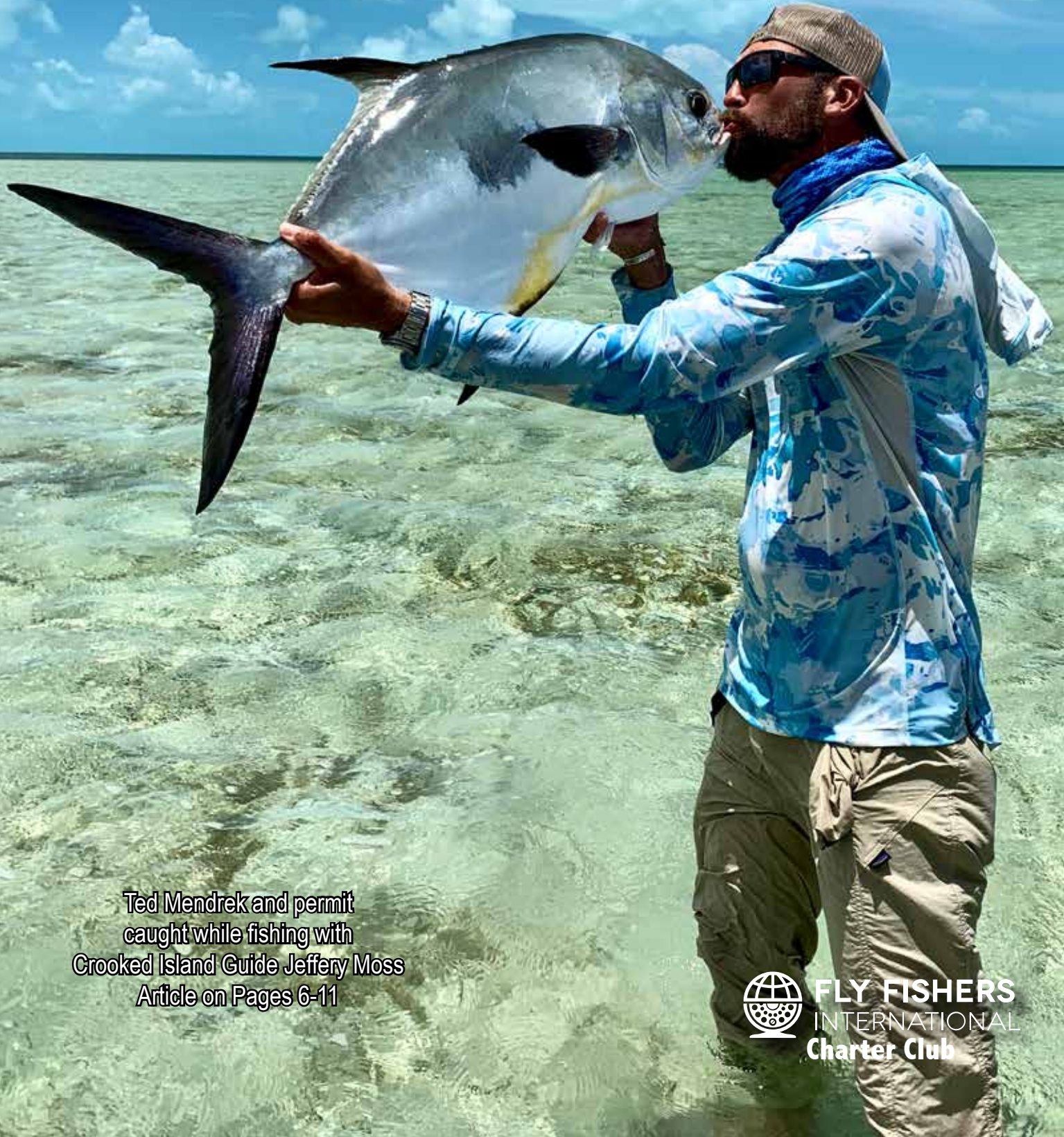




AUSTIN FLY FISHERS

August 2021
Volume 23, Issue 8



Ted Mendrek and permit
caught while fishing with
Crooked Island Guide Jeffery Moss
Article on Pages 6-11



FLY FISHERS
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President's Message by David Bush

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Benny Richards. If that name rings a bell, you're probably a fan of Lone Star Law, the popular unscripted reality television series that's been running on Animal Planet since 2016 with 99 episodes produced. Lone Star Law follows various Texas game wardens as they "protect the vast wildlife and natural resources of Texas."

Game warden Richards was a well-liked and popular figure on the program until his retirement from law enforcement and Lone Star Law in 2020. Having watched him on segments of the show for years, it was clear that he performed his duties with a unique blend of common sense, humor, compassion, and, when necessary, no-nonsense toughness in perhaps the most difficult law enforcement job in the state of Texas.

Not too long ago, I discovered that Benny had recently written and published *Tales of a Texas Game Warden*, a compilation of tales ranging from the inspiring to the pathetic during his 24 years on the job. To say that his stories are an adventure would be an understatement. Many of them are downright hair-raising while others expose just how ridiculous people can be sometimes. Like the night he spotted a trio of Texas' finest sportsmen spot-lighting and poaching deer, sneaking up on them and hitching a ride on the back of their pickup until, having seen and heard enough, turned on his flashlight and drew his weapon to the utter disbelief of the culprits who were soon brought to justice. Or the night he encountered two couples trespassing in an abandoned farmhouse with an elaborate sound recording setup to "make contact with the spirits of this house."

While Lone Star Law encounters plenty of entertaining stories while the cameras are rolling, it doesn't compare to the extent of experiences Benny shares in his book from his career as a Texas game warden. If you're interested in page-turning stories from the Texas outdoors, you'd be hard-pressed to find a better read. *Tales of a Texas Game Warden* is available from several online book merchants.

