



THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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The message on the answering machine was emotion filled but succinct, "She's gone!" Thus ended the life of one of the most extraordinary women of the 20th century. Evelyn Lambert was 97, the widow of Joe Lambert. Both were legends in Dallas, Europe and Mexico. She was friendly with royalty, blue bloods and commoners, the rich and famous as well as the rough hewn, disheveled and obscure.

She caught her first blue marlin off Cuba in her early thirties, long before big game fishing was in vogue. She was a friend of Hemingway and his lot in Paris long before it was chic. The woman had real substance. She was corporeal in a way that was stunning, with a style and grace that took your breath away

Evelyn was a force in the world fashion and the arts as well as a major influence at Neiman-Marcus in the early days. Some say she and Joe introduced class and style to a Texas that was mired in a prairie culture and scorned by the blue bloods in the east. Money couldn't buy respectability with those folks but style and class could, and they had it.

As I sat with her on a balcony at Casa Leon de Lambert in Cuernavaca last week, she was physically weak, but her mind was sharp as a tack, those eyes as piercing and mischievous as ever. We talked of many things while John Bird was cataloging her art collection at the request of the Guggenheim Museum for a possible show in Venice, Italy next year. Their interest was piqued through another project she had been working on because her and Joe's collection had been assembled without the help of professional dealers or consultants as most are these days. She told me that she was a bit disappointed

with me because a lady I'm sweet on wasn't able to make the trip cuz she really wanted to meet her; all I could say was caca pasa.

Early the next morning she was in the hospital undergoing emergency surgery for an ulcerated intestine. That afternoon, sculptor Victor Contreras dropped by the hacienda with the news that the surgery had gone well and that she was in recovery. Victor had other news as well. Seems the last phone call she took the previous evening before retiring was from the mayor of Guadalajara. They were ecstatic that her efforts on the main project had paid off. They'd just been notified by representatives of the Guggenheim Museum of their commitment to locate a permanent museum in their fair city by 2006.

Evelyn passed on early Monday morning February 23rd. She's now reunited with Joe and I'm sure with their style and grace, they're the toast of the next life.

DOCK TALES

Not much to tell 'cept the snapper are snappin' the whiting are in the guts along the beach, reds trout and black drum are in the bay. This is boring as hell and another chapter bites the dust in the world according to Bookie. Can you believe that rascal turns the double nickel today? (if it's Thursday the 26th when you read this) If you're in the neighborhood drop by Jake's and pound a few with the gent. Make it early if you prefer coherent social intercourse.

We welcome your fishin' photos. Drop them by 2600 Padre Boulevard on the Island, or mail them to I.B. Hooked, c/o Coastal Current Weekly, P.O.Box 2429, South Padre Island, Texas 78597. Be sure to include the name of the angler, weight and type of fish, where caught, and name of boat if applicable. Photos with SASE will be returned.