

STREAMSIDE

VOLUME 26 ISSUE 2

DAME JULIANA LEAGUE

SUMMER/FALL 2020

RIFFLES & RUNS



BRENNA DEKORTE - NEW PRESIDENT, DJL

I hope everyone is staying safe and cool in this dry and surreal summer. As some of you may have heard, our beloved DJL President, John Burgos, has moved to Montana last month. We are so happy for him and Gloria and they have settled in nicely to following their dreams and chasing cutthroat.

Of course, this has left us without an experienced leader. This is a good opportunity to introduce myself. Hello, I am Brenna DeKorte, your very inexperienced yet enthusiastic Interim President. While we are temporarily

figuring out this pandemic and how we will meet and fish together safely in the future we are taking the down-time to fine tune some of the things our league offers.

We have started a facebook group for DJL members to post their fishing pictures, to discuss all things fly fishing, to update each other on stream conditions, to share interesting articles and to connect with each other.

We are hoping to meet again shortly at our usual Kimberton Fire Company location as soon as they are given the go-ahead by the governor to allow people on the premises. Matt S. has put so much heart into making this issue of Streamside extra special so please take the time to peruse all the fascinating articles here and thank him for keeping at it! In the meantime, please reach out and say hi and we will keep you updated on what's happening.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Brenna". The signature is written in a cursive style and is accompanied by a small drawing of a fishing hook and line.

F.I.S.H.

TEACHING CHILDREN TO RUN THE STREAMS AND NOT THE STREETS.

By David Terry

As a young kid growing up in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, I had a typical childhood running the streets, skateboarding, BMX'ing or going to the parks play some basketball.

In the mid-80s downtown Coatesville was thriving with great stores that provided us with food, clothing, sneakers, appliances, and even our own tackle shop. Which is where I went a lot as a kid, and where my love of the West Branch of the Brandywine began.

I grew up in Christiana, a small town carved out of classic of American values. My mother and father parted ways when I was a toddler. Times were tough but my father always had time to instill in me a love for the outdoors. It's remained deep in my brain. I vividly remember his taking me hiking in Schuylkill County and fishing creeks like the Octoraro in Lancaster County. Then came a time we could no longer afford to live where we did. My mother needed to go where the work was and a place we could afford, so we ended up in Coatesville on Fleetwood Street.

As time went on we grew more distant from my father. My mother picked up the slack but still took me places to fish when she wasn't working. I really don't

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THE PART OF THE WEST BRANCH OF THE BRANDYWINE WHERE THE RODEO FISH ARE CORRALLED FOR THE KIDS.

know how she could bear all those hours of my not catching any fish! But at the same time the two greatest holidays for me were the first days of trout and rifle seasons. Back then I was guaranteed to see my father on those two days for sure.

I was a preteen when we moved to Coatesville. There I



THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

discovered the West Branch of the Brandywine River. It was loaded with smallmouth bass, bluegill, suckers and even the occasional trout washed down from Hibernia Park. My buddies and I used to go all over to the area to find fishing derbies. We often wondered why the route 82 section of

Coatesville never got stocked. We would camp out on the West Branch and fish all day when we were teenagers.

Fast forward 30+ years. The year was 2015. A couple of buddies and I came up with the idea to bring some kids outside and teach them how to fish on the West Branch Brandywine in downtown Coatesville! We named our organization F.I.S.H. The first stage was to get the approval of the township and the Fish & Boat Commission. Next, we had to make the river accessible to little kids. And just like that we were into year one of our Fishing Rodeo!

Our group of volunteers named itself “F.I.S.H” (Fathers Involved in Shedding Hope). Year one was completed and we had just under 200 kids over the weekend. My dream was to give our local kids the opportunity to enjoy the outdoors by teaching them the pleasures of fishing. As Dads we know that little people can lose attention when they’re not catching fish, so we try to convey the pleasures of the outdoors. Catching fish is just a bonus.



A HAPPY YOUNG MAN!

Our F.I.S.H. event has grown to an average of 250 to 300 kids on the weekend! We stock about 1000 trout over a quarter of a mile right in the heart of downtown Coatesville. It gives us great pleasure to say that “We teach children to run the streams and not the streets.”

In year two we collaborated with Project Healing Waters to invite the veterans down from the Medical Center. The following Monday the vets come to catch some of the 250 that are over 17 inches!

Our annual expenses are \$12,000. With it we supply our children with bait, fishing poles, T-shirts, lots of monster trout and a hot picnic lunch - all free for the children who reside in the city of Coatesville. We also welcome children from the surrounding areas for a small donation. We don’t want any local kids to miss the day!

A team of 10 seasoned fishers walk the banks of the stream throughout the whole event to help children catch fish. We have an enthusiastic volunteer staff of fifteen volunteers that prep the riverbank, stock the trout, raise funds, organize the event food, stock bait, administer registration and even staff a first aid station.

All in all F.I.S.H is becoming well-oiled machine. Without my team and generous folks who understand the magic of catching fish, none of this would be possible .

Bio



DAVID TERRY

David Terry is 44 yrs of age. He and a group of his buddies created F.I.S.H. (Fathers Involved In Shedding Hope), a non-profit organization from Coatesville, Pa, that introduces inner city kids to fishing and the pleasure of nature. His passions include the great outdoors, especially hunting and fishing with his three sons. But most of all he simply enjoys introducing kids to the soothing power of nature.

[Editor's note: Because of the Covid-19 pandemic this April event was scrapped. However, plans are underway to move this rodeo to October, 2020! If you'd like to help F.I.S.H. return in October, please inquire at <https://www.fishcoatesville.com/> - and make a donation.]



DAVID AND HIS TEAM COACHING YOUNG FISHERS ABOUT STREAM ETIQUETTE



SIX WAYS TO SAVE OUR LOCAL STREAMS

By Owen D. Owens

The coronavirus pandemic has certainly claimed my attention. In this time of isolation I've been reflecting on Ed Engle's talk about 25 ways to fish effectively. Thinking of fishing, however, also made me wonder how many local streams will be left for our children and grandchildren after recent federal weakening of the Clean Water Act? Stimulated by Ed's message, here are six ways you can use your fishing experience to save streams and rivers, no matter what is happening nationally.

1. First, read the water. After being isolated for so long, when I get to a stream I know I'm going to want to start fishing right away. But remembering Ed's advice, I'll first pause and see what's happening. A few bad actors with money and power have undercut the Clean Water Act nationally. In more than four decades of stream conservation efforts in Chester County we've found that most people—and that includes business and governmental leaders—want to keep where we live green and beautiful. When there is a fish kill, or somebody proposes a project that would degrade a stream, people will volunteer to save that creek. Weakening the Clean Water Act has closed doors, but at the same time when we read the water we see that new doors to local action are opening wide.



READ THE WATER!

2. Second, decide to do what you can to save your local stream.

Responses of some to times as this remind me of the old ditty, "When in trouble, when in doubt, run in circles, scream and shout!" Blaming others only disempowers ourselves. Instead, we can make up our minds to protect and restore a stream we fish.



MAKE A DECISION!

3. Third, join others with the goal of protecting, preserving, and restoring local waterways. If you are like me,

you enjoy being outdoors, alone, drinking in the wonders of mayflies hatching and sounds of water. If every fly fails to get a rise all day long, however, talking with a fishing buddy often is a life-saver. Similarly, when it comes to saving a stream, a few committed individuals working together can make a big difference.