Speaking of Texas game wardens, if you encounter a violation of the Texas game laws currently in progress, be sure to report it to Operation Game Thief at 800-792-GAME (4263) immediately, 24/7. I keep the number in my contacts so it's readily available if I ever need it.

Due to the resurgence of Covid cases in Austin and the city once again reaching Stage 5, the Rec Center is not available for an in-person meeting. Therefore, we'll be holding the August meeting online once again. Our speaker will be providing a bit of a different perspective on fishing the South Texas coast, so be sure to join us live on the AFF Facebook group page or catch the recorded video later.

Tight lines!

Dave

Financial Report

by Jim Robinson

7/1/2021 to 7/31/2021

Begin Bal. Checking	\$20,766.24
Income:	
SKIFF (Women helping others)	<u>\$500.00</u>
Total Income	\$500.00
Disbursements	
FFI Insurance	\$325.00
Kerrigan (Zoom)	<u>\$135.83</u>
Total Disbursements	\$460.83
Net	\$39.17
Unencumbered:	\$12,483.06
Encumbered Funds:	
Casting for Recovery	\$2,365.52
SKIFF	<u>\$5,956.83</u>
Ending Adj Bal-Checking	\$20,805.41

July Speaker – Mark Machado

Thursday, August 19 at 7:00 pm

www.facebook.com/atxflyfishers/

Topic: Fly Fishing the Lower Laguna Madre

Bio: Our August speaker will be Mark Machado. The speaker is Mark Machado, a guide from the LLM and the president of Laguna Madre Fly Fishing Association <https://www.snookonahook.com>. While Mark has a poling skiff and fishes for redfish regularly, he also has a bay boat and targets other species in the area including snook and tarpon, night fishing, etc. He plans to speak about redfish and alternative targets and methods that will interest everyone fishing the Lower Laguna Madre.

BROWNSVILLE SHIP CHANNEL

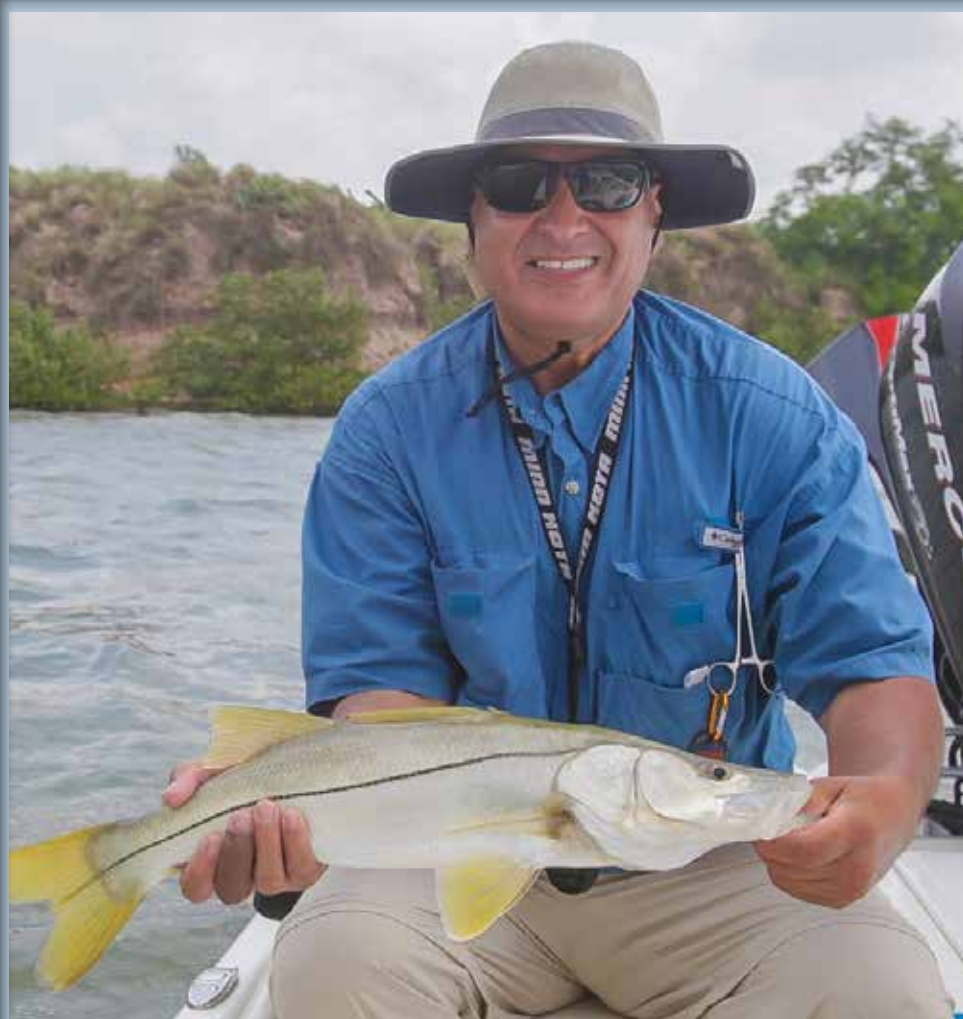
Are you ready to experience moments that will last a lifetime? Get in touch with Snook On A Hook to learn about our charters. We are excited to set you off on one of the best trips of your life. Get ready to create some unforgettable memories, don't forget to take pictures on your trip!

NEAR PORT MANSFIELD

Have you ever looked for tailing redfish in shallow water? There is nothing like casting to a fish you can see, and watching the bite and reeling in your catch. Looking forward to putting you on the fish! Its never too late to book your memorable trip with us.

