

Published to communicate & stay connected with our DFC Trout Bums Friends during the pandemic times we live in.

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Time Passes Quickly When Fishing with Grandkids

by Jim Strogen *Jim Strogen, Writer/Columnist - Life on the Fly - Payson Roundup Newspaper • Catch Jim at: jimstrog@gmail.com*

I love fishing with my grandkids any chance that I can. With social distancing restrictions, it has been a long time since my wife and I have seen our grandkids in person. We were thrilled to have the opportunity recently when Owen, Ayden and their parents came up for the day.



We traveled in separate cars to the fishing destination and socialized at a distance. It was great being able to fish with my older grandsons again! They are both skilled fly fishers, but have different styles when it comes to fishing.

Owen, the 13 year old, has started down a path very familiar to me. He loves to stream fish and will get lost in time in his fishing pursuits. More on that later. On this trip to the East Verde River, he was determined to catch his first Gila trout.

Ayden, who is 9 years old, prefers several options on a fishing trip. He loves to catch fish, but is also quite content turning over rocks and looking for aquatic insects, or painting a watercolor scene with grandma. He likes a lot of action and success when he fishes, but even then he might only fish for an hour.

I found a pool where I thought both boys would have success. Owen was first up, with the understanding that Ayden would get his shot after the first fish was caught. He missed two different fish, but soon was in for quite a fight with a Gila that when it finally came to the net, measured about sixteen inches long.

Ayden stepped into casting position, and again almost immediately had a Gila on, but it quickly got off. He missed two or three more. Often, he could see the fish grab at his fly, but not really take it.

I did not have my fly rod with me. My role on this trip was guide and rod caddy. I had Owen's rod in hand, and suggested Ayden try Owen's rig since the fish had seemed to start to lose interest in his fly. Sure enough that produced more grabs from the fish, but he still couldn't land one. I assured him that he was doing everything right, but the lack of cooperation from the trout caused him to shift gears.

Both boys were wet wading, and while Owen was freezing in the water, Ayden was soon sitting in the river having a blast. He and his dad started looking for aquatic insects, while Owen and I got back to fishing.

After lunch, Ayden and I looked for bugs in several sections of the river. We collected many dragonfly and mayfly nymphs, some beetles, and a variety of caddisfly larvae. We also observed several caddisfly cases that looked like gravel covered turtle shells stuck to the rocks. We were having a great time NOT fishing.

Soon it was time for Owen and me to trek downstream and get serious about our fishing. He was laying out great casts and quickly landed another Gila. I shared that the Gilas in the East Verde were often very different from one another in their coloration likely due to the different lineages they represented. While his first fish was a golden hue, this smaller fish was a two toned olive and brown; still a beautiful fish!

We continued quite a ways downstream fishing likely pools and runs, until Owen spotted a garter snake in the water with half of its body sunning on a rock. He could not pass up the opportunity to try for the snake. He approached stealthily, but the snake ducked under the rock in the water. He carefully lifted the rock and gently grabbed the snake triumphantly for me to admire. After a minute, he put the snake back where he found it and was amazed how quickly it swam across the creek.



The next hole we fished really produced for Owen. He caught a large holdover rainbow trout, and then missed a fish. In his haste to deliver another cast to the same spot, he tangled his line. Papa, the rod caddy to the rescue! I gave him the other rod, while I worked on the tangle. And in no time at all, he landed his third Gila trout.

We decided that we better get back upstream to check in with the rest of the family. What seemed like no more than a half hour, I guess had turned into an hour and a half. I fully expected everyone to be lounging around the creek, and that I'd give Ayden another shot at the fish he missed earlier in the day. Oops!

Always make a plan when you separate while fishing, and decide when and where you will meet! I knew that! My only defense, weak as it is, is that I was having a great time with one of my grandsons watching him enjoy the river and some of its inhabitants, like I did when I was a kid, and obviously still do.



Stay safe. We'll stay connected.

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Greetings fellow Trout Bums,

The pandemic and social distancing continues. When this first began I hoped maybe we would miss a meeting maybe two. That has not been the case. Although places have opened up with social distancing measures in place it's not the same and who knows if it ever will be.

Out of an abundance of caution we cancelled the June meeting. If you've been to a meeting you know a big part of it is sharing a drink, catching up with a member you haven't seen in awhile, a story of the big one that got away or photo proof that you landed it, or a newbie asking for advice on how to cast where to fish. It's what make our club stand out from others. If you have been able to get out and I hope you have, send me or Bob McKeon (*Editor*) a pic or two and we will try to get them in a bulletin or newsletter.

