

# Lateral Lines

The Monthly Journal of Winchester Trout Unlimited  
Chapter #638

My family told me to stop telling Thanksgiving jokes, but I said I couldn't stop cold turkey.

November 2022

Volume 27, Number 11

## 3 November 2022, Winchester TU Meeting

7:00 PM

Lake Frederick Community Lodge  
Lake Frederick, VA

Dinner before the meeting

→ **5:45 PM** at Region's 117 Restaurant

Please notify Wayne (703-919-2952) two days before the meeting if you will be dining with us.



### BarFly

The next Winchester TU BarFly  
7:00 PM at Escutcheon Brewery  
Wednesday, 9 November 2022

### Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing

The next Winchester PHW meeting  
6:30 PM at the Lake Frederick Community Lodge  
Wednesday, 16 November 2022

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See you at the 3 November 2022 meeting.  
Bill Prokopchak, Newsletter Editor, 540-722-2620



## WINCHESTER

# VETERAN LEARNS CONFIDENCE FISHING AT RIVER BOUND OUTING

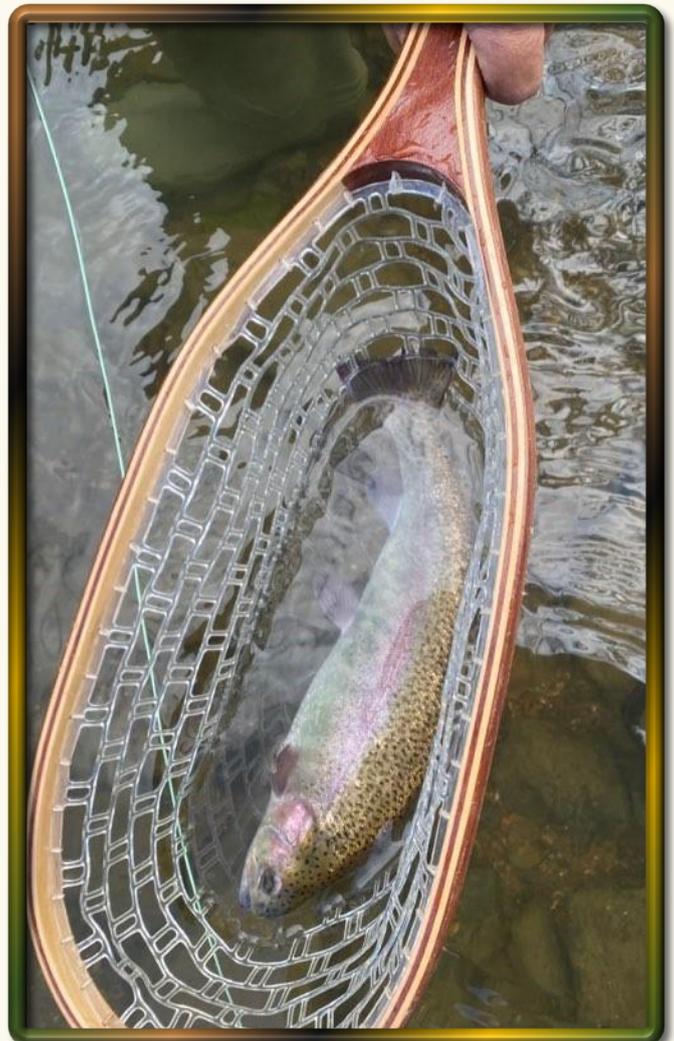
article and photos by Wayne White

Winchester Healing Waters Program Veteran, Mike Nemeck, has enjoyed fly fishing for several years, with good success. However, his recent fishing experience at the Healing Waters River Bound outing 13-15 September gained him much confidence in his fly-fishing skills and a new perspective on the sport.

River Bound is a fly-fishing outing for Virginia Region Healing Waters programs tailored for intermediate to advanced fly fishers. The Roanoke New River Valley Healing Waters Program coordinates the event with the River Bound fishing club, which sponsors two Healing Waters events each year – one in the fall and one in the spring. Veterans have the chance to fish the Club's private waters in the vicinity of Lebanon through arrangements with local landowners. Healing Waters provided the trip at no cost for volunteers and participants.

As an Army veteran, Mike was one of eight Virginia program participants to fish Virginia's Big Cedar Creek in Lebanon and the Little River in Claypool. These two freestone streams held large rainbows and provided two unique challenging fishing opportunities.

The fish were courtesy of Jake Music who raises the trout from eggs in his hatchery and stocked no fish smaller than 16 inches. However, finding the fish, selecting the correct fly, and making an accurate presentation often proves tricky and extremely frustrating.



Mike's first Rainbow on Big Cedar Creek.

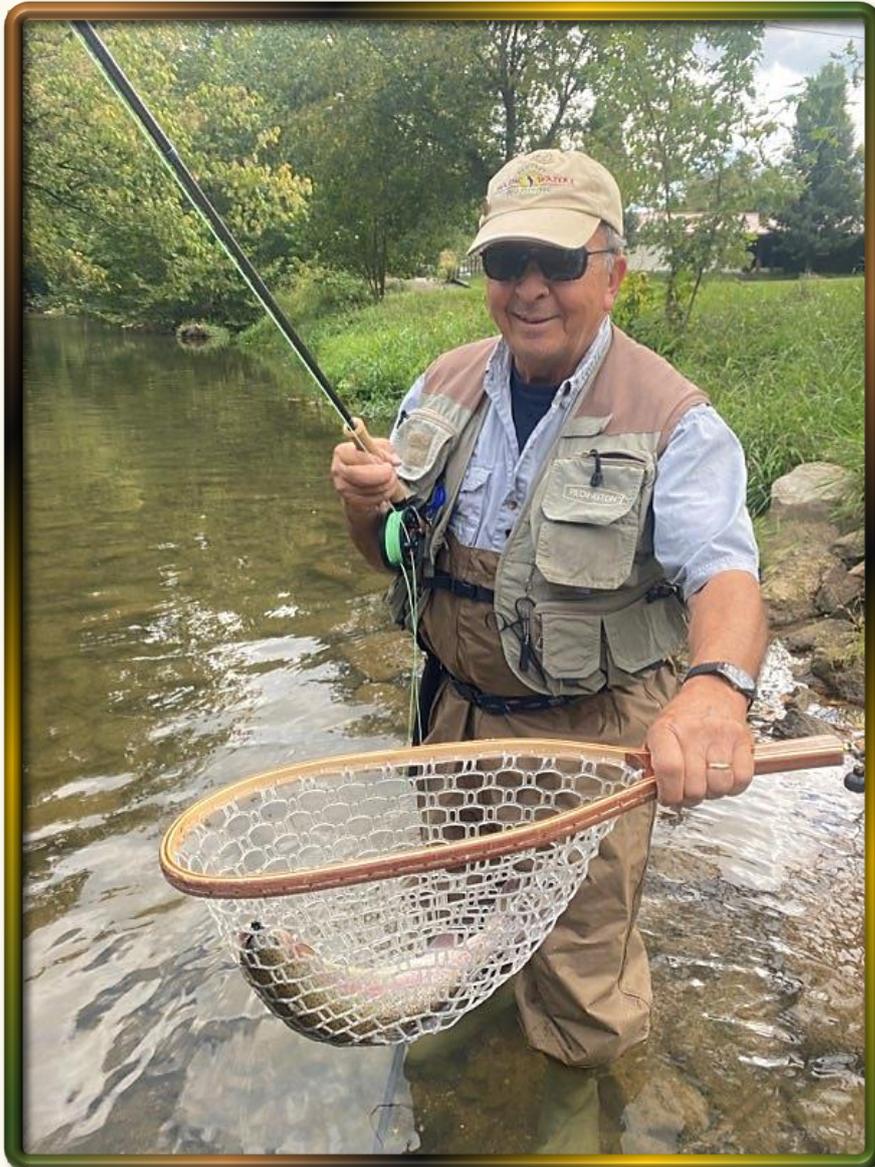
“River Bound Outing” continues on the next page.

