

# BANKNOTES

VALLEY FORGE TROUT UNLIMITED

## Once Upon a Time in the West

*Bob Ballantyne to discuss efforts to preserve Montana's native trout populations*

Journalist, writer and conservationist Bob Ballantyne will be our featured speaker at the September 8<sup>th</sup> General Meeting at the Fairfield Inn, Lionville.

Bob will be presenting a program on native fish conservation plans for Montana. Fisheries biologists with the National Park Service in Yellowstone National Park have embarked on ambitious efforts to preserve genetically pure populations of several species of native fish in some park waters. These species include two subspecies of cut-



*Yellowstone Cutthroat Trout*

throat trout—the famous Yellowstone cutthroats and the West Slope cutthroats—and grayling. So join us on 9/8 to learn more about how these efforts are conducted and how chemistry, biology, and geology combine to prepare waters for the introduction of pure populations of the fish species, and how history has played unplanned roles in these efforts.

*VFTU Board of Directors*

## NOTES FROM THE PREZ

What a year to install air conditioning in the old homestead. I just wish we could do the same for all of our neighboring streams. Valley Creek is the only one in the area that has sufficient spring input as well as being heavily shaded to keep the temperature within safe limits for trout. That safe temperature is also probably due in large part to the cold water input from the Atwater Lake (old Warner Quarry). But as we continue to add impervious surface (roads, parking lots and roofs) without getting the rain water back in the ground, how long can those springs run? How long can they supply cool, clean water so that we can enjoy trout in Valley Creek?

Last year we were spending a relaxing hot day in the summer lounging in the Manatawny Creek at my daughter's place in Amity Township. The four of us found comfortable pockets mid-stream to submerge most of our bodies in to cool off and enjoy a beverage or two. Well, that water that was so refreshing for us wasn't making it for the trout. As we left the stream we noted two trout, a brown and a rainbow, huddled in a little pocket at the side of the stream. I can only assume that there was a little cold water seep entering that pocket. It is a shame. Those trout probably didn't last until the next weekend. The Manatawny

*(Continued on page 2)*

### Inside this issue:

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### Points of interest:

- *Owen takes an original board member on a tour of our recent projects*
- *El Cheapo makes peace with a soft hackle guru*
- *Ken Weiler's trout tale is truly a whopper*
- *Our editor tells a story of cane rods and chance encounters*
- *Tickets for the Fall Raffle will be available at the 9/8 General Meeting.*



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30 Years***

# PREZ NOTES

(Continued from page 1)

has great bugs but it just gets too hot like most all our other streams.

## Election Time

The coming of Fall means a couple of things to me. First is that the September General Meeting will be when we elect board members and officers for the coming term. There are no surprises this year that I am aware of. I expect to continue moving forward with our current board and officers although there can always be nominations from the floor.

Second is the Fall Fund Raiser. This year we have opted to do a more traditional style of raffle for the Clean Streams Raffle. This will be very similar to the one we do for the Trout Show. We are going to have tickets printed with the prizes listed on the ticket and the price will be \$5 per ticket or a book of five tickets for \$20. All of the prizes will be valued over \$100. A book of tickets will be sent to every member. The drawing for the prizes will be held at the December General Meeting.

National TU has mandated that we update our by-laws, even though we just did this a couple of years ago. National is looking to have all chapters have bylaws that are equivalent to a national standard. This is no small task. I believe that I have integrated our language with their language and it will be going out to our board and officers to review. Then we shall send it on to our lawyers to assure that it meets Pennsylvania law. Then we send it to National to make sure that they OK with all the changes. And then finally we get to vote on it. That sounds like into the New Year to me.

## E-newsletter Update

All of you whose emails I have should have received a spiffy new email newsletter in July. This was my first attempt at using a new service called Constant

## **VFTU GENERAL MEETINGS**

### **Fairfield Inn—Lionville**

Just north of Exton on Rt. 100  
General Meetings are held the  
second Thursday of each month  
7:30 PM  
September through May

## Donegal TU in the News

Fishing Creek is a small trout stream with a population of wild brown trout in the southwestern corner of Lancaster County. The stream had become eroded and widened where it passes through the Valley Lea Riding Club's property.

With a generous grant from Exelon Corporation, Donegal TU teamed up with Valley Lea and the PA Fish & Boat Commission to restore the banks and install valuable fish habitat in June of 2010.

