

Windknots

A monthly publication of the Texas Flyfishers

Volume 23 / Issue 6 June, 2004

Don't Forget!

Monthly Meeting
June 29th at 7:30

(Doors open at 7:00)

Port O'Connor guide R.J. Shelley on fishing the coastal bend flats

POC Jetty Outing

Scott Fossum reporting

Five adventuresome fishermen and one fisherwoman joined in the fun of the latest saltwater outing at the big jetties in Port O'Connor on Saturday and Sunday, June 5th and 6th. We enjoyed camping, fishing, good food, no mosquitoes, fishing, and even catching fish. Though fishing was slow, all caught trout. Opinions on the fishing varied, but ask Bruce Heiberg about his seven pound trout. Unlike previous freshwater outing reports, or should I call them yarns (or worse), Bruce's seven pound trout was a Boga-verified seven pounder. In a further attempt for accurate reporting, the exact secret spot where the big trout was caught is shown in the photo.

The forecast of 12 m.p.h. winds was a joke. It blew 20+ m.p.h. Fishing at the jetties is dependent on the water clarity and current. There was strong current our entire 22 hours, but water clarity was the best when we arrived and continually degraded. Trout and ladyfish were landed, and one jack crevalle was hooked but lost after a 15-minute fight due to a cut line. We fished Saturday night with a light plant and the best fly was a Clouser on a sinking line. The current was strong and the key was getting your fly deep. We ate till we were stuffed, with burgers and fries Saturday evening and breakfast tacos for Sunday brunch.



Bruce Heiberg's 7 pound speckled trout

feel air conditioned. I even used a blanket. Joining the fun were Ralph Adams, Bruce Heiberg, Bryce Bezant, Jerry Prentice and Elvia Fossum.

Camping was very enjoyable for June on the Matagorda Peninsula. There were no mosquitos and the wind made tents



President's Corner

by Jerry "Buggywhip" Loring, president, Texas Flyfishers



John Scarborough, a.k.a. the FFFL (famous former fearless leader), celebrated his eightieth birthday Tuesday, June 2. Relatives and friends hosted a party at his house on Hillendahl in Spring Branch. When the invitation arrived I was disappointed to read the party was scheduled the same weekend Barbara and I were to work at our weekend house on Canyon Lake.

I made a personal trip to John's house to wish him well and apologize in advance for missing his party. We visited, and as usual, John gave yet another box of "things" for next year's auction. I tried to thank him for the donation and all the past support to TFF he has given so freely over the years. John shrugged it off and asked about Barbara. He always makes me feel like everything is fine with the world and a fish will bite on the next cast.

Plans and schedules change. Due to a water pipe leak in our attic, Barbara and I were enabled to attend John's party. John was, I believe, the fifth president of TFF. Brooks Bouldin of the Angler's Edge started the Texas Flyfishers in 1976 or 1977, and was probably the first president. After John was elected president he served for four years, a feat not equaled to date. John was among the members of the scurrilous pack of rascals known as the Rat-Faced MacDougals. Many of the founders of the Rat-Faced MacDougals helped write the by-laws and establish the administrative principles of the Texas Flyfishers. Their concept was simple. The executive committee would meet monthly and was duly empowered to manage the day to day activities of TFF. Election of officers would be held yearly at the June meeting. The same by-laws are in use today.

Mysterious how interconnected the world is and how events unfold. Though twenty years different in age, John Scarborough and I call the same territory in East Texas our ancestral home. Two-thirds of the way to Dallas, on the east bank of the Trinity River in the hardwood bottom land is John Scarborough's birthplace, Palestine, Texas. About twelve miles to the northwest, still in river bottom country, is a tiny settlement formed by the intersection of five farm to market roads. Known as Tennessee Colony, it is the home of both my parents. On the wall of the still-standing community center is a dedication plaque dated 1912 (I believe). The name G. Scarborough is listed as one of the original patrons. Surely there is some connection here with John.

