

Tightlines.....

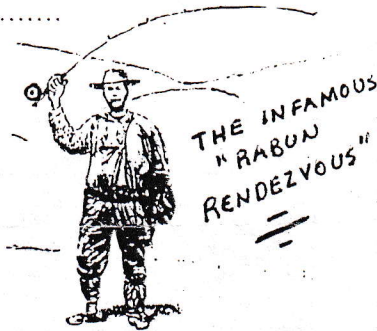
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From the land of the Rabunites.....

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ONLY FROM THE LAND OF THE RABUNITES,
THE NIGHT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR.....



MARK YOUR CALENDAR

SATURDAY; JANUARY 28, 1995

The prez is on sabbatical. He'll provide you with his infinite wisdom and wit at our next monthly meeting.

Other Rendezvous News

This is our chapters one big fling and it only comes round the mountain once a year. The danger in not attending a meeting is that you may get nominated for a committee and not be there to offer the appropriate excuses.

Chapter members took the liberty at the last meeting to make the following assignments:

Jim Nixon- Entertainment
Lonnie English- Refreshments
Jeff Durniak- Speaker
Sharon Wilson- Prize solicitation from out of state companies.
Bill Kelly- Energizing the crowd with extracurricular, after dinner shenanigans.
Tom Landreth- coordinate "at the door" activities.

This is the one event that really needs support from the membership. I know that many of you are out of state and simply can't make the trip in January. We still need your support for the event to be a success. While you're doing your Christmas shopping, pick up something fishy for us to raffle or auction at the Rendezvous. Mail it to me or someone you know in the chapter. We'll be sure it makes it to the auction block that evening.

Management of Dukes Creek Remains a Hot Topic

It was evident from last months meeting that this is still a topic of concern for our chapter membership.

After a considerable amount of discussion, the members present at the last meeting decided to stick with the previous months recommendations regarding management practices. I'll keep you posted as the chapter provides input to DNR.

November's Meeting

Buzz Williams, Executive Director of the Chattooga River Watershed Coalition, has been invited to speak to the chapter at this month's meeting.

The Chattooga River Watershed Coalition is new in Rabun County and Mr. Williams will talk about the coalition and what types of activities are planned for our area. Please plan to attend: 6:30pm for refreshments. 7pm for the formal program.

Got Some Extra Time...Here's A Great Way To Tie One ON!

The Upper Chattahoochee Chapter has started a super program involving the kids at Scottish Rite hospital. Chapter members will be teaching the young folks how to tie a few basic flies. This has been proven to be a very effective recreational activity for the children and helps their recovery. It is also an excellent way to introduce a child the wonderful world of fly fishing.

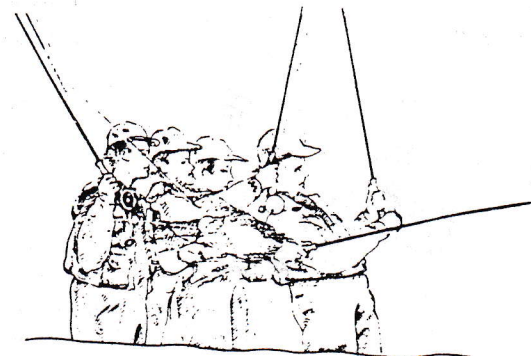
This is an activity that is worthy of our support. If you are interested in being a volunteer, contact Dyanne Tiller at 364-0675.

Publication Targets Fishing In North Carolina

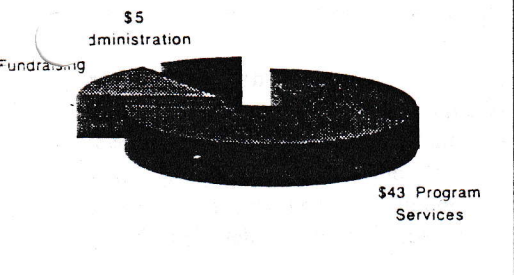
The following is a summarized review that appeared in the Foothills Chapter Newsletter. It was written by Lee Heirs.

TROUT, NC is a newsletter that is published by Wayne Clodfelter. It is designed to be a guide to public trout waters in North Carolina. It costs \$20 per year....for that you get an 8-page newsletter each month which generally features one or two streams in detail. Each article includes explicit directions to the stream and lists the access points.

You can contact TROUT, NC at: 2400 Carlford Rd., Pleasant Garden, NC 27313, phone or fax (910)674-6671.



Where Your Membership Dollars Go...



When Is The Best Time Fish?

NOVEMBER GUIDE TO BEST FISHING DAYS 1994

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

Legend: BEST (fish icon), GOOD (fish icon), FAIR (fish icon), POOR (fish icon)



Just A Good-Time Dinner

The Chattooga River Chapter will be having their mini-banquet on Wednesday, December 7th at 6:30pm. It will be held at the Holiday Inn, Clemson; \$20 single, 5 couple.