I know you have all missed me standing up at the meeting and bringing my own little piece of humor to the meeting....so. Here's something to cheer you up. I consulted with a famous NY doctor, Dr. Vinny Boombats who prescribes some laughter to help get through this.

- *Facial recognition software can pick a person out of a crowd. But the vending machine at work can't recognize a dollar with a bent corner.*
- *Does anyone know if we can take showers yet or should we just keep washing our hands?*
- *Getting older is just one body part after another saying "Ha Ha you think that's bad. Watch this."*

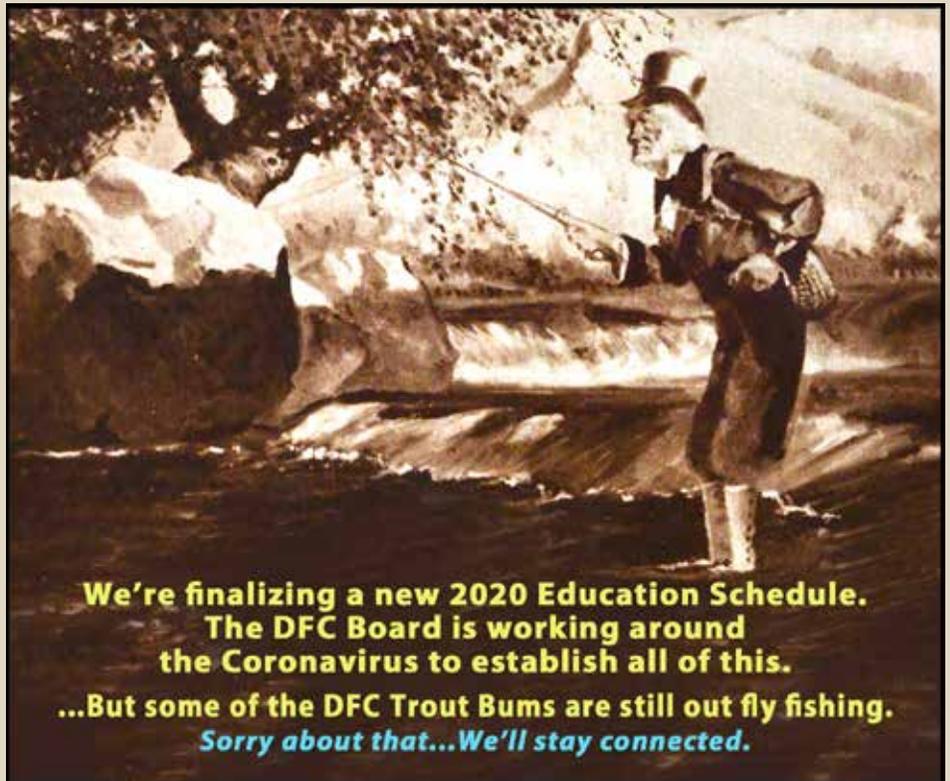
That's all for this edition of the Bulletin Trout Bums. Stay safe, stay healthy, keep your distance, keep in touch with one another. We will get through this together.

Tight lines,
Frank Schettino



Stay safe. We'll stay connected.

EDUCATION ACTIVITIES & EVENTS



**We're finalizing a new 2020 Education Schedule.
The DFC Board is working around
the Coronavirus to establish all of this.**

**...But some of the DFC Trout Bums are still out fly fishing.
Sorry about that...We'll stay connected.**

Let's Tie One On...



Hey DFC Trout Bum fly tier...

Many of us when out fly fishing our special streams or lakes we'll grab a quick photo of our catch. And, even a story to compliment the day on the waters. (*Gotta preserve our bragging rights somehow.*) Okay...what about some of our hardy Trout Bums sharing us your favorite fly? Keep the bragging rights alive with that fly that's a "killer!" We'd like to see what all the fuss is about with that irresistible morsel before the treasured photo. Be it a small fly for pan fish, the big ol' bass fly or that special for those small streams in the backwoods here in Arizona.

So..."*Let's tie one on*"...Send us a photo and a brief receipt of that well kept secret in your fly box. We'll promise to then share that special fly in an upcoming newsletter...Yeah, we're not ashamed to let the whole DFC Trout Bum Nation see...
the rest of the story.

Send fly photos to Frankie the President Guy at: sketno1026@hotmail.com -or- Bob McKeon the Editor Guy at: rmckeon2@cox.net • *Frankie sez youse should send photos...don't wanna to put a fish on da hood of yah caah.*