



Lateral Lines

The Monthly Journal of Winchester TU
Chapter #638

I'm going to stop procrastinating. Starting tomorrow.

December 2021

Volume 26, Number 12



Monthly TU meetings are back!

Our next meeting is Thursday, January 6, 2022, at the Shenandoah Valley Discovery Museum.

BarFly is back !!!!

The next Winchester TU BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery is set for Wednesday, December 8, at 7:00 p.m.

See you at the October 7 meeting.
Bill Prokopchak, Newsletter Editor
540-722-2620

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Bud on the Run: Plans for the December 4th Workday

by Bud Nagelvoort
photos by Bil

Saturday, December 4, 2021, a high near 52, mostly sunny, with Opequon Creek very low as is Hogue Creek, Redbud will be pure spring flow, thus 58 degrees and crystal clear at 10 AM EST.

What could be better for a quadruple pulley/cable system moving three giant boulders from their interim locations 30 feet to the stream bank with Bill's power-packed winch performing perfectly.

Right: Bud points out the next rock to move.
Below: Bud and Terry attach the winch cable to Bud's heavy chain.



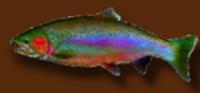
The winch job taking only one hour, will leave two more hours for chain-gang passing of brick-sized pebbles from their temporary resting places immediately downstream from the new inverted V to permanent locations completing the V diversion of flow along the bank into the V flow.

This latter activity will be able to occur only as a result of heroic effort on the part of Bill and Terry on November 8 in moving another giant boulder from its former location 100 feet upstream to the V site where it provides the major part of the west bank flow diversion into the V flow. Bill's winch and Terry's cabling performance was dazzling if only witnessed by Bud.

Our next Redbud workday:

Saturday, December 4, 2021, 10:00 AM, Redbud Run at Wayne Seipel's pasture.

Please advise Bud by e-mail Friday evening to budmary2257@gmail.com of participation intent. Last chance in 2021 to be a part of the installation of a unique inverted V structure to enhance Redbud Run Trout habitat.



ANGLER REFLECTIONS

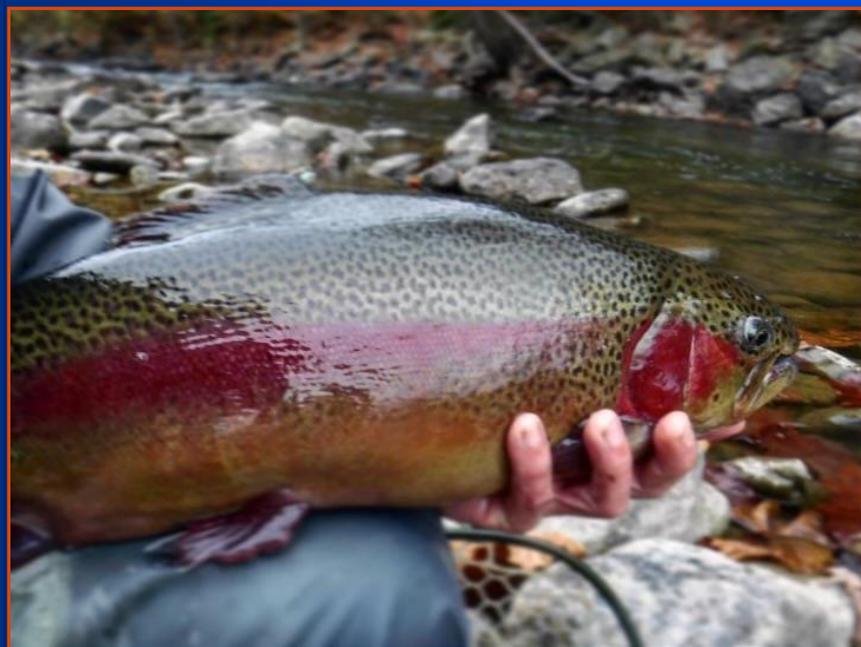


Fish of the Year Fish of the Year(s)

article and photos
by Galen Westman

Around October of last year, I headed to a well-known local river to gratify my bruised ego after getting skunked on the morning deer hunt.