In July 2011, DTU partnered with Lancaster County Conservancy, Fishing Creek Watershed Association, Drumore Township, Flyway Construction and the PA Fish & Boat Commission to address two sites on the Conservancy land with terrible erosion problems. With the help of some local college students, the job was completed in two days.

To see a slide show and video on the Fishing Creek stream restoration project go to:

[www.donegaltu.org/fishing\\_creek.html](http://www.donegaltu.org/fishing_creek.html)



Contact. It was supposed to have been a time saver for me but as yet I am still in the learning curve. Also, with being away nearly the whole month of August without easy internet service the next e-newsletter won't happen until September. I am seeing using the e-newsletter for such things as scheduling work days and other events and time sensitive announcements. You won't be inundated I promise – remember who has to produce these things. If you wish to get on the email mailing list you can do so from our website [www.ValleyForgeTU.org](http://www.ValleyForgeTU.org) .



*Pete Goodman*

# ENVIRONMENTAL UPDATE

## *Projects, Progress and Happenings in the Valley Creek Watershed*

**H**ave you tried to go from point A to point B recently? There seems to be road work everywhere. If it is not a road widening then it is a resurfacing or a new bridge. You cannot get there from here.

Some people are building new homes, some are adding tennis courts, some are getting waivers to exceed impervious limits provided for in zoning ordinances and some engineer was heard to say, "we are infiltrating the 100 year storm" to a zoning hearing board.

Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission is marching ahead in our area. The construction of the Slip Ramps at Route 29 is well underway. The reconfiguring of the landscape is more dramatic in real life than the plans ever were. It is a huge project.

The plans to widen the Turnpike are moving through final design and the Commission appears to not be willing to modify much of anything at this point. They met with a neighbors group down slope of basin 2A but from the notes that I saw from the meeting they appeared adamant in their resolve to locate that basin where it is sited. The last target that I heard for the submission of a NPDES storm water permit application was September 2011. Once that hits then we have our work cut out for us.

The Route 202 widening is underway as everyone must be aware. This is even a bigger impact than the Turnpike since it impacts both major tributaries of Valley. Just before I left the area I notice Valley Creek

was off color in the Park. I traced the muddy water upstream to locate the source to be on Little Valley above North Valley Road but below Cedar Hollow. I reported the issue to the Chester County Conservation District. Since I was gone I didn't get a report but I suspect that it was coming from the huge

new detention basin on the north side of 202 at Little Valley. If you note anything suspicious please call the proper authorities and us as well.

The Marcellus Coalition is slugging along. For every step forward the foes of Fracking make it seem the opposition makes ten going the other direction. This is going to be a gut wrenching long dirty fight that we have everything to lose and only a couple

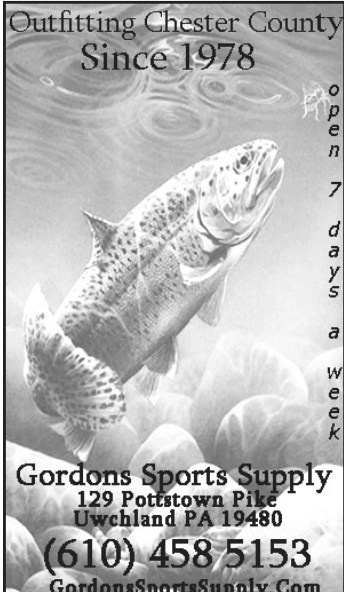
of years of potential prosperity for a few to win. As Owen Owens says, "It is cause to despair!"

Friends of Valley Creek, a Chesterbrook based organization that has been spearheaded by the chapter in the names of Owen Owens and Chuck Cutshall, is getting some momentum. An invasive removal day is being planned with the help of Kris Heister, Natural Resources Manager, of Valley Forge National Historical Park. The target for the invasive removal is the riparian area along Wilson Run (tributary to Valley Creek that flows along Wilson Road).

National Public Lands Day will be on Saturday, September 23<sup>rd</sup> in Valley Forge National Historical Park. This is a day of volunteer service that Valley Forge puts on every year. This year the theme is water. The Chapter will be doing a project in the park during the morning. A Stream Watch program is due to be unveiled that day as well—stay tuned for more details on both the service project and Stream Watch.

