Fishing Pole Pack & Paddle
Winter 2019

Greeting Fellow Paddlers,
I hope everyone had a great summer and are getting prepared for the holiday season and some cold weather. Well, it looks like we finally got some water to paddle on and a good shot of cold weather. Now would be a good time to check over your gear like flotation devices, boats, tents and campers and winterize or purge out the old stuff. We will have an auction at the winter meeting for any old (not totally broken down) or new gear. The proceeds will benefit needy people this holiday season. Bob and Jennie Peck usually help someone out during the holidays, and we can contribute too.

The Winter Meeting is Saturday, December 7 @ 11:00 at the Slate River Property, Route 652, Arvonia, VA. Camping is available Friday – Sunday that weekend and bring your friends and family. If you need directions give me a call.

As for me and my sidekick Bear, we have been helping to clean up a sweet little creek next to my house. It has a nice hiking trail and I hope to float it after removal of some of the debris. Please remember to pay your dues to the Chapter Treasurer. Refer to the website for their individual e-mail addresses if you have questions.

Looking forward to seeing you all on the river and have a great holiday season. Call me anytime. (804) 244-6853.
Happy Stroking, Rock
Dear Mr. Tanger,

My husband, former Governor Gerald L. Baliles, has asked me to write to you to express his appreciation for being named the 2019 River Conservationist of the Year. The beautiful "Randy Carter Memorial Award of the Float Fishermen of Virginia" bronze sculpture was presented to Governor Baliles at a special gathering of our immediate family on Sunday afternoon.

My husband, a fisherman who loves the beauty and bounty of all of Virginia’s rivers and streams is touched and honored to receive the award. Our children, Laura and Jonathan Baliles, recall with great fondness the float fishing trips taken with their father years ago.

As you may know, Governor Baliles felt strongly that all of Virginia’s natural resources should be preserved and protected for future generations. He established the first cabinet level position, Secretary of Natural Resources, to ensure that oversight and conservation of Virginia’s lands, forests, rivers and streams would be a priority in future administrations.

Governor Baliles and our family wish to express our thanks to you and to your organization for this award and this honor. We have placed the sculpture in a prominent location in Governor Baliles’ study where, in his declining days, he can admire this beautiful work of art that reflects the outdoor resources of the Commonwealth. We will appreciate its beauty and significance in the days ahead.

Sincerely,

Robin D. Baliles
Governor Gerry Baliles died on October 29, 2019, at home surrounded by his family. He was 79.

Some excerpts from his obituary include:

“...he became known for his expertise in environmental law.”

“In 1995 he authored a book, “Preserving the Chesapeake Bay.”

“Whenever possible, he would include a fishing trip in the schedule, including leaving his office on some days to fish in the James River.”
I understand that everyone had a good time at the labor day get together.

Gennie Peck has been really dedicated for a long time as our secretary. Thank you Gennie for giving so much of your time.

We are looking for someone to volunteer as our new secretary. Please let Rock know if you are interested.

I have added a “Blast from the Past” and would love to get more stories to share. Please send them to houghtonvera@gmail.com.

WINTER EVENTS
Winter Meeting: Saturday 12/7/19
Location: Slate River Property
Meeting Starts at 11:00am

Fruit Cake Float– January 1, 2020
Contact Konrad Zeller
Details TBD
Snake Charmer

Some years ago, maybe thirty of them, a strange yet wonderful spring day will forever be burnt into my memory bank. Some lads and I took the opportunity to paddle the Appomattox River’s Matoaca section in a good solid flow for a warming early spring melt day. All manner of creatures and critters seemed to be active as if to be just getting into the “spring” of things. John Burton, Rick Mattox, Tyler “Rock” Willoughby and myself were all anticipating an exciting run through the rapids above Petersburg. Sometimes, “exciting” CAN take on other less anticipated forms, to wit:

As scout boat, I led us through the first good rapid, “Jug Handle” watching for obstructions. Whistling him through, I heard my buddy John yell, “snake in the water!” Oddly the first thing that came to mind was, “what a strange cheer to yell after dropping through a good ledge and hole.” Usually it was more like, “Yee-Haa”! or “Hell Yea”! or “Woo-Hoo”! or ‘bout anything other “Snake in the water”. So, When I turned to ask John what he meant I saw him pointing copiously and intently with his kayak paddle at a large brownish serpent which had just slithered across the bow of HIS kayak heading directly towards my boat. ME! It appeared to be quite obvious that said serpent expected passage on my vessel. Now understand, my canoe was 13 feet long and this brownish, blackish, bad boy was definitely more than half the length of my boat, which made passage on MY craft a big fat NO!! As the triangular headed species, never seen before by this writer, put his head up and over the gunwale onto my bow air bag, I politely and gently redirected him with my canoe paddle back into the water. Oddly, before I could even get one stroke in to get away, there he was again… except that about sixteen inches more of him had managed to follow said triangular head onto my boat!
A Blast from the Past! Continued.

GENTLE LEFT THE AREA. This time my paddle was more of a “sand wedge” as it lofted our buddy back into the water, post haste. Most resilient, our guy, with maadd determination, decided to strike the canoe…Bang! Then another…Bang!…only this time tangling his teeth in the fibers of my bow line. Next was bang, baaang, bang bang bang. By then he was under my canoe and as I paddled frantically I saw that he escaped to a rock. Our “Lunch Spot” was just a hundred or so yards downstream where I stopped, followed by John. We said nothing as we both downed a beer in quite bewilderment. Rick showed soon after asking quietly, “just what in the world was up with the snake?” All I could really do was make hand gestures and odd facial expressions basically kind of in a state of shock. Finally Rock showed up asking loudly, “HEY TONESTER, WHAT DID YOU SAY TO THAT SNAKE TO PISS HIM OFF LIKE THAT?!? We came completely undone laughing to almost tears…NOT believing what the four of us just saw!! Having told that story at least a hundred times…I can say honestly absolutely no embellishment was used. We still really do not know the species of the snake- three witnesses… Heck, you can’t make this stuff up!
Pictures of the Slate and FFV fun
Courtesy of Tyler Willoughby

Reflections of a great fall day

Seeing is believing

Happy paddling even if she doesn’t want to!
The opinions expressed in FPP&P are those of the author’s and not necessarily those of FFV or its members. The editor is responsible for editing the content of the newsletter and its construction. Members are responsible for providing content. Please send submissions to the editor via email attachment. The following formats are preferred: Word, RFT, and/or JPEG. The newsletter goes out quarterly: Feb 1, May 1, August 1, Nov 1. All Submissions MUST be received by the 15th of the preceding month.

If you receive this newsletter via US Mail, we do not have a current email address for you. Contact your local treasurer or the Membership Chair to update your information.

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