

Little River Chapter

Newsletter

JULY 2003

Editor Joe Hatton

<http://mywebpages.comcast.net/Littlerivertu/index.html>



Next Meeting

The next meeting is on the Fourth Thursday **July, 24 at 7:00 pm.** We are meeting at Monte Vista Baptist Church at 1735 Old Niles Ferry Rd. in Maryville. The church has an entrance on the opposite side of Hwy 129 between the BiLo and the Co-op Gas station.

Program

Our speaker will be Steve Brown, Chairman of the Tennessee Council of Trout Unlimited. Steve will be discussing the latest from the state and national level of Trout Unlimited. Following his update, Steve will show a video on the Clinch River.

Stream work

It is the time of the year to start getting our hands dirty again.

July 14 - 17 Sams Creek Evaluation re-sample monitoring sites & evaluate brook trout

August 16 - 17 Quarterly Acid Deposition Sample

September 6-13 Bear Creek Fishing Experiment

September 25 - 27 Little River Large Stream Monitoring

September 29 -October 1 MP Little Pigeon River Large Stream Monitoring

Fishing Picks

By: Ian Rutter This is the rainiest summer we've had in some time and that will affect the fishing you'll get done. After several years of drought it's easy to forget that July is the second rainiest month of the year in East Tennessee, so we're really getting what we're supposed to if it's any consolation.

Tailwater fishing is just about out of the question unless you've got a drift boat or raft. The Clinch is currently running one generator around the clock and the Hiwassee has had only spotty opportunities to wade. The Holston below Cherokee Lake hasn't had very good schedules either, but things should be warming up enough over there that you should probably avoid it anyway. The South Holston and Watauga have decent schedules for floaters but waders will have to keep a close eye on the schedules if they want to sneak in a few hours of fishing.

All this points to fishing in the mountains. I've been out on the water almost every day for the past month and have been sure to keep a rain jacket handy. However, I don't seem to need it for very long. Most showers last less than an hour but can be exceedingly heavy. In fact, I've had to leave some streams on account of dirty, rising water. The silver lining to this is that I've been able to find fishable water under sunny skies usually less than 30 minutes away. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 2]

Fishing Pick FROM PAGE 1 If your caught in a good downpour it's important to realize that your day of fishing doesn't have to come to an end. Our mountain streams have an array of tributaries and at least one will fish well as long as rain showers are only spotty. Also remember that this can be a prime time to fish with big nymphs or streamers if the water discolors but only rises a few inches. Trout generally look forward to rising water since it is usually a bit cooler and brings a flush of food into the stream.

The rain has kept stream levels very good this summer. Dry fly fishing has been good in general and nymphs are picking up trout if they refuse to look up. General fly patterns are the best as usual. Keep a box full of Parachute Adams, Stimulators, and Wulffs. I'll also keep a compliment of beadheads on hand to keep it interesting. If you do run into murky water you'll do well to have a few streamers on hand. The best ones are Woolly Buggers in black or brown, weighted Muddler Minnows, Clouser Minnows in chartreuse and white or brown and orange, and Double Bunny streamers.

Ian has daily fishing log on his web site. <http://www.randrflyfishing.com>, Check it out before the next time you go fishing. He fells it out each time he has a guild trip or goes fishing. It is a great way to find out what they were hitting on the last couple of days.

Guiding Nightmare

By: Gary Verholek, My stories about the Bluegill hitting the small foam beetles I had tied were more than my visiting brother-in-law, Don, could stand. I had left two newly tied beetles on the table, and when we were out briefly, Don grabbed one and searched the garage for a rod. With no fly rod in evidence, he tied a beetle onto the ultra-light spinning

rod and headed to the dock behind the house to try it out. Although the little foam beetle wouldn't cast very well on the spinning rod, the bluegill that hang out under the dock were more than cooperative, they were popping it with great enthusiasm. The action was so magnetic that he made repeated trips up the seven flights of stairs for more gear.

