

# Wind Knobs

A Monthly Publication of the Texas Fly Fishers

Vol. 21 / Issue 2 March 2002

## SUPPORT THE AUCTION!!

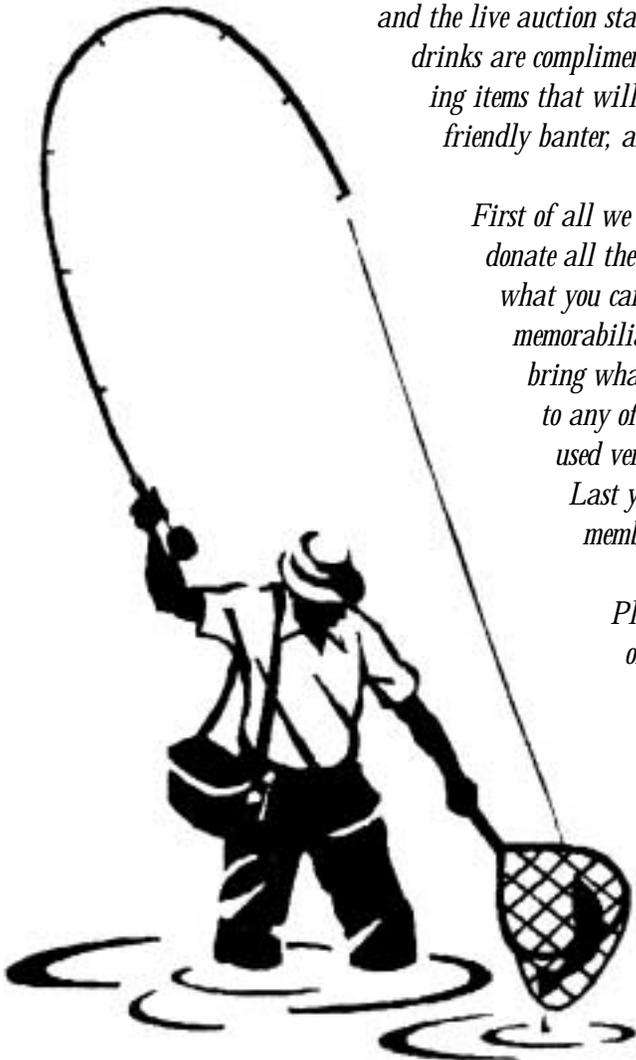
*The annual auction for the Texas Fly Fishers will be held Saturday, March 16, 2002. The location has changed to the Bethany Christian Church, 3223 Westheimer. The silent auction starts at 10:30AM and the live auction starts at 1 PM. A spaghetti lunch, served at noon, is available for \$6 and the drinks are complimentary. Most of you know about the great purchases of new and used flyfishing items that will be available. It will be a great time; with door prizes, raffles socializing, friendly banter, and good food. Put it on your schedule and join the fun.*

*First of all we need your donations. Club members and very friendly merchants in our area donate all the items auctioned. So start searching through your gear and equipment to see what you can part with. Art, decorative items, sportswear, lures, gear, antique sports memorabilia or just about anything to do with fishing or the outdoors will do. Please bring what you can donate to the club meeting in February, or drop off your donations to any of the four fly shops in Houston. Everybody has something they own that is not used very much. Each year some member of our club really cleans out his/her closet. Last year John Scarborough was the big donor. Thanks John. To all other TFF members, please do what you can to help; we appreciate your support*

*Please remember that the purpose of the auction is to fund the club. We depend on the auction to keep our club going. Sixty percent (60%) of our annual budget comes from the auction. Most of the programs, famous speakers, outings, and special events are funded by the auction. So donate and come to the auction and spend a few dollars.*

*Speaking of support, we always need volunteers to help set up and conduct the auction. Please call Jerry Loring at 713/464-8687 (nights) 713/875-4289 (days) to work on the Auction Committee.*

*Jerry ~ ~*



# PRESIDENT'S CORNER

BY MIKE EBERHARD  
President, Texas Fly Fishers

Well, it has been a struggle coming up with an article this month, but somehow I'll slog through and try to be coherent. I have seen enough movies involving writers block to see me through this. David M. and I were working hard for the club this past weekend, scouting outing spots in ESB, when we were involved in a drive by incident. Two yahoos in a small black Hell,s Bay boat came perilously close to us while we were wading!! The one on the front was peculiar looking to say the least. The other guy was dressed in maroon and

had a goofy look on his face. I felt pity for them so I did not get upset that they poled within casting distance(save the remarks). Now if anyone can guess the identity of this dynamic duo, they will receive special recognition at the auction on March 16th. The fishing has been a lot more scouting and a lot less fishing, but we did see lots of fish, cast repeatedly to a large cruising sow trout, and got good starts on our cool fishgod tans. I tried a new fly, a black clouser tied on a circle hook. Cory had his doubts as to the hook-

ing ability of circle hooks with respect to flats fishing, but Tira could probably catch a fish on one. I would like some feedback on this subject, since I plan on retiring soon and will want to improve my catching(relax Virginia, I was referring to stepping down as TFF Pres.). Please do not be shy about volunteering for pending board opening, we will start taking prisoners(er..Volunteers) soon. SEE YOU AT THE AUCTION. 

