



Tight Lines

June 1995

Fishing Rodeo's - Cornerstones For Tomorrows Anglers

Oh yes, there is nothing finer than watching folks engaged in the time honored tradition of fishing. Recent fishing events by state and federal agencies provided ample opportunities for everyone to catch some fish, win some great prizes, and simply enjoy a great day of fishing.

Reports from the staff at Black Rock Mountain State Park indicate that 145 folks showed up to sample the fishing in the park. David Gomez at Moccasin Creek State Park reported that 94 kids and and 30 Senior's enjoyed a day of fishing on the creek. Both state park's wanted me to pass along their "thanks" for the support from the chapter. Smiles were also abundant at the Forest Service rodeo held at the Tallulah River Campground. There was a good crowd as 130 children showed up to sample the fishing and take home some raffle prizes.

Fishing rodeos provide more than just a chance to catch a trout. They

provide an opportunity for fun and fellowship. Most importantly, it gives us an opportunity to educate everyone about the need to preserve and enhance our cold water fishing resources. Who knows? The TU National president for the year 2030 could have been among the youngsters at one of the rodeos. Something to ponder. *Ed*

Changes at Georgia DNR

Special congratulations are in order for Jeff Durniak as he has been promoted to **Regional Fisheries Supervisor for Northeast Georgia.**

Jeff now finds his office in Gainesville at the DNR office on the Dawsonville Highway. He said to tell the chapter members that he has appreciated the support of TU and other members of the public. He said he hopes to maintain and improve the cooperative effort that exists between DNR and TU. Jeff said he won't forget about us and he

hopes to keep all the good things that have been started on the right track. If you need to contact Jeff at his new office the number is 404-535-5953.

Those of us who regularly attend chapter functions know that Jeff has been an important part of our success as a chapter. We would like to wish him the best in his challenging new position.

Fly of the Month.....

Thunderhead

Hook: Standard Dry Fly - 16,14,12

Thread: Gray

Body: Muskrat or synthetic equivalent

Tail: Brown hackle fibers

Wings: White calf hair

Hackle: Good quality brown hackle, very thick.

This is a Southern favorite. Basically, it's a Wulff with a hackle tail. I like to use it in situations where I don't want to "use up" my supply of parachute Adams. It's great on small streams where trout are smallish and no too picky. It can also be tried parachute style. Be sure to give it lots of hackle. I like this fly on small 3-4 meter wide

streams. I find a 5' leader with 1½', 4x tippet perfect for short flips under hanging rhododendron.

A word about wings.

They need to be about 90° apart and 45° from the surface. If they are too high, i.e., less than 90° apart the fly will probably lean to one side. They also need to be slightly longer than the hackle. Most important, the wings must be equal in size. If after you've tied them they don't look even, take your scissors and clip some hair off close to the base until they look just right.

Bird Dog Burrell

Upcoming Programs

On **Tuesday, the 20th of June**, join us at the Rabun County Library as Dr. Russ Burken will discuss first-aid for the outdoorsman. Refreshments at 6:30, meeting at 7pm.

In July, if you haven't already you need to make a note on your calendar about our cookout. It will be at Bill Kelly's personal recreation area. Time and directions will be in the July edition of the newsletter. Mark it down, this should be a lot of fun.

The Twilight Pool

Author Anonymous

I have heard it said before that a person will only have one really good dog in their lifetime. I guess, you could use that analogy and say that a trout fisherman will experience only one of those truly perfect evenings. He will wish for many more and come close many times. I have been fortunate enough to step into that perfect evening scenario. And it is true that it has left me searching for another one every time I wade into the river.

We came up to the pool just before dusk. That time of day when the sun cast that eerie glare on the water and the sunset causes the river to look like one big mirror. My partner and I had been fishing all day on my favorite western river. We had we had mindlessly ventured about five miles upstream from the nearest road and hadn't seen another human being all day. That's something that's rare even in the west.

We stopped momentarily at the beginning of a picturesque pool wondered out loud if we should stop and head back to camp. Darkness would be descending in twenty minutes and we had a lot of walking to do on already tired legs.

