

Hickory NC Trout Unlimited

September 2018 Newsletter



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A LINE FROM THE PRESIDENT



At our board retreat back in July, I gave the board a heads up on a business opportunity I have been working on most of the summer. Peggy and I have decided it is what I need to do for our family, so this will be my last Line from the President as your chapter leader. There are not enough hours in the day and with my work commitments and now more travel I cannot do the job our chapter needs right now. I leave our chapter in good hands as Vice President Jackie Greene will run the chapter. Please give her every helping hand as we have some critical work that needs to be done.

As you may recall from last month's article the board is going to make some changes to our bylaws, so we can change officer and board terms of office. We also have critical planning to get this spring's TU banquet in place. This is an event that I believe will grow our chapter both in membership and in community recognition. We will give out the TIC awards and others at this event. Many of us are excited about this change. As always, a key issue for the chapter is not only finding members to be involved in the chapter but also to serve on a committee, be a board member or run for office. Please give some consideration to volunteering for your chapter. Without volunteers we won't have a chapter. Another key item requiring our attention is Trout in the Classroom. As a chapter we need to be more involved with the teachers taking on this program. So please step up to give 1 or 2 hours a school year to drop by and help out a teacher with the program. If you have questions, please feel free to ask our Board coordinator for TIC, Cathy Starnes, how you may help. We also need a lady to step up and lead the Women's Initiative. I hate to leave right now with so much critical work on the agenda, but I must.

I will try to get by for a meeting when in town and serve where I can. I have been involved with TU over thirty years and served on the board of three TU chapters, so I will not be going away, just changing my focus to be more on family and my growing art career. Hope to see many of you at the Hickory Art Crawl on September 20th. And you are all invited to my solo exhibition reception on Saturday October 13th, noon till 2 PM at the Hiddenite Arts & Heritage Center. See my web site for details. Wish I could say, see you on the water but I have been too busy for fishing. It is a great opportunity to have a TU chapter right here in our

community and area of the state so let's have everyone give at least one hour every two months to keep it here. If all 240 members gave two hours to our chapter life would be so easy and great. This is a very friendly group of folks, so get involved and make some new friends that love conservation and fly-fishing for Trout. Tight lines my friends!

Zan Thompson

BOARD MEETING

We will be having a board meeting on Tuesday, September 11 to develop our plans going forward with Zan's retirement. We invite all members who are interested in helping with Chapter activities. We will meet at the Food Factory on Hwy 321 at Lake Hickory for dinner at 5:30 PM and then weather permitting adjourn to a pontoon boat ride on the lake for our meeting.

NEXT MEETING

We have had to cancel our September meeting this fall due to the majority of the board being out of town for various business and events. Our regular meetings will resume in October. Meetings are on the third Tuesday of the month.

October meeting--We will kick off the season with an event honoring our Trout in The Classroom and Rivercourse participants.

November meeting—We have had several requests for a presentation on Tenkara fly fishing. We are fortunate to have a nationally renowned speaker on the topic, Jason Sparks, living right here in North Carolina.

January meeting—Ever wonder how that fly rod your casting was constructed? Come to the meeting and find out.



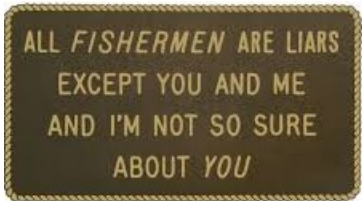
HICKORY NC TU LOGO GEAR

The Hickory Chapter has an account at Lands' End for clothing and other items with our logo. There are frequent discounts available that you can sign up for by going to <https://business.landsend.com/>. To access the account go to: <https://business.landsend.com/store/hkynctu/>

We also have a second option for logo gear that Zan's wife Peggy has set us up with. Check out the following website: www.companycasuals.com/hickorytrout/start.jsp

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.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH



A CASE IN POINT

Extract from: *Three Men In a Boat*
By: Jerome K. Jerome

Some people are under the impression that all that is required to make a good fisherman is the ability to tell lies easily and without blushing; but this is a mistake. Mere bald fabrication is useless; the veriest tyro can manage that. It is in the circumstantial detail, the embellishing touches of probability, the general air of scrupulous—almost of pedantic—veracity, that the experienced angler is seen. Anybody can come in and say, “Oh, I caught fifteen dozen perch yesterday evening;” or “Last Monday I landed a gudgeon, weighing eighteen pounds, and measuring three feet from the tip to the tail.”

There is no art, no skill, required for that sort of thing. It shows pluck, but that is all. No; your accomplished angler would scorn to tell a lie, that way. His method is a study in itself. He comes in quietly with his hat on, appropriates the most comfortable chair, lights his pipe, and commences to puff in silence. He lets the youngsters brag away for a while, and then, during a momentary lull, he removes the pipe from his mouth, and remarks, as he knocks the ashes out against the bars: “Well, I had a haul on Tuesday evening that it’s not much good my telling anybody about.”

