



# Tailing Beauties

by Ralph G. Adams, Jr.

A pale premonition of daylight gathered itself on the eastern edge of the world. I dragged the kayak across a stretch of sand and hauled it into the water. I sat down in the cockpit and the cool water of the shrimp boat channel welled in through the bailing holes. The first easy paddle strokes set the boat in motion. It was a perfect Texas summer morning and the air was thick with humidity and the organic humors of marsh life. The daily pattern of the summer season had brought calming winds and flat water to the Lighthouse Lakes.

I paddled in darkness across the inky waters of the shrimp boat channel. I followed the natural tidal cut past Marker 60 and entered a large underwater grass meadow shaped like a rhombus and bounded in black mangroves. Half a dozen black islands crowded the far edges of the flat and several weathered duck blinds stood in various

states of disrepair and sunken attitude. The water was very high from the combined effect of a new moon and an incoming tide.

The day before I fished Port O'Connor with Ed Hogan. Ed owns a special kayak designed for stability that allows him to safely stand in it. From a distance, I would see him perched on his kayak with his straw hat pulled down hard and cinched tight under his chin. He stood upright and altogether motionless at times and resembled a figure in meditation on the flat before him. And I happened to be watching when Ed cast a nice loop into a thin pocket of grass and shell and drew-up tight with a deep bow in his rod and a redfish sprinting away, and attached to his line. Later that morning and into the early afternoon we encountered a riot of tailing fish crossing the narrowing point of a flat. Their translucent tails were jagged bobbing shapes that moved in time as they foraged along the

bottom. The pods were widely spaced, which made it possible to catch several without busting the lot of them all at once.

The prior day's tailing beauties lingered in my mind as my paddling fell into a steady rhythm. Under dead calm conditions, the kayak seems slow and ponderous. It always seems that I'm moving faster when there's some moderate wind. The absolute stillness of the water reflected the cavernous vault of sky and the mirror image all around and below me held the precise details of its pink swaths and blue expanses and the gray undersides of thick tropical clouds. I was observing the precise symmetry of color and shape as a gull flew by and loosed the milky white remnants of a previous meal that smacked in the water just a foot from my paddle blade.

I stopped at the mouth of a small cove to investigate a group of seagulls, herons, and egrets hunting in the shallows. They went about their business

and the nearer ones watched me. There were no signs of redfish so I continued across the bay and through a winding series of cuts. The historic lighthouse on the Lydia Ann came into better view as a backdrop in the gathering light. I recalled once meeting the man who lives there as caretaker. He lives there with his young wife and hunts rails and owns a pair of handsome dappled bird dogs. My thoughts were of this backdrop when in the foreground of my lighthouse view, I perceived a solitary redfish tail rising to interrupt the glass smoothness of the water like a visual stutter. It held there still and alien and then fell from view. I eased the kayak blade into the bottom to arrest my forward motion and hoped the tail would reappear but it didn't. One-fish can mean two-fish and so I stowed the paddle and sat astride the front kayak hatch with rod in hand and a length of fly line stripped and ready. I waddled forward with the rod ready, angled low and back.

Redfish made sporadic boils but gave no other sign from

*Continued on Page 3*

# President's Corner

by Jerry "Buggywhip" Loring, President, Texas Flyfishers



Coming on August 23rd is the Redfish Rodeo Flyfishing Festival. The Redfish Rodeo is the descendant of a tournament once hosted by the Gulf Coast Conservation Association (now Coastal Conservation Association). The name Redfish Rodeo came from a short-lived flyfishing tournament started by a dozen or so flyfishers from Rockport and Port O'Connor.

The purposes of the Redfish Rodeo are threefold. The first is to promote catch and release. The second is to generate a donation to the Coastal Conservation Association. The last is to promote the sport of flyfishing by having an entertaining day of fishing, friendship,

and fun. The Redfish Rodeo has only two parts, a day of fishing and a night of fun. The fun consists of casting contests, dinner, a couple of skits, a storytelling contest, a raffle, and an everybody-wins prize drawing.

