

WindKnots

A monthly publication of the Texas Flyfishers

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July 2005

Yes, the sand is that white...

By Chris Summers

For as long as I can remember some, if not all, of our vacations revolved around fishing. First it was going to Key West to see my grandparents over Easter and the menu was tarpon, snook, and reef species. Then it was on to either coast of Mexico for billfish, Ecuador for giant striped marlin, Costa Rica for black marlin and finally, Venezuela for white marlin. Then due to some health problems I had to back off the heavy tackle and resort to something that required less brute force and a little more finesse. So I took up the long rod and vacations still revolve around at least some fishing. In June 2005, we chose the Turks and Caicos Islands. The main reason for this destination came in an e-travel ad that offered us round trip airfare, departing and returning from Houston's Hobby Airport, and a beach front hotel for a great price. Frequently featured in the periodicals as one of the world's top diving spots, the islands are not often touted as an angling hot spot. After doing some research on the internet, I discovered that the area offers some good offshore and inshore fishing. For the blue water enthusiast, wahoo, tuna, dolphin and the reef species can be found most of the time and the summer months offer some decent bill fishing. Closer to shore, bonefish and barracuda, as well as a few tarpon and permit can keep the shallow water fanatics happy.

I found a lot of useful information on the internet, most notably the cost of everything. Almost all goods in the Turks and Caicos have to be imported, including fuel. Gasoline was \$4.17 a gallon, a case of beer will set you back \$42 at the local IGA, and dinner for two, along with a couple of cocktails will take a C note plus. But, I guess that should be expected in a resort area. What I had a hard time dealing with was that a full day of bonefishing runs between \$650 and \$800, and offshore is in the \$1,500 area. With my fishing budget set, my choices were 2 half days (at \$450 each) or one full day. After having a several long e-conversations with my prospective guide, I decided one full day would be the best bet, with his main reasoning being the local population of bone fish get hit pretty hard and they run in the 1-2 pound range.



The Royal West Indies



Shervin "Pops" Dean

So I set my date and started tying the recommended patterns: tan Charlies, Gotchas, and Spawning Shrimp in sizes 2 and 4. While packing, I also threw in my "World Wide Favorite" box. This box contains a mixture of patterns, sizes and colors that I feel might elicit a strike from fish anywhere in the saltwater fishing world. The selections are, to name a few, Lefty's Deceivers, Sea Ducers, some poppers, and Clouser Minnows, some in chartreuse and white. With flies, rods, reels, and leaders packed, it was time to head out.

Our flight was easy, with one short stop in Atlanta. Our plane landed in Provo (short for Providenciales) just after noon and we were greeted by our driver, who promptly delivered us to the Royal West Indies Resort. The

accommodations were first rate, the staff friendly and courteous, and the view was fantastic. After checking in and changing into the uniform for the week, we headed to the beach for a couple of days of snorkeling and chilling, two hobbies that are hard to concentrate on when you look up from your book and see the beautiful water at the beach and the offshore boats trolling on the horizon. Not being one to complain, I accepted my fate and waited three long days until I got to hit the flats.

I fished with "Pops" Dean of Silver Deep Charters. Pops, an experienced flats guide, is all of 19 years old who, when not fishing, told me he spent most of his spare time shooting pool. My wife, Donna, and I met Pops at the dock and departed about 8:30 am to what I was hoping was going to be my first bonefish on a fly. We had a run of about 45 minutes through a pretty good chop (the wind reminds me of the Texas coast....it blows constantly), but we arrived at Middle Caicos Island none the worse for wear. I passed my fly box to Pops and asked him to recommend a fly. After looking through the selections, Pops asked if that was all the flies I had to which I said, "No" and handed him my World Wide Box. He pulled out a size 4 chartreuse and white bead-eye Clouser Minnow. Go figure, all the time tying the "recommended" patterns and at home I have boxes full of chartreuse and white Clousers. Such is the life of the traveling fisherman.

