

Skeet Lores is certainly making up for lost fishing time as he trots around the globe following his recent retirement. Skeet titles this vignette "Fishing Guide Guides Fish". You will see why.

"On my trip to the Bahamas last month I had the pleasure of fishing with a great bonefish guide—Jay Sawyer. I caught my first Bone right off the bat and asked Jay to get Belle hooked up

with some spinning gear. Within a few minutes Belle was hooked up. She was impressed with the fish's speed and stamina—of course hers was twice as big as mine!"



"I got back up and stayed up the rest of the day trying to top Belle's big one. I did catch 4 more fish, but none as big as Belle's, however, the last fish of the day was an impressive show of guiding skills. Jay spotted a small school of fish in a small narrow cove surrounded by short mangroves. The cove was about 30 feet wide and 200 feet long with a narrow opening about 10 ft wide. I figured it would be fun to hook one up, but there is no way we will ever land one in there."

"Jay got me in position and I got the fly in front of a couple that started fighting over it. As soon as I hooked up they both headed for

the mangroves. Jay told me 'Pull hard. Turn him!' I did and the fish turned parallel to the boat. Jay said 'Let off. Let him follow the other one!' I did and the fish swam right out the mouth of the cove into the open water! What a way to end the day!"

Bill Evans has this to say about hardtails turning into redfish, "This is Bill Evans and I have a small funny fish story; I was out fishing for hardtails the day before the Outcast King Mackerel Tourn. and the weather was very bad. I was at the mouth of Pensacola Inlet on the east side and I was using a sabiki rig jigging it for bait and all of a sudden I was hit by something really big. It bent my ultralight rod almost to snap in half. I had a 150 Van Staal reel with 15pd test line. I thought it was a big grouper but when I got it up to the boat it was a large redfish. Very much to my surprise, I leaned over the gunnel and grabbed it by the gill and at that very moment 8-10" broke off the rod I was using. I pulled in the red and measured the fish and it was 34". I was very excited but my lucky rod was broken. I have never caught a redfish on a sabiki rig before so I guess there is always a first time for everything. By the way, that's the largest red I have ever caught. Bill"

Skeet makes time to fish a little locally, too. He calls this tale "Two Guides are Better than One".

"Last fall at the Pensacola CCA Banquet I got a great deal on a guided fishing trip—an inshore fly/spin fishing trip with Capt. Chris White of Bayside Guide Service. Today I got to cash it in along with my buddy Capt. Bob Quarles who just started Blue Heron Guide Service. We started with a quick run to the 3 barges and with live in hand began trying to chum up some AJs or Kings, but a big 4-5 foot Cuda hanging out under the boat made the fish a little spooky. We did see several big AJs take minnows off the surface, but only after they..... **Continued on page 6**

President's Report

Your Board of Directors had its June meeting last night (Tuesday the 24th) with a lot on the agenda and spirited discussion ensued.

The September 20th Casting Clinic WILL be held, the Bream Fishermen's Association's "Annual" Family Day, notwithstanding. You might even get a healthier meal out of it, than our customary fare. Watch for further developing news (I only wish we had Laurie Dhue to present it to us).

The auction brought in a 50% higher yield than we budgeted for, so Don Lupone is planning a nice vacation trip to Afghanistan, while Travis goes to a Swedish Spa for recovery and massage therapy after his hard work getting money out of us cheepskates.

Don Lupone will render a very nice Treasurer's report showing our solvency, if the bounty hunter we hired can track him down.

Preliminary plans are getting put together for the Christmas Party, which will likely be on either the first Tuesday or second Thursday in December. If you haven't been to one of ours, you've missed a lot of fun, frolic and fellowship. We have not yet determined the site but are looking at least three locations. We might even have a Santa this year (if David can get in the suit, according to Jon Williams).

We anticipate several new Associate members joining us from the Ft. Walton/Destin area, as Don Chatten has written expressing their interest, having been conned by some of Kevin's flyfishing presentations at the Panhandle Flyfishing Club. Thanks, Kevin. The board has approved this enrollment. We already have five such members, and from much greater distances.

