

Hickory NC Trout Unlimited June 2020 Newsletter



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A LINE FROM THE LEADER

I'm dedicated as our Chapter is dedicated also to helping Wilson Creek. My time as President is coming to a close but I may from time to time write something to keep Wilson in the spotlight.

Wilson Creek is not, I'm sorry to say, recognized as the treasure it could be or should be. God creates amazing real estate and gives it to man to manage and we do a terrible job of it. We use it and abuse it until it resembles something abused.

The picture we once held in our mind's eye of the Creek is so different from what we see now. The words we speak about the Creek are not words of encouragement but disappointment. The conversations we have along the bank are those of people who are defeated and hold a dimmed vision. Let's be honest, our voices are not heard.

I don't want to be that person who is always complaining or even voicing my opinion about what I see happening. I don't want to be that person who continues to write of trouble and strife. I would much rather I had wonderful news to share but again let's be honest.

The truth is I am conflicted. I have witnessed horrible abuse of the Creek this year as in years past. But I have recently talked with Wildlife Officers and Sheriff Officers who are trying hard to do their jobs. I have witnessed a Wildlife Officer writing multiple tickets for poaching time and again since my last article here. That is a blessing but truthfully one officer cannot make a difference it has gotten so far out of hand.

It looks as though the Gorge is going to remain closed until August. That is wonderful for the Gorge area but it is a curse for the rest of the Creek. Recently I was fishing at the high bridge when a man walked behind me. I said, "hello and how's the fishing been". He said, "I just got here but it looks like a Disneyland parking lot at the Old Mill". With the Gorge closed all those who would have been there are now coming up to the Delayed Harvest section. Although our fishing is pretty much over until the Fall, it's the creek I'm worried about.

It is my belief that once a Flood has made a path, the water will always follow it until another flood changes the course of the river. What we are about to experience is a Human Flood of people making a path to the top of the river. It began in excess last Summer and without intervention, it will overtake the upper part of the Creek.

This abuse of becoming "Disneyland" is now a given for the Delayed Harvest Section of the Creek. The sheer number of people in the Gorge in years past has been crazy. Well it seems crazy is descending. The Creek is being shamed and its reputation is being sullied. The writing is on the wall. I'm not saying anything that you don't already know and say yourself. Again, let's be honest.

What began last year due to the no parking signs is about to become 10-fold this year. I hope, really hope, that Caldwell County and Wildlife (being the caretaker for the state) will ramp up their presence and find a solution.

Another Thought.....

A Clean Wilson Creek is not going to be doing the music fundraisers this year due to COVID 19. Therefore, the money normally raised to clean the creek will not be forthcoming. The section that will be abused this year as I said will be the Delayed Harvest Section. The section we use the most. Without funds coming in, this section will suffer. Please take the time to consider giving to A Clean Wilson Creek clean up fund. It will be greatly appreciated.

Remember fishing in the Delayed Harvest Section will change with Kids Day, June 6. Only Kids fish from 6 am until 12 noon. At 12 noon adults can fish with any bait. The river regulations revert back to regular Hatchery Supported.

Our Creek is unique to most Rivers in Western North Carolina. It still holds that rugged, natural, wilderness flavor. The Historical value alone is amazing. What we could learn if we could only hold a conversation with the river. We are privileged to be able to cast our lines in nature's beautiful presence there.

We are those who can make a difference.

The tug is the drug,
Jackie Greene

To make a donation to the Wilson Creek clean-up fund visit:

<https://acleanwilsoncreek.org/>

CHAPTER MEETINGS

The June chapter meeting has been cancelled.

ESSENTIAL WORKERS FREE MEMBERSHIP OFFER

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to all those workers on the front lines keeping us safe, treating the sick,

You are receiving this newsletter either as a member or prospective member of the Hickory NC Chapter 032 of Trout Unlimited. If you do not wish to receive this newsletter, please respond by email to HkyNCTU@gmail.com and let us know.

delivering necessities, and feeding our nation. If you are an essential worker who loves to fish (or wants to learn) and cares about conservation, we invite you to enjoy a free one-year Trout Unlimited membership.

