

# Windknots

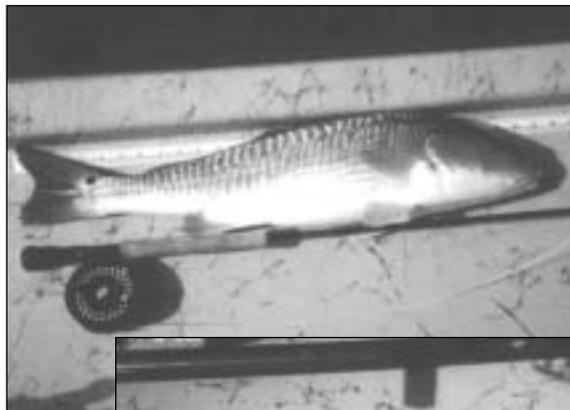
A Monthly Publication of the Texas Fly Fishers Vol. 21 / Issue 6 July 2002

## “Memorial Reds”

by Norbert Burch

I typically don't like to fish on the Memorial holiday weekend just because of the sheer numbers of inexperienced boaters out on the water. It had been nearly a month since I had been and figured I could use to burn some of the old gas in the boat. I made the final decision to go on Saturday night around 9pm. The next morning I arrived at Clark's in Port O'Connor a little after 8am. The place was packed, very few places left to park and people were still coming. I went about my business prepping the boat and my equipment all the while thinking that all my favorite spots were going to be stacked up with boats, waders, drifters, who knows what else. I could just picture the gauntlet of jumping minnow's, soft plastics, a mass spider web of monofilament crossing the sky in all directions. Boats running aimlessly in all directions barely missing each other, I was getting scared now. Where was I going to fish?

I decided that I would just settle for sneaking into some places and getting out and wading. I took my usual route and headed for Bayucos. As I rounded the last turn I noticed



that there was only one boat way down on the south end. I could not believe it. I immediately decided that there must not be any fish

there. I decided to slip in the north end and make a drift anyway. I was about midway across and spotted a small red. I cast the small olive clouser to it, he spooked. I changed to a shrimp pattern and caught the next red I saw which was 21", not a bad start. I only two fish on the whole drift. It was time to move since I was approaching the shoreline. As I was angling across the flat towards the channel I saw a school of ten or more reds, solid slot fish. I

was shocked that I had found them and now I was the only person on the entire flat. I quickly shut down and started my drift. It wasn't long before I spotted them. Six big reds right on top crossing right to left 60 feet out, perfect. I set the fly about a foot in front of them, strip, strip, strip, nothing, no takers, this can't be happening. I cast

three times to those fish and did not get a hookup. Get rid of that shrimp pattern and switch to a larger clouser  
*continued on page 3*

# PRESIDENT'S CORNER

BY JERRY "BUGGYWHIP" LORING  
*President, Texas Fly Fishers*

The Texas Fly Fishers is holding elections for four offices, President, Vice President Programs, Treasurer, and Secretary. Their titles pretty much describe their duties, but there are some points to consider and certain implications.

The Secretary is to maintain accurate minutes of all meetings, including the Executive Committee minutes, and carry out whatever correspondence is necessary between our chapter and the Federation of Flyfishers, and other correspondence as directed by the President and Executive Committee. The Secretary shall act as Vice President in the absence of the Vice President until an election is held to elect a new Secretary.

The Treasurer is to maintain accurate financial records, handle all financial affairs, render a monthly report of the financial affairs to the organization and prepare and submit other financial reports as the President may require. A final summary of the year's financial activities is to be reported at the June Executive Committee meeting and subsequently published to the membership. The Treasurer is to assume the duties of the Secretary in the absence of the Secretary, until an election is held to elect a new Secretary.

The Vice President will serve as the Program Chairman for the monthly meetings, and will be responsible to arrange for a speaker and meeting room accommodations. The Vice President will assist the President, preside in the President's absence or resignation until a special election is held to elect a new President.