NEAR THE ARROYO COLORADO

Large Redfish and large Speckled Trout are many times in what we call potholes. Many times you can see the fish, sometimes we just blind cast and get hooked up to a fish fight we will always remember. Feel free to contact me so I can help you make a memory, and tell a real fish story.



SKIFF Program by Bob Maindelle

Dear Friends of S.K.I.F.F.,
SKIFF served two families over the course of July 2021.

Villalobos Family – On July 15th, I conducted the season's 6th SKIFF program fishing trip, welcoming aboard Chanel (13), Aaliyah (14), and Athena Villalobos (8), and their mom, Juliet Lopez.

The girls' father, U.S. Army Sergeant First Class Edwin Villalobos, has been in the military for 16 years. He is currently serving as a mechanic and has been deployed to Poland for several months.

The girls' mom is also on active duty where she works in the nuclear, biological, chemical (NBC) field at Fort Hood.

As we began our trip, I came to understand from Juliet that none of the three girls had ever caught a fish before. So, my job was to help three girls go from 0 to 60 in 3.5 hours!!

The morning was overcast, so, I avoided

deep water until more light was penetrating into the depths. We began the fishing by running twin downriggers in open water pulling a pair of 3-armed umbrella rigs equipped with spinners and spoons. It was clear the fish preferred the #13 Pet Spoon over the other presentations, so, we transitioned all 6 baits over to #13 Pets.

After the girls went through 3 rounds of catching either 1 or 2 fish at a time, about 35 minutes had gone by and the skies had time to brighten a bit. I began to see fish out as deep as 60 feet, holding down around 40-45 feet. I felt the concentration of fish I was seeing was sufficient to allow us to catch using MAL Lures fished vertically, so we transitioned quickly to that tactic.

By 8:15 the girls had landed 36 fish, about half on the 'riggers and half on the MALs. All were mentioning sore wrists routinely, so, we changed things up and headed shallow to target sunfish.

We used long poles and floats with bait to take a total of 13 sunfish from 2 separate areas, including longears, bluegills, and greens.

It was now around 9 a.m. and, with about an hour left in the trip, I gave the girls an option of choosing which of the 3 tactics they'd learned they would like to put to use for the last part of the trip. They unanimously chose the "video game fishing" with MAL Lures in conjunction with Garmin LiveScope.

We headed back out to deep water, found two distinct schools of white bass and caught another 21 fish in our final hour on the water. As is typical late in the morning, both of these schools "flared up" with interest right away when our lures first appeared amongst them, but then pretty quickly settled back down.

We ended up with exactly 70 white bass this morning.



From left: Chanel (13), Aaliyah (14), and Athena Villalobos (8) enjoyed a 70-fish morning on Stillhouse using a combination of tactics to catch both white bass and sunfish.

SKIFF cont.

Farris Family – On July 22nd, I conducted the season's 7th SKIFF program fishing trip. I was joined by Mrs. Reva Farris and her two kids, 10-year-old Oakley Farris, and 6-year-old Jaiton Farris.

The kids' father, U.S. Army Sergeant First Class Jairod Farris, has been in the military for 11 years. He is currently serving as an infantry platoon sergeant and has been away from home training cadets at Fort Knox, KY.

Reva is a "permanent substitute" teacher at one of the elementary schools in the Killeen Independent School District.

The fish were really in a feeding mood after being negatively impacted by the unusual cold front which moved in earlier in the week, dropping both rain and temperatures.

I initially planned to put a pair of downriggers to work for us, each one equipped with a three-armed umbrella rig outfitted with silver Pet Spoons. The fish were so aggressive and so numerous, I could only get one downrigger set at a time for our first 20 minutes with lines in the water during which time we landed three single fish and two sets of doubles.

Eventually, I got both downriggers set and the fish just kept right on cooperating. By the time an hour had gone by, we had landed 19 healthy white bass. By this time, as kids his age often do, Jaiton showed some signs of losing interest, so that was my signal to change tactics.

Over the entire time we had been downrigging, I had witnessed numerous large schools of fish holding on or near the bottom out to both sides of our boat. These fish showed up quite clearly on

my Humminbird sonar unit's Side Imaging display.

I marked the next such school that showed up on sonar, programmed my trolling motor to take us to those fish and hold us over top of them. This allowed us to change over to a vertical presentation using spinning gear equipped with white MAL Heavy Lures.

Oakley worked independently while Reva assisted her son in letting the lures sink to the bottom, then reeling them up briskly through the feeding fish as we watched all of this taking place in real time on Garmin LiveScope.

When fishing and video games combine, kids stay interested for a good long time! Eventually, it was not the kids' interest that gave out, but their wrists, which got sore from reeling in fish after fish.

By about 9 a.m., both kids needed a break as it was hot and the winds were light. As they prepared to snack, I reset the boat for one more round of downrigging. Our fish count stood now at 48 white bass landed.

With snacks still in hand, the kids scrambled back to the rear of the boat as both downrigger rods went off simultaneously with what would turn out to be our 49th and 50th fish of the morning landed right around 9:15 a.m.

About this time, Jaiton made a request that we try to catch some smaller fish (yes, his wrist really was sore). To accommodate, I moved us up into shallow water where the kids used long poles, floats and worms as bait to land a final five panfish for the morning.

We ended up with exactly 50 white bass and 5 sunfish that morning.

We have at least one more SKIFF trip scheduled before school goes back in season, so, more to follow in September's report on August. Thank you one, and all!!