Time on the water can provide refuge, joy, healing ... and hope, which is so important during difficult times. We offer camaraderie and good times along with the pleasure of being part of a community that is dedicated to a brighter future for America's rivers, streams and fish. Our 300,000 members and supporters are joining the conversation online right now while our local chapters plan for when we are all able to be together again.

If you are new to Trout Unlimited, we hope you will accept this free invitation. Join us today. Together, we can look to the future with hope. Sign up at:

https://gifts.tu.org/essentialworkers_join

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"I fish because I love to; because I love the environs where trout are found, which are invariably beautiful, and hate the environs where crowds of people are found"Robert Traver

FLY FISHING ETIQUETTE



Well, admittedly it hasn't become this bad, thank goodness, but we all know that our Delayed Harvest streams continue to become more crowded each year. There are many reasons for this. All NC fishing licenses now include trout fishing, many people are out of work due to the corona virus so are spending more time on the rivers, there has been a continued slow loss of river access, and we all know about that horrible movie "A River Runs Through It." We started an attempt at a Hickory TU Chapter meeting to try to increase river access, but with inadequate fish in our hatcheries to stock more rivers and lack of interest it seems, this attempt has failed. The point of it all is that the streams have become crowded and it's likely it will continue or even get worse. As the quote above states, many of us fly fish for the serenity, but crowds tend to take away that feature that so many of us fish for and tend to make fly fishing stressful, defeating the whole purpose of the trip.

Case in point: I have found that I can no longer sleep late and casually drive up to the river or all spots will be taken, so I'm now getting up very early to try to beat the crowd. Not

long ago I got up early and headed up to Elk Creek and was pleased to find a prime spot was still open. As I am getting older, it's taking more time to get on my waders and boots and rigging up my fly rod. Just threading and tying the fly becomes a major chore. I'd been parked above the hole for about 15 minutes and was almost ready to head down when another fisherman pulled up already geared and started a fast walk down to the hole. That really got to me and we traded some choice words including a claim from him that he didn't see my name on the hole. In the end, he did head a little farther down the stream and let me have the hole and by the end of the day we had chatted and made peace.

This is going to become more and more of an issue as the crowds on the river continue to increase. To keep things as peaceful as possible, it is important that everyone learn the rules of etiquette for fly fishing and learn to treat others with the respect the sport has been known for in the past.

First one to arrive gets the spot.

Many of our streams here are quite small and the better fishing is limited to the few holes along the river. If you arrive at one of these and someone is already there, ask the person where they are planning to fish and give them that first option. Sometimes you may find they are actually headed up and down stream or if it's a larger hole, may be willing to share it with you. Handling this well can create a bond of friendship.

The person fishing upstream has the right of way.

The person working upstream always has the right of way to a person working downstream. If you are working down the stream and come to a fisherman working upstream, get out of the stream a good distance from him and take a wide path around him so as not to spook the fish.

Don't camp out in the same spot for long times.

First of all, this is a bad practice. If you fish the same spot too long you will likely have spooked most of the fish. They need a little time off to start biting again. There are some holes that deserve a little more time, but if they are that good, they should be shared with other fisherman as they work their way along the stream.

Don't get too close to another fisherman.

You should normally keep at least 100 feet away from other fishermen to keep from spooking the fish and interfering with casting. If it is a very large hole and another fisherman is already there, ask him if he would mind if you fished the other side or other end. Many fishermen don't mind having company as long as you don't interfere with their fishing.

Leave the stream better than you found it.

Of course, do not leave any trash behind and if you find some left by others, remove it and take it out with you. In a survey a few years ago a significant loss of river access was by land owners fed up with the trashing of their property. For me it ruins my day if I see a can of corn or worms left behind by a poacher. Take that away to give the next fisherman a more pleasant day.

Do unto others.

The most important thing to remember is to treat the other fisherman the way you want to be treated. If we all just did this, our days on the stream would be a much better experience, even with the crowds.