After trying a couple of good looking flats without spotting a fish, Pops cranked up and we ran back into a bay called the Bird Pond, a great looking spot with a mottled bottom and a few mangrove shoots poking up here and there. Pops poled us along for maybe two minutes when I spotted a pair of large shadows coming out of the mangroves. Now comes the moment of truth. I surprised the hell out of myself when I turned a tight loop and lay the fly exactly where I wanted it. I let it settle to bottom then Pops told me to strip, strip, strip. The larger of the two bonefish honed in on the fly and sucked it up, turned and....just stayed there. None of the legendary hundred yard run, no head shaking, it just laid there. I started stripping and he just followed along until, at a point where the leader was just about at the tip top, he decided that he didn't want whatever we were offering and headed in the other direction. The first run took me well into the backing, followed by two equally quick, but slightly shorter bursts. While all of this is going on in the front of the boat, Pops grabbed a spinning rod and cast a stingray grub to the other bone, who was now wondering where his pod'nah was going and what he was going to do once he got there. He immediately sucked up the jig, headed to points unknown, but just as quickly spit the jig. By this time, my fish had made a couple of equally rapid, but slightly shorter runs and was showing off near the boat and showing signs he was ready for the Boga Grip. Pops gently lifted him from the water for the obligatory photo and read the weight on the Boga and then gently released the bonefish. One cast, one eight pound bonefish, you can't beat that, period. My first thought was, "Chris, quit while you're ahead," but that wasn't going to happen.

After a cold Bud Light and a brisk splash of ice cold water from the cooler, I was ready to go again. It took about two minutes for the next bonefish to show up. Unfortunately, his running buddy this time was a small barracuda that immediately scarfed up my Clouser, bit through the leader, and took off to points unknown. After a short break to re-tie, we were ready to go. So were the bonefish. For the next two hours, we watched some good sized schools of four to five pound bonefish mill around the edge of the open water keeping a line of mangroves between themselves and us. You would see singles and doubles break off and look like they were going to the open water only to turn at the last moment and blow your shot at a decent cast. I managed decent shots at four more bones, catching two in the five pound class on the fly. Neither fish was as physical as the first, but they did make it an interesting fight dodging in and out of the mangroves.



My first gray ghost on fly.



The last bone of the trip.

By now, it was close to noon and the tide was blowing out of this pocket. The bonefish were still milling around the mangroves, but the wind had also picked up to about twenty knots making an accurate cast almost impossible. So, being an adaptable sort of person, I picked up Donna's spinning rod to see if I could overcome the infernal winds. I made a quick shot at a single which took the jig and never slipped the light drag for more than about five feet of line. All it did was splash about on the surface showing off its silvery sides. After a couple of minutes, Pops exclaimed "Mon, there's something wrong with that fish." After the Boga, a quick snap shot, and a few high-fives, we cranked up the Merc, spun a few donuts to get up on a plane, and lit a shuck out of the back end of the Bird Pond leaving many nice bonefish behind on a rapidly falling tide.

We tried several more nice looking spots, but with the wind and the tide working against us, we saw no more bonefish. Donna had told Pops she would like to find a snapper for supper, so we drifted jigs in several spots with no luck. One of the spots Pops picked was a nice channel with beautiful flats on one

side and some nice houses on the other side. "This one belongs to Chuck Norris and see that one with the white roof? That one belongs to the Governor." "The Governor of the Turks?" I asked. "No mon, Arnold, the Governor of California." Another drift put us in front of Oprah's "fishing camp" and another drift allowed us a view of Bruce Willis's chateau. It must be tough having to rough it like that. With no further luck, we decided to head to the dock and take a swim. The ride home was rough and wet, but the day's success made it worthwhile. Once at the dock, we were loaded up in the van, dropped off at the hotel and we proceeded to the cabaña bar for a couple of cold ones and a brief dip.

We had two more enjoyable days on the beach before heading back to the real world well-rested and ready to go back for more, sort of. Fishing aside, there was just a little too much of nothing to do in the Turks for my taste. Donna, on the other hand, loves to sit on the beach and read. But, if you happen to win the lottery and want to spend it all in one week of fishing, head to the Turks, where the sand is that white and the water is that blue. Time to go home, darn it.