The President presides over the monthly general meeting and the monthly meeting of the Executive Committee. However the most important duty of the President is to appoint, with the approval of the Executive Committee, those committees and chairpersons necessary to carry out the functions of the club. This is a broad brush, and an important one.

This is where a lot of work gets accomplished. Very important, Committees are where members can enter directly and quickly into TFF affairs and business.

The list of committee includes: Windknots, conservation, communications, freshwater outings, saltwater outings, education, raffle czar, librarian, website webmaster special events, auction, nominating committee, the committee of senior advisors. and Ad Hoc Committees as necessary.

It is easy and simple to get involved in the club business. First, some officer or committee chair may ask you. I remember very well when the President, Bev Edwards, tapped me on the shoulder and asked if I would attend the Executive Committee Meeting the next Tuesday night. I asked why, and he said "we asking you to be the next outings chairman". Second, you can ask any officer or committee chair "what can I do to help". Third, you can simply walk into the Executive Committee meeting. It is held at Bethany Church, Westheimer at River Oaks Boulevard, and the first Tuesday of the month at 7:00. You will be most welcomed.

The Committees are the true backbone of the club. Not because most of the work is accomplished there, but because this is where fresh faces, new ideas, and raw energy maintain the pace of the Texas Flyfishers. Please consider making a commitment to your club. Ask me directly about helping with the management of TFF through one of the committee heads.

Jerry Loring

## Upcoming Events

*Notice: Thursday night Informal Fly Tying has been Postponed until late August. For more information contact Frank Schlicht.*

**July 20, 2002**

Saltwater One-Fly. Stay tuned for more details.

**July 26-28, 2002**

The Outdoorsman's Fishing & Hunting Expo at the Reliant Arena. Contact Mike Willis for further information

**July 27, 2002**

Annual Saltwater One-Fly to be held in Port O'Conner. Contact David Murrell for more details.

**July 30, 2002**

The monthly meeting featuring Camilo Chavez with a presentation on the "Sea Center".

**August 17, 2002**

Saltwater Outing to the Port Aransas Jetties. Contact David Murrell for more information.

**August 27, 2002**

The monthly meeting featuring Lance Robinson from TPWD with a presentation on *Speckled Trout issues*.

**September 24, 2002**

The monthly meeting featuring Bev Edwards with a presentation for *Bass Fishing on the Cheap*. **September 28, 2002**

**REDFISH RODEO!** To be held in Port O'Conner. Contact David Murrell for more details.

**October 29, 2002**

The monthly meeting featuring Captain Chris Phillips from Houston's Wesbank Anglers. Chris will be giving a presentation on flyfishing Galveston Bay Complex.

## “Memorial Reds”

*continued from page 1*

I said to myself. I was ready when the next group came across. I laid the fly one foot out in front again still no takers, now I was getting mad. The next cast was going right in the middle of them. I was going to bust one of them in the head with it. Finally a hookup on what turned out to be a 27” red.

I continued to pick up one here and there moving from one end of the flat to the other. One boat made a drift across the middle then left. I was sure they could not have missed the fish since they drifted through the same place I had been catching them. It was a good thing they did not know what they were doing or where just plain blind, either way I did not care. Three times I was going to leave and each time I ran

into a school of nice reds that made me stay. Between 9am and 2pm I caught 11 reds all in the slot one 28” and another 27” and 3 trout between 18 and 20 inches. The fish were still there when I left, they just would not eat anything I put in front of them. That was the best day I have had so far this year and I think it was on what I would have thought to be one of the worst possible days. 



**At the Last freshwater outing there were “tailing catfish” in no more than 12” of water hitting flies. We can now refer to Rick Rawls as “Catfish Rawls”.**



**New club member Oscar Chapa with his 28”, 8lb., Pringle Lake Red. Welcome Aboard Oscar...**

### Attention:

Anyone interested in serving on the Southern Council Board of Directors for the Federation of Fly Fishers please contact Jerry Loring.