## RIVER BOUND OUTING -- continued

Guiding Mike on Big Cedar Creek the first day was a learning experience for us both. The weather was ideal for late summer with partial overcast skies and water tinted slightly brown. We could see fish in the stream fighting for position in shallow runs and at the bottom of the gentle riffles. The fish did not seem to care that we were in the stream, and they were less interested in anything we had to offer.

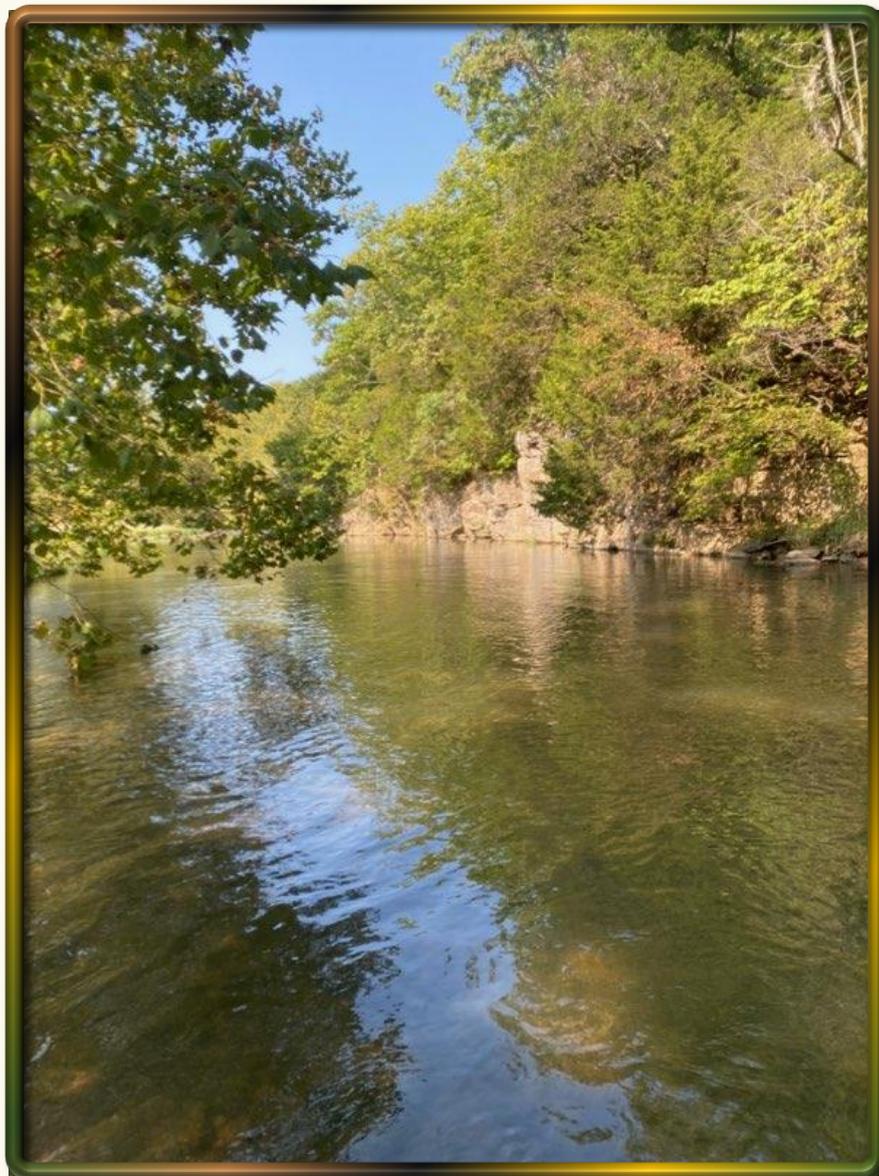
After several unsuccessful attempts with numerous streamers and nymphs, Mike got his first hook up on a black bead head Woolly Bugger and the fight began. He was shocked at the power of this Rainbow and its various aerobatics! Leveraging the rod to manage the fish in textbook form – Mike said later he thought the Orvis rod – a 6 weight/ 9 foot / 4 piece -- was about to break when it was doubled over. He finally won the battle, and I netted the 18-inch Rainbow. With that lesson learned and Mike's new-found confidence, he landed three more fish of similar size that morning.

Following lunch at the stream side, we ventured down the river to some of the smaller runs. Fish we saw earlier in the afternoon somehow vanished as the sun broke out from behind the clouds. Not to let a training opportunity pass, Mike worked on his roll cast in the tighter sections of the stream, which would come in handy the next day.



**Above:** Mike shows off his Rainbow on Big Cedar Creek.

**Left:** Little River



The cool overnight temperatures created a heavy fog for the next morning making our travel to Little River about 25 miles up the road just south of Tazwell somewhat interesting. The fog began to lift as we climbed the gravel road up over the mountain and down into the cattle farm from where we would access the stream. The cattle were curious about our convoy and one wanting to get a closer look stood firmly in the road halting our advance before wandering off seemingly satisfied that we were only interested in the fish!

Little River presented a completely different venue. The many riffles dumping into deeper holes with more mature trees and rock-faced cliffs provided more cover and concealment for the fish. They were not easy to see, and Ned Hooper, our guide, said we would have to fish deep with nymphs.

