

Flies & Lies

NEWSLETTER OF THE FLYFISHERS
OF NORTHWEST FLORIDA
MAY 2012

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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

President's Message.... Terry McCormick

Things are really happening. May will be moving month. We meet Tuesday night, May 1, at the normal place and time. 6 pm for the board of directors meeting and at 7 pm for the regular meeting. Wednesday May 2 at about 10 am we will pack up our things to put in storage for about a month while repairs are being made to the building. If you can help load the truck please come and lend a hand. We will be temporarily quarter at the Scenic Heights community center at Scenic and Gonzales.

Our fly fishing school has been a hit with 17 students. Thanks to Russ Shields for his leadership and Thanks to all those members who came out to help. Please welcome those students and new members.

Kevin Gorby had a great article in the May issue of Florida Sportsman magazine about Project Healing Waters. The club also had a good mention too. Pick up a copy and maybe Kevin will autograph it for you.

I hope you've had a chance to do some "lip rippin". Many of us have hit the mountains and for me personally, I had a great week of trout fishing. Yea, yea, yea, I know we aren't to mention cold water trout fishing any more, but you have to get back to your roots once in a while. But back to the salt, things are getting really good and the fish are showing up on the grass.

Gerry Giles and did a little bass fishing on Hurricane Lake out of our kayaks. Several bass and bream were caught including 3 pounder I got on the Gurgler.

So warm water, cold water, salt water, I'm in if you throw a fly to it. Tight lines and the tug is the drug, Terry

Bull session and clinic cancelled for May Clubhouse closed for repair

Business Meeting, Fly Fishers Of Northwest Florida, April 3, 2012, President Terry McCormick, presiding

The April Business meeting was called to order by President Terry McCormick at 7:00 PM with 21 members present. New Member Al Muller was introduced.

Fishing Reports were given by Bob Korose, Matt Wagner, Terry McCormick, and Jerry Giles.

The Program was presented by Matt Wagner, FWC Fisheries Biologist and club member. Matt gave an interesting presentation on the ongoing research on the Escambia, Yellow, and Blackwater rivers.

President Terry reported on the upcoming move from our present meeting place to our temporary (aprox. 30 days) meeting place at the East Pensacola Heights community center. He will look into hiring a moving company or renting a U-haul truck. We will move all the clubs possessions to a unit in Woodbine Storage until renovations are complete on our regular meeting place at Miraflores Park. He also reminded the club that the annual auction is scheduled for June and we need donations from the club members.

Russ Shields reported that the Fly Fishing Course is proceeding nicely. Members are participating in the instruction, and the students are making good progress in casting and fly tying.

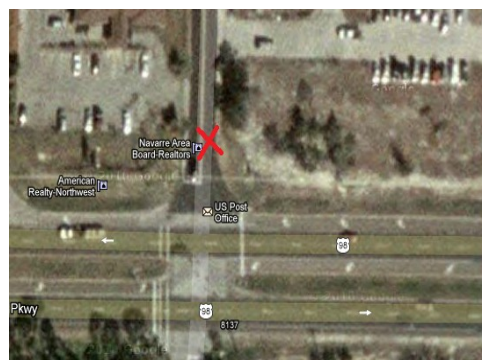
President Terry reminded the members of the South Eastern Council Fly fishing Festival to be held Fri-Sun. April 27-29 at Unicoi State Park Lodge in Helen, Ga. More information may be obtained on their website: www.fffsec.org.

There being no further business the meeting was adjourned. John Fitzgerald, Secretary

“WOMAN OF THE YEAR”

Karen Brand chosen as the “WOMAN OF THE YEAR” at the FFF, SE Region Conclave in April

PHWFF NW Florida has a new Home Starting Monday May 21 at 1630 hrs.... Every Monday night at 1630 we will have this building as our tying and rod building home for our veterans. So please clear your calendars and spread the word....Kevin Gorby, Regional Area Coordinator Deep South, Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing, 850-218-4235, Krgorby@att.net, www.projecthealingwaters.org, Healing Those Who Served



