

WIND KNOTS

NOVEMBER 1989

NOVEMBER MEETING

Date: November 28, 1989
Place: The Apollo Room
Travelodge Tower
2828 Southwest Fwy.
(Kirby Exit)
Time: 7:00 p.m.
Fit To Be Tyed:
The Rizz-Borg Ant

Main Program: Our outings chairman, Bev Edwards, will present the wheres and hows of smallmouth bass fishing in the Ozarks.

OCTOBER MEETING

Texas Parks & Wildlife Dept. fisheries biologist and self-described fly fishing fanatic Jim Dailey put on a rip-snorter of a program at the October meeting.

The topic was saltwater flats fishing for redfish and speckled trout. There was discussion of tackle and fly selection, but most important, Jim shared with us his years of experience *finding fish*. He showed, with excellent aerial photography, where to look for reds and trout during various tidal conditions and, with eye-level photos, signs on the water that say, "Fish here!"

The weekend after his presentation, Jim proved he knows what he's talking about by winning the GCCA Fly Fishing Tournament (see page 4).

IT'S AUCTION TIME

Mark your calendars: February 17th (that's a Saturday), from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. at the Bavarian Gardens. This is our big fund raising effort for the year, and just as important, it's a fun way participate in a club activity, buy things you need or just want, and have a great time.

To make this year's event a success we need two things: volunteers and donations. There are nine different committees that need help. Call auction chairman Lee Pinion (953-9999 days, 780-3381 evenings) to volunteer. We also need donations of all sorts of merchandise. If you can tie flies, hit the bench. If you have tackle you don't use, get it out, clean it up and take it to Orvis or Angler's Edge, the drop-off points for auction merchandise. Same goes for art work, outdoor books and anything else you'd like to donate. Have a private fishin' hole, bay house, hunting lease? Donate a trip to same.

To make this auction the best one yet we need your participation three ways: as a donor, a volunteer and a buyer. Do it. It'll be fun.

TYING CLASSES

We're rich! We've got more great tying classes scheduled for the coming year than you can imagine.

There are still a few openings in the Beginning Fly Tying Class. Learn the basics from the

club's best tyers. To sign up, call Ed Rizzolo at 643-5775 (office) or 997-2789 (home). (Note: There was a typo in Ed's office number in last month's issue. This one is correct).

Ed is also hosting a series of fly tying workshops at Angler's Edge. The last one of 1989 will be Thursday, Nov. 30 from 6:30 p.m. to 8:30. The topic will be bucktails, streamers and wet flies. These workshops are hands-on tying sessions. Bring equipment and materials and come prepared to tie. Ed suggests you work on a few patterns in advance, then get help and advice at the session. Beginning in the new year, the workshops will be held on the second and last Thursdays of each month.

Intermediate Classes will begin in April and will be held every third Thursday of the month. More details later.

In this issue...

- Ken Jacoby's fishing news
- Bev Edwards on the Llano River
- John Hannah reviews *Back Then*
- Herb Penning gives thanks
- Tournament news
- Capt. Corey shuns mail order
- Eliot Tucker's sweaty, salty passions
- Norm Crook: first look at the Rizz-Borg Ant
- And more!

FISHING NEWS

by Ken Jacoby

Charlie Weems is a sophisticated fly fisher whose travels have taken him salmon fishing in Norway, so when the bream at Fayette County Lake suddenly developed lockjaw on an October trip, he turned to a large, gold Comet wet fly that would seem to be more suited to the Vossa than to a power plant lake west of Houston. Charlie's partner, Walter Jensen, shook his head and refused to change from the Jensen Sinking Spider pattern that had worked so well all year.

"You won't catch any bream on that thing, Charlie," said Walter.

The sensible Mr. Jensen was, as usual, absolutely correct. No bream hit the gaudy fly. However, two upwardly mobile bass, the bigger one a husky 18-incher interested in improving her social standing, grabbed the salmon fly and put a deep bend in Charlie's seven-weight rod.

...

Bill and Jackie Runyan enjoyed a wonderful fall trip to Elktrout Lodge, near Kremmling, in Colorado's working ranch country. They enjoyed the superb facilities and the six miles of private water on the Colorado and Blue Rivers.

Using his one-weight rod, Bill carefully stalked, hooked, landed and released two 20-inch rainbows from one short stretch of the Colorado on a size 20 grey midge. The fact that the far bend in the river was held in place by old junk car bodies did not diminish the experience. Bill says his biggest thrill of the trip was watching Jackie catch more large trout than she ever thought possible.

...

Ted Houghton, warm in his hunting coat, watched an orange

moon go down and a gold sun come up over the rolling hills of his deer lease. By 9:00 a.m. he had seen eight doe, one fawn and one four-point buck, but since deer season was still several weeks away, his equipment that morning included a Hardy Smuggler fly rod instead of a Winchester rifle.

The Baron of Brookshire then completed a dandy morning by catching six bass and 14 bream from a stock tank.

...