“Oh! why’s that?” they ask. “Because I don’t expect anybody would believe me if I did,” replies the old fellow calmly, and without even a tinge of bitterness in his tone, as he refills his pipe, and requests the landlord to bring him three of Scotch, cold. There is a pause after this, nobody feeling sufficiently sure of himself to contradict the old gentleman. So he has to go on by himself without any encouragement. “No,” he continues thoughtfully; “I shouldn’t believe it myself if anybody told it to me, but it’s a fact, for all that. I had been sitting there all the afternoon and had caught literally nothing—except a few dozen dace and a score of jack; and I was just about giving it up as a bad job when I suddenly felt a rather smart pull at the line. I thought it was another little one, and I went to jerk it up. Hang me, if I could move the rod! It took me half-an-hour—half-an-hour, sir!—to land that fish; and every moment I thought the line was going to snap! I reached him at last, and what do you think it was? A sturgeon! a forty pound sturgeon! taken on a line, sir! Yes, you may well look surprised—I’ll have another three of Scotch, landlord, please.”

And then he goes on to tell of the astonishment of everybody who saw it; and what his wife said, when he got home, and of what Joe Buggles thought about it. I asked the landlord of an inn up the river once, if it did not injure him,

sometimes, listening to the tales that the fishermen about there told him; and he said: “Oh, no; not now, sir. It did used to knock me over a bit at first, but, lor love you! me and the missus we listens to ’em all day now. It’s what you’re used to, you know. It’s what you’re used to.” I knew a young man once, he was a most conscientious fellow, and, when he took to fly-fishing, he determined never to exaggerate his hauls by more than twenty-five per cent. “When I have caught forty fish,” said he, “then I will tell people that I have caught fifty, and so on. But I will not lie any more than that, because it is sinful to lie.” But the twenty-five per cent. plan did not work well at all. He never was able to use it. The greatest number of fish he ever caught in one day was three, and you can’t add twenty-five per cent. to three—at least, not in fish. So he increased his percentage to thirty-three-and-a-third; but that, again, was awkward, when he had only caught one or two; so, to simplify matters, he made up his mind to just double the quantity. He stuck to this arrangement for a couple of months, and then he grew dissatisfied with it. Nobody believed him when he told them that he only doubled, and he, therefore, gained no credit that way whatever, while his moderation put him at a disadvantage among the other anglers. When he had really caught three small fish, and said he had caught six, it used to make him quite jealous to hear a man, whom he knew for a fact had only caught one, going about telling people he had landed two dozen.

So, eventually, he made one final arrangement with himself, which he has religiously held to ever since, and that was to count each fish that he caught as ten, and to assume ten to begin with. For example, if he did not catch any fish at all, then he said he had caught ten fish—you could never catch less than ten fish by his system; that was the foundation of it. Then, if by any chance he really did catch one fish, he called it twenty, while two fish would count thirty, three forty, and so on. It is a simple and easily worked plan, and there has been some talk lately of its being made use of by the angling fraternity in general. Indeed, the Committee of the Thames Angler’s Association did recommend its adoption about two years ago, but some of the older members opposed it. They said they would consider the idea if the number were doubled, and each fish counted as twenty. If ever you have an evening to spare, up the river, I should advise you to drop into one of the little village inns, and take a seat in the tap-room. You will be nearly sure to meet one or two old rod-men, sipping their toddy there, and they will tell you enough fishy stories, in half an hour, to give you indigestion for a month. George and I—I don’t know what had become of Harris; he had gone out and had a shave, early in the afternoon, and had then come back and spent full forty minutes in pipeclaying his shoes, we had not seen him since—George and I, therefore, and the dog, left to ourselves, went for a walk to Wallingford on the second evening, and, coming home, we called in at a little river-side inn, for a rest, and other things. We went into the parlour and sat down. There was an old fellow there, smoking a long clay pipe, and we naturally

began chatting. He told us that it had been a fine day to-day, and we told him that it had been a fine day yesterday, and then we all told each other that we thought it would be a fine day to-morrow; and George said the crops seemed to be coming up nicely. After that it came out, somehow or other, that we were strangers in the neighbourhood, and that we were going away the next morning.

Then a pause ensued in the conversation, during which our eyes wandered round the room. They finally rested upon a dusty old glass-case, fixed very high up above the chimney-piece, and containing a trout. It rather fascinated me, that trout; it was such a monstrous fish. In fact, at first glance, I thought it was a cod. "Ah!" said the old gentleman, following the direction of my gaze, "fine fellow that, ain't he?"

