

Nov/Dec 2006
Snags & Snarls

Our mission is to conserve, protect and restore coldwater fisheries and their watersheds in the Western North Carolina region.



From the President

In the past year we have seen many changes in the Pisgah Chapter, and I'm sure that this year will bring many more. We are currently in need of two people to serve as directors as John and Richard are facing unforeseen obligations and have elected to step down. If you are interested in helping the chapter move forward in the coming years please contact me or any of the board members.

The first stocking of the Delayed Harvest season has been completed and the last stocking of 2006 is coming up soon; the Green on November 6th and the Little River on the 3rd. I appreciate the assistance of everyone who participates in these operations. Please remember that while this may seem a rather easy, fun, and a social event to some degree, there is always the possibility of injury.

For those of you that were not in attendance at the October meeting; Chuck Pressley is looking for mentors for the *Trout in the Classroom* program. The time involved is minimal and the long-term benefit is significant. A board member brought to my attention a book: 'Last Child in The Woods' by Richard Louv. If you get an opportunity, pick up a copy. The subtitle is 'Saving our

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MEETING NOTICES

DATE/TIME: **Thursday, November 9, 2006**
7:00 p.m. Social • 7:30 p.m. Meeting

PROGRAM: **Speaker:** Bob Daubert & Rivercourse Campers
Topic: Rivercourse: What it is, and why it's important to PCTU and other chapters

A chapter Board of Directors meeting is scheduled for **Wednesday, November 1, 2006** at 6:30 p.m. in the Log Cabin of the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship on Kanuga Road. All members are invited.

There will be no meetings in December

Lauren's mom says "thanks"

Just wanted to let you know what a wonderful time I had with my daughters (ages 10 & 5) at Forest Festival Day yesterday. They spent an HOUR and a HALF (!) at the pond with the gentlemen from Trout Unlimited trying fly casting, watching them tie flies and chatting... "Mr. Dick, tell me about your life when you were 5." They came home & called their grandpa in Colorado who loves fly fishing and the plans for a trip to the river are already underway!

Simple pleasures, respect and enjoyment of the forest, history, beautiful crafts, animals... what more could a family ask for!? And it was easy... parking was great, the price was right, bathrooms were always available and we didn't even have to wait in line for food! We stayed for 6 1/2 hours which is amazing when you have a 5-yr old along!

Thank you for a wonderful day. We'll be back next year!

Jan, Rachel & Lauren MacGregor

(Below is a picture of my 5 yr old, Lauren with Mr. Dick from Trout Unlimited.)



Can you identify 'Mr. Dick'? If so, please let us know. – Ed.

Pisgah Chapter of Trout Unlimited

Founded 1969

Will Zapf

This is Part II, and the conclusion to, Will Zapf's history of PCTU. Part I appeared in the October issue of Snags & Snarls. – Ed.

At this point, some name-droppings needs to be done, and apologies made to those I have missed that may deserve to be listed. First is Gerry Shannon and Ethan Baker. In 1979 they began plans for a project on the North Pacolet River. In 1980 the minutes reflected that the river and tributaries were being severely silted from road maintenance and the railroad; and that Saluda was continuing to dump raw sewage into one of the tributaries. Cleanup was begun in 1983 after funding for a new sewage system was finalized, and in 1984 recommendations were made that the North Pacolet River be improved as a trout stream. Studies were begun and attempts to locate sources of silt were made, including airplane surveys. In 1986 a request for funds from National TU resulted in a \$1,000 grant. By the fall of 1987 twenty stream structures had been installed and the remainder of the project was planned for completion the following spring. The work was not completed, however, because the sources of the silt problem could not be found. The return of \$725 to National TU was a first, and helped to highlight the necessity for considering watersheds and stream gradients rather than specific streams when planning is started.

