

STREAMSIDE

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DAME JULIANA LEAGUE

SPRING/SUMMER 2021

Riffles & Runs



By Brenna Dekorte

I was at a loss searching for words to describe and celebrate the life of Jack Mickievicz. He was, indeed, a fascinating and kind individual with a wide range of interests and accomplishments.

Jack was, first and most important to him, a beloved husband and father, and only then a Vietnam Veteran, founding member of Dame Juliana League, a ruffed grouse enthusiast, a student and teacher of flint knapping, Native American artifact hunter, teller of stories, father of packaged dubbing and a treasure trove of fly tying and fly fishing knowledge. Meeting him

as the proprietor of what is perhaps the last olde tyme fly shop was stepping back a hundred years.

We lost a treasure, one of the last Renaissance Men of fly fishing lore, who was always happy to share his incredible wealth of knowledge with those around him.

A simple line drawing of a fly fishing hook and line, with the name "Brenna" written next to it.

In Memoriam Jack Mickievicz

By Matt Seymour

This is a tough one.

Our friend Jack Mickievicz has passed. I met Jack through a mutual friend, Jim Clark, a feather & fur connoisseur and (unlike me) an excellent fly tyer. One morning, in search of some hen necks and specialty tying threads, Jim suggested a visit to Jack's Tackle in Douglassville. This was 4-5 years ago.

Going into Jack's Tackle made me feel like a kid in a candy store. In the upper room where Jack usually sat hunched over his Renzetti prototype there were jars and files filled with hooks, feathers, and god-knows-what. Jack would look up from a fly he was tying and greet you through a haze of cigarette smoke. By then the dog had growled, the cats had scattered and his wife, Carol, had stuck her head out to see what visitors were in the shop. There were bundles of cane rods in various stages of restoration and a few curious-looking machines connected to the packaging, cutting, winding, or stripping fly materials. There were display cases filled with fly-fishing memorabilia: fly collections,

Native American arrowheads, classic fly books and maps. You thought you had stepped into Ali Baba's secret cave. That room was filled with too many wonders to contemplate. Dizzying.

Once you managed to remember what you came in for, Jack would take you downstairs to the fly tyer's equivalent of Scrooge McDuck's money bin. Rows and rows of dubbing, threads, feathers, and drums of peacock, ostrich, duck wings ... well ... you get the idea. If you couldn't find what you wanted at Jack's you probably didn't need it.

The best part for me was Jack himself. He patiently answered hundreds of my beginner's questions. Jim would roll his eyes as I leapt from one naive inquiry to the next ... but Jack always indulged me, bless him.

There is so much more to share about him. Please read an article Jack wrote a couple of years ago for The Dame Juliana League's STREAMSIDE Newsletter, which will give you an appreciation for his notoriety in the world of fly tying. http://www.djlflyfishers.org/newsletters/2019_winter.pdf (see pages 7-8.)

Jack was a founding member of the Dame Juliana League as well as a volunteer with Project Healing Waters. He was a master rod builder and used his Wednesday nights at The VA Medical Center in Coatesville helping vets craft their own superb fly rods.

Miss him mightily.



JACK SHOWING VETS AT COATESVILLE VA MEDICAL CENTER HOW TO BUILD A ROD

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There Is a Heart in Every Step

By Karen DelRaso

I am not the type of person who sits on the floor with crossed legs, silently trying to clear my mind to meditate. Being outdoors, taking in everything around me is where I feel most grounded. There has always been something cathartic about sitting by a babbling brook, contemplating whatever thoughts come to mind.



Most of the activities in my life that bring me to mindfulness happen outdoors. Hiking in the woods, rowing on the river, taking up fly fishing again ... so in some ways it is not surprising that when my eyes were opened, this is where I would find love, joy, and healing.

Initially, it was a personal project to share something uplifting. It started after my mom, Loretta, passed away. She was a special lady. She loved life and always encouraged me to look on the positive side and to follow my heart, especially during the last years of her life. Whenever we were together there was a lot of laughter and encouragement to really live fully, to look for happiness and joy everywhere. We were awfully close, and I felt lost after she passed.

A couple of weeks later, I was at an outdoor fly fishing event with Project Healing Waters and Trout Unlimited when a huge thunderstorm rolled in. It sent everyone running for cover. As the storm started to pass, my friend suggested we look for a rainbow. Not even a mile down the road we saw the most astounding rainbow I have ever seen! It was horizontal, not bowed like we normally see. We decided to keep

driving to see if we could see another one. We pulled into a parking lot facing the dark sky ahead and the clear sky behind us and waited to see if another rainbow would appear. I became impatient and got out of the vehicle to see where the sun was. And that is when I saw this heart-shaped opening in the clouds. I felt that it was Mom's way of telling me everything would be ok.

I did not realize it then, but that was the beginning of an awareness, a selfdiscovery that has continued. I felt that these adventures have brought me back to a time when I was not so jaded or hurt by life. I feel over time I have allowed some things in life to affect my wellbeing and now while I am out there, in nature, I feel joy again. And the more time I spend in nature the longer my joy lasts in my daily life.

Since then, I have seen hearts in nature almost everywhere I go and started to photograph them. I decided to make a book of the photos adding a few inspirational quotes. In the beginning, I gave them out to friends and family, just to say thanks. I have always enjoyed helping others, and my book, *Sharing Heart*, is my way of lifting someone's spirits by reminding them of the beauty that surrounds us.



I particularly remember one day when I had a rough time at work and was feeling angry and exhausted. As I walked to the back door of my apartment building, I looked down and there was a heart shaped leaf lying right in front of me. My first thought was, where did that come from? And then I realized just the sight of that heart-shaped leaf made me pause and focus on the fact that I was smiling and that those negative thoughts were disappearing and not dwelling on what happened earlier. I looked up into the night sky and smiled in gratitude. That one event ended a rough day on a high note.