It was rainy and cold so there weren't too many meat fishermen. I waded up the river, fishing likely looking holding water, but the fishing was slow.



It was late in the day, and I was about to call it quits. You know how it goes; "just this last run." Well, I'm glad I did fish that last run.

In front of a deeply submerged rock shot out a red flash and my line went tight. A wonderful fight with a few leaps and runs.

When I finally coaxed it into the shallows, I was able to examine one of the finest specimens of a male Rainbow Trout in full spawning colors.

The crimson cheeks and deep maroon colors were none that I had ever seen on a Rainbow, even a Steelhead. He rested in my hands while he regained his breath and then slowly faded back into his undercut lair.



Fast forward just about a year later. I head out to fish the same section hoping to make this an annual tradition between him and me.

I fished my way up to the run where our meeting would hopefully commence and start casting. Nothing.

A few more passes and a change of weight and there's the stop. Fish on.

Not who I was looking for, but when I was able to see what had made a poor dietary choice, I found an amazingly detailed trout with golden cheeks and hypnotic tiger stripes.

I'd seen pictures, but never with my own eyes: A Tiger Trout (a cross between Brook and a Brown). I was dumbfounded that I had caught such an unlikely quarry in the exact spot as such an amazing fish the year before. Those were my fish of year(s) for me.



Fishing Elk Creek Near Lake Erie November Steel - 2021

By Nick Brognano

and dedicated to Sir Henry Fox
photos courtesy of these anglers

The trip began at 4:15 a.m. when Fred and Mike picked me up to go fishing. We had to get an early start because the trip to Elk creek, near Lake Erie, would take several hours. The fourth fisherman, Preston was picked up at around 4:30. It took close to sunrise before we loaded all of Preston's gear. The rear axle on Fred's truck was under heavy stress once Preston's stuff was loaded. I began to think this guy must be a traveling salesperson and was really coming along to sell fishing gear, not to fish.



Left: Nick with his keeper

Below Left: Happy Preston

Bottom: Mike at the end of the day

Next, we stopped for coffee-to-go, and that was when the fun began. This was my first fishing trip with this bunch and my first experience fishing for Steelhead Trout in Erie, PA.

I was advised to use small hooks, four-pound mono line with a nine-foot or longer noodle rod. Drift the bait off the bottom using a float and keep trying different depths. For bait, try a white crystal woolly bugger, squirmy worm, and eggs.

Fred did it all. He arranged everything: hotel accommodations, places to eat, and finally chauffeuring us from one fishing hole to another in his luxurious and roomie vehicle. Fred also showed us how to tie a double uni knot. No more swivels for me. Overall, he did such an excellent job we all agreed to retain his services next year.

Fred is a serious guy trying to grow a beard, but smiles easily. Mike is a little on the quiet side and one-half Italian. Hey, one half is better than nothing! Preston is an M.D. with a deep southern Brooklyn accent. He thinks he can outsmart a fish with the brain size of a dime. You can read that last sentence any way you want. Preston introduced me to Sir Henry, a special friend of his. I had never met an aristocrat before. Clearly, Sir Henry's canine appearance sets him apart from most blue bloods.

Every fishing trip is exciting and full of fish tales from our yesterdays. There is nothing like a fishing story to get an angler's adrenalin rushing. The fish just keep getting bigger and bigger and that fond old memory is relived accordingly. Remember that time when your comical buddy sitting in the boat asked you how you would like your coffee? All captured on video. It all sounds simple and not very funny unless you know the people, the way the natural comedian asked the question and then see him pouring beer into the coffee.



Or the time long ago when I dragged the biggest fish I had ever caught and woke my father to show him the monster. He rolled over to see a dirty stinking carp an inch away from his face and yelled, "Get that thing the hell out of here!"

This is when you get to know your fishing companions all packed in a car and sharing good times not so much on a stream where all get dispersed and deliriously serious.

We arrived at our motel around 12:30 p.m. on Monday and left the unnecessaries in our rooms before hitting the local fishing stores where suckers can be seen purchasing an assortment of eggs, line, flies, etc., etc.