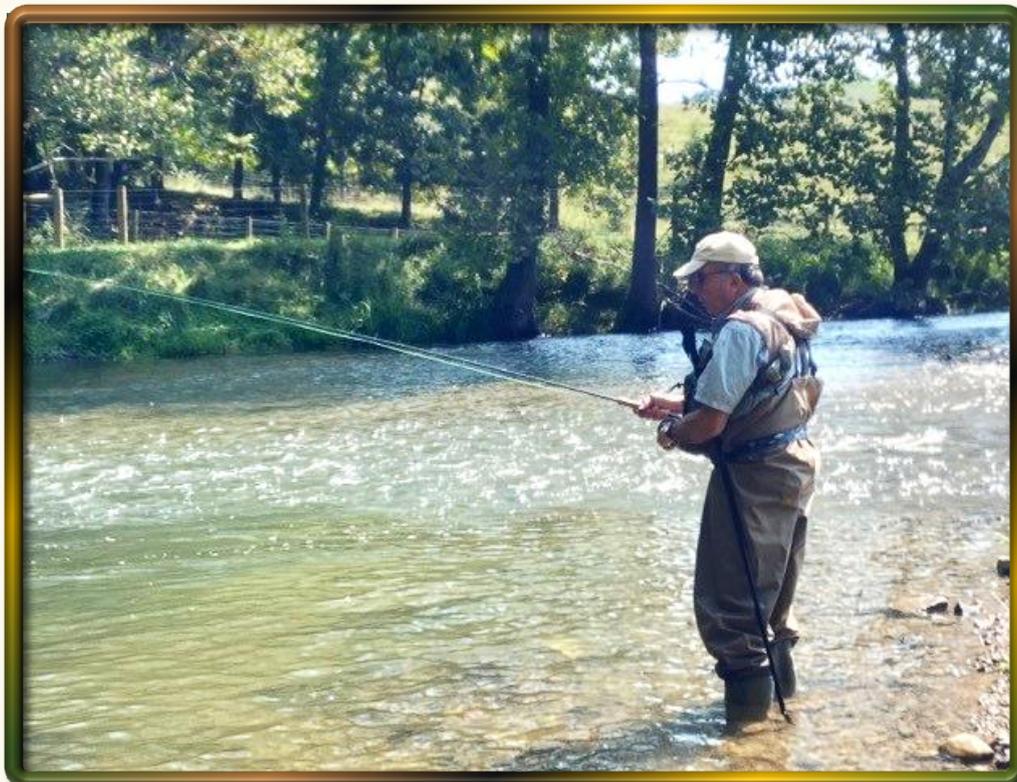
With no bugs in the air and no fish rising, I rigged a #12 bead-head black stone fly and tied to its hook a #18 caddis pupa in tandem.

**“River Bound Outing” continues on the next page.**

## RIVER BOUND OUTING -- continued

With the stream still in the morning shadows it was difficult to judge its depth at our initial location. Using a strike indicator above the rig seemed the best way to get the feel for the bottom and adjust the presentation of the flies, as necessary.

On the second cast, the indicator floated out of the riffle and into the top of the first hole and there was an explosion of water as a fish violently crushed the small fly and ran. Mike missed the hook up in all the excitement.



Although disappointing, we now knew the fish's station, and Mike went right back to the spot and instantly had another fish on. After a short fight, the fish won, and Mike and I just called it a "gentlemen's release!"

We moved downstream and discovered a long, deep pool at the base of a large rock wall that looked very fishy. After several casts, we focused on the tailwater of the pool. Floating some extra line to cover the longer drift, there was another epic strike, and the battle was on! Even with his rod doubled over, Mike managed the large fish like a pro. After various runs and jumps he carefully directed the exhausted fish to my net – a 20-inch Rainbow! With the morning waning, we went back to our original location on the stream, switched to a green streamer and hooked another fish. Again, the fish managed a long release, and we called it a day.

After lunch by the stream, we started on the five-hour drive back to Winchester. As we made our way on Route 460 towards Christiansburg, Mike reflected on the two days, noting that the fishing and the learning experience was great, "But, you know," he said, "I really liked those guys who we met fishing there, and being in such a beautiful area was even better than catching those fish."

**A special thanks** to the Scott Barrier, Ned Hooper and all the volunteers from the Roanoke New River Valley Healing Waters program and the River Bound Fishing Club organizing and sponsoring this trip.

**Above:** Mike nymphing on Little River.

**Left:** Mike fights a big Rainbow on Little River.





# WINCHESTER VETS LAND MANY RAINBOWS AT LEETOWN

article and photos by Wayne White

Winchester Project Healing Water Program Veterans enjoyed an early fall day of outstanding fishing at the Leetown Science Center trout hatchery where they landed numerous large Rainbows with their new skills in the art of angling with a fly rod.

Of the nine veterans participating in the outing on Saturday, 24 September, at the pond in Kearneysville, four had never handled a fly rod, not to mention hooking and catching fish that would have humbled even the most experienced fly fisher.



**Above:** Veteran Christine Erin with her first fish of the day.

**Left:** Jim Stonestreet nets a Rainbow for George Booth.

**Below:** Veteran Linda Capoccia with Phil Stevens.



The Winchester program welcomed new participants George Booth, Linda Capoccia, Christen Lutz, and Ray Oelschlager, who joined Leetown fishing veterans Christine Erin, Warren Dudenbostel, Mike Nemec, and Bob Wilson for the challenges of this event.

With no scheduled practice sessions or casting clinics for our Veteran participants prior to this outing, the volunteer guides, Mark Zimmerman, Pete Smith, Jim Stonestreet, Sim Crosier, Galen Hart, Ray Schmidt, Mike Budnie, and Phil Stevens, were key to the success for all fishers hooking and landing no less than two fish each.



“Rainbows at Leetown” continues on the next page.

## RAINBOWS AT LEETOWN -- continued

Keeping with the tradition of Winchester's program friendly competition, the Vets competed for bragging rights for the catches of the day: First Fish -- Christine Erin; Largest Fish -- George Booth; Most Fish and Last Fish of the day -- Charles Smith.

The day of fishing, or what was a day of catching for some, was an exciting experience for all participants, particularly for the first-time fly fishers. One veteran summed up the Healing Waters mission when reflecting on the day he said, "The atmosphere made me relax and enjoy myself -- something I find difficult to do."



**Above:** Veteran Roy Oelschlager with volunteer Fran McVeigh.

**Left:** Veteran Cristen Lutz with volunteer Sim Crosier.

**Below:** Volunteer Ray Schmidt nets a Rainbow for Bob Wilson.



**A very special thanks** again to Frank Roach for his continued support of our Veterans and allowing the Winchester program access to the Leetown Hatchery. His meticulous care of the facility always ensures a special and safe environment for our Veterans.





