

Flies & Lies

NEWSLETTER OF THE FLYFISHERS
OF NORTHWEST FLORIDA
JULY 2011

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MONTHLY MEETINGS

Meetings at Miraflores Park
17th Avenue between
Belmont and LaRua

BUSINESS MEETING
1ST TUESDAY, 7 PM

BULL SESSION
2ND THURSDAY, 6:30
PM

CASTING & TYING
CLINIC
3RD SATURDAY, 9 AM

Around the Bay...and Further Away

From Bob Korose....I went to **Panama** big game fishing. Most was done with conventional tackle but I did get a nice bull dolphin on a fly. I also threw my big clouser at some yellow fin tuna and got several 10 to 20 pounders. Then I got a big one on. I fought it for 45 minutes and it wore me out so I gave the rod to the mate who after 20 more minutes got it to the boat. While trying to get it to gaff the 2/0 hook straightened out. It was estimated to be near 90 to 100 pounds. I also coaxed one sailfish to take a fly but I missed the hook up.



I also fished 3 days sight casting for big tarpon with a fly rod on the ocean side flats in the **Florida Keys**. It was very windy and my friend and I learned that our casting ability was not what we thought. Nonetheless, we caught 3 and broke off 2. The one I caught was estimated at 110 pounds and its' fight was spectacular. It jumped 3 times and got most of my backing before we could chase it down dodging rocks in 2-3 feet of water as waves broke over the bow. The

picture is blurry because of the water that splashed on the lens. This was definitely the most challenging and exciting fly fishing that I have ever done. Maybe I'll learn to cast by next year



From Ron and Michelle Spinner....Michelle and I went to Corvallis Or. on June 10th and stayed through the 17th. We then went on to Homer, Alaska for some halibut fishing.. As you can see by the pictures we had a great trip.. The rainbows we caught, eight of them were caught on the black wooly buggers we tied in our class, the other four were caught on brown wooly buggers by Michelle's Uncle Ron.. The halibut of course was not caught on a fly rod, but fun nonetheless.. We only got to fly fish the one day, and the limit was 4 fish each. But we had a ball.



From Karen Brand....John and Bill's Excellent Adventure is going well and wanted to pass on a few pictures. They saw Travis the other day and have done 3 rides through Yellowstone Park. The snow picture is at the top of the BearTooth Pass and the fish picture is from Hogan Lake just outside of Cody. They will probably head back in this direction soon and be back by the end of the month.

Casting & Tying at the Club.... Tom Regina

July 14 - Bull session 6:30 PM. Bob Korose will lead us in tying a Girdle Bug. Using this fly tied in dark olive, Bob has had great success taking trout from the Norfolk and White rivers in Arkansas and the Tuckaseegee River in North Carolina. Bob has recently tied the girdle bug and white legs on a Mustad 34011 #2 hook and has had good success with speckled trout and other fish in local salt waters. The recipe for the Girdle Bug is included in this newsletter.

July 16 - Casting and tying clinic. Casting practice and instruction with John Brand starts promptly at 9:00 AM. Bring your long rod or use one of your club's fly rods. Fly tying instruction also starts at 9:00 AM. Russ Shields will lead us in tying the Klinkhamer Special dry fly. Go to: www.danica.com/flytier/hklinken/klinkhamer_special to see the recipe for this fly. Russ suggest you print out the recipe and bring it to the tying session. Russ will deviate somewhat from the original recipe and incorporate some new tying techniques and materials.

All fly tying materials needed to tie both flies will be provided by your club. If you have them, bring your tying tools... if not, your club has tools for you and your guests.

Free lunch will be provided at the Saturday casting and tying clinic. Beverages are available for \$1 at all club bull sessions, clinics, and meetings.

And remember, guests are always welcome at all club functions. We will even feed your guests for free at the Saturday clinics.

The Board is seeking a successor for **Larry Sisney, as Treasurer**, to take office in January, 2012 . No bond is required, and Larry will facilitate turning over the reins. The job entails keeping the checkbook, the bank account, presenting a monthly meeting report to the Board, and working up an annual budget with the Board. You ARE needed. Interested? Please contact Jay Williams, 572-2624.