Corey Rich and Ray Boazman spent two terrific days at Port Mansfield during which they saw hundreds of reds. Ray is from San Antonio and has the zeal of a recent convert, having been infected by fly fishing fever not long ago. They both scored well on good fish to 28". Our editor was field testing a shrimp pattern tied by Mark Hollier similar to the Brooks Shrimp. Mark's flies passed the test with honors.

Call your fishing news to Ken Jacoby at (409) 273-2991 (home) or (713) 873-6210 (office).

OUTINGS

by Bev Edwards

The Texas Hill Country starts to feel the chill of fall in October. The summer tourists are gone and the deer hunters have not yet arrived. It is a quiet time to fly fish in the clear, cold spring-fed streams that run over the limestone cobbles. The spring water bubbles up out of the Edwards Aquifer at a steady rate, even after a dry summer. The deer and wild turkey are not as shy as they are in November when the weekend warriors are stalking them.

The South Llano River is as fine a stream as any in the Hill Country. Fortunately it is protected in the Walter Buck Wildlife Management Area by the

Texas Parks & Wildlife Department. It runs through this park for several miles near the town of Junction. We saw dozens of white-tailed deer come out of the woods at sundown into one meadow next to the river. A big gobbler flew right over me as I was wading the river, fly casting.

We had a nice turnout for our outing to the Llano. Charles McCann, Herb Holchak, John Dalnoky, John and Jill Cooper, Ed James, Darrell Hill, Ron Poppe and I all made the six hour journey west on I-10 to Junction. The river was in perfect condition for fishing, with absolutely clear water. We cast popper bugs along the overhanging brush along the river bank to take some nice yellow sunfish. The deep green pools were full of Guadalupe bass. A weighted olive wooly bugger twitched along the bottom of the pools was the answer for the bass. A sudden jolt from a strike in deep water erupted into a jumping bass, tail-walking across the pool.

Some of us went about twelve miles up river from the park on Sunday, the second day of the outing, and found some new stretches of river to fish. This is near the tiny town of Telegraph. The river was easy to wade here, with some nice tumbling riffles linking a series of pools. Everyone managed to catch a few fish for a great weekend.

IF YOU HAVE MOVED...

...chances are you didn't get this issue of Wind Knots in the mail. Please help us keep up with you by calling Frank Schleicher, keeper of the roster, at 520-1311 (office) or 661-0299 (home) with your new address and phone number.

BOOKS



by John T. Hannah

Back Then, Willow Creek Press, Wautoma, Wisconsin

When former manager of Orvis Houston Bryan Bilinski moved to Wisconsin he joined the Willow Creek Press. He recently sent us a copy of this book, which I will see is entered in the club auction in February. I don't suppose Bryan would mind if you decide to buy a copy before then.

Back Then is a collection of photos and articles about hunting and fishing in the more prolific days of those sports in America, between 1870 and 1940. Material for the book was gathered from museums around the country as well as from the Library of Congress. It covers all kinds of game pursuits, from frogs to foxes.

Although photography has made great strides since the period covered (and I'm glad to say that outdoor writing has, too) this is nevertheless a handsome book. The pictures show how very rugged field sports could be in the last century, and faces in the photographs reveal characters who might intimidate a redneck. I would not have wanted to go out in the woods with some of those heavily armed people.

Humor abounds in the photos, in the posed scenes at the camp sites, in the record of a wrest-

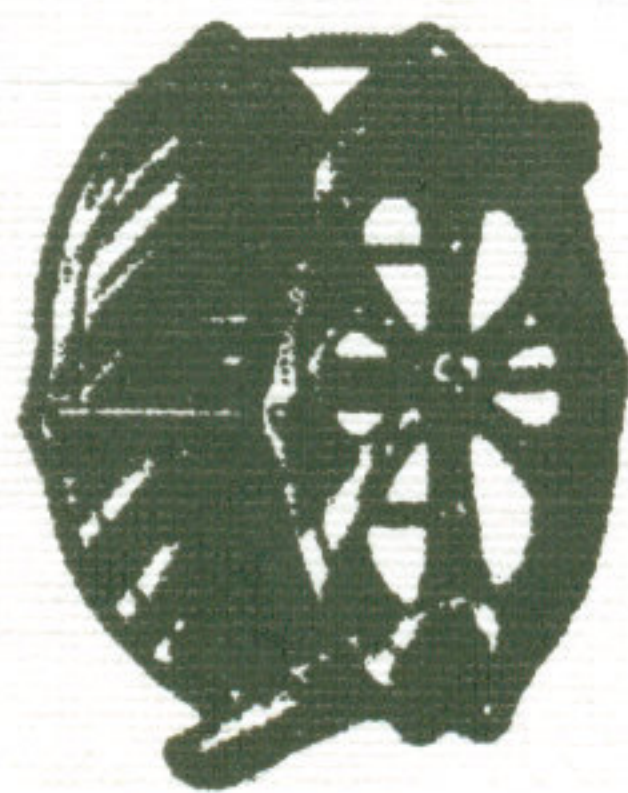
ling match with a moose, in the picture of a huge lady marksman shooting a target from the fingers of her (henpecked?) husband.