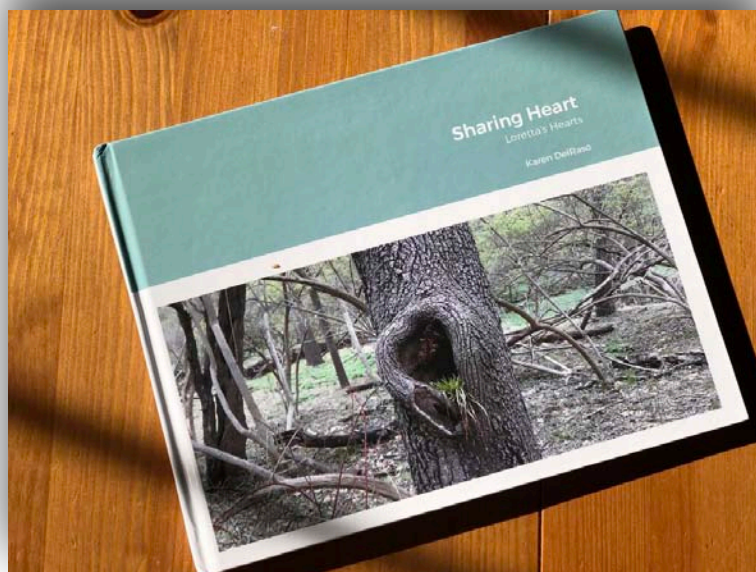
I know life can be overwhelming at times, especially this past year, but I also feel we are lucky to be invited to a way to step back and find peace and quiet out in nature. Whether it is stomping through the dewy ferns, fly fishing, rowing or just sitting by the water, there is something calming about all of it. Through my journey, I realized that we are not alone and are always surrounded by little hints reminding us that love and compassion will get us through anything. And that love is all around.

The book was something that started out as a collection of heart pictures I wanted to share with others, hoping to bring them the joy the hearts do for me. Initially I gave the book to family and friends and then to strangers to thank them for their kindness and generosity. I believe in the power of this little book and the positivity it brings. Personal responses to *Sharing Heart* confirm my intention. At the encouragement of a few friends, I decided to make the book available to others so they can pass it on as well. A portion of the proceeds from selling the book, goes to any of the non-profits on the website. "It begins with one person, one heart and a desire to share the love." You can find more hearts and stories at www.lorettashearts.com.



BIO

Karen is an avid traveler, enjoys volunteering and being outdoors. She spent time volunteering in Zambia, Africa at a youth center. Lately she shares her mojo with PHW Coatesville, McKaig's Nature Center, and Total Outdoors. She climbed Mt Rainier for a Breast Cancer Fundraiser and the Avon 39 Walk. Her favorite things to do outside are hiking, horseback riding, rowing and is starting to take fly fishing back up again.



Brooding At The Bench

By Daniel Miller

One of my early childhood memories was of collecting cicada shells off a pine tree in my parents' back yard in Matamoras, PA, outside of Halifax. 2021 is the year of the 17-year hatch of the Brood X Cicada. Trees will be loud and humming this year. The last hatch happened while I was in Tikrit, Iraq, when I had no knowledge of fly fishing and the joy it brings. I am going to take the time to immerse myself in the hatch this year and make it extra special, which brings us to the creation of the fly.



FOAM CICADA-

Hook- CK52S sz 2

Lead Wire- .030

Abdomen- 6mm closed-cell foam black (segmentation tied “extended body style”)

Thorax- 2mm closed-cell foam orange (craft foam)

Wing- Hareline “No-Fray” Material

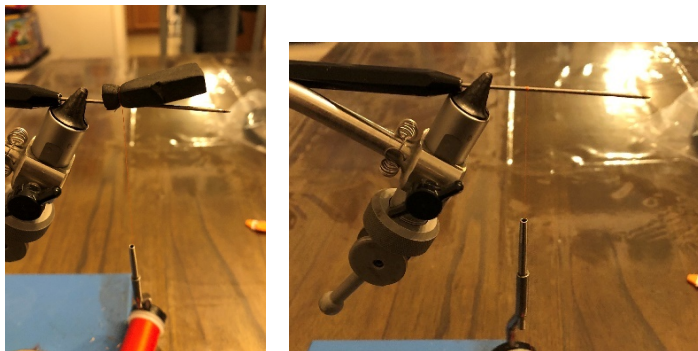
Underwing- deer hair/Krystal Flash

Legs- Wapsi rubber legs SZ LG



1. Start the fly by selecting the 6mm black foam and cutting a rather wide triangular piece for the abdomen as illustrated in the picture,

2. You will then cut two diamond shaped pieces from the 2mm orange craft foam. These two pieces will be used on the overwing and underside of the cicada's



3. Place a bodkin or needle in your vice to tie the extended body abdomen.

Take the black 6mm abdomen, place it on the bodkin, and make three segmented wraps, whip finishing each wrap to create three separate segments. I use orange thread and ensure I wrap each segment with 4-5 turns to highlight the segmentation.



The finished abdomen will look like the upper picture. I cover the wraps with SOLAREZ Bone-Dry UV Resin for durability.

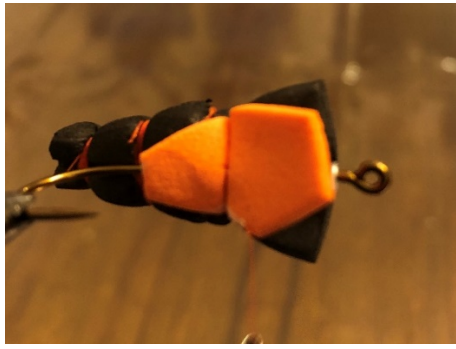
4. Place the hook in the vice and add lead wraps. The lead is critical for the fly to land correctly.



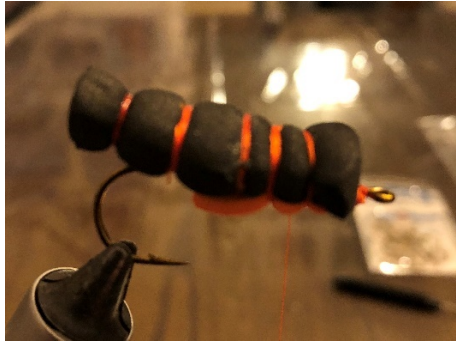
5. Make a vertical slice in the 6mm foam with a razor blade and insert the slice over the raised portion of the CK52S hook; the reason I chose this hook is to prevent the fly from spinning.

Tie the foam down and secure it with one wrap, creating an additional segment.





6. Take the first diamond wedge of 2mm orange foam and secure it under the first wrap point.



7. Advance the thread and create a second point and secure the wedge with two segmented wraps.



8. Select a bundle of deer hair about the size as illustrated in the picture. Clean the under fur and create a splayed wing. Repeat for the second wing.

I use the deer hair to mimic the ventricles in the insect's wings.



9. Put crystal flash over the deer hair wing to create a shimmer, to attract attention.

At this stage I coat the butt ends and thread wraps with SOLAREZ Bone-Dry UV Resin for increased durability.





10. Trim two wings of Hareline “No-Fray” wing material. Lay this over the deer hair to finish the wings.

This material is great and just adds a cover and shimmer for fish attraction and durability.



11. Take the remaining diamond wedge of 2mm orange foam and place it over the wings to create an overwing. Secure it with the thread and remove the front of the diamond to look like a thorax.