Fishing Report... Captain Baz Velverton

The Emerald Coast Grand Slam!! Now THAT's what I'm talking about! Kevin Maxey, Tyler, TX, booked April 11 and 12 with the lofty goal of achieving the slam for the first time on my boat. On the first day we had good pompano conditions with calm, clear water and plenty of light, so we ran east of the observation tower and poled the beach hoping for the miracle of the first pompano on fly for the season. To my amazement there was a big school of fish milling around in the east end of the slot. I was afraid to get too close, so we anchored waiting for one to come into range. When it did Kevin threw the little yellow pompano fly out there, and one ate it without hesitation. It was a small fish but the right species, so the game was on! There's no photo, because it flopped out of Kevin's hands and overboard before I could get the shot. Kevin was pretty distraught and asked "Baz, does it count??" I assured him it did, and we went looking for jacks. It took some time, but we found a school and twice Kevin snatched the fly out of the jaws of striking fish! We finally gave up on the Gulf and headed in to my favorite redfish flat where sure enough Kevin landed the fish that could have been THE ONE except for the doggone missed hooksets on the jacks. He was bummed, but we still had another day. Day two broke with blue skies and a light NE wind. Beautiful! The plan was to head first to the slot where the pompano had been the day before. As we were running to the Gulf we discussed how cool it would be to run into a school of jacks when we rounded Pickens Point. Well, we rounded the point, ran about a quarter mile, and there they were...two to three hundred jacks in tight formation heading west! I circled around and got in front of them, but they closed too fast and we never got the fly in front of the school. The second try we were far enough ahead for a good shot, but they swung in toward shore and Kevin had to cast directly into the wind. The fly fell short. They were getting close to the point, and I knew we would have just one more shot. This time I pulled closer to shore and jumped up on the platform pointing the bow south hoping the fish would pass outside of us giving Kevin a down-wind shot. And that's just what happened. As the fish approached Kevin laid out a beauty in front of the school. Four or five fish fought for the fly, and this time Kevin drove the point home with a multiple strip-set. With his 12 wt tackle the fight lasted only about 20 minutes, and Kevin was on the board with his first-ever jack crevalle.



So it was *pompano time*, and we knew just where to go. For the next two hours we sat inside the bar in the exact same spot as the previous day and never saw a fish. Around noon we poled west through the slot all the way past the tower and saw zip. As we passed an obviously seasoned pompano fisherman on the beach, I called out to see if he'd had any luck. His reply was "Nope. The water's too clear." I hadn't thought about that but realized he was probably right, so we ran down to the west to try some of the scalloped pockets close to shore off Johnson Beach where the water would be less clear. The wind had swung to the east, and there was a gentle shore break coming from the SE. The best spots down there are very close to the beach tucked in behind sandbars that run from shore to the SW. It's perfect with a SE swell, as the waves break on the sandbars leaving smooth water between the bar and shore. We found a perfect spot, and I poled in through the breakers and heaved the anchor onto the bar. We settled back in the calm water between the bar and the beach and waited. The water was off-color but clear enough to see fish. We hadn't been there five minutes when a big 3-4# pompano cruised across the bar westbound silhouetted in the side of a wave. Kevin tried a couple casts, but that fish was gone. A little while later two fish came in from the west obviously feeding in our little pocket. Kevin dropped the fly along the edge of the dropoff, let it sink, and the pompano took it. It was a magical moment as he brought the fish to the net. Two down and one to go, and it was just one o'clock! We knew there was plenty of time left for redfish, so we took a break and had lunch.