Most evident in this book is the rapacity of the sportsmen; restraint wasn't in their vocabulary. One photo shows more than a hundred wildfowl displayed on the side of a Pullman car; in another a similar number of trout grace the back end of a Model-T. A story tells of a hunter who mounts a 150-pound shotgun in his boat. He sneaks up on some ducks and the boat recoils "back a long way through the water" as he massacres seventy-five of them with one shot.

If hunting and fishing is not as violent today as it once was, neither is our prose. Witness the rich invective in this 1877 letter to *The Chicago Field*: the writer describes another writer's "egotistical record of personal prowess" and "his anxiety to impress upon the public his own abilities as a bird butcher...making himself ridiculous." We just don't get that quality of verbal abuse in our sporting publications any more.

Among the fishing stories is a splendid, barely credible muskellunge adventure. Elsewhere in the text is General Custer's wonderful, unabashed account of how he shot his horse out from under himself on a buffalo hunt.

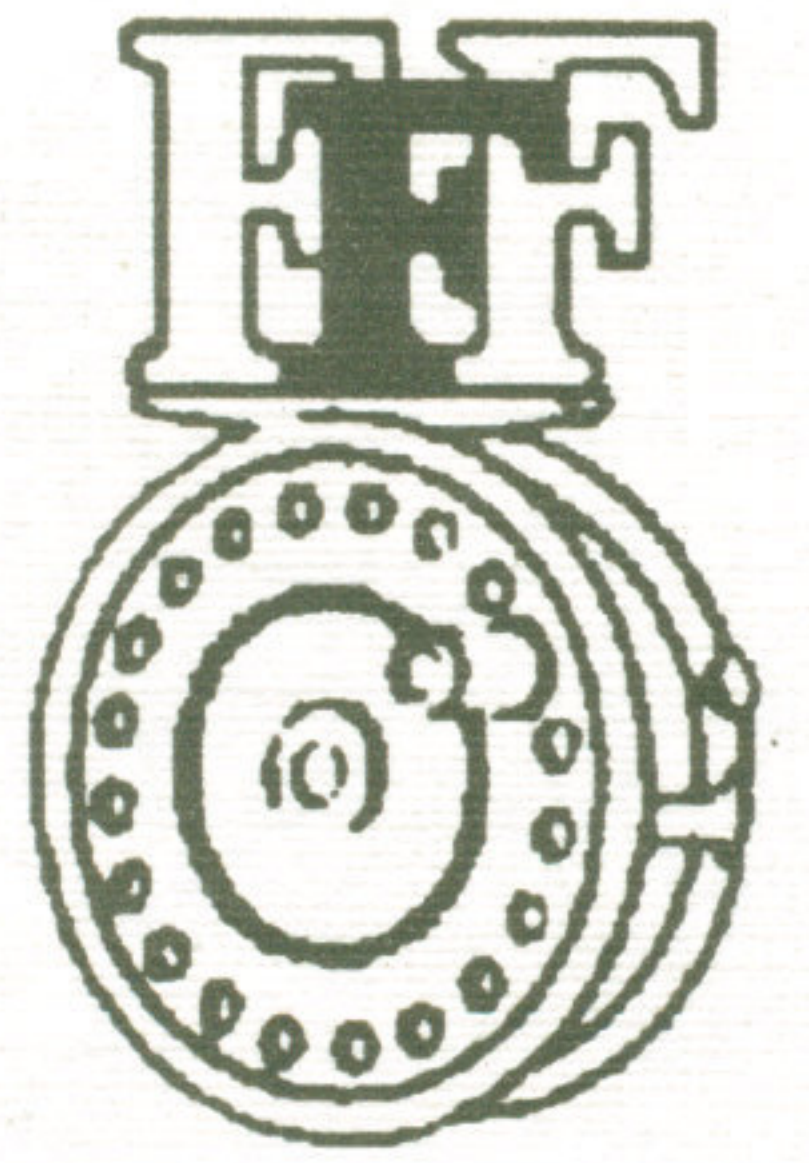
A couple of minor complaints: There is no credit given to the person or persons who put the book together. Did Bryan have a part in it? Further, on most of the pages there's a disconcerting absence of connection between the text and the photos. I suppose this is part of the "loving imprecision" mentioned in the introduction.



THE FEDERATION

by Herb Penning

This is the time of year when we pause during our hectic lives to give thanks for the successes we've had.



Perhaps this year we should offer thanks to those who give of themselves in the pursuit of conservation efforts. This would certainly include the leadership of the Federation of Fly Fishers.

Without this national organization, there would certainly be less pressure exerted on behalf of conservation. We would not have as many catch and release areas, protected waters and streams rescued from developers. There would be fewer polluted streams cleaned. There would be less awareness among citizenry, regulators and legislators.