In 1989, dams were proposed again for the Upper French Broad River watershed as a flood control measure. After a letter of concern by Pisgah member Dean Crawford, the chapter led by Larry Johnson was active in formation of the French Broad Headwaters Coalition. Larry devoted a great deal of his own time during this period, and through his efforts as president of the Coalition, the dam plan was reconsidered. The Pisgah Chapter was instrumental in furnishing the initial funding and also in petitioning for additional funds. Fortunately the funds committed by the NCTU Council were not needed. Also in 1989, Dale McKain worked to get the Pisgah Chapter involved in the Adopt-A-Highway program. Dale continued as chairman of the highway cleanup committee providing enthusiasm coffee and doughnuts until 1992. This ongoing project involves removing litter four times yearly

from a three-mile section of Highway 276, paralleling a portion of the catch and release section of the Davidson River.

Dewey Avery has been active in the chapter in many ways since joining in 1976. In 1989 an ambitious project to obtain rights on a stretch of the Green River was started, with Dewey taking the lead. This plan was to have fishing controlled and managed jointly between the landowner and the Pisgah Chapter. For various reasons no final agreement was reached, although Dewey spent a large amount of time (and I'm sure a fair amount of his own money) to make Pisgah Chapter sponsored water available. This type of project should be one of our priorities in the future.

An examination of the list of officers shows two people giving many years of service. They are Ethan Baker and Art Jensen. Ethan has served the most number of terms as an officer. Art's meeting notices were real gems and always included a few homilies of "Crazy Willie Sez" and "Deep Stuff". Sorry I was not here to hear him read the minutes that were timed down to the minute.

Review of the chapter rosters over the years also reveals names of national prominence: Alex Schenck, sportsman, environmentalist and TU booster at chapter, council and national levels; and Major General Harry Evans USAF Ret, a constant supporter of TU. Bob Gibbs has served as superintendent of several National Parks, establishing Seashore National Parks at Cape Cod and Cape Hatteras. Dr. Willis King, herpetologist by preference, but a fisheries biologist by profession, started with the NC Wildlife Commission, then transferred to the US Fish and Wildlife Service where he retired as head of the Fisheries Division. Al Rogers, an active member for many years in the area of fly-tying, has generously supplied his beautifully tied flies for meeting and picnic fund raisers. Al has been a continuing source of joy to the treasurer. Nor should we fail to salute the majority of our members who do not regularly attend chapter meetings nor actively participate in projects, but continue their membership and financial support. Through their numbers they add to the clout of Trout Unlimited at local, state and national levels.

In conclusion, the Pisgah Chapter has established an enviable record. A record we are proud of and will continue into the future. It is hoped that in the future we will be able to have a working agreement with landowners to manage private waters, and to show owners that a trout stream is a valuable asset that can possibly make money for them. Where appropriate, we should catch and release on additional waters, and wild trout rather than hatchery supported trout is a must. Surveillance and prevention of siltation and road run-off are needed to preserve and protect our resources. With active participation both as a group and as individuals, legislative and regulatory actions can be influenced for better trout fishing in our area and beyond.

Are you getting PCTU e-mail?

Chris Ellis

Currently we have 142 e-mail addresses in our list server for PCTU. This is up 9 from last month. One member was unsubscribed due to bounces (Art H.). If you are not receiving pisgahtu@list.nctu.org e-mail at least once a month, you are either not on our list, your registered address is not active, or our address is being blocked. Visit our PCTU web site (<http://main.nc.us/PCTU/>) to add yourself back to the list with your correct email address. PCTU e-mail is how we disseminate late-breaking news and schedule changes. If you have e-mail and haven't done so, sign up now to keep yourself up-to-date.

From the President - from page 1

children from nature deficit disorder.' Gathering thoughts from parents, teachers, researchers, environmentalists and other concerned parties, Louv argues for a return to an awareness of, and appreciation for, the natural world. Not only can nature teach kids science and nurture their creativity, he says, nature needs its children: where else will its future stewards come from? Louv's book is a call to action, full of warnings – but also full of ideas for change. The *Trout in the Classroom* program goes a long way in insuring that we are not the last stewards of the environment we enjoy.

