Dear Barbara,

Fish stories which are true
Your Uncle Ben Kelous and I were
Fishing in a boat in Uncle Ben Bond,
we were having some luck on the bass
and all of a sudden your uncle Kelous
had a strike which developed some hard
run and pulls. I happen to have my
movie camera and took pictures of
the water boils. When he was able
to get the fish in close enough
which we saw it was two fish on the
same line and I got the picture
of the landing the fish.
I get a thrill showing this picture
to our friends.

Homer Whelchel
1960

Barbara - you can write these events
and put them in the proper form and if to long
you can cut out lots of words.
This is the fishing events that come to
mind right-know.

Graddaddy 74
(2nd) Story

It was our custom to make a trip down from Chattanooga Term to Cordell Hull on Lake Blockshear at Cedar Creek for the annual reunion.

I had learned the art of fly fishing and I had brought my fly rod along. Bert Kilons and I were talking about fishing so I said I liked fly fishing and they had not seen any fish that way. They wanted me to demonstrate the casting skill. I rig up my rod and placed a large bass white poppin bug on a seven foot leader. We got in the boat and got out on the open water and I began to let out line and when I had out about forty or fifty feet I layed down the fly. I let the fly stay still for a few seconds and then I twitched the end of the rod and the fly moved. At that time a great splash erupted and my relatives were good to get the hook. I knew I had to play the fish so that he would not break my line. So I let him have line till he would take up line. This went on seem like hours and my boss was giving encouragement not to loose
that fish. The fish jumped trying to throw out the fly but I kept a tight line and hung in. We did not put a dip net in the boat so I knew I had to worry the fish down so we could dip him up with our hands. After he stopped the run we instructed Ben to dip him in the boat so I lead him by the side of the boat. When I got him close enough we could see him in the water he looked like he was three feet long but as he came closer we noticed there was a bass about the same size following this through the water. The second fish disappeared when we started to land this fish. I brought the fish along side of the boat and Ben dipped him in the boat with his hands. This was a perfect demonstration of fly fishing and from then on fly fishing became very popular on Lake Blackshear Lake.

Homer Wetherell

P.S. This fish weighed over 3 lbs.
On another trip to Cedar Creek from Chattanooga, you and Uncle Kelso and my two brothers, Bill and Ken, rented a tent from Diamond Lake and went in a tent line up Cedar Creek. We caught a few small bass, and we decided to split the catch. We hauled the fish to the tent and cleaned them. We then strung them up on a line and put them in a crate. The next morning we went up to see the line and when we felt of the line it began to pull real hard so we knew we had something big on the line, as we got closer the line was tangled with a log, and we could see the bass floundering on the water and we were scared that he would get off, but we finally got the line loose from the log, we did not have a landing net so we had to Calhe him in the mouth and pull him on the boat. There was some excitement trying to land this 10 lb. bass. I carried this fish to Tennessee and had it mounted and is now in the mantle in the cabin on Cedar Creek.

Homer Whelchel