12. At this point advance the thread behind the eye of the hook. Whip finish and apply SOLAREZ Bone-Dry UV Resin to the wraps for durability.





13. I use a tool called Zuddy's Leg Puller to apply the legs. I create crisscrossed legs through the sides of the 6mm foam, and one leg horizontal in the center.

LG Rubber Legs are used because of their durability and appearance on the water. I recommend sourcing the legs from www.Easterntrophiesflyfishing.com



14. The last and final step is to take GULFF "Red Alert" UV Resin or a similar product and create a bead on either side of the head for the cicada's red eyes.

The CICADA is now complete and ready to fish!

Voila! Miller's Brood X, 17-Year Cicada Pattern!



Bio



Daniel Miller is an ARMY/ARMY NATIONAL GUARD veteran who discovered fly fishing through the instruction and mentorship of Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing (PHWFF). He is currently the Assistant Program Lead of the Harrisburg program of PHWFF.



Invasion of The Giant Terrestrials!

By Les Young

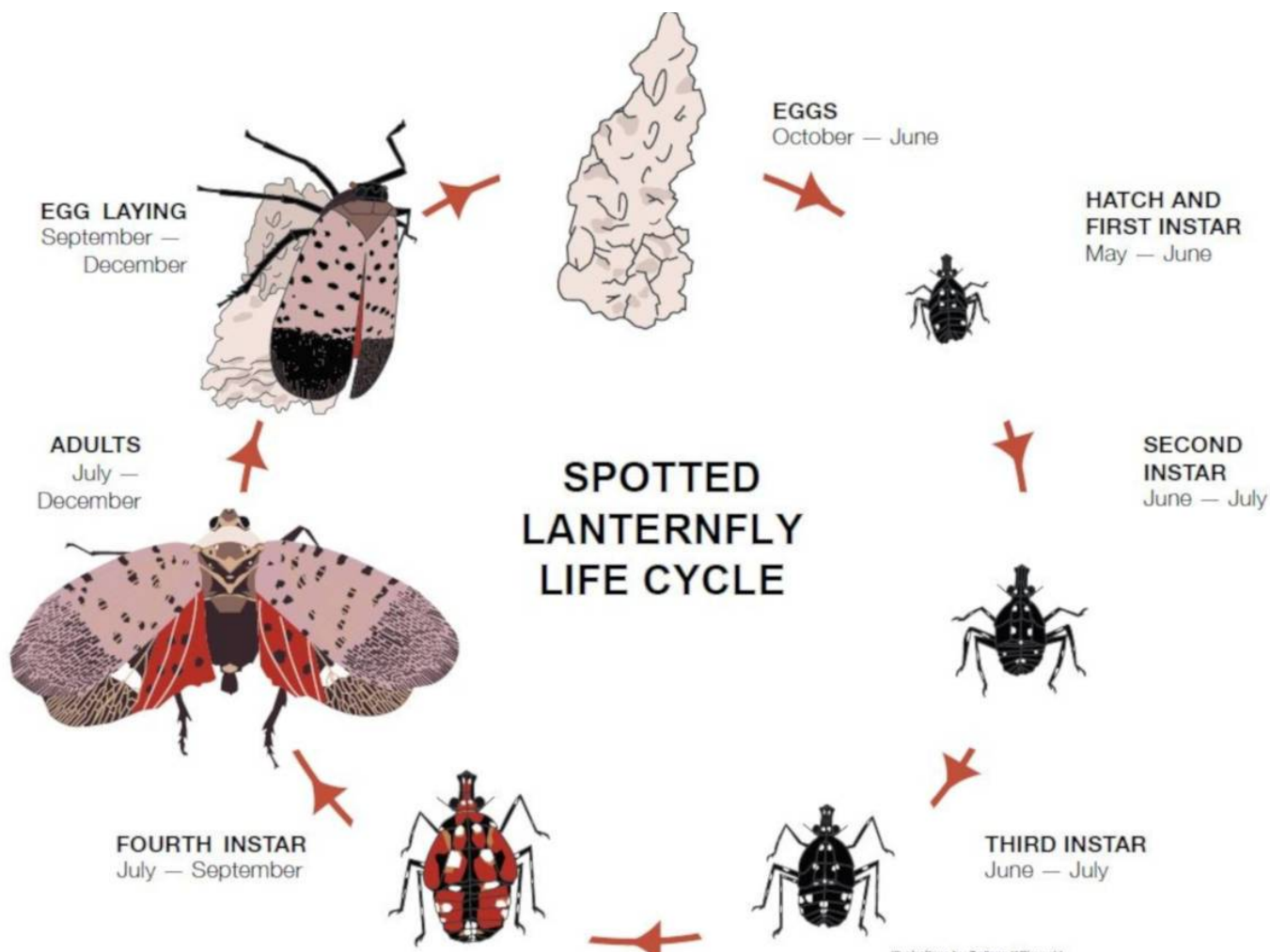


Who's Your Daddy?

Who's The Real Invader?

Of course, this headline refers to the 17-year cicada and the spotted lanternfly. In truth, since the cicadas here are native, the real invaders are the newcomers, the spotted lanternfly. The various broods of the 17- year (e.g. Brood X), the 13-year, and annual cicadas are native, while the spotted lanternfly is from Asia. Both of these are a hefty size by any non-tropical standard, and especially for these parts of the country. The adult spotted lanternfly is an inch long, while the cicada ranges from an inch to twice that. I don't have a cicada at hand to weigh, but I recall that it is pretty massive, maybe several dozen times the weight of a sulfur. The lanternfly is large, but not as heavy its brooding comparator. Thousands of species of cicadas live all over the world, with the largest living in Malaysia with an eight-inch wingspan! Now how would we tie a fly pattern for that? And what fly rod setup could heave it?

The life cycle stages which are available to the trout are different: the cicada spends most of its life underground sucking on tree roots, while the lanternfly has not only the winged adult but several instar phases of its nymph falling to the water.



Fly Tiers Have Focused on The Adult Lanternfly

The current hype is Brood X, which is 1-2 inches. Periodical cicadas are easily identifiable by their striking black bodies, red eyes and orange wing veins. The females are similar to males from a fly tier's perspective

Because its first 16 years as nymphs are underground among tree roots, they are not in a position for trout to find them. It is in the seventeenth year that the nymphs emerge and become adults that fly out to find mates, and thus if they should happen to chance upon a stream and fall into it they could become trout food. Male cicadas sing raucously and thereby make it easy for us to know when and where they are hanging out.

