

Little River Chapter

Newsletter

NOV 2002

Editor Joe Hatton

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



Next Meeting

The next meeting is on the **third** Thursday November, 21 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

Business Meeting and Ian Rutter will be the speaker at this month's meeting. His book, Great Smoky Mountains National Park Angler's Companion, is now available. He has also recently completed a two video set, Fly Fishing Eastern Freestone Streams, that focus on improving your success in Appalachian waters. Ian has fished in all of the major watersheds in the park and can answer questions you might have. The program will focus on out of the way and lesser fished streams in the park. Also, bring your copy of the book to the meeting and Ian will sign it. The book and videos will be available for purchase at the meeting.

This is the last Newsletter for the year remember that there is not a December meeting .

Thanks for the great year and Happy Holiday.

Joe

P.S. Don't forget this month's meeting is on the 21st the third Thursday.

Fishing Picks

Cool weather has definitely arrived and it's time to start changing your tactics. Dry fly fishing can still be good in the afternoons but the fisherman that neglects nymphs is probably missing out on some fish. This is also the best month to possibly catch a better than average brown trout.

Browns are active this month, either spawning or feeding after the spawn. Of course you need to be sure that you're on a stream with a good brown trout population to have a chance at hooking a good one. Little River, North River, and Tellico River are top streams to target on the Tennessee side of the mountains. Deep Creek is a top choice if you don't care to make the drive over to North Carolina. Cataloochee and the Oconaluftee also have excellent numbers of nice browns.

Even though you might have aspirations of catching a big fish, don't let them cloud your judgment in regard to flies. While you should probably use larger hook sizes, keep it in reason. Basic nymph patterns like pheasant tails, hare's ears, prince nymphs, and Tellico nymphs all work great. While larger sizes will work well, don't fish them too big. Sizes #8-12 are the most reliable. Streamers will also work well and the same rule applies. Streamers in #6-#10 are far more likely to induce a strike from most fish than a #2 long shank.

(continue on page three)

Fishing Picks (continued from page one)

While fishing in the mountains is good, don't forget the tailwaters. The Clinch has historically fished well in the late fall and winter since many of the larger fish move upstream. Small midge and sowbug patterns are among the best flies to use. Damp chilly days will often bring some great Blue Wing Olive hatches on the South Holston. While it is a bit of a drive, the stupendous dry fly fishing is well worth it. You will probably even see a few sulphurs in the mix. BWO's hatch in a #18 or #20 while the sulphurs are bigger, #14 or #16. No matter where you decide to go get out and fish before the really cold weather hits us.

Ian Rutter - R&R Media

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Townsend, TN

Annual Report

We recently submitted our chapter's annual report to TU National and every member should be proud of the progress we are making. A summary for the year ending Sept. 30, 2002 follows for your review:

Total Cash inflow was \$6078.00 coming from:

Banquet \$ 2333.00

Mott Grant \$1745.00

Newsletter Ads \$980.00

Sale of merchandise \$432.00

Chapter events \$228.00

Rebates from national \$195.00

Cash gifts \$165.00

Total Outflow was \$3471.00 going to:

Newsletter and other mailings \$1846.00

Embrace-a-Stream donation \$750.00

Cost of merchandise \$692.00

Meeting, special events \$93.00

Development workshop \$90.00

Ending bank balance minus outstanding checks: \$3258.00

Volunteer hours: 1524

Membership is up by almost 10%

Every Little River member should be damn proud of our progress.

The volunteer hours increased by 38% over the previous year and cash in the bank is up by 175%. Please note that of the \$3258 in the bank we have committed to invest \$1335 in the Mott Program action items for Chapter development and growth. That leaves about \$1923 our incoming Board of Directors can prepare a budget for. We may want to keep some of that in a reserve fund; but let your Board members know what you think is important and where we need to invest these funds. Tell them what you think so they can make the best decisions for 2003.

Respectfully submitted by LRTU Board of Directors

Not my average August Weekend

By: Gary Verholek

Although I'm tempted to start with braggadocio, I must admit the weekend didn't work out entirely as planned. First, Donna delayed her Friday departure to her mother's in Ohio, so I didn't leave at day-break on Saturday to chase smallies, as planned. Being the doting husband, who by now knows better than to grab the rods when he's supposed to be at the door waving good-bye whenever his wife drives off, I paced anxiously waiting for a departure decision. Finally, by 11 am a decision was reached; she and my daughter cancelled the trip entirely.

