



# Flies and Lies

Newsletter of the Fly Fishers of Northwest Florida

January, 2016

## FFNWF

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### NEWSLETTER

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MONTHLY MEETINGS at  
Miraflores Park  
17th Avenue between  
Belmont and LaRua

Business Meeting  
1ST Tuesday, 7 PM

Bull Session - Tying  
2ND Thursday, 6:30 PM

Clinic - Casting, Tying, Lunch  
3RD Saturday, 9 AM

## Fly Fishers of Northwest Florida annual membership renewal drive kicks off this month.

Renewing members \$30.00  
Associate members \$10.00.



Jay will gladly receive your dues payment in cash or check, in person or via snail mail. See Jay at any of the meetings or send check to:

**Jay Brykczynski 4983 Prieto Drive Pensacola FL 32506**

**Make checks out to FFNWF**

**Note:** If you are a member of FFF or if you join, let Jay know. The number of members we have who are also members of FFF reduces our dues to the national organization. To join: <http://www.fedflyfishers.org/>

**Our new president,** Rex Straughn, is having some major health issues. Preparation for knee surgery uncovered blockage which led to urgent right carotid artery surgery on Dec. 17. Recovering well. The knee surgery is now scheduled Jan 5 if cleared by vascular surgeon on Dec 30. Please keep Rex and family in your prayers.



## January at the Club:

**Meeting – Tuesday, January 5 7:00** Joe Higgins will present the program which will be a report about his fishing trip out West where the buffalo roam and the deer hair flies catch lots of fish.



**Fly Tying – Thursday, January 14 6:30** The Five Minute Mullet. See page 3

**Clinic and Lunch – Saturday, January 16** featuring Russ Shields' famous [Seafood Chowder](#). This is a real treat and takes a lot to prepare. See page 6. **Please let us know** if you can come for the lunch. Reply to this email and we will get the count to Russ, or email him at [rkshields@bellsouth.net](mailto:rkshields@bellsouth.net). Bring friends and introduce them to the club.



## Christmas Party Smiles





**New Member  
Gary Pheabus  
won the trip  
with Baz**

**Paul Wargo  
Angler of the Year**

*Dear Friends,  
Thank you for this  
great honor. Truly  
appreciated. So  
proud to be part of  
our club. Paul*



**Fly of the Month 5-Minute Finger Mullet by Matt Wegener**

Saltwater fly targets everywhere enjoy finger mullet. This scrumptious snack can be found near shallow flats all around us and you can be sure that a hungry trout or redfish isn't too far behind them. Fish this fly with floating line and quick short strips to simulate a scurrying baitfish fearing for its life. This is a big fly and shouldn't be fished with anything less than an 8 wt fly rod. It may be hard to cast, but big flies catch...you guessed it. Tie up a couple in different colors and hang on. This particular pattern uses purple to represent the characteristically dark, shiny back of a mullet, but I also like a brown/gray version in clear water to match our local finger mullet.

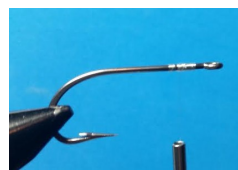


**Tying Materials**

Hook: #1/0 Mustad S71S, or 2x strong saltwater hook  
Under Body: Steve Farrar Flash blend, white

Thread: Clear mono thread Eye: 1/4 Fly Eyes  
Over Body: Steve Farrar Flash Blend, Violet Night & Gray

**Tying Instructions**



Pinch the barb and tie in thread near the eye of the hook. Leave the bobbin hanging 1/8" behind the hook eye.

Cut a match-stick width piece of white Flash Blend. Fold in half and cut. Stack together and taper each end with your fingers. This forms a piece of material 6" in length.



Tie the material in 1/8" behind hook eye so that 1/3 of the material extends back towards the hook eye and the other 2/3 extends beyond the hook eye. Try to encircle the hook shank with the material before tying it down.

Split the bunch extended over the eye in half and fold back towards the rear of the fly. Don't tie the material down, but instead make several thread wraps in front of the material to create the "halo" effect that imitates the bulbous head of a mullet.



Repeat steps 3 & 4 with just a few strands of gray Flash Blend.  
Repeat steps 3 & 4 with half of a match sticks width of Violet Night Flash Blend.