I was very optimistic about our redfish chances. It was still early in the day, my new spot held fifty or so slot-sized redfish along a short stretch of beach, and we'd just landed one there the day before. So why not spend a little more time in the Gulf trying to finish off the slam with a bull redfish?! I knew there were a couple schools of big fish in the draw between the palm tree and the tower, so we decided to try for one there. Sure enough we found a school and chased them around for a half hour with no success. The fish were too deep, water was too clear, too much current, etc. Plus, it was getting close to 2pm, so we figured it was time to head for the "honey hole". On the way another of my favorite flats came into view, and the conditions were perfect. So I decided to pull in for a few minutes to see if we could finish off the slam there. We poled into the beach hunting for targets but the fish just weren't there. Time ticked away as the wind increased from the S. In my gut I felt the first pangs of impending failure as we headed toward the final spot. It was after 3 when we arrived, and the sight-fishing conditions had deteriorated significantly. There was a slight chop from the strong southerly wind, and the lower sun angle produced glare and shadows making it hard to pick out the fish. I had the heavy weight of "guide error" on my shoulders as I poled east 50' from shore with the ever-dropping sun at our backs. Tick...tick...tick... I could feel it slipping away. Why had I wasted all that time on the other

Fishing Report... Captain Baz Velverton

spots? We started to see some fish, but sighting conditions were so bad they were already too close to the boat. We had a few longer shots, but Kevin's casting deteriorated and he couldn't seem to place the fly on target. It got very quiet on the boat. Later, Kevin told me he had the same feeling of despair and instead of panicking meditated on the bow and realized he was going to have to take it to another level. I continued to pole along looking to the east when Kevin said "Baz, what's that!". He was pointing toward the shore where we had just passed. There, less than two feet from the beach, was a nice redfish moving slowly eastbound. The fish had neither seen nor heard us. I told Kevin it looked like a redfish that would eat, and he fired into the wind a backhanded cast that was at a minimum inspired and possibly miraculous. This was a 50' cast into a 15 mph wind, and the fly landed ten feet in front of the fish almost on dry land. Kevin



waited until the fish got a few feet from the fly and started stripping. The redfish immediately got on the fly following along inches behind it. For twenty feet Kevin tried all the myriad stripping techniques, and finally 20' or so from the boat the fish finally charged the fly, flared its gills, and sucked it down. There was total silence on the boat as Kevin fought the fish, but when I netted it all hell broke loose. You guys probably heard us in Pensacola! We got the photo, released the fish, and settled back with two bottles of Miller High Life that I had onboard just in case... Mission Accomplished!

For the record, the redfish took a special tan/white Clouser minnow tied for me as a gift from Chris Windram of www.saltwaterflies.com; the jack ate one of Ben Walter's beautiful 3/0 white poppers (www.easternflyoutfitters.com); and the pompano ate my little yellow pompano fly.

April was an outstanding month for fly-fishing, and it should continue through May. The huge Spanish mackerel are here like I've never seen both around the USS Massachusetts and along the edges of the grass flats in Santa Rosa Sound. We're catching a few fish at Town Point, but the grass beds a quarter mile west of the Ft Pickens gate have been more



productive. I was part of a three-boat trip a week ago, and an angler on one of the other boats landed a 7 pounder there! They killed the fish, and I weighed it at the end of the day on my bogagrip...a huge fish. The two biggest Spanish on my boat in April were caught and released by Kevin Maxey on April 11 and Mike Youkee from the UK on April 28. I've converted to an EP fiber tan/white Clouser, and it's amazing how long a single fly lasts. If you go to the EP fibers be sure to carry a toothbrush on the boat to brush the fly after landing a fish, as the fibers get matted up.



April and May are also my favorite months for speckled trout sight-fishing on the sand/grass flats in the Sound. Check out these fine specimens landed and released unharmed. The first is my good client Ken Hutchison, Nampa, ID, with a beauty on April 24. Then on April 29 Mike Youkee landed the all-time boat record on



fly. The photo doesn't do this fish justice, but it weighed just over 6# on my bogagrip. The fish on the shallow flats are spooky, and I've converted from Clouser minnows to a softer landing EP fiber baitfish in either tan or green. Master fly-tier Karl Elliott of St Joseph, MO, and I are working on the pattern. The issue is getting the proper ratio between the hook size and amount of EP fibers to produce a slowly sinking fly...like a MirroLure suspending baitfish. I'll keep you posted on our progress.