"Quite uncommon," I murmured; and George asked the old man how much he thought it weighed. "Eighteen pounds six ounces," said our friend, rising and taking down his coat. "Yes," he continued, "it wur sixteen year ago, come the third o' next month, that I landed him. I caught him just below the bridge with a minnow. They told me he wur in the river, and I said I'd have him, and so I did. You don't see many fish that size about here now, I'm thinking. Good-night, gentlemen, good-night." And out he went, and left us alone.

We could not take our eyes off the fish after that. It really was a remarkably fine fish. We were still looking at it, when the local carrier, who had just stopped at the inn, came to the door of the room with a pot of beer in his hand, and he also looked at the fish. "Good-sized trout, that," said George, turning round to him. "Ah! you may well say that, sir," replied the man; and then, after a pull at his beer, he added, "Maybe you wasn't here, sir, when that fish was caught?" "No," we told him. We were strangers in the neighbourhood.

"Ah!" said the carrier, "then, of course, how should you? It was nearly five years ago that I caught that trout." "Oh! was it you who caught it, then?" said I. "Yes, sir," replied the genial old fellow. "I caught him just below the lock—leastways, what was the lock then—one Friday afternoon; and the remarkable thing about it is that I caught him with a fly. I'd gone out pike fishing, bless you, never thinking of a trout, and when I saw that whopper on the end of my line, blest if it didn't quite take me aback. Well, you see, he weighed twenty-six pound. Good-night, gentlemen, good-night."

Five minutes afterwards, a third man came in, and described how he had caught it early one morning, with bleak; and then he left, and a stolid, solemn-looking, middle-aged individual came in, and sat down over by the window. None of us spoke for a while; but, at length, George turned to the new comer, and said: "I beg your pardon, I hope you will forgive the liberty that we—perfect strangers in the neighbourhood—are taking, but my friend here and myself would be so much obliged if you would tell us how you caught that trout up there." "Why, who told you I caught that trout!" was the surprised query. We said that nobody

had told us so, but somehow or other we felt instinctively that it was he who had done it. "Well, it's a most remarkable thing—most remarkable," answered the stolid stranger, laughing; "because, as a matter of fact, you are quite right. I did catch it. But fancy your guessing it like that. Dear me, it's really a most remarkable thing." And then he went on, and told us how it had taken him half an hour to land it, and how it had broken his rod. He said he had weighed it carefully carefully when he reached home, and it had turned the scale at thirty-four pounds. He went in his turn, and when he was gone, the landlord came in to us. We told him the various histories we had heard about his trout, and he was immensely amused, and we all laughed very heartily. "Fancy Jim Bates and Joe Muggles and Mr. Jones and old Billy Maunders all telling you that they had caught it. Ha! ha! ha! Well, that is good," said the honest old fellow, laughing heartily. "Yes, they are the sort to give it me, to put up in my parlour, if they had caught it, they are! Ha! ha! ha!"

And then he told us the real history of the fish. It seemed that he had caught it himself, years ago, when he was quite a lad; not by any art or skill, but by that unaccountable luck that appears to always wait upon a boy when he plays the wag from school, and goes out fishing on a sunny afternoon, with a bit of string tied on to the end of a tree. He said that bringing home that trout had saved him from a whacking, and that even his school-master had said it was worth the rule-of-three and practice put together. He was called out of the room at this point, and George and I again turned our gaze upon the fish. It really was a most astonishing trout. The more we looked at it, the more we marvelled at it. It excited George so much that he climbed up on the back of a chair to get a better view of it. And then the chair slipped, and George clutched wildly at the trout-case to save himself, and down it came with a crash, George and the chair on top of it. "You haven't injured the fish, have you?" I cried in alarm, rushing up. "I hope not," said George, rising cautiously and looking about. But he had. That trout lay shattered into a thousand fragments—I say a thousand, but they may have only been nine hundred. I did not count them. We thought it strange and unaccountable that a stuffed trout should break up into little pieces like that. And so it would have been strange and unaccountable, if it had been a stuffed trout, but it was not. That trout was plaster-of-Paris.

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Tight Lines & Road Kill

By Dr. Joel Miller

One Last Time?

Earlier this year I celebrated my 70th birthday. When I quipped to my wife that statistically it should be my last birthday with a zero in it, she became upset. Nonetheless, I was correct. The most recent numbers from the National Center for Health Statistics for 2016 show the current

average life expectancy for Americans is 78.7 years. Because I have testicles mine is 76.1. Like I've always said, women get all the luck: they look better than us and live longer than we do! (They're better anglers too, but that's another story for another time!)

I didn't learn to fly fish until well into my adult life, roughly age 35, and it was a few years after that before I was any good at it. Since then I've been blessed to fish in some of the most beautiful waters on earth for some of the most beautiful fish that swim. Seeing a 25-inch Yellowstone cutthroat sipping your tiny fly placed exactly where you saw him rise 20 seconds earlier has produced some of the most indelible memories in my brain.