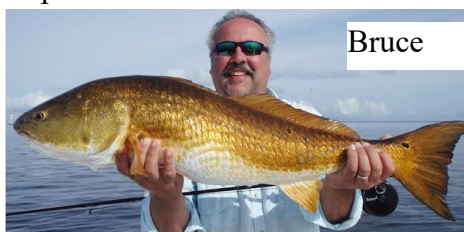
Attach the eyes and whip finish. Cut the thread and coat the head with Softex or homemade Flexament (Goop & Xylene) to permanently form the mullet shape.



## Fishing with Capt. Baz

The "Running of the Bulls" continued well into December before coming to an abrupt halt on December 9. At least that's the last day I was able to find any surface-feeding redfish. The main part of the run lasted about 30 days...November 10-December 9, which is about the same as last year. It was spectacular as always; we are very fortunate to have such an amazing fishery right in our back yard. Even though the schools of fish weren't as "dependable" as they were earlier in the run,

here are some anglers who experienced the **Redfish Rush** in December. Club member Bruce Trumbull on December 1, John Slupecki with an impressively fat redfish on December 2, New England guides Tom Rapone and Rob Morrison on December 3, and Mel Rojko who barely made it in time December 9.



Bruce



John



Tom



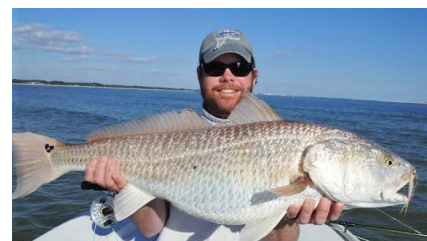
Rob



Mel

Once the bulls disappear from the bay recreational boat traffic dies down as many anglers start focusing on deer hunting, football, Christmas shopping, etc...and it sure is nice. Fishing gets "technical", and we focus as it should be on quality instead of quantity. One big redfish or black drum makes the

day, and we spend hours sneaking around in shallow water looking for them. There aren't a lot of fish, and the ones we find are usually pretty darn spooky. Rob Morrison from Martha's Vineyard got a taste of it on December 7. We had found the bulls in small numbers on Dec 3 and 4, but by the 7th they weren't to be found. So we ran out to the pass and poked around the shallow water looking for a target. We found a few fish in less than 3' of water, and Rob enticed this beauty to eat a #2 tan/white Clouser.



The next day Mel Rojko was on the boat we just plain got lucky by Deadman's in the morning when a nice school of fish popped up, and Mel landed the one shown above. Later we headed out to the Gulf, found it too choppy, and late in the afternoon found some fish on the inside in less than 3' of water. It was last-light, and we couldn't



see them until they were very close to the boat... but they couldn't see us either. Mel was throwing the tan/white clouser on her 8wt and tried numerous stripping techniques before getting this 30 pounder to eat. What a thrill!



When the redfish get scarce and the Gulf is reasonably flat, you might find some black drum cruising the "draw" both east and west of the pass. It's always tough to get them to eat, but with perseverance (and various fly changes) you might hit paydirt. Stephen Miller did so December 10 on the Old Faithful tan/white and landed this 24 pound drum. Then on December 19 with Chico Fernandez on the boat we found some fish but couldn't get



them to eat. Chico, who has been fishing black drum for 50 years, asked if I had something black in my fly box. Sure enough I had an old black clouser tied maybe 15 years ago which this fish ate on Chico's first cast! Pretty doggone special to learn a secret from one of the masters of our sport...



I am going to leave you with a photo of an incredible sunset taken from the end of my dock. As the sun sets on 2015 we've got the whole thing to look forward to in 2016, and that's a very good thing. Happy New Year!

*Capt Baz*

## Around the Bay....

Actually, around the Sound – **Joe Klaus** reports: My father-in-law caught this in the sound west of the Holley by the Sea recreation center. The fly started out for salmon, but he adjusted for saltwater with a little weight, etc. I am grateful for the instruction from the club, but still have a long way to go to keep up with the in-laws. (Joe: *We all know the feeling*)



## And Further Away another story by our intrepid reporter, George Norton “Me and the Game Warden”

Southwest Arkansas. The Ouachita Mountains. Bob and I were fishing the Little Missouri River below the dam above the town of Murfreesboro. I had a limit of trout in the cooler in chilled ice water.

We had had a spectacular late fall Friday afternoon. We had hit the river just as the levels were dropping. This put the fish into a feeding frenzy and it was twenty trout an hour from the canyon's pool without moving.