The Pisgah Chapter currently has about 300 members, of which about 50 actively participate in chapter activities, including general meetings. Looking back at my report from October 2005, one of the initiatives was to get more involvement from chapter members. You are badly mistaken if you think your annual membership dues are enough. The portion of your dues that comes back to this chapter marginally covers the cost of this newsletter each month. I encourage all members to participate in at least one chapter project, and encourage you to speak with myself or any of the board members regarding how you think this chapter can be improved. Our contact information is included in this newsletter.

As this is the last newsletter of the year, I wish everyone a Happy Holiday Season and good fishing.

See you on the water.

Dale

Fall Roadside Cleanup

Art Smith

The day started cloudy and cool but improved to become a beautiful morning for the Fall roadside cleanup of our stretch of route 276 along the Davidson River. We had heard that the Forest Service may have done a prior cleanup of our area so we did not know if there would be enough trash along the road to make it worth our effort. It turned out that there was plenty to go around.

We started with the usual muffins, coffee and conversation. Subjects ranged from Ron Wingos adventures flying C141 Starlifters (large military cargo aircraft) to John Barsotti's two handed trout picture in the hatchery kiosk. Come on John, is that a real fish?



A good day's haul

If you haven't seen the pictures in the kiosk that include not only John but other TU members, check them out on your next trip to the Davidson. Inspiring is the word that comes to mind. The Davidson is noted for it's fickle trout. These pictures let you know that they can be caught.

Thanks to all ten volunteers for making this one of our most

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Roadside Cleanup - from page 3

successful cleanups with 13 bags of trash. We also want to thank Charley and Leatha of the Ugly Mug for supplying the muffins and coffee. If you haven't visited the Mug you should drop in. They're nice folks and serve the best coffee in Hendersonville. The Mug is located



on US 25 North across from Ingle's. Be sure to identify yourself as a PCTU member, and thank them for their support.

The next cleanup will be in December. Last year, due to an email error none of the members received an invitation to the event. The cleanup was completed but everyone missed one of the most beautiful days we had last winter. The coffee and muffins went to the folks working on an archeological dig across from the Coontree area. Seeing the arrow heads and pottery shards found at the dig only added to the day.

We could use a few more volunteers at these events. If you want to participate just sign up when the event is announced. You'll have a good time, enjoy good food and maybe catch a few fish. Just talk to John.



Welcome New Members

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

Ryan Harman

Christine Vigie

Special thanks to
Al Rogers
for his donation
of flies for the
September meeting raffle.
\$65 was raised
for the PCTU.

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

New Members: You may join by accessing the national TU website at www.tu.org/intro. Please specify our Pisgah Chapter number **034** in the the box for *Code/Chapter Number*. This will put you on our membership roster and mailing list. New members may take advantage of the special Introductory Member rate of **\$17.50**.

Renewals: Current Pisgah TU members may renew in two ways. You may simply complete and return the renewal form sent to you by TU Headquarters, or renew on-line at www.tu.org by accessing the *Join/Renewal* link. TU is encouraging use of the e-mail link and there may be some special promotional offers available. Your chapter affiliation will remain the same. If you are a renewing member transferring to the Pisgah Chapter, you will need to note this on the renewal form or send a separate e-mail to change to our Pisgah Chapter (**034**). There is a link on the **TU.ORG** webpage for this purpose. You will need to include your membership number (ID) for any actions.



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The Fabric of the River

John Kies

Looking down at my feet in the clear water, I see a small school of trout fry taking up a feeding position in the new stream structure created by my waders. This is as good a scenario as any for demonstrating how fluid life in the river is despite the river's appearance as being unchanged for decades as it flows out of the mountains. The water is clear as crystal on this late October afternoon in the foothills of the Rockies, the traditional low water season. In the spring it takes on the clouding of the run off, and in the summer, it's almost a tannic stain with the deeper pools appearing as black water. There are a lot of logical and conjured reasons why I'm knee deep in this river on this afternoon, but mostly I'm here because this is where I want to be. Or maybe it's where I have to be.