When the Coastal Conservation Association started its tournament in 1988, no one believed you could hold a catch and release tournament for bay fishing. The rules provided a safeguard for honesty by requiring a two-person team, each attesting to the other's catch. Additionally, there were no monetary prizes, only merchandise awarded to the winners. The rules did get fine tuned from year to year, but the catch and release concept stayed. Many of you know the Texas Flyfishers asked to take over the CCA tournament in 1995. We did, and changed the name in 1996 to the Redfish Rodeo.

The catch and release theme is still unique to most fishing tournaments. Heck, for that matter, even to most fishers. A guide's card I picked up while

fishing in Breton Sound off the southeast coast of Louisiana pretty much sums up that catch-'em-till-you-can't attitude with the slogan: "Take a trip and rip some lips." However, let's move on and away from the bully pulpit. Any way you put it, catch and release is a noble cause, worthy of a being the foundation of our event.

Furthermore, any donation to the Coastal Conservation Association must be rated as a worthy cause. The CCA has proved itself with dramatic results in conserving coastal fisheries. They are the cutting edge in coastal conservation. There is no better organization than the CCA in getting the message out. One of my favorite sayings is, "Here's a quarter. Call Austin or Washington D. C. and try to find some bureaucrat to listen to you, let alone get results." The CCA gets results.

The fun part of the Redfish Rodeo is the socializing and dining and socializing and storytelling and socializing during the casting contest and

socializing while watching the skits. That's right, skits that would make Johnny Carson proud. Well, maybe not that good, but plenty admirable for a group of flyfishers. At the end you almost get your money back, because there is a grand finale prize drawing where everybody in attendance wins something. So that, plus your meal and the entertainment is worth the forty bucks to enter. Any money left over after expenses is donated to the CCA. Pretty good plan, we have fun, the CCA gets a donation, and the Texas Flyfishers has the opportunity to promote our club, flyfishing, and catch and release.

If at all possible, please participate. This year the Redfish Rodeo will be held on Saturday, August 23rd in Port O'Connor, with the evening's festivities at the Community Center. Get a partner and enter. 🐟

*Jerry "Buggywhip" Loring*

## July Club Meeting July 29, 2003

Our July meeting features Bill Harvey of the Texas Parks & Wildlife Department in Corpus Christi.

## August Club Meeting August 26, 2003

Sage sales representative and casting guru Cary Marcus will give a presentation on fly rods that you won't want to miss.

Meetings begin at 7:00 p.m. at the Holiday Inn on I-10 between Antoine and Silber.

## *We Need A New Club Secretary!*

Ron "Flyboy" Bauer, our current secretary, is stepping down, leaving a vacancy in this officer-level position.

The secretary's primary duties are keeping the club membership roster up to date, sending out dues notices, collecting dues, and getting the money to the treasurer. The membership information is kept in a Microsoft Excel file, so familiarity with and access to Excel is a requirement.

If you are interested in becoming the club secretary, please call president Jerry Loring at 713-464-8687 (evenings).

# Tailing Beauties

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which to track them. I cast to no effect until a tail showed itself and the fly landed nearby and bumped and I connected with a stout red. I landed him quickly and held him in the water as I backed the hook out of the corner of his jaw and watched him disappear at once back into the early morning shadow of the flat.

I moved on and into a channel connecting a series of promising back lakes. The current imposed a uniform alignment on each blade of the spartina grass and the water curled in places and hissed through dense clusters of mangrove pneumat-

aphores sprouting through the surface. I was distracted watching the water and was completely unprepared for the four red-fish that passed in a line one after the next, unhurried but flushed all the same.

The back lakes were full of fish, but none that I was clever enough to catch. A small fluttering action in the water next to me caught my eye. I saw a strange creature shaped like a moth with a set of fins like wings and an abdomen that fluttered like a rudimentary tail. It was ruby pink and I tracked its slow movements to make sure that I wasn't seeing things. He looked like an exquisite larval stage of some rare fish species and I regretted that he was likely to wind up inside the gullet of one of the many fat

bronzed piglets smacking bait in that small lake.

