my life.

Everything that should be part of summer camp was there: crafts, guitars, Frisbees, bonfires, sing-a-longs, tree-identification games, canoe trips, night hikes, talent shows and more. There were days when we begged the sky for rain, and days when it only stormed. Whatever the weather, I found myself, year after year, a member of a community that managed to become incredibly close in only a week. The counselors immediately encouraged us to get to know each other. For example, every year there was a competition to see who would be the first person to know every camper and counselor's name. As campers we had to sit next to someone new at every meal. This might seem like a simple task, but for kids like me, who thought they were cool or weird or maybe just insecure, it actually presented a challenge. Meeting new people is scary! Its only in this reflection do I realize just

how significant that rule was, because it forced me into a position of discomfort... and discomfort leads to growth.

That was only one of the many, many ways camp shaped me through adolescence. Although I have been an animal lover my entire life, CCCC truly shaped me passion for environmental stewardship. Every year there were speakers (new and old – by my fourth year my friends and I had an annual favorite) who taught us about the ecosystems that we were apart of and affected. But it was more than learning – we experienced these things too. We learned about bats and fireflies than watched them flutter and flash in the darkness. We made leaf rubbings from our native trees. I can still identify them, still spot the leaves of a sassafras, birch, or tulip poplar. Within these tiny facts I've held on to are the larger moments in which I learned them. I can remember the sun on my face when my peers and I stood, sweaty and tired but completely awestruck when we learned that Queen Anne's Lace is a wild carrot. We learned about the woods and most of us fell in love with it. Sometimes we got lost in it.

Seriously though, my first year we went orienteering, my partner and I got lost in what seemed like a boulder field. I'm still not sure how we got back.

Camp is continued on the next page

Night Shift-Into the Dark

by *Domenick Swentosky*

Last June I made a commitment. I promised myself that I would go deep into the night game and learn to catch the wildest trout in the darkest hours.

Having spent a decade of summers swinging a fly rod on a few random, dewy nights each season, and hooking the occasional fortuitous fish, I presumed that with real time invested wading in the shadows of moonlight, I would quickly find my net full of fish.

Not so much.

My journey into the dark has been a bewildering maze of inconsistency, dashed hopes and reconfigured plans. Good night fishing in this region is a paradox, and the darkness itself is a perfect metaphor for this disquieting process.

In fourteen months now, I've night fished through all four seasons, mostly putting in a trip or two each week, and I'm now back to the transitional season that seemed to kick off some discoveries for me last year. As summer transformed into fall, I learned the benefits of swinging smaller patterns underneath the water, instead of moving larger patterns on the surface, and my hookup rate improved dramatically. It was so good at times, that I foolishly believed that I'd found *the* method for fishing through the twilight. But then winter arrived

I keep records of the night shifts, and the January deep freeze of 2015 started a long chain of fishing reports with the skunk. One after the other, night after night, nothing moved a fish.....



but it made me even more curious, and by adapting rigs and strategies to get low and fish slow, I started turning a few more fish as my boots crunched through the dry snow of mid-winter.

It was in those coldest months where I finally became comfortable drifting flies at night instead of swinging them. The upstream approach allowed me to get the flies low and keep them there (in the faces of cold, lethargic trout), and although my numbers were still low, each trout seemed like a huge success because I was building a set of skills for the night game.

The difficult fishing held out even with the breakthrough of spring, and it wasn't until June that things started to pick up on my home stream.

It's full of fish — loaded. In every likely spot there is not just one, but probably two or more wild browns looking at what you are offering; so there was no better training ground than the water I know best, and I spent that whole first year mostly fishing the night shift at home.

And so it was early this summer when I shifted my focus to bigger waters for bigger fish. Honestly, though, it's been a pretty slow summer of night fishing. I've come to believe that some of the tactics and rigs that I was working with on my home waters don't translate quite as well to these other rivers, especially if I'm targeting larger fish.