As you can see from the pics there are plenty of redfish on the flats, but they're getting more skittish as the water temperature rises. For the past two weeks we've been throwing everything at them including small bonefish flies, and the only thing that is occasionally working is the small EP baitfish. I know they're eating crabs but not any patterns in my box. It's about time to start scraping the bottom with a small mesh net to see what's down there...

Fishing Report... Captain Baz Velverton



The first pic is Jay Lanier on April 3, followed by Kevin Maxey on April 11, Steve Weaver on April 27, and finally Mike Youkee on April 29. You can see the little tan baitfish hanging out of the mouth of Mike's fish.



There are also some pompano venturing out onto the grass flats in the Sound. One of the boats in the three-boat trip landed one, and Ken Hutchison landed this fish April 25 on 80# mono bite tippet while blind-casting for Spanish...

When conditions allow fishing along the beach in the Gulf it's a good idea to run to the west to get away from all the

boats congregated east of the pass. The water gets pretty clear about a half mile toward Perdido Key, and there are lots of fish down there. My clients have had numerous shots (and misses) at jacks the past couple weeks, and we landed a couple really nice fish. The first is Ken Hutchison with a late-in-the-day redfish on April 25 and Mike Youkee on April 30 with a 13# black drum taken after numerous fly changes in a huge school slowly moving along 2-3 feet below the surface. This fish finally ate the old faithful tan/white bucktail Clouser....Mike's first black drum on fly.



One final comment, always have a big rod ready for jack crevalle when you're fishing in the inland waters. On April 15 the wind was howling 15-20 from the SE, so Greg Catalano and I launched the boat at Navarre Beach. The plan was to run down to Opal Beach and pole the shore with the wind at sun at our backs. We reached an area with some deep holes, and I dropped anchor to let Greg dredge the depths with a sinking line and Clouser minnows. We'd been sitting there for about 5 minutes when a school of maybe a hundred jacks started crashing baitfish on the surface fifty yards from the boat....and moving toward us. We had Greg's 12wt rigged with a big deceiver, and as the school reached the boat he dropped the fly in their midst. We couldn't believe our eyes as the fish milled all around the fly without eating it. I quickly changed to a popper and poled us back into range, and once again the fish weren't interested in the fly. This time we let them move on down the beach while I changed to the tan/white bucktail Clouser. They were far enough away where I could crank up the motor without fear of putting them down, and we ran ahead of the school and positioned the boat in their path. When they came into range Greg cast the fly in front of them and was hooked up immediately. After about a half hour he landed his first jack crevalle after numerous near-misses in previous years. "Who'd a thunk" there would be a school of jacks running the beach at Opal Beach? Sure was nice to have the 12wt ready...



Capt Baz

Cowen's Albie Anchovy... Bob Korose

Bob Korose has a fly for us this month that is just in time to help catch those migratory pelagic species that are beginning to arrive in our area. This is another great fly pattern brought to us by one of our club members. If you have a favorite fly and would like to share it with the club, please let us know and we will be sure to feature it in an upcoming installment of the "Fly of the Month". Bob will be tying this fly at the monthly bull session meeting and has another great fly named "White Lightening" that he will share during the Saturday clinic.

Follow along as Bob shows us how to tie this month's fly.

This is a small baitfish imitation (bay anchovy or rain minnow) that is used to catch false albacore (bonita), Spanish mackerel, ladyfish and others when they are feeding exclusively on these small baitfish. The fly was designed by noted fly tier and Lake Lanier, Ga. fly fishing striper guide Henry Cowens and is distributed by Umpqua. Henry shows some of his other fly patterns on his website: http://www.henrycowenflyfishing.com/Henry_Cowen/welcome.html. The fly is tied with polar fiber which is a soft synthetic that moves like marabou to give the fly the proper action. The epoxied EZ Body glistens like a real minnow and makes it more durable.

When fishing for spanish mackerel I use a short 50# fluorocarbon bite tippet. It still occasionally gets chopped but I get a lot more strikes than with wire. This fly should work for other fish too in both fresh and salt water; give it a try.