On the way back out, I stopped to wade the length of the first flat. The midday sun and wind were just right for sight-casting and I could let the kayak drift free behind me trusting that it would follow me in a line down the flat like an obedient horse. The sun was at its apex and the light brought out the myriad green and rust colors of the bottom. Stingrays pushed along at angles to me and I took their presence as positive sign commending the flat. The cruising reds I saw swam with their wide heads low and their pectoral fins outstretched. Seen there loosed under the bright light of the flat, they scurried about like large red lizards.

The slow-sinking bead-eye Clouser went rejected, unseen, or appraised with a summary flush. My usual mix of operator error and straightforward lining technique were much to blame. I considered the possibility of a combined depth and sink-rate problem in the high water conditions and switched to a heavier fly, an untried Vengeance Molly with a cream rabbit body and a striped tail and silver barbell eyes. Cinching the knot closed, I felt the eager optimism of the serial fly-changer and was sure that Molly would do her tricks. But after I switched there were no more fish to see. They were gone, hidden away somewhere and so I finished the wade and reeled up knowing that it was time to go home. 🐟

## Help Wanted . . . and News About Windknots

As you are probably aware from previous articles in the newsletter and announcements at meetings, your club officers and executive committee are moving toward on-line delivery of Windknots to those who have Internet access. Most likely that will involve creating each issue as a PDF file, then posting it on the TFF web site for downloading by members. Those members without Internet access will not be left behind, though. We will print and mail copies to them. At this point we have identified seven members without Internet access. If you don't have Internet access and have not filled out and returned the Windknots Electronic Delivery Survey that was in a recent issue, please call editor Corey Rich at 713-621-6071 (evenings) so we can make sure

you continue to receive your newsletter by mail.

As you may or may not know, our current Windknots publisher, Greg Rhodes, is going to have to step down because of increased responsibilities at work and a new family member, Austin Rhodes, at home. Greg has dramatically improved the look of our newsletter since he took over as publisher, and has done yeoman's service in the monthly production of each issue. He will be missed greatly as publisher.

We are looking for someone to fill Greg's shoes. If you have graphic arts skills, access to and experience with page layout software, and several hours a month you would like to spend helping the club publish the newsletter, please call president Jerry Loring at 713-464-8687 (evenings). 🐟

### INFORMAL THURSDAY NIGHT TYING SESSIONS

The Thursday night informal fly tying sessions will not begin until in September due to low turnout during the summer vacation period. If anyone has a specific question on how to tie a particular pattern, or how to handle certain materials, please feel free to contact Frank Schlicht at 281-392-5296. He will be happy to try to answer your questions, or direct you to someone who can help you. Notice of resumption of these sessions will appear in the August newsletter. In the meantime, may your dry fly drift drag-free.



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# JOE DEFORKE'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE

by Joe DeForke

I arrived at the marina on Saturday morning at my usual time, around 8:00 a.m. The parking lot was full and the overflow was going onto the side street. This dropped my level of enthusiasm several notches. As I was getting the boat ready for launching, I was greeted with a clearing sky and bright sunshine. This brought my level of excitement back to a fever pitch. The only fly in the ointment (no pun intended) was the nagging east/northeast wind. This is an awful direction for drifting and sight casting. It gives you an early advantage but it ruins your window of subsurface visibility by early afternoon. Your drift is in direct line with the setting sun and all you get is a lot of glare from the water's surface.

Norbert Burch and I had fished the previous Sunday, so I knew which areas should be holding some reds. That trip turned out to be one of our better days chasing reds. We ended up with 20 reds and a trout. Some of them were cruising and some were tailing.

Cruz Lamas and John Sears wanted to fish on Wednesday so they asked me for some input as to where they should go. Naturally I told them exactly where, and no, it was not Hades! I told them of my secret spot. Cruz called from his cell phone with good news. The fish were still there and they were having an outstanding day. It was 1:00 p.m. and the fish were tailing all over the flat. To quote Cruz, "these were some happy fish!"