Those statistics and the fact that my total number of painful joints now exceeds the number of years I've lived have given me pause to reflect on lots of things. One of those is that, even if I far exceed the average life expectancy, I've already fished many more years than I can hope to have left.

What if I don't again get to catch big browns lying next to the banks of Section C of the Green River in Utah? Never see another golden trout in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming? No more rising rainbows on the Big Horn? Never see another North Carolina brookie blitz across a high-mountain small stream for a gaudy orange dry fly?

I began to ruminate about where I'd go fishing one last time if I knew my end was near. It took little time at all for the answer to surface: the Yellowstone River just south of Hayden Valley in Yellowstone National Park.

That's the first place I ever fished in the YNP. More than 30 years ago three of Mike Lawson's best guides took four very green but eager fly fishermen from the East down the hill from the Mud Volcano parking area and we all caught at least one 20+-inch Yellowstone cut. It took some trout pellets tossed into a deep run for the last of the four to hook one (not me!), but with that we all caught at least one. Those were the most beautiful fish I had ever seen, and they lived in about the most beautiful place I'd ever been.

Since then I've been back to that same spot many, many times. I arrived with better skills each time. I was skunked there only once, but every other time caught nice fish ... 18 inches is a small cut there! I've seen big hatches there and caught ten or more big cuts in an hour, followed shortly by seeing nothing for the rest of the day. If that's not Heaven, it'll do!

Let's hope I beat the stats, but if my days are drawing to an end and you can't find me, park at the Mud Volcano, hike down to the river, and you might well find me. If I'm slumped over, there will be part of a bottle of Lagavulin in my backpack. Please enjoy all that's left!

Joel Miller

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THREE DAYS AT YELLOWSTONE

I've said it before in articles that one of the best things you can do is to teach your child to fly fish. The two of us have developed a good bond on the stream and a joint desire to be there. As a result, my son came to me earlier

this year and suggested we should take a trip to Yellowstone. Most of the attractions in Yellowstone are in the SW corner of the park, but after talking with Joel Miller who has been going there for many years we decided on the NE corner. Joel also recommended that we use Parks' Fly Shop in Gardiner, MT. He couldn't have directed us to a better choice.

Gardiner is adjacent to Yellowstone just above the Wyoming border. There are three airports serving Yellowstone, Jackson Hole, WY on the south, West Yellowstone on the west, and Bozeman, MT on the north. Yellowstone is enormous and it's about an hour and a half from the south to the north sides of the park. If you are going out to see the geysers, it's better to fly into Jackson Hole or West Yellowstone, but if you're fly fishing the Lamar Valley, you need to be on the north side. For that reason, we flew into Bozeman and drove about an hour and a half to Gardiner. Our trip was the first few days of August near the peak tourist season and motels were unbelievably expensive, but my son is more internet savvy than I am and found a great VRBO right on the Yellowstone River in Gardiner for slightly less.

When we arrived in Gardiner we first got checked into our cottage and then headed to Parks' Fly Shop about two minutes away. We got a great welcome and they set us up with our licenses and the plan for fishing the next day. We were to meet at the fly shop the next morning at 7:30 AM.



It was still early in the afternoon, so we headed into the park. If you are age 62 or over you will want to get a **Senior Pass** for \$80 that admits you and three others. If you don't have a pass, you will need to pay \$25 per day vehicle fee. The entrance fee cannot be provided with the guide service. If you enter the park three times like we did it would have cost us \$75.

Just inside the Park entrance at Gardiner is Mammoth Hot Springs. I found this one of the most dramatic features in Yellowstone and it's good for a couple hours of hiking and viewing and a real plus is that you can stop at the gift shop after your hike and grab a great ice cream cone.



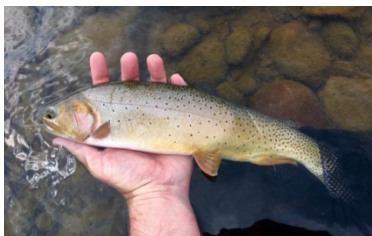
Arriving in Montana from two time zones to the east made it very easy to get up early and be at the fly shop the next morning. The service will provide everything you need including waders, boots, rods, etc., but we had brought along our own gear. The late summer water is warm enough for wet wading and with all the hiking it is best that

you bring along a comfortable pair of wading boots. Felt boots have just been banned this year so I had picked up a pair of good rubber soled wading boots without studs, because we would also do drift fishing and they are not allowed in the boat. Big mistake for me as with my age my balance isn't what it used to be and the rocks there are slippery. The rocks are also round and roll all over under your feet. I managed to make it all day until we were about a hundred yards from the car when a rock rolled right from under my foot and took me with it. One guide suggested aluminum studs as the rock there is hard granite. He said steel studs will slip on the granite while softer aluminum will grip the hard rock. Our rocks in NC are also granite so it might be something to try here if you are using studs.