The first sightings of the lanternfly were in 2014, in nearby Berks County, no less. By 2018 there were reports in the state of Delaware. So their range is expanding pretty dramatically. The female is slightly bigger, with longer legs. It is a full inch long, 22-27mm vs the slightly smaller male at 21-22mm. The female has a tip which a bit of red, but on the whole these have yellow and black bodies, with tan wings and a flamboyant epaulet of red. I think that red is a definite trigger for the fish.

Unlike the cicada, lanternfly nymphs are quite available to the trout. They climb the tree trunks to get back into the yummy leaves and they get blown off by the wind. This happens a lot - a common means of control uses sticky tape wrapped around tree trunks and in the summer it is amazing how many hundreds of the nymphs get stuck on a couple inches of tape within several hours. The first three instars are black with prominent white dots, starting at 1/4". The fourth instar has a lot of red coloration and is 3/4".

A Little Stinker

A few years ago, another invasive, the brown marmorated stink bug, became prevalent here in Southeast PA. Every year they became more numerous. Stink bugs were skilled hitch-hikers - one of my flyfishing kept bringing them home to Delaware County from his the Tulpehocken, where the critters were everywhere. last year or two, I haven't seen many of them at all. The with invasive species is they often don't have the natural predators here that keep them in check back in their lands. But maybe something will figure out how to their rampant spread.



These friends trips to Yet this problem

native reduce

No, I never did any study to figure out a fly pattern for stink bugs. Nor did I collect a few and chum a stream to see if fish liked to munch on them. The angular and opaque body of these size 10's never inspired me to work up an imitation, since I'm more of a fur and feather tyer. I also don't like to do artsy-crafty work with scissors for my flies.

However, unlike maybe the stinkbug, the lanternfly watchers here have little expectation that the lanternfly scourge will diminish on its own. So we can look forward to seeing the critters every year for a good while until the Penn State researchers come up with a fungus or parasite that might curb their expanding population.

Back in the 1950s, when we were much less woke with respect to many issues, the term, really a pejorative, "invasive" wasn't in common use. The Japanese Beetle was prominent with rose gardeners as well as fly fisherman. The former viewed that invasive as a scourge, but fly guys looked forward to June and July, when both Tricos (*Caenis* at the time) and the Japanese Beetles would be great at stirring up the trout and getting them to look up to the surface for food.

The Cumberland Valley great, Vince Marinaro, wrote about terrestrials (that was a new fangled term then with us anglers), and I remember seeking out jungle cock eyes for his Jassids. I reread his *A Modern Dry Fly Code* (72 years later now - what does it take to qualify as modern?) many times. In the '60s, many now-common synthetics (now being lambasted as microplastics) hadn't yet been invented, or at least hadn't yet been manufactured in a form available to us fly tyers. So instead of the many plastic foams now in use for beetle bodies, I recall Little Lehigh River regulars making do with coffee beans and cork. Both were organic and biodegradable, but the glues back then weren't very good either. Maybe back then anglers outnumbered rose gardeners, but I don't recall Japanese Beetle stirring up the acrimony that the stinkbug and lanternfly visitors generate nowadays.

Brood X public relations and hype are working overtime. There have been mainstream articles about them and some fly patterns are available at the fly suppliers (TCO, anyway, though not in the Orvis on-line catalog). There have been heroic stories of the enthusiasm trout and bass had for the cicadas 17 years ago. At that time, some river systems had more cicada concentrations than others, with the Susquehanna River watershed getting a lot of the action.

Lanternflies are the new kid on the block, and so far commercial patterns aren't out there. Lanternflies are still spreading out with Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties being major hotbeds.

Tying the big cicada presents some novel challenges for Eastern tyers. Foam is the obvious material to fashion the bulky body.

Mary Kuss, in her excellent article in STREAMSIDE's last issue (http://www.djflyfishers.org/newsletters/2021_winter_spring.pdf pp 20-23), points out that the cicada often lands upsidedown when it falls into the water. My foam beetles, although the foam is tied on top of the hook, still end up with the hook down.

By contrast, tying many lanternfly patterns is more a matter of just putting more material on a bigger hook.



Pattern By David Miller (See Article In This Issue of STREAMSIDE)

Trying To Fish The Darn Things!

Fishing the cicada and adult lanternflies prompts some tackle considerations. By summer, water levels have dropped below spring levels and stretches of our local streams can become pretty skinny. Normally that is when I drop down to a 4 or 3 weight, or even smaller. The cicada imitations are big and heavy, and the lanternfly imitations can be fluffy and likewise pretty good size. A graphite 4-weight rod might be able to handle these size 8 3XL (or bigger) bugs, but fiberglass and bamboo in those light weights would be hard pressed to provide the propulsion to put the imitation out onto the stream. I can't think of any brand graphite 3-weight or lighter than would be up to the task.

In either case with the adults, you'll be casting wind-resistant bugs at least an inch long, and might be catching good-sized fish, so sizee 3x tippet or even heavier. For this work, a 5- or 6-weight rod and line is best. Another associated factor is that you need to put more oomph into setting the hook, certainly more than a #22 BWO would require. Even with supersharp hooks, there's a lot of steel in the cross-section of a size 6 or 4 (or bigger). The lake bass angler's maxim of "cross their eyeballs" might be instructive here, though trout have less bony mouths. And in setting up your leader, you won't be needing a delicate laydown. If anything, a strong turnover to splat upon touchdown gets the fish's attention.

When these big flies fall into the water, they struggle mightily and a well-timed twitch or three will often provoke the strike.

This summer I expect to see the adult cicadas along with the early lanternfly nymphs. Trees along the bank would concentrate both species, and prospecting for trout would be most fruitful below host trees. Once the cicadas emerge, individuals live another five to six weeks.



Al's Trico

Last summer is when I found unexpectedly good catching with the early instars of the lanternfly nymphs. By chance, or maybe some kind of sixth sense, I hit upon using Montana-sized Al's Tricos, previously known in the Lehigh Valley as the Philadelphia Lawyer. I had wild browns in Valley Creek surging over a couple of feeding lanes to glom onto my imitations. When the nymphs got bigger, and redder, I never quite worked out a good imitation. I suppose cutting a shaped body in foam, keying in on the triangular profile, might be in order.

Late summer and fall is when the lanternfly adults show up, and it takes a killing frost, usually late October or November, to put these out of commission. Use big Stimulators and October Caddis in at least a size 10 to generate strikes, and tying in some red to suggest the epaulets improves the receptivity to the trout.

