

Tightlines.....

Rabun Chapter of Trout Unlimited
December 1994

Jim Kidd, President
PO Box 438
Clayton, GA 30525

December Meeting-Tuesday, Dec. 20th

The third Tuesday as always at the Rabun County library, 6:30 for holiday back slapping, meeting at 7:00. We need to tie up some loose ends about the Rendezvous and elect our officers for next year. Please try and make it to this meeting!



President's Message

It has been my pleasure to serve as your president this last year. I appreciate the support you have given to me over the last twelve months and I am pleased with what we have accomplished. Our chapter will continue to face issues that are of vital importance to our cold water fisheries and we must continue to be active and vocal. The future of trout fishing depends on our commitment to conserving and enhancing our cold water resources.

I wish you and your family the best of this holiday season. I look forward to seeing old friends and new faces at the Rendezvous in January.

Jim Kidd

Editor's Note

You may notice a change in the format of our newsletter. That is because someone politely "lifted" my PC from my truck while visiting the big city. Earlier this summer, someone helped themselves to one of my fly rods which was laying in the bed of my truck. I went in to pay for my gas and was gone about 45 seconds. That was apparently 45 seconds too long. The area in which both occurrences happened would be considered "safe." The incident with the lap top PC took place in my parents driveway right under the kitchen window.

This may seem to be a strange thing to mention in a newsletter but my point is this - many of us travel, sometimes in strange places, through big cities, and we often stop to get gas, eat, or stay overnight at a motel. Our fishing adventures can take us to places that are not the same as Rabun County. I am probably to trusting but one thing is for sure, I'll be much more careful. I work hard for my stuff and don't really appreciate someone helping themselves to it! As you travel with your family over the holiday's and make those trips west of Hiawassee, just keep that in the back of your mind. That insurance money just can't replace that special fishing rod or vest.

On to more pleasant topics.....

It has been a challenging experience to get this newsletter out and I have enjoyed the experience. My spelling has improved and I can spell "rendezvous" and "Durniak" without having to look them up. I hope to here from the members more in the coming year. This can get very boring without your input.

In the spirit of the season, I wish you and your family the best. See you in January at the Rendezvous.

Editor



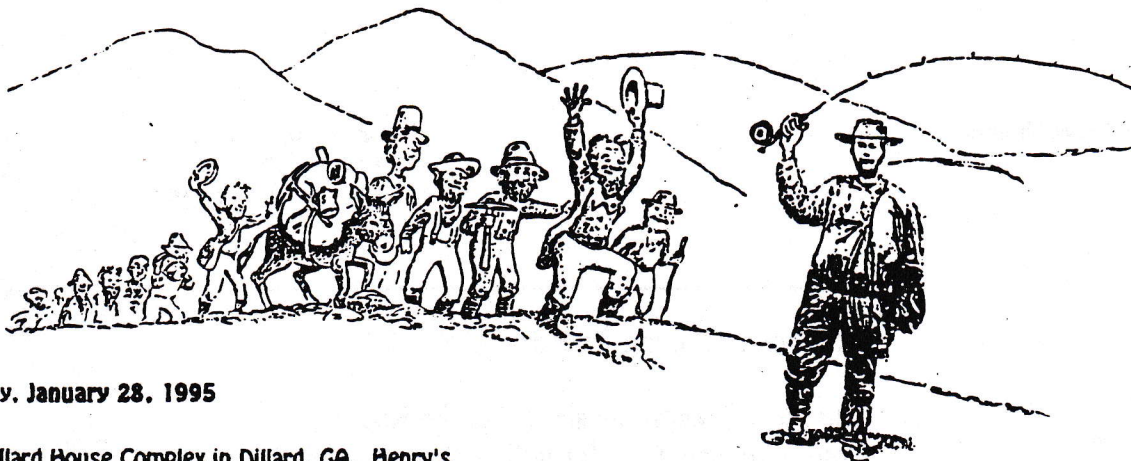


The Rabun Chapter of Trout Unlimited proudly presents a celebration of rivers, streams, trout and trout fishing. Please join us for the

1995

Rabun Rendezvous

9th Annual



When: Saturday, January 28, 1995

Where: The Dillard House Complex in Dillard, GA. Henry's Playhouse is in the back. Well signed, you can't miss it.

Who: The more the better! Anyone and everyone who has a sincere interest in protecting our cold water resources. That includes TU folks, Forest Service and DNR types, friends of friends, etc.

Social: 5:30-6:30. We'll have some mountain music, buckets raffles and silent auction, snacks, colas, and beer and wine. (That's for the wife!) There will be plenty of storytellers and a fire to warm the ol' buns.

Dinner: The Dillard House is widely known for their country vittles. They start dishing it out at 6:30. If you leave hungry, it's your own fault!

Program: Rabun TU is please to welcome Jimmy Jacobs, noted author and editor. Jimmy will entertain us with stories about some of his personal adventures while trout fishing. This should be an interesting after dinner speaker for all fishing enthusiast.