Our first day of fishing was to the Lamar River in the Lamar valley in the NE corner of the park. It's a good drive over there and we were interrupted twice by bison that felt the road belonged to them. The bison take up residence in the road and a line of cars just stops there, waits, and watches. This was the first event that proved the value of having an experienced guide. Rob had done this many times and after a short wait for us to enjoy the scene, pulled around the other cars. He then slowly drove up to the bison and herded them off to the side while he drove by. Of course, the other advantage is that if the bison got angry it would have been a dent in Rob's car, not our rental.



We arrived at the Lamar River, geared up, and headed up the stream. We had talked to the shop before the trip and asked that the hiking not be too strenuous, and this was an ideal location with a wide flat valley. We had only hiked a short way when we saw another car of fishermen arrive back at the parking lot. Rob had us work up about a half mile to encourage them to stay behind us for the day and after that we never saw another fisherman. We rigged up with a dry fly and a dry dropper and fished various patterns of that most of the day. The front fly was rigged to be a little larger and brighter to also serve as an indicator, but even then, my old eyes had a bit of a problem seeing the flies in the rapids. Rob and I worked it out, so he would tell me when to set the hook. It worked out great and I pulled in a 15" cutthroat. For those like me who didn't know, a cutthroat is a true trout. I had always thought they were related to a brookie since their coloring



is similar, but that isn't the case. They evolved years ago in the ice ages from the west coast rainbow and consequently there is a significant amount of crossbreeding to create what they call cutbows. We caught both fish during the day. We had a great day with both my son and I catching about a dozen fish, most in the 11-15" size, and missing maybe a dozen more. On the way back, we had a couple more bison road blocks, but Rob steered us easily through them.

We had planned the second day as a float trip to give us a little break between hikes, so we met our Walt, our guide for the day at 8 AM at the shop. We headed a couple miles north of Gardiner and watched Walt back the boat down a ramp that wasn't even a good walking road. We were quite impressed when he easily navigated down and got it launched. For this day we were rigged with a dry indicator fly and a dry dropper and it worked well. We caught about equal amounts on the two flies, maybe with a slight edge to the dry which is always the most satisfying to see the fish rise to it.

The Yellowstone is a beautiful river north of Gardiner. It runs through a broad canyon surrounded by mountains. It is wide and contains several moderate rapids along the way. You share the river with rafters, but except in one case the river is big enough that that wasn't an issue. The layout of the river would make it very difficult to know where to fish if you didn't have a guide and Walt had fished it for enough years to know where to put us on the fish. We did quite well with again probably about a dozen fish with many misses and the biggest about 15".

About mid afternoon a major thunderstorm moved in and we had to beach the boat for a while. Perhaps many of you don't know that our graphite fishing rods are great electrical conductors and therefore lightning attractors, so we parked the boat and rods a little away from where we waited on the shore. The other thing I learned that day is that my Gore Tex rain jacket had lost its repellent feature and I was wet. Walt explained that there was a way to rejuvenate it and after I arrived home I looked it up. You'll find that elsewhere in this newsletter.

After about an hour of downpour with a little pea sized hail thrown in, the storm finally broke and we headed on down the river. We got in another good hour of fishing including my first mountain whitefish before a second storm hit us. This one brought along some cold air with it, so we headed quickly to our pull out and back to the shop.

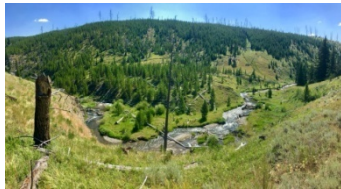


On our last day we fished Lava and Tower Creeks. These aren't places you think of when you think of Yellowstone, but it was what we were looking for to round out our trip there. Both are relatively small brook trout streams and in many ways were the most beautiful places we fished. The Lamar River gave us the larger river wide open valley. The Yellowstone gave us a

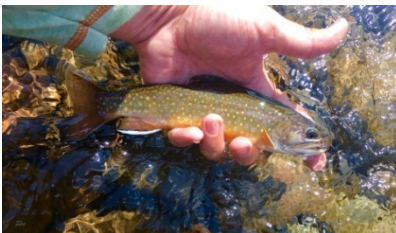


very large drift fishing valley, still with mountain views but more open than the Lamar. These two creeks gave us small streams in narrow valleys with pocket water fishing and a lot of smaller fish.

Our guide Richard led us into Lava Creek to an area you would probably have never have found without a guide. The valley was quite narrow and littered with fallen trees which made hiking a bit of a challenge. I found this day interesting as I've been trying to get to some of our high mountain streams and I think the fishing will be quite similar. Richard gave me some good lessons on high sticking and casting into the small pools. We fished with a dry-nymph dropper rig and I caught maybe eight or ten small brookies, but my son got many more and missed even more than he caught. In the 20 years since I taught him to fly fish, he has out-paced me several times in his skills. After a couple hours hiking upstream over and around all the windfalls, Richard took us back out by the high road with a climb up to the mountainside meadow, along the river and back down a very steep bank to the river. It was a bit more hike than I had expected, but Richard has me by three years, so I figured if he could do it, I could, but he patiently waited during a few rest stops. From the river it was up the other bank and an easy walk back to the car.



