



JULY NEWSLETTER
September 2017 Volume XXII: No. 9

www.wacoflyfishingclub.org

NEXT MEETING:
Tuesday, September 12, 2017

LOCATION:
Lake Waco Wetlands

PROGRAM:
Fly Tying and Tall Tales
About 6:00 p.m.

SEPTEMBER PROGRAM - STAY TUNED

Once again, we are having some trouble scheduling a program for our meeting. We haven't stopped trying so stay tuned.

By the way, if you have any program ideas or any general ideas to make our club stronger, please contact one of the officers.

We will update you on our September program through email notices so stay tuned.

CLUB T-SHIRTS

Our club logo T-shirts should be available for pick-up at the September meeting.





Look what Pat Vanek caught.

FLY TYING NIGHT - THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 2017

Based on meeting attendance and overall interest in our club, Spring is the most popular time of the year for fly fishing in our area. However, the fly fishing in the Fall can be every bit as good as in the Spring and Trout begin arriving in the Guadalupe River starting in late November or early December. The point is - the Fall is also a good time to tie flies, often for immediate use.

Join us at Uncle Dan's BBQ for Fly Tying Night. We start about 5:30 pm and leave when we get tired of tying or Uncle Dan's is about close.

Being a fly tyer is not required so if you have a few good fish stories to tell or just need a BBQ fix join us. Feel free to bring a guest, everybody is invited.



SPEAKING OF FALL FISHING AND THE GUAD

Pat Vanek and I (Bob Hanley) have managed to catch a few Trout on the Guadalupe over the years and have been talking about hosting a Guad trip for club members this December. Even if you are new to Trout fishing, we think we can put you on a few fish or you can set something up with Living Waters Fly Fishing. I know from past experience that Chris Johnson can put you on more than a few Trout.



A Guadalupe River Rainbow

The plan is still somewhat vague, but we will probably set up a camp at Lazy L&L. When we mentioned camping to John Maddux he became a little concerned. John's idea of roughing it is staying at Hotel 6. But don't panic about camping, feel to get a room at a hotel. We can use the campsite as a gathering place.

Look for details in the October newsletter. If you think you might be interested lets us know so we can start gauging how many members to expect.

SOME HAVE "LAID ASIDE BUSINESS AND GONE A'FISHING"

MIDDLE BOSQUE AT FM 3047

One August morning I worked my way upstream from the FM 3047 Crossing. The water was nasty in places where the wind had bunched up that floating algae. There was not enough current to move that stuff along so you had to wade through it from time to time. Also, the water itself has been slightly off color all year. The Middle Bosque could really use enough of a rain to flush things out.

I caught the usual assortment of fish, but nothing very large. Of course there is nothing wrong with the usual assortment particularly on light tackle, but an occasional bigger fish always adds something to the day.

SOUTH FORK, COLORADO

It was late August and the weather in South Fork, Colorado was more like our fall. On the two mornings that I thought to check the temperature (my new car is equipped with a thermometer) it was in the upper 60's. There were bald eagles about, osprey, mule deer, marmots and many little birds that I couldn't identify along with a few I recognized. The scenery was breath taking - mist in the treetops in the mornings, amazing rock formations and new vistas around every curve. It was just nice to be out and experience the mountains of Southern Colorado. By now you have probably figured out that I struggled with the fishing. Actually it was the catching that was the problem.

Fortunately I was traveling with my wife who set up her quilt shop in our cabin. We did some sightseeing and got together for several outstanding meals. Our first stop was in Las Vegas, New Mexico on the way to Colorado and we stayed in the Plaza Hotel on the square. Excellent food in the hotel restaurant including New Mexico style huevos rancheros. After breakfast, I walked over to visit Sheriff Walt Longmire at his office on the plaza, but it was locked. Filming must be done for the season.

Like I said, I struggled to catch a few fish. My first was from a little mountain lake. I had to cast most of my fly line to reach rising fish. When I did, I got a strike, but had trouble hooking up. These were relatively small fish and might have had trouble actually taking the large dry I was using or maybe I was slow or maybe too quick.



My first and one of few Trout of the trip.

Actually catching fish is an important component of any fishing trip, but the disappointment of not catching many fish fades pretty quickly and sometimes there are good memories that don't involve landing a fish. It got me to thinking of past trips where few, if any fish, were caught like a trip to Port Mansfield with Shep Neville and James Jeffrey.

A sign in the local Mexican restaurant boasted that Port Mansfield was a quaint little drinking town with a fishing addiction - my kind of place. We even hired a guide and hit some skinny water early the first morning. Unfortunately, the place was packed with little stingrays, so many that I immediately stopped looking for tails and focused on the dozens of stingrays circling my feet. At that point, I wanted to be anyplace but dancing with rays so I devised a clever strategy to get us to move on.

I had been staying very close to the guide so I could jump into his arms when I completely lost my nerve, so it was easy to ask, "Are there always this many stingrays around?" The guide looked around and said, "No, this is a lot more than I have ever seen in this spot." Unfazed he continued looking off in the distance for tails. Before jumping into his arms I gave it another shot, "Golly gee, have you ever been hit by a stingray?" The guide said off-handedly that he had been stung three times, but only one ray seemed mad at him. Then he looked at the dozens of rays circling our feet and said, "Let's get the hell out of here."

And we did. There are more memories of that morning, none of which involved hooking or catching a fish. The morning ended unexpectedly. We were on plane moving to a new area when an alarm sounded from the outboard and we lost power. I thought it was a good thing we had an experienced guide who could perform some guide magic to get the boat running again. It was a good time to break out lunch while the guide dug around in what I thought was a tool bag. The tool he pulled out was a cell phone to call for a tow back to the dock.

Catching a fish or two is always nice, but don't let a lack of fish ruin the entire trip.

Bob Hanley

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