After dinner, I convinced him to make one more trip down (and up) the stairs to the dock and to go out with me on the little aluminum fishing boat that my neighbor loaned us. He warned me that it was tender, but my canoe didn't seem to be the right boat for a couple of late middle-aged men with back troubles, so the fishing boat seemed a better idea. And it was, until...I'll get to that later. Since this was my home water, I considered this outing to be a "Guiding" job, and led the expedition into the cove, trying to emulate the professionals as best I knew how. For my "Client", Don, I selected the Orvis Silver Label 5-wt fly rod from my inventory and I grabbed my little Cortland 3-wt. We strung the rods, and I tied on the beetles for both of us. We loaded the boat with PFDs, paddles and gear. I had Don gently step into the center of the boat. It did seem a little tender, but I attributed that to the small beam and slightly rounded bottom. I then centered myself quickly. Everything stabilized, so away we went.

With Don in the bow, I paddled us to the fallen trees at the end of the cove, where I had had great success with the foam beetle. Don barely cleared line beyond his rod tip when he made a cast to the end of a log. Immediately, a small energetic bluegill was on. On his first cast, Don was into a fish, and this was just the beginning for him. The bluegills were small but eager. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 3]

Guiding Nightmare FROM PAGE 2 Although many struck short, the top-water action was enough to keep both Don & I giggling like a couple of schoolboys playing hooky. Many of them were to become victim to the #10 brown foam beetle with black legs. Although it resembled no particular beetle, it must have resembled food to the bluegill.

We wore them out at the fallen tree, and when the action slowed, we moved up the shore to the undercut bank. Again, the action was fast and furious. We worked past a dock and a newly fallen pine. Just behind the pine, we found another school of eager fish. We had been out only an hour and a half, and we had barely covered 100 yards of shoreline, but we had action aplenty. Any catch estimate would sound like bragging, so I'll defer. I will allow that as the kind of Guide I should be, Don was able to catch twice as many fish as I did. That's my story and I'm sticking to it.

It was getting dark, so we made our way back to the dock. This is when it gets interesting.

I placed the rods on the dock, followed by the tackle bag, but I left the PFDs and the paddles in the boat. I'd learned the hard way not to set them on the dock before getting out of the canoe. Don had a grip on the cleat, so I stepped from the boat to the floating dock. I turned to give Don a hand, but as I reach for the gunnel to steady the boat for Don, the water was already coming in over the side. The round-bottomed boat was rolling out from under him. He had a firm grip on the dock, and wasn't about to relinquish that grip, but by now the water was up to his chest, and the stern of the boat was sticking up at a steep angle, allowing even more water to flow into the boat. The situation was irreversible. Don was wet and the boat was full.

Apparently, once I had left the boat, the

lack of balancing weight caused Don, who was in the bow, to sink nearer the water. Without the stern in the water, the rounded bow rotated until the water came in over the side. As soon as it started, it was too late. I couldn't have planned it to happen that smoothly.

I helped Don over to the swim ladder and he climbed out onto the dock, dripping wet. The boat settled into the water with only about three inches of freeboard left. I secured the boat to the dock with the short lines, and we hauled the gear up the seven flights of stairs to the house.

I returned to the boat with a bucket and bailed until I was sweating so much that I was as wet as Don. By the time I returned to the house, Don had showered and was sipping a beer, telling his version of how I pushed him in and stood there laughing. That's his version, and he's sticking to it. Now, whom are you going to believe, the Guide or the Guest?

Fly of the Month

Hopper Lite

Use a light green fly foam and olive dubbing and this fly will be a great Hopper pattern for Fish Camp prong. As for me you can't beat a parachute fly.

Hook: Hopper hook #12.

Thread: Tan 6/0.

Tail/Post: McFlyon strip (yellow).

Body: Tan fly foam strip.

Hackle: Brown dry fly hackle.

Legs/Antennae: Olive goose biots.

Thorax: Snowshoe rabbit foot dubbing





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