Both types of bugs are oriented to trees, and certain trees species are favored by at least the lanternfly. Therefore the best parts of a water body for these are tree lined. Cicadas' raspy songs help narrow down their specific location. Lanternflies are pretty well camouflaged, but where they congregate, they are so big that you can easily spot them. They also create a by-product from feeding on tree sap, a kind of honeydew. If there is any non-absorbent surface like a car body or windshield, or metal bridge hand railing, you can see the shiny spots of the 'dew.'



Downwing Lanternfly

Edible Or Regrettable?

There's some debate on how enthusiastically predators eat lanternflies. Often prey species use red-colored body parts to signal that maybe they are not so tasty, or perhaps even poisonous. I've been struck by how long the dead bodies of the SLF have been left alone in my yard, when normally any protein source left overnight is gone the next morning.



Upwing Lanternfly Imitation

The year I personally looked at using lanternfly imitations for flyfishing, I tied up large variations of downwing caddis and added sections of red to suggest those epaulets. When I was catching young-of-the-year and 7-inch wild browns that were midging, it occurred to me that I had just tied up some lanternfly imitations. So I took off the 8X to 5X tippet and tied on one of the new creations to 4X so that the 4 weight line could turn over the big size 10 2XL tan fly. I was pleased to see the little fish nibble at the big fly, as did a couple of sunnies. But then a

13-inch brown that I hadn't seen by a bridge abutment slammed the big fly. A few minutes later, his twin did the same thing. They wanted more protein than the #26 midges were providing.

That set me off to explore other sections of the stream as well as other streams, and rather than hunkering down and changing numerous flies for the same pod of fastidiously rising wilds, I mounted the big lanternfly imitations on a stubby leader and charged up the streams, popping the flies at likely looking holding areas. I found quite a few spots that I always suspected held nice browns but since they rarely rose, I never knew for sure. These big flies were quite the attractor, although sometimes the hookup ratio wasn't great. But at least I located holding areas.

Last summer my best success was with the first three instars of nymphs, using that Al's Trico. But somehow, I didn't duplicate the previous autumn's luck with the full adults. I never did resolve that fourth, reddish instar. It's strange how the catching changes from year to year. This year, I'm hopeful I can put it all together.

Bio



Lester Young (aka "Lestrout" on social media) has been enthusiastically fly fishing since the '50s. He is retired from 40 years as a chemical engineer at DuPont. Although he started out in the Catskills near his native Ithaca, he has used his career travelling to fish across the country and routinely carried fishing licenses for five states. He is a self-described hound for fly fishing gear, especially rods and reels, and is an avid accumulator of fly tying materials. He rationalizes his obsession as "cheaper than therapy."

Friendships Run Through It

By Bill Anderson

"We can only save one small river."

As president of the Little Juniata River Association, I have been accused by my local friends of "bringing the out-of-town hordes" to our river. Guilty as charged! If you consider those who come to fly fish and kayak, to pick up trash, dig holes for trees and to pound rebar for habitat structures as "hordes," I admit to feeling a kinship...yes a friendship, for the Little Juniata River and its wild trout. When I retired 17 years ago, I set out to make as many mutual friends as possible for this long-tortured and badly-polluted Central Pennsylvania river.



The "Little j" originates from multiple small freestone streams that tumble down from the Allegheny Front. Large limestone springs enter downstream from Tyrone, cooling and changing the aquatic environment into a fertile bug factory. It is modest as rivers go, no bigger than many "creeks" (including my boyhood stream, the Brandywine Creek). For over 100 years, this river, like many others, was treated as an open sewer. First came the acid from the tanneries, then railroad oils, followed by untreated effluent from "the largest paper mill in America." The mill was (and still is) located midway down the river in Tyrone. The Westvaco Mill swallowed the cold springs that brought life to the river and delivered a stinking mess into the Bald Eagle Creek, a large tributary to the "Little j."

The Bad Old Days

I first saw the "Shit Creek" (that is what the locals called it) in 1968. The mill was still spewing its colorful, malignant soup directly into the river. Adding to the putrid mix was domestic waste, "with most of the solids removed!" Still, there were a few wild brown trout. They huddled where the springs and relatively unpolluted tributaries joined. Their ancestors were stocked in the watershed soon after the first eyed eggs were brought from Europe. By the mid-19th



Recent Sulphur Flurry On the Little J

Century, the Eastern Brook Trout, once prolific in Spruce Creek and in nearly all the "Little j" tributaries, were decimated by the sediment and warming caused by logging and wood harvesting by the charcoal iron industry.

With the demise of the brookie, the answer for restoring the failing fisheries seemed to be a new, more pollution-resistant trout from Europe. It is likely that the first brown trout were introduced into the "Little j" watershed by Spruce Creek Rod & Gun Club members between 1883 and 1886. These early trout, released more than 135 years ago, came directly from wild stock from both Germany and Scotland. These early fish were only one or two generations from wild capture from native waters.

They flourished in Spruce Creek and soon spread throughout the watershed, but only in the limited waters where conditions were suitable.

Things changed dramatically in the early 70's. First came treatment of the "putrid soup." The Clean Water Act required communities to build waste treatment facilities in Altoona and Tyrone. These plants, both on-line by 1973, began the transformation from open sewer to "Class A Wild Trout" listing by PAFBC and the upgrade of "Designated Use" environmental protections. The wild browns, descendants of those early releases, could finally claim the entire 32 miles of the river! Through the efforts of PAFBC, LJRA and our 500 plus "friends of the river," stocking of hatchery genetics was stopped; special Catch-&-Release regulations were enacted; many tributaries and, finally, 14 miles of the main river, achieved "High Quality Cold Water Designated Use" status!

The Little j's Friend and Mine

The early "river friends" included Charlie Meck, a prolific fly-fishing book author who often mentioned the Little J and its hatches. Charlie lived only a few miles from the river and for the years I owned my fly shop along Spruce Creek,

Charlie would drink our coffee, tie his Patriot dry flies, and tell my partner and me stories of the "bad old days." Once I persuaded Charlie to tie up a bunch of "Patriots" (essentially a Royal Coachman dry fly with red, and blue floss) for sale in the shop. My idea was to sell them as signature flies from a famous tyer (Charlie) for a substantial premium. He agreed and soon returned with ten dozen of the colorful bugs.



Meck's Patriot Fly



The Late, Great Charlie Meck

I constructed a large sign that announced "Patriot Dry Flies Tied by Famous Author - Charlie Meck \$3.00 ea." While placing the sign in our window, I noticed a large camper the size of a Greyhound Bus in our parking lot. A stocky fellow dressed in Simms from his scarf to his sandals burst through the door. He not so politely demanded, "Where are the Charlie Meck flies?" I retrieved a shop cup expecting him to buy a few or maybe a dozen flies. Instead, he bought them all! The next time Charlie came in, along with his coffee, I proudly handed him his share of the proceeds from my triumphant marketing effort (we had agreed to a 50/50 split). He handed the cash back and told me to donate it to the Little Juniata River Association. Charlie was a true friend of the river to the end. When he passed, he left instructions to his son Brian to have donations in lieu of flowers sent to LJRA.