With some regularity, I've started spooking big fish in the shallows. Often, I'm only a rod's length away when these monsters

Night Shift is continued on next page

Camp *is continued from page 3*

In any case, despite my initial resistance, I always wanted to go back. Each year I awaited the one week of summer that seemed to simultaneously last forever but happen in a flash. I will be turning twenty in about a month, and I can honestly say that although I've collectively spent only five weeks of my teenage years at camp, they've been some of the best weeks of my life. As I've said before, my time there was highly concentrated with memories, and this makes it difficult to condense to such a short article. As I write this my mind is flooded with memories about waking up early to carry out flag duty or how hot the dish water could be or how easy it was to fall asleep every night, despite how sticky your sleeping bag was. I remember how good a bowl of tomato soup can taste when it rains. Little things that add up to the whole.

Every year, despite how silly these details may seem, they contributed to an experience that made me more fearless, more confident in myself, and more passionate about the environment. Nature is humbling like that — you think you're tough until it rains and you're wearing the wrong shoes, then the sky clears up

and you forget about your socks long enough to see a shooting star. Then you go back to the suburbs and wonder where they all went.

I like to believe this is an experience we all can relate to, or at least want to relate to. I think every kid should take advantage of an opportunity like this, because it truly changes you. Even if you hate it, there's bound to be some other kid who hates it just as much, and you'll be best friends for a week. Seven years later my own best friend is a girl I met at camp. I'm pretty sure we were sitting in the dirt and hadn't showered for a day or two. Camp bred genuine moments like that, when it doesn't matter what you look like or how you smell, just that you love sitting on the dirt in the middle of the woods.

So thank you, to the Dame Juliana League, for giving me this opportunity, year after year. I would not be the person I am today without the pivotal moments I've spent outdoors at Chester County Conservation Camp.

"Keep close to Nature's heart... and break clear away, once in a while, and climb a mountain or spend a week in the woods. Wash your spirit clean." -John Muir



Night Shift

continued from page 4

erupt from the water, leaving my nerves frayed and my head shaking with disappointment, because *these* are the fish that I'm after.

For a while I focused on these shallow areas exclusively. The theory is that the largest predatory fish live by day in the pockets, guts, log jams, undercut banks — whatever prime location they've decided to call home — then move out into the shallows to pick off a few baitfish under the cover of darkness before returning to their honey hole in the morning. In a year of night fishing, I had never experienced this on my home water, but now it happens with some frequency on these bigger waters.

Trouble is, they aren't in the shallows every night. And how many snacks do you think they actually gulp down in one evening? Not many. How many large, predatory fish are in one area, anyway? Not many. The odds are low but the payoff is spectacular

Recently, I've been lucky enough to land a few nice fish, and because I've gone so many fish-less night hours in the last year, the feeling of satisfaction is unmatched. I'm catching night feeders in a bunch of different ways now and in many different water types. The decision to switch from drifting a small nymph in pocket water to swinging a large surface pattern against a skinny bank is starting to become instinctual. It's a necessary dynamic approach that results from my tendency to move on; even at night, I like to work large sections of river, so I need to regular-

ly adjust my methods for the next piece of water that I face.

I won't be foolish enough again to believe that I have much of anything figured out; I'm sure that many nights with the skunk are waiting for me just around the corner, and I fully expect next winter to beat me back down, but for right now, I'm enjoying the increase in hookups and the stronger pulls on the end of the line.

When the sun set, I drove far then walked further for a fish. While standing beneath a brilliant canopy of unimaginable galaxies I felt small, but powerful. I inhaled crisp, foggy air



and returned it as heat. My footsteps pushed waves to the far edges of a pool, and life scattered in the shallows upon my approach. Then, as I walked the grassy banks, navigating around fallen timber, miles from any pavement or porch lamp, I stopped fighting against an oppressive force, and I let the darkness envelope me.

Many thanks to Pat Burke of Troutbitten and his friends for contributing this article and photos for our newsletter. For more articles written by Pat and his friends go to his website at <http://troutbitten.com>.



"The things of night cannot be explained in the day, because they do not then exist."