John was a "first" in several fly-fishing adventures for me personally. He taught my beginning fly tying class in 1990. He invited me to my first outing, the Sunfish Spectacular. He was the first member I met when he shook my hand at my first meeting. Curiously, the very first time John and I met was by chance on Memorial Golf Course. We were paired with two other golfers to make a foursome. He reminded me of the golf encounter when we met for the second time at my first TFF meeting. John ties flies much better than he strikes a golf ball.

Congratulations, John. Your quick wit, ad-lib humor, management skills and hard work helped form the Texas Flyfishers into the fine organization it is today. As long as the traditions that you helped establish in the early years of our club continue on, the Texas Flyfishers will prosper and stay the course.

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Good, but not *that* good.

Last month's report about the outing to Mewis Ranch had some awesome numbers. Unfortunately, correspondent Jerry Loring forgot to mention that the numbers were inches, not fish. So when he said, for example, that Ken Brumbaugh soared past everyone with a tally of 217, it was 217 inches, not 217 fish. Still, that's not bad: 18+ feet of fish laid end to end.

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Mark Marmon at July club meeting

TFF's own Mark Marmon, the Metro Angler, will give a presentation on urban flyfishing for monsters within the city limits of Houston. Mark is quite a character and always puts on a good show. You won't want to miss this one. Mark your calendars for 7:30 p.m. July 27th.

Strange Tales From A Strange Trip

by *Ralph G. Adams, Jr.*

June 5, 2004

"This never happens on Scott Fossum's outings."

It wasn't yet daylight and I wasn't sure if I would make it out alive. There was a sense of things getting worse without ever having gotten better and this group of TFF anglers who signed up for the Estes Flats outing were focused on the bottom-line and they wanted answers.

In my frazzled state all I could think of to say was that "Scott Fossum is a communist." As far as I knew, this was a complete fabrication but I would make it up to the man later. The point was that I had to keep them on the defensive. My nerves were shot and besides, there is plenty of evidence demonstrating how tweaked Scott Fossum really is, particularly on the subject of fly fishing.

I put my hat on and tried to focus on the business at hand. I had the group stay put while my Lieutenant and I walked the premises to survey just how bad the situation was. The palm trees arched sideways and looked like giant worms at angles to the ground. The wind rushed through the fronds making a steady thrash. My Lieutenant and I reached the edge of the marina and looked in horror past the lone green channel light and out into the darkness beyond the intracoastal where Estes Flats was supposed to be. It looked like the End of the World or at least the north Atlantic in February. Paddling would require more insanity than even we could muster. I needed to think.

"Got any smokes?" I asked. My Lieutenant pulled out his last two Gauloises and I fitted mine in my cigarette holder. We stood there at the edge of the marina smoking and I looked out at the darkness and said, "My old friend, we've been through a lot together. And I suppose you know this could get ugly. I mean really ugly. Uglier than anything we've ever seen. Uglier even than those oversized moose hair poppers you tie for largemouth bass."

"I think you're toast," he replied.

"You're a shrewd one. You always have been. But I can't believe it's come to this."

"Get ahold of yourself. Haven't you noticed the club goes through a dozen trip leaders a year? The pressure builds. Some of them crack."

He had a point. Ed Hogan led several trips the year before and he'd been loathe to lead another since scores of redfish made fools of the group at Shamrock Cove. It was common knowledge that Hogan became totally and completely fried. He turned to the dark side and last I heard he quit his job and grew a beard like Rasputin and covered his tracks by changing his name to Theophilus. Incidentally, the beard material, if you can get your hands on it, is said to be very good for making extra-long streamers and for shrimp dubbing, too.

The last sighting had Ed wandering Sabine Lake wearing grease-stained khakis and his trademark \$2.00 hat and pushing his skiff not with a cedar limb but a carbon push pole. His mind had warped such that dear old Ed could keep a straight face while stringing together the most outlandish vernacular of the expert fishing set. Words like "toad" and "working" and "stacked up" in combination with statistical measures flowed from his lips in a surfer-evangelical zeal. "Thousands of reds stacked up into the guts with the turning tide and they at the mouth of this shallow basin in utter congregation thereto and twixt time spilled themselves regenerated into the lower flats on a six inch tide working with backs shining magnified prodigiously for and upon the Earth and they like the absolute toads that they were and we caught us fifty-two-and-a-half." He was a fishing bogeyman that parents invoked in bedtime tales to scare their children from any interest in expensive fly rods, clean spin-ups, and barbless hooks.