--Bob Maindelle



While Sergeant First Class Jairod Farris was away at Fort Knox training cadets, his son, Jaiton (age 6), and daughter Oakley, age 10, were treated to a free SKIFF program fishing trip. Their mom, Reva, a public school teacher, came along and helped me help them be successful.

Crooked Island 2021

by Nils Pearson, Ted Mendrek, Doug Kierklewski, Brandon Rabke, and Jim Patton

Fly Fishing during the Pandemic

For over a year now, the Coronavirus has upended everyone's life. I know, my travel plans for fishing trips are not essential, but for a number of reasons I wanted to find a way to safely return to Crooked Island this year. For some trips, I often have to schedule them a year in advance and make substantial deposits. In some locations, the plight of the residents is at risk. For many of these folks at these fly fishing destinations, they are almost completely dependent on the income generated from fishermen traveling to their locations. That was clearly the situation I faced on the trip I had arranged to Crooked Island, Bahamas for April 2020. I had rented a house, put down a deposit for guides, and purchased air travel tickets. All of these plans were upended when airlines cancelled flights and travel to the Bahamas was curtailed.

With my 2020 trip cancelled, I was under the impression that the epidemic would subside in a year. So, I spoke with my contacts on Crooked Island and rescheduled the trip for April 2021. One year later, as we approached my new date, the virus was still at epidemic levels and travel did not appear to be safe to me. I spoke with my island contacts again and moved the trip to the end of June. Fortunately, by this time the virus infection rate had dropped, the delta variant hadn't yet appeared in the US, all of the folks on this trip had been vaccinated, the airlines were flying again, and the Bahamas had instituted a Health Visa that allowed foreigners to travel to the islands. Everything seemed to be in place for a safe trip.

When we finally headed out, six of us had been fully vaccinated and had received our Bahamas Health Visas required for travel. Brandon Rabke, Carroll Hall, Doug Kierklewski, Ted Mendrek, Jim Patton, and I packed our fly rods and headed to Crooked Island on June 25th, 2021. After we arrived on the island, I soon realized that pushing the trip back so far

into the summer was a good for health and safety reasons but not necessarily the best time of the year for fly fishing. On any week-long fishing trip, you can expect to have a couple of instances of bad weather. But on this one, we had more than our fair share of tough fishing conditions. On quite a few days, we fished in high winds (making casting difficult), cloudy skies (limiting visibility), unstable casting decks (challenging one's agility), and rapidly drifting boats (requiring quick casts before the sighted fish was out of range).

Our Island Hosts

Willie Gibson once again provided us with wonderful accommodations and delicious meals (at her restaurant). Not only that, she procured our fishing licenses and scheduled our mandatory covid antigen testing (at the island clinic) which was required for our return to the US. On an island with a population of 200+ people, it is important to have the "unofficial" mayor watching out for you. Our guides Jeffrey Moss, Elton "Shakey" McKinney, and Randy McKinney were incredible. They poled us hour-upon-hour along the flats in high winds and put us on both bonefish and permit. For most of us, with the exception of Ted, we often had difficulty getting off a good cast in time that reached our intended target when the wind got rowdy. Don't get me wrong, we all caught fish, but some of our hook-ups were a major triumph in light of the conditions.

As you can see from the cover shot, Ted caught a beautiful permit. On the last day of the trip, Shakey waded with Doug and Brandon far into a lagoon where they caught so many bonefish their arms got so worn out that they could not make another cast. We also took advantage of other opportunities on the island that included exploring the Salt Pond across the road from our house, landing a harbor shark, and snorkeling a reef for half a day. The following sections were written by members of the Crooked Island crew about their experiences on the island.



Shakey, Ted, Nils, Jim, Jeffery, Carroll, Brandon, and Randy

Ted and his Permit

Redemption is the word that kept creeping into my mind as I tied flies in preparation for our return trip to Crooked Island (CI). During our previous trip, I got the permit of many lifetimes to the boat twice. The first time I brought the fish to the boat, my guide "Shakey" (Elton McKinney) lowered his hand into the water and grabbed the fish's tail. As he began to lift the fish, using its brute strength the permit shook its massive forked tail and freed itself from Shakey's grip.

After freeing itself and still hooked, the permit went on another run and proceeded to peel line off my reel. Upon getting the fish back to the boat a second time, Shakey held the leader in his hand and began to lift the now rather calm fish. Then, as if in slow motion, I watched the crab pattern pop out of the fish's mouth as the permit's head descended below the boat. At first, slowly swimming away from the boat before breaking into a mad dash in the calm turquoise waters. Noooooo!!!!

My heart sank, but I think Shakey was even more bummed than I was. I just shook it off and thought what an amazing experience I just had -hooking up such a majestic fish and getting it to the boat. I came to find out on our return trip this year what a special fish it was when Shakey and I reminisced about that fish. He said, "that's the biggest permit I ever seen down here!!!!" I thought to myself, I'm here now and hope to redeem myself and get a permit into my hands this year!

Ahhh.....The planets were aligned and the fish gods must have been looking down on me for this trip. Doug and I shared a boat with the guidance and the positive Bahamian attitude of our guide Jeffery Moss the day I redeemed myself. After a long stretch of poling across endless beautiful flats, Jeffery said in an excited tone "There is a big brown ray straight ahead." This is what we were hoping to come across because there is a good chance permit may be cruising alongside the ray "free loading" (eating what the ray is stirring up). As we closed the distance, Jeffery said, "Oh mon' get ready, there's permit on the ray. Not just one, but three!!!!"