4. Fourth, fish where protective action is necessary. During the sulphur hatch, for instance, last summer I fished a riffle at the head of a pool which seemed paved with feeding trout. Friends who fished a different section of the creek saw few sulphurs and were almost skunked. If you want to save your local stream, know where the action is and act in ways that will protect the stream. The number one thing ruining local waterways is development that covers land with roads, roofs, and parking lots. Springs dry up, rain pours off impervious surfaces, eroding and widening streams and leaving their pools filled with sediment. The number two source degrading the waters is pollution and outright poisoning. Having learned to fish where the action is leads us not only to speak out against plans that would hurt or kill our living waters, but also to discover ways in which people can progress in ways that heal and restore streams.



DO WHAT YOU CAN!

5. Fifth, restore a stretch of water. No fish —no fishing! Restore the habitat and fish will return, and so will the myriads of insects that supply their food. Dedicated efforts by West Chester Fish, Game, and Wildlife, working with the PA Fish and Boat Commission, have created productive water. Go out and fish West Valley Creek near Paradise Farms Camp and you will see what volunteers can accomplish. Go on a workday with them or with another group doing restoration projects on a different stream.



JOIN OTHERS!

Again and again in Trout Unlimited's efforts we have found that seemingly tiny in-stream restoration projects, where we sweated together rolling rocks, in the oddest ways touched for the better decision-makers who were determining whether a beloved stream would live or die.

6. Sixth, preserve what remains. Experiencing being in a wild, unspoiled place

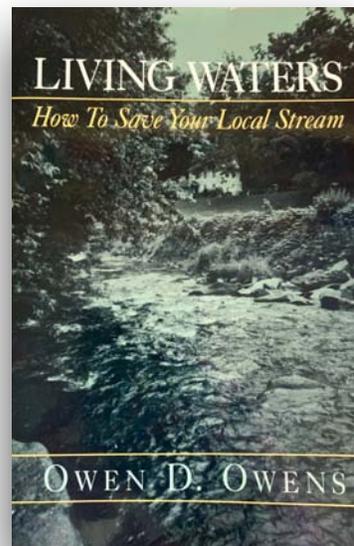
with my boots in cold, clean water lifts me up. Whether or not I catch a trout, my day outdoors leaves memories that go with me. If you own land, consider putting on it a conservation easement or take some other step to preserve it. Join and support a nature conservancy organization.

Conclusion: “Now, Owen,” I can hear you say, “will anything I say or do really make a difference?” Now we know that learning and practicing Ed Engle’s twenty-five ways to catch fish will, indeed, improve our fishing. Every time I fish Valley Creek and catch one of its spooky, rare wild brown trout, and then look at its red spots and golden sides, I hear my old friend Carl Dusingberre say, “Owen, that trout wouldn’t have been there except for all the folks who got together to save this glistening gem of a creek!” Nobody can know what will happen in the future, but this we know: kind, dedicated efforts for good can leave the world a little better than it was when you and I came into it. So get up from that easy chair, turn off the TV, and go out and try the six ways I’ve suggested to protect, preserve, and restore your local stream.



Owen Owens currently serves as chair of the Kendal at Longwood Nature Conservancy, is the co-founder of the Valley Forge Chapter of Trout Unlimited, and wrote Living Waters: How to Save Your Local Stream (Rutgers Univ. Pr) to tell the story of how volunteer conservationists labored effectively to preserve, protect, and restore the cold-water streams of Chester County. Owen also helped start the Valley Creek Restoration Partnership (which in 2019

received the Governor’s Environmental Excellence award). An American Baptist and Methodist minister, Owen holds a Ph.D. in Sociology of Religion from the University of California, Berkeley, and the Graduate Theological Union, a B.D. from Union Theological Seminary in New York City, an M.A. from Northwestern University, and a B.A. from Beloit College.



FISHING WITH BOYS : MY ALTERNATE LIFE AS AN ANGLING GUIDE.

By Beck Wentz

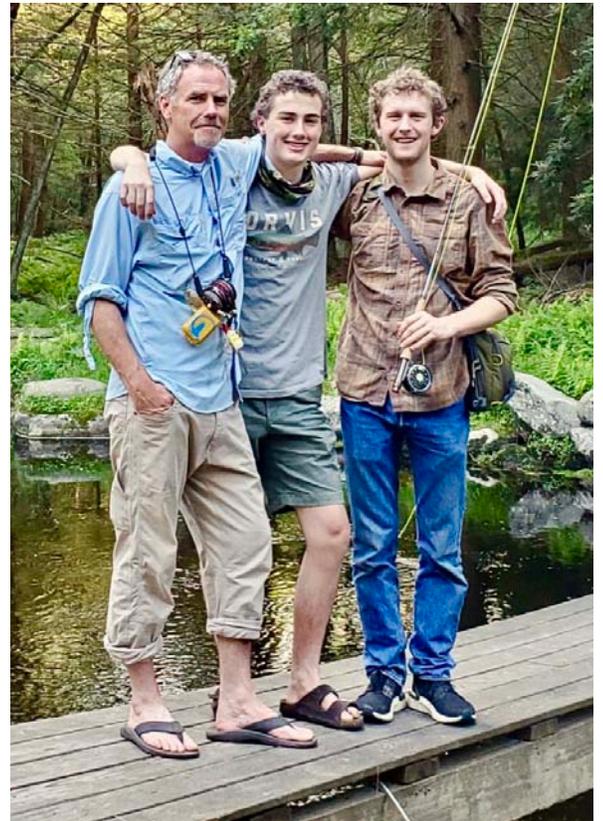
I have been lucky enough to be a third generation fly fisher and to be parenting the family's fourth.

Fly fishing and parenting, it turns out, are wonderful bedfellows. Frankly, this isn't something I've been adequately conscious of. When a slightly more senior friend of mine asked me to write about fishing with my sons, I said "yes" but did so without any idea about what I'd write. The most that came to mind at that moment was "I'll figure this out."

As I look back at the times my father, uncle and grandfather took me and the other young boys in the family fishing (one-to-one or by the boat-full) I can see that they were teaching me that time spent on moving water will bring lessons. For me, it suggested that if I am eager to counsel my sons well, it's good to spend time together navigating life's moving waters. Fish are great advisors. Fishermen just have potential.

As I was aging through my twenties, I had more than one old hockey teammate or fishing buddy that ended up guiding waters in the Rockies' drainages from New Mexico to Montana. Yes, of course I fantasized about being a guide.

There was no way that my parents were going to allow that. Spending on my 5 years of schooling as they had, and the embarrassment of explaining my downward mobility to others, were factors in my decision. I hadn't been the easiest teen, by the way. "Straight and Narrow" was a mission I had actually committed to by 26. It was changing for me. And there was



**QUALITY TIME WITH FINN AND DECKER,
COVID 2020.**

my guilt. I needed to be "productive." You know....find myself working vs working on finding myself. My parents were from the 50s, not the 60s.

What I would learn once my new behavior was held long enough to attract a fine woman to raise boys with (and shoot clays, partridge and fly line with) was that I had this guiding idea all wrong. Thanks to the friend who asked me to write something for you here and some quiet consideration, I see more clearly now. While I once wished I could spend a life teaching fishing, I may have just spent fishing teaching life....and enjoyed it too much to know I was employed at parenting all the while!

My oldest is now 21, entering senior year at a fine northeastern college that enjoys a fortunate balance of students who like learning their physics outdoors fighting gravity in climbing shoes, or exploiting it on the snow or working moving water with kayak rolls and drag free drifts. He's got a good head on his shoulders. No dean has called since he left home and he's going after the full experience up in those hills. Choice of that school had, for him, much to do with the outdoor lifestyle. As a parent, I mark that as a win in the column of my good influence.



