

FALL HATCHES: From Michigan to New England

DECEMBER 1988 \$3.50/£1.25
CANADA \$3.95
47747

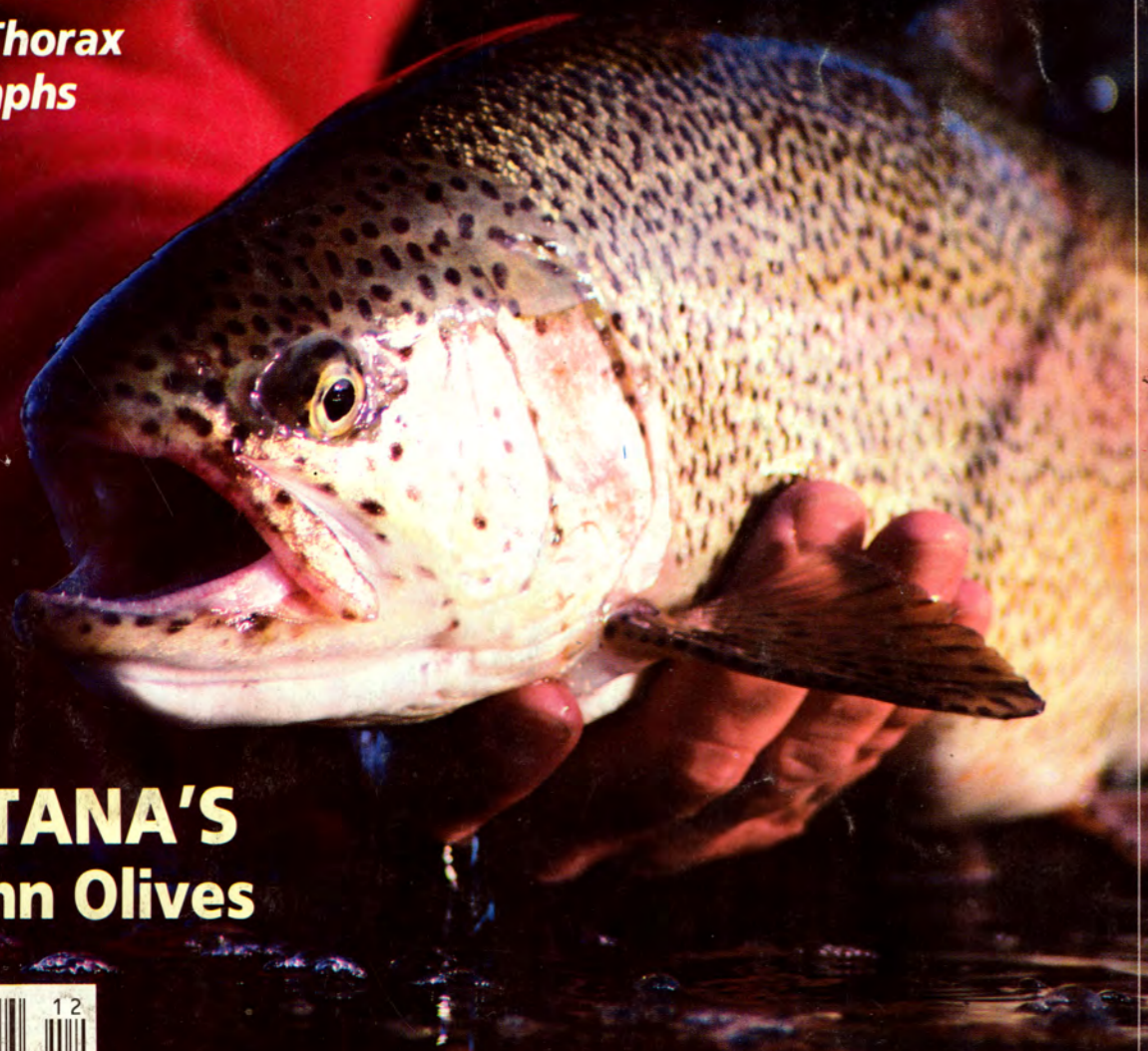
FLY FISHERMAN

Special Section

FLY TYING

Dubbed Thorax
Wire Nymphs
Glo-Bugs

Washington's
Seep Lakes Trout



MONTANA'S
Autumn Olives



Dressing for Coldweather Fishing

FEAR

of Fly Fishing

JACK OHMAN IS A SICK MAN. He is also a political cartoonist for the Portland Orgegonian newspaper. He is also a fly fisherman. And he has just completed his first sick book—on fly fishing, an excerpt of which appears below. It is so whacky that we thought readers might like to judge for themselves.