We need to give thanks for all those involved in organizing local and national events that fund the Federation's activities, events at which we can rub shoulders with well-respected experts in all aspects of our sport. These folks are giving their time and energy not only to fly fishing but active conservation as well.

Let's give thanks for, and to, these dedicated sports-people for their efforts on behalf of all of us. One nice way to give thanks is to join the Federation. Another, if you're already a member, is to send an extra donation.

NO MEETING IN DECEMBER

There will be no club meeting in December. Happy holidays to all!

DEAVER AND DAILEY TAKE TOP HONORS IN TOURNAMENT

Temp Deaver, with an assist from Texas Parks & Wildlife fisheries biologist Jim Dailey, showed everyone how it's done during the first annual (we hope) GCCA Catch and Release Fly Fishing Tournament, held in Port O'Connor the weekend of October 27-28. Temp and Jim caught and released about two dozen speckled trout with a combined length of over 300 inches to take top honors overall and top honors in the trout division. Rumor has it most of their fish fell for a Clouser Minnow, a sparse, weighted streamer pattern.

Gordon Scarborough and Corey Rich teamed up to take the most inches of redbird (195") and second place overall. The reds found shrimp patterns to their liking. Father and son team of Walter Fondren, III, and Rob Fondren took second place honors in total inches of redbird; Mark Hollier and Roger Rowe were second in total inches of trout.

Mike Barbee caught the largest redbird, a beautiful 28-incher, on a weighted red Sea-ducer. Chris Griffith of Uvalde, who had the prettiest partner (his wife Martha), took the biggest speckled trout, a 23-incher.

Conditions were beautiful both Saturday and Sunday. Curiously, most of the fish were caught Saturday, though both the big red and big trout were taken Sunday.

The GCCA, and especially Walter and Fran Fondren, who hosted the festivities in Port O'Connor, and Don Perkins, who did most of the organizing, made the event terrific for all who took part.

TFFers ENJOY WORLD CLASS FRIED CATFISH AND FRIENDLY COMPETITION

About 35 club members gathered on the southern fringes of Conroe for distance and accuracy casting competition and the best fried catfish in the world on Sunday, November 5th.

Jim and Midge Sims, who've hosted many such affairs for their students and friends at Rice, demonstrated top form at the fish cooker. The catfish were supplemented by tasty rations of hush puppies, red potatoes, cold slaw and malt or other carbonated beverages.

Angler's Edge's Jon Wallace organized and ran the casting competitions. After a modest altercation over equipment and course layout in the distance event (Jon had brought a shooting head which only he knew how to cast, and had set the field facing into the wind) the competition got underway. In distance casting, men's division, Bob Hill took first place, followed by Mark Hollier and John Scarborough. Amy Wallace won the women's division, followed by Tianne Breitenfeldt and Nesta Mayo.

In the accuracy event there was a four-way tie for first in the men's division: Anno Breitenfeldt, Herb Holchak, John Scarborough and Charles Thaneiser each put the fly into two of the four target rings. There was a two-way tie among the women, with Jean Davis and Nesta Mayo in the lead. There would have been playoffs in each division, but the catfish was ready, so everyone abandoned rods in favor of forks. There may also have been a thunderstorm that dampened enthusiasm for holding long sticks of electroconductive graphite, but mostly it was the catfish.

CLASSIFIED

For Sale: G. Loomis IM6 9' for 6 wt., excellent condition - \$125. Orvis Western 8'9" for 7 wt., Struble salt-water reel seat, fighting butt, Fuji stripping guides, excellent condition - \$175. Call Charles McCann, (713) 465-8054.

Orvis rods: 8½' 5 wt. used 4 times; new 9' 6 wt. and 9'3" 8 wt.; 8'9" 7 wt. used twice, \$185-\$200 each. Orvis boron 9' 9 wt., \$205. Scott 10' 6 wt. used twice, \$235. Custom HMG Fenwick 9' 10 wt. w/Powell seat, \$115. Kikk Boat w/all accessories, electric pump, motor mount, used once, \$300. Call Miles Cooper, (512) 884-4007 (days) or (512) 993-4723 (evenings).

Beautiful Atlantic Salmon Flies for Christmas. Lapel pins, \$25; framed or in a glass dome, \$40. Call Judy Lehmborg, (409) 258-8505.

Send classified ads to Wind Knots, 4801 Woodway, Suite 350W, Houston, TX 77056 or FAX to 960-0221

WIND KNOTS WANTS INFO

If you'd like to share information on good fishing spots (especially those close to home), guides who cater to fly fishers, or anything else that may be of interest to fellow club members, let us know. Also, if you'd like to do a "how-to" or "tips" article, let us hear from you. Call editor Corey Rich at 960-1614 (office), or mail or FAX your offering to Wind Knots. (See address and FAX number above in the Classified section).

CAPT. COREY'S COMMENTS



by Corey Rich

I love mail order catalogues, especially those selling gear for outdoor sports. My bedside table is piled high with them. So is the back of the commode and my office credenza. Whenever I have a few spare minutes I open up a wish book. Sometimes I order stuff. It's great fun to call an 800 number any time, day or night, tell someone far away what I want, then wait expectantly for it to arrive. Ah, the anticipation.