But enough about Ed. Trouble was brewing. I had to shore up the outing before it spiraled totally and completely out of control. How you handle yourself in such situations is the difference between the live and the cooked. So I copped a severe and commanding expression that I hoped would make me look like an authority figure, but witnesses have since revealed only made me look like a half-baked Richard Nixon wannabe crossed with a circus chimp.

I thought of ditching the group and going back to bed. I flicked my cigarette and we shook hands and walked back to where the mob clustered at the launch area. They milled about perusing each other's fly boxes and kayaks and bantering like hounds. Budweiser cans lay strewn about and sinister shrieks and peels of laughter were heard. Merle Haggard sounded from the open window of a pickup truck and I think I saw someone starting a fire off in the corner next to a trailered johnboat. These fly fishers had gone totally redneck. And they single-handedly undermined an entire genre of

writings from Walton to Haig-Brown by calling into question the pastoral good-naturedness of anglers everywhere.

Agent 5 approached and said, "I knew we should have never let some Yankee lead one of these here trips. I told y'all as much. The South! Shall rise! Again!..." I cut him off knowing men want nothing more than to be led – especially to good fishing spots. I needed to buy some time to think and redirect the situation. Maybe confuse them a bit until I could come up with something. So I held up my arms to quiet the crowd and announced that we had the launch codes in our possession and authorization to proceed with Plan B.

"Oh yeah? Will that one be as good as Plan A?" cackled Agent 5.

"Move 'em out! Follow me!" My Lieutenant and I rushed the crowd and jumped into my rented minivan. I turned the ignition and slammed down the gas pedal spinning out the front wheels and getting their redneck hearts back in line. Glancing in the rearview mirror I saw the group running for their pickups and SUVs as a plume of dust formed in the darkness behind me. It was all coming together, the plan gelling in my mind like so many other times and it was a beautiful, beautiful thing.

I watched the kayak-laden convoy catch up behind me as I turned south on Highway 35. We fled the scene like the hunted and entered Aransas Pass at speed and ran the red light at the HEB. The train was up to 90 miles an hour by the high bridge and you could see first light showing in silver and black over the wide flats and low islands of the bay. My Lieutenant hiked half-way out the car window and began barking like a dog and singing songs about the homeland.

But things got really strange at the new launch site. We watched in amazement as Bruce Heiberg fitted his kayak with outriggers, a fighting chair, a wet bar and stereo system, an automatic transmission for ballast, his lucky bowling ball, and two sets of paddles. We lost only one angler crossing the channel that forms the southern boundary of the Lighthouse Lakes. We did turn up a few redfish on the grass flats but saw no signs of any tailing. I pulled off a personal worst, landing the smallest fly-caught pinfish ever. And magnificent frigates wrote us cryptic notes up in the sky.

Many thanks to our unfortunate participants who included Annette "Nice Cast" Blythe, Tom "Tombo" Bulger, Scott "is Tweaked" Fossum, Bruce "Lets Paddle to Mule Slough" Heiberg, Theophilus Hogan, John "Quickdraw" Jordan, "Big Bad" Rick Rawls, and Chris "the Cameo" Summers. Many thanks to all who braved the strange gaps in leadership, the gale force winds, and a very high weirdness factor. I, for one, will think twice about attending any of my future outings.

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Scott Fossum with a Lighthouse Lakes red

OUTINGS SCHEDULE

Our outings schedule is a continuing work-in-progress. Here are the trips we have currently scheduled for the rest of the year. More may be added. Some may be dropped. There will probably be some rescheduling. Use the list for general planning purposes.

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 elsewhere in this issue. Fresh water trips are designated [F], salt water [S] in the listings below.