Cowen's Albie Anchovy (size #6 approx 1 3/4" length and size #4 approx 2 1/2" length)

Tying Materials

Hook: Mustad 3407 or Tiemco 8115 (Size 6 or 4)
Thread: Monofilament size .006 or 6/0
Underbelly: Shrimp Polar Fiber
Wing: Olive Polar Fiber
Flash: Holographic fly fiber silver (or similar such as flashabou)
Body: E Z Body Braid (size medium) (color pearl)
Eyes: Prismatic stick on (silver w/black pupil size #2, (1/8 inch)
Glue: Devcon High Strength 5 minute epoxy all purpose (drying color clear)



Tying Instructions



1. Put a hook in the vise. With a jam knot start the mono thread behind the eye and lay down a base layer and return to 1/8 inch back of the eye. Tie in a fat match stick size clump of shrimp polar fiber. Tie on a single strand of flash on each side of hook.



2. Tie on the same size olive polar fiber then whip finish and cut the thread.



3. Cut a piece of EZ Body braid (from back of eye to hook barb). Slide on hook and start thread again behind the eye. Tie down the front of the EZ braid securely and double whip finish. Put head cement on the thread wraps.

Cowen's Albie Anchovy... Bob Korose



4. Put stick on eyes on each side.



5. Mix up epoxy and apply with a toothpick to saturate the EZ body. Put on a turning wheel or in a vise and rotate while drying.

Note: Mono thread is slicker than other thread, so make sure to tie plenty of overwraps and tight whip finishes so the thread doesn't unwrap.

Henry says that often the best way to fish the fly for false albacore is to cast into the frenzy and let the fly dead drift as if it's stunned. Albies will often clean up the stunned baitfish after the blitz. For spanish and ladyfish, I find that a rapid stripping retrieve works best.

Cooking Committee Carolina Trip... Ed Wingfield

Cooking Committee Fishing Trip to Sylva, N.C. April 14 -21 2012. Every one took off on Saturday from Pensacola for the 8 hour drive up to North Carolina and fortunately the weather cooperated with mild temps and blue skies.

Kevin Gorby was the first to the cabin having left his house at 12:30am and getting here at about 9am. Russ, Terry and their group had left the day before after their week of fishing. Joe Higgins left his house early and got up to the area about 1pm while George Bennett and I got here at about 2pm. We were soon joined by Dick Higgins (Joe's brother) and bringing up the rear was Bob Korose. We got settled in and started preparing for a full day of fishing by working on our gear and telling each other lies. George and I prepared a light supper of eggs, biscuits and sausage gravy. After clean up we sat around talking then we were all in bed by 9:30pm.

Sunday the 15th I was up at 6am, turned the coffee pot on and waited for the others. By 7am everyone was up and by 8:30 had breakfast and were getting ready to go to the river. 9am we were at the river and seemed to have it to ourselves and the reason was soon apparent in that the water was up almost too high to fish but after discussing it over with the group we decided to try to wade at different places. George and I went in at the church bridge while everyone else went up river of the island.

With the water being wading with some difficulty, extra precautions were taken which lead to the fishing being poor to start with. As the day progressed the water went down and the fishing picked up. By 3pm we were all off the water headed back to the cabin except Bob who had found a honey hole and was busy catching fish. Bob finally came in at 6pm, we were all betting he either fell in or couldn't climb out at the spot where he was fishing.

Fishing report Day 1; Joe 18, Dick 15, Kevin 2, George 8, Ed 1, Bob 20. Joe fixed Gumbo for supper which was actually pretty good and everyone enjoyed.

Monday morning and everyone was doing their routine of fixing their own breakfast and preparing for the day on the water. We left at about 7:30 for the river. Down at the river it was somewhat disappointing again in that the river was high from the dam being open overnight. George talked to a local guide who said that the water would go down a little but will come up again at around 1pm. We, as a group, fished above the island fighting the swift current, high and cloudy water. The fishing wasn't as good as it was or should have been. We met a local man that had been fishing all last week that said the fishing was great last week but the fish seem to be mouth sore and hook shy now. He also said that within a couple of days the fishing should be good again, he didn't explain why. Everyone left around 2pm except Bob, again, because he got up late, came to the river late and wanted to get in as much fishing as possible. Kevin has been the only one so far that has been swimming in the river which has been a miracle considering our over-the-hill ages and physical conditions for a lot of old farts. It's George's turn in the kitchen to fix dinner, West Virginia Hot Dogs with all the trimmings and ice cream sandwiches for desert.