At five we sat down with a fellow angler at a picnic table. I took off my boots and waders. “Would you like a beer?” he asked. “I'd love one.” The conversation was about fishing and different places which start to add up as we get older.

We bid our adieus as afternoon's shadows started to darken the river canyon. I looked around for a trash can to deposit my one beer can. There was none in sight. I said, “Bob, lets head for the dam and check out see how they did and there will be trash cans too.” The dam was only a few miles up the road. There is a balcony for the bait fisherman who cast into a large deep pool seated in chairs. The fly fishers generally work the water above the picnic area up to the dam.

There was a big crowd milling around. Happy families were grilling meat and eating. Seniors were fishing with salmon eggs and red worms. Stringers with trout were tied off to the railing. I took the empty beer can and dropped it in a trash

can and turned away back towards the car. "Hey you," he hollered holding up my empty can. "Come over here." He had come up the stairs from the river just after I dropped the can in the trash. "How many of these have you had today," he hollered with a red face. I replied "Just one." He pulled out a badge. A curious crowd of onlookers gathered like gawkers at an interstate wreck. "Meet me over there," he motioned. My afternoon bliss was shattered. He walked over to his truck and pulled out a breath analyzer. "Breathe into this." I did and it didn't read anything. "Breathe harder." I breathed a little harder into the device. There was still no reading. "Breathe harder you SOB or I'm going to run you in and lock you up." The device finally registered a minute amount of alcohol 0.01 from one lite beer.

Then he sauntered over to our vehicle. "Open that ice chest." He looked didn't even bother counting the fish or to check our fishing licenses. "I'm calling the police to write you up for drinking and driving and an open container in your vehicle. I'm not authorized to issue the tickets but the police will be here soon to take care of that. Wait here." About twenty minutes later a patrol car arrived. Out stepped a police officer. He seemed annoyed like he had seen this scene before. "Sorry you have to go thru this but I don't have any choice. Once I'm called in I have to issue the ticket." He seemed to imply that Bozo, the game warden was wasting his time again. We chatted about fishing for a few minutes and family. He tore off the ticket. "Call this number and you'll have to set a court date."

Two months later I left Little Rock at five thirty in the morning. After a two and half hour drive I appeared back in Murfreesboro at the circuit court where a presiding judge comes thru every week or so. Murfreesboro is a small country town famous for its gold mine open to tourists. It's a friendly town with restaurants where the red Arkansas Razorback with teeth and tusks dominates the walls and barbecue the menus. It's a dry county so I usually bring along a few beers to enjoy back at the motel across from the Hog Heaven Café. One side of the court room was filled with men in orange jump suits sitting on benches and onlookers in the gallery. The circuit judge called the session to order and I looked around for the game warden. He was nowhere and would not appear. The police officer came in about an hour later. Two hours later they had processed the row of orange suits for various charges such as: DWI, Drunk and disorderly, breaking and entry, and the usual drug offenses. Finally I was by myself in the gallery.

The female DA and the judge looked at each other like they were wondering what to do with me. They conferred and whispered at the judge's table. Then the DA asked to meet me and the police officer in the hallway. She asked a few questions. I said, "I was only trying to be a good citizen and find a trash can for an empty container and had to drive up river to find one where I found trouble with the local game warden." The DA quickly said "all charges are dropped!" The officer apologized for my inconvenience and we bid each other warm goodbyes. My initial reaction was I'll never return to Murfreesboro after my experience with the game warden but I decided there is a silver lining in every cloud.

## **Seafood Chowder — See why we need to know if you can come Jan 16**

|  |  |
|--|--|
| 1/2 lb bacon, cut in small pieces  | 1 stick butter                                     |
| 2 medium onions, chopped   | 4 stalks celery, chopped                           |
| 2 lbs Yukon Gold Potatoes, ½" to ¾" dice   | 1 large leek, just the white part, chopped         |
| 1 lb peeled shrimp   | 1 ½ to 2 lbs fish cut up into bite size pieces     |
| 1 can chopped clams with liquid  | 1 lb scallops                                      |
| 1 package frozen corn  | 2 cups heavy cream                                 |
| 8 cups fish or shrimp stock (we used "Fish Base": One teaspoon to one cup water) |  |
| 1Tbs fresh Basil chopped   | 2 Bay leaves                                       |
| 1 Tbs fresh Thyme, chopped   | ½ tsp Bayou Blast                                  |
| Old Bay seasoning to taste   | Chopped parsley and chive for garnish when serving |