BECOME A ROCK HOPPER



On Saturday, June 6 the Delayed Harvest Season ends and for most of us the annual fishing season will be over. That doesn't mean there aren't still streams with trout that are out there. Well, for some of us at least. There are many wild trout waters here in North Carolina that offer some excellent fishing. For those of us that have knees that have been replaced or are nearing replacement, it is probably not an option to go rock hopping up these mountain streams, but if your knees are still in good shape, it is an excellent resource.



In mid-May, my son decided it was time he tried it out and on a beautiful Sunday he headed up around the Blue Ridge Parkway to do some rock hopping. He came home absolutely thrilled after a 20 fish day on the creeks and relayed his story to me to share with you. Obviously, he swore me to secrecy about where he fished, but allowed me to pass on all the other information about his adventure.

As you can see in the photos, these mountain streams are a series of waterfalls and rapids between small pools the size of a bathtub to near 10+ feet wide. He discovered that nearly every pool contained a trout that was spooky, but was aggressive. The best thing of all was that they will voraciously attack a dry fly, the love of every fly fisherman. To fish these streams without spooking the fish you need to work your way up stream and crouch low as you approach the pool. In most



cases my son reported that there was usually an open line below the pools that allowed room for a short back cast. In each pool you had just a few casts to catch the fish before they became totally spooked and refused to venture out for the fly again. In one case he reported that on the first cast he saw a fish scoot behind a rock. On the second cast he managed to land the fly right near the rock and the fish came out and took it.



The two flies he had the most success with were a #16 elk hair caddis and a #16 light cahill parachute. He did switch to a #12 elk hair caddis at one point and still caught fish on it. On this

day most of the fish he caught were in the 3-5" range, but he did catch a beautiful 9" wild brook with beautiful colors. The vegetation can be rather tight on your hike up the creek so you need to scale down on the size of your rod. He suggests that you look to something like a 7-8' rod in a 2-3wt. Your casts will all be fairly short. It's a tough hike up these creeks, so you need to travel light. All you need is a small pack with your tools, a few flies, some tippet, and dry fly floatant. Even though the water was still cool, he used just a pair of light wading shoes. Most of your trip will be on the rocks and not in the water.



The scenery along these streams is beautiful and the creeks he fished were near the parkway and had trails nearby. He was there early, but as the day wore on, the hikers showed up. In some of the pools, their kids and dogs would be wading in the water or at least dangling their feet. When he got to one of these pools, there was no sense in trying to fish and he just continued working upstream to one without a crowd. It is best to get to these creeks early as it just becomes worse as the day goes on. Or you may want to try to find a stream that is more remote where it is likely there will be fewer hikers. The downside of this is that if you fall off one of the rocks and become injured, there will be no one around to help you out. If you plan to do



a lot more rock hopping, first be sure that someone knows where you will be and second you might want to invest in a satellite communications device that you can use to call for help. There is a variety of these devices on Amazon listed from \$100-300. They may require a service contract that you should check out before buying.

There are a great many wild trout streams that are out there for you to try and if you find one that an old timer with bad knees can fish, be sure to let me know. One of the best resources is our website at <http://www.hkynctu.org/helpful-links/nc-wild-trout-streams/>. Kin Hodges, a biologist with the NCWRC spoke to our chapter and provided information about several streams in our area that he recommended. The information on our website provides a map of the creek and results of fish surveys that include the number, breed, and size of fish that were found. The size is listed in millimeters, so if you divide the number by 25 it will give you the approximate size in inches. A second resource is the interactive trout stream map at

<https://www.ncpaws.org/wrcmapbook/fishingareas.aspx>. You can zoom into this map and find trout streams all over North Carolina and the regulations on each. Not every stream is identified on the map. In fact, one of the streams my son fished is not identified, but it does show up, so if you zoom all the way in you might find some almost virgin waters to fish.

So even though our regular delayed harvest season is almost over, it doesn't mean you have to give up trout season until next October. Get up into the mountains and scout out some of these streams. Most of the fish are small, but they are still a challenge and best of all you'll get to do some great dry fly fishing in warm summer temperatures and among some beautiful scenery.