From the Vice President....The annual auction was a success again, although I was disappointed by the low turn out of only 25 members. We did bring in just over \$1700. There were many bargains that were had.

In July we'll "yak about kayaks". If you have a kayak, please bring it to the July 5th meeting so we can compare notes and help others interested in this exciting sport. For August, I hope to have the two "easy riders" tell us about the motorcycle flyfishing trip to Wyoming....Tight Lines
Terry

Girdle Bug....Bob Korose

The girdle bug is a fly that has been around for quite a while but is still very effective. It was first tied out west in black with white legs and supposedly imitated a stone fly nymph. I have used it very successfully tied in dark olive for trout on the Norfolk and White Rivers in Arkansas and on the Tuck in N.C. It can be tied in a variety of colors and sizes and has been successfully used for trout, smallmouth and largemouth bass, bream, steelhead and others. All yellow is a great color for smallmouth and bream. Darker colors seem best for trout.

Materials

Hook	Size 6 Streamer Hook
Thread	Size 6/0 Black or Dark Olive
Lead wire	0.30
Chenille	Medium Dark Olive
Legs	Sili Legs Barred Pump/Green-Orange

Tying Instructions



1. Pinch down the barb. Start thread behind the eye and lay down a thread base to the back of the hook point. Start wire wraps at the hook point and wind forward 20 turns and break off. Wind thread back and forth a couple of times over the lead to lock on the wire and apply a light coat of super glue and let dry.

2. Fold a piece of leg material and tie on behind the lead in a "V" shape to the rear. Strip about 1/16 inch off the chenille and tie in behind the lead.



3. Run the thread forward to the middle of the lead and tie in another piece of leg material with a figure 8 wrap. Continue forward with the thread half way to the eye and tie in another leg as before. Wrap thread forward of the lead and tie with half hitch and leave hanging.

4. Wind the chenille forward around the legs to the front of the lead and tie off. You can adjust the legs as you do this so they stick out evenly from the shank. Leave room in the front for the antennae and head.



5. Tie another piece of leg material in the "V" shape to the front. Build a thread head and whip finish. Use head cement as desired. The fly is complete except for trimming the legs to the desired length.

Fish it as a streamer on a downstream swing and then strip back. Also, fish it as a nymph. Strikes can be very vicious so you may want a heavier tippet. If one or more of the legs are broken off, don't worry, the trout don't care. Experiment with other colors and sizes for trout, bass, bream and other fish.



I tied up a few using pink crystal chenille and white rubber legs on a Size #2 34011 hook and the local speckled trout and ladyfish ate it up. Make sure you debarb the hook for the specks because they tend to take it pretty deep into their mouths.

Fishing Report... Captain Baz Velverton



I'm pleased to report that we finally landed the first false albacore on fly for 2011. This time when we found them June 17 five miles off-shore to the SE we were armed with a new albie fly that's a knock off of a fly originated by Fairhope's legendary Jimbo Meador. It's a tiny epoxy-headed fly with 7/8" plumage, and the fish jumped all over it. My clients were Charlie Forrest and Casey Weist from Minnesota and their buddy Taylor Curry who lives here. Charlie and Taylor are the same guys who landed about fifty FA on fly last October....our best ever day of false albacore fishing. This time we landed 15-20 fish, and there were some eight pounders in the mix. It was Casey's first-ever saltwater fish on fly. What a way to start! Yesterday we found the fish again about three miles south of the Old Coast Guard Station and caught them on spinning tackle. It's a bit of a gamble running out there to look for them, but what a payoff when you get lucky!



Still missing for 2011 is a pompano on fly. There will be a summer run in August along the edge of the Gulf, but for now the best bet is in Santa Rosa Sound. A mullet fisherman told me he'd had pompano skipping his wake along the beach east of the Old Coast Guard Station, and I went in there to check it out a few days ago. Sure enough there were some pompano there. Three skipped my wake, but we never got one to eat the fly. I'll be spending more time poking around those grass and sand flats over the next couple weeks. Maybe we'll land one by my next report. The best fly I've found for Santa Rosa Sound pompano is the old faithful yellow pompano rocket, although we've caught quite a few on the tan/white Clouser minnow, too.