PS: For those of you who would like to take a spinning or casting rod along, but can't fit it into the overhead, Temple Forks Outfitters has their new line of TiCr three piece spinning rods, seven footers, that will break down to the same length as a four piece, nine foot, fly rod. I packed two fly rods and one spinning rod in my travel case, which fit perfectly in the overhead. Also, I took along some Orvis fluorocarbon tapered bonefish leaders in twelve pound test and they held up great except for the barracuda episode.



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President's Corner

by Jerry "Buggywhip" Loring, president, Texas Flyfishers

The Federation of Fly Fishers Southern Council has scheduled their annual Conclave for October 6 through October 8, 2005. This is the primary fundraiser for the Southern Council and an event worth the trip to Mountain Home, Arkansas. The cost is variable and depends on what events you choose to participate in. There are twenty-eight workshops to choose from, and they cost from \$5 to \$100. Seven workshops, such as beginning fly tying, fly-casting, and how to make leaders, are free.

Some of the more expensive workshops are from recognized masters such as Joe Humphreys, Duane Hada, John Wilson, John Berry and Tom White. Their topics range from advanced nymphing to river boat basics. Registration forms can be found on www.fedflyfishers.org, or you can write to Pat Smith, Managing Director FFF Southern Council, 2603 Buford Spur Road, Mountain Home, AR 72653.

The FFF Southern Council is very active and has plenty of lines in the stream. Some of their current projects are the formation of a fly fishing guides association, a new national website for "members only" that offer equipment bargains, outreach programs to introduce the public to fly fishing, a young anglers conclave, and a conservation report updated with the latest issues.

Speaking of which, the FFF has chimed in and thrown their weight and opinion against the development of additional "Open Loop LNG Terminals." The reason FFF has joined forces against these terminals is the discharge of chlorine directly into the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Everyone knows that chlorine kills fish along with most other living organisms.

Getting back to the Federation of Fly Fishers. They are selling ten dollars tickets for a fifteen foot Mitzi Skiff, including a push pole, 25 HP mercury, and trailer. The person operating the push pole is not included. Tickets will be available at the July meeting.

Don't forget the Redfish Rodeo coming August 27. The location is in Rockport. This is the best Fly Fishing Catch & Release Event on the Texas coast. If you want to volunteer or give a donation for a door prize, please call 713-875-4289.

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THE 2005 REDFISH RODEO

The original "Catch & Release" fly fishing event on the Texas coast

The 19th annual Redfish Rodeo, a fly fishing event promoting conservation through catch and release, will take place August 27th at the City Park Pavilion in Rockport, TX. The agenda starts at first light with a day of fly fishing. A catered dinner will be served at 7:00 PM, followed by a program that includes a casting contest, raffle, storytelling contest, skits, and an "everybody wins something" door prize drawing.

Proceeds usually go to a local CCA chapter. This year, however, they will be directed to the Chuck Scates Benefit. The entry fee is \$40 per team during pre-registration or \$50 per team at the door. This is a two-person, team event. Solo anglers may participate, but are not eligible for first place prizes. Volunteers are needed to assist the Committee. Door prizes are also needed. Call Jerry Loring at 713-875-4289 for details.

Please see the registration form and other information provided on pages eight and nine.

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Mulletmen Unite!

Kayak Fly Fishing in Rockport with "Lefty" Ray Chapa
By Aaron Hammer

For those of you who missed the June saltwater outing, it was a fantastic day of kayak fishing Brown & Root Flat with guide "Lefty" Ray Chapa. It was a day of world-class fishing to say the least. Had we had an IGFA representative, it would have gone in the record books. It was a day filled with wonderful tales and deep, dark secrets. But let's start at the beginning.

The morning started off very well. First, we went to my favorite spot. I managed to get four really nice ones right off the bat with hardly any effort. The other people I was with picked some up as well. I would've been happy to stay in the same place all day. The other guys were getting anxious, so sadly, we left the Donut Palace and went to meet up with the rest of the group at the Exxon Station.