DECKER AGE 21, ONE OF THE SEASON'S FIRST

Steering him into the outdoors involved clay shooting, skiing, rock climbing, bagging peaks, kayaking and fishing. We strictly fish freshwater so far. I have aims to let the boys follow me into the flats once I see enough double hauling to know they'll fight for those bones as long as I will. Northeastern PA is our central haunt and among 6 lakes and 2 trout streams we spent a third of the year's weekends and its summers to age 10 before they hit adventure camp in Maine.

When I first put him with fly on current, it was a bad choice with good outcome. We went to fish a heavy flow dropping with great churn down a shale ramp and over a shelf into a gorgeous pool. This pool was rung with hemlock and ledges offering summer shade to a nice tail.

But this early May Sunday involved really pretty daunting hydraulics for even the size 6 beadheaded wooly bugger he tied in camp as preparation. We needed it down about 3' and he was casting across current into an eddy's edge for a real test on the mend. He was 10 and working a 5'6" medium action 5wt with floating line. It wasn't my hope for the day but spring erosion had knocked out a plank footbridge barring us from accessing the stream from the calm side of the pool and when I told him where the big ones were, the challenge was on! Any fly fisher can imagine how this should turn out. Zero line control, no ability to feel the hit, 70 casts, only the merest of fly time on that seam. We'd gotten past coaching by then. It was

angry fishing. Silent. Even tears. I was as uncomfortable watching his frustration as if he'd been flattened by a 14 year old lax player. Frozen colder than that April water.

The 71st cast did it. The brookie was just gorgeous, good shoulders and a little hook jaw coming in at 22". Larger than the fish was the number of times I repeated "You can't appreciate how challenging that was. It really required finesse and determination." We threw it back but my boy mounted that trophy right up high

where he could see it forever. It was the prize for learning that what he thinks he can do has little to do with what he actually can do...when he works with practiced skill and determination ... and that I'll always be cheering from the banks. His skiing chops, climbing successes, Ivy league entrée and some well bent rods are all tributaries from what he started learning in that turbulent water.



FINN AGE 8 WHEN THE BARB HOOKED HIM FOR GOOD

My younger son is more avid on the rod. He and a friend's daughter (4th gen as well) have been on the water together forever. At 15, he's logged months of water days already. He wants tarpon and a Keys trip with Katie. I get it. But he first flung lots of flies on the stillwater. Golden hour poppers for largemouths on an isolated lake is a vision of heaven for us in mid-summer. We love it together and while he used to come at it hotter than the setting suggests, he's maturing with a focus as unruffled as that glassy lake itself. But there was this one time

Again, I nearly screwed the pooch. There was a real chance that after this, he wouldn't fish with me again. He caught a nice 5 lb PA lunker after we consulted on the cover, distance, approach, etc.

It was epic. You could have heard me howl over the sun-glowed ridge. Damn! was that fun to be part of. He'd caught sooo many fish and never hit that weight ... while Katie already had. My wife was in the boat too. We all were. The whole family witnessed it ... that terrible thing I did. I ignored my wife's warning that when she and Christina were out for bass 2 days before, the stringer failed and they lost a fish.

It's gotta be worth a whole other paragraph to scrutinize what happened there. But the stringer did fail. The collar slipped loose from its solder. Goodbye to my son's dreams. Hello red faces, silent treatment and remorse. I'm sure there was profanity but I couldn't hear theirs over my own. The night fell along with my ego and then friends were regaled with the whole story by the fire ring. Sunday dawned, it was a

shooting day and after dinner the boys and I were looking to make up. I suggested a little jeep tour to spot bear by the blueberry patches. Off we went. Somewhere near the old mill, I realized what was also in the jeep with us. All of last night's gear. "Hey I got an idea let's go back for that bass!" Full buy-in in one second flat. I caddied that row boat so silky silent for him! My oldest pulled his line in as we approached the very slot in that bank. False cast x3. We need 3" accuracy. Shoot.....score!

We got that fish back and we got back to good as well. But what mattered more was for my son to learn that life and loved ones will let you down at times. Maybe very badly. But if we can believe enough in love and the people it brings us close to, when giving it all a second chance some wonderful things are possible, perhaps inevitable and maybe even magic. And you know what else he learned? He hadn't gotten lucky getting that bass twice. That happened because he gave himself a second chance. I'm glad he gave me mine, too.

I'm grateful to have been raised on the rivers. My boys are too. All three of us are learning more about how to play our roles at a deeper level in life. While I might not have woken to the lessons it offered me as a younger man, this opportunity to reflect on piscine parenting tells me I might have figured out how to listen to life's lesson of the line by now. For that I thank the slightly senior friend that asked me to write a bit here, for the chance to recognize it. And I thank you, if you happen to be baptizing any kids in this fervent religion of ours. Use water south of 55 degrees.

My boys are performing well on the line and in life. Their dispositions are gearing down a bit. They're gaining focus. They already have creeded far more wisdom in their lives that I did by their age. Alas, I claim only this pale resemblance to them.



Beck Wentz lives in southeastern PA with his sporting wife, two boys and black lab. Weekends and summers of his childhood were spent in the hills of northeastern PA, where four generations of his family continue to gather. He fly-fished and spin-fished the creeks and lakes, did wing and clay shooting, as well as other outdoor sports. Some of his fondest solo experiences have been midsummer mountain biking sojourns up the tiny cooler tributaries searching out gorgeous natives. He was raised under a grandmother who fly fished for salmon, took him out for his first Ringnecks and made sure the whole family got after it. Beck makes his living as an event marketer in the trade show & expo space and enjoys the international fishing, biking and climbing opportunities that this business travel affords him. He admits that when he meets another fly fisher, there is immediate trust in that person's ethics, intelligence and judgement.



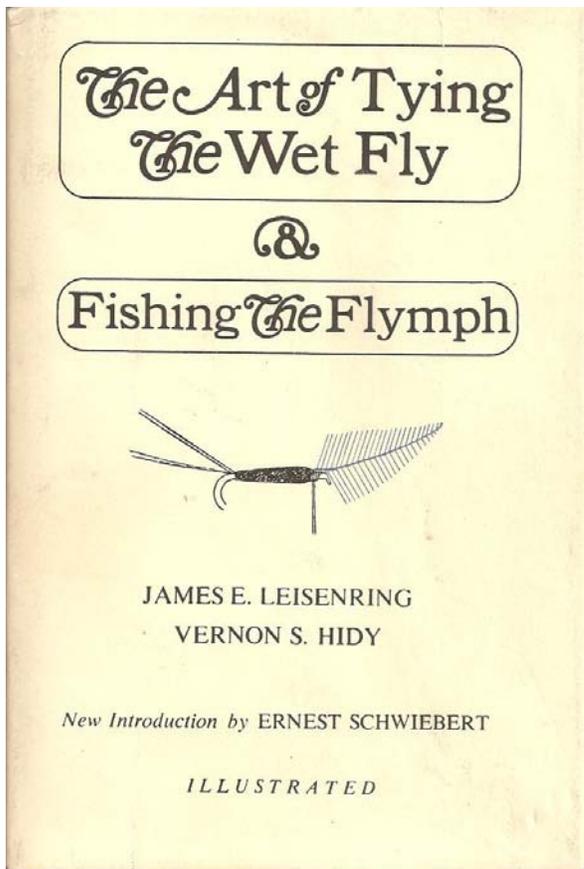
BECK WENTZ & FINN

REVIVING AN OLD TWIST ON FLY BODIES

By Jim Clark

Last fall we held a tying session at Project Healing Waters West Bradford that I called the “I hate dubbing session.” The reason for this was that both participants and volunteer trainees alike just had trouble getting just how much, or how little, dubbing is required for creating a neat body. Lots of practice will eventually cure this, but most of our folks only tie at our sessions. I started the class by passing around a box of a dozen or so wets and nymphs, and asking if anyone could tell me what kind of fur dubbing was used on them. It was a trick question, as there was not a hair used. All of those nice tapered fuzzy bodies were constructed of several feather fibers twisted around the tying thread. I had left out any made with pheasant tail or peacock herls as not to give any hints. This style of tying has much to recommend it. Best of all, if you tied a dozen flies with two fibers each, the bodies are all the same size, and you don’t have to try to gauge the fuzzy on your fingertips. Also, if you are using one