There are as many Spanish mackerel as I've ever seen around the USS Massachusetts, and some of them are big. I don't use wire but step up the mono leader to 60# test. Tan/white and green/white Clousers in artificial materials work well as do Feather-craft's "salt shaker" and Russ Shields' bead flies. There are also some blue runners up to 2# and juvenile king mackerel hanging around the wreck. I haven't seen any ladyfish there in a while.

We continue to find small schools of jack crevalle along the beach, although we haven't caught one on fly since last month. My favorite spot is the point on the west side of the pass on outgoing water. Most of the fish will be swimming eastbound upcurrent, and you really have to be ready. They're moving much faster than you'd think, and many times they're too close to the boat before my client can get the fly in the water. We've seen some 30 pounders there in the last week, so you might consider the 12wt.

Speaking of 12 weights, the tarpon are here in increasing numbers. We got two shots a few days ago at hundred pound fish. I'm expecting a big push of fish on the flood tides in early July and can hardly wait to try out the new version of my old tarpon fly which is basically a worm fly. It probably won't work, but it *might*. I have tarpon fly-fishing trips on all the days with good tides, so at least we'll be there with the tarpon... fly rod in hand.



The inside flats continue to produce nice fish as you can see in the photos. The trout are hitting the EP fiber tan/white and olive/white Clousers, but I've changed to a gray/white Puglisi baitfish pattern for the redfish on sand/grass flats. Those EP baitfish land softly and really shimmer in the sun. I'm expecting the usual refusal when a redfish just swims up and eats it! It's a beautiful thing to watch. Be sure to drink lots of water out there, because man is it hot. Maybe that's because I usually fish during "bankers hours" when there's plenty of light to see fish....Capt Baz



Editor's note: Talk about irony! I caught my first (and only) pompano of the season June 10th about **200yards from Captain Baz's dock!** A nice 2.5-3 pounder, she took a blue/white clouser of "big fly fiber"Jerry Aldridge

The Fishing Trip... Ed Wingfield

The fishing adventures of Art de Court, Bob Willice (Bob W), Bob Korose (Bob K), George Bennett, Joe Higgins and Me at the Tout River near Webster, NC . I rode up with George leaving the house at 5:45am on Friday the 9th of April, about half an hour earlier than planned. We met up with Joe at the Cracker Barrel near the Greenville, AL exit and had breakfast together and talked about what was coming.

We made good time with the 493 miles taking only right at 7 and ½ hours. We were the first to arrive at the cabin so we sat around to wait on the others to show up. Joe had said he had a key and that he would be no more than a ½ hour behind us since he had to stop and buy his fishing license. Well, the half hour turned into almost an hour before he showed up. Within two hours of Joe getting to the cabin Art and Bob W came driving up. Everyone busied themselves with getting settled in and setting up their gear for Saturday's fishing. Later in the afternoon Bob K showed and got settled in too. The first night Art fixed dinner (he cheated by buying roasted chicken at the store) then we all sat around telling lies to one another. A good time was had to start the fishing trip off right.



The first day of fishing, Sunday, began early with everyone getting his own breakfast between 6 and 7 am; coffee, cereal, toast or whatever they wanted. Then it was all hands to the porch to don waders and boots. What a sight, a bunch of old farts getting their gear on and trying to remember to go to the bathroom first because it would be a few hours before we got back, it was funny.

The river was nice and clear and the sun was out in full force, the temperature beginning at around 65 early and by lunchtime had climbed to about 80. Art, Bob W and Bob K stopped at the bridge over the river while George, Joe and I went up stream about half a mile just ahead of the island. Joe was the first to hook into a nice trout just off the bank then waded on up stream a bit. There he caught another one. George went toward the other bank and when he was in place cast out 2 or 3 times then hooked into a good size rainbow about 16" long, may be longer according to George. George and Joe continued to catch fish through out the morning with great success. I on the other hand was somewhat frustrated in that I was getting hits but I was not hooking up into anything. That was the morning then we broke for lunch.