We had a great lunch by a waterfall on Lava Creek and then headed to Tower Creek. There is a bit of climb down to the creek, but it is right next to a large campground, so there is a very good trail to the creek and a well-worn path from there up the creek and a lot fewer windfalls. We fished the creek with the same rig and with much the same results, my son again doing much better than me, but I still had a beautiful day.



In closing I'd like to sing a little praise for our guides who were as good as any I've ever had and perhaps better than some. All were very patient and polite and very helpful in improving our fishing skills.

Rob Olson guided us the first day on the Lamar. Rob has 20 years experience as a fly fishing guide and it shows in his abilities. We began the day with a rather amazing coincidence. I mentioned I would be fishing in the Michigan Upper Peninsula this fall and he asked where we were going. I mentioned we were headed to a small town of about 400 people called Trout Creek and asked if he had heard of it. He said, "Yes, I have a cabin just a few miles from there." He spends a couple weeks there every fall and we had a lot of fun conversation discussing the places I had fished years ago and he still did today. Rob did a great job showing us the places to cross, the holes to fish and the flies to use. It was a great day fishing with him.

Walter Wiese guided us on our second day on a float trip down the Yellowstone River. You could say he is a bit overqualified as a guide with a bachelor's degree, two masters, and as a published author. But guiding is mostly a self-taught profession and he has taught himself well. He started the day by checking over our gear and noticed a bad spot on my fly line. He gave it a quick patch in the morning and then in the evening gave it a permanent fix. He showed great skill handling the boat and brought us to some great fishing along the river banks and put us on some good fish. A float trip like this was a first for my son and I and Walt explained the procedures well. As I mentioned, we hit a major storm along the way and lost quite a bit of time waiting it out. After the storm, Walt still gave us the full trip and we ended the day much later than the original plan.

The last day our guide was Richard Parks, the owner of the fly shop and I can't give enough praise about him as a guide. Richard began guiding in 1961 (that's 57 years ago) and at age 75 is still going strong, even after open heart surgery a year ago. He's got me by three years, but there was no way I could keep up with him. He had all the skills as a guide that you would expect of a man with his experience, but even more is his years of knowledge about the Yellowstone area. We were blessed with a full day of stories and history of the area and had a wonderful time.

If you are heading out to Yellowstone, I really recommend that you get hold of Parks' Fly Shop to plan you a trip you will never forget. On a scale of 1-5 I have to give them a 6 for all they did above and beyond just giving us a great fishing trip to Yellowstone.

SEPTEMBER FLY PATTERNS

Reprinted from Carolina Sportsman magazine

Usually the mountains get cooler weather in September, at least at night. As a result, trout are active and hungry. This is a good time to fish for big browns and rainbows using large terrestrials and streamers.

For top-water fishing, try No. 20-16 black and white Trico, No. 16 small white Mayfly. For nymph fishing, good



bets are No. 10-8 Brown Stone, No. 8 Hellgrammite and No. 10 Yellow Jacket.

For more information on fly hatches and patterns, visit our website helpful links page at <http://www.hkynctu.org/helpful-links/> and look for the NC Fly Hatch Chart.

TIP OF THE MONTH-RESTORING GORE-TEX

As I mentioned in the article about Yellowstone, we were caught in a heavy rain that lasted about an hour and at the end my Gore-Tex jacket was soaked through. I did a bit of research when I got home and found the following advice.

There are several products out there, but my jacket was several years old and had never been cleaned, so I decided on the Nikwax and purchased both the detergent and the spray on repellent.

I followed the instructions with a wash and drip dry and then soaked it with the repellent. After letting it dry I ran it through the dryer for 20 minutes as recommended. They didn't give a temperature so I used permanent press.

A few days later we had a heavy rain so I donned the jacket and went out to stand in the rain for several minutes. The water beaded nicely and I came back in perfectly dry. In reading the literature they also suggested the water repellent could also be used on waders. My feet have been a bit damp lately so I coated the booties, dried them, and then heated it to activate the repellent. I'll have to let you know in a later newsletter whether it was successful.

What is DWR?

To prevent wet out, all GORE-TEX shell fabrics are treated with an ultra-thin treatment called DWR, a durable water repellent polymer that is applied to the outermost fabric layer. DWR penetrates the fibers and lowers the surface tension of the fabric, causing water to bead up and roll off this outer layer of fabric, instead of being absorbed.