...The Pres

## U p c o m i n g E v e n t s

### NOTICE:

For those interested in taking the *Intermediate Flytying course*, registration and the first class will be at 6:30 p.m. on **March 14**, at the Bethany Christian Church. We still have room for a few more students. For more information, contact Frank Schlicht at 281-437-6915(The church is on Westheimer between Buffalo Speedway and Kirby - east of Lamar High School.

### Thursday nights

**Informal fly tying classes** are being held Thursday nights at Bethany Christian Church on Westheimer and Bammel. Contact Frank Schlicht for more information.

### Saturday Mornings

**Beginners Casting Classes** are now being held at **Lakes of Meyer Park**, starting at 1:00 p.m. rather than early morning. Please register with Troy Miller at TroyMiller@ev1.net.

### February 23, 2002

**Guadalupe One-Fly...DRY FLY ONLY.** Contact Mark Marmon for more details.

### February 23, 2002

**Saltwater Outing**, contact David Murrell for more information.

### February 23 - March 6

**Crab Trap Clean-up.** Please help our bay systems. Call conservation chairman Dave Behr for more information.

### February 26, 2002

The **monthly meeting** featuring **Brad Hughes** with a presentation on the *Alaska PT. Lodge*.

### March 16, 2002

The **Annual TFF Auction** to be held at the **Bethany Christian Church** located at 3223 Westheimer. Auction starts at 10:30 a.m.

### March 16-17, 2002

**Shallow Water Fishing Expo.** The Expo is scheduled for March 16th (9:00 - 5:00) and March 17th (10:00 -5:00). Come by our booth!

### March 26, 2002

The **monthly meeting** featuring **Marcus & Johnny** with a presentation on the *Guides of Texas*.

### March 23, 2002

There is a **March Saltwater Outing** being planned. Contact David Murrell for more info.

### April 13, 2002

**Saltwater Outing** in **Port O'Conner**. Contact David Murrell for more information. **April 30, 2002**

The **monthly meeting** featuring **Guide Randy Chapra** with a presentation on the *Middle Coast*.

### May 18, 2002

**Saltwater outing**, location to be announced.

### May 28, 2002

The **monthly meeting** featuring **Scott & Kathy Sparrow** with a presentation on the *Arroyo City Kingfisher Inn*.

### June 15-16, 2002

**Saltwater Outing** in **South Padre**. Contact David Murrell for more info.

### June 25, 2002

The **monthly meeting** featuring **Rob Woodruff** with a presentation on the *Pine PT. Lodge*.

### July 20, 2002

**Saltwater One-Fly.** Stay tuned for more details.

# GUAD

TFF members Frank Budd, David Murrell and Jerry Loring were floating the Guadalupe the last week in January, about a mile south of the fourth river crossing (Rio Raft). A good day for trout it was and they were all caught on wet flies.

Buggywhip suggested they move out and float down the Guadalupe some more. That's when Frank had the bite. A couple of minutes passed as they got the kick boat and float tubes ready. Frank, still fighting the fish, yelled "It's a big one, I can't make any headway". Frank thought it was a striper, Buggywhip predicted it was a carp, and David proclaimed it was a fat catfish. There was a request he break off the carp because he was slowing the group down. Anyway, David saw it first when she finally rolled to the surface. A monster bow. David worked the net, Frank had the sweats, and



## Frank's Big Bow

Buggywhip tried not to be jealous.

We have pictures, three witnesses, and a certified scale to prove up a five pound, ten ounce, 23" plus fish. A holdover no doubt from stockings in the past.

If you ever fish with Frank, you soon learn he is a determined fisher-

man, who picks a successful technique and stays with it. At the end of the day you have to drag him off the water. The kicker to this story? It was Frank's first time to fish the Guadalupe. 🐟

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# "Busted Luck"

by *Norbert Burch*

The day started as a typical trip with plans on looking for fish at several of our standard locations. They were not holding very many fish so Cruz and I decided to head for Pringle Lake. He and Joe had seen fish the day before in a couple of pockets. Cruz suggested that he would drop me off at the first one and head down the shoreline to fish another location and return for me in an hour or so.

I collected my flies, took a good long drink and exited the boat. I waited for Cruz to clear the area and the water to settle down. A small cinnamon Seaducer was my choice of fly. I took a good look around and noticed a Great Blue Herron and a Snowy Egret feeding in the cove just ahead of me. The sky was a beautiful fall blue with only a few puffy clouds. A perfect day to be wading, or doing anything outside for that matter, although fly fishing was at the top of my list.