I'm on deck with my crab pattern in hand, line set, and ready to cast. Oh yah, and knees shaking! "You ready mon, take a shot now" Jeffery quietly says. My eyes have been so locked on the brown spot in the crystal-clear water that when I did see the permit alongside the ray, it looks like an illusion. Am I hallucinating, three permit on a ray, all with in casting distance.?? I make a good cast, fly begins to sink to the bottom, the permit noticed, Jeffery said, "long slow strip". I begin my strip and one fish shows a strong interest, its head goes down, its tail comes up toward the surface and Jeffery yells, "set it, set it!!!!!" I go to set the hook and I feel a slight bit of resistance and in a moment of excitement, swept the rod to the side too much, instead of coming straight back with my hook set. That moment of excitement, probably cost me that fish.

Jeffery poled the boat away from the ray and he noticed that the fish didn't spook and that we were going to let them settle back into feeding alongside the ray. Once the fish are happy and feeding again, we move back in and I make another cast to the fish but they are not showing interest in my fly this time. Jeffery, in an excited voice says, "Ok, don't worry about those fish, we have two more rays ahead of us." As I look in the direction that he indicated, I see a giant black fork tail stick straight up out of the water. Now my knees are really shaking!

As he poles toward the tailing fish, Jeffery comments how permit fishing usually doesn't come together like this and we have to catch one of these fish. The pressure is on me now! Jeffery tells me to put that fly on the back of that ray and let it slide off. First cast, not in the right spot. Second cast lands perfectly, I strip enough to get the fly to slide off the side of the ray and it's now sinking to the bottom. The permit is on it! I start my strip, permit is still on it, then turns away and back to the ray. I make the same presentation again and get same reaction from the fish. Jeff poles away from the ray, tells me to tie on a shrimp pattern and we'll go back for another. My shrimp fly gets the same reaction. After that refusal, Jeffery told me to put my crab pattern back on.

Remember we had three rays in the area. Jeffery has been keeping his eye on that third ray which also has a free-loading permit. Jeffery poles us over to the permit on the third ray. Once my crab pattern was tied back on and I had my line set, Jeffery said, "ok mon' we got to make this one happen. Put the fly on the ray again and remember come straight back with the hook set and rod." Jeffery got the boat positioned perfectly for my cast, once again. I make the cast, my fly lands in the perfect spot on the ray and slides off. The crab pattern is on its descent to the bottom. I was so focused that everything was a blur around me, including Doug's bantering. The permit notices the fly and moves toward it quickly. This is that moment when you need to keep your composure and not prematurely set the hook. I slowly make that a long slow strip and wait for the permit's head to tip downward as it pins the crab pattern to the bottom and its tail comes out of the water. I stay focused on the expert words of our



Ted and his permit

Crooked Island cont.

seasoned guide, and when he says “set it,” I will set it even if I didn’t feel it. It was so textbook on how it all came together, I did my part, Jeffery did his, and so did the fish!!! I was hooked up with a permit of a lifetime!

The line was all off the deck, through my guides, I was tight to the fish, or so I thought. Suddenly my heart sank, I looked down and saw a “v” of fly line. My line was hooked under the bow of the boat on the eye used to haul the boat on to a trailer. The line was caught. As the fish was continuing its run, my line was no longer going out the tip of the rod and my rod was getting pulled toward a horizontal plane. I knew if there was no bend in the rod because line was not able to come off the reel, this fish was probably going to break off. I didn’t have time to reach down and try to free my stuck fly line. Something inside of me said, “just jump off the front of the boat toward the fish and try to unhook the line.” Fortunately, as I went off the front of the boat, I managed to land in a semi horizontal position with feet planted on the bottom at an angle that allowed me to stay tight to the fish and release the line and land a fish of a lifetime. Doug said, “he’s heard that some can walk on water, he now says he’s seen me do it firsthand.” Haha!!

In the end I don’t feel like it was redeeming myself after losing the permit my previous trip to CI, but more a continuation of the amazing journey and experiences fly fishing and being part of natural world. Nils, Jeffery, Doug, and Mother Nature thanks for this moment.

Doug and Brandon’s Long Wade to Bones

On the last day, Brandon and I went out with our great guide Shakey. We were hoping to go in search of permit. We stopped to fish for bonefish on the way. This is usually done to have a few catches under your belt before you go out on a long day searching for permit. As it was windy and cloudy, there were very few bonefish where they had been the day before. We hooked and broke off a few bonefish, then decided to pole up a nearby creek and wait for bones to move on the tide.

Instead of waiting for the bones to come to us, we decided to wade up the creek to scout for them. The creek was soft in the center, and solid on the edge near the mangroves. We waded in the soft area, as the holding bones were on the edges near the mangroves, and the cruising bones were in the middle of the creek. Brandon took one side, and Shakey and I took the other side. Shakey’s well-trained eyes could see standing and cruising bones even in the cloudy/ conditions. When we started wading, we thought we would wade of about a couple hundred yards. In the distance, we could see some large mangroves at the edge of the island, about a mile or two away.

We caught bones at every bend and by the time we looked up, we were already close to the mangroves. It was getting late, and our guide Shakey thought we should hurry back because it would be a long walk back to the boat. Since there were so many bones, he decided to be late and not to waste the opportunity, so we fished our way back to the boat. Not a bad way to end the trip.



Brandon



Doug and Shakey near the mangroves

Crooked Island cont.

Brandon and the Salt Pond

Just across the sandy road from the house where we stayed on Crooked Island lies what the locals call the salt pond. The pond stretches for about a mile and a half, from the northern end of the island to the south, where it narrows into a channel that drains into the open ocean. We knew, from previous trips some of us have made to the island, there were some fish in there. On our first day, shortly after arriving, we stopped for a look at a small bridge that crosses the channel not far from the house. There were quite a few fish stacked up in a pool right next to the bridge. We could make out baitfish, small jacks harassing the bait, and an assortment of barracuda in the fifteen to twenty-five inch range. We also saw a nice three or four foot tarpon holding in the current. Needless to say, seeing all those fish got our juices flowing. We went back to the house and started stringing up rods!