We drove towards Port Aransas and parked on the right side of the road. Amazingly, Bruce Heiberg was not the last person finished assembling his gear.

Apparently, the guy renting the kayaks had to make a run to get a replacement paddle. This gave Bruce just enough time to make his satellite connection, download the latest forecasts for weather, tide, sunspots, and UFO sightings and adjust the flex capacitor on his kayak. People started off at different times, but regrouped at the gas well and fished the flat on the north side. The water was fairly clear and looking great. We immediately began our search for fish.

Probably the most popular fish for the fly fisherman along the Texas coast is the redfish. However, there is a very dedicated and secret sect of anglers in the club who spurn fishing for such easy and boring quarry. They feel that catching redfish on a fly in Texas is about as sporting as shooting fish in a barrel. So secretive are its activities that many members are too scared to admit membership or even talk about its existence. They'll even go so far as to catch redfish to hide membership in the group. At first you may think this sect is a minority. I firmly believe that each and every member of the Texas Flyfishers is secretly working to join our ranks. It is time for our secrets to be let out. It is quite possible I will be beaten (or worse) for making the following information public. As a club, we cannot let our members live the double lives they are leading. Many may criticize me, saying the secret shouldn't be told, but I cannot keep quiet any longer. In the future I hope to be remembered as a revolutionary. With a great deal of concern for bodily harm, I make the following announcement:



There is a large group of members who prefer to focus their efforts on a much more formidable foe than redfish, that is, the mighty mullet.

My biggest concern making this announcement is that many of you will continue to deny you are a member. There is no need for any more secrecy. Please listen to the rest of my story before you attack me.



Lefty Ray Chapa photo

As many members already know, the mullet is one of the most difficult fish to catch on a fly rod. The ratio of mullet caught to the number of hours spent fishing is statistically zero. A mullet makes a permit look like a bluegill attacking a grasshopper on an East Texas farm pond. They are so difficult to catch that many anglers have been known to scream in frustration after stalking them for hours. Fly fishing for mullet is a sport for the truly dedicated, the Mulletmen. Most Mulletmen have never caught a mullet, but that does not stop them from trying. The most dedicated of us spurn the very idea of catching a redfish. The only time I have caught redfish was while targeting trout under the lights. I wouldn't dare catch a redfish on the flats while fishing for mullet. There were several of us in the group who managed to live up to the high ideals of the Mulletmen. We wouldn't stoop to such lows as to catch a redfish. Fellow Mulletmen, I salute you!

It wasn't until the outing that I realized the percentage of Mulletmen in the Texas Flyfishers. Among Mulletmen, B&R is known to be a world-class mullet fishery. Was it a coincidence that we ended up there? I think not! There is definitely a deep-running conspiracy that undoubtedly involves the highest officers in the club. This includes our saltwater outings chairman Scott Fossum. Strangely, Scott said he preferred to fish alone and was off away from the group for the majority of the

outing. He even tried to hide his status as a Mulletman by claiming to see "a couple of hundred redfish." Scott, you no longer need to feel alone. We understand your devotion to mullet. Another sure member is Eduardo Davis. He and Scott planned to go back to B&R the following day. I am certain they were targeting mullet.

The Mulletmen are an international group. Mike Siegman, our second favorite Aussie in the club (Jeremy, we missed you) is definitely trying to join the ranks. He went to great lengths to hide his status. In fact, he caught the first fish of the day, a redfish. After catching the redfish, he was free to concentrate on mullet. Unfortunately, he experienced a series of unfortunate accidents. While casting to a group of mullet he managed to catch a large red (see picture). However, he hid his disappointment very well, yelling "Oh, I've got a big REDFISH. It's a monster. Aaron check this out, since you can't catch anything." At first I thought he really enjoyed catching the red. When the redfish charged through a school of mullet to get the fly, I knew he was a fellow Mulletman. This happened to Mike a total of four times, poor guy. But he should get an Academy Award for hiding his disappointment at not catching mullet. It is well known that redfish will often tail in a group of mullet and take the fly away. It takes a very good fisherman to fish only for mullet. Mike, maybe one day you will be as good a fisherman the other guys and I. Just keep trying.