After lunch we hopped back into the water to try our luck some more. George and Joe again were having good success while I fumbled about. We had to be out of the water by 2pm since the power company would open the flood gates at about that time and the river would rise. Anyway, my success at fishing didn't happen until about 1:30pm and almost time to stop, I hooked into a nice 14" rainbow that gave me and my old bamboo a real fight, my first trout. After I released it I was all excited and tried to hook another but time was up and we had to leave. Now, according to Art, Bob W and Bob K; Art being the expert said that the day started slow as they fished the first hole by the bridge. Art caught only about 10 to 12 there so he moved to a second honey hole and couldn't do anything wrong catching fish after fish. It was the same for Bob W in that he caught a few but lost more than he wishes to admit to. Bob K says he was pretty much in the same boat as me not having much luck in only catching one.

That night at the cabin Bob W fixed supper and afterwards we sat around telling fish stories and talking about our health conditions and ailments. We all went to bed between 8:30 and 9pm; everyone was worn out from fighting the current of the river and the excitement of the day. Monday, day two, we were up and about from 6 to 7am and went about fixing our breakfast. Then we were all out on the porch putting on our waders and boots, it was another great day to be fishing. Art, Bob W and Bob K stopped back at the bridge to fish the same spots as the day before. George, Joe and I went back to our spot to try our luck again. George was the first into the water and was the first to catch a fish. Joe went up stream this time and soon was catching fish.

I went back to the hole where I had caught my first fish and my luck held true with getting hit after hit but not hooking up. I was using my short Graflex rod with no success. Joe came over and tried to show me how to fish using a dropper fly. Now, my casting isn't professional by any means, actually I'm still at the beginner stage even after three years, but my trying to cast a dropper was a true act of errors. As I cast out the flies seemed to orbit around each other then collide getting tangled due to my breaking my wrist on the backcast. So, after getting everything back out straight, which took almost 20 minutes, I cast out a few times then I wound up with a ball of line, leader and flies at the tip of my rod. I was frustrated to say the least and gave up trying to cast a dropper this trip. I waded back across the river cut the flies off the line, straightened out the line and rolled it up. I put my short rod back in the truck then retrieved my old bamboo.

I tied on the Prince Nymph that Joe gave me as a dropper onto my bamboo, waded back across the water to the hole I was fishing. I cast up into the current and followed the line to the bottom of the pool. A strike came out of the blue with my rod tip bending down and shaking, then the line went flying up out of the water, I missed a big fish. I cursed out loud then made about 3 or 4 more casts to the same spot as before and I followed the line to the same spot as before but nothing happened each time. I reeled in my line to find that I had no fly on the end of it, I felt so stupid as I tied another fly on. I cast out into the pocket of water and continued to get hit after hit but not able to set the hook. I was frustrated with that spot so I decided to move up stream.

Before moving up stream George yelled at me. He had caught another large rainbow about 16"+. He had to hold the fish in both hands with about a hand's width between. I think that may be he had caught two fish and was holding them tighter to make them look bigger. It didn't matter we were all having a good time. By this time some guides started to come down our way in drift boats. The first went by me as I was untangling my leader then made the mistake of trying to go between George and the bank he was casting to. George told them very politely they could just go around in the other direction. The guide said that they would have to get out and push the boat over the rocks. George told them to take a hike which they basically did. Three more drift boats were coming our way and I believe they saw what had happened and stayed out of the way. They went on their merry way learning or re-learning river fishing etiquette

The Fishing Trip... Ed Wingfield

Now, I am sure glad my wife insisted on me wearing a PFD. I thought that now that I had caught a stream trout that I was a seasoned fisherman. Well as I made my way up stream I slipped on the rocks and sunk into a hidden hole which made me almost fall a few times. I know if I hadn't been wearing my PFD fishing vest I would have soiled myself right then and there. But it gave me the feeling of safety to continue on my trek to make my way out of fast water. (The stains in my shorts weren't too big)

I continued to fish without much success until again it was time to leave when I caught my fish for the day another 14" rainbow. George and Joe hollered at me to get out of the water because the river was rising. Reluctantly I reeled in my line and waded to shore. It was the same as the night before at the cabin with fish stories, lies and jokes floating about. Then Art mentioned that his wife had called right before he left the river and told him that there was a cold front moving in our direction. We finally turned on the television and watched the weather station. The temperature dropped into the 30's and it rained all night. Everyone was quite tired so we all turned in to bed except Bob K, he stayed up to tie some flies. He packed it in somewhere around midnight or 1am.