- Ernest Hemingway

**Dame Juliana League
Fly Fishers**

P.O. Box 178 Kimberton, PA 19442

Officers and Board of Directors

President- *Emerson Cannon*

Vice President- *Vacant*

Secretary- *John Burgos*

Treasurer- *Bob Molzahn*

Membership- *Mike Ferraro*

Sponsor Relations- *Joe King*

Fly Fishing Course/Newsletter- *Bob Molzahn*

Outreach- *Ted Nawalinski* Website- *Tim King*

Board Members- *Dick Allebach, Troy Dunn,*

Bob Moser Jr., Jerry Sizemore,

Mike Costello, Jack Mickievicz

Member dues per calendar year are

\$20-Individual, \$25-Family.

For new members please add \$5.

Newsletter Editor- *Bob Molzahn*

Articles, news, and fly tying tips are gratefully accepted.

Please send them to rjm1949@comcast.net

Dame Juliana League Fly Fishers

is an affiliated member club of the

International Federation of Fly Fishers

Visit our website at

www.djflyfishers.org

Send comments, inquiries and address

changes to djlfpa@gmail.com

Located on Rt.
23, Just West of
Phoenixville,
Next to Staples



Open 7 Days
A Week
Visa • MC
Dis • Amex



*Chester County's Largest
Fly Fishing Specialist*

• EXOFFICIO & BUZZ OFF CLOTHING

St. Croix • Loomis • Okuma • Air-Flo

• Rio • Temple Fork Outfitters

• Cortland • Ross Reels • Renzetti

• Dr. Slick • Fishpond • J.P. Ross Rods

• Flymaster • Sunrise And More!

Wide Variety of Flies & Fly Tying Material



• Books & Videos • Fly Tying Classes

• Knowledgeable Staff

610-933-7200

www.frenchcreekoutfitters.com



**THE SPORTING
GENTLEMAN**

FLY-FISHING & TYING EQUIPMENT

SPORTING GIFTS

CLOTHING

GIFT CERTIFICATES

OUTDOOR BOOKS & ART

FLY FISHING & TYING SCHOOLS

FISHING TRIPS

**Ex-Officio
& Filson**

(610) 565-6140

306 E. Baltimore Ave.

Media, PA 19063

www.sportinggentleman.com



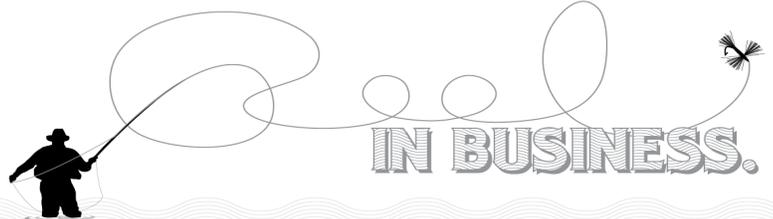
TCO Fly Shop

Tulpehocken Creek Outfitters

2229 Penn Ave • Reading, PA 19609

610.678.1899 - voice • 610.678.4029 - fax

www.tcoflyfishing.com



IN BUSINESS.

Branding / Advertising / Marketing / Web Sites / **Creative Small Business Solutions**

www.VirtualFarm.com | Cultivating Business Personalities.



ORVIS® DOWNINGTOWN

BRANDYWINE SQUARE SHOPPING CENTER

70 QUARRY ROAD, UNIT K (Just off Rt. 30)

DOWNINGTOWN, PA 19335

Over 10,000 Flies

Extensive Selection Of Fly Rods, Reels, And Lines

Fly Tying Materials And Supplies

Casting Lessons And Trips Available

Tel/610-873-8400

Fax/610-873-3830 A Sporting Tradition Since 1856

Downingtown Bicycle Shop

833 W. Lancaster Ave.

Cannondale

Giro

NightPro

Hoffman

Continental

Profile

Hollywood

Shimano

Blackburn



Raleigh

Thule

Park

Haro

Bell

CateEye

Terry

Lake

Primo

610-269-5626

Downingtownbike.com