Fishing Report for day 2; Joe 10, Dick 6, Kevin 7, George 6, Ed 1, Bob 6. The last 2 days have been gorgeous with mild temps and blue skies with only a hint of clouds. Tomorrow has been reported by way of hear-say from people that were talked with at the river; that the river will be up until about 10am, that there is a 80% chance of rain, that the temp will cool down, the dam will generate most of the day or that it will be a great day to fish. Well, we'll see when we get up and go down to the river.

Tuesday morning started off surprisingly well with everyone up earlier than they had been getting up, the sky was clear and the temp was nice. Down at the river we were disappointed at first thinking that the water was up a little higher than we would have liked when we first looked at it. However, the river was up only slightly but came down quickly to its normal height within the hour and the water was clear. The fishing was a little strange though in that whatever you threw at the fish they would take a hit at it but just as quick would spit the hook out and not have anything else to do with the fly you were using so flies were changed quite often. The morning proved pretty productive with everyone pulling fish but the size of fish wasn't as good as it was the previous two days, of course we all fished just upriver from the bridge or right at the bridge. The weather was changing for the worse with rain coming in the afternoon. The afternoon clouded up some but the sun seemed to beat down even harder trying to break through. George and I left early because I had to fix dinner for the gang and as we drove back to the cabin we got a few drops of rain on the windshield. We got our gear cleaned and put away when Dick showed up saying that it had started to thunder down at the river. Then everyone else drove up saying that it started to rain so they packed it in for the day. I fixed Smothered Hash Browns with cheese and gravy and a Peach and Cherry Tort for desert. We all ate too much so we sat around and told some lies or took a nap. My hat goes off to the others for pitching in to do the clean up as there were just a few dishes to clean.

Cooking Committee Carolina Trip... Ed Wingfield

Fishing Report day 3; Joe 30, Dick 12, Kevin 19, George 22, Ed 3, Bob 26. The rain started and is coming down pretty good and we're all wondering if tomorrow will be a washout. Some of the guys are saying if it's a rain day that we could go to one of the fly shops nearby, the only problem is which one to go to since they are all about the same distance but in different directions, it was decided that we go to Cherokee to the Rivers Edge Fly Shop. As we sat around talking about the day, everyone pretty much said the same thing about the fish in that they all had been caught before and you could see where they had been hooked before.

Wednesday morning the weather is miserable with rain and fog. We all got up hoping for the best but there was no fishing to be had today. After breakfast it was decided that we should go for a drive to go for a looksee at the local fly shops. Joe and Dick went together while Bob drove his truck with George, Kevin and I went as passengers, Bob may have been a pilot in the Air Force but I didn't enjoy being his passenger on this trip. We stopped at the Outpost Sports Shop with nothing of interest inside, then we drove to the Rivers Edge Fly Shop and some of the guys bought some fly tying material, the owner, Joe Street who is also the director for Healing Waters in the area, gave us a military discount on our purchases. If you are in the area up here it is advised that you stop in at his shop in Cherokee. Joe and Dick went their own way back to the cabin while the rest of us went on a fact finding mission to see if we could find an alternative to our regular fishing spot. We drove through Dillsboro to Sylva where we stopped at the Coffee Shop for lunch. After eating lunch we continued our mission following the 'Tuck' to see if there was a spot to fish since the water was so high and dark. We came up a park, I think it is the Le Fortuna Park, which use to be Blackburn Sawmill on Route 107, we stopped because we saw some men in process of stocking the river. We asked about the fishing and was told that the river may or may not be coming down depending if it stops raining on not, real informative. As soon as the truck left Bob and Kevin decided to try to see if the fish were biting. The major advantage to fishing at the park is that you don't have to drop your waders under a bridge or behind a tree to relieve yourself since the park has restrooms. Anyway, Kevin was casting Bob's rod and getting a few hits even though the water was dark, high and fast then he lost the rig in a tree. As we went back to Bob's truck, that's when we saw some other people drive up who turned out to be Park Department personnel. We asked about other places to fish and they told us of two other places, one was a mile up the road at a bridge and the other was the tail-waters of the dam. We looked at the bridge and wasn't all that impressed then we went looking for the dam. We drove down Route 107 to where we were told to turn and went some five miles to where the road turned into an unpaved single lane road that twisted and turned, went up and down and did not make for a comfortable ride. It was looking as if we were lost when we finally turned around and Bob made a mad dash back to civilization with no concern for his passengers well being or their stomachs. We made it back to the cabin in one piece. I had to make a mad dash of my own to the restroom while Kevin was suffering from an upset stomach. It was Dick's turn in the kitchen and as he fixed dinner Bob, Kevin and I tied flies (wooly buggers) for tomorrow. Dinner was excellent and again everyone ate too much but we don't intend to carry anything back home with us or have leftovers. After cleanup we got our gear ready for tomorrow and sat around telling lies and war stories.