or two fibers, the tying thread shows through plainly, so you could use the same feather with differently colored threads and create a slew of different effects. Three or more fibers, and this effect diminishes. The flies were tied with Canada goose tail or crow secondary for Leisenring’s Black Gnat or ants, mallard flank dyed wood duck for two-toned nymphs like sulphurs, and olives tied with dyed turkey or pheasant. Any feather with fibers long enough to meet your needs will work.



I gleaned this technique from reading “The Art of Tying the Wet Fly and Fishing the Flymiph” by Leisenring and Hidy. I never saw the original before I went into the Service, but it was reprinted in 1971, and I think I picked up my copy in ’72 on my first trip to Eric Clapp’s Exton Sport Shop shortly after my discharge. There are lots of nuggets in this little volume, and I still hackle my wets and nymphs Leisenring’s way. Once you start playing with twisted fiber bodies, it will

A CLASSIC

likely dawn on you that there is probably no such thing as a totally useless feather.



CANADA GOOSE TAIL, LEFT, COVERT, RIGHT.

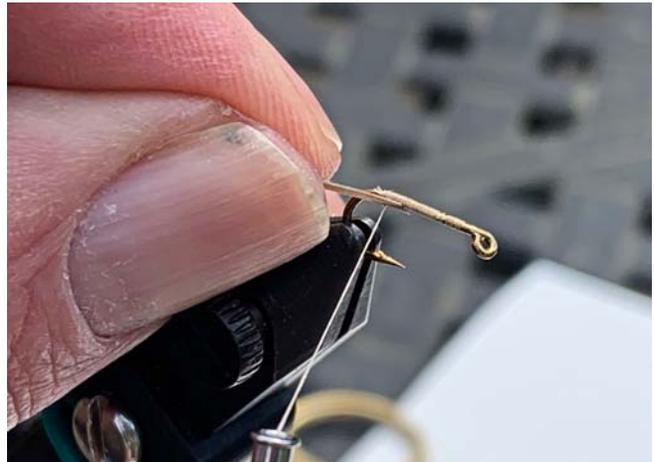


DYED TURKEY SECONDARIES

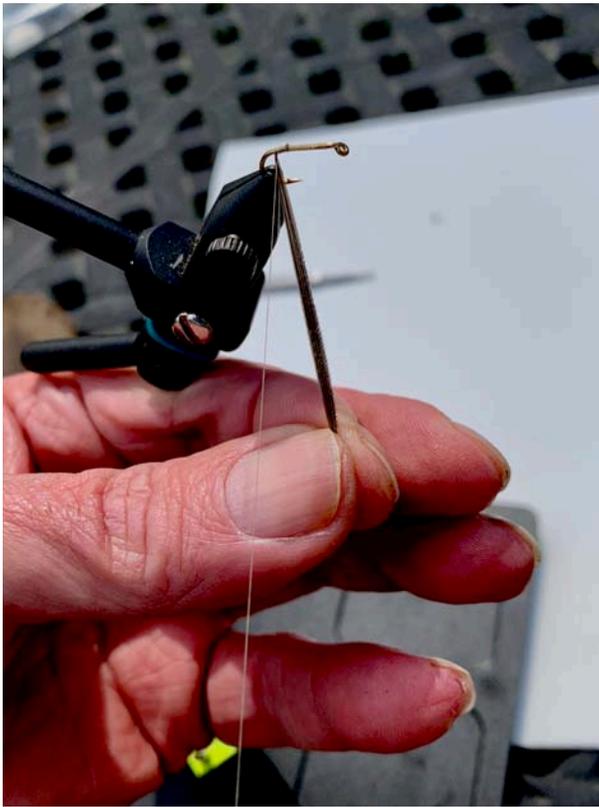
Canada geese provide a wealth of neat stuff, from CDC, to the black tail feathers, shoulders and wing coverts. If you don't hunt, it is not all that hard to scrounging a breasted-out carcass from hunting pals. The best stuff is scrounged or "lightly bought." Lightly bought would be my last visit to Jack Mickievicz, when I intended to buy a half dozen white turkey secondaries for dying, but left with sixty pairs and a "Here, this will keep you busy." Took about a week to dye the bulk of them, and I have been distributing them to PHW folks, and it cost a pittance.



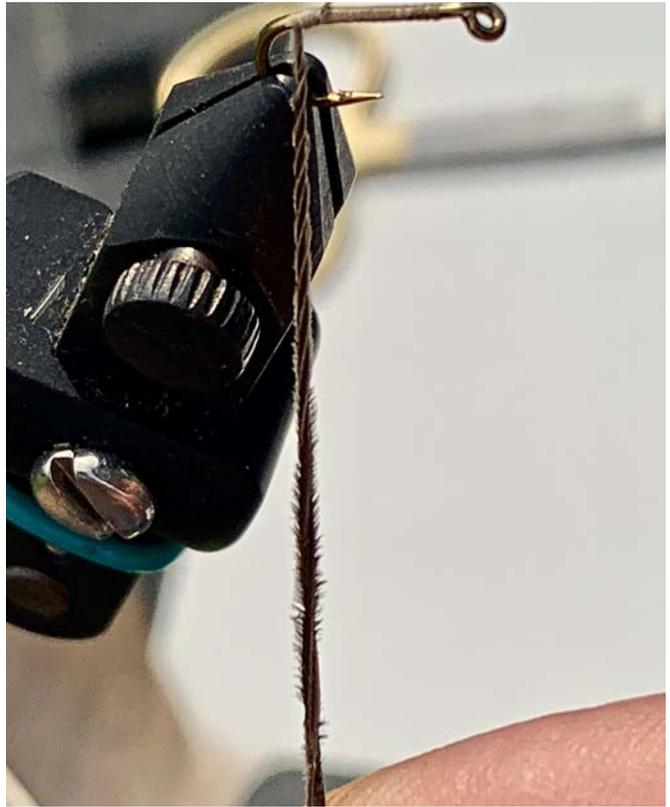
CUT A FOUR FIBER SLIP FROM CANADA GOOSE COVERT.



AFTER TRIMMING OFF SMALL SECTION OF WEAK FIBER TIPS, ATTACH SLIP WITH SHINY UNDERSIDE OF FEATHER FACING YOU.