We now have an email newsletter capability. We will use this resource to notify you, our members of work days, schedules and other events. If you wish to receive these e-newsletters please send me your email address (send to [peteg@bee.net](mailto:peteg@bee.net)).

*Pete Goodman*



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### **Valley Forge Trout Unlimited**

**T**he Valley Forge Chapter of Trout Unlimited is dedicated to preserving, protecting, and restoring trout habitat throughout Chester County, Pennsylvania.

Its 780 members and affiliates are engaged in the fight to preserve our precious coldwater resources. All similarly inclined persons are invited to join. Refer to the membership application form found in the back of this issue of **BANKNOTES**.

# LIVING WATERS

## Jerry Comes Home

In late spring I received a phone call from Jerry Bulloch, one of our original board members. Jerry and his wife Millie were coming back for a visit to Pennsylvania, and he asked me to help connect with those he had known in the chapter, and see what had happened to Valley Creek since they moved to Idaho in 1977. On a warm June 27<sup>th</sup> afternoon, Ralph Heister, John Johnson, Chuck Marshall, Pete Goodman and I walked the Crabby Creek restoration project with Jerry and Millie.

Back when we started the chapter, Jerry told me how a sewer construction firm had ignored the agreement Dr. Heister and the Crabby Creek neighborhood association had made with the township, instead driving the sewer line straight down the valley, cutting every tree that stood in the way. "It isn't enough to organize and win short-term victories," Jerry pointed out. "You have to sustain a movement for the long haul. Plans must be monitored, and those who implement them must be held accountable to carry out agreements reached (see *Living Waters*, p 122)."

### Summer of '77

After walking Crabby Creek, we climbed into Pete Goodman's van for a tour of Valley Creek and its watershed. As we looked down upon the Atwater quarry, I remembered all Jerry had done to help the Valley Forge Chapter of Trout Unlimited get off to a good start. The stream restoration work Jerry introduced us to in the summer of 1977 led the way to the projects Joe Armstrong started on West Valley Creek. Jerry was the one who pointed out what happened when rain fell on a road—the water ran off in sheets rather than soaking into the ground. When in the 1950's an immense hurricane dumped many inches of water on Trout Creek (the stream just east of Valley Creek) and its watershed was still undeveloped—Jerry observed Trout Creek only went up eighteen inches and still ran clear! I saw for the first time that to save Valley somehow we would have to restore the watershed.

When we got to Cedar Hollow Run, we told Jerry about how Joe Armstrong and Chuck Marshall had convinced Trammel-Crow several years ago to replace pumps with a siphon line that drew 3.5 to 4 million

gallons a day of cold water into Cedar Hollow Run. Jerry scrambled down the bank and plunged his hands in the water. The big grin on his face said, "Yep, it's almost ground—water temperature. No wonder Valley is doing well!"

Our tour ended in Valley Forge National Historical Park. Jerry looked at the site of one of his jack dams that floods had disintegrated (with a little help from Brian Lambert). Kris Heister, Natural Resources Manager of the Park, and Karl Heine, joined us and Kris shared about what was happening to Valley Creek today. Then we drove to the new home of Fred Gender and Kris, got a brief tour by Fred of the conservancy buildings, and settled down for a potluck dinner.

Joe Armstrong joined us. Hamburgers and hot dogs tasted great, as did home-made apple pies! Jerry and Ralph told one story after another. Jerry and his friends were avid hunters, and not averse to a practical joke or two. Mrs. Heister told about the day she went to get the mail, and discovered the mailbox filled with dead crows! "Jerry was one of my best students," Dr. Ralph said. "We called him Jerry Bullfrog." We laughed, and then roared louder at another story—and another!

### Differing Points of View

Good friends don't always agree. Jerry recently returned from a hunting trip to Africa, reporting that the local tribe received the meat from the animals he shot. "The habitat is the key to everything, he said. "The tribe has a stake now in the well-being of the herds, for they get income from hunters and ecotourists." "I agree about the habitat," Ralph responded, "but could you take trophy photos instead of killing the animals?" Obviously the professor and his student did not agree about big game hunting, but they were two peas in a pod when it came to conservation. We are where we are today because of all Ralph and Jerry did to save our local streams.