Our little river now has many friends (especially this coming week when the sulfurs are hatching), but there is much to be done. Only half the river is protected with special C&R regulations (we are working on the rest). Most of the upper river (upstream from Tyrone) is privately owned and while mostly open to the public, it could be posted at any time. LJRA has facilitated nearly five miles of Public Fishing Easements with payments of \$200,000 to landowners, but it will take almost \$3 million to assure the entire river stays open to the public. Water quality is far better than before. However, the major waste treatment plant for

Altoona, a city of 50,000 plus, is a combined waste and storm water system that allows untreated sewage to bypass treatment every time it rains hard. It will take millions of dollars to make this happen. Come to the river – It's prime time!



Little J Resident



Pemberton Bridge Pool



BIO

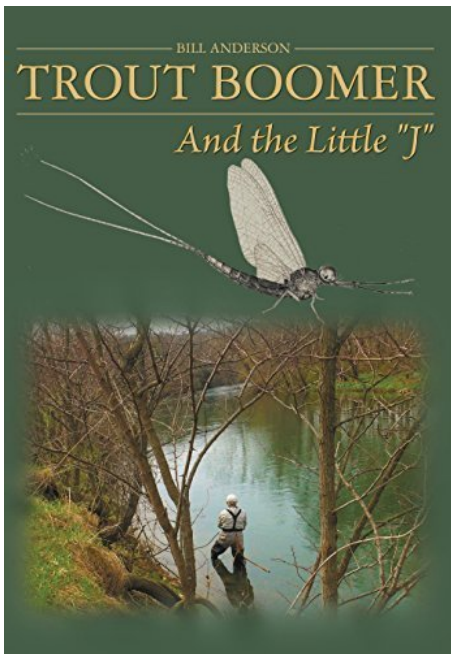
Bill Anderson - President of the Little Juniata River Association; fly fishing instructor/guide; innovative fly tyer; National Finalist for the Field & Stream "Hero of Conservation Award" 2014; and Outdoor News – Person of the Year for 2015. Winner of many environmental/conservation awards for his work with the Little Juniata River Association preserving and improving the Little Juniata River.

Bill lives in a solar log house in Sinking Valley near Tyrone, located just five miles from the Little Juniata River. He has fished the Little J intensely since moving to Central PA in 1978. Bill and his wife, Carol Ann, raised three children and are now enjoying their English Springer,

Max and five grandkids.

Since retiring in 2004: Bill and a partner started and ran a fly shop located on Spruce Creek. Bill has served as the leader of the Little Juniata River Association, a 501 c3 watershed conservation organization, since 2005: He is a licensed guide and fly-fishing instructor, specializing in fishing the dry fly for Little Juniata River brown trout. In the winter months, Bill writes, teaches fly tying classes, and installs EZ-P relief zippers in waders (all year). He has written articles on fly fishing and the Little Juniata River for regional magazines.

Bill is the author of "Trout Boomer And the Little J" - The story of a fly fisher and his love for the Little Juniata River." His innovative fly pattern, the CET (Crippled Emerger Transformer) mayfly was developed over several decades of observing and fishing the hatches on the "Little j." He also contributed the chapter for the Little



"J" in a book titled "50 Best Places Fly Fishing the Northeast." Most recently, Bill contributed "Polywing

Caddis - My Most Go To Fly" for the PA Fly Fishing Museum Newsletter. His innovative fly-tying videos may be found on YouTube.

Bill may be contacted at bjuniata@verizon.net, 814 569 8843

https://www.amazon.com/Trout-Boomer-Little-Anderson-Hardcover/dp/B011MCD2DQ/ref=sr_1_dchild=1&keywords=Trout+Boomer&qid=1620665035&s=digital-text&sr=1-1-catcorr

Wading Through

By Mark Abbott

Just before Christmas in 2020 a friend of mine took his own life. This was the 12th buddy I've lost to suicide. Unfortunately it's become a familiar hat to wear. The night I heard about this friend I fielded phone calls and tried to put old friends in touch with each other. All night long. I spoke with my wife and tried to pretend I wasn't upset by my friend's permanent solution to his temporary problem. Once I had repeated that same, painful conversation with enough people, and my next day's sad interactions, I told my wife that I was going fishing in the morning. This was a new move. It was late December, 25 degrees with snow on the ground and shards of ice in the water - but I was determined to get out in the water.

This article is about what led me to fly fishing and why it has become a way to handle my emotions in a productive, safe way.

Back In Time

On June 15th 2001, I realized just how little I knew about life.

My father died suddenly from an aneurysm minutes after finishing the 2.5 hour drive home from the NASCAR speedway with my mom. He woke my mom up from the long ride and went inside to use the bathroom allowing her time to get situated. Little did either of them know, that would be the last time they ever touched or spoke to each other. My dad was gone by the time my mom got inside the house ...maybe two minutes.

In the following days I understood, first hand, how fragile life is. It wouldn't be my last time learning that lesson. I hadn't begun to realize until quite recently what a hole my dad's death left in my life. I still have a hard time coming to terms with the feelings of loss I've had since that day.



Five and a half years later I would be walking into a United States Marine Corps recruiter's office in Newark to sign the final paperwork, I was off to Parris Island to join up and do my bit. This was the first time I had made such a monumental decision on my own. I spent four years in the Marines as an infantryman. I did every job that a grunt can do from walking point to running a squad. I served in combat, I served in a peacekeeping role and I served with true giants among men - brothers that I will honor, serve and respect the rest of my life.

I've personally known 34 of our nation's finest warriors who will never grow old: seven men from my unit, 15 from other units throughout the Marine Corps who I trained with in some capacity and 12 to suicide after their time in the service.

Today

I've spent the past five years helping veterans and their families handle the fallout of a Veteran loved one taking their own life. I've thought a lot about why this kind of service has become an important part of my life. Serving in small units as a Marine created in me the ability to lead and connect people with resources while solving a problem. It was



a familiar framework. I understand the responsibilities of being a teammate and more importantly, the pain. I cherish the opportunity to serve people. It is the ultimate responsibility and honor. In the service, When one Marine is down, the others step up and we ensure mission completion. My impulse to serve is even more deep-rooted than my time in the service; my mom, recently retired, was a ER/Trauma nurse for over forty years. My parents always emphasized "others first" in their words and actions.