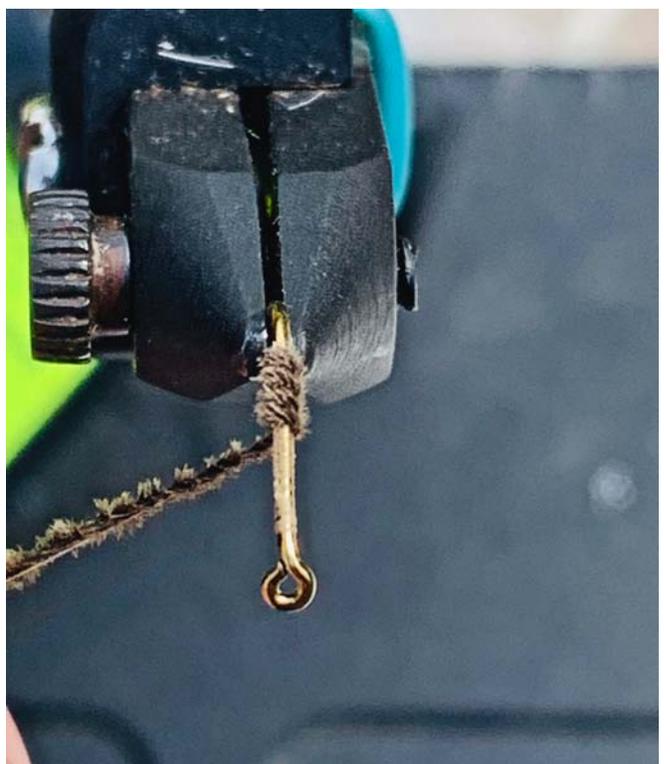
**LAY THREAD IN MIDDLE OF SHINY SIDE,
AND FOLD SLIP AROUND THREAD.**



**TWIST SLIP CLOCKWISE AROUND THREAD. IT
WILL START TO FORM A ROPE RIGHT WHERE IT
COMES OFF OF THE HOOK.**



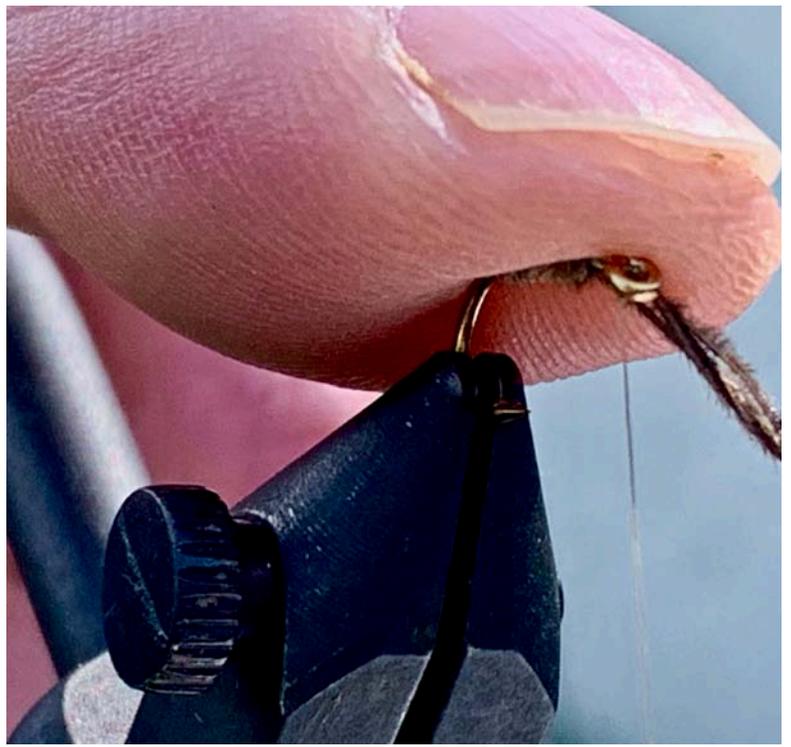
TAKE TWO TURNS, CONTINUE TWISTING.



AFTER TWISTING, TAKE 2 MORE TURNS.



CONTINUE BODY IS AS LONG AS YOU NEED



LAY FINGER ATOP BODY AT EYE SO FIBERS SPRING AWAY FROM THREAD.



TIE OFF AND TRIM



DARK CAHILL



BLACK GNAT



BWO



PARTRIDGE & ORANGE

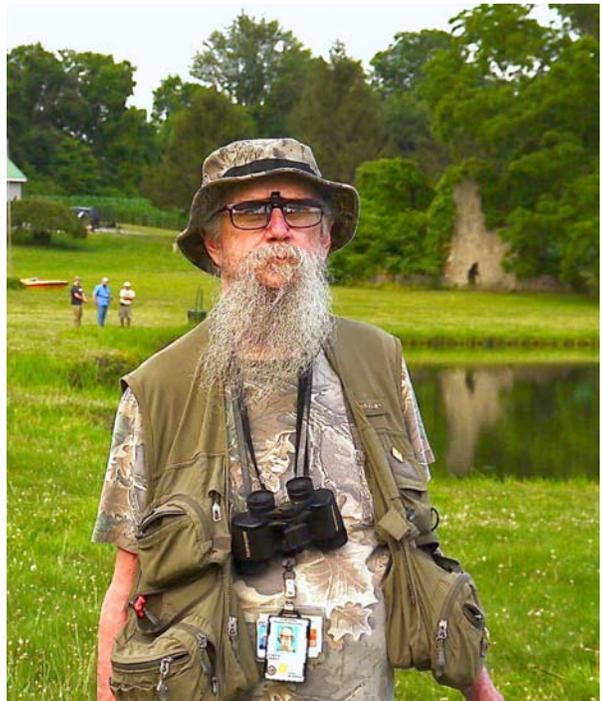


SEVEN WET BEAUTIES



BIO

My family settled in the Great Valley in the 1860's, my great-grandfather on the headwaters of West Valley Creek, his brother a mile or so east, in the Valley Creek watershed. My dad fished for native brookies on W. Valley until 1950 when that section was channelized for pasture, destroying the fishery. I was given a fly-tying kit for my 13th birthday in 1962, validating Gary LaFontaine's quip, "I was a self taught fly tyer, which means I had an idiot for both instructor and pupil." The kit went down the creek in a flood on my first day of USAF basic training in June, 1968. I joined VFTU in 1979, and have been going downhill ever since...



JIM CLARK

Dame Juliana League Fly Fishers

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

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

A FRIENDSHIP RUNS THROUGH IT

By Pete Goodman

Back in April of 2020, Matt Seymour asked me to write an article for a series he calls “A Friendship Runs Through It” to appear in STREAMSIDE, the Dame Juliana League newsletter. I immediately wrote him back saying, “I don’t have any friends.” He wrote me back: “I don’t have any either – Fake it!”

Since Matt’s request, I have been mulling over how to construct this article. I have struggled with this story, not because I couldn’t think of anything to say, but more about how to tell the story and who to include. Thinking about it has caused me to remember saying to my wife several years ago that it was curious how I had made friends in my life. I had a grade school best friend. I had a junior high school best friend. I had and still have two best friends from high school. My wife and I have made some lasting friends together. But through my military service and my working career, I made few or no longtime friends.

It wasn’t until I retired and became involved with Valley Forge Trout Unlimited that I started making friends again. I made numerous friends over the more than 20 years I have been involved with Trout Unlimited and fly fishing and continue making new friends usually with some sort of fly-fishing connection. But as I thought about the story aspect of the article, I thought I would stretch Matt’s charge a bit and go in a different direction. So here goes.

