



AUSTIN FLY FISHERS

August 2018
Volume 20, Issue 8

Club Meeting
Thursday, August 16
Northwest Recreation Center
6:00 Fly Tying, Casting, and Social Hour
7:00 Banning Collins will present information on
the fly fisher's primary tool -Fly Rods

Redfish caught on Port O'Connor outing
Photo by Brandon Rabke



FLY FISHERS
INTERNATIONAL
Charter Club

President's Message **Shawn Riggs**

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Last month, I hosted an outing to the Texas Gulf Coast and members of the club fished the waters of Seadrift and Port O'Connor for a few days. Scott wrote a great article about the trip in this month's newsletter that you can read. I wasn't able to fish because of an injury to my right arm that I sustained in June, but I had a terrific time hanging out with fellow anglers and retelling old fishing stories. One thing that Scott writes about is enjoying the merriment of the group. I have always found this to be true. The act of angling has been a favorite hobby of mine since I can remember and I can attest that nothing will bring a group of strangers together faster than sharing a passion for a common activity. Whether growing up trout fishing on the East Coast, targeting, White Steenbras along the South African coast, or fishing the cool rivers of the Texas Hill Country angling is something that is precious to us all. Some of our fondest memories have occurred with a rod and reel in our hand.

I played soccer as a kid and have always loved the game. I enjoy watching it on television and appreciate the amazing crosses, quick shots on goal, and acrobatic goalie saves even if a match ends in a draw. Every four years when the FIFA World Cup takes place I get my fútbol fix for weeks on end watching the best players on the planet playing their hearts out for their home countries. I always notice how people from around the world seem to forget about their troubles and pull together to cheer on a squad of players participating in something that they truly love. I believe that fishing can do the same thing. It can break down barriers, cultural differences, and allow anglers from around the world to enjoy each others company with the common goal of landing an elusive fish and sharing the feat with those around you. Whether they are wading next to you at the time or you are simply rehashing the experience to them across a booth in a cafe the love of fishing brings us together.

On numerous occasions I have attended a social gathering or a work event and knew

no one in a room, but somehow fishing is brought up and instantly the stories start to flow. It would appear to anyone who walked up just then as if the handful of anglers who met but twenty minutes before were a close-knit group of friends. If you ever feel like a "fish out of water" at an event mention that you like to catch fish in water and you may find a fellow angler in the crowd to start a conversation with. I really believe that more treaties would be signed and pacts come to fruition among our world leaders if they held discussions while trout fishing in a remote stream or while surf fishing alongside each other rather than sitting across a table in a dull boardroom setting trying to solve the numerous problems that plague our countries. The sense of camaraderie gained while angling with others is amazing, and one of the things that makes the Austin Fly Fishers a great organization to be a part of is you share common interests and activities in the pursuit of those elusive fins with your fellow anglers.

Financial Report

by Jim Robinson

7/1/2018 - 7/31/2018

Begin Bal. Checking \$11,956.54

Income:

Merchandise	\$49.31
Raffle	\$55.00
Dues AFF FFI	<u>\$345.45</u>
Total Income	\$949.76

Disbursements:

Total Disbursements	\$00.00
Net	\$949.76

Unencumbered: \$6,096.58

Encumbered Funds:

Casting for Recovery	\$00.00
SKIFF	\$6,809.72

Ending Bal-Checking \$12,906.30

August Presentation by Banning Collins



Banning was born in Colorado but got to Austin as fast as he could. With many stops along the way and since, he has been around the area for about 25 years. He feels incredibly fortunate to have lived in fly fishing since his job at The Austin Angler starting when he was about 15 years old. Along with family, he immersed himself in the sport gaining knowledge and a perspective starting with those great cast of characters.

“The diversity, depth of knowledge and passion at The Angler made it an incredible sense of this sport like no place else. Austin is that way. I’m sure my parents had some higher aspirations for me to better the good of society.”

He has been in the industry ever since with continued fortune of spending quality time with the best in the sport learning and interpreting from their knowledge and experiences. Continuing diverse fishing experiences of his own and growing an understanding of the effective tools and tactics for the overall experiences that fishing brings.

At the August meeting of The Austin Fly Fishers, Banning will share his knowledge of one of the tools - the fly rod. Fly rods and casting has been a personal focus and a subject that seems to garner many personal opinions. He will talk about how they are made, how to describe a rod's action, and applying it to our time on the water.

Banning continues his work in the sport and resides in Austin with his wife, 3-year old daughter and their bird dog Ruby. Come with questions and hope to see you there!