It's not easy to care for a beautiful earth, and see greedy human beings destroy streams you love for short-term profits. As every hunter and fisher knows,

*(Continued on page 7)*

# EDITORS JOURNAL

## Raised on Cane

It was the mid-1960s when my dad and his good fishing buddy Jack Hess attended a mid-winter sportsman show to search for some good dry fly hackle. As this was several decades before Metz and Hoffman "Super Grizzly" necks became commonplace, searching for the right materials was just the remedy for a bad case of cabin fever. As I recall, my dad told me he was looking over a pile of necks and a guy peeked over his shoulder and blurted out, "I've got better necks than that—do you need any?"

### Fly Fishers Club

As it turned out this chance meeting was also Dad and Jack's introduction to the Pittsburgh Fly Fishers. The club was loosely patterned after the Harrisburg Fly Fishers. No dues, no official membership list, no board of directors, no newsletter—in fact it was the most unstructured organization I know of. If you came to one Fly Fishers meeting you were considered a member for life. Fly tying innovator Chauncy Lively was a long-time member and until 1980 he attended every meeting. Chauncy often talked about the fly designs he was testing out before introducing them to the masses in the *PA Angler*. Meetings were held once a month and the unofficial organizer at that time was Charlie Winkler. That's right—the guy with all of the necks.

When it came to fishing gear—especially fly tying material, Charlie had two (or sometimes two-hundred) of everything. He had barrels filled to the top with dry fly necks. He had big boxes of fishing lures and suitcases filled with fly reels. But the items that caught my dad's eye were the stacks of bamboo rods. Most of the rods were from high-quality rod makers—Leonard, Orvis, Phillipson, Heddon, Uslan, Sharpes and Reinert. Over the years my dad was able to pur-

chase several fine cane rods from Charlie, but it was never easy. Plans would be made to go to Charlie's house, and sometimes the old man was in a good mood and would sell a rod or two, and other times he was not and would abruptly end the visit.

### Feathers, Fur and Much More

Overall, Charlie Winkler was a pretty good guy. In fact, he most likely gave away more fly fishing & tying gear than he ever sold. He would show up at every Fly Fishers meeting with one or two duffle bags, and at some point he would start pulling out bags, bottles and envelopes which were stuffed with feathers and



Harry Reinert, circa 1964

fur. We often came home with exotic stuff—some of which today would be illegal to own. Charlie was the ultimate scrounger. I vividly remember him telling the story about a California Condor that died at the Pittsburgh Zoo. Somehow he talked zoo officials into giving him the dead bird. Chauncy's highly effective March Brown Nymph pattern called for Condor quill. I am certain the Condor feathers were acquired at one of those Fly Fishers meetings.

A few times Charlie would bring in a fly reel or a fly rod and give it away. One time he brought in a Leonard rod and pulled a name out of the hat.

My dad was the lucky winner.

Dad fished most of the cane rods he purchased from Charlie, mostly the Phillipsons, Uslans and Reinerts. I found a book in his library on collectable cane which included some information on Bill Phillipson and Nat Uslan, and a minor reference to Harry Reinert.

When I turned sixteen my dad gave me my first cane fly rod—a 7' 6" Reinert. This rod was my prized possession and I fished it exclusively for about ten years.

*(Continued on page 8)*

# EL CHEAPO FLY TYER

## Soft Tackles

In case you missed it, there was a huge fly-fishing show held at the Valley Forge Convention Center back in March.

Tom Prusak had arranged for the chapter to have a booth there, principally to hawk copies of our newly minted "Trout Tales" and to get out the word on chapter activities. Besides the book, there were also chapter hats for sale, as well as some salmon fly based jewelry that was the result of a Jim Lowe, Robbi Freisem collaboration. Also, Fred Gender had put together an amazing box of flies to be raffled off. I don't do well in crowds, and usually try to avoid them like the plague, but when Robbi offered to give me a lift, I temporarily lost my senses and said I'd go.

I told Pete Goodman that we were going to attend, which he immediately, incorrectly, assumed that we were volunteering to work the booth for a spell. Not wishing to see a man in his exalted chapter position weeping with despair, we just sucked it in and pulled our tour.

The place was packed, my favorite nightmare, but once safely within the womb of our booth, the leapin' creepies gradually dissolved, and I managed to hang in there for the duration.

Some folks actually enjoy this sort of thing. Fred was selling tickets for his box like a man possessed, but he did take one break to visit the other booths. He returned later to say that I just had to check out this stand that was devoted to materials used in the tying of the wet flies now known as soft hackles.