There was this boy (my son, Travis) who was learning to fly fish from his father (me), who was a beginner fly fisher himself. Travis had been at fly fishing just a year or two at the most. I had only a year or two on Travis as far as self-taught experience was concerned.

We were vacationing on Ashby Lake in Ontario, Canada. The cottage we stayed in was on a forested, rocky point that jutted into the lake with little bays on either side.



ONTARIO CAMP

The bays were covered with lily pads, and in the early part of the day, lots of fragrant, white flowers. One day, Travis came screaming and crying into the cottage. We thought he had severely hurt himself. He had. He had hooked himself on fly fishing. The crying was over a lost bass and fly. As it turns out, he was fishing the lilies from shore, which we hardly ever did since fishing from a boat was so much easier. He plopped his big old popper fly out into the lilies, and there was a huge explosion of a small mouth grabbing the fly and racing off. Inexperienced and shocked, Travis hauled back and – Bing! The fish broke off and took his fly. Once inside the cottage and calmed down, the little boy related the story, still with tears in his eyes. He had caught big bass before – large mouth and small mouth on ultra-light spinning outfits, some up to six pounds out of Ashby Lake. But now he was hooked, hooked on fly fishing. He started tying flies. He learned to spin deer hair before I could. He made big, hairy bugs and dragonfly imitations to fish the lake when we vacationed up there. He grew up and graduated high school and went off to college and even managed to graduate from college with some sort of a degree that he might never use. He came home after finishing his coursework, packed, and headed to Colorado following a girl and a dream to snow ski a lot. Sustaining himself was harder than I believe he expected. His mother and I went out to see him in Boulder, which is a beautiful place to visit. Travis took us around the area and north. We saw some of those amazing Colorado trout streams and fished a few— mostly unsuccessfully. We went up into John Gierach and A. K. Best's neighborhood and saw the famous streams and fly shop. But alas, the love



CAPTION

of the girl was not to be long lasting.

Boulder soon lost its luster, and Travis moved on after introducing his mother to some very fine gin martinis. He moved to the Jackson Hole, Wyoming, area with a best friend from back home who had recently graduated from college.

The Jackson area was much more to Travis's liking. Most days found him out of doors for any portion of the day he could manage. Fishing, biking, skiing, climbing, river surfing, kayaking— taking full advantage of what the Tetons have to offer in any season.

In the late 1990s, Judy and I went to Alaska, a bucket list trip. We went to a special lodge at the end of our vacation. It was billed as a trophy rainbow trout lodge and was fly fishing only. It lived up to its name. The fish were plentiful and some were quite large. In fact, in front of the

lodge I hooked the largest rainbow I have ever hooked or touched, but I could not get it in the boat. A couple of years later we returned to the lodge with Travis and our daughter Heather. We fished our brains out for a week. It was amazing. But it was Travis that got into the trophy. We had hiked well up into the braided part of the American River when Travis hooked into a spectacular fish. It was a big, thick-bodied rainbow that took his egg pattern in a long outside bend run that ended in a log jam. The fish took on the upstream side of the bend. As soon as it felt the hook, it was airborne. It jumped several more times, and it headed downstream. It ran right into the log jam and broke off. I remember Travis being like a statue, frozen in place, shoulder drooping, uttering expletives. I said something stupid like, "You should have followed it." Well, there was no time for that. We heard from the guide later in the year that another guest at the lodge was luckier and managed to land the just over 10-pound rainbow.

Travis's years in the west have done a lot to improve his fly fishing skills. He is also a darned good guide and quite skilled at rowing a drift boat, which I find to be totally backwards due to learning to row myself about in a boat on a lake. He has taken me down the Snake River Canyon in the bow of his raft while I try to hang on and still try to fish little pockets that we flash by at seemingly 50 miles-per-hour. I knew it was going to be interesting trip when he pulled off into an eddy and had me put on a PFD and fasten all of the zippers and clips. In some places it felt like he was trying to launch me as I hung on for dear life with one hand under the seat while flailing the flyrod with the other, trying to hit the micro pockets as they flashed by. It is amazing how many fish live in that super-fast turbulent water.



TRAVIS GOODMAN

Quite a few years ago Judy and I were up in Canada at our cottage, the same one that became ours where Travis lost that big bass all those years ago. I was out fishing, of course, when Travis called. When I got back, Judy was very excited for me to call Travis. I called and Travis was still bubbling over his most recent catch. He had stopped off to fish the Madison River below Hebgen Lake for an hour or two. He noted a boulder in the middle of the river and thought that behind that might be a good place for trout to rest out of the current. He swung a size 16 bead-head prince nymph, and when it got into the zone, he had a fearsome tug. He ended up landing the largest trout of his fishing career, a 32-inch brown trout. Now it is really great that the boy calls me with all of his triumphs. But it is

a bit frustrating for me to drag his sorry self all the way to Alaska to give him the opportunity of a lifetime at great expense only to have him go off by himself and catch a humongous fish. It can be frustrating to be Travis's father. But then I really do live vicariously through his adventures.

Travis and his partner Chas have opened a distillery just south of the Jackson town limits, Jackson Hole Still Works. Chas was an Orvis endorsed fly fishing guide before he and Travis went into business together. Several years ago, they conceived a fishing tournament on an unnamed Wyoming River. It has become an annual tradition. The "Invitational", as Travis refers to it, is just a single day of fishing, but there is copious celebrating before and after the all-business fishing day. Twenty-four good friends compete in lottery-selected fishing teams of three. Highly coveted prizes are awarded for the largest fish caught, not only for the angler, but for the person on the oars as well. Travis was most pleased to have won the Crimson Sportscoat top rower prize two years ago and was very proud of Chas winning it this year. The angler with the biggest fish wins the latest and greatest new rod, second place could be a high-end reel, and third place a fancy large landing net with a flask in the handle. One year Travis won third place, and I was re-gifted that fancy net. It now travels with us to

the upper lakes above Ashby Lake in Ontario. The rule is that you can only take a pull after a fish is caught. It rarely returns with anything left in the handle.

It was probably early May this year when Travis called and said he and his wife had donned their waders at the house and driven down to their access point where they slipped on their snow shoes to snowshoe down to the Snake River.



PETE & TRAVIS ENJOYING THE REWARDS OF A DAY TOGETHER

Hadden, Travis's wife, in her first six casts landed three cutthroats all around 15 inches. Travis took the rod and made a few casts and got two more about the same size, plus a better cutthroat of 20 inches. They didn't fish for an hour. Of course, the fish are hungry when snow is covering everything and few people are fishing for them.

The fish might also be anticipating snow melt runoff that would be starting in a couple of weeks.

So it is that this son, who also happens to be a very good friend, can seemingly keep me young through his fly fishing adventures. It doesn't seem to matter if I am there in person or not. We have fished together enough that the telling of the story brings each of us into the story as though we were there. It seems a lot of friendship is about shared experiences. If those experiences are with a family member or an acquaintance, it doesn't matter. There is the saying, "You can pick your friends but you can't pick your relatives." Maybe, just maybe, a relative can be a best friend if a river runs in each of your veins.

Bio



Pete Goodman was born in Philadelphia in 1945. He attended Haverford High School and Temple University. He served in the US Army. Pete retired from Security Elevator Company and became active in the Valley Forge Trout Unlimited as its multi term president and CEO. Pete and his wife Judy have



lived in the woods on the north ridge of the Great Valley in Malvern for 47 years.