**"Fishing Elk Creek" continues
on the next page.**

Fishing Elk Creek near Lake Erie -- continued

At some point, we began fishing Elk Creek. Preston, with his multiple fishing poles and luggage did well while the rest of us did not give up trying.

To really appreciate this part of the narrative, dear reader, it is important to envision an old Western movie scene with a Mexican bandit loaded down with ammo belts across his shoulders and waist with a six shooter on both hips holding a shot gun.

Only then will you get a fair picture of Preston at work on the water, except, in lieu of guns and ammo, there are fishing poles and lord knows what else. In all seriousness, he is an excellent and compassionate fisherman who practices catch and release 100% of the time. I learned a lot from him.



Since I had a very frustrating experience fishing the Salmon River a few weeks ago, and Monday was no different on Elk Creek, I began to think I was jinxed for all of 2021.

Thankfully, that changed the following day. Even though I had fished this same spot Monday and had no success, I decided to try it again because I remembered Fred saying, "Don't leave fish where you see fish." Again, I tried everything: nymphs, streamers, woolly buggers, eggs, and flies -- but nothing bit.



The water was low and clear, and I could see fish but that was all. Sam, the guy fishing to my right was having a better time and I politely asked him what he was using. He said, "nightcrawlers" and offered me one. I said, "No thank you." I knew I would never enter fly fisherman's heaven if I used a live worm. I examined what I had in my arsenal to match a worm. I tied on a rubber pink worm with a nymph bead head several inches above it. The nymph was already on the line, and I decided to keep it on for weight and use the worm as a dropper. Admittedly, an unorthodox method but guess what, it worked!

Hallelujah! After a few casts I hooked and landed my first Steelhead. Immediately, the sun broke through the gray covered sky, and as I gave thanks, I could hear angels singing and gently whispering to each other, "Another fisherman, the boss is going to be so happy." Before it was all over, I landed two and involuntarily released more than two. Eventually, the guys came by, and a new story was born at that special spot just below the concrete bridge near route 832 on Elk creek, Girard, PA, at about 4 o'clock on 11/09/2021 where Nick landed at least a twelve pounder!!! I went to bed that night still hearing that angelic chorus.

On Wednesday, I continued my love affair with the little pink rubber worm. The bead head nymph was also tied above it even though I never got a strike on it. I did not want to ruin something if it was working. I fished other spots before I got lucky again. I landed three that day and the following day. Two were caught on Friday, our last day. Fred and I caught our last fish on the pink worm minutes before leaving the stream. That is the most any fisherman could hope for. It is never forgotten. My last Steelhead is still fighting me, and several days have already passed.



Preston caught the most fish only because he had more rods than anyone else and like a two-fisted gunslinger knew how to use them simultaneously. Fred hooked some using the patented pink rubber worm. Mike, our wandering companion, worked harder than all three of us combined. He never gave up "hope" and waited until Thursday to land his fish. He may have caught the biggest one of the entire trip. On the last day he lost one due to a netting foul up. Unfortunately, that happens to every angler at some point.

On our ride home we had more fun telling stories and joking around. Everyone caught fish and that was wonderful. As grateful as I am having caught fish, I am old enough to know that it really isn't the number of fish caught that makes a great fishing trip. However, it does help. It always boils down to the people you are with and the camaraderie that develops. To Fred, Preston, and Mike, I offer my thanks for the invite and pray we can all do this again. The sooner the better!

Top: Fred with one of many

Above: Too many lines at The Tubes

Left: Sir Henry Fox



Barbara's Books

Compiled by Barbara Gamble

Atlas of Yellowstone: Second Edition

Authors: W. Andrew Marcus, James E. Meacham, Ann W. Rodman, Alethea Y. Steingisser, Justin T. Menke