After our hitch was up, Robbi and I wandered about the place, and eventually found our way to the booth that Fred had told us about. It was all he said it was, and more. European woodcock, snipe, moorhen and jackdaw wings. Complete grouse, teal, starling and jay skins. English tying threads and floss. A fellow could drop a lot of loot in a place like that. While we were browsing, Robbi mentioned that she had heard that Sylvester Nemes had passed away. Sylvester Nemes, the man I almost killed.

Back in 1975, Nemes had published his famous little

tome, *The Soft Hackled Fly*. Prior to this, I was pretty smug in the belief that I was one of the last practitioners of fishing the wet fly. Wets were for kids, and for stoking the memories of old-timers, yet here I was, catching 95% of my fish on wet Black Spiders. The pattern was merely a turn or two of black hen hackle with a body of black thread, floss, or thin black yarn tied on a size fourteen or sixteen sproat wet fly hook. But to my mind, the ultimate manifestation of this fly was Leisenring's Black Gnat. This used a starling hackle in front of a body made of crow secondary, or better yet, herl from the black tail feather of a Canada goose.

There were other excellent wingless hackle wets besides my reliable spider, though. Leisenring's Brown Hackle and Gray Hackle are still murder on trout, as are Sid Gordon's Rounder wets. The Orange Fish Hawk and Gray Hackle Yellow take care of the paler end of the spectrum.

The great thing about these patterns was that I never saw anyone else using them. They were mine, all mine. And then along came Sylvester, a freakin' Johnny Partridge-seed, merrily blabbing the joys of wet fly fishing to the world. Truly, the man had to be stopped.

I would sell my beloved .308, find my way out West, trail him to some mile-long Madison riffle. After exchanging some pleasantries, I would wrap my bony digits around his neck and throttle the life from him. Several days hence, he would be found, floating face down, Orvis bamboo still clutched in his right hand, silk line hanging in the current. There would probably be a sixteen inch rainbow still attached to his Partridge and Orange, but the fiend would blab no more.

That was the plan, anyway. To give the devil his due, up until I read his book, I had never tied with partridge. Grouse, woodcock, quail, starling, hen, yes, partridge no. That's probably what saved him. In my box, the Partridge and Orange replaced the Fish Hawk, the Partridge and Yellow, the Gray Hackle, and the Pheasant Tail Spider has done things to trout that

*(Continued on page 8)*

# TROUT TALES

Editor's Note:

The following fish tale was submitted to President Pete by TU member Ken Weiler. If you have a good story or misadventure that you would like to share, please send it to me at [tprusak@progeny.net](mailto:tprusak@progeny.net) and I will try to include it in a future issue.

\*\*\*

## A "True" Fish Story

I once caught a large Bull Trout on the Kootenai River, Montana after dark by accident. It was against the law to pursue them, so I wasn't technically fishing for Bull Trout. I was after Kamloops Rainbows, working size 10 wets down a deep eddy pool, using a Ray Bergman "slow retrieve style." When the big Bull Trout hit, I did not realize I had hooked up. I thought I caught the bottom because the fish didn't make a run. When I tried lifting the rod it was as if I snagged a dead log. Eventually, the fish made a slow run to the rapids and hung there. I began to wonder to myself *what in God's name did I catch?* My heart was racing and pounding and I started yelling like a nut to my son Jonathan. I screamed, "Bring the camera down from my truck camper." He yelled back "I'm cooking the late midnight dinner dude."

I kept steady pressure on the stationary Bull Trout for at least twenty minutes, all the time worrying that my 5x tippet might break. Suddenly, my reel screamed loudly as the fish ran back into the deep pool below me. And as this was happening I was chasing away the bats trying to knock off my western hat. After another fifteen minutes the big trout finally surrendered and came up like a surfacing submarine. I pointed my hat-light at my trophy catch and my legs started to shake. Once again I screamed for Jonathan to get his (bleep) down here right now, and I bent down in the water to measure the fish. My small reel ruler blotted out 34 inches.

As I took the hook from its monstrous lip I stared in shock. I held the Bull

Trout in the water against the current and without warning it took off like a rocket, "whoosh!" Finally, Jonathan came down and yelled "Where's the (bleep bleep) fish you want me to shoot?" I told him, "You missed the train."