Fishing Report for Day 4; Zero for everyone due to game being rained out.

Thursday we woke to clearing skies and cool temps. After everyone got up and had breakfast, except Bob, we all headed to the park on Route 107 to see if it was fish-able, as we drove there we looked at the water level at our usual fishing hole, it was still high and cloudy. At the park the water had come down and was clearing when we got there so we fished from the bank at first to test the waters. George hooked up and landed one right off. Kevin had been fishing the small waterway between the park and the island and was catching some small ones from the bank. Dick had waded out to the outside of the island and was hooking up with a few. As the morning progress I donned my waders and waded just upriver of the island moving down from Dick, he had just landed a nice brown trout. Dick left as I moved down a little distance and was soon joined by Joe on that section of the river. I hooked into a monster rainbow that I thought was going to break my little 3 weight rod with it jumping and diving deep, I had the line pulled in all the way to my tiptop, pulled out my net the rod was bent over to almost breaking and as I put the net toward the fish it slipped off and swam away. What a fight and fish but luckily Joe saw the fish and told everyone because I didn't get to take a picture. I fished around the island but didn't get any more strikes. We broke for lunch about noon and afterward Bob, Kevin, Joe and Dick moved on to bluer waters in that they went back to our regular fishing spot leaving George and me to fish the park. George and I stayed for another hour with George fishing from the bank and me wading back upriver of the island. After an hour of nothing striking our lines we left for the cabin, George's back was starting to hurt and the current of the river had tired me immensely. On our way back to the cabin we stopped by our regular spot to ask the other guys how they were doing and see how high the water was, the water was coming down and clearing. Everyone seemed to be doing good. George and I got back to the cabin at about 2pm so we cleaned up and rested while we waited for the others to show up. At 4pm Joe, Dick and Bob pulled into the drive and cleaned their gear and started their down time. At about 5:30 Kevin came in and

Cooking Committee Carolina Trip... Ed Wingfield

Bob went about trying to get the charcoal started for cooking his Bubba Burgers and Brats for supper. A lot of ribbing was given about the charcoal because of Bob's turn to cook last year and the trouble that ensued from everyone giving advice about how to get the charcoal going. Well, after supper we sat around talking or tying flies for tomorrow.