Editor: Ross West

Hardcover: 366 pages

ISBN-10: 0520379772

ISBN-13: 978-0520379770

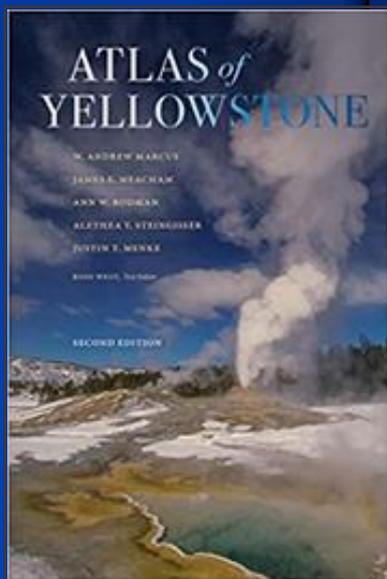
Publisher: University of California Press

Publication Date: January 11, 2022

The second edition of the award-winning *Atlas of Yellowstone* contains 50% new material, making it the authoritative reference for the world's first national park on its 150th anniversary.

The publication of the atlas coincides with the 150th anniversary of the founding of Yellowstone National Park, a major international event.

The atlas is an accessible, comprehensive guide that presents Yellowstone's story through compelling visualizations rendered by award-winning cartographers at the University of Oregon.



Readers of this new edition will explore the contributions of Yellowstone to preserving and understanding natural and cultural landscapes, to informing worldwide conservation practices, and to inspiring national parks around the world, while also learning about the many struggles the park faces in conducting its mission.

Ranging from Indigenous Americans and local economies to geysers and wildlife migrations, from the life of one wolf to the threat of wildfires, each page provides leading experts' insights into the complexity and significance of Yellowstone.

Key elements of the atlas include:

- More than 1,000 maps, graphics, and photographs
- Contributions from more than 130 experts
- Detailed topographic maps
- Exploration of Yellowstone National Park's influence over 150 years on conservation practice, park management, and American culture
- New, detailed visualizations of wildlife
- Place-name origins for Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks and the surrounding region

W. Andrew Marcus is Professor Emeritus, Department of Geography at the University of Oregon.

James E. Meacham is Senior Research Associate and InfoGraphics Lab Director in the Department of Geography at the University of Oregon.

Ann W. Rodman is GIS Manager at Yellowstone National Park.

Alethea Y. Steingisser is Cartographic Production Manager in the Department of Geography at the University of Oregon.

Justin T. Menke is Graduate Researcher and Cartographer in the Department of Geography at the University of Oregon.

Sources: amazon.com and the publishers

The Fly Tyer's Art: 33 World-Famous Tyers Tie Their Realistic Flies

Author: Anthony Lolli

Hardcover: 304 pages

ISBN-10: 1510758575

ISBN-13: 978- 1510758575

Publisher: Skyhorse Publishing

Publication Date: January 4, 2022

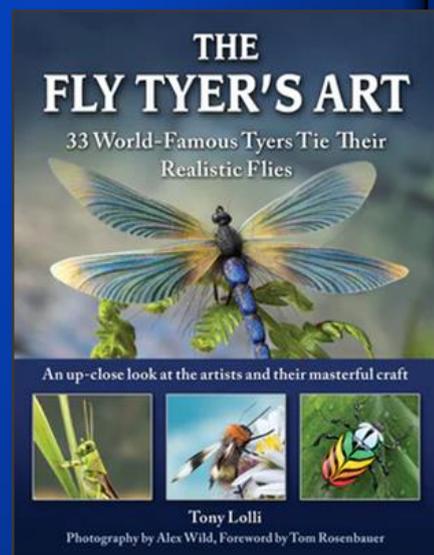
The purpose of this book is twofold: to trace the evolution of realistic fly tying and to feature the creations of the world's most-skilled practitioners of this art form.

Some of these contemporary artisans concentrate on imitations of aquatic insects most likely seen by fly fishers.

Their focus is on mayflies, caddisflies, and stoneflies. For others, the sky is the limit, and they tie replicas of anything, including praying mantis, crabs, bees, hornets, ants, spiders, and fish.

Theirs is a small, but expanding, cadre of enthusiastic tyers whose work will astonish even those who have never tied a fly. The realism of their fly patterns, whether an art form destined for framed presentation, or a working fly intended for the end of a fly leader, will amaze.

Tony Lolli is an author, columnist, freelance writer, fly fishing guide and blues musician. His work appeared in New England regional magazines such as *Vermont Magazine*, *Best of Central Vermont*, and *Best of Burlington*.