# WINCHESTER PHW FLY TYING

Winchester Healing Water Program conducted its first fly-tying for a group of Veterans on 12 October 22. Under the tutelage of Mark Zimmerman and Mike Smith the participants successfully tied several Woolly Bugger flies that were all “fish worthy!” Thanks to Phil Stevens and the other volunteers who aided the first-time tiers.



**Above:** Chris Nelson (left, sitting) and George Booth receive some fine points on tying techniques from Mike Hart (left, standing) and Pete Smith (right, standing).

**Above Right:** Mark Zimmerman helps Cristen Lutz with starting her thread wraps.

**Lower Right:** Christine Erin’s finished Woolly Bugger

**Below:** Mike Smith (left) tends the bobbin as Chris Lessard adds in some black marabou.

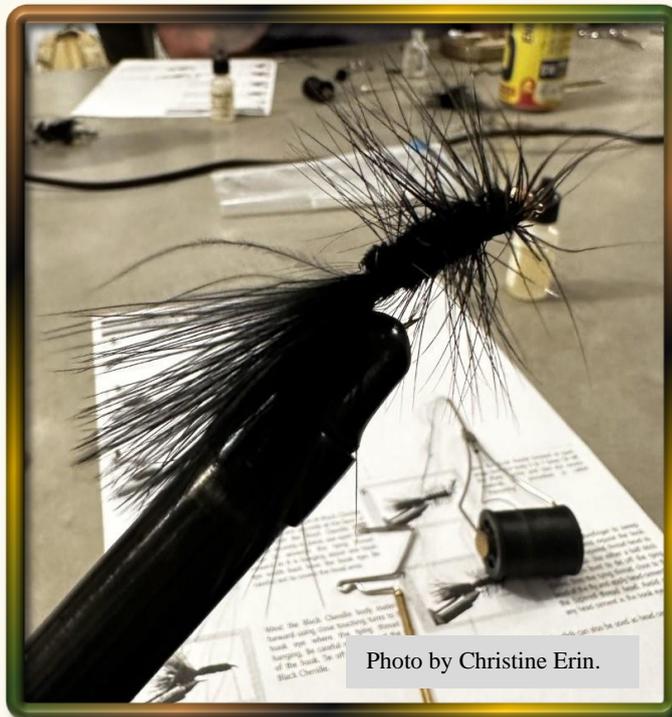


Photo by Christine Erin.



Photos by Wayne White except where noted.

The next Winchester PHW Program meeting is Wednesday, 16 November 2022, 6:30-8:30 PM in Rachel’s Kitchen, Shenandoah Lodge, Lake Frederick.

All participants and volunteers will receive an email with the meeting agenda prior to the session. In the meantime, expect more information on our Veterans Day support at Shenandoah National Park.

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## Barbara's Books

Compiled by Barbara Gamble

### Spring Creek Thirtieth Anniversary Edition

Author: Nick Lyons  
Hardcover: 176 Pages  
ISBN-10: 1510772367  
ISBN-13: 978-1510772366  
Publisher: Skyhorse  
Publication Date: November 1, 2022

The classic memoir of a fly fisherman's love affair with a river.

For years, Nick Lyons has been one of the most popular fishing writers in America. Thirty years ago, he wrote his masterpiece, *Spring Creek*, now reprinted in a beautiful collector's edition.

Spring Creek is one of those rare places where the trout are as long as your arm, but also exceedingly difficult to catch. Lyons recounts a month's adventures on this river, a time in which he explores its secrets and confronts its greatest challenges.

At first, he catches little.

Then, slowly, he acquires the various and special skills and disciplines necessary to take the large, wary brown trout of this extraordinary river.

*Spring Creek* is the record of halcyon days astream. It is a fisherman's book, drawing a rare portrait of an angler actually learning to fish more wisely, filled with battles between angler and trout, a few epic victories, and even more epic defeats.

*Spring Creek* is a richly humorous and perceptive account of an angler's passion for his sport -- and a book all fishermen will cherish.

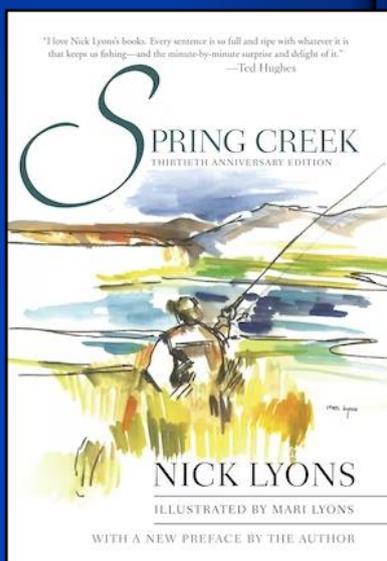
"The waters of *Spring Creek* run deep with many messages, some of them sharp and others subtle, but all deftly conveyed in Nick Lyons's vivid prose. This book represents Lyons at his very best, and fly fishing at its very best, and a reader could scarcely wish for more." --Steve Raymond

Nick Lyons is a former English professor and book publisher, as well as the author and editor of many books on various topics. His latest book is *Fire in the Straw*. He lives in New York City.

Mari Lyons (1935–2016), whose line drawings grace *Spring Creek*, exhibited regularly at First Street Gallery.

Her website is [www.marilyonsstudio.com](http://www.marilyonsstudio.com).

Sources: amazon.com and the publishers



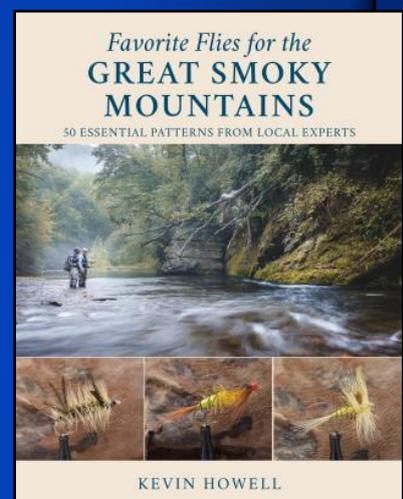
### Favorite Flies for the Great Smoky Mountains: 50 Essential Patterns from Local Experts

Author: Kevin Howell  
Hardcover: 128 pages  
ISBN-10: 0811770826  
ISBN-13: 978-0811770828  
Publisher: Stackpole Books  
Publication Date: November 15, 2022

The Great Smoky Mountains and their surrounding region have some of the best wild brook and brown trout fishing in the United States.

It is also home to a rich tradition of fly tying, giving rise to many patterns designed not only for the tumbling mountain streams that characterize the region, but also for some of the highly selective fish in the state's many catch and release trout streams.