The mid-week report from

Cruz helped me to formulate my plans for Saturday. As I was running the boat down the channel I kept hoping, with crossed fingers, that no one would be fishing on the flat I had chosen to start my day. I rounded a bend in the bayou and was greatly relieved to see not a single soul was encroaching on my chosen ground. I shut down on the north side of the flat and slowly drifted in while scanning the area for tailing reds. They were there and in large numbers. I anchored my boat and began my wade with the sun and the wind behind me. The further I moved up the flat the more fish I saw. My thoughts were that this was going to be shooting-fish-in-the-barrel easy. Not so! The first nine fish I cast to exploded off the flat at the sight of the fly. The tenth red ate the fly and was into the backing in two seconds. I finally found the program that worked, but only after I had cast to many more reds and kept changing flies about as often. The go-to fly was small and in olive or olive/white and it had to be placed no further than three inches from the fish's nose to be effective.

This action lasted about three hours until the tails all went down. As I made my way back to the boat I was patting myself on the back for having had such a grand morning session with all of those tailers. I felt the fish were still in the area, so I slowly walked my boat out to knee-deep water and started drifting. This technique worked for several rounds but the fish eventually moved off of the flat. I decided to check out another

favorite flat nearby. The large expansive grass flat held clear water but there was also a lot of floating grass on the surface. This condition only allowed only one or two strips before the fly became fouled. You had to put the fly right on the nose of the fish.

Things were going fairly well and I had caught some nice reds when I noticed the wind had all but stopped blowing. Bad juju. No wind, no drift. By now it was 1:00 p.m., the sun was high and with no wind it was getting down right hot! I instructed the old grey matter to produce a location I could wade with a good chance of finding some fish. Ah hah! That's it. Hard sand, a large area with deep water nearby. I made my way there at around 1:15 p.m. only to find several boats and about a dozen or so fishermen. They were all wading deep. This gave me the chance to sneak in behind them. Just as I was about to step off of my boat I spotted a pod of tailing reds coming straight at me.

This is impossible! It's 1:20 p.m., no wind, hot, and high sun, not great tailing conditions. No matter, I make the cast with the heavy Clouser and still I catch the fish. This is too good to be true. It has to be a dream, so I pinch myself to bring myself back to reality. The fly, change the fly, dummy! The water is only four inches deep.

Having tied on a small olive/white seaducer I was just stepping into the water when two tails popped up. I fired off a 30-foot cast and the lead fish smashed the fly. One more cast, one more red. My fishing expertise was at it's zenith. I had

directed myself to the mother load. Or was it outhouse luck? Who cares, I was into fish that tailed well into late afternoon. I was in the groove of sighting, casting, hooking, fighting, and then releasing fish. Every red got the once-over for a S.T.A.R. tag. I would retie the fly and look up to see more reds coming in singles and pods. This scene was happening every eight to ten minutes. I could hear the comments of the other fisherman located upwind from me. Their words went from "Look at that dumb fly fisherman up there in four inches of water. He ain't going to catch nuttin' up there" to "Damn, he's puttin' it on us really bad!" I must admit it did indeed feel good to show up those hardware chunkers. At 4:15 p.m. my elbow hurt so badly from fighting fish that I quit casting. I just stood there for a few minutes to watch the wonderful spectacle that surrounded me.

After retreating to the boat I made a tally of the day's catch. Twenty-six reds hooked, 23 landed, two long-line releases, and one red broken off. I did not catch a S.T.A.R. redfish, but I did have one oversize red of 34 inches, one multi-spotted red (over 100 spots), and a one-eyed redfish. This day turned out to be my personal best fly-fishing for reds. I still cannot believe I would have had such a day for tailing reds under those conditions. Heading back to the dock that afternoon, looking at the setting sun, I knew the Grand Flyfisher had graced me with a memory that would last a lifetime! 🐟

# A Gator Tail

(Pun Intended)

by Paul W. Jones

My spouse was in Tyler during the recent Father's Day weekend. The leash thus loosed, I decided to go explore Brazos Bend State Park. The idea for the trip came from a brief conversation with Jim Bridges, who, when I asked him about fishing at the park, told me the alligators could be a problem. They seem to pay attention to fishermen as we represent (our catch, I assumed) an easy source for food. I took a fly rod, left my good sense at the house, and headed out for a Father's Day fishing trip.

The area, in the middle of a coastal plain, is lovely: Lots of big oaks covered with Spanish moss, clear water, swamp of every description, and lots of signs saying be careful of this and that – mostly gators and poisonous snakes.