Port O'Connor Club Outing

by Scott Kerrigan

Revenge. In this context, it will be a dish served with a cold front and more seawater. Don't get me wrong, it was a great fishing outing for the club, just not the greatest catching outing. But of course, we know that catching is never the purpose, especially when surrounded with such great company.

The majority of our crew arrived on Thursday afternoon. Guillaume and I drove together, stopping in Lockhart, because the conversation turned to barbecue, and...when in Lockhart, right? We filled up on brisket, burnt ends and a massive beef rib, washed down with pickles, onions and sweet tea.

We pulled into Shawn's bay house around 3PM. Jack and Albar had arrived a bit before us and were unpacking. Shawn was the most gracious and generous host, especially considering he was unable to fish. About a month prior to the trip, Shawn severed a bicep tendon fighting a 200-pound marlin on a tenkara rod. Okay, that might be the only fishing "yarn" of the whole trip. Shawn's place was great - simple, lots of beds. Built for relaxation and fun.

After a bit of chatting, we started to plan where we'd fish the next few days. We all gathered around a map at the kitchen table and strategized. As it was my first time fly fishing in the salt, I just wanted to follow our more experienced anglers' lead. We knew the high temps and low water meant fishing would be a challenge, but that did not deter us. At least there was no red tide to shut it down completely.

Jack, Guillaume, Albar and I decided to head to Boggy Bayou to fish the sunset. The water was low and very warm. There was a nice breeze, which my skin welcomed, but my casting skills did not. Mullet were jumping everywhere. We got skunked during this short session, but so did the bait fishermen in the area, so we weren't too discouraged.

We met Shawn, Jack and Russell at Cathy's in Port O'Connor for supper. A local seafood joint with a personality seemingly unchanged for decades, I was immediately brought back to the beach vacations of my childhood. Salad bar and all! Loved it.

Our caravan returned to Shawn's and began planning for the next morning. Then it was off to bed to be ready to launch at dawn.



Tug pushing barges on the Intercoastal Waterway by Charlie's Bait Camp

Port O'Connor cont.

At around 6:30, we launched from Charlie's Bait Camp in kayaks. Brandon paddled off westward down the Intracoastal Waterway (ICW) toward Welder Flats, at least 3 miles out. Brandon was determined; the rest of us...less so. Especially with my yankee blood, inexperienced in paddling in the salt. Jack, Guillaume, Albar and I crossed the ICW and headed toward the cut to the bay complex. Albar split off from us to Shoalwater Bay, and the rest of us headed into the muddy bayou.

Jack gave Guillaume and I some tips for spotting redfish. Redfish typically produce a straight line wake, bigger than those made by other fish. We were to look for "flat, straight" tails rather than forked. For the next few hours, I saw nothing but mullet.

At high tide, we only got a few extra inches of water, but I began to see our target species here and there. Buck fever set in quickly, and I failed to fire off any good shots before spooking these fish, which were shaded an unnameable light purple in the muddy bayou and dark grass.

The three of us decided to get out of the mud and dragged our boats across a small dune into Espiritu Santo Bay. At this point, my yankee blood was coagulating in my brain, but I pressed on. Saw a few sheepshead dart under and away from my yak before coming across Albar. He reported that he caught a redfish and a trout on his conventional tackle, but was having no luck with flies.

I paddled in early and waited for Guillaume and Jack at Charlie's. I bought a very overpriced six pack of cheap beer to occupy myself (while rehydrating with real water too, not just the barley water). As I sat under the covered patio next to the bait tanks, I was treated to partake in the only pastime available to the operators at Charlie's: criticizing the technique of those who struggled to launch or land their boats off the ramp. It was thoroughly entertaining.

When Jack and Guillaume got back to Charlie's we headed back to Shawn's. After cleaning our gear and ourselves, we fired up the grill. Guillaume brought a homemade sausage called Boerewors, a South African classic, which I struggled to pronounce. It's made with "beef and lamb, some spices, coriander seed, salt, pepper, a little garlic, vinegar, brandy and Worcestershire sauce," according to Guillaume. Next time you see him, try your hand at pronouncing the Afrikaans word and see if you do any better than me. Translation issues aside, it was rich and juicy. Herbaceous and savory. Try everything once, folks. At least once. We also had bacon-wrapped stuffed jalapenos. A staple of the Texas diet since I arrived here 3 years ago. Albar arrived just in time for service, reporting he didn't catch any more after we last saw him. We fed him anyway.



Brandon at the entrance to Welder's Flats

Port O'Connor cont.