I moved slowly searching the area for Reds up close to the grass line. I had only taken a couple of steps and spotted my first fish feeding about 30 feet in front of me. My first cast was on target. I quickly landed and released a 21" Red. This spot was starting out good so far. I continued around the point ahead and into the cove where the Herron and Egret were feeding. What a perfect place. Along the edge was about 30 feet of sand that tapered off into a patchy grass flat. I noticed about 30 yards in front of me several dark shapes in the sandy part of the flat. I eased into position to make a cast to the

nearest fish. The fly landed short, I picked up and cast again, refusal. I hate when that happens.

White Clousers had been working the day before for Cruz and Joe so I tied on a small bead chain one. Fortunately there were several Reds still up on the sand. The next one I cast to liked the white Clouser. I was able to catch two more before a smart one broke me off on some shell. I tied on another Clouser and hooked another. This time I was not going to let him break me off on the shell. I added extra pressure to shorten the fight. What ended up shortened was my 2-piece 6wt rod, when it broke clean in half just above the reel. I was able to land the fish and retrieve what was left of my rod.

Now what was I going to do? Cruz was nowhere in sight. I was standing on a flat surrounded by hungry fish and no rod. I was not about to let this stop me. I would spear them with what remained of my rod if I had to. Then I remembered seeing Lefty Kreh cast 80 feet with just the top section of a 3-piece rod. Joe, Mark and I had even tried it behind the curtain at the last Shallow Water Expo and found that we could cast 60 feet with the top 2 sections of the rod with no problem. I decided I had to try it. Besides, I was not about to just stand there and wait for Cruz to come back, who knows how long that might be. I stuck the butt section of the rod in my belt and stripped about 30 feet of line out the top half of the rod. I tested a 20-foot cast, no problem. It was not as easy with a fly on the line. I tested a 30-foot cast then a 40-foot. I can do this

I decided and laughed out loud thinking that no one was going to believe this story if I catch a fish.

I settled down and waited for a good setup. Anxious to prove to myself I could do it. I made my first cast. It landed to far from the fish. Accuracy was definitely a slight problem. I cast to the next fish, refusal. Wait, wait for a good setup. Then the perfect one came right out of the grass facing at me about 40 feet away. It was a long shot. I made my cast; the fly landed a foot in front, perfect. One strip and the Red ate it. I laughed aloud. I could not believe I had done it. There was only a small problem, how do you land a 24" Red on the equivalent of a 4wt rod with no reel. I held it high and stripped the line in. After a longer than usual fight and a lot of torque on the wrist I grabbed the fish still laughing in disbelief of what I had just accomplished. I laid the fish on the rod to get a length mark that turned out to be 24", half the length of the top section of my rod. Just about the time I released the fish Cruz appeared in the distance heading for me. I was happy since I knew he had a spare rod on the boat. Cruz had a good laugh when I told him what happened. We decided to fish another location and return later since we disturbed the cove and the many fish that were still there.

When we returned Cruz lead the way. He took the same approach that I had taken earlier in the day. I decided to wade the deeper water where the grass was located. We both worked that same area for the next 2 hours ending the day with over 30 fish between the two of us. What an awesome day, one I will never forget. 

# NOVEMBER 2001 SALTWATER OUTING

As important as catching fish can be to a fisherman, the comradery with his or her fellow anglers is at least a rival. The November saltwater outing was just the opportunity to be with other like minded folk, whether we caught fish or not. Six of us met at the Fishing Center; loaded the contents of six coolers, six sets of wading paraphernalia, rods, and all those small flies in six sets of rather large tackle boxes in two boats; Coast Guard approved 3 person capacity each. Now, every time I hear someone say, "You know that fly fishing is expensive, but at least you don't have to carry as much gear as those conventional guys" I almost bust a gut laughing.

Years past a friend of mine and I would race road bikes. We carried quit a bit of gear; okay, we carried a hell of a lot of gear. Checking into a hotel in Dallas we filled a valet's cart full of luggage for one night, not including bikes. My buddy looked around and said embarrassingly, "Is it just me or do we have more gear than anyone else?" At which point the valet replied, Not unless you're a woman staying for a week."

It was time to get on the water. Pre-outing reconnaissance told me Light House Cove was the spot. Fish had been seen; some had even been caught. For six anglers loaded to the gills with fighting gear, there would be plenty of wading area for us all. We had everyone spaced out from the old dock to the state park. After an hour of wading I realized I had not put ice in the cooler containing the nights meal. This could have been catastrophic; hungry fishermen promised a gourmet meal going hungry. Not a pretty sight. I picked

up my boating party and headed to the docks.