During the time I was wandering around the waters in the park I saw about ten gators, including three that munched my sunfish. I had decided to fish off the small piers into "holes" in the moss, as most of the banks were impossible to cast from. Soon I was dragging out a number of small sunfish. Shortly after I started casting, three smallish gators appeared. They were like dogs circling a carcass, waiting for the hunter to cut off a bit of meat and throw it to them. Perhaps exhibiting my first serious lapse in judgment (that day), I tossed the sunfish to the gators. As you might expect, they enjoyed the free snack. I was an equal opportunity supplier, feeding each in turn. They would have stuck it out for hours, but it was very

hot, and I decided to move to another location.

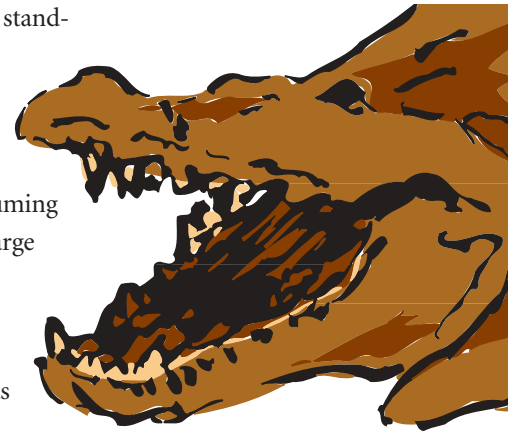
The area around the next dock was completely covered with moss, and I decided not to risk any flies because none I carried were weedless. I headed toward the next dock hoping the water would be clear of moss. I stopped under a shade tree about 30 yards from the dock to tie on an undamaged fly and was standing on the edge of the trail some five feet from the water. As I removed the old fly, I saw that about fifteen feet from the bank a very large water turtle – about two feet long – was floating on the surface. I turned my attention to the fly but immediately looked back toward the lake when I heard a loud splash. A large gator had hit the turtle, rolled, then disappeared into the water and moss, leaving nothing but a big swirl where the turtle had been. Well, I thought, that was interesting, but I had more fish to catch, so I returned my attention to my fly.

Suddenly I was aware of movement immediately in front of me, and as I looked up, I saw the gator, with the turtle in its jaws, on the top of the water swimming directly at me. Moss covered its head and body from the roll, so I doubt it saw me as it approached the bank. It swam straight as an arrow to the bank and, without any hesitation, crawled up so that its hind legs were on the edge of the bank next to the water. Its head, with turtle firmly gripped in its jaws, was literally between my feet. It tossed its body violently from side to side and threw most of the moss off of its head. With its

eyes cleared, it saw me standing right above it, looking down on it and its lunch *du jour*. It hissed. That hiss was intended, assuming the beast's brain was large enough to formulate such a concept, to let me know that I was going to move or it was going to play "turtle" with me. Whatever the gator intended to convey, I took it seriously and with some degree of emerging fear, oh, hell, a massive degree of emerging fear, I moved backwards as fast as my legs could manage the retreat. For reasons I cannot explain, except maybe total stupidity, I had not thought to move an inch, much less retreat, until that hiss.

After I backed off and realized the gator was not following, I thought to dig out an old disposable cardboard camera that I had found in the garage that morning while gathering my tackle. At least I could record the gator eating the turtle. Again showing less than good sense, I crept as close as I thought prudent and tried and get a good shot. The gator, clearly viewing me as an intruder, would stop chewing on the turtle and hiss. At the sound of each hiss, I would quickly retreat. That gator never took its eyes off me and paid close attention as I moved around him or her. (You'll forgive me, I'm sure, for not inspecting to determine its gender.) It may be trite to say the gator's eyes were as cold as death itself, but from my perspective, they showed no glint of humor or any other emotion I might find comforting.

The park is full of signs saying not to swim or wade and not to approach within 30 feet of alligators because they view that area as their territory. I surely



breached that last little bitty rule by standing there like a lump of dumb while the gator swam directly toward me and proceeded to crawl onto the bank, stopping at my feet. The only lucky aspect is that it never saw me until the last moment, and it was preoccupied with a mouth full of turtle.