Despite nearly impossible odds, two of our members each caught two mullet during the day. Try as he might, our guide, "Lefty" Ray Chapa, couldn't hide his excitement at the amazing feat. The record would've been ours for sure. These two individuals will likely enter the annals of fly fishing as pioneers, men who have tapped the last great fishery of the world. If others in the club knew who these two members were, they would be forced to retreat into seclusion. In order to keep the autograph and interview requests to a minimum I will call them "Ed" and "Mike." "Ed" managed to land both fish, while "Mike's" first fish was only hooked and played for a while before getting off. It is with great pleasure that I announce Ed, I mean "Ed" is officially a Master Mulletman. Congratulations! And to all the other Mulletmen on the outing: I Salute You. MULLETMEN UNITE!

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Water Conservation

By Jerry "Buggywhip" Loring

"When the well's dry, we know the worth of water." - Benjamin Franklin

Dr. Larry McKinney of Texas Parks & Wildlife mentioned that the most important issue facing recreational boaters and fishermen is to maintain good water quality along the Texas coast. It took the Clean Water Act a couple of decades to have a positive impact, but it did happen. No longer can municipalities, plants, businesses, and individuals pump contamination into rivers at will.

Times change and the new issue is the increased number of boaters and fishers and recreational users that are impacting the bays and coastal marshes. Saltwater is in. The word is out about how good the fishing can be. Thank God the heat and humidity keeps some of the fair weather visitors away or the pressure would be even greater.

As the tides ebb and flow, there is little that can be done in the long term about limiting the number of recreational users. However, the State of Texas has it within its power to do this because it owns the bays and tidal lands. The day might arrive when we have to buy a pass and make a reservation to go fishing or boating. I hope not any time soon.

Each of us can promote awareness of our personal impact. What can we do to promote good water quality? First and foremost, don't put anything in the water that doesn't belong there. Fishing line, tackle, oil, detergents, fuel, human waste, and trash in general are the seven most common violations by boaters and fishermen. Fishing line and tackle and trash may be easily stored in a container for disposal at the dock. As for human waste, when you got to go, you got to go, but try to do your business on shore. Fuel, oil, and cleaners (detergents) can be managed by careful attention to spills and cleanup. Admittedly, I am preaching to the choir.

The key is to develop and promote awareness on a subconscious level, which can then become a type of peer pressure. We should not care about getting a warm fuzzy feeling as long as our effort and awareness influence others.

I receive all types of notices and emails asking to help clean this, or don't pollute here, and stay off the grass. Often I get information about how one cup of oil can kill 50,000,000 crab larvae, or that 100 gallons of untreated sewage can wipe out the shellfish in one square mile. I don't deny these facts if they are true and I don't mean to minimize them. However, we rarely observe the immediate effects from small amounts of contamination. These are scare tactics to a degree and they don't register in my mind.

What does matter is the visual. As I waded down a shoreline sight casting for redfish, the scenery and beauty of clear water that is full of life hits a positive cord. The coastal flats may not equal the Wind River Range in Wyoming for grandeur, but it is nonetheless unique and scenic. The bottom line is for each of us to make a small effort that will, in turn, add up to a big difference. After a day of wading the flats, I usually wind up with one or two aluminum cans in my pocket to discard back at the dock. It may not be much, but it adds up.

P.S. Be sure to shake any trash you pick up to get rid of small crabs that hide inside. I once did the disco shuffle trying to extract a critter from my pants pocket.

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Redfish on Emergers

By Tom Lyons

When I was learning to fly fish in New Hampshire and Pennsylvania all I thought about was duns, emergers, rise forms, Mayflies or caddis flies, and anything else I could observe that might help me choose a fly that would fool a trout. Now that I fish in salt water for redfish I find myself worrying about finding and seeing fish, water clarity, and sunlight. This latter approach ended recently when I found redfish rising like trout. I know many of you won't believe this due to the normal tendency of our club members to look with suspicion at wild claims made by fishermen, but it happened. The first time it happened, I had my wife with me and she witnessed the whole thing. The second time, I had Steve McDonald with me and he hung a fish of a lifetime.