Calling it a night I returned to the camper and sipped two double scotches before dinner and told my son what happened—my trophy of a lifetime. My son replied, "Dad, I'm so sorry. This is my first time in Montana and I have a lot to learn!" I noted, "Well son, time is never to be repeated twice."

At 2 a.m. we hit the bunks to prepare for the next day on the river. During my sleep, dreams remind me that *... a river without mystery is a religion without God.*

Ken Weiler

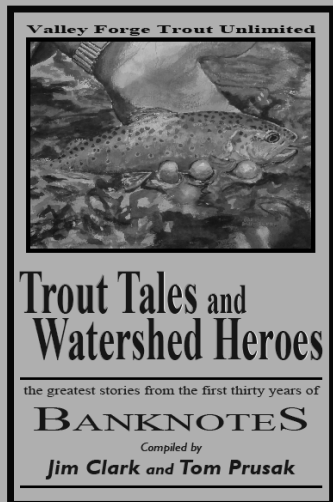
## Living Waters

(Continued from page 4)

life has many losses—and painful sacrifices. When we love the land and water, however, those who set out on the journey to preserve, protect, and restore this good earth and its life-giving habitats are joined together. Even after decades when we don't see each other, when we meet again, as we did on that wonderful June day, we rediscover that even time cannot sever us from each other. As I remember Jerry and Millie's visit one of the lines from a favorite hymn, "For the Beauty of the Earth," epitomizes their homecoming: *"Friends on earth, and friends above!"*



Owen Owens



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# Editors Journal

(Continued from page 5)

But once I started fishing graphite, the Reinert felt too soft and slow for my taste. At some point in the late '90s I put it away and pretty much forgot about it.

A few years back I decided to sell some rods which were collecting dust, including my Reinert. I listed the rods on eBay and the bidding started. What happened next is still hard for me to grasp. An email came to me stating, "I am Harry Reinert's son. If you want to know more about the rod you are selling contact me." I couldn't believe it—I have an email from Harry Reinert Jr. So I quickly replied back and told him about Charlie and the Fly Fishers Club. He then sent me the following email.

Tom,

As I mentioned before, I'm Harry Jr., (although I dropped the Jr. after my dad died 42 years ago) and my oldest son is Harry III. When a colleague showed the eBay listing to my son, he asked if I knew anything about this. When my son forwarded the URL to me I recognized the rod immediately, for I have one just like it. It was dad's personal rod which I received after his death. When I took up fishing again I used this rod for a few years, thinking my dad would have said, "This was made for fishing, not hanging on the wall." Knowing my penchant for breaking things, I felt that if I should break the rod, with Dad gone there was probably no one left to repair it. Therefore I have kept it for display only. I use a cheap commercial rod for fishing.

I was really impressed and excited to see one of dad's rods showing up on eBay some forty years after his death. I began to understand that they have a quality as *objets d'art* that goes beyond the original function for which they were designed. I was impressed to see the opening bid at \$100, but then I realized the rod probably originally sold for about \$75-\$100.

For years my dad had a running ad in *Field and Stream* and other magazines, and I knew he got orders from all over the country. I also knew that he was a meticulous craftsman and had developed something of a legendary reputation for the quality of his work. When I read your comment about the

provenance of this rod, I began to realize just how strong that reputation was.

I think you will understand what I mean when I say that I knew he built bamboo rods, and whenever I visited him, I spent a lot of time chatting with him at his work table as he worked on a rod. It didn't seem like a big deal, after all he was just my dad. When you placed that rod of his on eBay, I realized for the first time that his workmanship gave his rods a value which I had never really appreciated. So, I thank you for that listing and for what it did for me.

Harry Jr. also included a 1964 *Arkansas Democrat* newspaper article on his father titled, "Fishing Rods from Split Bamboo." The picture on page 5 of sixty-eight year old Harry and the following quote were taken from this newspaper clipping.

"Financial status has nothing to do with my work. My clientele is chiefly made up of middle-aged, dedicated fishermen in the middle income bracket. They have learned to love the feel and action of live bamboo, and will settle for nothing else."

With so many good memories of days on the water with my first cane fly rod—how could I let it go? Well, I look at it like this—now someone else has the chance to experience the thrill of catching a trout on live bamboo. A rod that was made by the hands of a great craftsman. A rod that was made for fishing—not hanging on the wall.



Tom Prusak

## El Cheapo

(Continued from page 6)



Jim Clark

the Pheasant Tail Nymph can only dream about.