For the past 15 years he has written fly fishing columns for several outdoor magazines including *The Northwoods Sporting Journal*, *On The Water Magazine*, *New Hampshire/Vermont Outdoor Gazette* and *The Hunting and Fishing News*. He's written seven books on fly fishing and fly tying

Sources: amazon.com and the publishers



Winchester TU Recycles Aluminum.

Please **CONTINUE** to
save your aluminum cans.

Bring your cans to any
Winchester TU event.



Whisky/Whiskey :

D'USSÉ VSOP

**First off: Cognac is not Whisky.
It isn't Whiskey either.**

edited by Bill Prokopchak

Until a few of months ago, I didn't think I would enjoy Cognac. It isn't made of grain. It is made of grapes, for goodness sakes.

The Cognacs that I had "enjoyed" up to that point were either harsh, overly sweet, or both. Decidedly not for someone who enjoys quality Whisky/Whiskey.

Oh, how wrong I was. Our friend Grover offered me a glass of D'ussé VSOP one warm evening after a day of fishing, and it opened a new world for me.



Photo courtesy of D'ussé

D'ussé VSOP is the creation of rapper, entrepreneur, and billionaire, Shawn Corey Carter -- better known as Jay-Z -- and French cellarmaster Michel Casavecchia. D'ussé VSOP is produced in the Cognac Region of France at Château de Cognac. It is a white wine-based brandy that must be produced in the Cognac region.

French law *appellation d'origine contrôlée* (AOC) has strict requirements for the production of Cognac, including specific grapes, copper pot stills, and aging in specific kinds of French oak barrels.

D'ussé VSOP is the perfect entry-level Cognac, and local sales reports show that it has become extremely popular in our area. Finding a bottle can be a challenge. Two Virginia ABC employees that I interviewed on separate occasions gave me essentially the same facts.

"It's never on the shelf. When a delivery comes in, it's gone the same day." Reported one ABC employee. "You are just lucky today. The delivery just came in so you can get a bottle right now. Don't wait until tomorrow. It will be gone."

Another employee said, "It's always gone, and I don't know when the next delivery will be coming. You can check online to find another store that might have some."

D'ussé VSOP Tasting Notes

Before I begin, you must remember that I'm a Cognac novice. I'm absolutely certain there are better Cognacs out there. I'm also sure there are worse ones. I can attest that this is a very enjoyable Cognac for the novice because I am one.

First of all, this Cognac makes a stunning appearance. It is a beautiful deep amber color in the eye-catching bottle marked simply with the Cross of Lorraine.

On the nose, there is cinnamon, dry dark plumb, mixed floral notes, with a hints of oak and almond.

The first sip is a delight. There's a level of complexity here that I didn't expect -- mostly because I didn't know what to expect. The aromas transfer directly to the palate. Cinnamon, dry dark fruits, and oak are first to greet me.

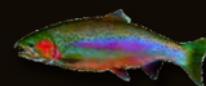
There's a sharpness to remind me that this is indeed an alcoholic treat.

In mid finish, black licorice appears. It's only a hint, but pairs nicely with the dry dark fruit and cinnamon. The finish is not exceptionally long, but good enough. In the waning moments before the next sip, I detect toasted almond with the skin, and sweet, green, spring grass notes.

D'ussé VSOP has been a treat for me, and I hope it will be for you.

You might be able to find your own bottle at a VA ABC store for about \$60.

I suggest you check the VA ABC website to find which local stores have it
In stock.