So, there I was, trunk full of gear, beer on ice and no where to go. (continued on page three)

Weekend (continued from page two) The heat had started to set in as the sun rose higher. I knew that at this late hour, any fish I caught would be condemned to an agonizing death in the oxygen-depleted water, but with anticipation still pounding in my frontal lobe, I had to escape to the out-of-doors. I decided to turn the heat of the day into an air-conditioned drive exploring for new fishing destinations. As Donna & Heather left to go shopping, I slithered out behind them to find some smallie holes. I had heard recommendations by a local guide of streams worth checking. First, with great reservation, I drove to the Little Pigeon River just outside of Sevierville.

Perhaps you've heard of Gatlinburg, the honeymoon destination in the Smokys. Well, to get there, you have run the gauntlet of shopping outlets in Sevierville and Pigeon Forge. Strangely enough, the fishing is quite good in the streams that traverse these man-made Mecca's because they emanate from the Smoky Mountains. This includes the Little Pigeon River, which flows through the almost continuous string of shops. Reportedly, there are trout high in the mountains, and in the lower reaches near the lake outlet the smallmouth are rather respectable. It's just that my head begin to ache, my palm sweat, and I get dizzy whenever I get near a shopping center.

I hadn't been smallie hunting in some time, and the reports were too interesting to ignore, so I took a deep breath and headed east about 40 miles. Just outside of Sevierville, I turned down the old fairgrounds road. I parked in the adjacent field and stepped out of the car. Whoa! It was hot! The air was almost 90 already, the water was turbid with algae and construction silt, but the riffles looked like they would hold smallies. Languorous carp

told me the water was too warm. I marked this spot in my mind, and decided to try destination #2, a tailwater with cooler water from a bottom discharge.

Rain began to fall as thunderstorms built over the hills. I reached the dam later than expected and the generation had already started, but the rain had moved on. I pull out my topo maps and started searching for back roads along the river. After many miles of winding, narrowing pavement, I spotted water, flowing water, fast flowing water. I was behind the surge; I was too late to check out the streambed. Off I went, further downstream. As I reached one of many bends in the road, shallow riffles about 300 yard wide told me I was finally on to something. The map showed about a mile of secondary road along the river. I stepped out to check water temperature. The water was somewhat cool, as I would expect from a tailwater, but the shallows allowed for some heating this far downstream. Still, it was good-looking water. I decided to check out more of the river access.

As I drove the road, I came across an elderly gentleman, so I stopped to visit. It turns out that he was the owner of the land on both sides of the road, and patrolled it religiously. We talked for about 15 minutes of fishing, of weather, of water, of human nature. I guess I passed the test, because he told me if ever I wanted to park and fish, all I needed to do was stop at the brick house at the bend and let them know I was there. It appeared my presence was legitimatised. He allowed that they fished for trout as much as for smallies in this stretch. But only when the water was down; whenever TVA was generating, the rush of water could take your feet out from under even a wader with a staff. (continued on page four)

Weekend (continued from page three) I noticed that as we were talking, the water had risen about two feet. The surge had arrived. I was done for the day. While I never wet a line, I found it to be a thoroughly productive day and a delightful sojourn. I was ready for the smallies now. As soon as the weather gets cooler, I'll be back.

Sunday started at 5 am, and I was going fishing - trout fishing. Luckily, the coffee I had brewed coffee the night before stayed warm in the carafe. My gear was still assembled from the day before, so I poured a large car tumbler and headed north. I had connected with a TU member from another chapter who frequently fishes the tailwaters of the Clinch River. I never fail to learn something from a fellow fly fisher, so I was eager to get on the water. As the headlights knifed into the dark, I started to think. Let's see; sunrise is at 7am, and it's now 5:30am. It takes less than an hour to get to the stream. Whoa; it's gonna be dark, dark, dark!

Sure enough, as I found the TVA parking lot, the fog was thick and the lot was empty. But not for long. Cars started arriving, and soon Mike arrived. We saddled up using trunk light and flashlights. As we walked the 20 yards from the parking lot to the stream, the temperature dropped 15 degrees - 70 degree air temperature to 55 degree water temperature is the best way to wake up I know. Unable to negotiate the deep still water upstream, we started down the right side of Miller's Island. We walked past a few spin-casters and finally to open water. It was barely light enough to see the rocks and there was certainly no way to see structure under water. There was no fish movement, so we cast blindly to open pools and protruding rocks. The day lightened, but the fog held. The sky was cloudy, so the sun never would burn the fog away entirely. A few

sprinkles added to the dampness. As the trout began to show themselves, we began to pick up a few. They were nice fat rainbows, 12"-14".

