

Little River Chapter

Newsletter

JUNE 2003

Editor Joe Hatton

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



Next Meeting

This month's meeting will be held the 4th Thursday **June 26 at 6:00 pm** We are moving the location for this month to an island at River John's. The same place we met last year. The address is 4134 Cave Mill Rd which comes off of Wildwood Rd just as you cross the bridge over the Little River. Wildwood Rd. runs off of East Broadway on the south end. There will be some signs at the various intersections. There is also a map with directions on page four and on our website. Joe Teffettetter will be arranging for hamburgers and hotdogs and such stuff. **MEMBERS ARE TO BRING THEIR OWN REFRESHMENTS !!!** Also bring a lawn chair or something to set on. There will be a casting demonstration and casting clinic conducted by the Brookies starting at 6 pm, so don't be late.

Stream Work

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

Fishing Picks

By: Ian Rutter, Summer weather is finally here and I'm happy to report that fishing conditions are considerably better than they were last month. The only significant closures remaining in the Smokies are the gravel section of Tremont Road and Abrams Creek Campground. The local tailwaters are still pumping a lot of water but not so much as they were and wading possibilities should come along barring anymore sustained rainfall. Cool nights and mild days kept us in waders a little longer than usual this year but wet wading the creeks has finally gotten comfortable.

Most of the best hatches are behind us on the mountain streams. Yellow Sallies are still buzzing around in the late evening but also keep an eye out for *Isonychias*, sometimes called Mahogany Duns. A nymph imitation will serve you much better than a dry for this mayfly since they hatch by crawling out on the bank, not by swimming to the surface. Pheasant Tail, Prince, and Zug Bug Nymphs in a #12-14 work well as imitations. Perhaps the best insects to imitate on the stream are terrestrials. Hoppers, crickets, inchworms, ants, and beetles are all becoming more common as the season progresses. These are all valuable food sources for mountain trout in the summer.

(continued on page two)

Fishing picks (continued from page one)

The Clinch has had good schedules for boaters but there have only been a few fleeting opportunities for waders. The best part of the sulphur hatch occurred during conditions that were unfavorable for fishing due to the high water. The South Holston and Watauga are currently the best hot spots for tailwater hatch activity. Arrive early on the South Holston to fish before generation begins in the early afternoon. The same goes for the Watauga. Summer generation schedules are seldom favorable for the wading fisherman on the Hiwassee but there are still possibilities. Any fisherman with an inflatable pontoon should be able to access a number of wadeable areas that can't be reached by someone without some kind of boat. The Hiwassee has a number of wadeable areas even when two generators are on, but most of them are surrounded by deep water or are on the far side of the river.

An Absolutely Delightful Afternoon In The Smokys

By: M. Gary Verholek

It was an absolutely delightful afternoon in the Smokys. Only one fish came to hand, and the trip was only three hours long, but Donna was with me. Having Donna share my love of fly-fishing was really delightful. The opportunity to share the beauty of flyfishing a mountain stream with the love of my life meant more than catching a multitude of fish or even a catching a memorable fish. The one fish I caught will not be memorable for it's size or fight or color or anything else that makes a Smoky Mountain rainbow a treasured catch. It was having the opportunity to share my enthusiasm with THE person in my life...that's what made this afternoon special.

I have to confess that she didn't exactly jump at the opportunity to go watch me fish,

but here is how it happened. The morning was beautiful, cool with blue skies and a few wisps of cirrus. A pesky Raccoon had been raiding my bird feeders, and I finally managed to capture him in the cage trap. Knowing I had to haul him a good distance from the house, I asked Donna if she wanted to go to the Smokys. I figured we could head toward the mountains and stop along a side road where we could release him. I haven't the heart to dispatch him, even though that is the Wildlife Agency's recommended disposition for nuisance animals. Knowing full well what my intentions were, she was not biting. I told her we had to go across the lake or across the interstate to release him or he'd return. Still no. Figuring my plan was lost, I suggested that we take the raccoon across the interstate, go get a lamp she had been wanting and stop at the local market for dinner fixings. To that she would agree.