DWR is not permanent, though. Regular wear and tear, plus exposure to dirt, detergents, insect repellent, and other impurities can shorten its lifespan. The good news is that restoring the water repellency of your GORE-TEX shell is extremely easy.

How to Restore Water Repellency to GORE-TEX Outerwear:

- Machine wash your garment as described in the wash instructions. Line dry your garment, or tumble dry it on a warm gentle cycle.
- Once it is dry, tumble dry your garment for 20 minutes to reactivate the durable water-repellent (DWR) treatment on the outer fabric.
- If unable to tumble dry, iron the dry garment on gentle setting (warm, no steam) by placing a towel or cloth between the garment and the iron. This will help reactivate the DWR treatment on your garment's outer fabric.
- When the factory applied treatment can no longer be reactivated, apply a new water-repellent treatment available as a pump-spray or a wash-in product to the garment's outer fabric.

- Following spray application, tumble dry your garment for 20 minutes to reactivate the durable water-repellent (DWR) treatment on the outer fabric.

FLY CASTING ESSENTIALS... BASICS OF LOOP SHAPE

By Gary Hogue

Gary has been an outdoor educator for over 35 years working as a guide, outfitter and fly casting instructor for various groups including the YMCA, American Camping Association and Sierra Club. Locally, he has started Fish Tales an instructional program in fly casting and fly fishing.

As a fly-fisherman, it is important to understand the loop shape of your fly line as you present a fly to a weary trout. The proper presentation of the fly has a lot to do with the shape of your loop... a distance cast will require a perfect loop following a straight line path to the target while a fully loaded (indicator, split shot, nymph flies) heavy leader will call for a wider loop to reach the target.

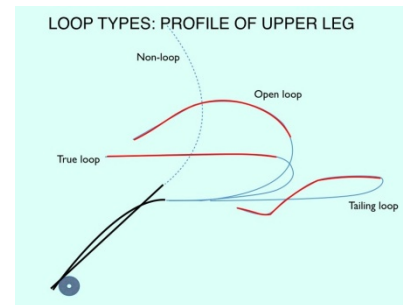
Several points to remember: **Loop...** The shape of the fly line as it travels through the air has two legs (upper and lower) connected by a front end. The loop is an indicator of all things happening in your cast. **Path...** The fly line follows the path of the rod tip. Good loops are formed with a straight line path (SLP) of the rod tip. **Smooth...** The cast from start is a progressive speed-up, smooth acceleration and then a brisk Stop.

Observations of Loop Shape: True (Good, Perfect) Loop... The True loop has a straight upper leg and distance between the upper and lower leg is 3 feet or less. A straight line path of the rod creates this tight loop. This loop is good for distance casting and delicate presentations.

Wide Loop: Rounded loops wider than 3 feet but still have legs parallel to one another. The rod tip travels in a doming (convex) path and is caused by not properly loading the rod, too much wrist or dropping the rod tip front and back. A common fix to a wide loop is smooth acceleration to a brisk stop and a pause long

enough for the loop to unroll. Being able to produce a wide loop is very helpful when fishing a weighted nymph rig by changing the path of the rod tip.

Tailing Loop: A very common and often the nemesis of the beginning and intermediate caster. The cause of the tailing loop is the rod tip dips down (concave) during the casting stroke causing the upper leg to drop below the bottom leg. Application of too much power, poor timing of acceleration, waiting too long, not waiting long enough for line to lay out. You will recognize the Tailing Loop by how long it takes to unravel the knots in the leader. A common fix is smooth acceleration and a good brisk stop in your casting stroke.



Next time you are out practicing look at your loop shape and try to create different loops by observing the upper and lower leg of your fly line all while trying to maintain a straight line path of the rod tip.

Fish Tales... Gary

If you have an interest in becoming a better fly caster you can also find several books on the subject in the chapter library. Just go to <http://www.hkynctu.org/library/> and look under the INSTRUCTIONAL category.

CHAPTER LIBRARY

We have created a Hickory Chapter library of fly fishing books. The listing is available on the Chapter website at <http://www.hkynctu.org/library/>. You will make your withdrawal request on the website and then pick up and return your books at the Chapter meetings. We will initially start with book donations from our members and if the activity warrants it we may purchase additional book. Susan Anderson has graciously agreed to serve as our Chapter Librarian. If you have any books that you would like to lend or donate to the library, please bring them to the chapter meeting. Please indicate in the book whether you are donating or loaning it to the library.

Having just come back from my first fly fishing trip to Yellowstone, I've seen the thrill and adventure of exploring new places. One book in our library is Fifty Places to Fish Before you Die by Chris Santella. The book gives you an in-depth look at fishing spots from Florida to Alaska and around the world. If you are putting together a bucket list, you might want to check out this book and plan your trips.