My wife Haleigh and I are currently involved in a non-profit called The Weekly Fight (<https://www.theweeklyfight.org>). My wife is a board member and I am a chapter president at Crossfit Thunder Hill in Oxford, PA. We hold weekly workouts at local gyms. These workouts are free to Veterans and first responders as well as their families. Through The Weekly Fight we have had the opportunity to help families in their darkest times. We have been able to show our community, through our actions, that they are loved and needed. We have done it all: we've covered funeral costs of

a veteran's suicide, we've established trust funds for surviving children as well as covering costs for home repairs for a widow. We don't do this because it's fun, or looks good in the press. We don't even publicize the lion's share of our efforts. We do this because we have a desire to serve others. We realize the best way to truly live is by putting our time and energy into making other peoples' lives better.

On a personal level The Weekly Fight can be extremely taxing. It wakes up the grieving process in my wife and me each time we encounter another loss. The Weekly Fight is a way to reset and get our minds straightened out. I thoroughly enjoy working with my wife and in a team serving a community. It has certainly helped scrub off some of the calloused feelings I've earned living through loss and continually putting myself where the rubber meets the road when a suicide occurs. As a Marine I respond well to being part of a team. Joining other likeminded folks at the Weekly Fight allows me to be honest with myself and others. It is here that I'm comfortable enough to let myself offload my emotional baggage and decompress. I can cry when I get a chance to share a story about my friends, or let loose a deep belly laugh as I remember and share some of the hell I've raised with those same men. Any emotion in between can also be seen while I'm spending time with my tribe. I love them and they love me.

A Way Forward



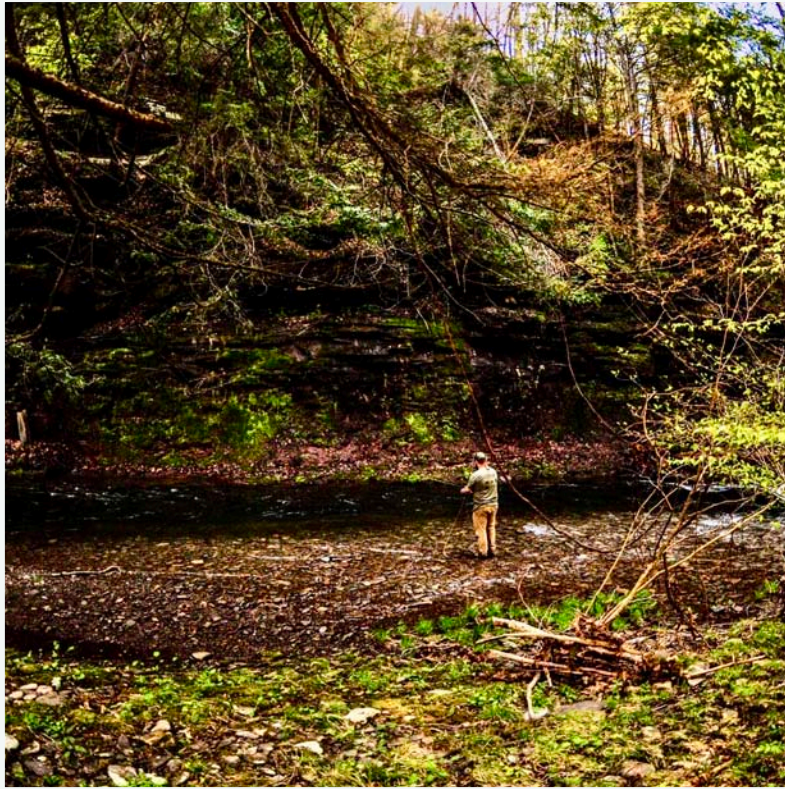
In early 2020 as Covid sank in, I decided that I would try out fly fishing. After spending five years using exercise as an outlet for my anger and frustration I was hesitant to allow myself to walk away without a safe replacement. I needed to find something that would be challenging mentally and take time to learn while showing me a healthy way to process my emotions, much the same as CrossFit had. Unfortunately, I work long hours so finding something that met my needs but also wasn't exhausting was important. I had become used to burning the candle at both ends and was ready for a change. Fly Fishing was just the change I needed.

In my search I joined my local Project Healing Waters program and began learning how to tie flies. PHW sent me a fly-tying kit which had the basic tools and materials to get started. They got me lined up to meet weekly through Microsoft Teams and start tying. I did that. I jumped in with both feet. At first it was a satisfying hobby and a good break from everything. Then I entered my "obsession phase" with fly fishing. I got a rod and reel, a net and some waders and I went out and caught no fish for months. I made a million mistakes and got skunked in water that held bushels of fish!

When I arrive at the stream I park on the side of some road like everyone else. While gearing up I take a few minutes and take inventory of gear, my flies, my tippet. I make sure all of my tools are in good working order and in the same place I left them. I also go over my thoughts and emotions. I think about what's driving me that particular day, especially what is driving those feelings. I have to get my thoughts organized before I stride to the stream. Then comes *magic time*.

Chasing trout has become an incredibly relaxing experience, with and without the fish. I let go and immerse myself in the sounds of the woods, the running water, the quiet. These sights and sounds are a visceral reminder that I am alive and life is good, I am safe. My problems at work, my anger, my hurts all evaporate as I slowly shift my focus from the stresses in my life to the water. Once I get in I am afforded some uninterrupted time to process my feelings and that is just what I need. I go out for 4-6 hours at a time and just get lost. I throw flies and catch trees, sticks, rocks and occasionally a trout.

Lately my wife has been going along. Having my wife on the water with me pursuing her own quarry has opened me up to a new intimacy. It's not competitive, it's just fun and really special for both of us. These trips have become our favorite way to spend time together.



I'm beginning to understand the hole my dad's death left. I was an immature young man when he passed. My expectations of being guided by him as an adult suddenly left the night he passed away. I think the uncertainty caused by my father's death evoked a longing for affirmation. I am learning that I can stand alone and be strong without that. Being alone with the water and the trout seems to slowly wash the uncertainty away.

When I go out to fish with Haleigh or alone I know I am taking time to reset. I'm finding magic in being present with my family, friends, and this life's natural gifts. I am grateful.



Bio

Mark and Haleigh Abbott can be found at Crossfit Thunder Hill (<https://www.crossfitthunderhill.com>) in Oxford, PA, every Friday at 6:30 PM. Mark works for PECO where he has been a lineman for seven years. They live in Atglen and thoroughly enjoy spending their free time with their daughter or out fishing.