Clarke Thornton - fresh

July 10-11. Crystal Lake, Manvel, Texas. Bass and panfish [F].

July 31. "Port O'Connor One Fly" tournament. Port O'Connor, Texas. Redfish, speckled trout, etc. [S]. Scott Fossum, leader (contact info on Executive Committee list, p. 11). Rotating crystal trophy up for grabs. Most inches of fish caught on the first fly you tie on wins. Boat or kayak needed. Captains with space and fishermen needing rides should contact Scott.



Scott Fossum - salt

August 14. "Redfish Rodeo." Rockport, Texas [S].

August 21. San Marcos River float trip with Kevin Hutchinson, San Marcos, Texas. Bass and panfish [F].

August 28. South Padre Island, Texas [S]. Rick Rawls, leader (contact info on Executive Committee list, p.11).

September 11. Double Lake, Cold Spring, Texas. Bass and panfish [F].

September 25-26. "Padre Island Surf Fest." Four-wheel down Padre Island and fish the surf with Capt. Billy Sandifer and outing leaders Tom Lyons and Scott Fossum [S]. Optional camping on beach. See the article in last month's *Wind Knots* for important details.

October 10. Damon Live Oaks Lake, Damon, Texas. Bass and panfish [F].

November 7. Guadalupe River, Sattler, Texas. Trout [F].

November ?? Shamrock Bay, Port Aransas, TX [S].



Five Favorite Flies

This month we feature Scott Fossum's five favorite flies for redfish and trout on the flats. All are easy to tie, says Scott, except the Mohawk Minnow, which requires lots of deer hair spinning.

VIP popper – A Capt. Scott Sparrow of Kingfisher Lodge creation and a guaranteed catcher. My personal best redfish is on this fly. Best used in 18 inches of water or less. My favorite has a white head with chartreuse body and tail tied on a Gamakatsu SC15 size 2 or 4 hook. Use doll eyes to get more noise. Tying instructions are available at www.lagunamadre.net/flyes.htm.

Mohawk Minnow – Great for trout feeding on baitfish. My personal best trout is on this fly. Created by fellow TFFer Ron Mayfield. I learned how to tie it at the Fly Tying Festival from Ron. Instructions are also available in *Fly Tyer* magazine, Spring 1999 issue.

Al's Shrimpf – Use when a small fly is needed or nothing else works. Also good under the lights or drifting in a current. I slammed at last year's Redfish Rodeo in POC with numerous reds, trout, flounder and hardheads on Whitaker's Flat with this fly when nothing else worked. Use a size 8 hook, small bead chain eyes, crystal flash and fine hair (I get hair from my border collies, so mine are either black or white). Instructions are available in the June 2002 issue of *Saltwater Fly Fishing* magazine.

Laguna critter – Its small and aerodynamic profile makes casting in the wind easy and it lands very softly. Best used in 18 inches of water or less. Tied on a Gamakatsu SC16 size 4. Tying instructions are in Greg Berlocher's book *Texas Saltwater Classics: Fly Patterns for the Texas Coast*. I like bright chartreuse or dull grizzly colors. Mine are modified from the original pattern by making antenna hackles long and leaving off the feather back.

Rattle shrimp – A noisy, slow-sinking fly similar to a rattle rouser that works well in Galveston waters up to 3 feet deep. The rattle shrimp lands hard so be careful in skinny water. Size 2 long shank hook; hackle, flash, hair tail; plastic bead eyes on mono; mylar tube body with rattle inside, coated with epoxy to form the body. I like bright colors.



The Sunfish Spectacular That Never Was

by Dave Kelly

This is a tale better told when fisherman sit up late at night and the bourbon is halfway down in the bottle. It is the kind of story you hear at a liars contest. Unless you can find someone other than me who actually saw this happen, I urge you not to believe it. I wouldn't.

A little while after catching my second bass on an olive wooly worm, the manager of Seven Lakes snuck up behind me and asked what kind of luck I was having. During our conversation, he told me about the bass sometimes hitting the sunfish as you were trying to land it.