We fished the pond almost daily throughout our stay. Some mornings a few of us would go out early before breakfast while other days we would fish the late afternoon after returning from our day on the water with the guides. Wading proved difficult in places because of a soft, mucky bottom. We had use of a long aluminum canoe, however, to venture out further and find areas where wading was easier. Besides barracuda, we caught bonefish out of the pond. Some days we would see schools of them roaming around and we used the canoe to sneak up close enough for a cast. On other days we couldn't find any bones. It seems like there were always at least a few cudas around. The salt pond is an interesting place to explore. Its convenient location to where we were staying allowed us to fit in a little extra fishing time during our week on Crooked.



Jim and Ted in the Salt Pond



Crooked Island cont.

Nils and the Harbor Sharks

In past years when I visited CI (Crooked Island) harbor, I noticed half dozen resident medium to large spinner sharks patrolling the outer edge of the harbor. When local fishermen cleaned their catch and threw the discarded remains into the water, these sharks would compete with each other to consume the guts and bones for an easy meal. Often while watching this spectacle, I would toss a large fly in the direction of the sharks, watch them swim toward the fly, and pull my line out of the water before they could reach the fly. This year, I came prepared to try to land one of these boys. I brought along a 14wt fly rod, Mako 9600 reel with 400 yds of 80lb Cortland c16 backing and stout drag, 14wt floating fly line with 6 feet of 30 lb Rio Hard Alloy leader, a Ted Mendrek designed shark fly on a 5/0 hook with one-foot 90lb wire bite tippet crimped to it.

After returning from our daily trip to the flats with our guide and prior to having dinner, we would often entertain ourselves with other activities. On this afternoon, we decided to go over to the harbor in search of these spinner sharks. It just so happened that after we arrived, Shakey, one of our guides, came to the harbor to clean a big barracuda. As he tossed discarded pieces of fish into the water, the sharks started to swarm. Shakey noticed that I was casting to the sharks and decided to pump up the excitement. Perched on the edge of the limestone rocks on the outside edge of the harbor, Shakey took the carcass of the barracuda and began to slap it onto the water, occasionally hitting the marauding sharks on the head. What followed could be best described as a feeding frenzy, as the sharks battled each other for these remains.

During this melee, I made a short cast directly in front of a medium sized spinner. Without hesitation a shark swam toward the fly as I retrieved it. When he opened his mouth and clamped down on the fly, holding my line tight, I swung my fly rod back with all my might in a reverse baseball swing and planted the hook for a good set. When the shark realized that he was hooked, he ran a good 200 feet. I held the rod tip up and pressed the rod's fighting-butt onto my hip while the shark went on his first of many runs. When each run stopped, I retrieved line by raising my rod up and reeling in line as I brought the rod downward. I repeated this process until the shark made another run. Then, this process began again. We went back and forth on these runs and retrieves for a good 20 minutes.

Finally, the shark tired. I found a break in the limestone harbor wall that was filled with smooth large rocks and moved over there for the last round of this fight. As I brought the shark on to the exposed rocks, Shakey grabbed his tail and pulled him up from the edge of the water. Fortunately, as the shark came ashore, the debarbed hook popped out of his mouth. Even with all of my preparations, I felt very lucky to have landed this 50lb spinner shark. What made it even more special is that I accomplished this in front of my friends as they cheered me on. What a day!



Shakey taunts the Sharks



Shakey and Nils with the Spinner Shark

Crooked Island cont.

Jim and the Nurse Shark

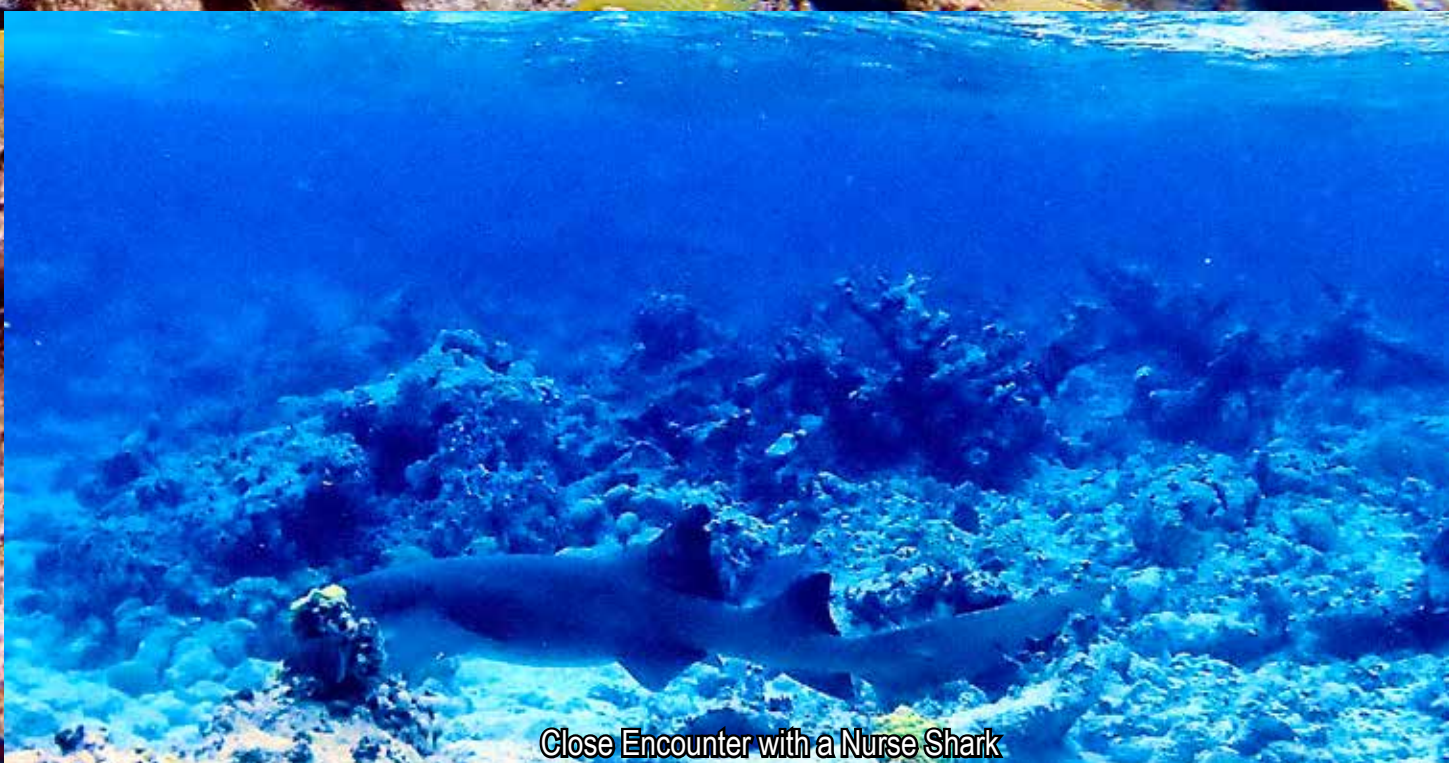
A few of us brought snorkeling gear as we knew we would be snorkeling regularly after a day of fishing in the water near where we were staying. However, during our week fishing in the Bahamas, Nils and I decided to take some time off mid-week from the fishing and do some snorkeling. The water in the Crooked Island area is extremely clear and inviting for those who like to snorkel. For the most part the flats are relatively shallow as well.