## A CHANGE IN THE WIND(KNOTS)

Corey Rich has joined the Wind Knots staff as editor to assist Greg Rhodes, who remains as publisher and graphic designer. Rich's primary function will be to proof-read submissions by members and do the odd writing chore. Rhodes will continue to do the lion's share of the real work.

If you have a submission for the newsletter you may now send it to Corey Rich. Electronic submissions are

preferred (Word or WordPerfect). Send them to [corey.rich@aya.yale.edu](mailto:corey.rich@aya.yale.edu). If you don't do computers, mail or fax to Corey Rich, 1900 N. Memorial Way, Houston, TX 77007, fax 713-864-1292.

And of course you may still send things to Greg Rhodes, [greg@pegasusdesign.com](mailto:greg@pegasusdesign.com), 16335 Leedswell Ln., Houston, TX 77084.

Closing date for submissions is the 10th of the month.

## NEAR TOWN

### *Saltwater Fly Fishing*

by Captain Chris Phillips

"I woke up this morning and I got myself a beer." No, actually, I woke up this morning and it was hot and humid as hell outside. Summer's here again folks, and we haven't yet been deluged by flood waters or blown away by a hurricane. With some minor health problems behind me, life is good and so, too, should be the fishing. After a frustrating and seemingly particularly windy spring, reliable fishing is finally here. Tides are running normally for the most part. Winds are predominantly out of the south. Shad or menhaden and mullet have grown to a delicious size, according to a redfish I spoke to the other day. Bait of all types is abundant after yet another good spring spawn. The predator fish are active again, with good reports from almost every corner of the bay. I guess my lawn could use a little rain but I don't want to jinx our weather or the fish.

Someone told me the other day that fishing was much better in the Port O'Connor area than in Galveston. Obviously, that kind of talk rankles me a bit. As a guide, I am married to Galveston Bay, for better or for worse, so I must protest loudly. Comparisons are often unfair

because, for the most part, it all comes down to what you're used to. Port O'Connor has extensive grass-covered flats, and under most conditions, clear water can be found just a short boat ride away no matter which way the wind blows.

Galveston Bay has comparatively few grass flats but many mud flats lined with tough marsh grass and oyster shells. It is a far bigger and more open bay system. Discolored water is not unusual, especially in periods of strong winds in the spring and early summer. Much of the bay system, especially East and Trinity Bays, can also shut down quickly with fresh water drainage from inland during periods of heavy rain or floods.

Part of the reason some think the Port O'Connor area is preferable to Galveston is because of looks. It just must have more fish because, well, the water is so pretty and it just has to have more fish. Add to this the fact that fly fishing traditionally depends primarily on the fish's eye sight rather than sense of smell or sound, and fly fishers are just naturally prejudiced towards places like Port O'Connor and further south. That's sad because Galveston is not only much closer, but has plenty of fish and probably less fishing pressure (except the drive-up locations or out at the deep-water reefs). I will readily admit, however, that for the fly fisher, Galveston is intimidating. Like Port O'Connor, most of it cannot be reached without a boat, but boat rides can be long and rough, with few places to hide.

Because the ecosystems are so different, fish also behave somewhat differently. Trout tend to be in deeper water in Galveston Bay, but redfish tend frequent shallow water right up against or in the reeds and

back lakes, some of which cannot be waded. Reds seldom tail and root around as they do in the Port O'Connor area, perhaps because of the lack of grass, and they feed more on fish and shrimp than crabs and worms. Galveston Bay fish seem to rely more on their sense of hearing and whatever you call the impulses and water movement they pick up along their lateral lines. Flies must either have rattles or push water or both if you want consistent success in this bay.