Sometime after a snack break, I took my 5-weight and a deer hair hopper pattern and started fishing in the concrete-lined swimming pool again. I had caught a sunfish just a little bigger than my hand and one quite smaller. Then a long stretch of nothing.

Finally, a good-sized perch hits my fly and as I am about to lift it out of the water I notice this humongous shadow under it. This is a big fish. This is as big a fish as I've seen in a couple years.

This sunfish on the end of my line has a problem. I am trying to pull it out of the water, it's trying to stay in, this bass wants to eat it, it wants to get away from the bass, it wants to get loose from my fly. . . .

After my fish fever wears off, I realize what I need to do. Dropping my rod tip in the water and letting the line go slack, I see the sunfish head down into deep water. The line keeps going out and then stops.

I think, either this fish has gotten under something to hide or the bass has caught up with it. I count to 10. I count to 10 again. Is this long enough? No. I count to 10 again. OK, that bass has got to have swallowed it by now. I pick up on my rod and that little 5-weight feels like my fly is hooked into the carpet at the house. But I feel a vibration and the line is moving slowly sideways. And up. My rod is bent double and I see that incredibly large bass on the end of my line.

Then my rod goes straight, the bass swims off and down to deep water, and the perch is there on the end of my line with scales falling off.

Shhhhhsh! I thought I was going to have a heart attack when I saw the bass on the end of my line, now I think I'll have one because he is off.

That poor perch is still on the end of my line, trying feebly to swim, and every time it moves, scales fall off like glitter at a party. It goes down headed to deep water. I see a large the silver flash. The big bass is back.

I let out slack in the line and watch it move sideways. I do the 10 count again, and again, and again. I lift my rod lightly and feel a heavy weight. He's there.

Up 'til now I've been fishing by myself. There are a couple of TFFers close by. One is off to my left about a 100 feet, facing away from me fishing in another pond. Another is the same distance in front. Both have their backs to me. All this is happening to me without any witnesses. So I say real loud, "Would one of you come validate this fish?" Both turn around and I lift up on my rod. The bass comes to the surface and jumps, disgorging the sunfish again. And swims off, never to be seen again.

Through all this, that poor perch is still on the end of my line. Not in too good a shape. Swimming very weakly, scales just pouring off of it. And then, it too gets off. And sinks.

This could be an old fisherman's ramblings. But if someone saw this happen and wants to say it is so, I won't object. Otherwise I would like to enter this tale in competition against "Tall Tale" Loring.

Summer Fly Swap

by Chris Summers

Fly Swap? What the heck is that? And does any body want to play?

For some of us, tying flies can be a way of life. If you don't believe me, just ask my wife. But it can be a lonely hobby. About two years ago I stumbled onto a Web site where there was a fly swap going on. What was this event and did I want to become involved? I didn't have a clue, but a few e-mails later I had a better understanding of the concept along with several new friends.

A fly swap is not much more than a long distance swap meet. You get some interested tiers, each decides on a specific pattern to tie, one of the tiers serves as swap master, you pick a due date to have the flies submitted, and you start tying. Each tier ties one fly of the same pattern for each participant of the swap, usually limited to 12 tiers. When you are finished, you box the flies up and mail them to the swap master, along with a self addressed stamped return envelope, or the money to handle the return postage. In about week to 10 days you get a package in the mail with your collection of flies from the swap.

In 2003 I was involved in three different fly swaps. The first was a "free forum swap" with a group of fresh and saltwater fishermen from central Texas. I got everything from #18 ants to a 2/0 Clouser deep minnow. The second swap was with some northeast striped bass fishermen and this involved tying Lefty's deceivers. My entry consisted of a fire tiger color scheme, while my Yankee friends went a little more conservative, and definitely less colorful. Lastly, I fell in with a group from Florida we all tied up a bunch of tarpon flies. Ten of the 12 tiers were from the Gulf Coast or southeast U.S., one was from England and one from Down Under, of all places. Once again, I ended up with a diverse collection of beautifully tied flies and several new friends, a couple of whom have extended an invitation spend a day on the water with when the opportunity presents itself.