Even though he no more invented these old killers than I invented ugly, I'm glad he lived to a ripe old age.

(*Sylvester Nemes 1922-2011*)

## IMAGINE

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## Who Ya Gonna Call?

*If you see a spill or fish kill, call us...*

Call any of your officers  
or board members  
(see the inside back cover of  
**BANKNOTES**)

### Illegal Fishing and Poaching or Disturbance of a Waterway:

Notify the PA Fish and Boat Commission

### Fish Kills or Illegal Dumping:

Notify the PA Fish and Boat Commission  
and

PA Department of  
Environmental Protection (DEP)

### Water Quality and Pollution:

Notify the PA Department of  
Environmental Protection (DEP)

\*\*\*

## Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection

*Emergencies should be reported immediately  
by telephone to the Southeast Regional Office  
at 484-250-5900  
(24 hours a day, 7 days a week)*

## Pennsylvania Fish and Boat Commission

*Our local WCO, Bob Bonney, has requested  
emergencies should be reported immediately  
to him via his cell phone:*

610-637-6398

*and to the Southeast Region of the PA F&BC  
(8:00 AM – 4:00 PM weekdays)*

717-626-0228

## Erosion and Sedimentation Issues:

*Notify the Chester County  
Conservation District  
610-925-4920*

## Well and Septic Issues:

*Notify the Chester County  
Health Department  
610-344-6225*

## Valley Creek Workdays

Yes we have monthly workdays!

### When?

Saturdays following our general meetings

### Where?

Details provided at our general meetings or contact either Rod Horton or our Prez

### Why?

We are committed to protecting and preserving Valley Creek. It's also a great way to meet your fellow chapter members.


### Want to Help? Please Contact

Pete @ 610-827-7619

Rod @ 610-666-6167




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# Valley Forge Trout Unlimited Membership Application

**YES!** Please begin my one-year membership in Trout Unlimited. I understand my dues payment entitles me to all regular membership benefits including a personal membership card and quarterly issues of *Trout* magazine. VFTU members also receive our quarterly newsletter *BANKNOTES*.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

\*Email \_\_\_\_\_@\_\_\_\_\_

\*Trout Unlimited does not make email addresses available to outside parties, for any reason, ever. By providing your email address you help us reduce mailing and printing costs, which in turn helps the environment.

Enclosed is my employer's matching contribution gift form. This is in addition to my membership application and payment.

*Trout Unlimited is incorporated as a 501(C)3 non-profit, educational, charitable organization, and all monetary and property donations are tax deductible to the extent allowed by law.*

## Please select membership category:

- Stream Explorer \$12 (18 and under)
- Senior \$20 (62 and older)
- Regular \$35
- Family/Contributor \$50
- Sponsor \$100
- Conservator \$250
- Outfitters, Guides \$295
- Stewardship \$500
- \*Life \$1200 (no further dues)



\*\* Canadian members add \$5, other countries add \$20 per membership

**Payment enclosed:** \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**Make checks payable to *Trout Unlimited***

" VISA " MASTERCARD " AMEX " DISCOVER

Acct. Num: \_\_\_\_\_

Name on Card: \_\_\_\_\_

Exp Date: \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_

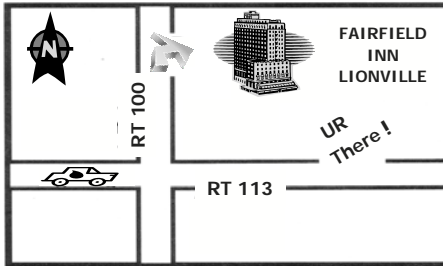
Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

To ensure correct **New Member Rebate**, the VFTU chapter number is: **290**

**Apply online at  
[www.tu.org](http://www.tu.org) or cut out  
and mail to:**

**Trout Unlimited  
P.O. Box 7400  
Woolly Bugger, WV 25438**

Valley Forge Chapter of Trout Unlimited  
PO Box 1356  
West Chester, PA 19380



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**VFTU MEETING SCHEDULE**

**September 8<sup>th</sup>**

***Bob Ballantyne***

Journalist, writer and conservationist will talk about native fish conservation plans for Montana

**October 13<sup>th</sup>**

***Jeffrey Deitrich***

PA Fish & Boat Commission will talk about Wild Brook Trout Enhancement Regulations