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FISHING QUOTE OF THE MONTH

“Sharing the fun of fishing turns strangers into friends in a few hours.”

– Eugene Clark

PRESIDENTS COLUMN

TROUT CAMP, JOHN THURMAN LEGACY



When you read this, I will be very close to if not deeply involved in turning 14 young teenaged strangers into friends at the **2021 John Thurman Smoky Mountains Trout Adventure Camp**. This has been a challenging year for putting Trout Camp together; COVID concerns have dictated some changes in protocols but have allowed us to keep our basic program in place. Other challenges included making the selection of 14 campers from 42 applications (about 2x past yearly applications) very challenging as well as painful (I do not like turning away campers!). Some positives have come up; we will be the only residential group at the Institute that week so campers and their TU Counselors get to stay in the air-conditioned dorms in much more comfortable beds. Being the only group there we will be able to easily follow COVID protocols. Sean Fagen has been working tirelessly to assemble the mentors for our various activities. I wish to give all of them that are reading this a big thank you in advance for making Trout Camp possible. We also have had several TU Chapters as well as the Chilhowie Women's Club provide partial or full scholarships for deserving campers; another big thank you for that support!

Trout Camp has also produced many future leaders of TU and flyfishing. We have had at least 3 campers attend the TU National Teen Summit, one camper was invited to the Atlanta Fly Fishing Show as a guest fly tier, another has been a regular fly-tying instructor at the Boy Scout National Jamboree. As important are the many more campers who came away with the confidence that improved skills so that they were able to step out and fish mountains streams successfully. Pictures below tell it all. I am sure these successes will turn them into conservationists in the future.



All these successes can be rooted in the vision of 2 TU members, John Thurman and Jack Betschick. They spent 3 years researching how other camps succeeded or failed; they then coupled that knowledge with the ideas they developed themselves. Their vision came true with the initial Trout Camp session in 2011. I worked closely with John for a couple of years before taking over camp. What I saw was an individual with a deep commitment to educating young people in the out of doors. While John gave up the reins, his interest in camp never left him and he continued to help with staffing some of the camp activities. John left us this past fall, unfortunately in shadow of the COVID pandemic which led to

Trout Camp being canceled that year. However, his vision of introducing youth to the outdoors and conservation lives on in what is now his namesake, the John Thurman Smoky Mountains Trout Adventure Camp.

LITTLE RIVER CHAPTER JUNE MEETING CANCELLED—LOOK FORWARD TO JULY!

As June and summer approach and COVID restrictions are being eased, many folks are heading out on long delayed vacations. That includes many of our members. Also many who are still 'working stiffs' are finding that the easing of the pandemic controls are leading to an upswing in business demands that are taking much of their time. In light of all that, the June meeting of LRCTU has been cancelled. Hopefully that will result in more energy for the July LIVE meeting at River Johns (see announcement elsewhere in this newsletter). I hope to see you there.

Tight Lines!!—Steve Young

OUR ANNUAL PICNIC AT RIVER JOHN'S THURSDAY, JULY 22 AT 6:00 PM



Located on Cave Mill Rd just 20 minutes from downtown Knoxville, River John's is a crown jewel in our area. Set on a private island right in the middle of the Little River it is home to our annual Little River/Great Smoky Mountain TU Picnic.

Burgers and hot dogs will be provided so no need to bring anything but a dish for sharing.

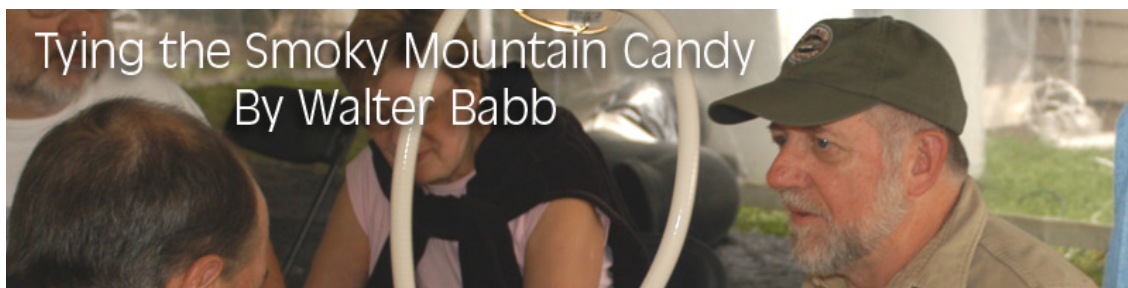
Bring your chairs, beverages, and fishing gear too. This is smallmouth bass country so you may even see a few spinning rods!

Please send an email to: lrcu.newsletter@gmail.com to let us know you are coming and how many so we can plan the food. Do not miss this once a year event!