Fishing Report day 5; Joe 12, Dick 8, Kevin 13, George 7, Ed 1, Bob 8

Friday, the sky was overcast and the temp was around 50 but this didn't deter us. Dick pulled out for home at 7am saying that he needed to get back to take care of business. The rest of us got ready to go down to the river with Kevin being the first out. George and I got down to the river and it was way up. Kevin was getting ready to try the shallows just below the bridge but George and I went on up to the island to see if things were any better. They weren't and there were two fools out in the current up to their waists struggling to stay upright while trying to fish. I could only think that these guys knew something I didn't or they were just foolhardy beyond being stupid. We went back to the bridge to see how Kevin was progressing and as I looked down from the bridge at him I could see he was struggling in knee deep water. George and I decided to go back to the cabin and pack our bags for the ride home. As we drove up the rode to the cabin we saw Joe coming and tried to signal him, we turned around to catch up with him. Joe was looking at the river when we pulled up and he agreed with us it was too high to fish and he was going to go home too. As we started for the cabin again we stopped at the bridge because Kevin had crawled out and was going up to the cabin too. We all got to the cabin just as Bob was coming down from his room wondering why we were there and not at the river. It was decided by everyone that we all leave early and started our cleanup. The house was cleaned and cars packed by 8am then we were off down the road. By 1pm we stopped for lunch south of Atlanta, it was still overcast but the temp was coming up from the 55 degrees to 70 in Atlanta. We pulled into Pensacola at 4:30 to end our trip.

Not a lot of fish were caught but the camaraderie of fishermen, and the experience of fishing in a beautiful spot was worth the expense of time and money. A lot of fun was had by all six of us old farts and we enjoyed every minute we were there.



Tough day on the river



Wooly buggers and San Juan worms



Another fine brookie



Old farts harassing fish stockers



"No Wading Staff" Kevin



Bob found his spot



Joe looking for that hidden hole

"Who says ya can't be smoking on the stream?"



Flyfishing Class News

From Russ Shields ...We have just concluded the 2012 Fly Fishing course and in any measure, it was one of the best we have ever had. With the use of the new Temple Fork 5 wt. rods our casters caught on quickly and did very, very well. The fly tying went well thanks to the student's innate abilities and the great instruction provided by our instructors. Of particular note is the dedicated help provided by the many volunteers who showed up for each class and gave much needed assistance wherever and whenever needed: Without their help we could not have made the class work. To the students who worked so diligently, the volunteers and instructors, you have my sincere appreciation for making this class one of the best ever in my recollection. Well Done to All....Russ Shields

From Paul Wargo on May 5 class trip ...We made a practice trip today and confirmed "It Can Be Done!" Weather will remain an issue right up to the end; we will have a strong outgoing tide on May 5 which is the best for fishing but a strong south wind like we have today will make crossing the Pass a problem. That is why we want to leave from Ft.Pickens at 9:00 AM and return at noon (when it is calm).

Logistics: Parking at Ft.Pickens at the west end of the road that goes by the pier is good. It is a short walk to the beach where we will pick you up near the stone jetty.

The drop off point on the beach at McRae is about 150 yards from where we want to fish. Obviously you want to pack light; remember, there is nothing there. Everything is carried in (and taken back to the boat). Monday night we will talk about sharing small coolers, etc.

We need an aluminum step ladder 4' or 5' to use to get in and out of my boat (from the bow, on the beach). If you have one we could use let me know and please bring it Monday. Thanks!

The Good News is the fish are there. The Bad News is you will want to wade out to knee deep water to be able to cast to the fish. However, it is only a few steps from the beach and you don't have to stay out there the whole time. You may get tired from catching all those fish and you might want to take a break back on the nice warm dry sand. The water temperature today was down to 70 (from 73 early in the week) thanks to these cool nights. Hopefully it will warm up. A lot. Your shorts will dry fast in the sun and the breeze.




Jeff Deuschele from the club caught two ladyfish and a slot size redfish in short order this morning on a tan and white (of course, Baz's favorite fly) Clouser. Jeff will be there to help.

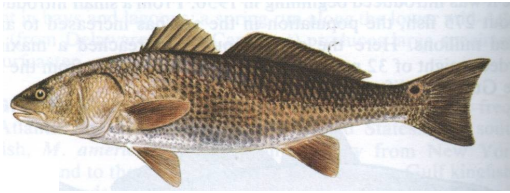
See you Monday and/or reply to this email if you have any questions or concerns. Thanks!! Paul

Flyfishing Class Photos



FLY FISHERS

OF NORTHWEST FLORIDA

**PO BOX 1041
 PENSACOLA, FL 32591**



MAY 2012

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
		Business Meeting 7 PM				
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		