We released the raccoon rather quickly. Then, as luck would have it, the hardware store had sold out of the lamps. Fortunately, the store near the foothills of the Smokys had plenty! Of course, I volunteered to go to the other store, and suggested that since we would be only about 20 minutes from the Little River, we might grab lunch and go sit by the side of a stream and have lunch. No one ever accused me of being clever! She saw right through my little ruse. Acknowledging that I had run all over for her lamp, she allowed that she would accompany me to the Smokys for a little fishing. That's how we got to the river. (continued on page three)



An Absolutely Delightful Afternoon In The Smokys (continued from page two)

For a Smoky Mountain stream, the Middle Fork of the Little River has easy access, and some nice Rainbows and Brookies. It is just inside the Townsend entrance, on a branch away from the swimmers and tubers that populate the main branch of Little River. The first pull-out was occupied, but the next, and the next, and the next were vacant. The choice was ours. I turned around at the first bridge and returned to a wide pull-out where we could set out our chairs and have a late lunch. While Donna arranged lunch, I rigged my mountain rod, a 7-ft, 3-wt, with a yellow Stimulator. We sat in the warm sun and listened to the brook serenade us with white noise, while we ate our lunch. Although the temperature would not reach 70, the sun soon chased us into the dappled shade.

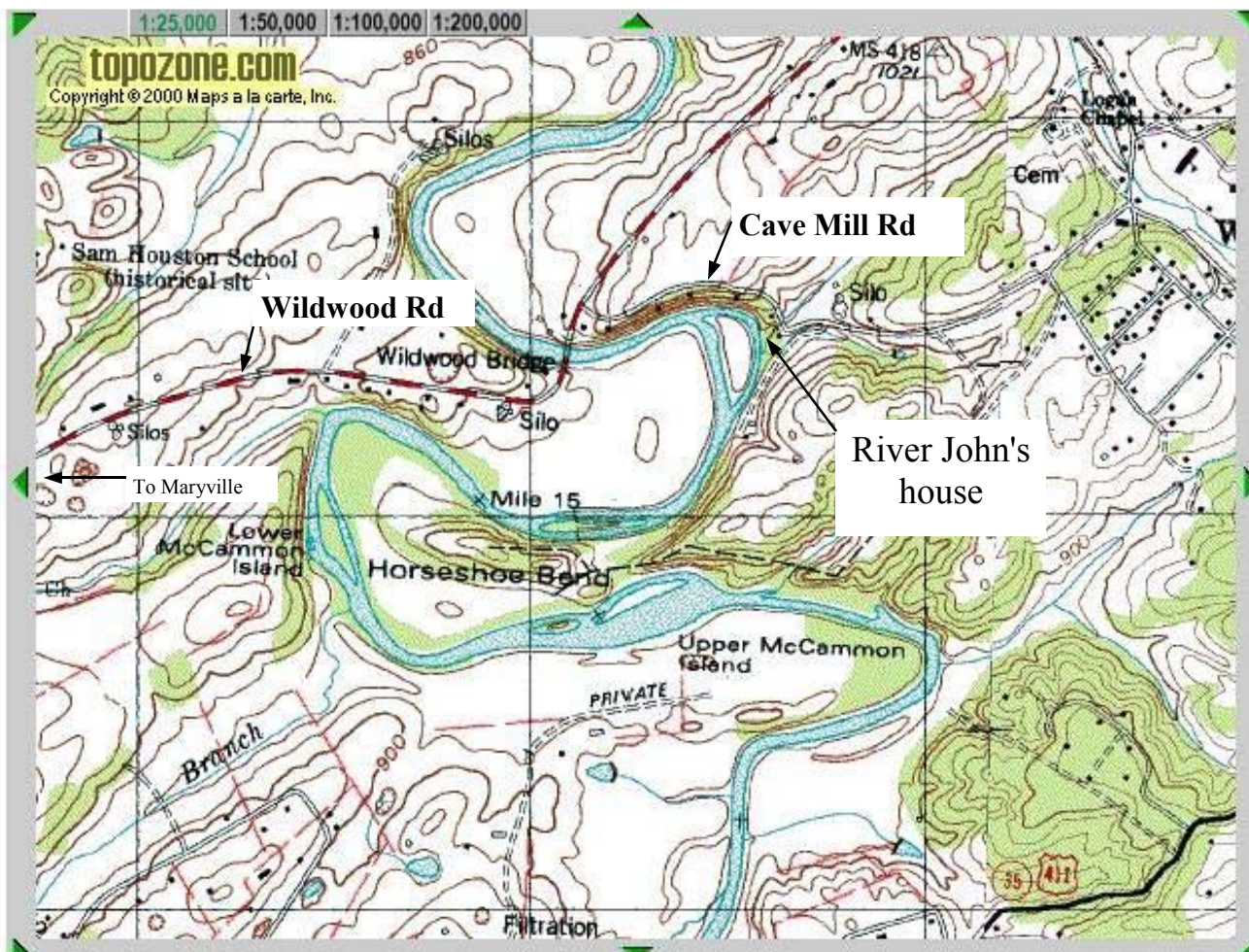
I finished lunch rather quickly and reached for my rod. Pulling on my wetwading boots, I dropped down over the rock wall, hoping the water wasn't as cold as it looked. A few small fingerlings were prowling the pool below the falls. I noticed a couple of reasonable fish, but no silver slabs. My Stimulator drew immediate attention from but no silver slabs. fish that were too small to hook. Working the length of the pool from the falls to the tail required backhanding, roll-casting, about anything that would keep my fly out of the overhanging limbs. Even then, I had to retrieve a few errant efforts. I cast until I was satisfied that no self respecting trout would take my imitation.