Cost: When talking quality, talking price is vulgar, but you'll want to know that dinner is reasonably priced at \$15 for adults, \$10 for children under 16 yrs. old.

John Dillard extends a warm invitation to all Rabun TU guests with a special rate of \$39.95 per night, single or double occupancy at the Dillard House Motel or the Dillard Best Western. Call 1-800-541-0671 for reservations & show this invitation when you check in.

And yes, we are brazen enough to once again ask all the TU chapters to send some really neat stuff or better yet, bring it when you come. You will be given credit if it's good and we will apologize to the crowd if it's not!

There are no advanced tickets, but if your group would like to reserve a table for 10, please call:

Doug Adams

706-746-5311 (W)

706-746-2158 (H)

Tom Landreth

706-746-2295 (H)

Jim Nixon

706-746-5311 (W)

"The Rendezvous was unlike anything before or since, a gathering of uninhibited men down from the mountains. The event attracted perhaps a hundred mountain men, their Indian wives, and assorted tribesmen. Amusements included gambling, drinking, storytelling - continuing day and night." Quote from The Mountain Men by George Laycock.



Smithgall Woods/Dukes Creek Conservation Area

Several members of the Rabun County Chapter were in attendance at the public meeting that took place earlier this month at Unicoi State Park. The meeting was held to give the public an opportunity to provide input for the management plan that is being developed for this area.

I was not as familiar with this piece of property as some folks that attended the meeting. I figured some of our members may be in the same boat so here's a quick recap of some of the highlights:

The acquisition was 5,562 acres. It encompasses 4.5 miles of Duke's Creek and 7.5 miles of tributaries. It is predominantly second growth pine and hardwoods. There are 20 buildings and 20 miles of roads on the property. It is bordered on the west and north side(s) by Forest Service property. The tract was valued at \$21.6 million and the state acquired it with Preservation 2000 funds for \$10.8 million. It is officially designated as a "Heritage Preserve." This designation provides specific guidelines as far as management is concerned. Any major changes that would alter the character of the tract have to be approved by several entities, among them the Governor and Legislature.

There were several comments from the public that were related to the issue(s) of trout fishing. Several chapters of TU were represented and there were a lot of comments from the general public. The important thing for the members of our chapter is that the state will continue to take input from the public until January 15th, 1995. If you have something you want to say, direct your correspondence to: **Billy Moore, Site Manager; 61 Tsauaki Trail; Helen, GA, 30545.**

Some Creel Humor

Several of our members have volunteered to collect the creel cards on the Chattooga. I have perused the ones that have come to office and made notes on several of the comments that are thought were quite creative so to speak. The question, as it appears on the creel card, is followed by the responses I have collected:

Bait Used?: Canned dog food, grits, pinto beans, jello, rattlesnake, pearls, sardines, and my personal favorite, spam.

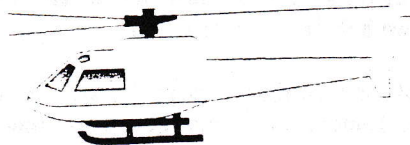
How much did you spend on today's trip?: My entire pay check, the wife's whole paycheck, all of my son's Christmas money from his grandparents, and all the money I stole from the bank last week.

Why did you come to the Chattooga River to fish?: My wife made me; my mother made me; I often see aliens on the river and enjoy seeing them; because there are lots of fish; because there are no fish but it gets me away from my husband; the troll that lives under the bridge makes me laugh; communist nature; an angel in a dream told me to; to see President Carter, and my personal favorite - to find a quiet place to eat my spam sandwich.

Hospital Tying

I briefly mentioned in the last issue that the Upper Chattahoochee Chapter has started a fly tying program at the Scottish Rite Medical Center. Apparently the program has been well received by the children.

If you want to volunteer some of your time and expertise, contact Dyanne Tiller at (404)364-0675. She is coordinating the effort for the Upper Chattahoochee Chapter.



Chattooga Stocking:

The Chattooga was stocked with around 24,979 Walhalla strain brown trout in November. The average length was 5.2 inches and they were helicopter stocked between Burrells Ford and Reed Creek. All the brown trout had been adipose fin-clipped previously at the Burton Hatchery.

A Fly Fisherman's Wish List

A portable machine that will fit into a vest pocket and automatically untangles wind knots.

A way to get to Wyoming without going through St. Louis.

A really good map of St. Louis.

A non-explosive bag for grits.

Special Request for Jim Kidd - a wallet on a chain.

A landing net you can remove barbed hooks from

A hat that comes out of the box faded, mildewed, fishy smelling, with some used flies attached.

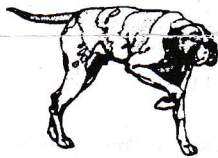
Waders that will, under no circumstances, leak.

Polarized sunglasses that float, won't scratch, won't break, and can't be lost.

Comfortable wading shoes (HA HA HA).

A Saturday in May on Burrells Ford with no other fishermen within five miles.

Chair lift up Roundtop.



Bird Dog Burrell.....

In lieu of a fly of the month here is instead a "tying tip of the month."