It all started when my wife and I were fishing one of my favorite spots for redfish. I can't divulge the location because if I do Barkley will kill me, slowly! I kept hearing fish splashing but I assumed that they were the usual stupid mullet and ignored them. The splashing soon got to the point where I could no longer blame it on mullet so I checked around to see what was going on. I saw a number of small brown crabs swimming with the current about three to six inches under the water. At first I didn't put any value on this find but when I saw a redfish roll on a crab and eat it, I looked some more.

Up and down the shoreline, reds were rising for these crabs with great regularity. They made a noise totally different from the feeble little splashes of mullet. You can be assured that the reds were loud because I could hear them without wearing my hearing aid. Knowing that the reds were taking crabs was one thing. Actually catching one was another. Every crab fly I had was well weighted and sunk like an anvil. When I cast to an area near a rise the fly went right on down and the fish went right on eating the real crabs. I finally found one red gorging itself and threw a Kwan fly at it that hit just as it rose. The fish took it before it sank out of sight and I had a nice keeper red. I had to leave for home at about this time so I quit on a high note and left.

Two weeks later, Steve McDonald was in from Venezuela and we went fishing for reds. It was really hot and the fishing, after the early morning tailing session, was just short of terrible. I finally decided to take Steve to the spot and see if we could connect. I had told Steve about my rising reds and he nodded politely and changed the subject. I figured I would either be labeled as the biggest liar in the area or a talented fish finder. Both labels hardly fit reality.

When we got to the spot there were a few reds rising so at least I had been redeemed. After my first experience with the floating crabs, I had tied some unweighted Merkin style flies to use if I ever got into the swimming crabs again. I had Steve tie the floating crab fly on the eight weight rig and put him up front as we cruised down the shoreline. There was one very big red rising regularly near the edge of a shell reef so we targeted that fish. Steve made two casts to the fish with no takes but the third cast was met with a huge-backed red rolling and eating the fly. Steve set the hook and that fish took off for parts unknown. The

fight lasted about three seconds because the fish ran right to the shell and cut the butt of the leader as neatly as if cut with a knife.

This incident ended up being the highlight of Steve's trip. I know neither he nor I have ever hooked a red this big and certainly not while fishing the fly like an emerger for a rising trout. It was a hit that I will never forget. The fish was bigger than any I had seen or caught on a fly in this area. I didn't catch or hook the fish, but I had the pleasure of figuring out how to hook it and guiding Steve to the fish. If I had paid better attention during my first visit and spotted the crabs and reds sooner, I might have had the chance to catch many more reds. Life is full of lessons like this.