But very seldom do I buy fly fishing gear that way.

Houston is blessed with two terrific fly fishing shops, Angler's Edge and Orvis (in alphabetical order). I want to see them both prosper. Sure, I might be able to save a couple of pennies or a couple of bucks ordering from a catalogue. But if all of us bought our gear from L. L. Bean, Cabela's or any of a number of mail order houses, we might lose a local treasure.

Orvis's Dave Hayward taught me the basics of fly casting at a GCCA barbecue several years back, and that got me into all this. Brooks Bouldin has helped me polish my act, though it's tough to polish something so ragged. Both have been good

friends as well as mentors, which is more than I can say for Leon L. or Mr. Cabela.

More to the point, I can go to the store, touch the goodies, feel them, try them out, ask questions, dream. I can also swap stories (all true) with friends I inevitably meet there, tell lies (when necessary), and perhaps learn to tie a new pattern. And I can take stuff back if it doesn't please me. Yes, I know, you can do that with the mail order outfits, too, but what a hassle it is, packing it up, shipping it off, without the pleasure of a little one-on-one bitching.

As the gift giving (and getting) season approaches, think about how much you enjoy spending a few minutes at Angler's Edge and Orvis. Go ahead and buy your mother-in-law the snow shoes from L. L. Bean, and buy a nice assortment of spinner baits and plastic worms for your bass fishing buddies at Bass Pro Shoppes. But when it's time to look for that six weight for your son, your daughter or your wife, ask Brooks or Dave to help you pick it out.

. . .

Capt. Corey's Guide Service

By popular demand (I hope), I'm starting a guide service in Port O'Connor for fly fishers, specializing in sight casting to redfish in skinny water, chasing tarpon and big jacks in season, and catching speckled trout when all else fails. I am fully licensed by the U.S. Coast Guard and the Texas Parks & Wildlife Dept. If you'd like to book a trip or want more information, call me (in Houston) at 960-1614 (days) or 496-3660 (evenings).

