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October Meeting

Date: October 28, 1986
Place: Lakes at Post Oak
Post Oak between Richmond and Westheimer
Time: 5:30 Casting Clinic

Do not go to the church on October 28th. The October meeting, as indicated above, will be our annual casting clinic. Bring your rods. This will be a chance to get some expert instruction, to try a variety of rods, to view canoes and the fabulous Kikk Boat, and to have some fun. Don't miss it.

September Meeting

John Scarborough presided over a fine crowd which saw charter members Brooks Bouldin, Bob Leslie, and John Hannah honored. Charter members Jim Grizzard and Charlie Thanheiser were not in attendance, but were honored anyway.

Since this was our club's tenth anniversary, a fancy cake (complete with a frosting TFF logo) was served and enjoyed.

The main program was a very interesting, informative, and graphic presentation on Saltwater First Aid by Terry Satterwhite, M.D., which had all the hypochondriacs in the audience breathing heavily. The September meeting was one of the best ever.

Poul Jorgensen

Our November club meeting will be held on the 21st (Friday) at the Brookhollow Hilton. The cash bar opens at 6:30 and dinner is served at 7:30. There will be raffles, door prizes, and some clever patter by El Presidente. Then the main speaker, the very funny Poul Jorgensen, one of the world's great fly

tiers. Poul's presentation will be on the humorous, not the technical, side, so come along, you spouses, and join us for this wonderful evening. The cost at the door will be \$25.00 per person. Advance tickets are available from Ralph Hutzler and Tony Woods for \$20.00.

On Saturday, November 22nd, at the same Brook Hollow Hilton, Poul will put on a seminar on fly-tying, starting at 9:00 AM. The cost for Saturday is \$25.00.

Fly-Tying

Ed Rizzolo says that the Beginners' Class - starting January 8th at 7:30 in Room 010 at the church and running for eight Thursdays - is full. Call Ed if you want to participate as an alternate. You will have to bring your own equipment. Ed needs volunteers to help with the Beginners' or the Intermediate Classes (which start on April 6th). The good doctor runs the best tying classes to be found.

Want Ads

Bill Baker has for sale some new Scientific Angler fly lines, weight forward, wet tip, 6 and 8 weights, still in original packages, at \$14.00 each (retail value \$20.00). Call Bill at 667-8381.

Fishing News

Brooks Bouldin figured he had caught enough fish in the hour before the storm came up to win the tournament. The size-2 red Betterbug had turned up three reds to nearly five pounds and one fine speck that would go over four. However, watching **Rod Gardner** wrestle with the wheel of the boat against the powerful wind and rain pushed up by the quick-developing storm, Brooks could not help but wonder if the gods of fly-fishing purity were going to smite him for entering a fishing tournament.

When Rod finally battled their way across the bay, Brooks was named winner in two categories of the Cove Harbor Tournament, and won some nice prizes. Ex-TFFer **Tex Brockette** was also a winner and **Rod Gardner** and **Steve Wright** were strong contenders. Brooks's court martial will convene next month.

Bill Baker had fun on the Frying Pan and the South Platte in September. He ran into a little snow, a little ice, and a lot of fishermen.

Ted Houghton and **Dave Hayward** previewed Fayette County Lake for our next club outing and scored infrequently but dramatically on schooling bass.

November Outing

Ted Houghton reminds us that on November 8th we will join the dynamic Alamo Flyfishers of San Antonio for a joint outing at Fayette County Lake. Look for the blue shelter, table and chairs, and log-in book at the Park Community Ramp Site (the second one out of Fayetteville).

Bring your own picnic lunch and drinks, and rendezvous at noon and again at 5:00 PM. For non-fishing spouses the area offers some interesting features such as Round Top, Festival Hill, Windale, and Monument Hill in La Grange. Ted and his crew are setting this thing up right, and the fishing is good this time of year at Fayette County Lake.

More Fishing News

Wright Guthrie had looked for a place in Colorado to initiate his grandson into the trout fishing fraternity. They ended up at the Ranch at Roaring Fork, near Aspen, and while Wright was pleased with the nice trout he caught, he was much more pleased with the success of his young partner.

Chris Young combined business in Calgary with pleasure on the Bow River, where he landed 16 rainbows and browns on one day's float, four of which were over 22 inches. One brown, estimated by the guide at nine pounds, battled Chris for 20 minutes before jumping out of the net at the crucial moment. On days when he wasn't floating, Chris had good luck wade-fishing near Calgary.