Tuesday, day three, the weather was miserable. The temperature was about 36 and it was still misting out. Everyone had a leisurely breakfast and sat around not in a hurry to do anything. Then Art, Bob W and Bob K suited up in their waders and headed out to the river. Joe and George told me to get ready that we were going to Cherokee to the fly shop there. We piled into Joe's truck and headed out. We drove past the river and sure enough it was up and dirty, good thing we didn't try to fish besides it was down right cold out there.

We drove through Dillsboro and Sylva on up through Cherokee, all the way Joe and George were pointing out good fishing spots. At the fly shop we had a good look around. Then Art, Bob W and Bob K showed up, it was too cold for them too. We all had a try at casting a new design fly rod; it looks bent and has more eyes than usual but lets you cast a greater distance. Art spent a sum of money on some new flies and Bob K bought a bunch of tying material for his night's work.

Joe, George and me climbed back into the truck and went to the national park to look at some fishing spots. A nice drive even though it was so cold and nasty. Then we headed back because George had kitchen duty. George fixed oysters on crackers for appetizers and a big old pot of ham chowder for the main course. I didn't eat any of the oysters. The chowder was excellent, he made enough to feed an army and everyone had seconds while still leaving almost a third of the pot. That night after we cleaned the dishes and kitchen we sat around talking. Then someone turned on the television for the second time and we watched the weather channel again. Everyone was glued to the television to see if we were going to get rained out again. Fortunately the forecast was in our favor.

Day four, Wednesday, the skies were slightly over cast but clearing and it was still cold around 38 but due to warm up. George and I suited up and headed out to the river. At the river I decided to just use my old 9' bamboo to fish with since I wasn't having any luck with the short rods. The river was up slightly and clearing. We got onto the water and the wind was blowing a little but it was just down right cold freezing my fingers. The water temp was about 50 so George thought the fish would be biting. The only thing biting was the cold. After about twenty minutes George signaled that we should get out to warm up. We walked down the road passing a couple of old guys (may be local gentlemen) on our way to where George wanted to show me the cabin he was renting at the end of the month. By the time we got back to our fishing spot the air temperature had risen, the sun was now on the water making it quite pleasant plus the wind had died down. We waded back out and in no time George had caught a trout. We fished about 2 hours without much success so George decided we should move down to the bridge.

As we drove down to the bridge we saw Joe fishing down river from where we were by the island and were having some luck. Then further on we saw old Bob W sitting behind his truck taking it easy. Art and Bob K were having a good time with catching a few trout out of Art's secrete honey hole. We got to the bridge and waded into the water. George went up stream a little ways and I went down stream to where George said that there was a good spot. It was now going on 12:30 and I had to be out by 1:30 so I could fix supper that night. Anyway, I got to the spot George had pointed out and fished a wooly bugger but I didn't even get a strike. I saw the Martins flying about over the water then noticed some trout jumping and rising down by the bridge. I switched to a crackle back and fished it dry floating it in the current. At 1pm I saw a trout rise and take my fly. I hooked into a 12" rainbow and had a good fight due to his using the swift current to his advantage. I landed him and showed George. He had yet to hook a fish in this part of the river. I cast out again and again and witnessed trout rising to my fly striking at it but not taking it in. I was having too much fun to quit but it was time to go back to the cabin to prepare supper.

Now as I struggled to the bank and up to the road it was apparent that the cold spot on my leg I had felt earlier was a leak in my waders. I got to the road and it was a struggle to walk to George's car with a wader leg full of water. I took my boots off and George helped getting my waders off. Water just poured out. My left leg was soaked all the way up the thigh and my foot on the right was quite wet, so it was obvious that my waders were leaking.

On the way back to the cabin I told George that I wanted to fish that section again. George asked how I was going to get there, jokingly because I hook a trout there and he didn't. We cleaned our waders and boots, well George cleaned his waders and boots I just cleaned my boots. The waders were going to the happy fishing grounds in the morning. Anyway, we went into the cabin to start work. I fixed a Sheppard's Pie for supper and had bought a cake for desert. George asked if I was going to have appetizers. I said that it was a heavy meal and that appetizers wouldn't be advisable. As it turned out everyone had seconds and after supper we pitched in together to clean up. That night everyone related a story pertaining to leaky waders and catching fish.