JACK OHMAN

I should explain my judgement of Ohman as a sick man. He is a cartoonist of the first magnitude, and one cannot reach such brilliance without a touch of the whacky. At the center of this man who has such ability to scald political pomposity with pen and ink is a fisherman who wants most of all to throw feathers at fish. The same can be said of FLY FISHERMAN's other cartoonists, John Troy and Robert Randall.

And what makes these artists so special is their ability to portray their often-irreverent views of the sport they love most. In a sport with men who occasionally take themselves too seriously, these cartoons are both hilarious and refreshing. We can laugh at ourselves.

A few comments on the selections. We tried to pick the strongest of contemporary viewpoints on fly fishing and fishermen types in a high-viewpoint book. Some fishermen will be offended by opinions so forcefully delivered. So be it.

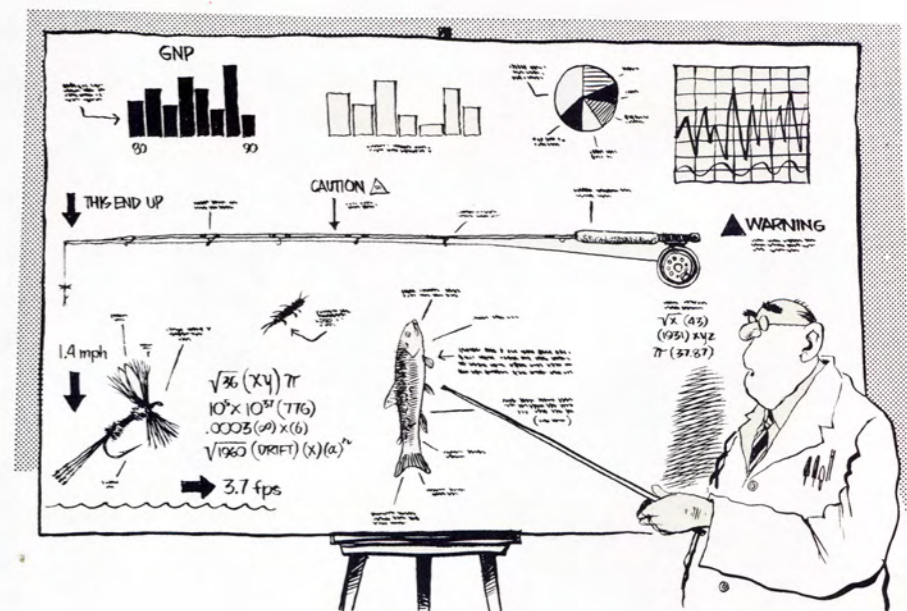
The book itself is autobiographical. Ohman explains where he came from and how he got to where he is now, which helps us understand his perspectives on fly fishing.

THE EDITOR

PROFILES

NAME: Watson Crick.
OCCUPATION: Systems analyst.
RESIDENCE: Condo, Silicon Valley.
AGE: Median.
QUOTE: "All fishing systems nominal."

WATSON CAN'T HAVE FUN fly fishing unless he's got all the latest high-tech breakthrough equipment. He knows the density of his boron rod, the tensile strength of his 400-grain line, the drag coefficient of his fly, how much wind resistance a parachute-wing Adams has versus a hackle-wing, the porosity of elk hair, the exact chemical composition of Gehrke's Gink, the gear ratio on his multiplier, the genus and species of every single aquatic insect, the solunar tables, and the viscosity of the water's meniscus. But he doesn't catch any fish.