Each chapter features a stunning macro image of the fly, a detailed recipe, and practical fishing information. In addition, author Kevin Howell explains the stories behind many of the flies, making this book an invaluable resource for anyone planning to visit the region as well as residents that want to learn how to catch more fish in their local waters



Kevin Howell is the owner and operator of Davidson River Outfitters Inc. and a managing partner of Pesca Consultants, both located in Pisgah Forest. Kevin has been guiding the rivers and streams of Western North Carolina and East Tennessee for trout and smallmouth bass since the mid-1980s. He is the 2006 Fly Fishing Masters World Champion. In 2017 he was inducted into the "Legends of the Fly" Hall, and in 2018 he was inducted into the Southeast Fly Fishing Museum Hall of Fame.

Kevin has contributed to or coauthored several books on fishing, including *25 Best National Parks for Fly Fishing* and *50 Best Places to Fly Fish in the Southeast*. He has written articles for *Fly Fisher*, *Trout*, *Eastern Fly Fishing*, *Southern Trout*, and *Gink and Gasoline* and has been featured on several fishing and outdoors television shows. He lives in Pisgah Forest, North Carolina.

Sources: amazon.com and the publishers



Winchester TU Recycles Aluminum.

Bring your cans to any Winchester TU event.



Sources: amazon.com and the publishers

## Bud on the Run: October Workday Report and Plans for the 10:00 AM, Saturday, 5 November 2022, Workday

by Bud Nagelvoort

While one of our stalwarts preferred the ecstasies of the Middle East to the thrills of the Redbud Run work session on October 8, the residual crew of Clark, Fred, Terry, and Bud carried on (rocks, that is) the best we could under the circumstances (namely no power winch or its operator).

We finally depleted one of the last two piles made up of karst boulders, larger and smaller rocks, and pebbles to leave only a small scar on the Seipel pasture. We also wheelbarrowed into the stream just above the cattle crossing all but the largest boulders from the remaining pile.

Since Justin Mackay-Smith has no new construction plans involving digging basements in the karst environment of his property, our supply of large boulders is now limited to the few remaining at the pile near the crossing which we will attack on 5 November at 10:00 AM, and one much older location.



Terry tackles a downed sycamore during a break in the normal rock rolling action at Redbud.

Photo by Clark Thomas

The older location does have a certain challenge, namely that the pile there is at a site just below the giant sycamore Terry dropped almost into the stream several years ago. The sycamore still survives in that position. But the inverted V we installed around that time was washed out and reduced the nice depth of the pool formerly there and partly under Terry's sycamore. The circumstances would not be quite so dire there if Bill had not made us aware of a large fish resident in the pool before the washout.

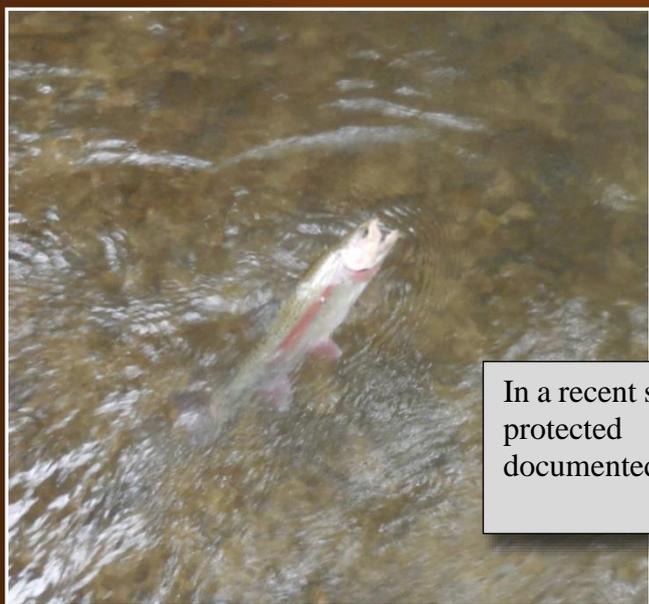
One effort at this old site might be to re-establish the inverted V with a much sturdier large rock or cross-log dam that would raise the depth of the pool above while at the same time contributing to a recovery of the nice pool previously formed below the old inverted V.

Adding to our motivation for all this effort is new evidence of continued natural spawning of rainbows in the Seipel stretch of Redbud Run.

### Rainbow Study

Yours truly performed a necessary study of the status of the fishery on two occasions over the past several weeks, most recently on 30 September. On the first occasion my nymph/attractor combination enticed a 4-5" fish (Rainbow) at the deep run immediately along the side of the Woods Mill bridge.

Next, a very nice 10-12 incher attacked immediately below the Rootwad Pool and escaped just as I reached for the camera. Nothing found then up to the Waterfalls pool where I released a vigorous 5 incher and then, surprisingly, a 12 to 13- inch fish struck from the depth right under the lower falls. That fish was as vigorous as any I have hooked in a long time. Its last run after many romps around the dam pool was a wild 20-foot downstream dash into the head of the long run there. Then the fish initiated a turnaround and back up into the dam pool where I was able to get a poor picture before the release.



Found nothing on up to the still-being-fully-developed Right Turn V where we have done much work with huge and smaller boulders to protect the vertical bank from further erosion at this short pool. Nothing after several casts to the head of the pool and drift into the pool. But then a surprise 5-inch fish came out from the boulders and provided evidence our activities had not overly upset small rainbows found there in the past.

In a recent survey of reproducing Rainbows in a protected section of Redbud Run, Bud documented this 12 to 13-inch Rainbow.

Photo by Bud Nagelvoort

**"Bud on the Run" continues on the next page.**

## Bud on the Run -- continued

On upstream, I tested (with no positive result) the large natural V we've been working to enhance, but then had several small hits just further upstream where we've been working recently to protect the banks at the long, deep pool below the cattle crossing.

So ended the first day's test of trout status. I don't know of anyone who has fished this water for the past year. (Bill, as usual when I've fished with him, would have hooked 2X or 3X as many fish in this stretch of water.)

And finally, on October 20 for about two hours, I fished the stretch of Seipel's water upstream from the cattle crossing in very tough wading and fishing on up to the artificial dam and big pool where Wayne's pumping system exists. I hooked one fish about 10 inches and two in the 5-inch territory in the lower part of this stretch, but nothing at Clark's Crosslog pool and nothing at the Island pool nor above. With Wayne's hot wire electric fence along the north side of the stream and only overgrown trails on the south side, it took me an hour to walk back to the truck on the hill above the south side jungle and even a stretch along Millbrook athletic fields. Didn't know the school had such an enormous football stadium.

Conclusion: we continue to have natural reproduction of rainbows in the stream, but it is very limited and certainly susceptible to any substantial fishing pressure at the present time. I want to check on the stream above the water pumping pool where several beaver dams may be impeding spawning upstream and to the upper end of the Seipel property. May try to do that before the snow descends this fall.