A few hours later Brandon returned, looking pretty tired from a long day of paddling. He said he saw fish pretty consistently between 8:30 and noon, and caught several nice reds near Welder Flats. Morning crew all back, safe and sound, we proceeded to have a few "happy" hours and then grilled again for dinner. That evening, Carol arrived with her boat to fish the next day.

The next morning, Jack and Brandon headed to Barroom Bay to try their luck there Albar returned to Shoalwater Bay. And Carol, Guillaume and I took Carol's boat to explore the inside of Espiritu Santo Bay. We had seemingly even less water than the day before; the cut was clogged with stuck boats, a parade of push-poling and dragging. I jumped out and worked off my hangover. We pushed past two guys in a bass boat. Carol asked them "Where's the channel?" And we all threw our hands up and laughed. Folly and fishing often go hand in hand.

Carol was an excellent skipper and her boat purred like new. We set anchor at several fishy looking spots, got out and stalked the sandy flats. The mullet were certainly abundant again, but our targets seemed unwilling to show themselves. At our last spot of the day, I began blind-casting a small shrimp pattern methodically to try and get the skunk off. About 20 minutes later, this strategy paid off. I felt a small bump I thought was bottom, so I stripped the line to get it unhooked, when I saw my floating line move sideways, I set the hook, raised the rod and found an 8-inch sheepshead at the end. We were all hooting as I pulled it in. Austin, our July presenter was right, this fish was a daysaver. It was a trip saver.

A handful of casts later, I felt a bigger bump. This time I set immediately, and hard. A 20ish inch mullet immediately surged, jumped a few feet out of water and gave me a good brief fight. I was surprised it fought so hard until I realized I foul-hooked it a few inches behind its head. Such is fishing. Luckily it wasn't hooked too deep and only lost a few scales before being released. Shortly thereafter, we called it a day.

Back at Shawn's, we settled into another afternoon and evening of food, drink and merriment. For me, these were the best moments of the outing - the reason I joined the club in the first place. I felt a lot of pent-up stress melt away and I thank all of my new fishing buddies for that much-needed therapy.

Yet, revenge is still desired. I just hope that when I get it, it's shared with Austin's Finest Fly Fishers.



Brandon with redfish



Brandon, Scott, Shawn, Jack, and Russell

SKIFF Program by Bob Maindelle



Dear AFF and Friends of SKIFF,

This morning, Tuesday, July 24th, I fished with 6-year-old William Rochow accompanied by his mom, Veronica Rochow. This was a SKIFF (Soldiers' Kids Involved in Fishing Fun) program trip conducted free of charge to this family courtesy of the Austin Fly Fishers and the many friends of the SKIFF program who donate and fund-raise so that kids separated from their parents by their parents' military obligations can enjoy the outdoors during times of separation.

If you are reading this and are military-connected, please give me a call at 254.368.7411 about scheduling a free fishing trip for your kids the next time mom or dad must be away from home.

William's dad, US Army Staff Sergeant William Rochow, is currently on recruiting duty in Minnesota. He has served in the Army for 12 years.

Six-year-old William Rochow and his mom, Veronica, on today's multi-species SKIFF. William landed 37 fish, including sunfish and white bass.

Before I had time to tell him that a net would make the job a lot easier, William got right to work when I told him it was time to release a few of the sunfish we kept in the bait tank for a little while!!

WHAT WE FISHED FOR: This was a multi-species trip focused on white bass and sunfish

WHERE WE FISHED: Stillhouse Hollow

HOW WE FISHED: We contended with a north wind this morning which began around 5pm the previous night. This depressed the white bass activity a good bit, and made the surface choppy and therefore difficult to spot topwater action. Given William's age and prior experience, we focused on sunfish as long a

he remained interested in doing so, and then devoted our last hour or so to the pursuit of white bass. William worked to land 32 sunfish including bluegill, redear, longear, and green sunfish, all using a pole and slipfloat rig. Once the novelty wore off on that, we geared up and downrigged in 34+ feet of water at three different locations to come up with 5 white bass for variety's sake.

OBSERVATIONS/NOTES: Today's north winds put a damper on the white bass bite without a doubt. Baitfish were relaxed and carpeted the bottom in all of the areas where I searched for white bass, and no topwater action was to be seen during the short window when (9:45 to 10:15a) winds died sufficiently to see such action were it present.