ENERGY DEVELOPMENT AND CLEAN WATER PROTECTIONS: HOW PIPELINES AND WILD TROUT CAN COEXIST IN PENNSYLVANIA

By Rob Shane

Pipelines are not new to Pennsylvania. The first oil pipelines in the state were constructed sometime in the 1860's in Venango County. Since then, almost 100,000 miles of pipelines have been laid like a web across the state to move gas and oil to national and international destinations.

The Keystone State has long been a leader in energy production and extraction. To this day, we remain one of the eastern US' top producers of natural gas, coal, and oil. As more natural resources are extracted from the earth, we will inevitably need more infrastructure to move those resources.



LANDSLIDE ON A DEEP SLOPE WHERE FOREST BUFFERS HAVE BEEN CLEARED FOR PIPELINE CONSTRUCTION

The process of hydraulic fracturing itself is quite invasive to our woods and waters; land needs to be cleared for well pads, access roads must be built, and millions of gallons of water are used to irrigate each fracture. Often, wells are fracked more than once, with each instance increases the possibility of chemical leakage into the soil or local waterways. Once fractured, the water used in the process is laden with pollutants and must be sent to wastewater treatment facilities specifically equipped to handle the technical treatment necessary before that water is discharged from a treatment facility. In recent years, Trout Unlimited has been working hand in hand with the Pennsylvania Fish and Boat Commission (PFBC) and the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection (PADEP) to ensure that, as energy development occurs, our most valuable waterways are protected. In 2011, PFBC launched the Unassessed Waters Initiative (<https://www.fishandboat.com/Fish/Fisheries/UnassessedWatersInitiative/Documents/03unassessed.pdf>) at the onset of the Marcellus boom and brought TU in a few years later to partner on documenting wild trout populations across Pennsylvania. According to Chapter 93, Pennsylvania's premier anti-degradation law, surface waters containing Class A populations of trout qualify for Exceptional Value (EV) or High-Quality (HV) designations from the PADEP – the highest levels of protection offered by the agency.

Achieving these designations is at the core of our efforts to protect streams from pollution, especially in the face of energy development. Trout Unlimited as an organization is not opposed to developing our state's natural resources; instead we encourage developers and regulatory agencies to follow four core principles: 1) right place, right time 2) least amount of impact before and after 3) continued monitoring and 4) public awareness. Additionally, Trout Unlimited constructed a pipeline siting analysis tool (<https://trout.maps.arcgis.com/apps/webappviewer/index.html?id=cd03d534ad8849efadf36b0cae535372>) which encourages developers to avoid designated wild trout watersheds, endangered or threatened species, and intact landscapes such as contiguous state or federal lands and lands under conservation easements (shaded in dark purple on the map).

TU has also unveiled an intensive angler science initiative (<https://www.tu.org/science/science-engagement/community-science/>) to monitor streams where pipelines are proposed, under construction, or already completed. The goal is to provide real-time data for water temperature, dissolved oxygen, sediment loading, and other measurements that will help us maintain accountability and sound the alarm should anything go awry.

When engaging the industry and regulators on pipeline routes, TU encourages best practices to protect water quality and trout populations. These include using appropriate stream crossing techniques for both access roads and pipeline construction, keeping



FAILED EROSION CONTROL FENCE RESULTS IN SEDIMENT FLOWING INTO THE STREAM

The most common pollution events that occur from pipeline development involve failed or non-existent erosion control measures. This results in increased sediment along the stream bottom and can be deadly to fish and aquatic insects. Too much sediment, commonly understood as the muck that swallows your boots when wading, can clog fish gills, lower dissolved oxygen, slow stream flow and raise water temperature, smother habitat for insects and juvenile fish, and interfere with spawning beds. Erosion and sedimentation can occur as a result of any land disturbance, especially when forested buffers are removed for access roads, pipeline rights-of-way, and well site construction too close to a stream. Trout Unlimited recommends at least a 150-foot setback for all streamside buffers to ensure adequate water quality protections; 150-foot setbacks are mandatory for all Exceptional Value streams. Of course, there is always the possibility that more severe pollution events may occur, such as leaks and spills, especially as pipeline infrastructure ages and renewable-energy sources render fossil fuels, and the cost-benefit to repair said infrastructure, obsolete.

To bring this story a bit closer to home, the proposed PennEast Pipeline was slated to carry natural gas 119 miles from Luzerne County to Trenton, NJ, and eventually overseas. The planned route would have crossed more than 130 HQ or EV streams, many of which had robust wild trout populations, as well as the Delaware River, which provides drinking water for much of Philadelphia and Trenton. Thankfully, these streams already have with adequate protections and any development must take these protections into account. This is a testament to the hard work of our partners and volunteers actively engaging in public policy and making water quality protections a priority.



Bio

Rob Shane is the Mid-Atlantic Organizer for Trout Unlimited, based out of Carlisle, PA. He enjoys fly fishing for wild trout in the numerous limestone streams of Central PA and spending his weekends on the Upper Delaware River.



WAIST DEEP IN THE LITTLE J

FRACKING, FLOWBACK AND FISH

By Dr. William Schlesinger

Hydraulic fracturing (aka fracking) has become a standard practice for the production of oil and gas, not just from the shale-gas areas, such as the Marcellus shale in the Northeast, but from a wide variety of situations including the Permian Basin of Texas. Water, with various added chemicals, is injected into a well under pressure to fracture the host rock and release oil and gas. This solution returns to the surface, along with oil and gas, and with waters that are naturally found at depth. Waters returning to the surface are known as “produced” or “flow-back” waters, of which the return of injected water is normally only a small percent.

As hydraulic fracturing has increased in popularity in recent years, the U.S. is now among the top producers of oil and gas in the world. In recent years, the amount of water used in the process has increased by up to 770% for some wells. Some of these are located in areas with limited availability of water (e.g., West Texas), where the water must be obtained from groundwaters that are not sustainable.

In the Marcellus shale region of Pennsylvania, the flow of produced water returning to the surface has increased up to 550%, confronting operators with a problem of wastewater disposal. Some

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

By Matt Seymour, Editor

At our last DJL board meeting on July 20th we decided to explore the possibility of establishing a blog . There may be a number of benefits from this. Key among them is that by spreading the bolus of articles that appear in each quarterly newsletter into weekly blogs we may be able to engage more readers longer.

With appropriate marketing a classy blog may solicit more DJL members and even generate a little advertising revenue. As we move forward on this experiment we'll keep you in the loop.

We've been edified by the number and quality of articles we've secured for publication in STREAMSIDE. Since March 2019 We have published 54 articles on topics ranging from how to prepare fish dinner to the challenges of being a female drift boat guide in a male dominated profession. We added insights on environmental impacts on fishing, stories of friendships born on the fly stream, and some hilarious stories of how the law interacts with local ne'er-do-wells.

Skip Krause, Bob Molzhan, Jack Mickiewicz, Brenna Dekorte, Mike Ferraro & Emerson Cannon have all contributed solid articles. But If our pages have lacked anything it's more quality articles by our own members. Let us know if you'd like to take a shot!

water is reinjected and reused in subsequent wells, while other waters are treated and released into surface streams, potentially with contamination. Some chemical constituents—bromine, strontium and boron—are not easily removed in treatment and remain as a “signature” of fracking operations. Nevertheless, a recent study in Pennsylvania found no relation between the number of oil and gas wells in 25 watersheds and known chemical signatures of flowback waters, and no apparent impacts on microbial and benthic macroinvertebrates—good indices of habitat quality for fishes and other higher organisms.