In the near future, we need to converse with Third Winchester Battlefield personnel regarding their plans for the mile of stream they now control below Seipel's property. I did not find a Trout there while fishing that entire stretch early this year.

So, work session at 10:00 AM on 5 November with e-mail evening of the 4<sup>th</sup> if change of plans.  
Tight lines –

Bud



## Winchester TU 2022 Speaker Schedule

Mark your calendar now and plan to hear these presentations.

**Thursday, 3 November 2022**

7:00 PM -- Veteran PHW Participant, Charles Smith, and Veteran PHW Assistant Lead, Phil Stevens, will be our featured speakers.

They will share stories of their time at Healing Waters Freedom Ranch for Heroes in Wise River, Montana.

Freedom Ranch for Heroes sits on the banks of the Big Hole River about an hour southwest of Butte, MT, and is a cooperative effort between Project Healing Waters and the George and Betty Harbaugh Foundation.

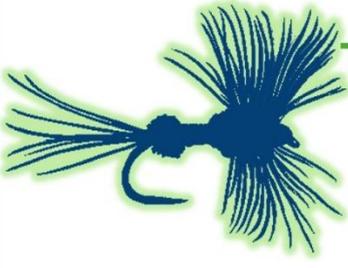


**Winchester TU Monthly “BarFly” Event  
Wednesday, 9 November at 7:00 PM  
Escutcheon Brewery  
Commercial St., Winchester**



The Winchester Chapter of Trout Unlimited (WTU) will be gathering at Escutcheon Brewing in Winchester to offer anglers and **non-anglers** in our area the opportunity to learn about Trout Unlimited and to tie fishing flies.

We hope all of you can attend our monthly “BarFly” at Escutcheon Brewery.



**Winchester Trout Unlimited**

**BarFly**  
7:00 p.m.  
Wednesday,  
12 November 2022  
Escutcheon Brewery, Commercial Street



**No fly-tying or fly-fishing experience is necessary.**

**Please invite your friends. We hope to introduce more folks to the Winchester TU chapter and support a local business that supports WTU.**

Charlie at the fly-tying vise during a recent Winchester Trout Unlimited BarFly at Escutcheon Brewing Co.

Photo by Bill Prokopchak



**Charlie’s October Smallie**

Charlie didn’t tell me if he caught this 18 ½ inch Smallie on one of the flies he tied at BarFly, but you can be sure that he caught it on something that he tied himself.

On a cloudless October day, Charlie tried his hand on the Shenandoah Main Stem. This beauty was just one of many he subdued that day.



## Trout in the Classroom (TIC) News

by Lisa LaCivita  
photos courtesy of  
Monica Grabowska

The Winchester Chapter of Trout Unlimited (TU) continues our support of the Trout in the Classroom (TIC) program for the 2022 -2023 academic year.

This year we delivered Brook Trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) eggs for thirteen tanks in eleven schools located in Frederick County, Clarke County and Shenandoah County in Virginia, the City of Winchester, and Jefferson County and Morgan County in West Virginia.

TIC is adaptable to elementary, middle, and high school students which are all represented by our TIC schools. Four of our schools raise Brook Trout as part of the agriculture science curriculum, other schools use TIC in science, math, and physical education classes.



**Above:** Ms. Thomas, Ms. Ambrutis, and Ms. Sutherland get their first look at the Brook Trout eggs for the 2022-2023 school year.

**Left:** Ms. Thomas places the Brookie eggs in the basket which will protect them while they hatch. Ms. Ambrutis and Ms. Sutherland had prepared the cold-water tank days before the eggs arrived.



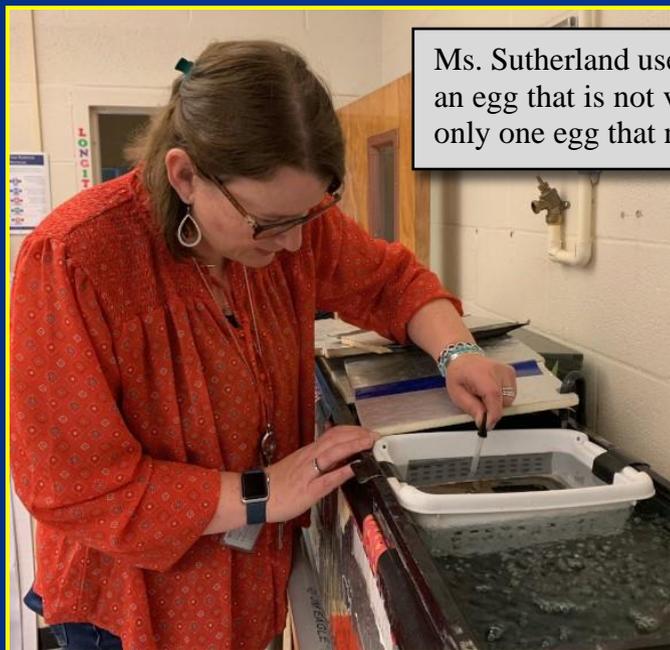
The Winchester TU Chapter's involvement with TIC began in 2005 under the vision and leadership of Mark Zimmerman and Carl Rettenberger.

According to my calculations this is our 18<sup>th</sup> year of participation! Raising native Brookies in school classrooms, helps to engage students and raise understanding of aquatic ecology, habitat thresholds, and water quality.

Next spring, when students release the fish that they have helped raise, they get to experience an aquatic habitat, be outdoors, and gain first-hand knowledge of the importance of riparian vegetation and its role in preserving water quality. It is quite likely that the TIC Program is inspiring future generations of anglers and conservationists.

**“Trout in the Classroom News” continues on the next page.**

## Trout in the Classroom (TIC) News -- continued



Ms. Sutherland uses a dropper to remove a Brookie an egg that is not viable. In this delivery there was only one egg that needed to be removed.

### Participating Schools and Teachers

Diana Weir: Admiral Byrd Middle School  
 John Borst: Millbrook High School  
 Galen Westman: Handley High School  
 Mike Wolfe: Orchard View Elementary  
 Liz Sutherland: Shepherdstown Elementary  
 Megan Bennett: Paw Paw High School  
 Dara Booher: North Fork Middle School  
 Jennifer Lemieux: Boyce Elementary School  
 Robin Coutts: Powhatan School  
 Danielle Panitz: D.G. Cooley Elementary  
 Ann Wisecarver: Sherando High School

### This year's egg delivery volunteers

Galen & Sandra Hart  
 Bruce Johnson  
 Lisa LaCivita  
 Bud Nagelvoort  
 Monica & John Grabowski  
 Carolyn Thomas

A giant THANK YOU to the chapter volunteers (past, present, and future), to Brittany Miller, the TIC Coordinator, to Chuck Hoya, and to the folks at the Paint Branch Hatchery of the Virginia Department of Wildlife Resources, for making this effort possible.