After a morning and little while in the afternoon of fishing, we boated over to a "special" area where one of our guides, Jeffrey, goes to snorkel and scuba dive. We entered the water all set to explore this amazing reef for an extended period of time. The reef itself was often at the water line; however, the depth of the water could get to be as much as 25 feet. Jeffrey, our guide, was in the skiff and was following us as we snorkeled.

We were dazzled by how spectacular the reef formation and the fish inhabiting the reef were. Then, it happened! We looked up and only a few meters away was a 7-foot nurse shark. Since we were so focused on the reef, we did not see the shark lurking so close to us. Not being well-verse on shark species and not realizing that this type of shark is not aggressive – so we were told -we were somewhat freaked out ... swimming back to the skiff quickly. Given that our previous experiences with large sharks occurred via high-definition screen, this was a pulse-raising experience. We returned to the reef area, encountered another much smaller nurse shark, and tried to enjoy the experience. However, an ever present vigilance was now in play for the rest of our time in the water.



Jim snorkeling the reef



Close Encounter with a Nurse Shark

Club Sponsors

The following individuals who made presentations to our club in 2017/2019. Please follow the links to get more information on the services they provide. You won't be disappointed.

Marcus Rodriquez – <http://livingwatersflyfishing.com/> Central Texas Guide

Capt. Billy Trimble – <http://trimbleflyfishing.com/> Fly Fishing Rockport/Texas Coastal Bend

Chris Johnson – <http://livingwatersflyfishing.com/> Living Waters Fly Shop and Central Texas Guide

Pat Dorsey – <http://www.bluequillangler.com/> Fly Fishing Colorado

Capt. Scott Hamilton – <http://www.flyfishingextremes.com/> Fly Fishing Florida's Atlantic Coast

Capt. Eric Glass – <http://www.captainericglass.com/> Fly Fishing South Padre Island

Kevin Stubbs – <http://www.expedition-outfitters.net/> Fly Fishing the Devils River

Kevin Hutchison – <http://hillcountryflyfishers.com/> Fly Fishing the Hill Country

Capt. Steve Soulé – <http://www.theshallowist.com/index.asp> Fly Fishing Galveston

Jeff Davis – <http://allwaterguides.com/jeff-davis/> Fly Fishig the lower Colorado River

Jud Cole – <http://centraltexasflyfishing.com/> Central Texas and Colorado

Capt. Rus Schwausch – <http://www.epicanglingadventure.com/> Fly Fishing Southwest Alaska