BAIT FISHERMEN:

Have names like Junior, Bubba, Al

'65 Bel Air, '71 LTD, '67 Ford F-250

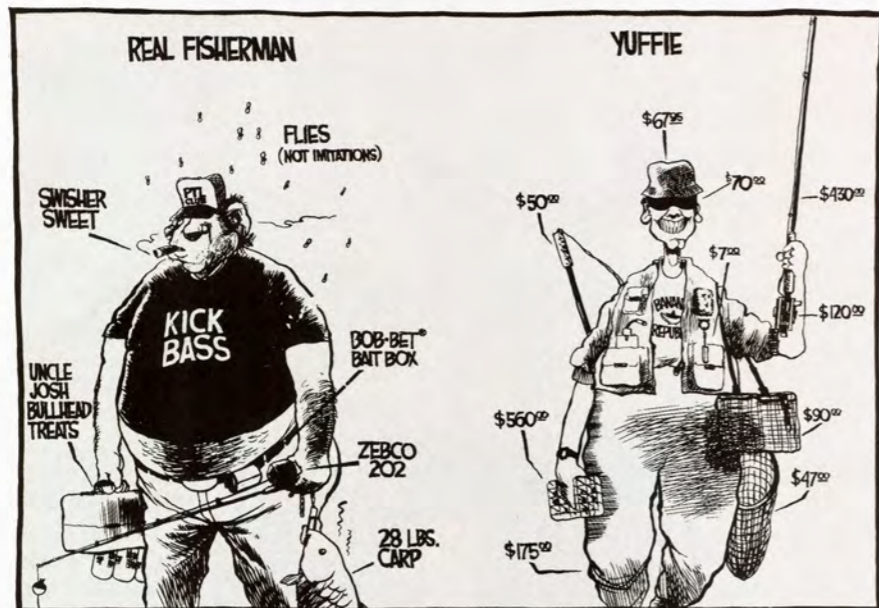
Zebco, Eagle Claw, Shakespeare

Talks about sexual experience

Beats carp to death with a baseball bat

Nightcrawlers

Bud, Bud, Bud



FLY FISHERMEN

Have names like Roger, Doug, Jon

Volvos, BMW, Jeep Cherokee

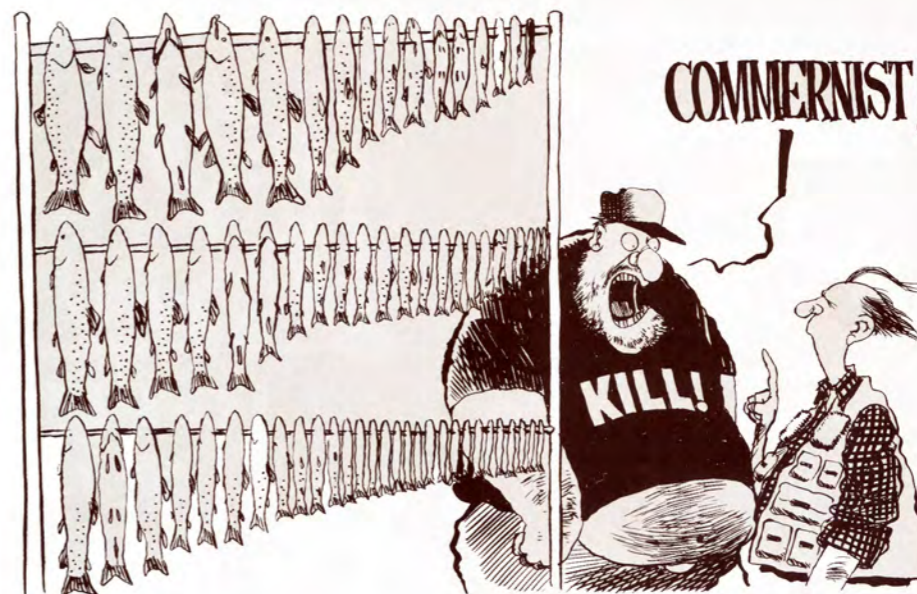
Orvis, Winston, Hardy

Talks about fishing experiences

Catch-and-release

Matching the hatch

Coronas, Heinen's, St. Pauli Girl



NAME: Alton "Buzz" Bondo.
 OCCUPATION: Unemployable.
 RESIDENCE: Toledo, Ohio, Mobile Villa Garden Estates.
 AGE: 39 (looks 55).
 QUOTE: "Hey, you wanna catch fish, or dontcha? Pass the cheese hooks."