I hope to hear some good fishing stories next Tuesday at the July business meeting. If I had one to tell, it would be a "story"

THANKS FROM THE AUCTION COMMITTEE

The annual auction on June 3rd was a huge success again thanks to some very generous bidders and benevolent donors who gave guided trips, rods, reels, flies, tying desks, tools, furs, feathers and you-name-it. We had a great time and put a few bucks in the coffers.

Tyen's Corner

Kevin will lead us in tying the Yellow Humpy at the July Bull Session on Thursday the 10th. The humpy is a little tricky to tie but catches lots of trout. Trout might mistake it for a little yellow stone fly or a hopper or maybe even a pale morning dun on steroids but don't get too analytical - just tie one on and have some fun. Fish it on a dead drift or twitch it occasionally, especially near stream banks. For panfish in still water, cast it, let it sit as long as you can, then move it an inch or two and wait again. If the bream are looking at the surface, your humpy won't be safe long....Jerry

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CONSERVATION - Terry McCormick

DIRECTORY - Jerry Aldridge

EDUCATION - Jerry Aldridge

FACILITIES - Jon Williams

FFF REPRESENTATIVE - Larry Goodman

FISHING TRIPS - David Bernard

LIBRARY - Kevin Cohenour

MEMBERSHIP - Karen Brand

**DIRECTORS AT LARGE - John Brand
Bill Locher Tom Regina**

MONTHLY MEETING SCHEDULE

BUSINESS MEETING - 1ST TUESDAY, 7 PM
BULL SESSION - 2ND THURSDAY, 6:30 PM
CLINIC - 3RD SATURDAY, 9 AM
BOARD MEETING - 4TH TUESDAY, 6:30 PM
FISHING TRIPS - AS SCHEDULED

Meetings at Miraflores Park, 17th Avenue between Belmont and LaRua St

Newsletter Editor - Jerry Aldridge

The Humpy... Kevin Cohenour

HOOK Mustad 94840 or equivalent, size 10 to 18
THREAD 3/0 or 6/0 to Match Body
BODY Floss in desired color (Yellow is effective)
TAIL Moose or elk body hairs
HUMP/WINGS Natural Elk or Deer Hair
HACKLE 1 Brown and 1 Grizzly



1. Secure hook in vise. Start thread at mid shank and wind to bend.

2. Clean and stack a bunch of moose or elk body hair. Tie in at the bend so tail length is exactly 1 hook shank length. Trim the butts at mid-shank and cover with thread.



3. Comb and stack a bunch of elk or deer hair (elk is more durable). Measure body/wing length by holding the stacked hair with the tips even with the tips of the tail. Trim the butt directly over the tip of the eye. Set the hair on top the shank with the butt exactly at mid-shank and tips pointing rear. Secure using tight turns of thread. As you wrap the thread rearward, lift up on the hair at about a 45 degree angle to keep it on top of shank. Wrap to bend and back to mid-shank

4. Attach floss at mid-shank. Wrap the floss to the bend then back to mid-shank. Secure and cut floss. Lift the hair up and then forward over the body under tension. Hold hair firmly and make 5 tight turns with thread at the point where the floss body ends.



5. Pull wings upright and make 10-20 turns of thread in front of wings. Split wings into 2 equal bunches. Wind thread in a figure 8 motion to split wings. Make 1 wrap around the base of each wing to keep hair in place.



6. Attach hackles behind the wings. Make 3 wraps behind and 3-4 wraps in front of wings with each hackle individually. Cut excess hackle, wind a tapered head, whip finish and cement.

NOTE: Other popular floss colors are: red, black, green.

Musing with Marty

My dad wasn't a fly fisherman, but he was an outdoorsman. The overwhelming majority of my adolescent memories are firmly planted outdoors -- hunting, fishing, crabbing, trawling. Our excursions were always in or near water, and more times than not, at least one of the multiple boats we owned at any given time was built in our backyard.

As a child, when asked for my address, I was often tempted to tell the inquirer where our camp was located near Lake Salvador, since we seemed to spend more time there than home. But I knew what they meant, so I suppressed the mischievous urge. We broke the silence of many a pre-dawn morning with the drone of an engine, wrapped in layers of insulated clothes against the biting cold as we plied toward duck blinds. Or enjoyed the coolness of the air that can only be found in the early morning hours of an otherwise blistering summertime, laden with rods, reels and tackle, a shrimp trawl or possibly stacks of crab lines. It was an idealistic childhood in the vast wetlands of Cajun country.