I've heard it said that gators are twice the length of the distance from the nose to the hind legs. If that is true, then the one I got to inspect up close was from 10 to 12 feet long. I only saw the tail slash once when it was hissing. It was long, but my attention at the time was directed at getting my feet to remove themselves from the area, not the gator's tail. What should give anyone pause is that at least one of the other gators I saw that afternoon was much larger and longer, and heaven only knows what lurks in the swamp I could not get to or see, which is about 99% of the area I was visiting.

Truly, Brazos Bend State Park is an interesting area and I intend to visit it again. Maybe Jim Bridges will be my guide. All in all, my visit to the park made for a fine and stimulating Father's day, and as someone is always saying, a day of fishing is special, regardless of the outcome. 🐊

# Outings Schedule

Not all the events are confirmed, so use the schedule for your long-range planning only. A club member will host each outing. The host is responsible for signing up participants, coordinating destination, times, and at least one meal. You must be signed up with the host to get updates as final plans come together.

Some events already have hosts assigned and some don't. If the event says "Contact TBA," you can volunteer to host. Just let Jerry Loring, Bruce Heiberg or Clarke Thornton know. Together we can make it happen.

**July ??, 2003** Clarke Thornton will lead a freshwater trip somewhere, some time in July. Contact him at [cth Thornton@ehshouston.org](mailto:cth Thornton@ehshouston.org) or 713-641-0022 (evenings)

**July 26, 2003** Port Aransas, San Jose Island. Kayak only. Contact Ed Hogan for sign-up and details, [ehogan@tepi.com](mailto:ehogan@tepi.com). Contact Sally Moffett, [www.captainsally.com](http://www.captainsally.com), for kayak rentals.

**August 8-10, 2003** South Padre Island Annual. Boat or kayak. Contact Rick Rawls for sign-up and details, [rick55@ev1.net](mailto:rick55@ev1.net)

**August 16, 2003** Port O'Connor (Redfish Rodeo scouting mission). You're on your own to find the fish for next week's Redfish Rodeo. RSVP Bruce Heiberg for club dinner, [bheiberg@bc-arch.com](mailto:bheiberg@bc-arch.com).

**August 23, 2003** Redfish Rodeo. Contact Jerry Loring for Details. [jerrytms@flash.net](mailto:jerrytms@flash.net) or 713-464-8687 (evenings)

**September 7, 2003** Medina River. Contact TBA.

**September 20, 2003** Nueces River. Contact TBA.

**September 27-28, 2003** Padre Island Surfing Jackfest guided by Billy Sandifer. Contact Tom Lyons for sign-up, details, and cost information, [tflyons@aol.com](mailto:tflyons@aol.com)

**October 11, 2003** Copano Bay. Contact TBA.

**October 24-26, 2003** Please note revised date. Arkansas (3-day trip). Contact Troy Miller for sign-up and details, [Troy.Miller@bakeroiltools.com](mailto:Troy.Miller@bakeroiltools.com)

**November 15, 2003** San Marcos River, Contact information TBA.

**December 5, 2003** Awards Banquet.

**December 13, 2003** Frozen Point, Anahuac. Contact information TBA.

**January 10, 2004** Guadalupe River Float and Freeze. Tentative.

**April 2004** Devils River. Walk-in, kayak or canoe. Contact Tom Lyons for details. [tflyons@aol.com](mailto:tflyons@aol.com)

## New Mexico Magic

by John Arnold

I have been fly fishing with a friend for years and we often joke about our inability to catch fish on a fly. There have been moments in the Florida Keys and Belize that have produced good fish - but nothing really great - really memorable. This all changed on a recent trip to New Mexico.

We decided to meet there for a few days of vacation and thought fly fishing for a day would be a nice extra if it was available. I went on line and found New Mexico Fly Fishers and booked a one-day trip for my friend and me and our wives - actually one wife and one date.

Santa Fe Fly Fishers is on the Pecos River about a half-hour from Santa Fe. We enjoyed winding through the mountains getting there and were very excited about fishing once we saw the river.

We met Hugo, the owner, and pulled on waders and wading shoes and chose rods from their selection. Dirk, the second guide, took the two women and could not have done a better job teaching them about the fundamentals of fly fishing, including a roll cast and other basics.