NAME: Elliott Abrams Richardson IV.
 OCCUPATION: Bond trader.
 RESIDENCE: Upper East Seventies brownstone, Manhattan.
 AGE: 35.
 QUOTE: "Sell."

BUZZ IS A MAJOR presence at the U-Ketchum Trout Pond off of County Road B. Ohio doesn't actually have any indigenous trout except for those that live in aquariums, so the U-Ketchum is a big attraction for the fly-fishing impaired.

Buzz is usually relaxed—okay anesthetized—so he doesn't really fish for the pure relaxation of it all. It's just another way to get away from his wife (Babs, Beauty Consultant, Miss Maumee River Third Place runner-up, 1966), and kids (Alton Jr., 17; Du Wayne, 16; Wayne Lee, 15; Earl, 13; Shirl, 12; and Bobbie Lou, 11).

Buzz ties fly patterns of his own creation: The Cheez Whiz, Velveeta Special, Kraft's Hopper, Doughball Coachman, Corn Doctor, Maize Quill.

ELLIOTT MAKES \$730,000 a year trading pieces of paper with French bond traders. It's a stressful life; Elliott used to unwind by taking martinis through an IV bag and inflaming his nasal passages with Bolivian Marching Powder, but he decided that he needed a hobby to help him relax. Elliott chose fly fishing because it's a little—not much—cheaper than his recreational drug intake. Elliott doesn't have a good selection of fly water to indulge his habit, so he usually charters a plane up to Maine or New Hampshire instead of roll casting for condoms—"Chicago Trout"—in the East River.

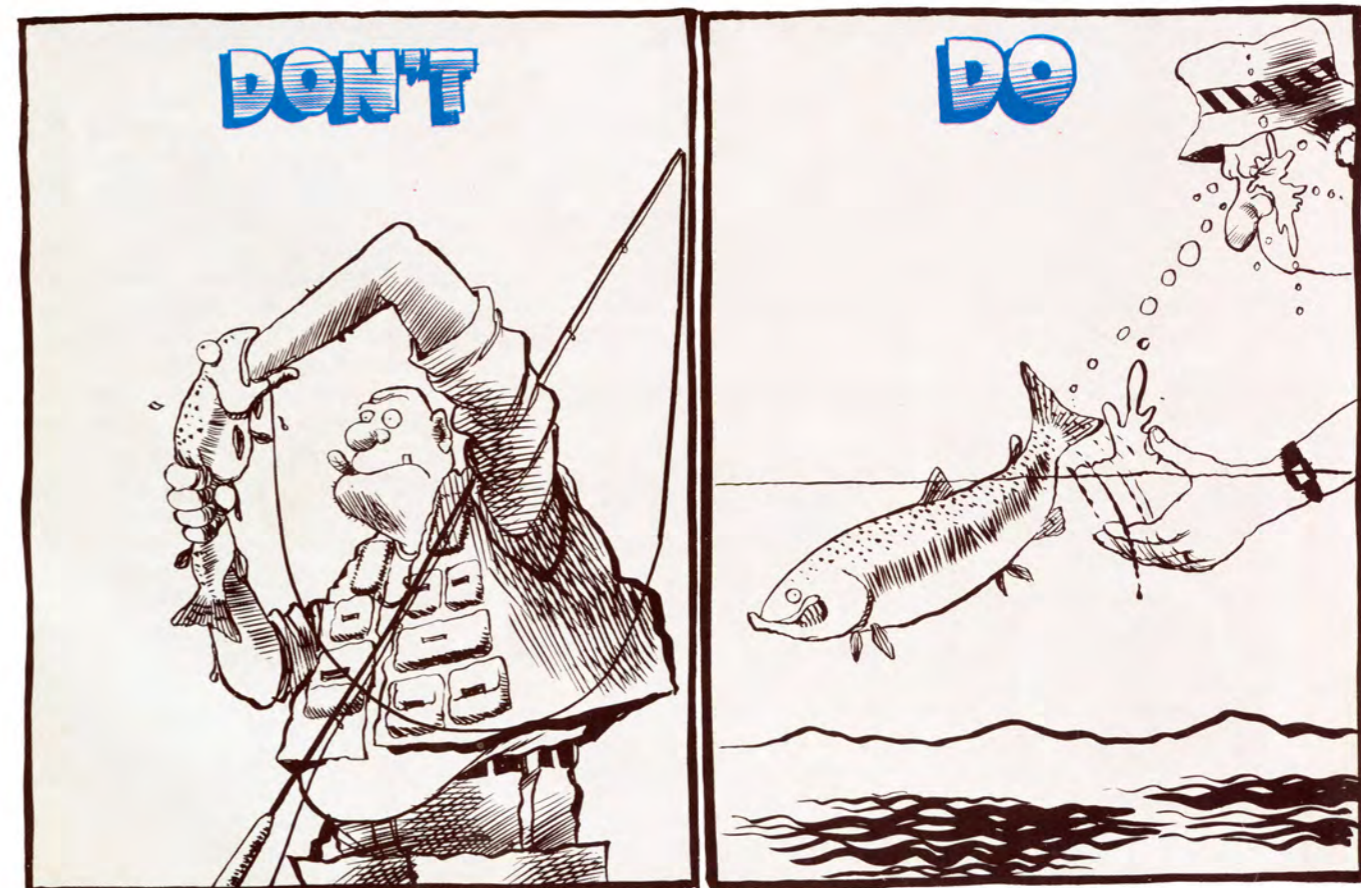
NAME: Orvis Bodmer Thomas.
 OCCUPATION: Geezer.
 RESIDENCE: Hidden Valley Ranch, Antelope, Oregon (formerly Rajneesh, Oregon).
 AGE: 77 ("Hell, I can remember when Christ was a corporal").
 QUOTE: "Get the hell outta my drift, you yuppie son of a bitch, or I'll put a crease in your noodle."

