



June 2005

Snags and Snarls



Committed To Coldwater Conservation


The Newsletter of the Pisgah Chapter of Trout Unlimited

From the President

Fellow Members. This past month (April) was very hectic with chapter events, some of which are reported in this issue. I would like to single out the Davidson River Project Workday as an example of the great job many of you do for the chapter. Under the direction of Skip Sheldon and Bob Daubert our workday was a fantastic success. When you can erect over 200' of split rail fence and build a set of terraced steps in about three hours you are being very efficient.

Bob, Skip and I will be visiting the Mountain Bridge Chapter in Greenville on May 16th to present the DRP to their members. According to their president the members are willing to help us out on future workdays. This kind of inter-chapter relationship is something I believe we

From the President
continued on page 4

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MEETING NOTICES

DATE/TIME: **Thursday, June 9, 2005**
7:00 p.m. Social • 7:30 p.m. Meeting
PROGRAM: **Speaker:** Starr Nolan
Topic: Casting for Recovery

A Chapter Board of Directors meeting is scheduled for **Wednesday, July 6, 2005** at 6:30 p.m. at the Log Cabin of the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship on Kanuga Road. All members are invited. ↘

Welcome to our New Members

We are happy to welcome the following new members to Pisgah Chapter of Trout Unlimited.

Charles Durant	Sam Edney	Claude Van Sant
Irv Lanquist	Arlene Lulavage	Presley Williams
Joseph Case		Yoshikazu Kinoshita

Kids' Fishing Day at Cliffside Lake

June 4th - 10:30 a.m. - Cliffside Lake in Highlands. We have been providing the feeding of about 600 people for quite a few years at this event hosted by the US Forest Service. This year we will be working with members of the Tuckasegee Chapter at the event. We will meet at the Ingles parking lot in Etowah at 9:00 a.m. and car pool out to the lake. See pictures from last year's Kids' Fishing Day on page 4.

For further information on the Kids' Fishing Day contact Dale Klug at 243-6783 or send email to daleklug@bellsouth.net ↘

The 103 colorful flies tied and donated to Chapter 34 by Al Rogers brought \$119 at the May meeting raffle. How sweet it is! Thank you Al. ↘

Fishing with Granddad

Terry Foxworth

Evenings on a cold water stream are about as close to heaven as I can imagine. The shadows grow longer and the sky starts its colorful transition. Sounds become more distinct and I often get a bit melancholy knowing the day is drawing to an end. Not long ago I was fishing one of my favorite streams on just such an evening and thought of my introduction to fishing by my grandfather. Not a cold mountain stream but a South Carolina low-country farm pond. My extended family is from a small tobacco town in rural South Carolina. It is a sharp contrast to our beautiful mountains here in western North Carolina, but carries its own charm. The roads seem endless and straight through tunnels of kudzu down by the Great Pee Dee River. In the summer, and most other times of the year, the heat is heavy and the air thick with earth smells. Its not country, its rural.

My grandparents ran the local grocery store where a young uncle of mine once blasted a hole in the wall by accident after a day of dove hunting. The hole was never fixed and used on more than one occasion for gun safety talks by my father. People paid their bills at the end of the month and my grandfather cut meat in the butcher shop at the back of the store. For a few weeks every summer I would go visit them and by mid afternoon would get restless running around the store and main street area of town. My grandfather would sense the restlessness and suggest an afternoon of fishing. Of course I would jump at the chance, he would finish wrapping the meat he was working on and throw the blood stained apron in the laundry basket in the back corner. He then filled an old styrofoam cooler with ice, throw in a couple of sodas, and we were off.

The ride to the pond was in his 'fishing car', which was his only car. A well travelled Ford Farlain 500 with rod holders attached to the rain guards. Except we didn't carry rods, we carried poles, cane poles to be exact, with a cork bobber, lead split shot, and hook, not debarbed. I remember there was one old fiberglass rod with a Zebco reel just for the occasional bass. No Winston's, no tippet, just a hook and a cricket. We'd turn off the main road and, if he was in a good mood, which was always, I got to drive the rest of the way. The road was packed sand, rust in color, sided by

soybeans, cotton, or corn depending on the year. We'd pull up by the small farm pond, swat bugs, and load our sparse gear into the wooden boat. Granddad would poke around with the paddle for water moccasins though we never saw one in the boat. The fishing consisted of tours around the bank of the pond searching for the brim that were abundant. He taught me that a biting fish would hit at the line like someone tugging on your shirtsleeve. I still relate to setting a hook this way. Our conversation would drift in and out. I would always ask about his role in the war (WWII), and he would look away and decline to answer. Fish smaller than your hand were thrown back; anything else went in the live well, cooler, and later a fryer.