When a man comes to a fork in the road, sometimes the best he can hope for is a little divine intervention to help him make the right decision. That evening, divine intervention came in the form of a rise in the middle of the shiny pool. I continued slowly

walking upstream and said to my fishing partner, "Was that a ri.....OH MY GOD!" I shot an expectant glance over at my partner and found him picking his lower jaw up off the water. The trout gods were smiling down on us.

On this clear August evening, the fish gods had thrown 500 trout into an area about 30 yards long and 20 yards wide. It was already too dark to see any flies on the water but on such an evening, a bare hook would have caught trout. I tied on a Griffith's Gnat and my partner selected an Elk Hair Caddis. We waded among the rising trout and it seemed as though the darkness had rendered the two of us invisible. The trout could have cared less; we couldn't spook them. They continued to rise and feed all around us; at one point I could see trout between my feet. Every cast brought forth a rainbow; rainbows who's colors were accentuated by the fading Wyoming twilight. We just flipped the fly into a pod of fish and inevitably one would take it. They were 14" to 16" and we landed about 40. (It would have been more, but it takes a few minutes to land a 15" wild bow.)

Then suddenly, as the trout gods will do, they turned the feeding frenzy off. We stood for a few minutes in the Wyoming twilight and stared with reverence at the now silent pool. As we were walking back my partner and I agreed that we had experienced a natural phenomenon that few people ever witness, wild trout feeding with complete and total reckless abandon. I don't think I could have caught any more fish even if I'd had a vacuum cleaner!

Presidents Corner

June 1995

"The Fall"

All of us who wade swift mountain streams, treading carefully over and between algae coated rocks of many shapes and sizes have at one time or another, slipped, stumbled or flopped into the water. Some manage to do this with a certain flair while others simply give up any effort at recovering balance and just take what comes.

I've waded successfully across some raging torrent and within a few steps of the bank, taken that one last fateful step, sliding beneath the depths, usually with fly rod held high and my camera firmly grasped beneath the surface. I've seen fishing companions swept over small waterfalls, legs and arms flailing away in a futile effort to regain composure, if not balance.

Some, not noting that the ledge is about to end, take that last step and slide quietly under leaving their hat floating downstream with only a few bubbles marking their location.

Last evening my closest friend and fishing buddy displayed what can only be described as "The Fall".

Picking his way carefully along on the bank covered with rocks, boulders and high grass, six or so feet from the water's edge, he suddenly lost his balance, did one very sloppy pirouette and fell on his generous backside. He slowly rolled over at least once, maybe twice, landing, again face up in a sort of pocket of water formed by the rocks at the river's edge. There was no splash. Just this dark form floating in the water in a pile of gear with little waves forming a circle. No violent struggle. Just a foundering mass attempting to get up and out of his cold, wet environment. Leaves from the many alders floated gently down to rest on his stomach, his fishing hat lodged securely among the branches. "Are you all right?", I yelled from across the river. "Yeah", he replied, "if I can just get up!"

Well, he did get up and with nothing more than a complete loss of dignity and a busted landing net. To me, the observer of this memorable scene, several thoughts rush through my mind - Is he hurt? Why doesn't he get up? He is all right! Now and only now can I howl with laughter and give him a strong 10!

**SEE YOU ON THE 20TH
AND DON'T FORGET THE**

**FAMILY OUTING ON
JULY 22ND AT KELLY'S
PICNIC SHELTER. WE'LL
HAVE A MAP IN THE
JULY ISSUE OF TIGHT
LINES. LET US KNOW IF
YOU ARE COMING AND
HOW MANY.**

Tom

Poetic Justice

Many members of TU chapters all over Georgia have spent many hours putting in fish structures, writing letters to protect the cold water resources, and fishing with a conservation oriented attitude. Well this one is for "the Gipper" so to speak.

I know some of our members have fished on Dover Creek Although it is not in Rabun County, I am sure some Rabunites have sampled it brook trout offerings. Doug Watson, Wildlife Technician for the USFS, has worked closely with the *Foothills Chapter of TU* to install stream structures, and conduct sampling. All in an effort to increase the native brook trout habitat.

On opening weekend of this year's trout season, two White county 'fishermen' were apprehended with a load of over 40 specks which were caught on the lower end of Dover Creek. Rumor has it that the local judge they appeared before is a trout