Geologically, the river rises from two stems, the North Fork and the South Fork, one flowing from within the National Park boundaries, and the other on National Forest in a timber harvest area. I'm standing in the main stem, several miles below the junction of the Forks. As western rivers go, it's of medium size and no more disturbed than similar rivers with various diversions and water projects, but no major dams or reservoirs. As the river flows down the canyon, the character changes from one of continuous runs, falls and rapids to a broader, deeper more sedate river as it nears the mouth of the canyon and travels onto the Great Plains. Through this course of about 80 miles, its valley alternately widens and narrows and the river mimics the canyon so the variety of fishing is excellent. The elevation change from over 10,000 feet at the headwaters to 5,000 when it leaves the canyon means that you can pretty much pick the season you care to fish - or at least you can at this time of year. At the headwaters, winter has already begun, where I now stand is late autumn, and when we return to town, early autumn.

Today I'm fishing in a transition zone where

the Cottonwoods still carry their fall color while the few mixed Aspens have already dropped most of their leaves. Fishing this time of year is always a game of chance. You can have an afternoon like today where the sun warms the air and triggers a few small hatches, to out right blizzard conditions. Earlier this morning there were small rings of ice along the rocks in the quiet water, but that has all changed with a day of brilliant sunshine. The river is paralleled by a two-lane state highway that winds its way up the canyon and eventually over the pass at the top. This road, like the river, played its part in my college youth. Growing up on flat, midwestern farmland, I never had many opportunities to experience the joy of driving a winding, climbing, canyon road. So along with fishing in particular and the landscape of the mountains in general, I also learned to drive twisted asphalt along this river. And much of our college social life centered on the canyon and river, too.



But the river has its dark side, as well. Because the road follows the river, the fishing pressure is very heavy, especially in the summer months, and it was very hard hit by whirling disease. The rainbow population will be a long time in recovering. And there are places that can affect the mind in the negative. This dark cloud came over me in the early evening one summer years ago. A friend of mine and I were camping out along this river in an old campsite I had used before. Shortly before the darkness was complete, I was overcome, no, overwhelmed, with a sensation I had never known before. I do not know what the cause of this sensation was - I will call it fear - but I knew that I could not spend the night in that spot in that canyon next to this river. So in the darkness of early evening, we packed up and drove back to town. I have no explanation and I have visited that spot in the years since then, but I have not camped there again. Another acquaintance related to me a similar experience he had while

Continued Overleaf

Fabric of the River - from page 2
hunting in one of the side canyons. He had entered a stand of very old, very dark pines, late on a winter afternoon. And he too knew that it was time to leave as the sense of being somehow in the wrong place at the wrong time overcame him. Sometimes we are wise to set aside logic and rely on instinct.

But emotionally, the river rises from deep in my history as the first trout stream I ever came to really know and love. This is the river where I first caught trout and where I first held a fly rod in my hands. This is the river where I first learned how the management of the fishery, the maintenance of the stream flow and the protection against pollutants works in a flowing, living watershed. This is the river where I spent enough time to actually learn the nature of a whole series of runs and pools and came to know them as old friends. I also learned that while a river and its watershed may appear to be geologic and biologic constants are really just long runs of changes; some rapid, some slow. One of my favorite runs was totally changed in the course of one winter when a log jam developed right in the middle of it and forced the water to either side and away from the holding water that was always productive. And there are the gravel bars that are never really quite in the same place, but always creeping downstream. This is one of the joys of knowing a river for a long time. You initially learn to read the river, and then you learn to read its changes. I no longer live where I can regularly visit my river, so I conjure up necessary business and family reasons to get here.

This trip is one of those of conjunctive purpose combining college football, fishing, and Caroline, my daughter. Caroline attends the university located in the town at the mouth of the river's canyon. She attended another university for two years, but because she had not yet discovered what her path through life was truly to be, she left college behind for a couple of years and then decided that she would follow her true love - horses - as her career. And since it is my alma mater and next to my river, I thought her completing her studies here was a great idea.