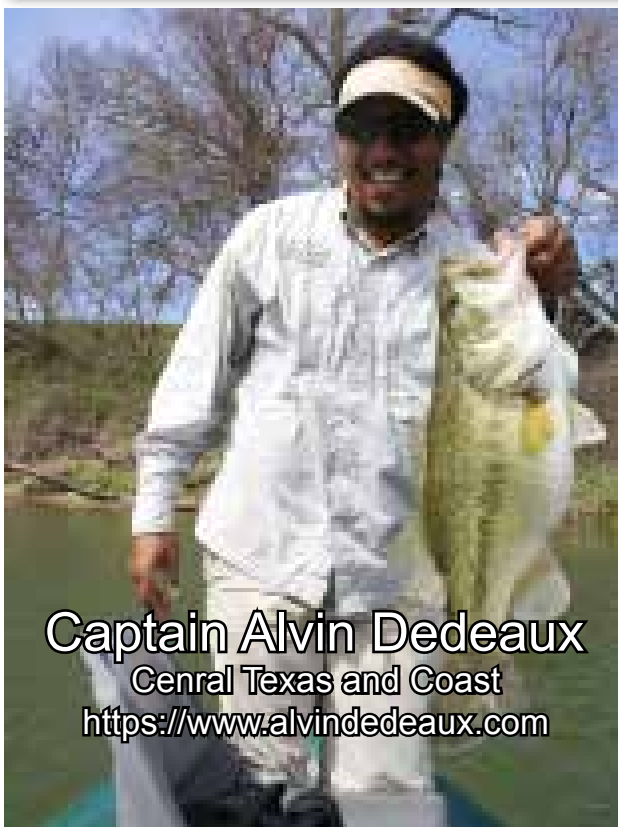
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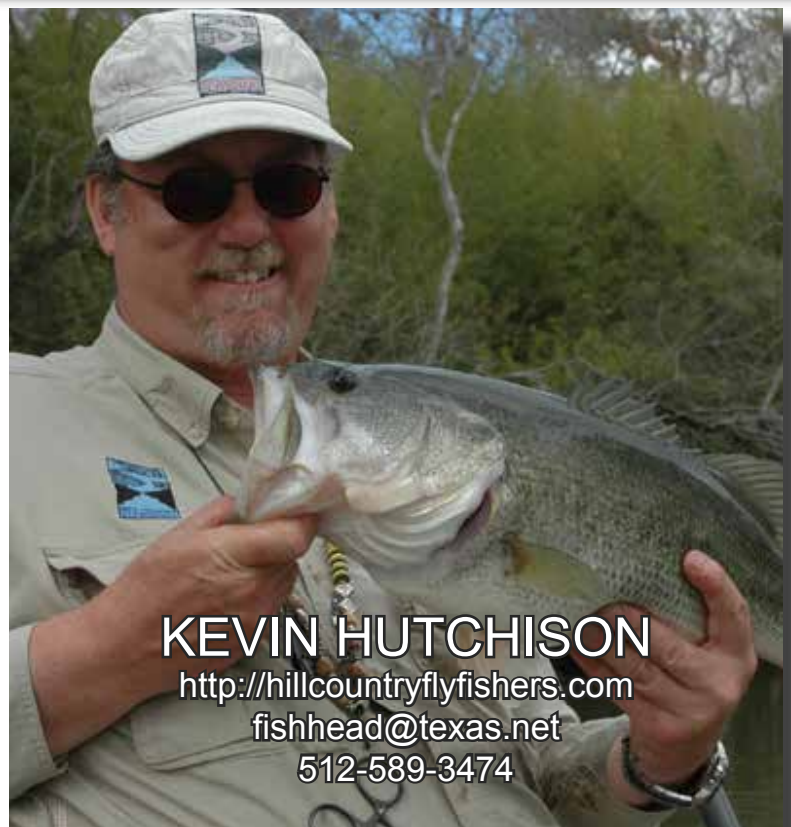
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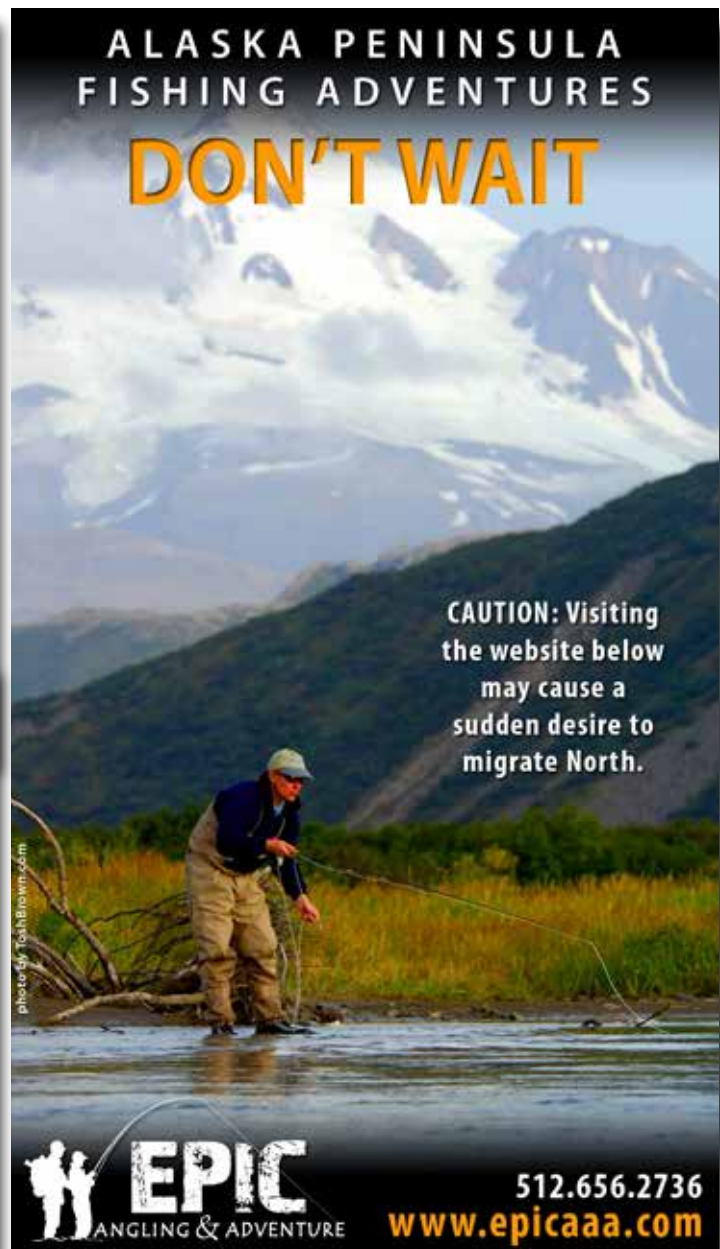
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