But I was too young and naïve, and having too much fun, to realize that as much as we fished, our lives were void of a higher calling -- fly fishing. That's not to say fly fishing was unknown to my dad. One of my earliest memories was the discovery of a long, two-piece green rod with a funny-looking reel propped in the corner of a hall closet. It was a fiberglass fly rod, from the Sears & Roebuck catalog, that dad simply called a waste of time and money. "Too much line to mess with."

He, like most men of his generation, was a meat hunter. He enjoyed the sport of fishing immensely but couldn't fathom such concepts as catch and release, so efficiency was of the highest concern in the selection of all fishing tackle. These were the days before size and creel limits; success was gauged by full ice chests, not the number of fish. Our reels were spooled with heavy line, and our freezers never lacked for an abundance of seafood and game.

Time with my dad on the water was priceless. And even though we were both "quiet" fishermen, rarely speaking as we made our casts, I was constantly exposed to decades of experience, soaking in every bit of knowledge. His years in the marsh had taught him when and where to find the fish, and what techniques to use; lessons handed down

from his dad. As a child, I was always amazed at how he could make dozens of turns in the seemingly endless marsh and find his way back, even though the miles of broken land looked the same to my young eyes.

As a guide, I get to relive that wonder as out-of-state clients, not accustomed to such expanses of marsh, constantly scan the panorama for clues to our location. The look is unmistakable, and it's the one time when I can actually read someone's thoughts: "You do know the way back, right?" Sometimes, they will actually verbalize the question. It's delivered tongue-in-cheek, of course, but deep down, I can tell a positive answer would be reassuring. I can't blame them. The marshes of southeast Louisiana are massive, spanning as far as the eye can see in every direction, and beyond. It's been more than 30 years since my first trip into the marsh -- fishing pole in one hand and a can of worms

at my feet, watching dad twist and turn our boat through the aquatic labyrinth -- yet I still haven't seen all of it. I was not only blessed with a wonderful dad, but also with one of the world's greatest estuaries as my playground, my backyard, my home.

My transition as a fisherman through the years was rather typical. On my first trips, I just wanted to catch a fish. Then I wanted to catch a lot of fish. Later, as the desire to catch bigger fish became stronger, the pursuit of trophy-size specimens became more important than filling a limit. Eventually, even something as inconceivable to my dad as catch and release started to make sense. I still enjoy many a fish dinner, but now I fish purely for the pleasure of the sport. If my freezer is well-stocked, I release my quarry with gentle care and smile, hopeful that we will meet again another day. Most of my clients are the same, only wishing to return to the dock with photographs of their catches and heads full of memories. Occasionally, a client will ask me if I'd like to keep a few of the fish for myself. Often, I will accept a few, which I bring to my mom. She loves fish. And the concept of catch and release is lost on her, too. I can only bring fish to my mom now since dad is no longer with us. And sadly, we lost him years before he left this earth -- his mind and memories stolen by Alzheimer's.

Dad never got to see me fly fish. I began learning the art before his body succumbed to this world, but not before his mind was ravaged by this cruelest of diseases. As my mom told me on the day of his funeral, "He died a long time ago. We were just taking care of his body." I wish dad could have watched me fly fish, for the same reason he beamed as he watched me reel in my first tiny bream. No matter our age, we want to show our dads what we learned, what we accomplished, and we want to see that smile that lets us know he couldn't be more proud.

If he had been granted the mind to comprehend in his last years, I'm sure he would have approved of my transition to fly fishermen. But he still wouldn't understand catch and release.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Capt. Marty D. Authement is a new member who owns and operates Marsh Madness guided fishing service in Houma, Louisiana. He is also Lifestyles Editor of

Editor's note: The following information provided by Tom Regina may be of interest to anglers who enjoy fishing the Smoky Mountains.

**Trout Unlimited,
Land O Sky Chapter
Pigeon River Project (PRP)**

The Pigeon River Project (PRP) in the mountains of western North Carolina is set up to offer catch and release trout fishing on three miles of private waters on the East Fork of the Pigeon River. The private water is stocked and managed by Trout Unlimited, Land O Sky Chapter to ensure a high quality fishing experience. Parking and access to this private water is permitted at the sign in point on the Camp Hope property, which is located on highway 276 between Cruso, NC and the Blue Ridge Parkway.