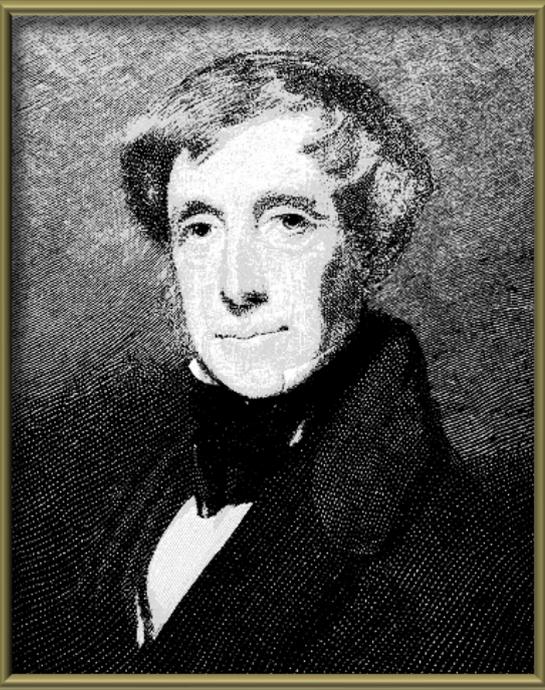
Poet's Corner:

Poems selected
for the angler

The Night Before Steelhead

by Bill Prokopchak
20th-21st Century
USA

with apologies to
Clement C. Moore
1779-1863
USA



Engraving of
Clement C. Moore
by J.W. Evans
public domain
courtesy of Wikipedia.org

'Twas the night before Steelhead, when all through the
house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

The fly rods were readied with meticulous care,
In hopes that huge Steelhead soon would be there.

The grandkid was nestled all snug in his bed,
While visions of Steelheads all danced in his head;
And Mamma with her kerchief and a small cup of booze
Had just settled her brains for a long winter's snooze.

When out at the truck there arose such a clatter,
Mamma sprang from her bed to see what was the matter.
Away to her laptop she flew like a flash,
Turned on the spy cam and gave a great laugh.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below,
When what to her wondering eyes should appear,
But her elderly spouse, and all of his gear.

The little old angler was lively and bright.
She knew in a moment it must be all right.
More rapid than eagles he ran to his truck,
"When I'm out there fishing, I just can't get stuck."

He whistled, and chuckled, and checked off his stuff.
"I've got waders, and fly rods, if that's not enough,
I have tippetts, and leaders, and a cell phone or two.
In the bed of the truck! In the toolbox, too."

As dry leaves before the Erie winds fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky.
So up to the truck old Bill scurried around,
With a truck full of gear. He was Lake Erie bound.

But wait, there is something still that he must do,
So back to the house our old hero withdrew.
And then, in a twinkling, Mamma heard on the stairs,
The old angler kneeling and saying his prayers.

As she closed up her laptop, and was turning around,
Up jumped the angler with hardly a sound.
He was dressed all in Gore-Tex, from head to his feet,
And with nymphs, flies, and eggs, he was nearly
complete.

A pack of his gear that he wore on his back,
And he looked like a soldier just home from Iraq.
His eyes, how they twinkled, they really were glowing,
"It is time for the Steelhead, I've got to get going."

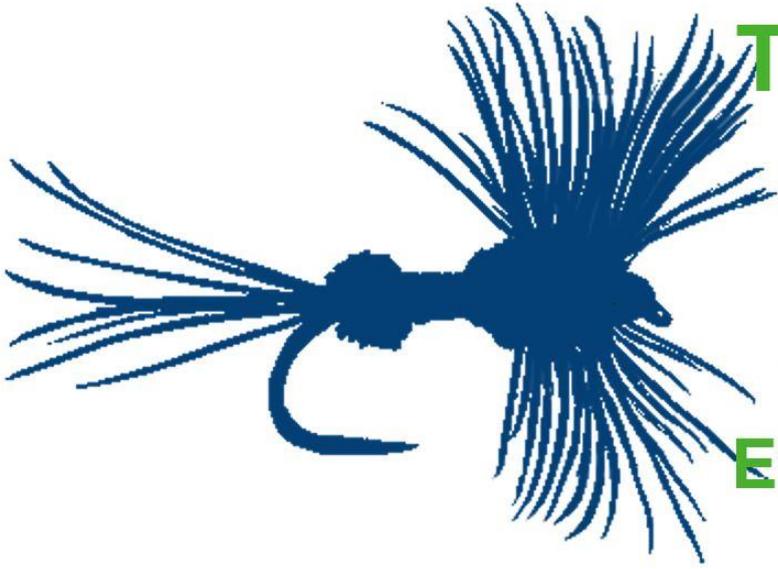
His broad little mouth was drawn up in a smile
And said to his wife, "I'll be gone for a while."
He was ready to leave and excited to go.
She said, "It's now midnight. Get on with the show!"