Brown bacon thoroughly in a large pot, reserve bacon. Make a light roux with drippings and 2/3 cup flour. Add butter and sauté onions, celery, leek and spices. (Add additional oil or butter if necessary to sauté veggies). Add stock and cook potatoes until just done, add corn and bring to a boil. Add seafood and bacon and cook for five minutes. Add cream and reheat but do not boil. Check seasoning and add Old Bay or Bayou Blast to taste. Serve immediately, garnishing with chive and parsley or transfer to a heated crock pot and keep warm. This should make about 7 quarts or about 12 to 14 servings. More stock and cream may be added if needed to fill crock pot. *Thanks to Russ for providing this special treat again this new year.*

## Memorandum for Record

**Subject:** Meeting minutes for 01 December 2015 General Membership Meeting

**Location:** Miraflores Park, 17<sup>th</sup> Ave. Pensacola, FL      **Time:** 1900 General Membership Meeting

For a list of participants please refer to the attendance record dated 01 December 2015.

**Cliff Newton, President**, called the meeting to order at 1900 hours and welcomed everyone to the last meeting of the year. Jerry Giles moved that the meeting minutes from the previous month be accepted as posted and Russ Shields seconded the motion. Motion carried.

**Jay Brykczynski gave the treasury report.** Pending expenses include the Christmas Party and IFFF dues due in January. Need to find out how many members of the club are members of the IFFF because it affects how much we pay in dues. Request for information about membership in the IFFF is going to go out with the blurb about the membership drive in January. Christmas tickets sales are currently at 42-43. Requested 44 meals be included at banquet. Price of drinks should be the same at \$5.00 for wine and \$3.00 for beer. Paul Wargo asked if everyone was receiving the newsletter and asked if anyone is not receiving it to please let him know.

**Fishing reports were given.** Rex Straughn went fishing with Ralph Newton and did not have much luck. Paul Wargo stated that the bay is 10 degrees warmer and there are no birds like normal. Bait is present everywhere in the bay. Spanish are gone out at Town Point. Bob Korose stated that there are pelicans present but there are no reds pushing the baitfish up to the surface. Only place Bob was able to find reds the other day was at about 1600 hours around the 3 mile bridge. He caught a white and speckled trout, but the reds are hit and miss. Gary Pheabus stated that his son had been fishing the ponds in Cantonment and the fishing was great. Off of Bayou Gary caught a bunch of speckled trout. They were wade fishing behind the Holiday Inn. Oleta stated that there are reds present out at Hurst Hammock. Russ Shields went out on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of November and they landed a bunch of reds on a white and chartreuse Go-meaux. Jerry Giles stated that the brim and bass are feeding real well in the ponds. He's been catching them on the squirminator.

**Christmas party** is a week from tonight. Looking for door prizes so donate some of your favorite flies or one of your favorite tools. We talked about certificates for getting shirts embroidered with name and club logo. Russ Shields stated they can be done for \$6.00 each. A card will be printed to use as door prizes. Paul Wargo thanked Oleta Webb for transferring all the old pictures into a digital format. He also discovered there was a logo that predates the club's current logo.

**Program** given was a video about Project Healing Waters that is available on u-tube.

**Committee reports:** Jack Bauknecht is stepping back and taking a break from the membership committee for a bit. Oleta Webb volunteered to take over making the new membership packets. Copyrighted material needs to be taken off the CD's that contain the fly tying recipes before any new packets are made. We will need to have new membership packets available for the membership drive. **Gary Pheabus** will be taking over the spring course. Russ Shields will bring Gary up to speed with the course material after the first of the year. As in the past, we need to make sure there are plenty of volunteers to assist with the course. Ralph and Cliff Newton were brave enough to show up for the club outing considering the weather. The wind was blowing too much and it was cold so they left. Thank you cards have been made up for the club and for Project Healing Waters. Russ Shields will retain the cards for PHW and Kent Reagan will keep the ones for the club.

Door prizes were given and then Kent Reagan motioned that the meeting be adjourned. Rex Straughn seconded the motion and the motion passed. Meeting was adjourned at 2001 hours. The point of contact for this memorandum is the undersigned. **Kent Reagan, Secretary Email: [usmcflyguy@outlook.com](mailto:usmcflyguy@outlook.com)**