Eliot Tucker's column this month is entitled "Strange Behavior," but the behavior of Eliot and his cohort, **Jim Darby**, was anything but strange during a trip to Port Aransas in early October. They waded gin-clear water and caught limits of reds to 28 inches on Saturday, and capped-off Sunday with a 31 inch, 12 pound red that Eliot hooked, landed, carefully measured and weighed, and released. They used size-2 yellow poppers and fished with expert guide Gary Einkauf. Eliot will detail some unusual strategy used on some of these fish in a later column.

Dave Hayward and David Boyles caught and released a half-dozen specks and reds, all at least 22 inches, at Port O'Conner early in October. These hefty fish all hit poppers.

John Scarborough enjoyed several days of autumn fishing on the Battenkill River in Vermont. He fished near John Atherton's home and caught some rainbows in a classic setting.

Trout Bum, by John Gierach. Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado.

There is some kind of philosophic message in John Gierach's account of starting a campfire using pages from his notebook-- pages he had written on. Sometimes art has to be sacrificed to the exigencies of life; culture defers to survival; or something. Whatever, it's good that he didn't burn up his notes for this book, which is a nice, Waltonian, combination of the practical and the philosophical. Gierach took a degree in philosophy; I don't think that Izaak did.

Although Gierach is practical, he is a-scientific. Concerning scientific explanations for fishing phenomena he writes, "I wish that whoever is responsible for figuring these things out would stop it." He is also non-didactic. For example, nowhere in his very interesting chapter "Zen and the Art of Nymph Fishing" does he advise the reader to use a strike indicator. We don't know whether he thinks that strike indicators are unsporting, or if their mention just doesn't fit into his discussion.

In any case this isn't a book to read if you want to learn how to fly fish. It's a book to read to get the benefit of a thoughtful and experienced angler's observations. It's a very personal book: there aren't many paragraphs that don't contain the first person singular. (Except in one chapter where "you" replaces "I".)

Gierach's laid back (bum?) style takes a little getting used to. But it's pleasantly conversational, as he takes you on his fishing adventures in Colorado and a few other places. Although the title doesn't indicate it the author fishes for, and writes about, other species besides trout. In fact, he's a keen bluegill angler and he deplures what he calls the Big Fish Syndrome.

Four of the twenty chapters in this book have appeared as articles in Flyfishing, so you might have read those. One of the best chapters, about bellyboats, didn't. In the one called "The Fly Rod" Gierach ventures into fiction; and he shouldn't have. It would have been better if that chapter had been used to start a fire.

But, on balance, this is an entertaining volume and the reader finishes it with the impression that Gierach is much like his Uncle Leonard, whom he admiringly describes as "relaxed, competent, unhurried, and droll."

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Note: A few months ago we wrote about Ray Bergman's classic Fresh-Water Bass and mentioned the part of that book about Bergman's fishing in Texas. We have since learned that TFF member Bob Leslie fished with Bergman in West Texas at that time, forty-or-so years ago.

On The Salty Side

By: Eliot Tucker

STRANGE BEHAVIOR

I have heard that redfish can be spooky, but until recently my experience has been that they are fairly easy to approach while wading or poling and that they respond aggressively to a loudly popped bug. A recent trip to a unique flat in the lower Laguna Madre with Jim Darby has shown me that redfish can be almost as wary as bonefish and almost as difficult to catch.

I have always believed that trout cruised the flats feeding on free swimming prey and were nearly impossible to see in the water. The same trip has shown me that this is not always the case.

Jim and I fished for three days in August south of the Arroyo Colorado on and near a huge flat near the sprawling Cullen house. The flat is protected from the prevailing breeze by a high bluff. The surface of the water was absolutely slick in an area I would guess to be one half a square mile.

We saw numerous redfish tails, and remarkably, we saw tailing trout. Neither of us had ever seen that before. They had their noses down in the grass just like a redfish. Their tails were black and squared off, clearly contrasting with the pointed redfish tails that appeared dark or blue or red, depending on the light and how much of the tail was exposed.

In this slick water both fish were very difficult to approach. Wading was out of the question. Only by poling quietly into position and then stopping the boat and holding it in position with the pole, so the caster on the bow could make a careful cast, were we able to catch these fish. Because their noses were in the grass, the cast had to be placed so the fly would pass within an inch or two of their noses on the retrieve. If the fly was any farther away, they would ignore it.

We started the first day with our standard redfish rigs, i. e., four feet of about forty pound butt section and about three feet of ten to fifteen pound tippet tied to a cork or deer hair popper. We quickly found out that we had to switch to longer tapered leaders and slimmer sinking weedless flies.

Even the bright colored flies I usually favor were worthless in these conditions. Jim tied a brown keel fly with a bit of brown flashaboo piping on the shank, and it worked wonders. The fly made little noise upon entry, rode across the grass without snagging, and sunk quickly to tickle the fish on the nose. The tapered leader greatly improved our casting accuracy and the longer leaders prevented the fly line's slap on the water from spooking the fish.