It sounds like it will be fun. The prez plans to tap dance and there will be a prize for the ugliest fishing hat (hat must be

worn). There will also be door prizes, bucket raffles. If you plan on going, call Art at 944-1230 or Ray at 944-0544.

"Time flies so fast after youth is past that we cannot accomplish one-half the many things we have in mind, or indeed one-half our duties. The only safe and sensible plan is to make other things give way to the essentials, and the first of these is fly fishing." Theodore Gordon

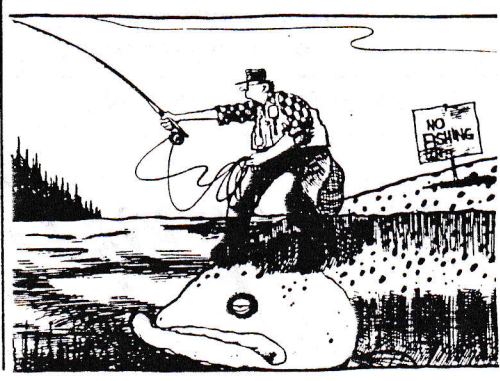
Georgia Has New TU Chapter

Georgia has a new TU chapter located in Athens, the Oconee Chapter, headed up by Barry Crume. Among other things, Barry, a professional fly fishing guide out west for several years, teaches several University courses in fly fishing.

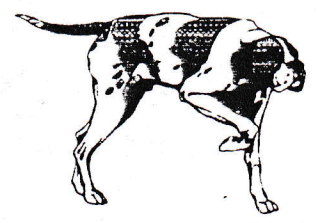
TVA Plans To Improve North Georgia Aquatic Life

The Tennessee Valley Authority will install equipment to improve aquatic life and hopefully the fishing in the Toccoa River. For years, a 13 mile stretch of the mountain river below Blue Ridge Dam has suffered from low water flows and poor levels of dissolved oxygen. By October 1, TVA wants to have a generating unit at the dam that will provide a continuous flow of water downstream when the power station is not being used. The system also will pump oxygen directly into the water.

THE ABOVE ARTICLE WAS REPRINTED FROM THE WEEKLY NEWSLETTER OF THE GA. POWER COMPANY.



The Bird Dog Fly of the Month

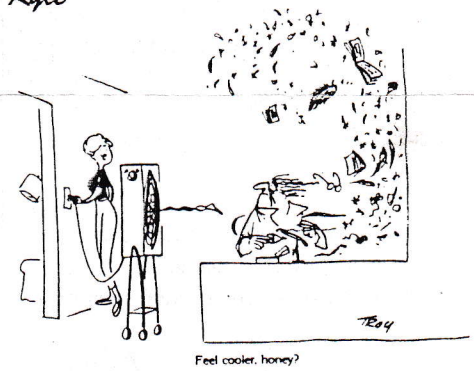


Woolly Bugger

Hooks: Mustad 9672
Tail: Marabou
Body: Chenille
Hackle: Palmered Saddle hackle
Colors: Olive, black, and brown are very popular.

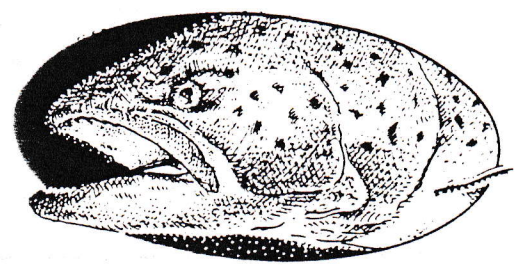
Basically a woolly worm with a bushy tail. Great in cold water when the fish are looking for something big and juicy. Arthur Crowe caught some big Rainbows a month ago on an olive bugger. Be sure it's weighted.

Kyle



Sid Elliott Resigns As Upper Chattahoochee Newsletter Editor

I met Sid Elliott at last years Rendezvous. As an editor myself, I know how much time goes into typing, licking, and sticking. Sid has produced a quality newsletter for his chapter and I have enjoyed reading (plagiarizing!) the content of his publication. He has also been great about pulicizing the comings and goings of the Rabun chapter. I will miss reading his newsletter and I just wanted to wish Sid the best with all his free time.



Local Unintended Philosophy

We believe that trout and salmon fishing isn't just fishing for trout and salmon. It's fishing for sport rather than for food, where the true enjoyment of the sport lies in the challenge, the lore and the battle of wits, not necessarily the lull crawl. It's the feeling of satisfaction that comes from limiting your kill instead of killing your limit. It's communing with nature where the chief reward is a re-freshed body and a contented soul, where a license is a permit to use - not abuse - to enjoy - not destroy our coldwater fishery. It's subscribing to the proposition that what's good for trout and salmon is good for fishermen and that managing trout and salmon for themselves rather than for the fishermen is fundamental to the solution of our trout and salmon problems. It's appreciating our fishery resource, respecting fellow anglers and giving serious thought to tomorrow.

To protect our fishing resources, we encourage all anglers to practice catch and release.