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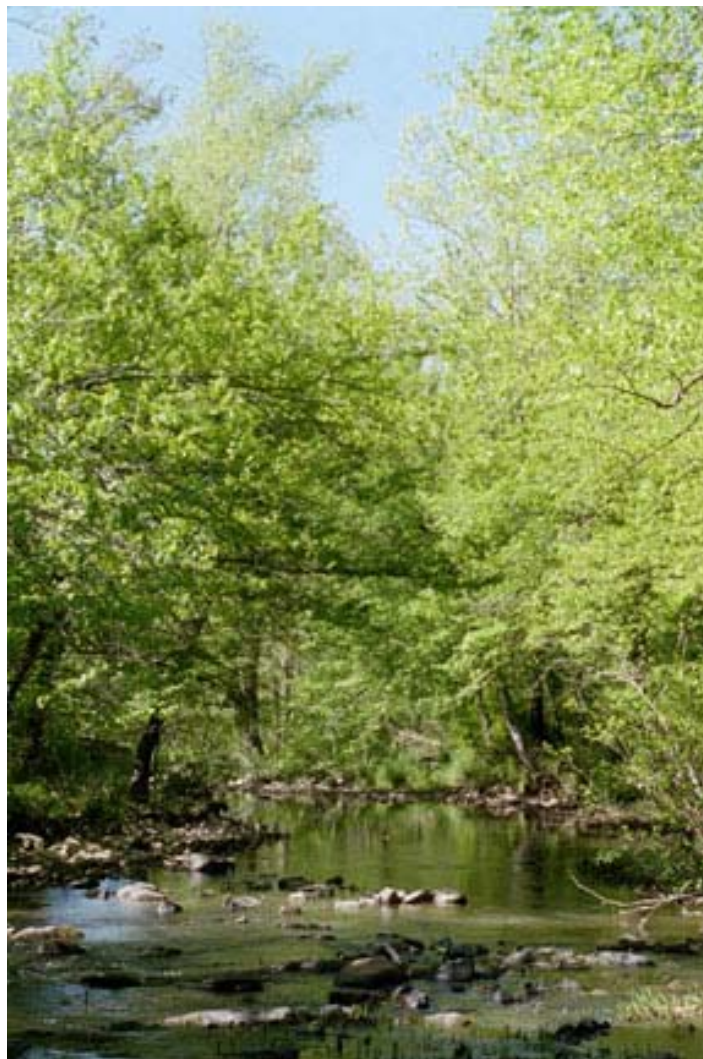
WIND KNOTS CLASSIFIEDS

Space permitting, we'll run "Wanted" and "For Sale" ads for members of Texas Flyfishers. On a case-by-case basis, we may also run ads from non-members if the goods or services sought or offered would be of interest to our members. Send your ad by e-mail to ralphnchristineadams@earthlink.net or regular mail to Ralph Adams, 4019 Levonshire, Houston, TX 77025. You may include a photograph of items to be sold if you like.

Fishing Leases Available on the Mountain Fork Ranch

Mountain Fork Ranch is in the heart of the Oauchita Mountains, bordering Lake Wilhelmena State Park in western Arkansas. It has ¾ mile of the head waters of the Mountain Fork River running through it.

This private water fly fishing stream is for lease for \$2,000 per year, on a catch and release basis. It is full of wild smallmouth bass. Contact TFF member Bev Edwards at bev.edwards@willbros.com, maedwards@houston.rr.com, or phone 936-273-5064.



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Redfish Rodeo

A Fly Fishing Event

Rules, Information & Such

- Saturday, August 27, 2005. The tradition of the nineteenth annual Redfish Rodeo continues. The primary goal is to promote catch & release. This year's proceeds will go to the Chuck Scates Benefit.
- A two-person team event, this honor-system tournament is open to anyone. To qualify for a prize, fish must be caught on a fly cast with a fly rod and reel. Each participant must catch, land, measure, and release his or her own fish. Team partners should witness each catch. Individual entry cards must be signed and attested with two signatures, and submitted no later than 6:30 PM at headquarters.
- Single fishers can enter and are awarded honorable mention in lieu of prizes.
- Entry Fee is \$40 per person prepaid. Or you may register for \$50 per person on Friday, August 26 (6:30 to 9:30 PM) or Saturday August 14 (5:30 to 7:00 PM). Headquarters is the City Park Pavilion in Rockport, TX. (directions: 1-877-929-7977)
- Prizes will be awarded for the longest redfish, speckled trout, and slam. A slam is two to five fish, one fish from each of the five categories: speckled trout, redfish, flounder, black drum, or sheephead. Lengths are measured to the nearest 1/8".
- All Texas fishing regulations apply. In the event of a tie, a coin flip will determine the winning entry. Fishing begins at first light on August 27th and ends at 4:00 PM.
- A catered dinner will be served at 7:00 PM, followed by awards, introductions, casting contests, raffles and storytelling. The event ends at 9:00 PM with the "everybody wins something" door prize drawing.
- The Redfish Rodeo is sponsored and supported by fly fishing clubs, fly shops, fishing guides, and vendors. For more information call 713-875-4289, or visit our web site at www.texasflyfishers.org. ***Very important: just prior to the event, please contact either of these sources to confirm the Redfish Rodeo has not been rescheduled due to inclement weather or other unforeseen circumstances.***