CATCH & RELEASE

Devised in the North Carolina mountains, the famed Yaller Hammer trout fly ties an angler to history, heritage, and — if he's lucky — a catch to remember.

by T. Edward Nickens



I climbed for 15 minutes before trying a cast. Here, in the steep country below Grandfather Mountain, creeks pour off the land in great stair steps of falling water. Thickets of rhododendron crowd the streams, so there's only one way up. Hand over hand, I scaled boulders veined with moss and lichen, the fly rod clenched in my jaws. The forest pressed close, a meager slice of blue sky overhead. Only rarely did I catch a glimpse of the famed ridge above, its crags like massive thunderheads formed of granite and dark forest.

To be honest, I didn't even know the name of the stream. It was a small creek, wild and twisty and kinked up like a branch of rhododendron itself, white as granite, thick as mountain fog. There wasn't much room to park. The gravel Forest Service road hair-pinned at the base of a waterfall, so tight to the woods that I couldn't even open the truck door, so I leaned against the tailgate to pull on waders, pack a fly vest, and rig the rod. There was a faint fisherman's path beside the water, obscure as a deer trail. A good sign, in a good place. I began clawing through the rhododendrons.

I passed a half-dozen pools before I found the one that seemed to hold the most promise. In this part of the High Country, you can jump across most creeks with a single bound, except for the pools. The pools can be 20 feet wide. They might be two feet deep or 10. They are as dark as

Grendel's heart. In a mountain stream, a trout stream, the pools are where the magic lies.

I cast the fly into the edge of the bubble line that trailed like ivy from the base of the falls. Nothing happened. Two casts, three, each one farther and deeper into the pool, but not a rise, not a shadow, not an inkling of a trout.

The fourth cast, however, was gold. I placed the fly on the far side of the bubble line, and that did the trick. The fish hit and sounded, ran for the darkest chamber of the pool, then fought all the way to the throat of the riffle where I crouched behind a fallen log. It was a brown trout, a little less than a foot long, its flanks peppered with orange and black spots. In the corner of its jaw was a bright yellow fly — a Yaller Hammer — a pattern whose history and heritage bind it close to North Carolina trout streams. In fact, that fly was the point of my being there, the inspiration for that morning's quest.

The Yaller Hammer is a traditional Southern Appalachian fly pattern, so old that no one is quite sure when it first appeared. I had heard of the Yaller Hammer for years, but I'd never fished with the fly until I climbed that creek with a singular purpose: to catch a trout on the historic pattern — or catch nothing at all.

I slipped the hook from the fish's jaw, and held the trout in the water's flow for a few seconds, feeling the stream move through its gills, feeling it gather strength in my hands. It dashed from my loose grip, back toward the dark pool, a streak of copper lightning. I stood up and stretched my back. I dried off the Yaller Hammer, checked to make sure the threads still held the feathers fast. Then I climbed, plumbing each pool, fishing toward Grandfather Mountain.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW KORNYLAK

Tying a Yaller Hammer fly takes time, practice, and lots of field-testing.

Few aspects of sporting culture are more imbued with lore and history — not to mention mystery — than the design and development of flies for trout fishing. Tied to imitate various stages of aquatic insects or various creatures on the menu of trout, there are thousands of patterns, with more being developed all the time. Many of these fly patterns are rooted to very specific areas. The Catskills gave us the Quill Gordon. Michigan birthed the Adams. In the Southern Appalachians, a number of local patterns were developed and went on to various levels of fame in the fly-

fishing world. There's the Jim Charley. Fred Hall's Thunderhead. The Sheep Fly, devised to imitate the nagging deerflies of a hot summer afternoon. Perhaps the best known and most widely used of the Southern flies is the Tellico Nymph, which I've used to fool many a trout, bluegill, crappie, and pond bass.