Truth be told, very few fisherman in Galveston Bay actually target redfish or ever wade the skinny water. Most of them are up to their necks throwing lures after trout. Ironically, although it is only an hour away from downtown Houston, Galveston Bay offers more privacy to folks like me. Lure throwers and some bait chunkers compete with fly fishers for the same skinny water in places like Port O'Connor, Rockport and Port Aransas, but Galveston remains pleasingly free of such nuisances. I have also been nearly run over by idiots in boats down south, where boating etiquette seems even a few notches below Galveston.

Now that I think of it, both the habits of the fish and fly fishing methods are significantly different here. Stealth is extremely important in poling, wading and presentation everywhere, but especially so here. Maybe it's just my imagination, but maybe it's because the fish are more sound- or vibration-oriented in murkier water. I see so many people splash their way through the flats and then complain that the fish are not there. Most are not even aware that they are spooking fish. A simple rule of thumb is that you should not be able to hear yourself. Never pick

up your feet completely, but slide them along as you move towards an area or when stalking. Not only are you likely to catch more fish over the long haul, but are much less likely to step on a stingray.

Don't run the boat in your fishing area either, even if you do have a handy dandy, super shallow running Kevlar tunnel hull with jet drive. Occasionally it seems as if feeding fish are oblivious to us running the boat as close as possible, stumbling around, and thumping our flies on the water like a lead sinker. More often than not, they are keenly aware of our presence if we make noises unusual to their environment. Take no chances if you want to catch more fish.

Like the fish, you have to rely on other senses than eyesight alone. Your ears can help key you into feeding fish, but what can best be described as "second sight" is most important sense. Second sight is a combination of observation, experience and imagination. Many waders end up scaring fish because they did not "see" them in the first place. I catch most of my fish 30 or 40 feet away and I almost always "know" where they are there before I cast, even when I cannot actually see them. Your eyesight will see fleeing shad or mullet, water boils, rolling fish and those tell-tale submarine-size wakes. Your hearing will key you into predators crashing bait along the shorelines, up against and in the reeds and salt marshes. Experience will tell you the difference between predators and large mullet. Your imagination fills in the blanks. After a few years of doing this, you develop "second sight." Some complain that blind casting is boring, but to me, the anticipation is

addicting. I guess I'm like one of those lab rats - my second sight rewards me every so often and I just can't stop pushing that button.

For those of you fond of Port O'Connor and such places, I don't mean to knock your neck of the woods. We all know from the numbers that the middle and lower coasts receive the lion's share of the stocking from the parks and wildlife and CCA, and it seems that there are far more Parks and Wildlife officers taking surveys and enforcing the law in that part of the world. Perhaps it's only a coincidence that the higher-ups in the CCA do most of their fishing in that area. For the beginning fly fisher, or those of you who cannot manage a double haul into the wind, Port O'Connor is a better place to learn. There do seem to be far more juvenile fish. Galveston Bay fly fishing is more challenging than other areas for many fly fishers, but if you are a seasoned saltwater caster and you understand the habits of the fish, you will likely catch just as many if not more fish in Galveston Bay, and I'll bet your average redfish or flounder will run a little larger here too. You don't have to drive for three hours, either.

Tomorrow I am set to guide offshore for the first time this year. By the time you read this, I should have put my guests on a ling or two and some dorado, and maybe some jacks, tripletail, bonito or Spanish mackerel or other fish. The kings are in close too. Good fish-holding weed lines are within twenty minutes of the boat ramp, or maybe thirty minutes from my front door. The following morning I plan to show my guests a few nice reds and flounder, about twenty minutes from the house. I hope they can cast, because the fish

are hungry. If not, I guess I'll have to show them how it's done. It's a hard life but somebody has to live it. Anyway, that's what I think. 