When she and her sister were just little girls I used to take them fishing for blue gills and small bass in neighborhood lakes and ponds. Like most five and six year olds, they were usually good for about thirty minutes of fishing before the outing deteriorated into stone skipping and bug chasing. But a great time with kids. Caroline always caught more fish than her sister and I: She clearly had "The Touch" to know just when to give the bait a slight movement, when to let it set still, and when to set the hook. But her heart was way too tender and she was afraid she was hurting the fish. Kids do that sometimes. And as she grew up, she grew ever further from any kind of fishing with the distractions of school and swim teams and horses and boys.

But today she is standing just far enough up stream from me that I am out of range of the odd errant cast, yet close enough to offer encouragement. You see, Caroline is fishing again with me today. I really don't know what prompted her to come along on this particular afternoon, maybe

she felt like she should just spend some time with her old man and humor him in his curious sport. We packed some lunch and drinks and have pretty much made the day of this. But whatever the reason, she came along and seemed to just enjoy being with me, walking along the back side of the river, far back from the road, just in front of the old Indian meadow. And that's when she asked me if she could try my fly rod. I thought she was just being funny and would laugh since she had suckered me yet again. But she actually took the rod and asked me how to do this fly fishing thing?

So a little over an hour ago, I gave her some basic instruction on casting, including my old trick with new learners, tying the butt of the rod to their wrist with a short length of parachute cord, and reminding her to keep her elbow glued to her ribs. And she took to the fly rod like it was an old friend. The banks are open enough to allow casting without having to wade, but being a mountain girl she isn't afraid to get her feet wet when she needs to. I showed her a few of the basic flies and how they are intended to imitate natural food in the river, and I gave her a few quick thoughts on reading the water with its riffles, and currents, and holes, and seams.

So far she has taken three beautiful, butter-bellied browns running twelve, fourteen and sixteen inches and in that order. The kid is probably spoiled for life with a start like that. But as I think about it, why am I surprised by her ability to catch these river-bred fish. Her talent has always been there, she just had

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not had occasion to use it. Years before, I took Caroline and her sister skiing in Colorado so they would have the opportunity to experience the joy of skiing and to learn that cold weather has its own pleasures. Living in the southeastern US since they were babies, they had not known a winter that endured. After a half-day lesson at age fourteen, Caroline was cruising down the slopes with an athletic grace that was so smooth you could not detect her speed.



And now she's doing that with my fly rod. She has the natural rhythm that senses where the line is going in front of her and behind her. There are places on and under the water that she sees as targets and the fly goes to them almost as a reactive process. This is great fun to watch! I have taught a lot of people, men and women, how to fish with a fly rod but I have never seen anyone pick up the ebb of flow of the

rod the way she has. But then again, I'm not really that surprised - or perhaps I shouldn't be - because she has always had the natural balances and sense of being centered that made her a competitive swimmer and a successful horse woman. Caroline always laughs that if a sport involves balls or striking objects with a racquet or bat, it's just not her thing. And she is right - but here she excels and is a joy to watch.

The afternoon is wearing itself out and the sun is reaching that point where the autumn light puts a glow onto everything it touches. It is time to go. We still have to get Caroline's feet dry, hike out of the canyon back to the car, and then drive back to town. My stomach is two time zones ahead and I'm already hungry. But when I reach her side, she is intently studying the movement of the line through the water and

I follow her stare to see the line come to a dead stop as it floats through a long, shadowed slick of water under a cottonwood. It only stops for a heartbeat but she times the lift of the rod almost before the line stops and the fish is there. The fish runs hard across the slick with the line making a slight hiss as it slices through the water. The rod has a deep, constant bend now as the fish pulls and turns somewhere deep in the current. The upper length of the rod pulses downward with each rapid turn and dive by the fish. There are no jumps; it is most likely yet another brown. The fish comes near the surface, rolls once to stare at us, then shakes its head and swims back to the shelter of the cottonwood roots. The huge brown takes with him the fly and the two feet of tippet that broke off with it. The fly will soon work loose and the largest brown trout of our day will be there to try again.