With a wink of his eye and a peck on her cheek,
He jumped in the truck for the drive to the creek.
He stepped on the gas, and he gave her a whistle
And away he now flew like the down of a thistle,

But she heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight.
"Happy fishing to all, and to all a good bite!"



Winchester Trout Unlimited

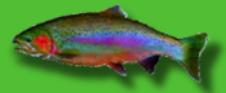


BarFly

7:00 p.m.

Wednesday, Dec. 8
Escutcheon Brewery
Commercial Street
Winchester, VA

Whether you tie flies or not, Winchester TU BarFly is the place to be at 7:00 p.m. the second Wednesday of every month.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Steelhead on the Border

fyi: Just back from Erie. Almost no fish in 20 Mile.

1 or two holes had 1 or 2.

16 Mile had a few more, but still not a lot. I caught a 25 incher; saw 4 or 5 more caught.

Found a very nice place to stay, old on outside but very nice and clean inside.

5 double beds, kitchen, and living room,

1 bath.

\$125 a night with \$80 one-time cleaning fee for 5.

About 2 miles from 20 Mile just in NY.

Allen G.
Nain, VA



Beware the Kayak-Eating Frog

Be careful where you park your kayak on the South Fork. The Kayak Frog might be out to swallow it whole!

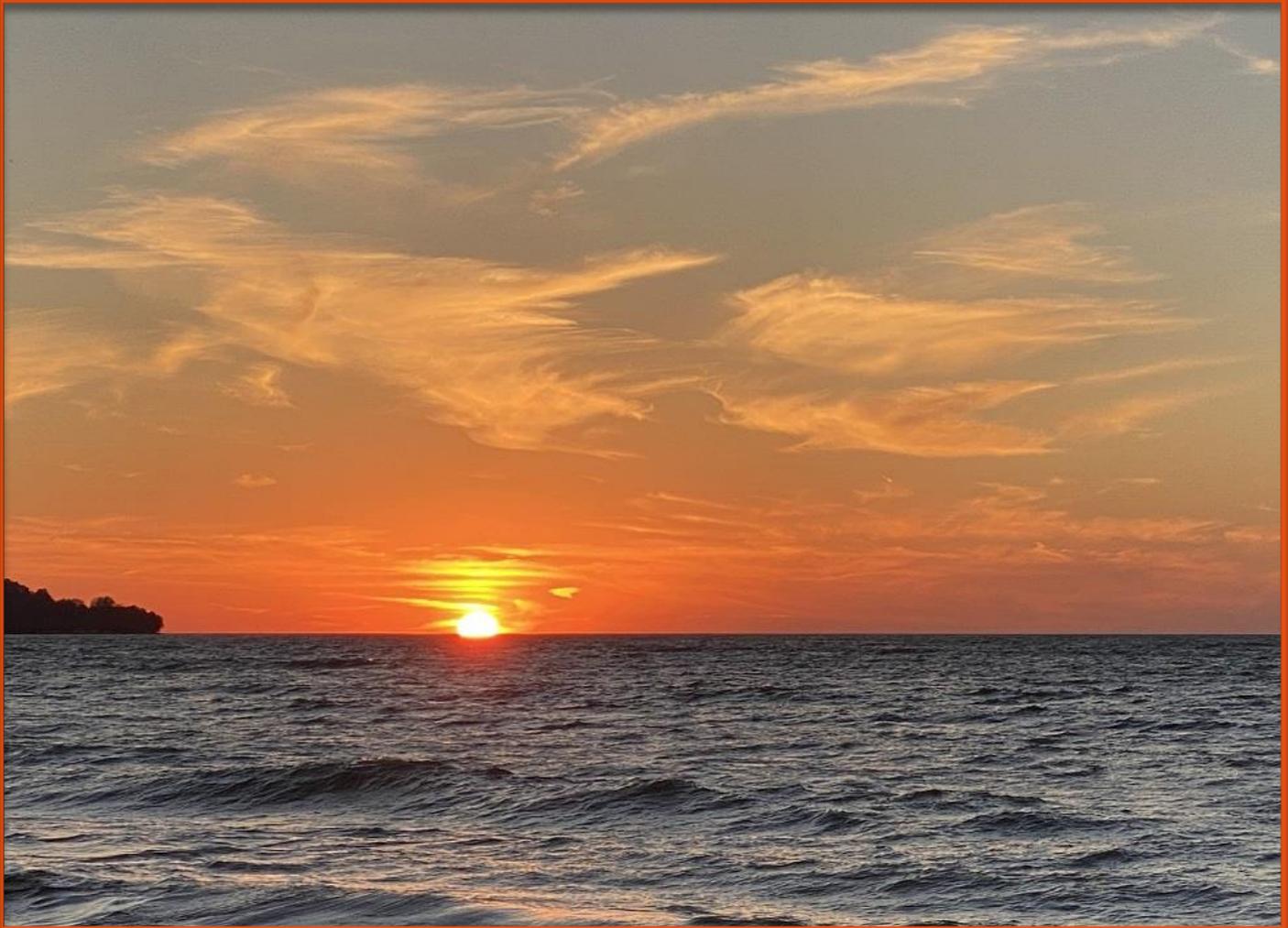
William P.
Winchester, VA



More reasons to go fishing other than to catch fish

photos by Bill Prokopchak

I have often said that there are more reasons to go fishing than just to catch fish. Here are two of those reasons from my Steelhead trip to Erie in October. Sunset and Moonset over Lake Erie. -- Bill



2021-2022 Calendar of Events

Winchester Trout Unlimited

All scheduled WTU events are **tentative** due to COVID-19.

See also

<http://winchestertu.org/>

December 2021

- ✓ Thursday 2 December 2021 -- 7:00 p.m. -- No monthly meeting in December
- ✓ Saturday 4 December 2021 -- 10:00 a.m. Redbud Run workday
- ✓ Wednesday 8 December 2021 --7:00 p.m. - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery

January 2022

- ✓ Thursday 6 January 2022 -- 7:00 p.m. -- **Winchester TU will meet at the Shenandoah Valley Discovery Museum**
- ✓ Saturday 8 January 2022 -- Redbud Run workday -- Time to be announced later
- ✓ Wednesday 12 January 2022 --7:00 p.m. - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery

February 2022

- ✓ Thursday 3 February 2022 -- 7:00 p.m. -- **Winchester TU will meet at the Shenandoah Valley Discovery Museum**
- ✓ Saturday 5 February 2022 -- Redbud Run workday -- Time to be announced later
- ✓ Wednesday 9 February 2022 --7:00 p.m. - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery

March 2022

- ✓ Thursday 3 March 2022 -- 7:00 p.m. -- **Winchester TU will meet at the Shenandoah Valley Discovery Museum**
- ✓ Saturday 5 March 2022 -- Redbud Run workday -- Time to be announced later
- ✓ Wednesday 9 March 2022 --7:00 p.m. - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery

April 2022

- ✓ Thursday 7 April 2022 -- 7:00 p.m. -- **Winchester TU will meet at the Shenandoah Valley Discovery Museum**
- ✓ Saturday 9 April 2022 -- Redbud Run workday -- Time to be announced later
- ✓ Wednesday 13 April 2022 --7:00 p.m. - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery

May 2022

- ✓ Thursday 5 May 2022 -- 7:00 p.m. -- **Winchester TU will meet at the Shenandoah Valley Discovery Museum**
- ✓ Saturday 7 May 2022 -- Redbud Run workday -- Time to be announced later
- ✓ Wednesday 11 May 2022 --7:00 p.m. - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery



The opinions expressed in *Lateral Lines* are those of the individual authors and are not necessarily those of Winchester Trout Unlimited or Trout Unlimited National.

All water sports, including fishing, and stream restoration activities have inherent dangers. Participation in all Winchester Trout Unlimited activities is at the participant's own risk and participants agree to hold harmless Winchester Trout Unlimited and its members. A responsible adult must accompany all minors.