OIL WELL EFFLUENT. PHOTO BY AVNER VENGOSH, DUKE UNIVERSITY

The actual process of fracking itself is not necessarily harmful, if it is carefully instituted and regulated following well-studied procedures to establish best practice. Indeed, the petroleum industries should encourage and embrace such regulation, for it would allow them to move forward with their business with greater public trust and less litigation, despite the fact that it might shave a few cents off the bottom line of their profits.

Various studies from earth scientists in Duke’s School of the Environment all point to contamination of surface and groundwaters when hydraulic fracking is performed without proper well-casings and careful attention to waste-water management. When spills and leaks occur, local streamwaters bear the chemical signature of flow-back water. In some cases, flowback waters contain low levels of radium, which is of special concern.

I am not in favor of an expanded use of fossil fuels from any source. We must get off the rich diet of fossil fuels if we are to avoid the worst of potential changes in our climate. Because it can potentially supply inexpensive natural gas for another generation, fracking promises that we will delay the transition from fossil fuels to renewable energy. In our effort to generate electricity, to the extent that natural gas replaces coal, we will lower our emission of various pollutants to the atmosphere—carbon dioxide, nitric oxide, sulfur dioxide and mercury. Power plants using natural gas also use much less water than those generating power from coal. But, natural gas is not the panacea: a penny or

two of royalties from natural gas production could offer substantial funding for the further development and implementation of solar, wind, tidal and geothermal power with much lower impact on the quality of our air and freshwater and a higher impact on our quality of life. Urge your elected representatives to take the long view.



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BIO



WILLIAM H. SCHLESINGER
PRESIDENT EMERITUS · CARY INSTITUTE
OF ECOSYSTEM STUDIES

On 1 July 2014, William H. Schlesinger retired as President of the Cary Institute of Ecosystem Studies, a private ecological research institute on the grounds of the Cary Arboretum in Millbrook, NY. He assumed this position after 27 years on the faculty of Duke University. Completing his A.B. at Dartmouth (1972), and Ph.D. at Cornell (1976), he moved to Duke in 1980, where he retired in spring 2007 as Dean of the Nicholas School of the Environment and Earth Sciences and as James B. Duke Professor of Biogeochemistry.

*He is the author or coauthor of over 250 scientific papers on subjects of environmental chemistry and global change and the widely-adopted textbook *Biogeochemistry: An Analysis of Global Change* (Academic Press, 3rd ed. 2013). He has published editorials and columns in the *Charlotte Observer*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Los Angeles Times*, *New York Times*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, and the *(Raleigh) News and Observer*, and other media outlets. His latest book, *Translational Ecology*, was published in September 2017 as an anthology of these popular writings.*

Schlesinger was among the first to quantify the amount of carbon held in soil organic matter globally, providing subsequent estimates of the role of soils and human impacts on forests and soils in global climate change. He was elected a member of The National Academy of Sciences in 2003, and was President of the Ecological Society of America for 2003-2004.

His past work has taken him to diverse habitats, ranging from Okefenokee Swamp in southern Georgia to the Mojave Desert of California, and three times as a Duke alumni tour guide to Antarctica. His research has been featured on NOVA, CNN, NPR, and on the pages of Discover, National Geographic, the New York Times, and Scientific American. Schlesinger has testified before

U.S. House and Senate Committees on a variety of environmental issues, including preservation of desert habitats, global climate change and carbon sequestration.

Schlesinger currently serves on the Board of Trustees for the Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC; New York), and the Southern Environmental Law Center (Charlottesville).

He and his wife, Lisa, live on Cobscook Bay in Lubec, Maine, where they enjoy nature and coastal life.

THE BEGINNING ("MR. LUCKY")

By Bob Bonney

I'm often asked how I became a conservation officer. For me it began when I met Deputy Waterways Conservation Officer David Ziegler (DWCO) one day as I was walking into a local fly shop. We talked for a bit and at the end of our conversation he asked if I'd like to ride along sometime. I said yes, had a blast and here I am 26 years later. Shortly after I was introduced to WCO, now retired, LT. Colonel Don Lauver. I was interviewed, I took a written test, passed, then attended the next DWCO class. Prior to going through the 100-hour class and 150 hours of OJT, I had to wait two agonizing years to attend the school. During that time, I spent every spare minute I had riding with WCO Lauver on patrols.

One day I was assisting with an in-season stocking of French Creek. WCO Lauver asked if I would watch for people taking too many trout. He didn't have to ask twice! I drove a couple of miles downstream where I observed several fishermen at the Rt. 100 bridge pool.

I had just parked my truck when I observed an individual pull into the parking lot. He parked his car, grabbed his gear and walked down to the pool where he met up with another fisherman. As they spoke, my inner voice told me I should find a hiding place. It turned out my instincts were spot on.

I hid in the weeds thirty yards upstream of the bridge where I had an excellent view of both men. The fisherman I saw drive into the parking lot was catching one fish after another. I also noticed that instead of placing his fish on his stringer he threw them between a large boulder and the bridge abutment he was standing next to, which struck me as odd.

As he was preparing to leave, I followed and watched as he carried eight fish to his vehicle and placed them in the trunk. Then he returned to the stream and continued fishing. I returned to my hiding place where I watched for another 30-40 minutes as he caught and kept another eight fish.

All the while I was in contact with WCO Lauver, via the portable radio he had given me. I told him it appeared that the individual was in the process of leaving with a double limit. WCO Lauver hustled over and met the “Lucky Fisherman” streamside as he was preparing to leave.



THE LAW!

done to me?! I smiled, pointed to his car and said, “I don’t know whose car this is, “But that’s his car over there and the fish are in the trunk.”

“Lucky” received a very expensive citation for (8) trout over the limit. So, I got my first poaching case prior to going to DWCO School!

As WCO Lauver inspected his license, I said he has another eight fish in the trunk of his vehicle. So up to the parking lot we went, I was pumped! However, the poacher didn’t go to his vehicle he went to an Oldsmobile, which was there prior to my arrival. He took keys out of his pocket and opened the trunk. And of course, the trunk was empty! WCO Lauver turned and looked at me as if to say “WTH” have you just



Bio



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

Bob's contributed to every issue of Streamside since May 2019!



LAST CAST

By President Kiddo

I have fond childhood memories of catching sunfish in summertime between splashing around in creeks and riding bikes to the park. Taking up fly fishing is like starting all over and I have found that one of my current favorite summer pastimes is hitting freshwater at the end of the long hot day. The sunnies are willing to play and I wouldn't be surprised if someone scratched "for a good time, throw a popper in the creek" into a gas station bathroom stall. Sunnies aren't lethargic and delicate from the near-boil of the July lakes, ponds and creeks. Just the opposite, they are full of beans and can't resist taking an adorably aggressive swipe at whatever should wander into their territory.

For me the summertime recipe to beat the heat is a Boogle bug, a 7' 3wt and a childlike excitement over being in the crick. No need to travel, to bushwhack or to heavily gear up. I do take back up bugs to experiment with besides my loyal arsenal of 3 small bullet style chartreuse aka "solar flare" Boogle bugs.

After an hour of catching and releasing sunnies, log snags and weed snares, the pants literally get beaten off of it. At night I nurse my Boogle army and lovingly rewrap the little black hackle skirts and pull the silicone legs back into place. By the end of summer these bugs are battle scarred and bent but still ready for action. Sometimes I'll be pleasantly surprised find a rock bass or a smallmouth on the end of my line, thus rekindling the delicious hope in every cast of what I may find. No matter what, I walk out of the stream with a big smile feeling like a kid again.

Brenna



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