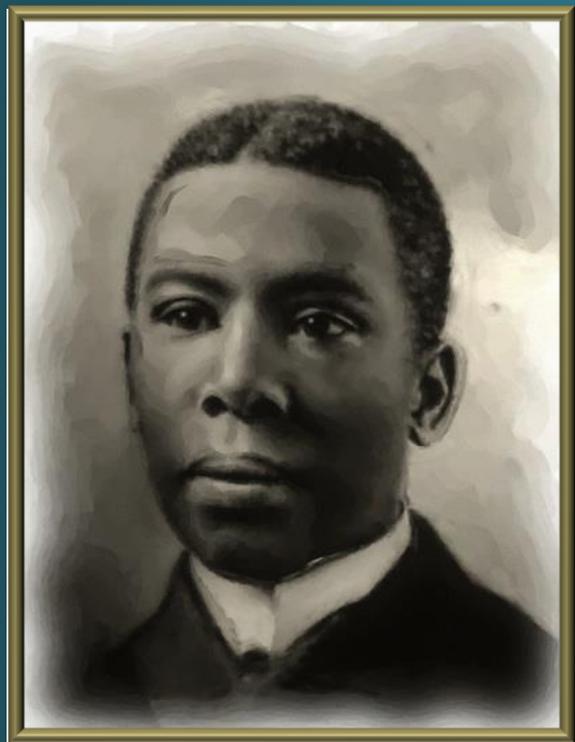


## Poet's Corner:

Poems selected  
 for the angler

### Signs of the Times

by *Paul Laurence Dunbar*  
*American*  
 1872-1906



Ink wash portrait of  
 Paul Laurence Dunbar  
 by W. M. Prokopchak ©2022

The air is getting' cool and cooler,  
 Frost a-comin' in the night,  
 Hickory nuts and walnuts fallin',  
 Possum keepin' out of sight.  
 Turkey struttin' in the barnyard,  
 Nary step so proud as his;  
 Keep on struttin', Mister Turkey,  
 You don't know what time it is.

Cider press commence a-squeakin'  
 Eatin' apples stored away,  
 Children swarmin' around like hornets,  
 Hunting eggs among the hay.  
 Mister Turkey keeps on gobblin'  
 At the geese a-flyin' south,  
 Oomph! That bird doesn't know what's comin';  
 If he did he's shut his mouth.

Farmer walkin' through the barnyard,  
 Seein' how things are comin' on,  
 Sees if all the fowls are fattening –  
 Good times comin' sure's you're born.  
 Here's that turkey gobbler braggin',  
 Then his face breaks in a smile –  
 Never mind, you sassy rascal,  
 He's going to nab you after while.

Choppin' suet in the kitchen,  
 Stoning raisins in the hall,  
 Beef a-cookin' for the mince meat,  
 Spices ground – I smell them all.  
 Look here, Turkey, stop that gobblin',  
 You aint learned the sense of fear,  
 You ol' fool, you neck's in danger,  
 Don't you know Thanksgiving's here?



# ANGLER REFLECTIONS



## Salmon River 114

by Nick Brognano



We had planned to meet at noon on Sunday and, once again, drive the long drive to the Salmon River in New York.

The idea was to take it slow, have a nice breakfast and leave well rested. For some obviously strange reason which only fishermen can fully understand, on Saturday, the day before the scheduled takeoff, we decided to leave at 5:00 AM, which meant I would have to get up around 3:00 AM and leave the house no later than 4:00 AM.

Getting to the river ASAP replaced the idea of a slow and rested trip. Fishing fever can do that.

Once we were on the road the fever only increased. Tall, loud tales of previous experiences fishing for the Kings can get a person so worked up that you forget where you are and before you know it you have reached your destination. Incidentally, if I had known what a successful trip this was going to be I would have left a lot earlier.

Of course, anything would have been a success compared to my last Salmon River outing where all I ended up with was a souvenir fish scale hanging from a sad looking hook.

I have fished the Salmon River with Elmer and John many times. It has become an annual pilgrimage for us. The two Maryland natives generally stay within sight of each other when fishing. They have their choice productive spot and, for the most part, don't wander too far from it.

I, on the other hand, like to wander. Some say I wander too much.

We arrived early enough to get in a half day of fishing. It was this day or the next that Elmer hooked onto a nice Coho, but it got off. I hooked onto a bunch of fish but landed zero. Elmer and John had a similar experience. While I expected zero landings I was pleasantly surprised at the high number of hookups. Hook ups can last a few seconds to a few minutes. Fighting a King is always fun even if it lasts for a short time. All those hook ups meant the fish were in the river in good numbers.

By mid-fall, the tail fin on some of the Salmon begins to turn white which makes it easy to spot them swimming upstream. They are in a state of deterioration but that doesn't stop them from finishing their final mission to spawn. With such discoloration, upturned jaw, and occasional sores where lamprey eels had fed, some of the Kings can look badly beat up. Youth and beauty have been overtaken by age and decay.

Despite this unsightly common condition, fisherman come from far away to fish the Salmon River. The Douglaston Salmon Run (DSR), which owns about a two mile stretch of the river now charges \$85.00 a day to fish the private section. It has made a fortune off the dying Kings. It is almost like charging cash to attend a fish's wake. All this morbidity I inserted into this narrative can quickly disappear, however, when you are lucky enough to yell out, "Fish on."

On the first full day I fished the same hole and immediately hooked onto fish. Two took my fly line down to its backing, and I was afraid of losing the entire spool of line. Downstream from the spot I was fishing the current is much stronger with at least a foot and a half high raging white water which is not wadable.

If a fish gets into that white water, you can just about say goodbye to it. Unlike some guys, I don't intentionally break off when the king hits the fast water. I will fight it to the end. If I can run down the river after it, I will. I have done that before where the fish has been 100 fisherman's yards (50 yards to everyone else) down river before breaking itself off. Today however, the water was too high, and I could only travel a short distance from my spot without jeopardizing life or limb.

I must have hooked onto 20 to 25 fish before a fellow fishing upstream to my left said, "Man, you got the right technique." I said, "No sir, I just happen to have the right spot."

The fellow was from Erie, PA. I asked him, "Why come up here when some of the best Steelhead fishing in the country is in Erie?" He said his buddies talked him into it.

I suggested we switch spots, which we did. Unfortunately, he could not hook onto any fish and eventually left. Even though I was not able to beach anything, I thoroughly enjoyed the first full day. On this day, the Salmon liked my size six homemade egg sucking leach.