Tomorrow afternoon is the football game, or as it known in these mountains, 'The Game.' It is a classic college football rivalry in a modest conference that never has, and probably never will, affect the outcome of any national title chase. But we don't care because it is our game and of great importance to those of us who are a part of the university. Football east of the Mississippi is similar to hearing news reports about a major storm or earthquake in some far away country; you're aware of it, but it really doesn't affect you. I've always said that I would gladly trade 50-yard line Super Bowl tickets for standing room only in the end zone during a snowstorm for 'The Game.' The winning coach can lose every other game of the sea-

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son, but if he wins this one, it's considered a good year.

And the river is like that. It will never be a famous river like the Madison, or the Gallatian or Henry's Fork. And also not unlike 'The Game,' those of us who love this river are not anxious for it to be famous - we want to keep it to ourselves. We do not want to see it become overrun with guides and drift boats. It is my river and it carries me home each time I think about it, or see it, or get to fish it. For me, the river started something in my very being that I will always carry with me and I will always have to return to it. I know so much of it now that when I day dream I actually work specific runs at certain times of year, with certain flies - it is that deeply embedded. Fortune has allowed me to fish a lot of different kinds of water over the years, eastern trout streams, tail waters, big western rivers, Yellowstone, and even some salt water work. But I always come back to this river.

I wonder if it will become that for Caroline? Her career goals will eventually take her to other places as she follows her career and her life. Will this river become a part of her lifeblood that forces her to return? Sometimes we neither recognize nor appreciate that which we have until we leave it behind. Time will be the only reliable agent to give me that answer. But for now, we have that spot on that day on my river as one more common bond between father and daughter. One more interlocking weave in the fabric of my life like my bond with this river.

We walk back up the canyon and over the meadow to where

the car is parked, making small conversation. I am trying to get some sense of what she's thinking about with the experiences of the day. If nothing else, I finally get to pick on her about telling the story of 'The big one that got away.' So many times she has rattled my chain when I tell those stories. But she also tells me that now she can understand why I always smile when I come back

from a day on my river. Will she want to do this again, or was this just a wonderful one-day event where she got to spend a nice afternoon with her Dad? I know what it will carry for me: A very special moment in time between my child and I, and one more chapter in my life book along my river.

This Thank You note came to us from our friend, Lorie Stroup, Fish Biologist at the US Forest Service - Ed.

Elizabeth Angeline

My Puzgal Tilers, 😊

Thank you so much for the lovely blanket for Miss Elizabeth. You all have been so kind & compassionate during my pregnancy & I owe you much gratitude. Thank you all for the happy thoughts & prayers for getting her here. Now that she's here, let's turn her into a fishhead like us! Best wishes!
Lorie

Fly of the Month

Soft Hackle Wet

Jack Frisch

MATERIALS

Hook: Sizes 10-18, Mustad 9671, Tiemco 200, 5262

Thread: Color to match body color

Body: Floss or fur in olive, green, orange, yellow or brown

Thorax: Optional fur dubbing

Legs: Soft fibered feathers from a gray or brown partridge, grouse, hen



TYING STEPS:

1. Lay down a layer of thread back 1/3 the distance from the eye to the end of the hook. Tie in floss (about 5-7 strands, depending on thickness of body desired) and wrap forward to tie in point. Carry out similar construction with dubbing with body extending from bend of the hook to tie in point.
2. Add thorax, extending over first third of floss body. If the body is constructed from dubbing rather than floss, the thorax can simply be an increased concentration of dubbing in from the tie in point back 1/3 the distance toward the bend of the hook.
3. Select a large feather with fibers that extend in length from just beyond the eye to the bend of the hook. Some of the soft-hackle flies use shorter or longer fibers, depending upon what you find most effective. A standard soft-hackle would extend about one-half the distance from the back end of the body to the bend.
4. Fold the fibers from the two sides of the quill so both are at right angles to that quill. Pull off those fibers from the quill (another option is to leave the fibers on the quill) with a quantity necessary to give the desired density of hackle.
5. Lay the fibers on one side of the hook and begin to tie them down, slowly distributing the fibers around the hook at the same time. The key to this "distribution wrap" is to keep the tension on the thread fairly low. Apply a second wrap to secure the fibers, pushing the fibers so they are as evenly distributed as possible. Stroke the fibers back toward the hook bend after each thread wrap.
6. Clip the butt ends of the fibers, whip finish and apply head cement. Go fishing