Tight Lines and Screaming Reels,

Chris

*Captain Chris Phillips is a Galveston Bay and offshore fly fishing guide and can be reached at 1-409-935-0208, or come and see him at Westbank Anglers, usually on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday for free advice on equipment, flies, destinations or if you just want to talk fishing. Westbank's new location is on the corner of South Post Oak and San Felipe, tel. 713 961-3474.*



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# The Average Fly Fisherman And His Wife

by David Murrell

One might infer that one who fly fishes catches fish. Not according to my beloved wife. Judging by my propensity to bring home an empty ice chest my wife would argue, rather she states quite emphatically, that fishing in my case is nothing but practice of ones casting ability. She has even questioned if I might not be remembering the fly on the end of my line.

“You know”, she says with a smirk, “that thing with the hook in it?”

If I were not an average fly fisherman, my wife might otherwise suggest an affair or other infidelity.

“No fish in the box?” “Who is she, you don’t love me anymore”, she might say.

My trusting wife, however, dismisses such notions given the fact I stink when I get home, and not of some cheap harlot’s perfume, or is that just cheap perfume? No matter, the average fly fisherman doesn’t really know which one is cheaper.

I digress.

“When you fish with a fly rod and fly, my dear”, (she hates being called dear) “you are going for the experience, not the catch.”

“That is what the ‘book’ says”, I continue.

With a laugh and a slight pat on the shoulder she asks, “which book is that dear” (I hate being called dear) “the Bible or Issak Walton’s *The Compleate Angler*?”

As one can see the mere fact that my loving wife even knows of *The Compleate Angler* is a testament to her love and devotion to this average fly fisherman. The third most printed book in the world of which I have two, each given to me by my wife.

I am not deterred. I continue with my rhetoric that the ice chest is for food and drink, not fish.

“You see, my love, based on the premise of catch and release dictated by most modern fishing books and anglers, I am a fisher of the fly, therefore I catch and release, therefore I am honest and truthful, therefore I am blessed and always catch fish, and big ones at that.”

“Uh huh”, she replies, adding, “so where are the pictures.”

“Pictures?”, “Pictures, yes, well, the camera, uhhh, does not have that panoramic picture taking ability and without it the resulting picture would not judicially represent the size of the fish”, I say smugly.

“I see”, she continues, “are you saying your fish is too small to be seen in all its panoramic grandeur?”

I straighten up and confidently lovingly gaze her in the eye and say, “you are truly the most beautiful women I have ever seen, what’s for dinner?”

“It isn’t fish”, she quips as she struts to the house, and with a strut like hers this average fly fisherman never gets the last word.

After a through and exhaustive five minute cleaning of my boat and an equal amount of time in the shower I am in the kitchen fixing dinner. With a glass of good California cabernet sauvignon I begin a methodical preparation of dinner. The menu begins with grilled jumbo shrimp with mango chutney and proceeds to a fennel soup using a smoked chicken broth, followed by two inch thick filet minions grilled to medium rare, served with garlic mashed sweet potatoes and baby

spinach sautéed in olive oil and fresh garlic, and ending with a desert of fresh citrus fruits cut and peeled of pith and drizzled with semi sweet chocolate. Grand Manuiuer and port is always consumed afterwards.

“I’ll show her, no fish my fanny, she won’t even think of fish during this meal”, I mumble.

We glide through the shrimp and soup without consequence. As I serve the filets she lowers the boom,

“Filets?” she muses aloud, “aren’t fish filleted? “Of course one must catch fish to fillet fish”, rubbing it in further.

The average fly fisherman is smarter than this typical wifely ploy.

“Actually, sweet cakes, I decided my mission today was to seek out new fish civilizations, to boldly go where I had not gone before, to...”

“You got your boat stuck didn’t you”, she interrupts.

“I meant to do that”, I replied incredulously.

“Sure you did. What was it this time, shell reef, sand bar, boat trailer?”