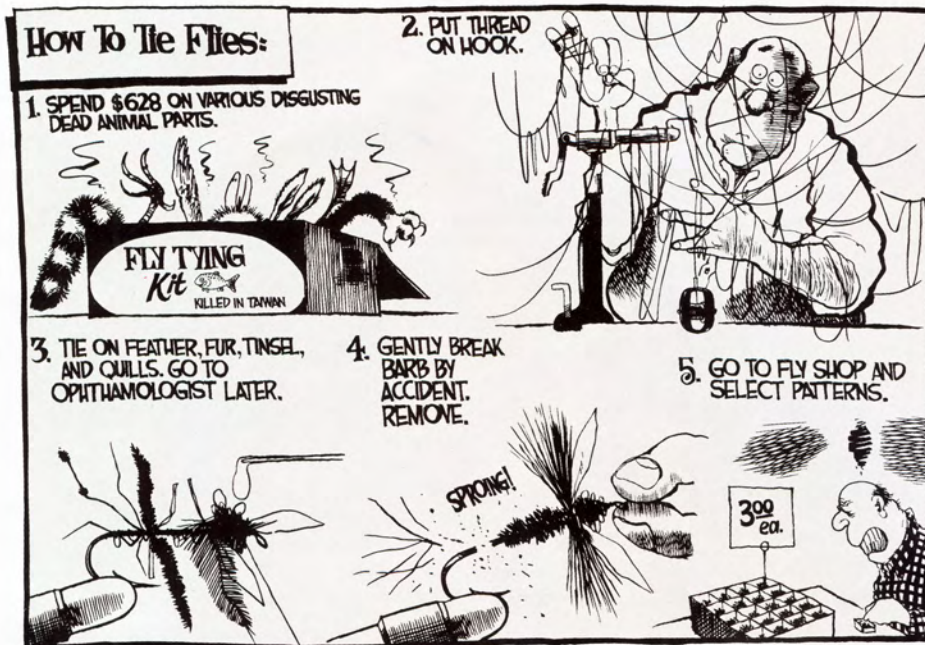
Orv has been fishing the same stretch of the Deschutes for 45 years, and doesn't like it when the investment bankers and lawyers from Portland and Seattle come down in their Blazers and Eddie Bauer Broncos and splash into the river and jangle up the dry-fly water with lousy casts. "A guy gets a subscription to FLY FISHERMAN, and all of a sudden he's in my hole slinging around the wrong patterns and leaving white wine bottles all over the goddam bank."