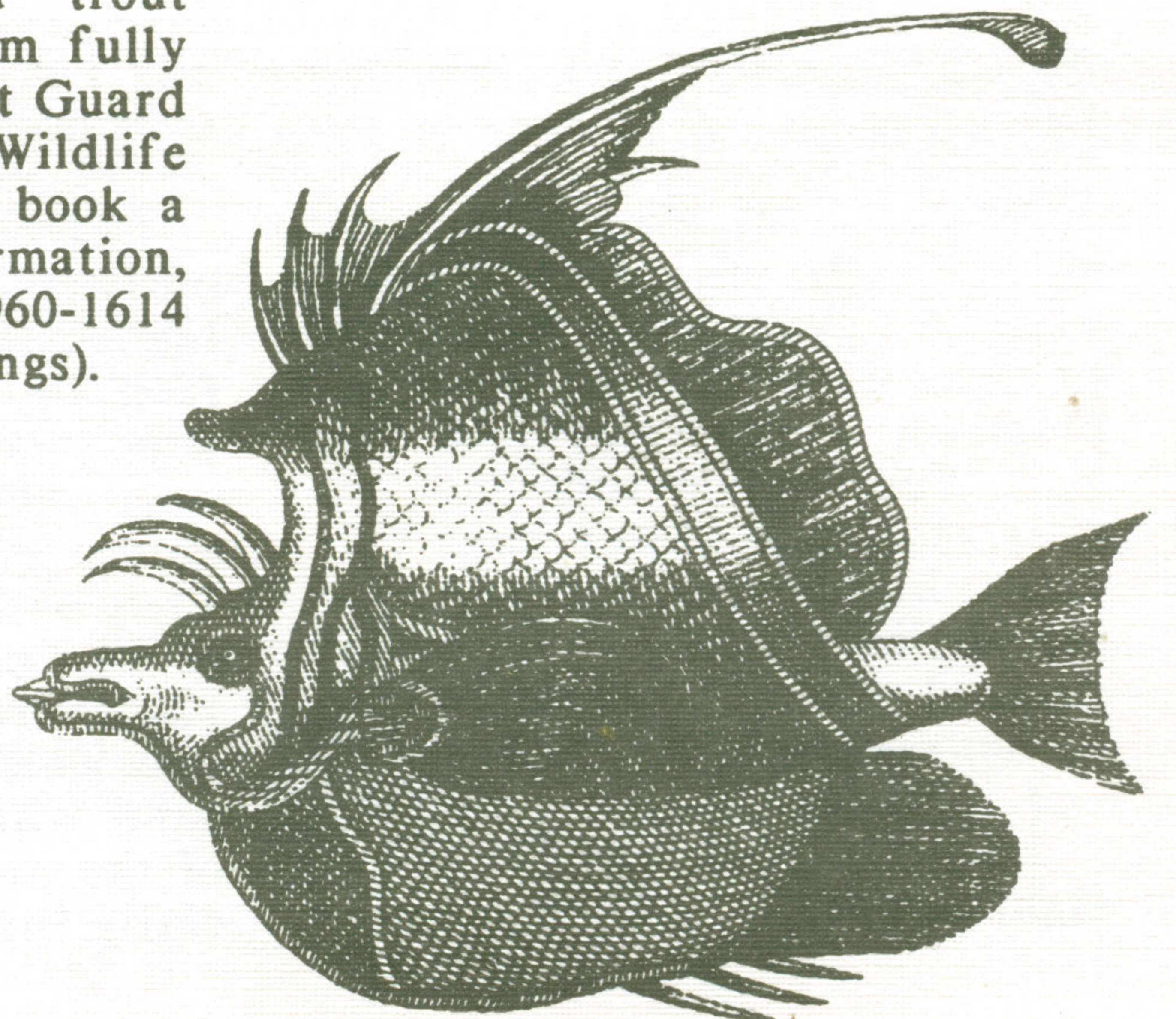
TEXAS CONCLAVE

The 1990 Texas Conclave will be held in San Antonio in March, hosted by the Alamo Flyfishers. Dates are March 9-11. Location: the Radisson Hotel, 611 N.W. Loop 410.

There will be casting and tying contests, demonstrations, speakers and lots of other things to entertain you. Scheduled heavyweights include Jack Dennis, Chico Fernandez, Jimmy Nix, Joe Robinson and Dave Whitlock.

There will be a special competition for Texas fly tyers in advance of the Conclave. The 16 semifinalists will then compete at the Conclave in San Antonio, as well as having the chance to mingle there with famous fly fishers and attend the Taco and Beer Party free.

To enter, you must submit entries to the Alamo Fly Fishers not later than January 15th. There is a fairly lengthy list of rules included with the contest application form. If you're interested in participating, call Corey Rich, 960-1614 (days) for a copy of the entry form and information sheet.



ON THE SALTY SIDE



by *Eliot Tucker*

Why Saltwater?

Why am I drawn to saltwater? What is it about saltwater and saltwater fly fishing that I find so alluring? Although I enjoy fresh water fly fishing, I have no passion for it. With saltwater fly fishing, it is different. I think about it daily. I dream about it. When I am actually fishing, I concentrate hard and savor every moment.

I think the principal reason I am so drawn to saltwater is the toughness and harshness of the environment and the strength and force of saltwater creatures. The harshness of saltwater challenges me. Just as high school football was a thrill because it was hard, frightening, yet something I could do, saltwater and saltwater fishing is demanding. Saltwater is never soft, and it is often overwhelming with its ferocious winds, the teeth of its sharks and the barbs of its rays. Yet, it is accessible. It demands care, but it does not preclude you.

In our lives we practice exquisite restraint. We curb our emotions. We choose our words. In fresh water fishing, there is a premium on delicacy and finesse. Four-weight rods and tiny flies require that you take care not to hurt them. Nine- to thirteen-weight rods and 5/0 hooks demand that you take care they do not maim you.

I am too adult and too old to fight any more, but as a kid, I

loved it. I wanted to hit and be hit. I want my fishing to be hard and tough and require power, not polite presentations. I love it when my fishing is just this side and sometimes on the other side of violent.

And it can be. When a barracuda accelerates from dead still to an invisible streak, when a tarpon propels its hundred-pound body into a muscle-flexing double flip six feet above the aqua green azure marine bounteous blue water of the Keys, the violence, and paradoxically, the beauty of it sends my adrenalin into a power blast. It sends me to a personal edge.

Sweat, gasping breath, heightened sensation, the most intense concentration, fear of losing the fish, exhilaration at having the fish, all converge and grip me for a few precious moments.

I have been know to shed a tiny tear of joy when releasing a particularly tough tarpon -- because I have been privileged to share briefly the world of such a creature. That is why I am drawn to saltwater.

LEGEND OUTFITTERS TO OPEN

Dan Edwards, one of the founding members of the club many years ago, reports that Legend Outfitters is tentatively scheduled to open the first week in December in the Saks Fifth Avenue Pavilion in Houston's Galleria area.

Legend will provide complete outfitting for hunting and fishing worldwide. They will be the first in Houston to carry Fenwick's new Iron Feather line of rods. The initial shipment includes sticks from 3- to 10-wt. They will also carry the full line of G. Loomis rods, J. Kennedy Fisher travel rods and REC custom women's rods. In fact, Legend will have a special section of the store with gear sized especially for women.

During the opening week, saltwater guide and speckled trout world record holder Chuck Skates, and top Montana guide and Chris Nelson will be in the store to discuss their specialties.

TYING TIP

by *Mitch Whitney*

To protect the hackle skirt on a bass bug as you cut and trim the deer hair, tie off the thread just in front of the hackle skirt and trim the thread. Hold the fibers of the hackle skirt back along the hook shank and start wrapping 6/0 white thread around the skirt semi-tightly. After making six or seven turns of thread, whip finish and trim the thread, leaving the ends long. After you finish tying and trimming the deer hair, carefully reach in with the edge of a double edge razor blade and nick the thread around the skirt. The wraps can then be removed with a bodkin or scissors and the hackle skirt will spread back out.