Parachute Adams

We're starting into that time of year when we have a lot less daylight so we can't get off work at 5pm and wet a hook like we do in April and May. Therefore we have to take advantage of this down time to replenish the old fly box with new offerings. Anyone who knows me also knows that I use parachute Adams for 80% of my dry fly fishing. I like to load up during the winter so I don't waste time tying flies in the spring. Here are some hints for making a "better" parachute Adams.

I've started using Di-Riki hooks instead of Mustad's for my parachutes. They cost more but are of a much higher quality. Unless you are very prone to popping off flies (which can get expensive fast) buy the Di-Rikis. They are slightly lighter than lesser hooks and well worth the money. A quality trout is worth an extra five cent to me!

Forget making the wing out of hair. Polypropylene yarn is much easier to use and doesn't absorb water like hair. Hair has to be stacked, which is a pain in the ----. But with the yarn all you have to do is clip off a piece. A drawback to yarn is that it isn't stiff like hair so it will fold over when you wrap a hackle around it. Therefore you must reinforce it with thread to make it stiff.

Next, I've seen lots of parachutes tied with what could only be described as sparse hackle. Then people wonder why the fly won't float. Hey! These aren't Pennsylvania chalk streams around here you know! Elmer Kieth (famous big game hunter) always said "Use enough gun." I say "use enough hackle!" Use whole hackles instead of cutting one in half to save money. It seems odd to me that people will pay thousands for rods, reels, vest, travel cost, gas, food, whiskey, etc. but won't spend an extra ten cent to make that fly float when it should; you end up being a tourist instead of a fisherman. If you wind up in Pennsylvania remember, you can always clip it off, but if you're in Wyoming, you can't tie extra on!



Furthermore....

Tie in the tail first. I use brown only instead of grizzly/brown mix. No reason other tan brown hackle seems to be more abundant on my tying table. If you tie on the wing first it tends to get in the way when you add the tail. But if you put on the tail first, it won't be in the way when you tie on the wing. Remember to put a small drop of thin tying cement on the wing where the hackle and wing meet. This will do more than anything else to extend life of your fly.

See you at the Rendezvous..... Kyle

The following story was submitted anonymously to the editor of Tightlines. Thanks to whoever sent it in.

A New Year, A New Type of Resolution

We are, although most of us would deny it, procrastinators. I know I am, probably always will be. It's not that we put off what society would consider important things; we make those stressful deadlines at work and get the house mortgage in the mail on time. It's those little things.

With the coming of the new year, all those little things have turned into a big thing. This is how the story goes.

My father was my best friend. As a child, I remember watching him tie flies in during the winter. The room would have that eerie warmth that is created by a wood stove. Pipe smoke swirled around his head. I think of that scene now, and see the smoke as a halo. Clipping and snipping the various feathers, cursing occasionally. The finished fly resembled no bug that I had ever seen.

My mother, was without question, over protective of all five of her children. She had put her foot down early on and told my father that I was to be at least eight years old before I was to join him on his daily fishing excursions. Months before my eighth birthday, he took me out in the yard and taught me the art of fly fishing. Oh, I was a mess. Line was flying every way but the right way. For several weeks, despite a barbless hook, nothing was safe in the yard.

On my eighth birthday I joyously unwrapped my first fly rod. That evening, wearing boots that were several sizes too big and with a knot of excitement in my stomach, I followed my father to the creek behind the house. What a wonderful memory I have replayed a thousand times in my mind. A milestone in my life, and the beginning of a passion that continues to burn.

Life has its own schedule and time goes on. My father and I spent countless hours on nameless creeks and rivers pursuing our passion together. As it should be, a parent and child, a teacher and a student. I learned many things about fishing and many valuable lessons about life in general. As the schedule of life continued we, as many parents and children do, started to drift apart. I went to college and started my own family. That combined with my desire to climb the corporate ladder demanded most of my time and attention.

I still made time for trout fishing and my father and I remained close although geographical distance made fishing with him a rare occasion. I procrastinated to the point that time caught me looking; I was looking too hard in the wrong places.

Every year I would resolve to take my father fishing. I never got around to it; too many deadlines and too many steps in the ladder. It was a priority that never made it to the top of the list. We spent time talking about where he would like to have me take him. He mailed ordered maps and information about the rivers we dreamed of fishing.

Fishing those rivers with him will remain just a dream. Your parents are not suppose to die but they do. He did, unexpectedly and suddenly. So now I am left with an empty dream and space on my list for a new resolution for the coming year.

My son turns eight this May and I already have the fly rod wrapped and tucked away in a closet. It was the same fly rod my father had given to me on my eighth birthday. My mother, who had fussed continuously about our fishing, had held onto it all these years. It was wrapped with care in one of my fathers old flannel shirts.

My family needs and deserves my attention. That ladder doesn't look so great anymore and I have already turned in my vacation slip for a week off in May. I promise myself that it will be the first of many, and I realize that my father's last gift to me was one that was unspoken. It was simply to remember what is important. It is a resolution that I think I will start on before January first.