Along the way, a beaver swam across my path; I held my cast. Later an otter would swim by. Both were within an easy cast and were apparently accustomed to creatures in funny fur and feathers, "standing in a river waving a stick". A large, I mean LARGE, heron stood just behind us on some rocks in the middle of the stream below the island. He rose up from his fishing and stretched to his full length. Wow! That's impressive. With a primordial kronk, he lifted off to find quieter fishing. Although we see them often in our cove at the house on the lake, I'm always in awe of their beauty and grace.

As we waded down river, we picked up a few more fish on the size 18 Pheasant-tail nymphs, but they ignored larger flies, even though I tried to match the green caddis that were hatching. Their main diet in these tailwaters is midges and scuds, so anything you offer has to be small. I'll have to tie a few more 18's on the Kelso Streamside, but I'm waiting for my new Renzetti Traveler to do a production run. I did manage to hang a hog, but only for a few seconds. My indicator twitched and I lazily lifted the rod, thinking it was another average bow. She bent the rod abruptly, and then rolled on my line and popped the hook out. She was longer than my arm and fat as a country ham. Just the sight of her was enough to make my day.

We fished until 11 am, but by then, I had to leave. I had to cover over 100 miles to whitewater raft the Ocoee River with my son, Aaron. It had been four years since I last ran the river. (continued on page five)

Weekend (continued from page four) It didn't seem that long ago, but he remembered it well. He got even with me on the first big rapids, dumping me and one other as we hit the bottom of a medium hydraulic, sideways. He said he was reaching to grab me, but decided to let me swim. I say he pushed me. It's my story and I'm sticking to it. One other time when we went with family and friends, he dumped everyone in the raft but his sister. He sat her beside him and she never went over. He kept a brotherly hand on her at all times. He's good; really good. He kept us soaking wet for two hours but never dumped another one of us, even through some really big rapids. Of course all the other guides were well aware that he put me in, and they all made great sport of it. It was great fun; well worth the drive.

After taking Aaron and his soon to be fiancée (we hope) to dinner, I settled behind the wheel for the drive home. I suddenly realize my neck and shoulders were hurting so bad, I could hardly hold the wheel. I took a couple of Aleve and fortunately, they kicked in within a few minutes. I finally made it home about 8:30 pm. After a quick greeting for Donna, I unloaded the car and collapsed on the sofa. I woke up in bed, but I don't remember getting there. My shorts and shirt were in a heap at bedside. I'm still grinning.

Greeting

It's that time of year and the holidays are upon us. Thanksgiving comes first and I wish everyone a safe and special Thanksgiving. We have so much to be thankful for. In our TU world I am thankful for the opportunity to work as your president with such a great bunch of people. Folks who not only love fishing, but also love the mountains and the waters that we fish. I am amazed by the hard

work, commitment, and diversity that the Little River Chapter is blessed with. Let me share a few interesting things with you. The following are for the year ending 9/30/02.

Our membership grew from 213 to 223 and National tells us that we have 36 new members. But did you know that we have 27 members who joined TU before 1990 and here are 12 TU Life time members in our chapter. What resource we have, and it's growing, to fulfill our mission.

Our financial position is very much improved: so please look at the report in this newsletter. It got better by the hard work of many people; including those working at the banquet and behind a desk on grants. Thanks to our treasurer Roy Hawk our books are now on computer and we know exactly where we stand at all times. We have a new logo and it is on the great new tee shirts and hats that have just been delivered – be sure to stock up at the next meeting for Christmas.

We reported One Thousand Five Hundred and Twenty Four Volunteer hours for the past year, which is a 38% increase. And I am not sure that we captured all the time, but VP Jim Parks is doing a great job of keeping up with it all. The rest of us have just got to report everything we do to Jim. We celebrate the 10th year of the longest running Acid Deposition Sampling program in any national Park. We continued our work with road clean up and helping with fish population surveys. For the first time we participated in the National Kids Fishing Day and have formed a partnership with the Little River Watershed Association. Two members, Howard Kingsbury and Mark Spangler, are hard at work with the reorganization of the TU TN Council. (continued on page six)

(continued from page five) In this new year we have even more and new opportunities coming including some youth programs, public awareness programs, a booth in the January Fishing Show in Knoxville and perhaps using our water sampling skills on some new streams. There will be plenty of opportunities to contribute your time and talent. We have several members leaving our Board of Directors and several new members coming on. I am so very thankful for all the Board members, especially those “long timers” whose term is up, for helping me learn my job and providing direction for our chapter. The new board needs to hear from each and every member about what this chapter needs to be doing and what part of our activities you can help with. I am looking forward to being part of the chapter’s continued growth and development.