Dirk spent four hours teaching, showing and letting them fish. My wife, a first-time fly fisher, caught three very good size rainbows on a fly (wet flies, with a dropper).

Hugo took my friend and me to private water and we both had an experience with a fly rod that we have never had before. We each caught and released over 20 rainbows, averaging 20 inches each. I can only believe that someone who really knew what he or she was doing would do much better. Hugo told me repeatedly that I was missing all of the big strikes and catching only smaller fish - at 20 inches! He said there were many rainbows over 36 inches in the pools we were fishing.

It was an incredible experience for all of us. My friend had just returned from New Zealand and had a similar experience there but I never had anything like that before.

It is the serendipitous experiences that make life so wonderful and this was certainly one of them. An add-on fishing trip turned out to be an absolutely wonderful day that will never be forgotten.

Hugo could not have done a better job guiding - always ready with a strong arm to help you into position - and he is an excellent chef, too. The whole experience was so great that you almost hate to pass it on. But I know you won't tell anyone else. 🐟



## FRUGAL FRANK'S TIPS

Fly tiers, don't throw away all of those hackle butts that you wind up with when using saddle and neck hackles. Keep three or four different quill (stem) sizes on your tying table. Leave the fluff and any barbs on the quill. If you get head cement in the eye of the hook, simply passing one of these butts through the eye a couple of times will remove it. These butt pieces can be used many times before they have to be replaced.

## For Sale:

Antique gut-eyed English salmon flies from late 19th and early 20th century; a massive 47 year collection of fly-tying materials, including thousands of boxed hooks for both fresh water and salt water patterns; substantial library of fly tying and fishing books. Best offers as to some or all of the materials and books, the gut-eyed Salmon flies individually priced.

## Wanted:

Eyeless hooks, spade end, not blind eye. Referred to as "match hooks" in Europe. Japanned preferred, but can use bronzed. In lots, small or large, or would appreciate directions to dependable domestic or foreign (other than Daiichi) retail or wholesale suppliers.

Paul W. Jones  
713 668-9582 home or  
713 516-8849 cell.  
pwjones@myexcel.com

## WINDKNOTS INFO

The Texas Flyfishers monthly newsletter needs your help. Otherwise, we'll run out of material to print.

Please send your photos, artwork and graphic materials to publisher Greg Rhodes at [gregr@pegasusdesign.com](mailto:gregr@pegasusdesign.com)

Send articles to editor Corey Rich, email: [corey.rich@aya.yale.edu](mailto:corey.rich@aya.yale.edu) or fax at 713-864-1292.

All articles, photographs and newsworthy events are appreciated. Information and articles should be submitted before the 10th of each month.

Previous issues of the *Windknots* publication are now posted online in PDF format for downloading and viewing. Each new *Windknots* will be posted immediately following its release. Please keep this in mind if you don't receive an issue!

## WEBSITE INFO

Please send your pictures, ideas, links, etc... to the TFF webmaster e-mail address listed on the web page at:

[www.texasflyfishers.org](http://www.texasflyfishers.org)

Norbert Burch  
TFF Webmaster

## Executive Committee

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# TEXAS FLYFISHERS MEMBERSHIP FORM

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## New Application / Renewal

Attention new and current members! To join or renew please complete this form and mail it with your check to the address above. New members should prorate their dues to July because everyone renews during that month, or bring this form with you to any of our monthly meetings. Meetings start at 7:00 PM the last Tuesday of every month (except December) at the Holiday Inn, located on the Katy Freeway between Antoine and Silber. Guests are welcome with a complimentary pass to come learn of our numerous outings, instructional classes and social gatherings.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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MEMBERSHIP DUES (PLEASE INDICATE): REGULAR \$24 FAMILY \$32 STUDENT \$16  
 ANY QUESTIONS? PLEASE CALL THE MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY, RON BAUER 281-359-7077.

TFF is affiliated with a national organization, the Federation of Fly Fishers.  
 Membership in the FFF is encouraged and benefits the club, but is not required.  
 Membership applications are available through the FFF website at: <http://www.fedflyfishers.org>