To make a long story short we tried Farwell Island and Pringle Lake with only a few rat reds to show for it. It was, however, a beautiful day. At 3:30 we headed for the dinner table.

We had a cottage reserved at The Captain's Quarters complete with Kitchen. I grilled pork tenderloin and Dud Erminger brought Venison Sausage. We served garlic mashed potatoes, green beans and baby carrots. It was a couple of hours of friendship and comradery; truly the other halve of the sport. Lies were told to be sure, but experiences were also shared. Dud told us about his days in the Peace Corp in Nicaragua and the fishing there; and Dave Sims, a.k.a. Mr. Gadget, showed off his latest techno gizmo. We all had our turn, Ed Hogan, Bruce Heiberg and myself. I will fish alone at times and enjoy the solitude, but sometimes it is hard to recognize the experience without a companion to share it with.

As for Sunday, well, you should have been there. Dud, Dave and myself where the last men standing. We had two hours before we all had to drive home for domestic chores or some other back-to-reality task. I took us to the flats between the jetties and the Coast Guard Ruins. Along about 9 a.m. we only had 45 minutes or so left. Dave Sims choose to wade the shallow water into the grass, Dud waded a bit further out and I was content to wade in knee deep water casting occasionally and enjoying the scenery. As the sun rose higher and vision improved and I found myself watching the fleeing spotted tail of a Hawg red, and I do

mean "Hawg". I took four sloooooow steps, stopped, and peered into the water. The sunlight was getting better by the second. The hair stood out on my legs and I began to shake. I could feel them. They began to appear, one, then another, then another. Some cruising, some holding. I tell you if there were any more or they were any bigger I was getting out of the water.

I had tied on a seaducer, white with a red collar. I flipped out the seaducer to the first red I saw, just fifteen feet away, and he came around with reckless abandon. I stripped, he chased, he ate, and ran. He got maybe forty feet and the line went slack. Not a good hook set. I waded a few steps more. Two more coming to my left at twenty-five feet and closing fast. Easy 28 or 29 inches, maybe more. The roll cast fell too short, but no matter, they both came screaming to the fly, I stripped, one turned off, the other pursued and engulfed the fly at ten feet, put the pedal to the metal on his 5.0 liter, dual overhead cam tail and broke me off at the tippet knot. "Holy Red Fish Batman!" "Dud, Dud, get in knee deep water and use something white", I hollered behind me. "Big fish, Big Fish."

I went from a 10 lb. Tippet to a 12 lb., found an all white seaducer in my box and tried to tie it on. I was shaking so bad the eye of the hook was blurry. I finally completed a secure knot as far as I could tell. Five or so steps later I spotted one coming straight at me. She spooked with my raising of the rod, but not before I got a cast to her going slowly away.

*continued on next page*

She chased and took the fly with the same ferocious appetite the last one did. She squealed off a good 60 feet on the reel, zigzagging all the way. "Ping" was the last sound I heard.

The gauntlet had been thrown down before me. I tied on nine feet of the freshest 14 lb. line I had. If I had had stronger I would have used it. I had one white fly of some sort with eyes and a long tail, my last bullet. Wading again I felt that familiar hair thing going on. I spotted a holding red, not as long, but big in girth. I cast some thirty feet at a forty-five angle to his left, strip, strip and he was on it. The hook set nicely and away he went with every bit of fervor as the others. Two nice runs into the backing and I had a beautiful fish in my hands. In the last few minutes the reds turned off my white fly and I began the process of trying something new. They had become skittish. By 9:50 I had solid shots at twenty fish, went one for four.

Whatever the reason it was time to go and a good time at that. I looked back to Dud and Dave. They had not faired as well but I know they will be back to try again and we will gather around to share the experience.

*F. David Murrell ~Saltwater Outings*

## KAYAK FOR SALE

Wilderness Systems, Freedom, 2000 model (July 2000) with rudder - new cost including seat and paddle(Included in sale) \$1134.46

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- Anchor and Rope \$18
- Padlock and cable \$10
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(including fittings for round bars) \$90
- Paddle leash \$15
- Total \$1441
- Asking \$900



**For More information including pictures call Tom Lyons at 281-379-7944 or E-Mail at [tflyons@aol.com](mailto:tflyons@aol.com)**



### LEND A HAND!!

From Feb 23rd to March 3rd, anyone can pick up any crab trap and discard it as trash. Crabbers have until 12th or 13th, technically, to pick up all of their traps. TPWD gives these guys a three day grace period. After those three days, they become trash.

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## WINDKNOTS INFO

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

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gregr@pegasusdesign.com  
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or

Evan Watkins  
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League City, TX 77573  
ebrooks74@aol.com  
Home: 281-414-4590  
Work: 281-316-3900

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!

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# TEXAS FLY FISHERS MEMBERSHIP FORM

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

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**Sample**

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