And yes, thankful for every fish I caught and for this part of the world we live in. As I told someone not long ago – “These are your mountains and rivers – join in and help conserve them” We are in a people business and I am most thankful for the new friends that I have come to know being part of Little River TU. May god bless you and your families this holiday season. Have a safe and wonderful Christmas.

Tom Eustis, pres.

Fisherman catches record

Salmon

Medford Ore. — Grant Martinsen’s fish tale is a whopper. The accidental fisherman reeled in a Chinook salmon that weighed 71 1/2 pounds, a full 8 1/2 pounds more than the all time record for fly fishers.

“Golly, this is all quite a bit more than I

expected,” said Mattinsen, a retired Biology teacher and Grants Pass High School football coach.

A longtime Fly-fisher of trout and steelhead but a rookie at salmon, Martinson drove to the lower Rogue River last Monday for a day of fishing cohos only because a friend was too sick to go hunting as planned. We all need a day like this !!!

Big Opportunity

We are looking a big opportunity to reach a whole lot of potential members. Joe Tef-feteller is working on getting The Little River TU Chapter a booth in the 2003 Fishing Show in Knoxville. The show starts on Jan 23rd and runs thru Jan 26th. The show runs from 4 to 10 on Thursday and Friday, 10 to 10 on Saturday, and noon to 5 on Sunday. So mark your calendars now. With enough people we can have two people in the booth the whole time and have fun doing it.

We are planning on having information from GSMNP Fisheries as well as our own photos and materials. Our new brochure should be available by then. We can also do fly tying demonstrations and maybe rod building. Our new hats and tee shirts will be for sale and maybe we can do a drawing of some kind. Who has some good ideas?

Most important is to mark your calendar and plan to be there. We hope to work out 2 to 4 hour shifts so there will be plenty of time to see the rest of the show and work our booth. Plan on signing up at the November meeting. We have a chance to increase our membership by 10% and share our story of conservation with several thousand folks. Don’t miss it.

TUTV

The show times have changed for the Great Smoky Mountains National Park on TUTV. The GSMNP will be featured on an upcoming episode of TUTV at the following times:

November 15th -- 7:00-7:30PM

November 17th -- 12:30-1:00PM

November 19th -- 6:00-6:30PM

TROUT UNLIMITED

Great Smoky Mountains National Park, TN
Tim joins Trout Unlimited volunteer Roy Hawk to fish within the laurel-lined streams of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Tim learns about the value of one of the country's most southern strains of wild brook trout and about what the park is doing to protect and enhance populations of wild trout and monitor the effects of acid rain.

Be sure to check Outdoor Life Networks TV Schedule [<http://www.olntv.com>] to watch other episodes of this fine program.

Indoor or Outdoor Fresh-Baked Trout

1 12- to 15- inch trout

1-2 T. butter

1/2 tsp. Celery salt

Pinch garlic salt

Pepper, to taste

1/4 cup scallions, finely chopped

1-2 Cloves garlic

1 fresh squeezed lemon

Clean and remove head and tail of trout. Lay trout on enough Double-wrap aluminum foil to enclose fish. With vent up, pack and surround trout with and a garlic clove or two. Liberally sprinkle with fresh

squeezed lemon. Wrap trout well in foil and place in coals or grill for about 30 minutes . It can also be baked in your oven this way.

Fly of the Month

First I'd like to tell you about a web site I have come across <http://www.flytyingworld.com/index.shtml>, this a great resource for when your trying find a new pattern to tie up on the long winter nights.

Blackstone B.H. Nymph

Tier: Jack Pangburn

Hook: Mustad 79580 4X long dry size 2-8.

Head: Black metal bead.

Thread: Black.

Underbody: Lead free wire wrapped around hook and flattened top and bottom.

Tails: Black goose biots tied in "V".

Abdomen: Black and dark brown Seal-Ex.

Rib: Black Swannundaze abdomen only.

Wingcases: Black Swiss Straw cement coated.

Thorax: Same as abdomen.





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