The nightmare began in the spring of 1930 on the Idaho/Montana border, in a secret cabin owned by famed entomologist and avid fly fisherman, Dr. Harold H. Green, former head of the Insect Observation Division at M.I.T.* For two decades, until his firing for suspected theft of company equipment, Dr. Green's responsibility at M.I.T. had been to sit on the R&D porch documenting thousands of gnats, midges, and blowflies doing deep knee bends in the glutinous surface of experimental fly strips dangling over tubs of aging ground round.

As one might well imagine, the physical and emotional strain of such a demanding job took a toll on Dr. Green's psyche. However, it was his humiliating dismissal from the company which left him a disturbed man. Bitter, moody, and withdrawn, he no longer found solace in his beloved fly fishing, for his once steady hands now shook so violently that he couldn't thread a 7X tippet through the hole of a doughnut. His elegant casting style had deteriorated to the point where his presentation of a minuscule size 28 dry disturbed more water than a lobbed cinder block. Even spotting the take of a sipping trout at 30 yards with his overstrained eyes was out of the question - at that distance, he couldn't make out a Great White hammering a seal.

Nevertheless, the Stress-crazed genius was not about to abandon fly fishing. Instead he would employ the remaining sparks of his twisted brilliance to conceive a bizarre new technique for taking trout.

"I am convinced," Dr. Green wrote in his journal, "that all mayflies possess genetic knowledge of being trout food for the past 500,000 years - and, no doubt, they resent it. I shall capitalize on that fact by breeding them to a size which will enable me to benefit from their inherited grudge."

Using the millions of dollars' worth of laboratory equipment he had filched from M.I.T., Green set about exploiting the humble mayfly for his shameful purpose. But who knows how he achieved the hyper-accelerated mayfly reproductive cycles? Who among us can imagine what vile concoction, putrid potion, or wretched ray was used to distort the growth genes of the initial mayfly eggs, percolating in his evil incubators?

Whatever technique Green used, it worked, for on June 18 he wrote, "This morning I transferred my first batch of 'treated' eggs to the nearby spring creek and watched them transform into nymphs the size of crayfish. This afternoon a dozen glorious 2 pound mayflies suddenly burst through the water's surface like a flushed covey of olive drab quail.

By early July Dr. Green's modified mayflies were much bigger. "I am on the right track! The flies are laying eggs the size of guavas! In a matter of hours the streambed crawls with nymphs looking like Maine Lobsters, which then become even larger flying creatures than their parents. To match this hatch," Green wrote, "I'd need a feather duster wired to a meat hook."

*Missoula Insect Trap Company, the largest manufacturer of fly paper, envelope glue, and artificially flavored pancake syrup in the world.

The unsettling entry of July 12 at last makes the sinister purpose of Dr. Green abundantly clear: "I spent the afternoon watching my fabulous flies take their revenge. Dozens of them hovered and plummeted into the water, snatching up and devouring rainbows like a flock of starving, six legged osprey. Indeed, these flies do catch trout! I have named them Ephemerella raptorus, and now I can train them like birds of prey during the Middle Ages. They shall do my fishing for me! I call this new sport . . . flyconry."

Dr. Green's demented joy proved premature, for he soon learned a hard lesson: tampering with Nature is as dangerous as driving a golf ball in a tile bathroom - there are just too many angles to figure. On the thirteenth week his experiment literally flew out of control. He was suddenly powerless to stop the process he had begun! From the safety of his cabin/laboratory, Dr. Green watched confused and horrified, as freak flies grown twice the size of a turkey buzzard worked thermals high in the clear skies before folding their wings and plunging into the water to nail panicked salmonids at 200 mph. Hundreds of others stalked, strutted, and gorged at the edge of his soon-to-be-sterile spring creek.

That same day, 8 miles away, the terrorized residents of Scrutville, Montana (pop. 1,143), huddled in their homes, prisoners of 4,000 mammoth mayflies which perched on roofs, fences, cars, trees, and telegraph wires. Their multifaceted eyes sought out anything edible - fish, stray cats, dogs, cattle, and, yes, people.

Then just as swiftly as it began . . . it ended. The immense insects literally disappeared overnight**. Did they migrate elsewhere to avoid a Montana winter? Did they all die attempting to cross the Rockies and get into some decent steelhead? One can only guess. . .

Scrutville died. The residents fled, never to return, and little if any evidence of that sad town remains today. The trauma still haunts the folks up on that Idaho border, but they refuse to discuss it. "Scrutville? Never heard of it!" they'll tell you, all the while casting a wary eye skyward just to make sure any gliding form in the distance is only a hawk.

What became of the infamous Dr. Harold H. Green? He was run out of the state by vigilantes after they covered him with tar and feathers, which ironically gave him the appearance of an oversized dun. The winds of time finally blew out his pilot light in 1947 at his home in Death Valley, a fly-strip-festooned trailer where he finished his paranoid years under the name Orlando A. Hitchcock. He was as far from water as he could get.

**Today, Montana's largest mayflies, though no longer the size of ducks.. are still referred to as Green Drakes.