“As I was saying, I was boldly going where I had not gone before, watching several gentlemen near the shore when suddenly this sandbar jumped up out of nowhere and lodged itself on the bow of my boat. Thinking fast under pressure I turned off the motor, grabbed my fly rod, jumped into the ankle deep water and started fishing. After a couple of casts I flashed an ‘I meant to do that’ thumbs up sign to the shore line fishermen and waded on down the sandbar.

“Was anybody on the boat besides you?”, she inquired with great concern.

“Not after I hit the sand bar”.

# A CAST FROM THE PAST

Just exactly what would make a person drive 2500 miles, or fly half way around the world to meet with similarly-afflicted flyfishing addicts? And why are some of these folks so bent on Tonkin cane? Curious beginner or seasoned aficionado, you won't want to miss this rare opportunity to enjoy casting the great variety of bamboo rods which will be available at this year's Bamboo Symposium.

The all day casting event will be held on August 10th, during the FFF Conclave in Livingston, MT. Many examples of old and modern rods can be sampled, with each type of action well-represented. How does a parabolic load differently from a progressive? What does a quad feel like? Would a silk flyline perform

better on my rod? For each question answered, five new ones will arise.

The event will be loosely structured, with adequate hands-on time for everyone to enjoy casting the finest rods of yesterday and today. Each hour, on the hour, will begin with a 10 to 15 minute presentation by an experienced bamboo flycaster. Presentations will include interesting historical information about bamboo rods, specific casting techniques which are particularly useful for bamboo, and other ideas which may make your cane fishing experience more fulfilling. After the hourly presentation we will break into several groups, each assisted by a cane rod enthusiast. Rods will be maintained in a central location, and can

be checked in and out freely during the open casting sessions.

Come and experience the magic – the unique combination of sensitivity and performance that cane rods offer. Shake hands and cast with some of the modern masters of the craft. Check out the 2002 Bamboo Symposium site at <http://www.ida.net/users/rmoon/>, or e-mail [TroyMiller@ev1.net](mailto:TroyMiller@ev1.net) for more information.

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Claude Berwick at 409-840-6467.

# How to Win the Sunfish Spectacular

by Rudy Elizando

## The Competition

The prestigious Texas Fly Fishers club has an annual event called the Sunfish Spectacular, and just about every year we've had one individual (who shall remain nameless) win this event. He would do it by going to another lake and catching an extremely large bull bream and keeping it alive until the day of the competition. I, of course, was clueless about this process and was amazed that he would fish the same places we did but always managed to catch a the largest bream. I just didn't get it and so I decided to question him as to his rare technique that must have been developed through some extreme painstaking process.

(Editor's note: The Sunfish

Spectacular's rules have always been a closely guarded secret. The author merely assumes the winner was cheating.)

## Sage Advice

He would always look at me and just tell me that it was the right fly and patience along with the right conditions. Just to prove his sincerity he even gave my brother and me a fly that did look pretty good. Being naïve about the whole process, I began to attempt this patience business for what seemed to me hours.

I practiced this technique at several lakes but noticed that the longer I waited to retrieve the fly, the more bass I would catch. My goal was not to catch bass but rather bull bream and it would just get my results all messed up when I hooked up with a four to six pound bass. Those rascals would just stretch the heck out of my leader and in some cases even break the leader so there went the whole experiment. Now don't you



fellow fishermen feel sorry for me?

## Back to Cheating

I planned and schemed again and again on how to win the Sunfish Spectacular legally, but it was just no use. I kept coming up short, especially on the lakes where the event was held. There was a lot of asparagus grass and it was basically fruitless to get your fly down deep enough into the weeds to where the fish were holding without hooking up in the weeds.

My brother, Rick, and I were fish-

ing in float tubes during one Sunfish Spectacular morning and were in the big lake casting towards the bank. All of a sudden Rick called to me and said, "Hey Rud, is that brown log moving towards us"?

I had just hooked a fish and started to turn around when I noticed that the brown log was, indeed, moving slowly our way, narrowing the gap between the shoreline and us.