When it comes to lure and tradition, however, not to mention sheer fish-catching ability, few can touch the Yaller Hammer. The bright yellow fly is known in a number of forms, including a wet fly that is fished below the water's surface, and a dry fly that floats on top like a hatching insect. Much of the pattern's allure — to humans, at least — comes from one of the primary materials used to tie the original versions: the bright yellow flight feathers of the yellow-shafted northern flicker. These woodpeckers hammer loudly in the big woods of the mountains, hence their nickname. Protected, like all songbirds, it is illegal to use their feathers for fly-tying these days, so anglers turn to dyed quail and dove feathers as a substitute.

The Yaller Hammer's deep history has always been a riddle. Was it developed by the Cherokee Indians, who were known to wrap hooks with deer hair and the feathers of native birds? Was it a product of Scots-Irish pioneer ingenuity, devised by some angler well-versed in the trout-fishing traditions of the Catskills and other Northern regions? Its true provenance may never be known, shrouded in mists like the deep vales of the North Carolina mountains that witnessed its birth.

I'd tried my hand at tying Yaller Hammer flies the night before with my buddy Matt Maness, a guide who operates out of Foscoe Fishing Company, below the crest of Grandfather. We'd fished all day from Maness's hand-built drift boat — a definitely postmodern manner of catching a trout — then hunkered down in his log cabin to tie the historic Yaller Hammer. I had a sandwich baggie of lemon feathers from a wood duck — the heavily barred yellow feathers from the bird's underwing flanks — but the feather's barbs proved too long. Instead, Maness wrapped a hook shank with yellow feathers from a rooster cape, added a yellow strip of foam for buoyancy and Day-Glo yellow pop, and carefully wrapped the fly with tiny wire. The result wasn't far off from the photos of the Yaller Hammer we were consulting on our smartphones.

Fly-tying purists might howl at our unconventional approach, but it occurred to me that what Maness and I were doing up in a tucked-away corner of his old log cabin was a modern variant of what birthed the Yaller Hammer in the first place. We were innovating, using the materials at hand, stirring together what we knew of flies and fish and what we thought might work. Fly patterns have always been a bit malleable. The small little handful of fluff and wire that Matt and I wound up with certainly passed my eye's inspection. What historians might think, I'm not quite sure. What the trout would think, I'd discover soon enough.

Early the next morning, I found another source for Yaller Hammers, one that hews as closely to the original fly as exists these days. Paul Hughes remembers the first time

he ever saw a Yaller Hammer. He was fishing down on Wilson Creek, the great scenic river that gathers Grandfather's waters in a deep gorge that cuts through 200 feet of granite bedrock. Hughes was 11 years old at the time, which would make the year 1941. A man was fishing with a fly he called "skull crusher," Hughes recalled. "He said the fish would come out of them stream holes so hard to get at that fly, they'd bash their heads against the boulders."

Hughes told me this story at Fay's Store, an old fixture across the street from the Linville Volunteer Fire Department, a store he and his wife, Fay, have run for 45 years. The Hugheses have tied flies for nearly half a century, churning out scores of patterns, and they're one of the few commercial tiers who still produce Yaller Hammers. He ties them out of dove and quail feathers dyed a deep yellow. It's as close as he can get to the old woodpecker feathers of yore.

"These old, proven mountain patterns are still good for fishing, oh, yes," he said. "The Quill Gordon, the Light Cahill, the Hendrickson. All them flies are old, old, old, and they're still good today."

But there was something special about the Yaller Hammer, Hughes said. "It'll twirl when you pull it through the water," he explained. "That's its secret. It sort of spins, and it just drives the fish pretty crazy."

Which was precisely the response I was after.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW KORNYLAK

Even with surefire flies, you don't just plop your line in a stream. There's a proper way to stalk a trout.

Climbing higher, the creek gradient steepened, with short, boulder-strewn runs between the tail-outs of pools and the heads of the short falls. I cherry-picked the pocket water, drifting Yaller Hammers of varying pedigree — mine, Maness's, Hughes's — through dark arteries of swift runs, and flicking the flies for quick-hit drifts into current seams along boulders and blow-downs. I picked up another small brown trout, missed two strikes, worked higher up the mountain. Once, I had to abandon the stream altogether, break down the rod, and worm through the rhododendrons like a squirrel, on hands and knees. But at the top of each sweaty pitch, another pool awaited.