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ENTRY FORM - Please make checks to Texas Flyfishers, 8870 Cardwell, Houston, TX 77055

Fisher 1 _____
Name Address City ST Zip Phone

Fisher 2 _____
Name Address City ST Zip Phone

Entry Fee Enclosed ____ Yes ____ No

2005 OUTINGS SCHEDULE

Our outings schedule is an ongoing work-in-progress. Here are the trips we have currently scheduled for 2005. Sometimes dates and places change, so check here regularly. **Blue font indicates a change has been made since the last issue of *Wind Knots*.**

To volunteer as a trip leader, contact fresh water outings chairman Clarke Thornton or salt water outings chairman Scott Fossum. Their telephone numbers and email addresses are on the Executive Committee listing later in this issue. Fresh water trips are designated [F], salt water [S] in the listings below.

August 13, 2005. San Marcos River Float Trip, San Marcos, Texas. Bass & Panfish [F].

August 27, 2005. "Redfish Rodeo," Rockport, TX [S]. Jerry Loring, leader.

September 10, 2005. Location to be determined. Bass & Panfish [F].

September 24-25, 2005. "Padre Island Surf Fest" [S]. Fish Padre Island National Seashore guided by Billy Sandifer for tarpon and jack crevalle. Optional camping on beach. Estimated \$125 cost for one day of guided fishing, the 2nd day is on your own. \$50 non-refundable deposit required to reserve space. Scott Fossum, leader.

September 24, 2005. Chuck Scates Benefit Tournament, Rockport, Texas. This tournament benefits Chuck Scates, long-time saltwater fly fishing guide, who recently overcame throat cancer but has not yet overcome all the associated medical bills. There is a fly fishing division of the tournament. For information go to www.chuckscatesbenefit.com.

October 1-2, 2005 – South Padre Island, TX [S]. Rick Rawls, leader.

October 8, 2005. Seven Lakes at Damon, Damon, Texas. Bass & Panfish [F].

October – Nighthawk Bay (Bird Island Basin) in the Padre Island National Seashore in/near Corpus Christi/Port Aransas. Kayak, boat and walk-in opportunities abound both on the flats and in the surf. Leader needed.

November 6, 2005. Guadalupe River, Sattler, Texas. Trout [F]

December 2005. No outings.

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TEXAS FLYFISHERS EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

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About *Wind Knots*

Wind Knots is your monthly newsletter, and it needs your help – otherwise we'll run out of things to print. E-mail your articles, photos, artwork, graphics, fishing news, tall tales, lies, and letters to the editor to ralphnchristineadams@earthlink.net not later than the 10th of the month for that month's issue. **Be sure to put the words *Wind Knots* in the subject line of your e-mail.** If you don't, I might think it's spam or worse and delete it before opening.

If you have digital photos, please send them via e-mail in .JPG format. If you have paper photos, mail them to Corey Rich, 1900 N. Memorial Way, Houston, TX 77007. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope for their return.

The preferred form for text – stories, letters, and so forth – is in Microsoft Word. Please try to keep your offerings in the 800 to 1,000 word range, or less. If you send photos along with an article, proposed captions are appreciated.

Wind Knots is posted on the club's Web site as soon as it becomes available. Check www.texasflyfishers.org regularly for the latest newsletter and other news of interest.

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Texas Flyfishers
P.O. Box 571134
Houston, TX 77257-1134

Texas Flyfishers Membership Application

Please check one: New Application Renewal

To join Texas Flyfishers or renew your membership, please complete this form and mail it with your check to the address below, or bring it with you to one of our monthly meetings. All memberships expire June 30th of each year, and renewals are due July 1st. New members, please pro-rate your payment for the number of months between now and the end of June, inclusive. Our monthly meetings are held on the last Tuesday of every month (except December), beginning at 7:00 p.m.

Dues are for (check one): Individual at \$24 a year Family at \$32 a year Student at \$16 a year

Name: _____

Address: _____

Home phone: _____ Work phone: _____

Email: _____

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