Day five, Thursday, started out to be a nice day. I got out my spare waders George and I dropped the garbage off at the dump and as I was getting into the car I found a new penny face up. I picked it up and told George that we should have a lucky day. The sun came out and the wind was light.

The Fishing Trip.... Ed Wingfield

We stopped at the bridge and waded into the river. Within minutes George had hooked a good fish and I was getting hits on my fly. Then I hooked into a nice rainbow and so early in the day, talk about a change of luck. Soon I was back to just getting hits and not hooking up. We broke for lunch and George pointed out a spot that might be good to fish.

I waded out without thinking to much about it and soon was caught up in a spot where the current was faster than I expected and was deeper than I wanted it to be. I tried to wade out the way I came in but the current was to fast so I decided to go with the flow. I probed around with my wading staff and thought I had a good footing. Then what could go wrong went wrong. My left foot started to slip down the rock I was on, my wading staff came up from the bottom, my right foot lifted up then I went down face first into the river. I held onto my rod and staff with my feet kicking trying to find the bottom. My PFD kept me from going under and when I finally got my feet back on the bottom I stood up and my net was on my head. I pulled the net off my head to see my hat floating down the river. I waded after it knowing that if it got to the deep hole under the bridge I could kiss it good bye. When it was about to sink into the deep water I cast about three times some 20 feet and finally snagged it. I retrieved it and waded to the bank to put everything back to normal, that's when I realized that I lost my glasses. I waded back out to where I thought I went over but I couldn't find them. I waded out and got up to the car.

George asked if I had a backup shirt, I told him I was wearing it over my regular shirt because it was a little nippy that morning. I was going to go fishing anyway but George made me take off the wet clothes and he gave me his back up shirt. As I was changing shirts he said that all he could see was my feet kicking in the air when I fell in. He had a good laugh at my expense. I laughed too and was ready to go back into the water.

George moved us up river ahead of the island again to get in a little more fishing for the last day. It was no time at all when George hooked another one near the bank, I fished towards the rapids. It was getting late near time to leave when I hooked a nice 10" brown trout. It gave me a fight like it was twice as big. George took a picture of me holding it. George got out of the water and I went about casting into different pockets until I got my fly caught in a tree near the bank. I took my wading staff and tried to hook onto my leader since the limb was right over a hole. A man up on the road started yelling at me that it was his tree and not to hit at it. I said OK and backed off. I pulled my line and it snapped the leader leaving my fly in the tree. I reeled in my line, waded up the bank to the car, removed my waders and we went back to the cabin.

That night at Bob K made Bubba Buggers and Brats on the grill outside. It was a show that everyone had to get in on. We all tried to help in one way or the other; giving directions on banking the coals or turning the brats and burgers. Well, while Bob K was fixing supper the rest of us cleaned the house to get ready for leaving in the morning. We packed the cars for a quick getaway. We had a good time at supper, the burgers were a little undercooked for most people except me and Bob had to take them back to the grill. That night was filled with story telling, jokes about my baptisms at the river and Bob K's running dialog which kept Art laughing to tears. Art got a consensus to award Bob K the singing fish award.

Day six, Friday, was the day of leaving. Bob K stayed to do one more day of fishing before heading to South Carolina to do some saltwater fishing. The rest of us headed out at about 6am and met up at Clayton, GA for breakfast. The stories never stopped as we had breakfast but soon it was back to the car and down the road.

The drive back to Pensacola was pleasant enough with conversation and looking at the sites as we went down the road. We took the northern route of 285 around Atlanta to avoid all the traffic. We got to the house right at 3pm. Well, since my phone was out due to my dunking I didn't get a call to tell me that my wife went to the Navy Hospital with heart complications. I went to the hospital and found that my wife was in just for a check up. On the way home my wife started telling me all the "Honey Do's" that were waiting for me. I sure wish I was back at the river fighting trout.