Now, with that said, are there 12 brave tiers in the membership who would like to participate in the TFF 2004 Summer Fly Swap? The theme will be redfish patterns for the Texas Coast, A.B.C. (anything but Clousers). I will begin signing up participants at the June 29th club meeting or, if you can't make the meeting, you can send me your e-mail address and I will send you a copy of the guidelines. My e-mail address is christopher.summers@halliburton.com. The cut-off date for you to sign up will be July 7th and the deadline for submission of your flies will be July 28th. That way we can get them back to everyone in time for the Redfish Rodeo. Once we have 12 entrants, the swap will be closed, so sign up early. I am also asking that each entrant tie an extra fly to be given away as a set to some lucky person at the Redfish Rodeo.

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It's Time to Pay Some Dues

Texas Flyfishers depends on membership dues for a significant portion of our budget. The money we collect helps pay for rent on our meeting place, outings, tying classes, casting classes, and more.

Our dues fiscal year runs from July 1 to the following June 30. Rates are \$24 a year for individuals, \$32 a year for the entire family, and \$16 a year for students.

We allow new members to pro-rate their dues when they join. The way it works is that the new member pays only for the remaining number of full months between the time he joins and the end of June. For example, if an individual were to join at the September 2004 meeting, he would pay for the months of October through June. That's 9 months at \$2 a month, or \$18, instead of the full \$24.

Existing members don't get to pro-rate when they renew if they're late making their dues payment! We've had a couple of people do just that – they didn't pay their dues for half a year, then simply paid for the remaining half year. That's not how it's supposed to work. If you're late, shame on you, and please pay the entire amount due.

Writing Articles for *Wind Knots*

By Jerry Loring

Corey Rich is our talented and hardworking editor of this newsletter, *Wind Knots*. Some of you may know he held that position many years ago as well. That preceded his receiving a law degree, and falling in love and marrying a chestnut seducer, better known as Tira Jane Overstreet.

At most club meetings, Corey asks members to submit articles for publication in the *Wind Knots*. This article is a second to his requests. But may I go a step beyond and ask you to become a regular contributing writer to the *Wind Knots*? One article each quarter should be manageable for most, which would equate to four articles yearly. Even if you can't manage to write that often, your articles will still be of great value to the rest of the membership.

For me, writing and editing requires more time than developing the concept or topic. Any fishing trip, experience with equipment, travel, participation in an event, or an observation about life can be developed into an interesting article. The creative portion on the left side of my brain exceeds the writing skill portion on the right. A good rule of thumb to go by is if it is interesting to you, it is probably interesting to most members of the Texas Flyfishers.

I would give a month's pay to be as talented a wordsmith as Corey Rich. Hats off to Corey. Knowing how to use a language is a remarkable talent that one comes by only after study and effort. Without question Sir Winston S. Churchill is the unchallenged master wordsmith of the twentieth century. With his country surrounded by a superior enemy, Mr. Churchill, then prime minister of England, rallied the people of the English Isles with leadership, the foundation of which was his mastery at making speeches in the Houses of Parliament and radio broadcasts to the public. Edward R. Morrow, a famous WWII news correspondent, said aptly that Mr. Churchill "mobilized the English language and sent it into battle."

Sir Winston authored two multi-volume sets of books, *The History of the English Speaking People*, and *The Second World War*. Both sets gush with history, and were so interesting I read each twice, ten years apart. Perhaps a ghostwriter helped with these large volumes, perhaps not. However, it is stated and believed that no speechwriter ever participated or assisted in any of the eight thousand speeches Mr. Churchill made during his six-plus decades of public service. His formula was simple: For each minute of speech, he would spend one hour editing, practicing, and memorizing.

What a work ethic! But don't allow his standard to hinder you and prevent you from writing an article. It doesn't stop me. I write and e-mail Corey my best effort during the second week of each month. I believe Corey helps out much more than the spell-checker and language tools do. How about you? Would you become a regular contributor to the *Wind Knots*? Your effort would be sincerely appreciated and the *Wind Knots* will continue to grow. By the way, a good photo can be the centerpiece of a story, so take your camera with you on your adventures.