Time goes by. My trips to visit my grandparents stopped for camp, football seasons, trips to the beach. On the opening day of dove season in 1982 we were, once again, in that small southern town. My dad and some of his friends were going on a big annual hunt and I really wanted to shoot at some doves - a rare treat for me at 15. For some reason I decided to go fishing with granddad. I can't tell you why, I just did. Two weeks later he was diagnosed with cancer and the day after Thanksgiving he died. I'm not sure, but I believe I was the last person he fished with. I remember as we pulled away from the store that afternoon he thanked me for going with him. I've had many opportunities to shoot birds since, but I have not ever returned to that small farm pond. I wonder what he would think of my afternoons on the Davidson? I'm sure he would question the release of a 16-inch rainbow, or the desire for \$500 fly rods. Some evenings I can see myself helping him wade out to cast, or him ducking in the back of the boat as I throw a streamer to bass on his farm pond. Maybe he is here with me?

As the shadows of the mountains overtake my position, I stop casting and soak in memories of the farm pond, cane poles, and warm afternoons on a farm pond.

Postscript: Thanks for letting me share a memory with you. I encourage you to share your love of the outdoors, fishing, and conservation with someone else, especially a child. 🐾

Davidson River Project

Following are e-mails resulting from an announcement to Chapter Presidents and State Council members about our workday. Clif came from Raleigh and gave both time and effort to our project and enjoyed the day. Pisgah Chapter members will be interested to know that our project is getting support from other chapters.

---Original Message---

Cliff,

I want to thank you for coming to Pisgah Chapter's Davidson River Workday. I know you gave up most of a rare days fishing which can be a lot when one works. I know that you contributed much to the project and I hope that you met some of our members and feel that your time and effort was worth the sacrifice.

As I said yesterday, when coming to this area in the future I will be happy to take you to a native brook trout stream for a day of hopefully successful fishing. Hope your fishing went well and I have the opportunity to meet with you again as well as fish with you.

Thanks again for the help.

Tight lines,

Bob Daubert, Pisgah Trout Unlimited DRP Co-Chairman

---Reply---

Hi, Bob. It was an honor and a pleasure to get to

meet and work with so many great guys at the Davidson River Workday. Everything was so well organized, and everybody made a strong contribution, and I think we accomplished a great deal. Thanks for the fishing info you provided, and the offer to visit a native brook trout stream. I'll try to stay in touch to see if we can do some fishing together sometime.

I fished for a couple of hours or so after the Workday in the gorge section of the Davidson. I only caught one small rainbow, but I got a few more rises, and was happy not to get skunked, which is always a possibility for me on the D.

Yesterday (Thursday), I ended up going back to the North Mills, parking in the upper lot, and then hiking down to the DH section below the dam. I fished that section for about 4 hours, and the trout were pretty cooperative. Around 1 PM or so, I took the trail around the reservoir and fished about a half mile or so of Big Creek. The first part was very tight, but eventually the water opened up a little. There were lots of downed trees, which made casting a challenge. I ended up catching several small rainbows, and one with a little more size (about 8 inches). I may need to do some more "research" on that piece of water. : -)

Thanks again for letting me participate in the workday!

Regards, Clif McCormick 🐟

Diamond Brand Outdoors

I'd like to take a few minutes to thank Diamond Brand Outdoors for their support of PCTU. More to the point, I'd like to thank Adam Johnson and Jeb Hall who will be leaving Diamond Brand in a few weeks. Jeb is heading to Alaska, where he will be guiding for the summer. Adam is leaving to seek his fortune in real estate, but will remain in the local area. If you have the opportunity, please stop by the Diamond Brand Fly Shop and say thanks to these guys for their support of our chapter these past years, and wish them luck in their future endeavors. They will certainly be missed at Diamond Brand and, hopefully, we'll see them on the water.

Godspeed and good luck, gentlemen.

Dale Klug 🐟

A special thanks goes out to Adam Johnson and Jeb Hall who will soon be leaving Diamond Brand Outdoors. They have been very helpful and, not to mention, entertaining to many Chapter members. They have been especially helpful to the Chapter by providing several programs to our monthly meetings and making generous contributions to our fund raisers over the years. Their love of the carp on the fly is not endorsed by TU, nor a proponent of the Chapter. However, they are true pioneers in the endorsement of other gamefish on the fly in the area. Jeb, good luck in guiding in Alaska, and Adam with real estate. They will be missed. "A man who fishes habitually for carp has a strange look in his eyes" - Arthur Ransome 1929.

Craig Larson 🐟

From the President

continued from page 1

should encourage. We have another event coming up on June 4th that we will be working with the Tuckaseigee chapter at the Kids' Fishing Day at Cliffside Lake. I would like to see a good turnout for this event.