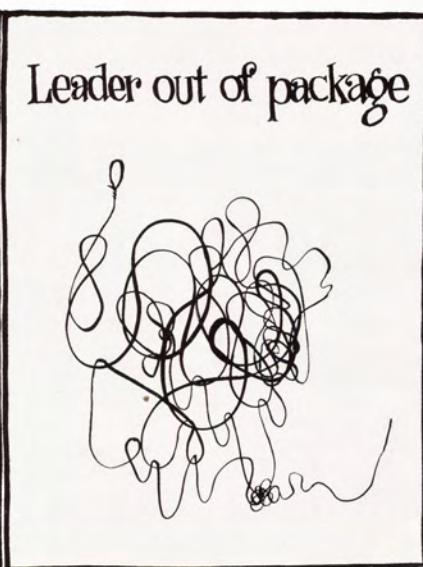
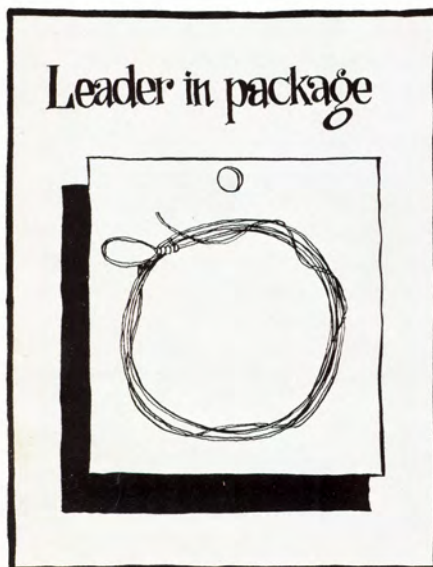
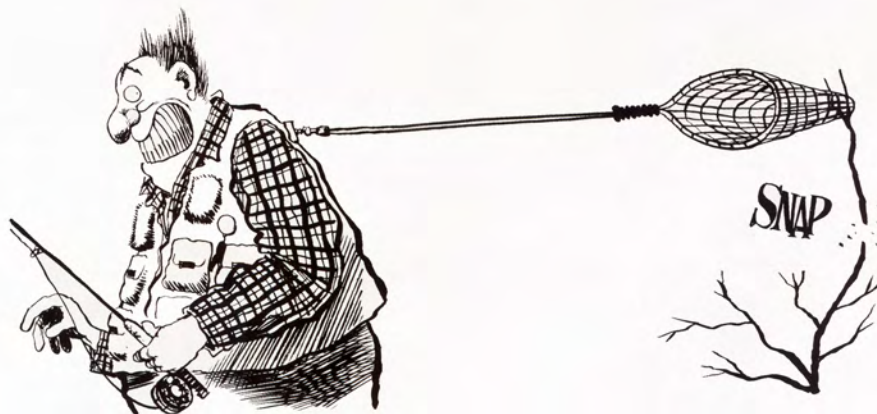
CATCH-AND-RELEASE became popular in the late sixties and early seventies, when there seemed to be a limit on everything but lying politicians. The 1970s were an era of limits; everyone was hung up on preserving the environment. There were cover stories in *Time* and *Newsweek* about the distinct possibility of all life on earth being extinguished by 1979 because of cans and tires floating in rivers, and there was also the growing realization on the part of the fishermen that you couldn't catch 212 trout every day and expect to

repeat the numbers. For some, catch-and-release seemed to be yet another milepost on the short freeway to one world Communism, where denial of the right to slaughter fish was just another example of big government telling us what to do, where the next exit was the fluoridation of Budweiser. Your trout is subdued. He's tired, he's shocked as hell that that juicy little nymph turned out to be a mouthful of fur and wire, and he's looking at the net like it's euthanasia.





NETS ARE VERY AWKWARD TO carry around while you're trout fishing. They always seem to get caught on a branch as you're walking along—you keep moving forward, the elastic stretches to its maximum tensile strength, and then the net breaks off and hits you directly between the shoulder blades at about 2,000 feet per second.



CURRENTLY, leader manufacturers use the "X" system of rating tippet weights. X is a cross, which is a shorthand phrase for cross-eyed, which is what happens when you attempt to tie a fly on a 7X leader.