Dame Juliana League Fly Fishers

President -Brenna Dekorte

Vice President – Emerson Cannon, Secretary – Peggy Barnes, Treasurer –Bryan Fulop,
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STREAMSIDE Newsletter - Matt Seymour, Ted Nawalinski
Fly Fishing School - Skip Krause

Other Board Members:

Dick Allebach, Bob Moser, Jr.,
Dave Capone, Dick Moyer

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

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.djlflyfishers.org

Learning to Flyfish with Dame Juliana League

By Matt Seymour

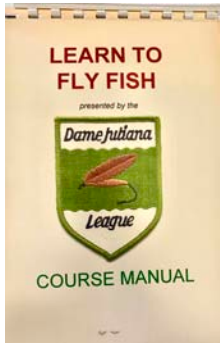
I'm a relatively new member of the Dame Juliana League. Last year during the Covid lockdownt our annual Learn to Fly Fish Course was cancelled. This year (Saturday, April 24) I learned all about it. Thirty-three participants joined with 21 Dame Juliana League mentors to prepare themselves for a successful first adventure with fly fishing.

The day started out cold and blustery but, warmed by generous amounts of steaming coffee and vitamin-enriched donuts, we were off to an enthusiastic beginning at Pavilions 2 and 3 at Warwick County Park. And voila - the day turned sunny!



Event Organizer Skip Krause and Greeter Peggy Barnes

Our participants signed in at 9 AM and received their info packets. Notebooks based on DJL's teaching syllabus made it easy to for our students to note whatever important items they heard and saw. Peggy Barnes greeted each of our guests and really set the tone for a relaxed, personalized learning experience



Training modules included equipment selection, fly fishing knot tying, hours of hands-on casting instruction by two Fly Fishing International (FFI) Certified casting instructors, streamside entomology, and stream fishing strategies on French Creek.

Judging by the comments our guests made on their feedback forms, we hit a home run! Enjoy a few pictures of the Dame Juliana League readying 33 new fly fishers.



Streamside Entomology Class with George Christian



Aquatic Fish Food Gathered by Bryan Fulop

STREAM STRATEGIES



Joe King



Bob Moser

GEAR SELECTION



Bob Moser



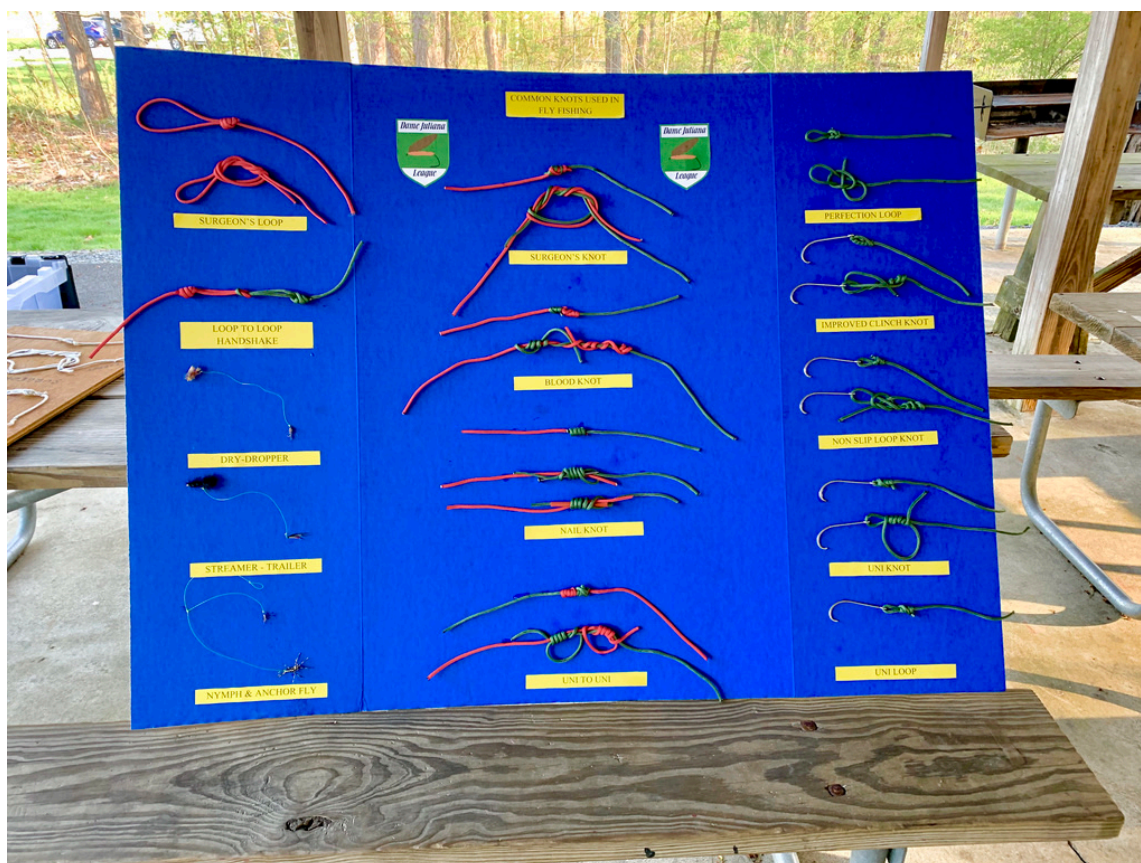
Emerson Cannon



KNOT TYING



Braydon Working on a Gordian Knot !





Certified FFI Fly Casting Instructor Mike Costello



FFI Certified Fly Casting Instructor Diane Tidy



Enjoying Each Other





It was a perfect day. Now our students have to get to the stream and extend what they learned with time on the water! Most assuredly we will be back next season with our course so prepare your friends who didn't have the opportunity to be with us this year!



BIO

*Matt Seymour edits **STREAMSIDE** with Ted Nawalinski. Matt lives with his wife Pam near the VA Medical Center in Coatesville where he has volunteered with Project Healing Waters since its inception nine years ago. He is recently retired after working for Orvis in Plymouth Meeting, PA, for ten years. (They're still looking for the pens, notepads, and stapler he borrowed.)*

LAST CAST

By Brenna



The big turnout for our *Learn To Fly Fish Day* is a measure of the vitality our members. With an appropriate amount of nurturance our paying guests could be become active members of DJL.

Thank you for taking the time for our meetings and for reading our articles. As summer approaches we will, as usual, have a hiatus in meetings. Savor the time with your loved ones, enjoy the outdoors and catch fish. We will resume monthly meetings (in person, if covid permits) in the fall. See you all soon!

Brenna

Dame Juliana League Supporters