Finally, I got it. An alligator was

trying to get our fish. Rick and I paddled quickly towards the shore and got out of the lake with my fish still on the line. That brown log swam up to the shoreline in search of that fish and after a few minutes he slumped down into the lake. No more tubing for us li'l ol' homeboys that day

and feet don't fail me now.

That particular day was about wasted when I made the ultimate decision about "cheating." I believe there were some members of the group that even encouraged cheating and so my decision came with their support. By gosh, there was going to be another winner next year and my goal was to be that homeboy.

## The Scheme

On the morning of the contest the following year we headed out to the local pond in my neighborhood and



caught over 14 bream of all sizes, though we still had not managed to catch the ultimate big bream that we needed for the contest. We put them in an ice chest with cool water and took them to where the competition was being held. We fished a lake that was close to the weigh-in center and every hour I would go to the ice chest and pick up five bream, put them in my fish bag and get them weighed and counted.

The official weigh master was Mr. John Scarborough. He was taken by surprise when he saw the fish I brought up to him. I will never forget the most puzzled look on his face when he saw the number and color of fish that we brought. It was like he could not believe there were any fish in that lake.

As the day wore on, I came back to the weigh master with more beam in groups of five until he finally caught on. This was no ordinary catch and these fish had to have come from somewhere else. I was not telling until the total number was counted and weighed. The competition was a complete wash out with me turning in the most fish.

Of course the biggest fish was still

from Mr. "Got-the-Cheat-Down-Pat" himself. Mr. Cheat won first place and I came in second for the most fish. I guess you could say that I am "Mr. Cheat Number Two." This is a proud accomplishment in my fly-fishing career. My poor brother still cringes when he thinks about the way I did it. He kept saying that the club was surely going to kick us both out and even packed his rod early, ready for the get go if someone accused us of cheating. He had it all figured out that two li'l ol' home-boys from the 'hood of San Antonio, Texas would be done for.

*(Copy Editor's note: Here follows perhaps the worst poem ever published in this or any other publication. Continue reading at your peril.)*

### The Fishing Home Boy Poem

Of men and fishing, life and wishing, the course is easy for me to choose,

I would fish all day and night, that would be right, and even take a sip of booze.

The fish are jumping, the catching fine, and I won't worry about the time.

The day is long, and evening too, I'll

only stop with a sore spine.

At last what's this, I hooked a bass, a real big one too.

He fought so hard, and jumped a lot, a record catch I'll log anew.

So follow me down boys to the river I go, I'll wait for no one, and I won't go slow.

I fish all day, I'll fish all night, until I have caught all that I can humanly go.

The excitement will be there, the adventure long,

And I will come off the river with brand new fishing song.

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## BIG FUN AT THE TROUT RANCH

There is something about the term "Trout Ranch" that just sounds interesting to us Texans. However, the ranches I am talking about are not in Texas, but Missouri. Some are called ranches and some are called farms, but they all have one thing in common. They are great places to go at reasonable cost, and you do have fun.

My cousin and I recently came back from a trip to Spring Valley Trout Ranch and fished Turkey Creek. This, along with the other venues, are all stocked. For the non-expert, it is a great place to sharpen your skills and actually do some catching. We caught fish every day, some days more and some days less. I started out using a 5/6 weight rod and went down to a 3/4 weight. The fish we caught were the biggest rainbows that I've caught anywhere. Some were caught in pools and some were caught in deep holes while others were caught in fast moving water. Although nimps, wooly boogers and wet flies seemed to be more productive, the trout would take dry flies as the bivable and others.