None of this is new to bonefishers, but it was a new experience for us with redfish and trout on the Texas coast. The obvious difference was that this was the first time we had fished in absolutely slick water. The water was also clearer than any we had encountered in Texas. We could see the trout almost as easily as the reds.

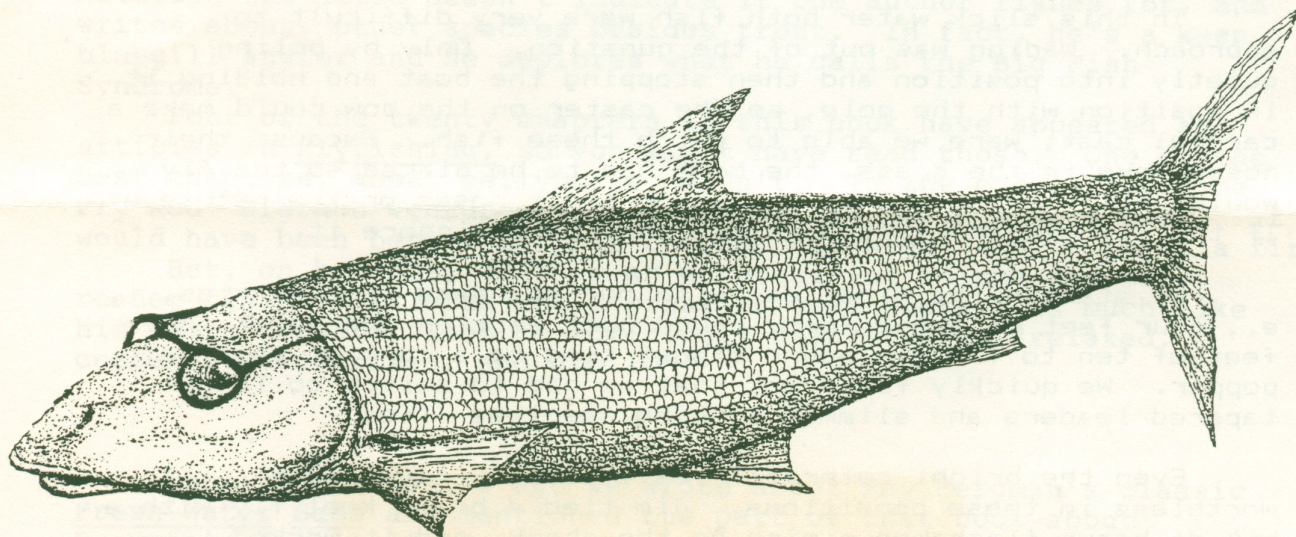
Both were very hard to catch when they were tailing. The usual tactic, a popper, got their attention, but scared them into the next county. The fly Jim devised had to be cast beyond but on a line very close to their nose to get them to strike.

The fish had a frustrating way of getting down in the grass and just disappearing. We would cast repeatedly to where they had been with no response. After giving up, we would pole over to the spot, and swoosh, out they would flush from their hiding place.

All this bizarre behavior made for some very challenging fishing.

Without the teamwork of a poler and a caster, we would have caught nothing. As it was, we had constant action and caught a few fish.

Next month - the relationship between poler and caster.



More Fishing News continued

On the train from London to Winchester, your editor was feeling quite properly British. He had brought along his Hardy Smuggler rod and his Hardy Perfect reel, and was wearing a sporty tweed jacket which the sales clerk at the Conroe Sears store assured him was just like the one Prince Phillip wears.

Once at the Broadlands Estate, however, those sophisticated River Test browns were having none of his heavy-handed offerings, and refused to cooperate, despite a caddis hatch which had them rising regularly.

Properly put in his place, your editor still had a memorable and enjoyable day, and wants a rematch.

Loose Hooks

John Hannah and his wife, Rita, were walking in the woods in Idaho when they spotted someone in a black fur coat ambling towards them at a distance. Upon closer inspection, the stranger turned out to be a bear. Our hard-hearted book reviewer says that he stared-down the bear and made the animal run away.

Interested in up-to-date information about fly fishing all over the country? Why not subscribe to the "Fly Fishing News?" To get a year's subscription to this fine tabloid (6 copies) send \$15.00 to them at 1387 Cambridge, Idaho Falls, ID 83401.

Because of the outdoor club meeting this month, there is no Fit To Be Tied. Lack O' Hackle will resume next month.

It seems we are always typing the newsletter under the pressure of a time deadline, before going out of town. This time I don't have my club roster with me, so if I have misspelled any names, please forgive me. I wanted to thank Frank Schliecher for providing the mailing labels for the newsletter, so I hope I got the spelling right, Frank.