Here's a link for directions to River John's on Cave Mill Rd: <http://www.riverjohns.com/>

BUGS AND FLIES

This month's fly is the Smoky Mountain Candy by Walter Babb. While searching for instructions on the real Smoky Mountain Candy which has a wolff-style wing, I came across this on Little River Outfitters website.



Walter Babb has been tying flies and fishing the Smokies for 50 years. He has tied flies professionally for nearly 40 years. He teaches fly fishing classes and fly tying classes at Little River Outfitters. He is also an accomplished bamboo rod maker with a backlog of orders from customers.

The Smoky Mountain Candy is a wulff style dry fly pattern that he designed a few years ago. We sold his ties here at the shop and he could barely keep up with our orders. They produce well in the Smokies. As his rod making business grew he had to stop tying flies for us. The Smoky Mountain Candy is only available to those who know how to tie them. So here is your chance.

Hook: #10 through #16 standard dry fly hook

Thread: 6/0 Rusty Brown

Wings: White Calf Tail

Tail: Stiff deer hair from back or ground hog tail

Dubbing: Dirty yellow dry fly dubbing

Hackle: Brown and grizzly cock neck hackle

Click on the link below for instructions on tying.

[Walter Babb Smoky Mountain Candy \(littleriveroutfitters.com\)](http://littleriveroutfitters.com)

OTHER NEWS



TIE AND LIE IS BACK!

We're back at the Casual Pint on Monday, June 28 from 6:00 pm to 8:pm and plan to meet the last Monday of every month. A big table in the back room has been reserved for us. Casual Pint is located in Maryville at 721 Watkins Rd.

It will be up to the attendees to decide what fly to tie. If there are some tying novices, we will accommodate them with a beginner fly such as a wolly bugger. If you don't have a vice but would still like to join in, let Ernie Frey know and he will bring an extra vice and tools.

Text Ernie at 865-518-1975 if you plan to attend.

OTHER NEWS

Fishing the Metolius River

A tributary of the Deschutes River in Central Oregon by Will Davis

The Metolius River is a spectacle of intense power hidden by the guise of quiet ripples. Simply known as "The Met" to locals and those who stalk its banks, the Metolius harbors a thriving population of gargantuan bull trout. Bull trout are one of the grandest and noblest fish any person can attempt to catch. Many people go seasons without feeling the dead weight of a large bull on the end of their line. For me, bulls are singlehandedly the most infuriating and simultaneously gratifying fish to catch. On my first trip to the Met I was in for one of the most abrupt flips from infuriation to gratification I have ever experienced.

My good friend and I woke up to our catalog of alarms one morning and set off into

the pre-dawn darkness. We slipped on our waders and laced our boots, silently dreaming of the titanic bulls we would soon observe. The first run we fished was characterized by its immediate change from a deep and gouging channel to a broad and shallow slick. We stood above the water and watched, the longer we stood the more fish we saw. The bulls seemed to be lined up for us. For hours we alternated and rotated out flies with little to no success. Finally I hooked a minute but feisty fourteen inch bull trout. Soon after this we left.

We hiked back to the truck and my friend navigated for me as we drove to the next spot, not ten minutes down the road. I vividly remember feeling that this spot would be different, for some nameless reason I knew we would find success. We hurried to the bank cracking jokes about catching a mammoth fish. As we broke through the trees I experienced the true figure of the Metolius for the first time. I would soon come to know that the somewhat modest width and glistening surface of the water was a complete disguise for its incredible strength. We carefully crossed, feeling the river's push on our legs. I then took up my roost on a log that stuck out into the current.

We could see a stack of monumental bull trout. I stripped out fifty feet of line and made my cast out in front of the fish. My flies seductively drifted by, about six feet short of the fish. Three of the bulls turned their heads and immediately slipped in front of my flies. Refusing the offer they returned to their lies. I recasted a little farther this time, dead in line with the pod. This time my flies drifted through the fish with no response. Then at the last second a bull turned tail and seized my fly. I vigorously set the hook and bounded off the log and into the icy water. I bobbed down the river as the bull had already taken one hundred feet of line. My reel was screaming and the spool had spun so quick it bludgeoned my knuckles into numbness. Me and my friend continued to chase after the fish. The incessant power of the fish made it useless to stand our ground. Our only chance was to outrun it during its brief lulls. After floating down two hundred yards of river we finally caught up enough for my friend to sneakily slip the net under the fish.

We celebrated with cheers of excitement and raw amazement at the torpedo of muscle and determination that we had managed to conquer. Then we waded to the bank and studied the fish for a few minutes before returning it to the sparkling depths it came from.



Norton Creek Cleanup

Thanks to all who helped!



Where ever you fish, have fun! - Joyce Frey



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