An event near and dear to Bob, Steve Herring, and me is Rivercourse 2005 on June 12th through the 17th at Lake Logan Center. Rivercourse is a coldwater conservation and fly fishing youth camp sponsored by the State Council of TU for boys and girls ages 13 to 16. This year we have 24 boys and no girls attending, including a boy from Pennsylvania and another from Knoxville. Some of you have volunteered to tie flies for the campers and others will be coming to camp as ghillies (guides) to assist the campers when they fish. We can use all the help we can get, so please consider volunteering as a ghillie and join us for a day or more. If you don't think you can be a ghillie but would like to visit the camp, please do so. Just let me know when you are coming so we are aware in advance.

On the weekend of April 29th to May 1st, John Kies and I attended the South East Region TU Rally in Abingdon, Virginia. We had hoped to do some fishing in the off hours, but it rained almost constantly and the rivers were high and muddy. That didn't prevent us from having a good time and learning some new things. North Carolina had the largest contingent of attendees with 21 people out of 72. I enjoyed meeting people who I have had correspondence with. I realize that this kind of event isn't everyone's cup of tea, but consider attending next year – you might enjoy it (especially if the weather is nice).

Time to wrap this up, so keep on keeping on! Craig Larson ↗



Kids' Fishing Day at Cliffside Lake

Pictures, courtesy of Elizabeth Reshower, are from last year's Kids' Fishing Day at Cliffside Lake. Please join us this year on June 4th (see information on page 1). ↗



Fly of the Month - Humpy

Jack Frisch

Materials

Hook: Standard dry fly hook- Mustad 94840 (some suggest a heavier hook for bigger flies like the Mustad 7957B)

Thread: Monocord, in red, yellow or green

Tail: Natural deer hair, although a western version of the fly by Dennis uses elk leg or moose body hair

Body: Deer hair or elk hair

Wing: The tips of the hair used for the body are tied forward and back for the wing

Hackle: Brown and grizzly mixed.

Tying Instructions

1. Lay a base of thread on the hook shank. Tie in the deer hair or moose body fibers for the tail, with the butt of the fibers extending to the mid-point from the eye to the hook bend and a tail length the same as the hook shank. End with your thread at the middle of



the hook shank.

2. Select a clump of deer hair with a cross-sectional thickness of a wooden matchstick (for a # 12 fly) and line up the tips with a hair stacker. The deer hair should be long enough to extend from the middle of the hook shank beyond the tail (remember that this clump of hair is both the body and the wings when folded back).

3. Trim the butts of the deer hair clump to make sure they are exactly at the center of the hook shank and tie them with increasing tension back and forth from

the middle of the shank to the bend of the hook. Continue this back and forth wrapping until there is no remaining deer hair showing. End with your thread at the middle of the hook shank.

4. Grab the tips of the deer hair clump and bring it forward, yielding the hump of the humpy. Twist the clump of hair slightly to bring the fibers together and tie them down just beyond the point where the butts are secured. Take 2-3 turns to secure the hair well.

5. Fold the tips of the deer hair backward to a vertical position and wrap thread in front to keep them upright.

6. Using a figure eight criss-cross pattern with your tying thread, divide the hair tip wings.

7. Tie in two hackles, a brown and a grizzly of appropriate size and wrap them both in back of and in front of the wing. Tie off, cement. 🐟

New Management for Highway Cleanup

Art Smith has taken over the management of the Highway Cleanup project and has raised the bar in terms of a social gathering and haute cuisine for refreshments. The most recent 'social event' was on March 29th and was attended by the lucky ones who anticipated better things on this activity.

To start Art brought three kinds of gourmet coffee: 1. Peruvian (a medium smoky roast) 2. Plantation Roast (a dark clear roast) and 3. Irish Cream (a medium flavored roast). As if this was not enough he had special muffins made up that morning, a Poppy Seed muffin baked by a local (to Hendersonville) baker,

which are arguably the best muffins most of us have ever tasted. Of course the fine refreshments set the atmosphere for interesting conversation, and some kidding about who is and who is not catching fish. The atmosphere was convivial all around. We spent almost an hour discussing matters of great importance, and about 30 minutes completing the cleanup job, the way that these projects should be managed.

Additionally, Art has purchased additional Grabbers in anticipation of a rush to join this fun project by other members on the next cleanup date. He has made new 'Day-Glo' stakes to mark the sections so that even if

you've never done this before you will readily recognize your assigned section.

Members in attendance included Erwin Hoadle, Wai Yun Syn, John Wynes, David Vigue, Bob Daubert, Skip Sheldon, Craig Larson, Jay Fearnside (with his grandson, Zachary), Sogi Soder, Steve Herring, Ross Fox (with his famous dog, Woofer), Dick Fulton, Ed Destremps, Ed Klein, Art Smith and Dave Maxwell.

So, when we have a date for the next one get in your reservation early as a volunteer. There is likely to be a rush to participate. 🐟