The food is great, the accommodations comfortable and the fishing spectacular. Why would anyone not want to go? The only downside is the 600 plus miles to get there which makes a long day there and a long day back. Below you will find information on some of the venues in Missouri:

### Spring Valley Trout Ranch

Phone: 427-265-3699

### Trout Dale Ranch

Phone: 573-372-6100

### Windrush Farms Trout Stream

Phone: 573-743-6559

### Rainbow Trout Ranch & Gun Club

Phone: 417-679-3619

### Crystal Springs Trout Farm, Inc.

Phone: 417-847-2174

### Hiddenvally Lakes

2348 Snowberry Drive  
Lebanon, MO 65536

—Gary Kivell

### Historical Analysis of a Cherokee Chief.

The old Cherokee chief sat in his reservation hut, smoking the ceremonial pipe, eyeing the two US government officials sent to interview him. Chief Two Eagles," one official began, "you have observed the white man for many generations, you have seen his wars and his products, you have seen all his progress, and all his problems. The chief nodded. The official continued, "Considering recent events, in your opinion, where has the white man gone wrong?" The chief stared at the officials for over a minute, and then calmly replied: "When white man found this land, Indians were running it. No taxes. No debt. Plenty buffalo. Plenty beaver. Women did most of the work. Medicine man free. Indian men hunted and fished all the time". The chief smiled, and added quietly, "White man dumb enough to think he could improve system like that."  
— submitted by Ron Bauer



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The Texas Fly Fishers monthly newsletter needs your help. Otherwise, we'll run out of material to print. Please send your newsletter contributions to:

Greg Rhodes  
16335 Leedswell Ln.  
Houston, TX 77084  
gregr@pegasusdesign.com  
Home: 281-345-9792  
Work: 713-690-7878

All articles, photographs and newsworthy events are appreciated. If you know of any upcoming events other members might be interested in please let us know so we can keep them informed.

Information and articles should be submitted before the second week of each month.

## WEBSITE INFO

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

<http://www.texasflyfishers.org>

Norbert Burch  
TFF Webmaster

### *Attention:*

All 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 it's release. Please keep this in mind if you don't receive an issue!

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

JERRY LORING  
President  
Work: 713-819-9050  
Home: 713-464-8687  
jerrytms@flash.net

TOM LYONS  
VP Programs  
Home: 281-379-7944  
TFLyons@aol.com

RON BAUER  
Secretary / Membership  
Home: 281-359-7077  
flyboybauer@cs.com

BRUCE HEIBERG  
Treasurer  
Work: 713-623-0381  
Home: 281-550-2993  
bheiberg@bc-arch.com

RICK RAWLS  
Auction  
Work: 713-666-7100  
Home: 713-661-7100  
rickrawls@aol.com

NORBERT BURCH  
Communication / Webmaster  
Work: 281-589-4941  
Home: 281-265-5156  
tff.webmaster@texasflyfishers.org

DAVE M. BEHR  
Conservation  
Work: 713-970-8527  
Home: 281-480-0722  
flytide@mail.ev1.net

FRANK SCHLICHT  
Education  
Home: 281-437-6915

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

ED RIZZOLO  
Fly Tying Festival  
Home: 281-997-2789  
edrizz@texas.net

COREY RICH  
Legal  
Work: 713-861-1928  
Home: 713-621-6071  
corey.rich@aya.yale.edu

T.J. BUTLER  
Librarian  
Home: 713-768-8444

CLARKE THORNTON  
Freshwater Outings  
Work: 713-641-0022  
Home: 713-512-3657  
cth Thornton@ehshouston.org

DAVID MURRELL  
Saltwater Outings  
Work: 281-265-6500  
Home: 281-870-9156  
fisifdm@flash.net

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

ED HOGAN  
Raffles & Door Prizes  
Home: 281-360-3203  
ehogan@tepi.com

### WINDKNOTS

GREG RHODES  
Publisher  
Work: 713-690-7878  
Home: 281-345-9792  
gregr@pegasusdesign.com

COREY RICH  
Editor

### SR. ADVISORS AT-LARGE

WRIGHT GUTHRIE

JOHN SCARBOROUGH

MIKE EBERHARD

JOE DEFORKE

JIM BRIDGES

RANDALL PINTER



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