TALLY: 37 fish, all caught and released

The Fly Tyer's Corner by Matt Bennett

Bennett's Lunch Money

The Lunch Money was created out of need for a 2-3" bite-sized baitfish streamer for the very clear waters of the Texas Hill Country, but has evolved into a fish-catching machine all over the country.

Rabbit Zonkers and Sili Legs bring it to life, and the Laser Dub slicks down to create the perfect translucency in the water.

Instead of presenting the instructions with a series of photos, we are trying something new. You can watch me tie this fly on the following utube link

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t1He4HBplw>

Materials

H HOOK: Gamakatsu B10S, Size 2 or Ahrex Light Stinger, 4-8

EYES: Hareline Double Pupil Lead Eyes, M-XS, Yellow

THREAD: Veevus Power Thread, 140D, White

TAIL: Hareline Groovy Bunny Zonker, White/Yellow/Tan

LEGS: Hareline Loco Legs, Tan

BODY: Senyo's Laser Dub, White, Rusty Bronze, Tan

MARKER: Prismacolor/Copic Dark Brown, Yellow, Orange

GLUE: Loon UV Flow



Club Sponsors

The following individuals who made presentations to our club in 2017/2018. Please follow the links to get more information on the services they provide. You won't be disappointed.

Marcus Rodriquez – <http://livingwatersflyfishing.com/> Central Texas Guide

Capt. Billy Trimble – <http://trimbleflyfishing.com/> Fly Fishing Rockport/Texas Coastal Bend

Chris Johnson – <http://livingwatersflyfishing.com/> Living Waters Fly Shop and Central Texas Guide

Pat Dorsey – <http://www.bluequillangler.com/> Fly Fishing Colorado

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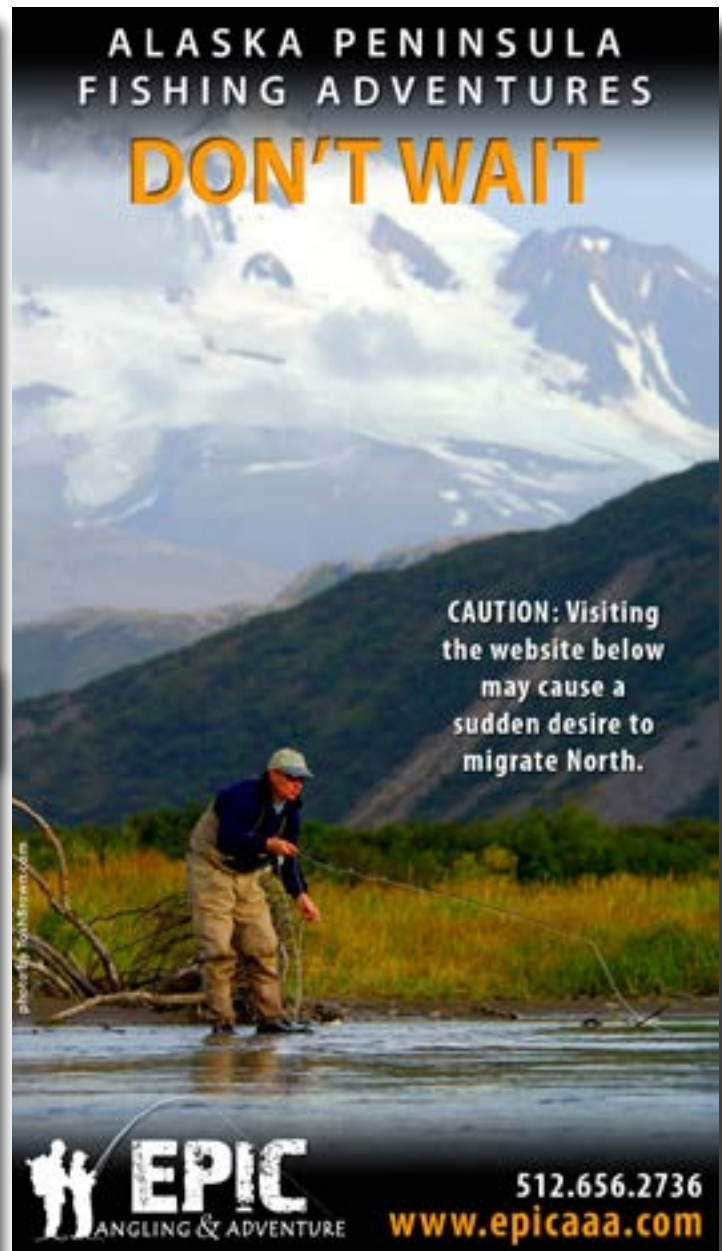
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