Well, that was the trip as I saw it and this journal is just for notes so I can use it to write something later on may be. Of course all names, dates and places weren't changed to protect the innocent, but of course there were no innocent.

Can you name this fly? First one to call Russ Shields with the correct answer gets a free beverage at the July Clinic. Must be present to collect. Jerry G, Jerry A, Larry S and Russ are ineligible. Call Russ at 712-5112



Know the Members

Tom Birdwell....Tom Birdwell is one of our longest term members and is our present club president. Tom has been interested in fly fishing since the early 1950's and been with the club from just after the club's conception in the mid 1980's. Tom says he really enjoys fly fishing and has fished at many spots around the world.

Tom's works one day a month as a pathologist. He went to Vanderbilt for his bachelor's degree then joined the Marine Corps. Then since the Marines don't have doctors, he left the Marines, went to Tulane Medical School to become a doctor and joined the Navy. So, even though a Marine once and always he retired from the Navy Medical Corp.

Tom's home life starts in Louisville, Kentucky as his hometown. He came to Pensacola in the early 1950's for flight training then settled back here in the 1970's to retire. He's married to his lovely wife Judy and has two children; a son Tom and daughter Elizabeth, both fly fishers. Tom enjoys gardening, raising Camellias and Hydrangeas....By Ed Wingfield, FFNWF Membership Committee

Ed Wingfield is our newest member of the membership committee. Ed will be contacting two members each month asking you to share some information about yourselves, just as I have interviewed him here.

Ed was raised in Dallas, Texas and later spent 26 years traveling the world while serving our country in the U.S Navy. During these 26 years he spent nine of these living in Scotland, owned a home there, and had planned on retiring in that country, until the Navy decided to leave the area. Ed has many interesting tales to tell about his life there in Scotland, and well as so many other places he has lived.

At 11 years old, he fell in love with a fly rod his brother gave him, and used it for many years fishing for bream and other warm water species. Ed said that he never really knew how to properly use a fly rod until he joined our club in August 2009. Ed also is a member of our clinic food committee and was able to really put his fly rod to good use when he and several of that committee made a trout fishing trip to Sylva, NC this past April.

He has been married to "Tea" for 45 years, they have two adult children, and they have been living in Pensacola for twenty years. I bet you didn't know that ED has authored and published two novels! Meet Ed the first chance you get and ask him about his interesting life....by Art deTonnancourt, Membership Committee Chair.

Al Bressler is one of our newest members to the club as of April 14th but has been interested in fly fishing for some time.

Al was raised in Milwaukee, Wisconsin where he did his share of ice fishing with his cousins during the winters there. Then after joining the Navy and going through submarine school he went to nuclear power school in Idaho in 1974. Here is where he found fly fishing thanks to one of his instructors, Prof. Rencher. Prof. Rencher had taught chemistry at the University of Idaho but his true love was fly fishing and even went so far as to keep records on when and where to fish and what to fish with. He taught Al how to fly fish. Al was fly fishing on and off during his Navy career when the situation permitted.

Al has lived in Pensacola since 1994 after he retired from the Navy with 20 years in service. Today, Al works at the PALL Corp. as an Environmental Health and Safety Engineer.

Al has a total of 5 children and 8 grandchildren. Alla is Al's third wife and comes from Russia they met at Pall after both of them experienced the loss of their spouses. When asked to share a part of his life with the rest of us Al responded that the worst thing that had happened to him was the death of his second wife (in an auto accident) to whom he was married to for 20 years. Then he continued that the good part of life is that there is a God in Heaven who comforted him in his time of need.

Al confided in me that the way he got involved in FFNWF was that his wife encouraged him to go fishing. So, heard about our club, came over in April and joined. During the May meeting he learned about fly fishing at Ft. Pickens, where you can find him around sunset most Sundays. I wish to welcome Al to our club and hope that he will enjoy himself....
By Ed Wingfield, Membership Committee member

FLY FISHERS

OF NORTHWEST FLORIDA

**PO BOX 1041
 PENSACOLA, FL 32591**



JULY 2011

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	Business Meeting 7 PM					
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
			Bull Session-Tying & Tall Tales 6:30 PM		Clinic - Casting, tying, gourmet lunch 9 AM	
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24/31	25	26	27	28	29	30