I often tie this fly with a beadhead. I also substitute several strands of peacock herl for the body material - *JF*

Calendar of Events

The following schedule lists the upcoming programs and events that have been approved and have been assigned dates. More details will be provided for each event as it approaches.

- November 1 Board Meeting, UUF Log Cabin, 6:30 p.m.
- November 1 North Mills River Stocking, campground, 10 a.m.
- November 3 Little River Stocking,
- November 6 Green River Stocking, Fish Tops, 10 a.m.
- November 9 General Meeting, UUF, 7:00 p.m.

Pisgah Chapter Directory

Officers and Board

President	Dale Klug	243-6783	daleklug@bellsouth.net
Vice President	Norris McDowell	891-7317	normac@mchsi.com
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Past President	Jack Frisch	890-2596	jfrisch@mchsi.com
Director (2007)	Steve Herring	749-9352	castaway@tds.net
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Director (2008)	John Carney	862-3886	jjcarney@brinet.com
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Snags & Snarls Production

Publishing	Sam Davis	859-0345	sam@jsdavis.net
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Reference Phone Numbers

NC Wildlife Violations	800-662-7137
NC Wildlife Resource Comm. - Doug Bessler	828-659-8684
Fish Biologist - Lorie Stroup	828-645-6000
Silt Problems - Dennis Owenby	828-251-6208
Fish Hatchery Kiosk - Dale Klug	828-243-6783
Fish Outings - Skip Sheldon	828-891-3264
Water discharges on the Green River	828-698-2068
Water discharges on the Nantahala River	866-332-5253
Water discharges on the Tuckasegee River	866-332-5253

Reference Web Sites

National Trout Unlimited	www.tu.org
Pisgah Chapter Trout Unlimited	www.main.nc.us/PCTU
Western North Carolina trout fishing	www.wnctrout.com

OUR VISION

Pursue a future where healthy populations of native and wild coldwater fish thrive in the Western North Carolina region for following generations to enjoy.

OUR MISSION

Conserve, protect and restore coldwater fisheries and their watersheds in the Western North Carolina region.

Fishing Mentors

Chapter members listed below are available to accompany one or two members who would like to learn more about fly fishing in our streams. If you are just beginning to fly fish, here's an opportunity to get help from some knowledgeable fishermen.

Henderson County

Bob Daubert	693-6262
Steve Fromholtz	674-2450 *
Tim Lauffer	697-1496 *
Joe Whisnant	891-2784
John Barsotti	696-8292

Polk County

Dave Maxwell	894-0308
Don Sain	749-1245

Transylvania County

Jack Elmore	884-7197
Bob Cornelisen	862-8282

Legend: * weekends only



General Meeting

Location and Directions

LOCATION: Unitarian Universalist Fellowship Hall at the intersection of Kanuga Road and Price Road, Hendersonville.

DIRECTIONS:

From downtown Hendersonville - From intersection of Church Street and Kanuga Street proceed on Kanuga past light at intersection of Kanuga and Erkwood Drive (on left). Hall is on right approximately 1 mile from light.

From Polk County - Exit I-26 at Upward Road (Exit 53). Proceed west on Upward Road. Cross highway US 176 to US 25. Turn right at light, then 0.4 mile turn left on Erkwood Drive. Turn left at light at intersection of Erkwood Drive and Kanuga Road. Hall is on right approximately 1 mile from light.

From Transylvania County - Take US 64 east. Turn right on Crab Creek Road and follow toward Hendersonville. Road name changes to Kanuga Road at intersection with Little River Road. Hall is on left less than 2 miles from intersection.

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