To fish the private water you must:

- 1. Be a member of Trout Unlimited.**
- 2. Be a sponsor of the PRP (\$65 per year or \$500 lifetime.)**
- 3. Pay a \$7 daily fee if not a sponsor.**
- 4. Sign in/out at the access point.**
- 5. Sign a release form (only once).**
- 6 Use single hook artificial flies/lure for catch and release only.**
- 7. Not have more than six anglers fish the private water at any one time.**
- 8. Respect the privacy and property of the landowners on the river.**

TU members may bring a particular non-TU guest once a year. There is no limit to the number of different guest a TU member is allowed to host, however, each guest must pay the \$7 daily fee. Kids under 15 may fish free when accompanied by a TU member.

To help eliminate poaching and illegal parking, follow these guidelines.

- 1. Park in the designated TU area adjacent to the sign in point.**
- 2. Place your TU membership card on your dashboard so it can be read.**
- 3. If a PRP sponsor, place your sponsor card next to your TU card.**
- 4. If a daily fee angler, place your pay stub (provided at sign) on dash.**

The PRP is self-funded and relies on TU members support to cover stocking, feeding, and on-site management expenses.

Around the Bay... and Further Away

got far enough from the boat to be out of Cuda range. Using an intermediated sinking line and a heavy yellow and white Clouser Minnow, I finally did tie into something big down deep! Whatever it was it was more than I could control on my 8 weight rod--- it pulled hard and took me to the bottom where it cut me off on the wreck. I don't know what it was, but it was the hardest pull I have ever had on a fly rod and it was fun while it lasted.

We moved on to the sea buoys and I had fun catching hard tails for a while. Bob drifted one of the hard tails off the back in hopes of a king, but no luck! We took off after a school of bonita that came by, but they were quick to dive when we got close. Inside the pass we got into ladyfish and caught them on everything we threw—flies, topwater lures, live bait and jigs. After wearing most of the ladyfish out, we went after the flounder —flatfish are my favorite fish for frying! Drifting the pass with live bait and light spinning tackle was the ticket to those boys—as long as you could keep the grouper and snapper off your bait—but who want to work too hard at that! Bob topped off the day with a 26 in redfish pulled up out of 60 ft of water with a strong tide—what a pull!”

Our members do get around! I had not seen Lou Riviezzo at any of our recent meetings and I wondered where he was. It turns out he was away fishing. Lou sends this note and picture. “HI - This is a prime example of New York steelhead fishing. This is the Salmon River and a recently spawned female.”

“First time out, the guide put me on prime fish. I highly recommend trying this out. For more information, contact Tom Burke at www.coldsteelsportfishing.com. The King Salmon start in September.” Lou Riviezzo

Closer to home, Kevin Cohenour and I had a great morning on Santa Rosa Sound's grass beds. Kevin got broken off by a nice red just seconds before I hooked this one in about 2 feet of water. Off it went 50 feet or more into the backing! Truth to tell, it was a long cast with a short line and the red's run started near the backing. We caught quite a few nice specs that morning, too. The background in the photo gives away the location. See you there!

More recently, Terry McCormick and I had another fine day in Santa Rosa Sound. We caught 20 or so speckled trout up to 20”, plus ladyfish, several baby jack crevalle (about 2 pounds), catfish and a couple of hardtail. Terry's Gartside Gurgler brought 'em up early but surprisingly they ignored my poppers. Later on, various clousers worked well and a gaudy version of Joe Brook's blonde really attracted the specs. The specs were definitely schooled up, so it was feast or famine - hot action when you located a school but nothing until you found them again.

Bill Locher caught literally hundreds of panfish, and quite a few bass too, while floating a pond in West Virginia. From yellowfin tuna to bluegills - what a versatile angler!

Thanks for the stories and pictures - keep them coming!....Jerry Aldridge



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July



2003

<i>S</i>	<i>M</i>	<i>T</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>T</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>S</i>
		1 Business Meeting 7 PM	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10 Bull Session Fly tying & fish stories 6:30 PM	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19 Casting Clinic Casting, tying, gourmet lunch 9 AM
20	21	22 Board Meeting 6:30 PM	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		