I'd never fished that way, never focused so intently on working a single fly pattern to the exception of anything else

in my arsenal. It was a bit liberating not to ask myself if I should switch flies, try something different, change it up. I slowed down and worked to make each cast so clean and on-target that there was no reason for a fish not to eat a Yaller Hammer. No sloppy line coils, no shadows on the water, no grabbing brush that would shake and spook a trout.

The mountain seemed to draw me into its bedrock. The rhododendrons closed rank. Somewhere far above, Grandfather nodded approvingly. Far below, through a mile of birches and hemlocks, the water flowed into the same Wilson Creek where a young Paul Hughes saw his first Yaller Hammer fly. I remembered the faint trail by the roadside, the feeling that this was a good place, a good, ancient place.

"There he is!" I reared back on the rod to set the hook, startled by my own voice. The fish came halfway out of the water on the strike, a splashy, surface smash that told me it had no hesitation about the old-timey fly, no second-guessing, no turning back. Skull crusher, indeed, I grinned, then went to work. This was not a fish to trifle with, not with a light rod and a light line and a deep, dark pool where the trout wanted badly to be.

I turned the trout twice on its runs to the pool, and twice it responded with leaps clear of the stream. The fish wanted the safety of the pool, the comfort of its underwater ledges, the chance to cut the line on a stone or a snag. No matter how many trout pools I see, I'm always a bit surprised by the depth of that black water, by the fact that such a clean, clear stream can disappear into such inky blackness, as if a wormhole into deep time.

I steered the fish clear as it tired, let it fight, let it wear itself out, then pulled the trout into the tail-out of the pool, into the shallows, into where a wild trout is nearly impossible to see against the cobblestone and sunlight. But there it was, like a yellowed piece of Grandfather's bone, a 12-inch wild brown trout in my hand, an ancient yellow fly, a good fly, fixed lightly in the corner of its jaw.

Published on Oct 09, 2015 in OUR STATE Magazine
www.ourstate.com

T. Edward Nickens

Nickens is editor-at-large of *Field & Stream* and the

RIVERCOURSE YOUTH CAMP 2020

CANCELLED

ADVICE FROM THE VISE

As we begin the 6th month of the year it's hard to believe the year is almost half over, but here we are with the end of Delayed Harvest, and there are still plenty of fish out there. It's time to head to the fishing map blue lines. [wild waters] So in honor of the native fish, we are going to tie up a version

of the Yallerhammer. There's plenty to read this month about this storied fly of the Appalachians, so enjoy the history and let's get tying.

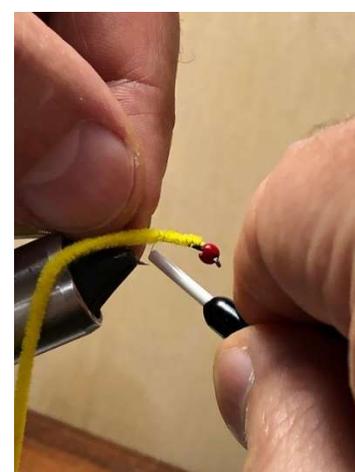
We know that the flicker is off limits, so we will make do with some adaptations. This fly seems to come in endless variations when you search for a pattern nymph, dry, wet, emerger, you name it. For my money, yellow has always been a successful color in WNC. The original fly was probably fished as a dry. We had sulfur's coming off the water the other night and was reminded that yellow is alive and well in nature.

I'm tying this one with a bead head, and it will fish as a swinging wet. Leave the bead off, it will fish as a dry. The interesting hackle, on this comes from splitting a wing quill. In this version I'm using a quail leading wing feather, and you can see there is a bit of a groove, biots on the front, fibers on the back.



Once you split the wing, take a yellow sharpie, and color your feather. Check the quill for flex, and if iris brittle, you may soak it in hot water for a few minutes to soften the quill. I'm using a hopper hook on this one for length and profile. Start your thread and dress the hook rearward. Tie in the split quill by the tip. Keep the bottom of the feather facing you as we will reverse Palmer the hackle so the curve faces front.