Meanwhile, Elmer and John fished about 100 yards downstream from where I had been fishing. We all were in sight of each other and could enjoy observing the hook ups we were getting. Both hooked onto fish but could not land any.

Incidentally, John has never sacrificed comfort when fishing. John is a generous guy and generally brings enough drinks and snacks to feed an army. His cushioned 5-gallon bucket serves as a seat and convenient container for an assortment of fishing items which seems to always come in handy.

**"Salmon River 114" continues on the next page.**

# ANGLER REFLECTIONS



## Salmon River 114 -- continued

Unfortunately, John's knees are in bad shape and his center and width of gravity is extraordinarily large which means the bucket seat is usually occupied. John quit fishing early one day and on the way to our lodging fell. Elmer and I felt a tremor and thought it was an earthquake.

Lucky for John, he had his big bucket with him so he could lean on it to get up or else he'd still be lying on the ground. Unlike John, Elmer, moves more and doesn't sit at all unless nature demands it.

Fishing can take a person out of this world of worry and onto a state of heightened excitement. To some, it may appear to be a monotonous routine of simple drifting and lifting when fishing for spawning King Salmon, and it is true until that exciting moment when a fish is on.

When that happens, lightning strikes and the big King pulls you mentally and emotionally out of this world, down or upriver, and sometimes both ways. With rod fully bent and drag on as tight as it can go, the line amazingly still runs out and you find yourself holding on as others watch and await the outcome.

It can take a long time and a lot of river before the fight is all over. The high reward is not in the catch so much as it is in the unforgettable birth of an exciting memory that is repeatedly relived. Such events can be addictive, ultimately leading to a high state of fishing fever only remedied by more fishing.

I spent most of the second day fishing the same productive spot. At some point, I got lucky and miraculously landed a bathtub of a fish. The fight lasted a long time, but the King never took off to the white water downstream.

If I could apply pressure and tire it, I had a chance. Eventually the fish gave up. A nearby fellow fisherman was kind enough to take a picture of me holding a 36-to-38-inch King Salmon.



Elmer also landed one that day. His was a "38 incher approaching 40 inches." That is exactly what he said, and I am still trying to fathom how he measures. John hooked several, but couldn't land any. Sometime in the afternoon I hooked onto another King and during the struggle a fisherman from nearby Ithaca, NY, observed me and told me to, "Point the tip of the rod low to the water's surface. That will draw him in. I've fished this hole many times and believe me it works." It worked, and I landed my second fish for the day. I thanked him for the advice. It was another 36-incher approaching 40 to 45 inches at least. After watching Elmer, I learned how to measure more accurately.

I began the last day the same way, fishing the same hole. Toward the end of the previous day, I noticed at least ten Salmon at the upstream point of the hole. I was hoping they would still be there in the morning. Some were still there but, like yesterday, I could not get them interested in anything.

I was getting very frustrated not being able to draw any interest when a fellow fisherman from Rhode Island approached and suggested I fish upstream in fast water. "I guarantee you will catch one within an hour," he said. Eventually, I walked upstream to the fast water he mentioned. With more weight I was able to bounce my rig on the river bottom. Here, I tied on a plastic orange egg about two inches above the hook. Within 20 to 30 minutes, I had a beauty on the line. What a fight! I knew my chances were slim, but I hung on and ran here and there with bent rod in hand. It was all wonderful, and I finally brought him in. This big fellow had several hooks embedded in him. Attached to one of the hooks was a long leader and attached to that was a much longer pale green fly line. What a nice bonus!

I was now a fortunate owner of a 40-foot fly line. This present could not have presented itself at a more appropriate moment. It was only yesterday I noticed my yellow fly line had lost some of its coating and needed replacing. A similar incident happened to me several years earlier on the same river when I captured a lost floating yellow fly line, the very same line I was now fishing with. Finding hooks and flies is not unusual but rarely does anyone walk off with expensive fly line and rarer still when it happens twice. Incidentally, this last King was the same size as the other two. I had Elmer do the measuring since he is so good at it. He placed the three nose to tail measuring "108 approaching 114 inches."

"Wow!" I said to myself, "I'll never again catch a fish that big." We all agreed.



## 2022-2023 Calendar of Events Winchester Trout Unlimited

See also  
<http://winchestertu.org/>

### November 2022

- ✓ Meeting - Thursday 3 November 2022 -- 7:00 p.m.  
Lake Frederick Community's Lodge  
Region's 117 Restaurant  
180 Bald Eagle Drive  
Lake Frederick, VA 22630  
7:00 p.m. – Meeting  
5:45 p.m. -- Dinner before the meeting (**Note the time change.**)  
We have reserved a limited number of seats, but it would be helpful if you could notify Wayne (703-919-2952) two days before the meeting if you will be dining with us.  
**Featured speakers are Veteran PHW Participant, Charles Smith, and Veteran PHW Assistant Lead, Phil Stevens.**  
**Topic: Healing Waters Freedom Ranch in Wise River, Montana**
- ✓ Saturday, 5 November 2022 – 10:00 AM - Redbud Run workday (**Note the time change.**)
- ✓ Wednesday, 9 November 2022 --7:00 PM - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery
- ✓ Wednesday, 16 November 2022 -- 6:30 PM - Monthly Project Healing Waters meeting

### December 2022

- ✓ Meeting – There is no monthly business meeting in December
- ✓ Saturday, 3 December 2022 -- Redbud Run workday -- Time to be announced later
- ✓ Wednesday, 14 December 2022 --7:00 PM - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery
- ✓ Wednesday, 21 December 2022 -- 6:30 PM - Monthly Project Healing Waters meeting

### January 2023

- ✓ Meeting – 5 January 2023 -- 7:00 PM
- ✓ Saturday, 7 January 2023 -- Redbud Run workday -- Time to be announced later
- ✓ Wednesday, 11 January 2023 -- 7:00 PM - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery
- ✓ Wednesday, 18 January 2023 -- 6:30 PM - Monthly Project Healing Waters meeting

### February 2023

- ✓ Meeting – 2 February 2023 -- 7:00 PM
- ✓ Saturday -- 4 February 2023 -- Redbud Run workday -- Time to be announced later
- ✓ Wednesday -- 8 February 2023 -- 7:00 PM - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery
- ✓ Wednesday -- 15 February 2023 -- 6:30 PM - Monthly Project Healing Waters meeting

### March 2023

- ✓ Meeting – 2 March 2023 -- 7:00 PM
- ✓ Saturday -- 4 March 2023 -- Redbud Run workday -- Time to be announced later
- ✓ Wednesday -- 8 March 2023 -- 7:00 PM - BarFly at Escutcheon Brewery
- ✓ Wednesday -- 15 March 2023 -- 6:30 PM - Monthly Project Healing Waters meeting



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.