FLYING FEATHER FACTORIES

Duck and goose season is upon us. Those of us who are both waterfowl hunters and fly tyers don't need to be reminded. If you hunt but don't roll your own flies, ask your fly-tying buddies if they'd like some feathers from your ducks and geese. (Ask them what kind they want. Not every feather is a prize). If you tie but don't hunt, be sure to place your order with one of your buddies who does hunt. And be sure to offer him a few of the flies you've made with the feathers he brought you.



Fit To Be Tied

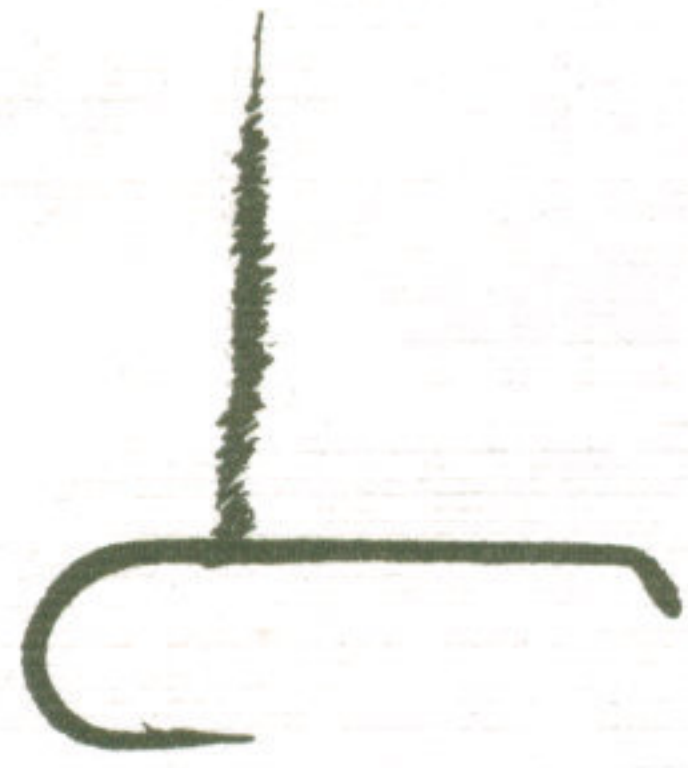


THE RIZZ-BORG ANT

Today's critter was the result of our own Ed Rizzolo, M.D., watching Gary Berger at the Southern Conclave tie his emerging nymph with a ball of dubbed fur atop the hook for a thorax. Dr. Ed reasoned that if one fur ball (watch out, cat lovers) would float an emerging nymph, why wouldn't two fur or polypropylene balls float an ant. The reasoning went further. The current practice of hackling an ant left much to be desired. Why not tie in the hackle ahead of the thorax, then around the abdomen. In other words, use the thorax and abdomen as pylons and fly figure 8's around them with the hackle. You end up with a parachute ant that appears willing to land flat on the water with legs kicking. Ed asked me to tie up a few to see what I thought. I think it's a great concept.

Here, you try it. You'll need Mustad 94840 or Tiemco 100 hooks in sizes 16 or 18, 6/0 or 8/0 black tying thread, black fur or fine poly dubbing and grizzly hackle. Cinnamon brown can be substituted for the black colors. You can also tie it down to size 22 if you're so inclined.

Norm "Lack O'Hackle" Crook



Attach thread immediately behind hook eye and wind back to a point just forward of the hook point. Dub the thread tightly counterclockwise, then slide the dubbing down the thread to form a ball on top of the hook. Bring the ball toward you slightly.

Take two turns of thread around the hook shank, then 3 or 4 turns around the base of the ball, creating the abdomen.



Wind the thread forward to a point midway between the thorax and the base of the hook eye.