I'm using chenille for the body, but some razor foam will make a dandy floating body in a dry pattern.





Once the body is wrapped, capture the chenille and trim off the excess. Then gently begin to wrap the hackle forward. This is the tricky part, go slow so not to crack the quill. Capture the feather at the head. You will notice the fibers of the quill stick together very well, by design, or using your dubbing brush separate the fibers.



That's all there is to this fly.

You can use a more traditional hackle if you want. Here's a version tied with dyed grouse.



I'd love to hear your feedback and I'm always happy to answer any and all questions, give a lesson, or just talk fly fishing. Don't hesitate to contact me at jacobsforkflytying@gmail.com or check out some of my current ties on Facebook and Instagram at Jacobs Fork Fly Tying

GOT A GOAT



We've discussed using cat fur as dubbing in the past, well now there is a new source of tying materials. My sister raises pack goats and with the spring shedding season she combed out a nice mess of cashmere for me. Admittedly it was a bit of work getting out the guard hairs, but it has a beautiful texture similar to my box of super fine dubbing.

CASTING CAROLINAS 2020 EVENTS

Join Us in the F.L.O.W. for our first Virtual Retreat!



Hope we get back to beautiful Lake Logan soon, but for now.. join us for another new adventure!!

All Casting Carolinas Alumni are invited to sign up for a two day Virtual Retreat on ZOOM!

June 5 - 6

Where: On Zoom.us

Contact: TO SIGN UP or get info:
Jennifer Alphin, Alum Coordinator
jennifer@castingcarolinas.com

Cost: \$100 Full retreat kit including your own fly tying tools!
\$175 Full kit PLUS a new fly rod/reel combo!

Each participant will receive a retreat box containing tying kits
for knots and flies and lots of other cool stuff!

Retreat schedule includes live zoom fishing
and a F.L.O.W. writing group

October 9-11 NC Fall Retreat, Lake Logan Center October 24 Tie One On Tournament in Cherokee

Casting Carolinas is a free program for women cancer survivors. To apply for a future retreat or to volunteer to help out, sign up at www.castingcarolinas.com.

EAGLE ROCK CAMP

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A TIP ON TAKING BETTER PHOTOS OF YOUR NEXT FISHING TRIP

By Lewis Cahill

Everyone wants a hero shot with that monster fish but lots of people don't think about all the details that go into a

fishing trip when they are shooting pictures. These kind of detail shots tell the story of how you got to that fish. That's what will really make your buddies who didn't make the trip jealous. Take the time to get shots of the flies, the gear in the back of the truck, your buddies getting off the plane. When you get home, make a slide show and show it off. You will be surprised how many more invitations you will get for fishing trips.

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and when you have it ready
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NEWSLETTER CONTRIBUTORS INVITED

If you have a great day on the river, please send us a photo to share at HkyNCTU@gmail.com

If you have success on your trip, please share it with us.

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Preston Herman	Five Rivers Club

The Wrinkles of Time

The old man squatted along the edge of the pond with rod in hand as the white indicator lazily floated on the surface of the water dragging a nymph below. He thought about his youth, the dirt roads he walked and the life he led. The simplicity of life as a child without a worry in the world. Though he did not have much as a child, he had a cheap rod and a few flies someone had given him. He was as happy as he could be. As he gazed upon the waters at his reflection, the wrinkles of time vanished. He saw himself as a boy, living for the moment, no stress, no problems and no thoughts of his life ahead.

He forgot the roads he traveled, the trains he hopped, the nights sleeping in the woods along the tracks, standing around a fire for warmth. The roads of life for the old timer were hard, but the memories built along the way and the memories of his childhood, could never be washed away. The old man smiled and a tiny laugh left his lips as the indicator went under. Once again the giddiness of his childhood resurfaced and for that moment in time, he had not one care in the world.

Point to Ponder:

Our lives and travels are only clouded by the trials of life. Our memories are made not only from them, but the pleasant and joyful times that we live. Don't let the wrinkles of time wash away the beautiful memories that we hold dear in our hearts.

"On the Line with Charlie Walker"