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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 corey.rich@aya.yale.edu or fax to (713) 864-7488 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 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 WordPerfect or Microsoft Word. Please turn off "smart quotes" or "curly quotes." 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.

Orvis Rod and Reel Swap

Well, it's happening again this year!

As a preferred customer (all Texas Flyfishers are preferred customers), I want to make sure you hear about the following special offer:

The 2004 Rod/Reel Swap began on the 1st of June and this year, and will continue through July 15th.

Just like last year, this is your opportunity to replace those of your rods or reels that sit unused in your gear closet, get a great discount on the new rod or reel you've been eyeing all year, and help introduce a youngster to fly fishing!

Here's how it works:

Bring in any fly rod or reel in usable condition. Any make, model or manufacturer is fine. We'll ask you to use your own judgement: Would you give the rod or reel to a youngster and expect him or her to have fun fishing with it?

If you bring in a rod, you may take 25% off the retail price of any T3, TLS or Superfine rod. If you bring in a reel, you may take 25% off the retail price of any Battenkill BBS or Battenkill Large Arbor reel. If you bring in a matching spare spool for the reel, we'll also take 25% off the price of a new spare spool for you.

Drop by the shop when you can. Marty, Bucky, Mike, Ginger or I will be happy to talk to you about which rod or reel would best suit your needs. All of our demo reels are freshly spooled with Wonderline Advantage line, so you can see for yourself what an improvement the right tools can make in your casting ability.

If you've already decided which new T3, TLS or Superfine is for you, e-mail or call us and we'll do our best to have it waiting for you when you come to the shop. We're open Monday through Friday from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., Saturday from 9 to 5 and Sunday from noon to 4. You can reach us by phone at (713) 783-2111 or e-mail us at retail30@orvis.com.

If you are a member of a local conservation or service organization (CCA, Trout Unlimited) and would like to make sure your trade-in goes to a particular group, just let us know when you bring in your gear. If your group has not yet contacted us and you would like to help get this gear into the hands of deserving youngsters involved in your organization, please contact me. We'll do our best to help all of you, but will be apportioning the gear on a first-come, first-served basis.

Hope to see you soon! While you're in the shop, make sure to ask about our new line of insect-repellant outdoor clothing, Buzz Off! This new product is effective against mosquitoes, ants, ticks, flies, chiggers and no-see-ums. It has been extensively field-tested and has been successfully registered with the EPA. I have been using it for almost a year and can personally vouch for its effectiveness!

Marcos Enriquez
Store Manager
Orvis Houston



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Mike Willis

Special Events
Work: 713-223-7041
Home: 713-721-4755
mwillis@us.ca-indosuez.com

Troy Miller

Fly Casting
Work: 713-466-2322
Home: 979-865-5117
Troy.Miller@bakeroiltools.com

WIND KNOTS CLASSIFIED

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 corey.rich@aya.yale.edu or regular mail to Corey Rich, 1900 N. Memorial Way, Houston, TX 77007. You may include a photograph of items to be sold if you like.

FOR SALE

Fly rods for sale. Sage RPLXi 3-piece 6-wt. and 7-wt. barely used. Sage RPLXi 3-piece 10-wt. never used. All three rods have original tubes and socks. \$400 each, or \$350 each if you buy all three. John Marschall, (409) 925-0412, jrmarschall@ev1.net.

* * *



Fly rod – St. Croix Legend Ultra, 4-piece salt water 6-wt. with fighting butt. Like new, used only four times. Includes rod tube with internal partitions. **Reduced to \$200!** Corey Rich, 713-621-6071 (evenings).



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. Please pro-rate your payment for the number of months between now and the end of June, inclusive, if you are joining for the first time. Our monthly meetings are at the Holiday Inn on the Katy Freeway between Antoine and Silber 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: _____

TEXAS FLYFISHERS
P.O. BOX 571114
HOUSTON, TX 77257-1134