Working down steam, out of Donna's field of view, the water quickened. Suddenly, a serious tug on the 3-wt meant I was on to a respectable fish. He was as long as my rod handle. For this stream, that was a nice fish, and I wanted Donna to see it. Evidently, my shouts

could not be heard over the steady roar of the stream, so he was released without fanfare, but with a gentle nudge and an affectionate glance.

Try as I might, there were no other significant fish. The few I snagged in a couple of other pools this day were not worth mentioning. Donna asked if I wanted her to photograph me with one of the 4-inchers; I couldn't tell if she were teasing or not. I declined. She roused a large water snake sunning itself on the bank; we photographed a swarm of blue swallowtails and a large yellow and black millipede. It was a typical, delightful day with Nature in the Smokys. Any day in the Smokys is an adventure.

We passed a flyfisherman in, what appeared to be, full Orvis regalia; he was accompanied by a striking young lady fully attired in waders but with no rod. From her gesticulations, I opined that she appeared to be providing the guiding. Little River Outfitters, a most excellent flyshop in Townsend, has a very active guiding crew that includes a couple of ladies. Donna questioned why anyone would need a guide on such a small stream. That told me she still had a lot to learn about fly-fishing, so I dutifully began her indoctrination. She listened respectfully, but was unimpressed. She was, however, impressed enough to agree to future outings, although perhaps, she responded more positively when I sweetened the offering with the potential of dinner at the new Italian Restraint in Townsend. I guess "match the hatch" is still the best way to attract your target.



From Maryville you can turn left on Wildwood Rd at the intersection of East Broadway and Lincoln Rd go about 3 1/2 miles until you get to Wildwood bridge. After crossing Wildwood bridge take the first right on to Cave Mill Rd, which is almost immediately after the bridge. River John's is the 7th house on the right. There is a small cabin and then John's house is on the right in a sharp bend in the road. The street address is 4134 Cave Mill Rd. The inland is behind his house. You can also take 411 / Sevierville Rd, until you get to Peppermint Rd. Turn right on Peppermint Rd. go about a mile and a half and you will dead-end into Wildwood Rd. turn right, the bridge is a little over a mile. If someone gets lost and needs directions you can call Roy Hawk on his cell phone (310-9107) the day of the meeting and we will make sure you find your way. **If it rains we will meet in the pavilion on the Island!**
See you there.

Extra Time

I know that time is a precious commodity these days with so much going on, but if you have a few days **during the week** how about giving Steve Moore or Matt Kulp a call at the Fishery Biologist department Great Smoky Mountains National Park (865) 436-1254.

With the Government budget cuts I'm sure they could use your help. I don't know the exact number but their summer help was cut way back this year. So if you are in for a little or a lot of off road adventures give them a call. Time is the most generous gift that you can give and the most needed.

Going out west

If any of you are looking for a good guide for a Montana Trip this summer or fall - check out this website... www.flyfishingwithbob.com . Bob Cleverley is a long-time friend and excellent fly fisherman, not to mention a well-respected fishing guide from Ennis, Montana. Bob will fish the Madison, Big Hole, whatever it takes.

Keith Rivard
Loudon, TN
kmrivard@charter.net
865-458-6324

Trout Recipes

Pan-Fried Trout with Bacon (serves 6)

Bacon	6 slices
Trout (pan-dressed whole)	6
Salt and Pepper (to taste)	1 oz.
Cornmeal (as needed)	2 oz.
Lemons (each fish)	2
Parsley	1 bunch
Milk	as needed

Crisp bacon in skillet. Remove from pan. Keep warm. Save grease.
Season the inside of the trout with salt and pepper, dip in milk and dredge in the cornmeal.
Pan-Fry the trout in the bacon fat until golden brown on both sides
Drain fish on absorbent paper and keep warm.
Garnish with bacon, lemon wedges and parsley.

Fly of the Month

Big Horn Sulphur Parachute

Sizes: 16, 18

Hook: Type Bigeye

Thread: Yellow 6/0

Tail: Cream hackle fibers

Body: Orange/yellow dubbing

Wing: White calf tail, tied as a sparse post.

Hackle: Cream, 4 turns around parachute post.

This is an Orvis pattern that should work well on the Clinch River and the South Holston River during the Sulphur hatches.





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