EAGLE ROCK CAMP

Eagle Rock Camp has two retreats scheduled for this fall. The first will be held at YMCA Camp Harrison in Boomer the week of October 21 and the second will be at YMCA Camp Weaver in Greensboro the week of November 11. We will need volunteers to teach fly fishing for both events, the first on Thursday, October 25 and the second on Wednesday, October 14. If you are able to help, please send an email to HkyNCTU@gmail.com.

CASTING CAROLINAS

FALL RETREAT. Casting Carolinas is now taking applications for our October 5-7 retreat at Lake Logan Center. Open to and entirely free for women surviving cancer in the Carolinas (with a few spots for those outside the region). Make initial application at:

www.castingcarolinas.com.

TOURNAMENT. Come Tie One On with us! October 27 in Cherokee. We're filling up fast! in Pro, Amateur and Alum Divisions

Register: <https://castingcarolinas.com/tournament/>

More info: Contact Tournament Director Josh Garriss: josh@castingcarolinas.com

VOLUNTEER. Volunteers are always needed and appreciated. To sign up to help with their programs: <https://castingcarolinas.com/community/volunteer/>

GRANDPARENTS TROUT FISHING DAY



In celebration of National Grandparents Day and State Parks' 2018 theme of Fishing Fun, we invite the senior anglers to bring out their grandkids and try trout fishing together. Have you ever wanted to try

fishing but don't want to invest in all the equipment? You can borrow ours! Meet a ranger down at the Riverwalk Trail behind the Old Rock Cafe to learn the basics of fishing and try your hand at pulling some trout out of the Rocky Broad River. All supplies will be provided. All ages welcome.

Date: Sunday, September 9, 2018 - 1:00pm to 2:00pm

Start Location: Old Rock Cafe

CHAPTER WEBSITE

Delayed harvest is still a couple months away, but there are plenty of wild trout streams available to fish this time of year. Check out <http://www.hkynctu.org/helpful-links/wild-trout-streams/> on our website for maps to the streams.

Our local TU representative Andy Brown is seeking volunteers to help identify fish passage barriers at stream and road intersections in the Wilson Creek Wild and Scenic River watershed that need to be replaced with fish friendly stream crossings. The intensity of this volunteer commitment is fairly high over the next few years but Andy promises that it will be well worth it. Check out <http://www.hkynctu.org/environment/> or the poster later in this newsletter to sign up. You can find more information about the Fish Passage Program at <http://www.hkynctu.org/environment/national-fish-passage-program/>. Please call or email Andy if interested: abrown@tu.org; (828) 674-106.

NEWSLETTER CONTRIBUTORS INVITED

I'm sure many of you will be taking trips to Montana, Alaska, or many other places this summer. Take some great photos, put some words to it and submit it to the newsletter. You're adventure may inspire others to start planning their own trip for next year. Send it to us at HkyNCTU@gmail.com for consideration of publication.

2018 FLY FISHING HALL OF FAME



Third Annual Museum Hall of Fame Induction Luncheon at The Old Almond School Gym on September 8th, 11:30 AM Meet and Greet, Lunch at Noon, Inductions at 1PM. For reservations contact For reservations call 828-488-3681. There is also an event the evening before where you can meet this year's Hall of Fame Inductees.



THE HICKORY CHAPTER NEEDS YOU

The revived Hickory Chapter has now been back in existence for almost three years. Many terms on the board of directors are retiring soon and we need new members to step up and help continue our programs to keep the chapter going. If you would like to help out as either an officer of volunteer, please contact

president Zan Thompson at HkyNCTUpres@gmail.com.

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Special thanks to David Hise for his support of our chapter.

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Hours:
 M-F 08:00 AM-06:00 PM
 Sat 09:00 AM-05:00 PM
 Sun Closed

Please mark your calendar to join us at Wilson Creek on Saturday, November 3 to celebrate the anniversary of the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act that has made the creek such a great asset for us. The event will include a morning of service events and an afternoon with food trucks, and events like fly tying, casting lessons, and more that are still in the planning stage. As the event develops we will be looking for volunteers to help us with the festivities, so please keep watching the newsletter, our Facebook page, and our website for how you can help us with the celebration. We also need to determine the attendance, so please visit our website at <https://www.facebook.com/nwctu/> and let us know on the event posting if you plan to attend.

CELEBRATE WILSON CREEK!

Join us at Wilson Creek for a FREE celebration of the
50th anniversary of the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act



Saturday, November 3, 2018

9am – 4pm

Wilson Creek Visitor’s Center

7805 Brown Mountain Beach Road, Collettsville, N.C.

<p style="text-align: center;">River Stewardship: 9am to Noon</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Knotweed control Trail work Trash removal 	<p style="text-align: center;">River Festival: Noon to 4pm</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Exhibitor Tables Fly-tying and fly-fishing workshops Live music and food vendors Speakers and presentations (3 pm)
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