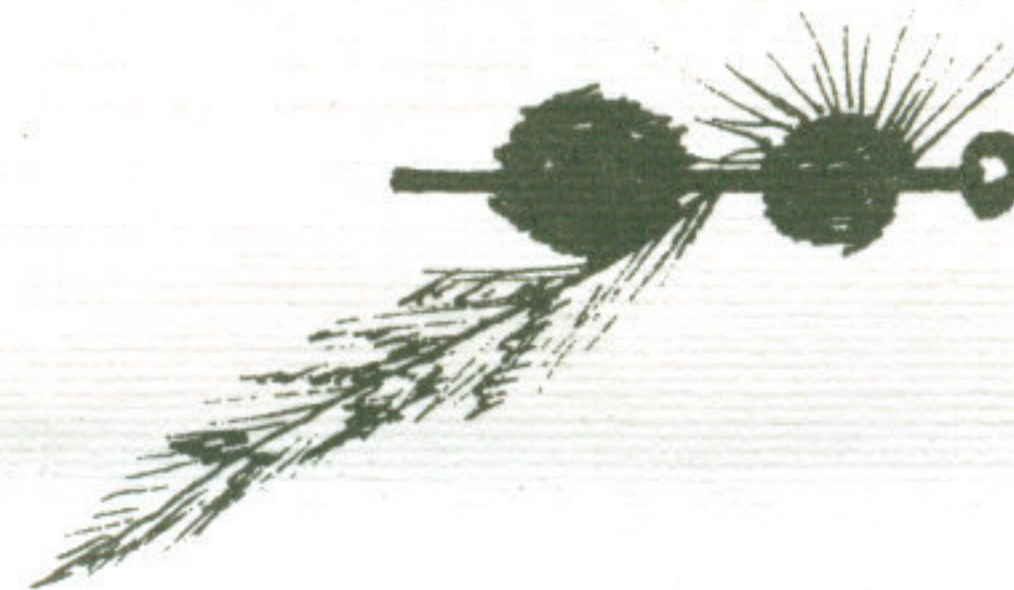
Dub on a slightly smaller amount of fur than when you built the abdomen. Slide the tightly dubbed fur down the thread to form a ball for the thorax.



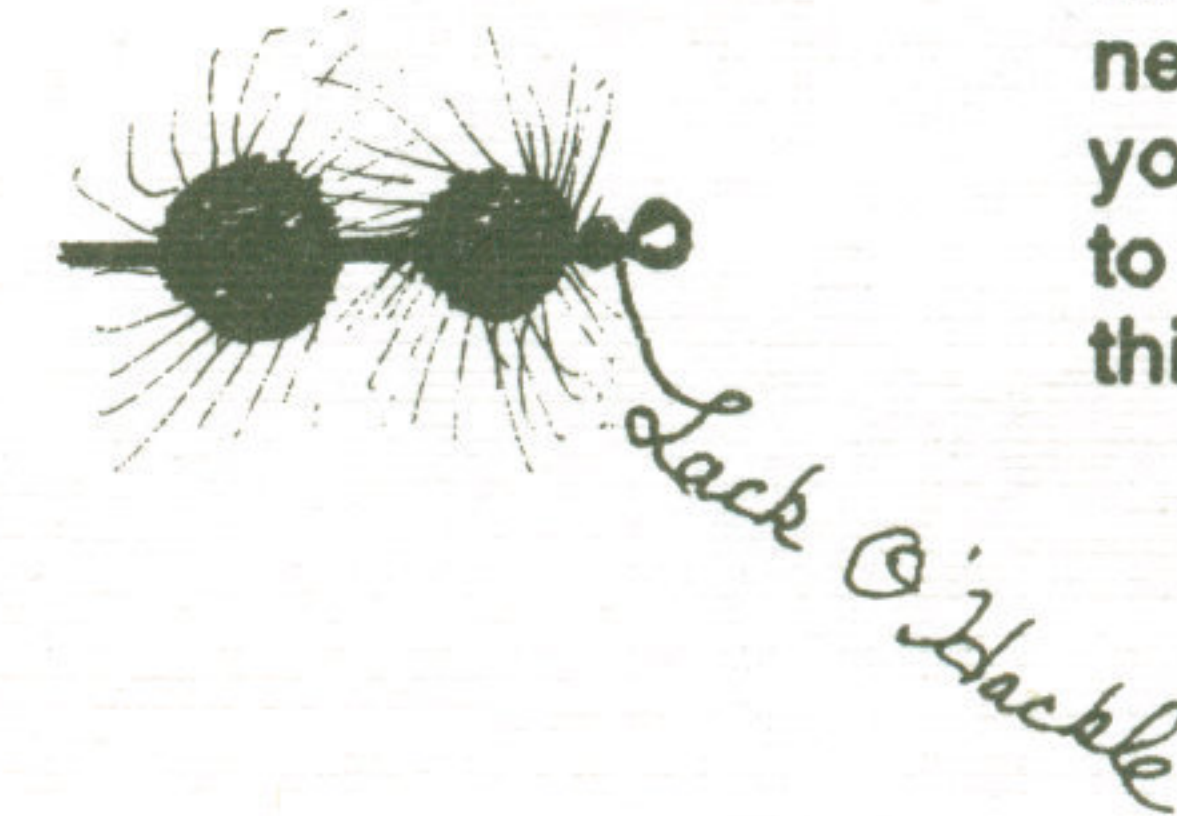
Follow the same procedure you used in the first step to secure the thorax.



Select a hackle whose fibers are about the length of the hook gape. Trim the fuzzy fibers from the butt end. Tie it in flat on the hook shank just forward of the thorax. Snip off the butt.



Keeping the hackle flat, wind it around the base of the thorax, then around the base of the abdomen on the near side. Now, around the off side and around the near side of the thorax.



Tie off the hackle, form a neat head, whip finish and you are done! Can't wait to try it in the Guadalupe this winter. What say, Ed?

Lack O'Hackle

WIND KNOTS

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