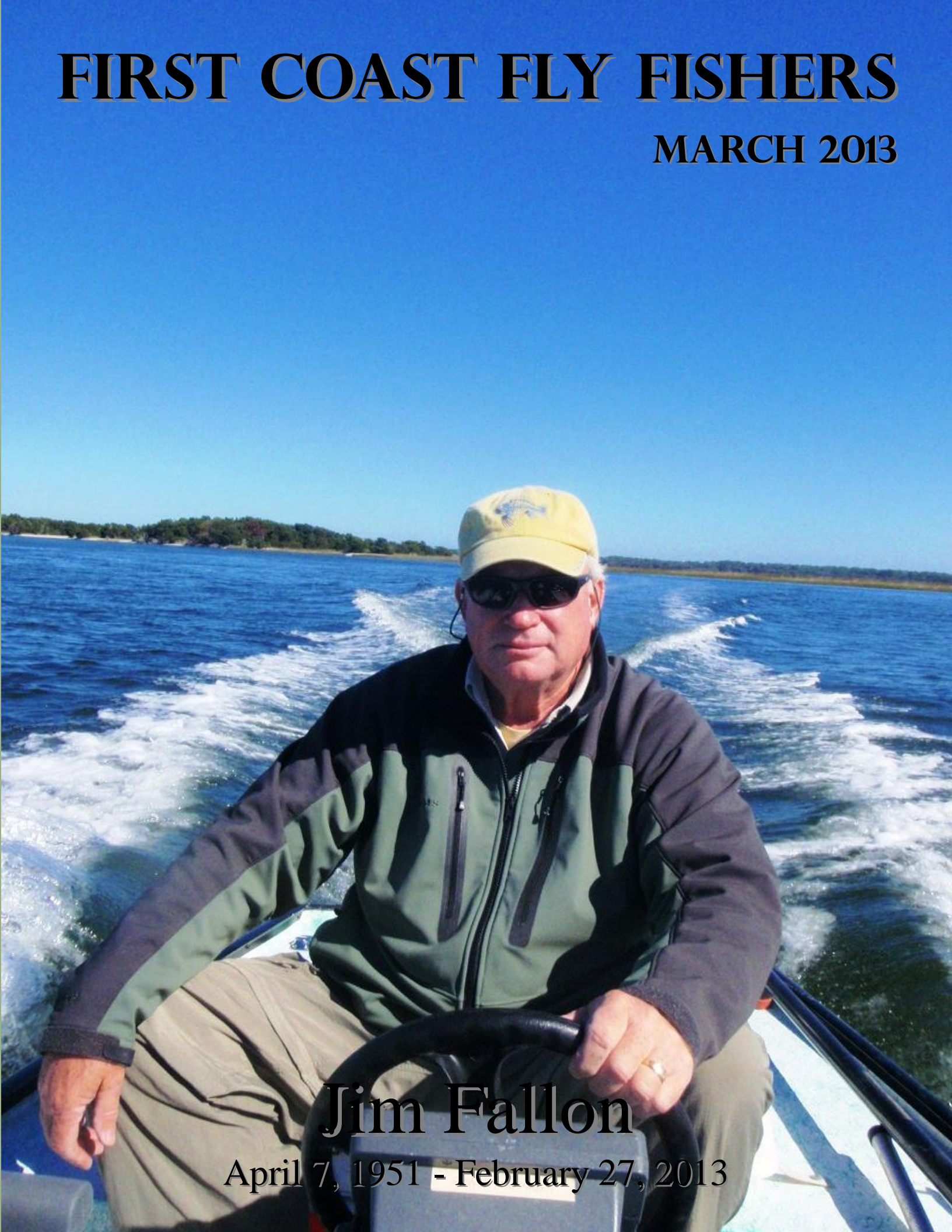


# FIRST COAST FLY FISHERS

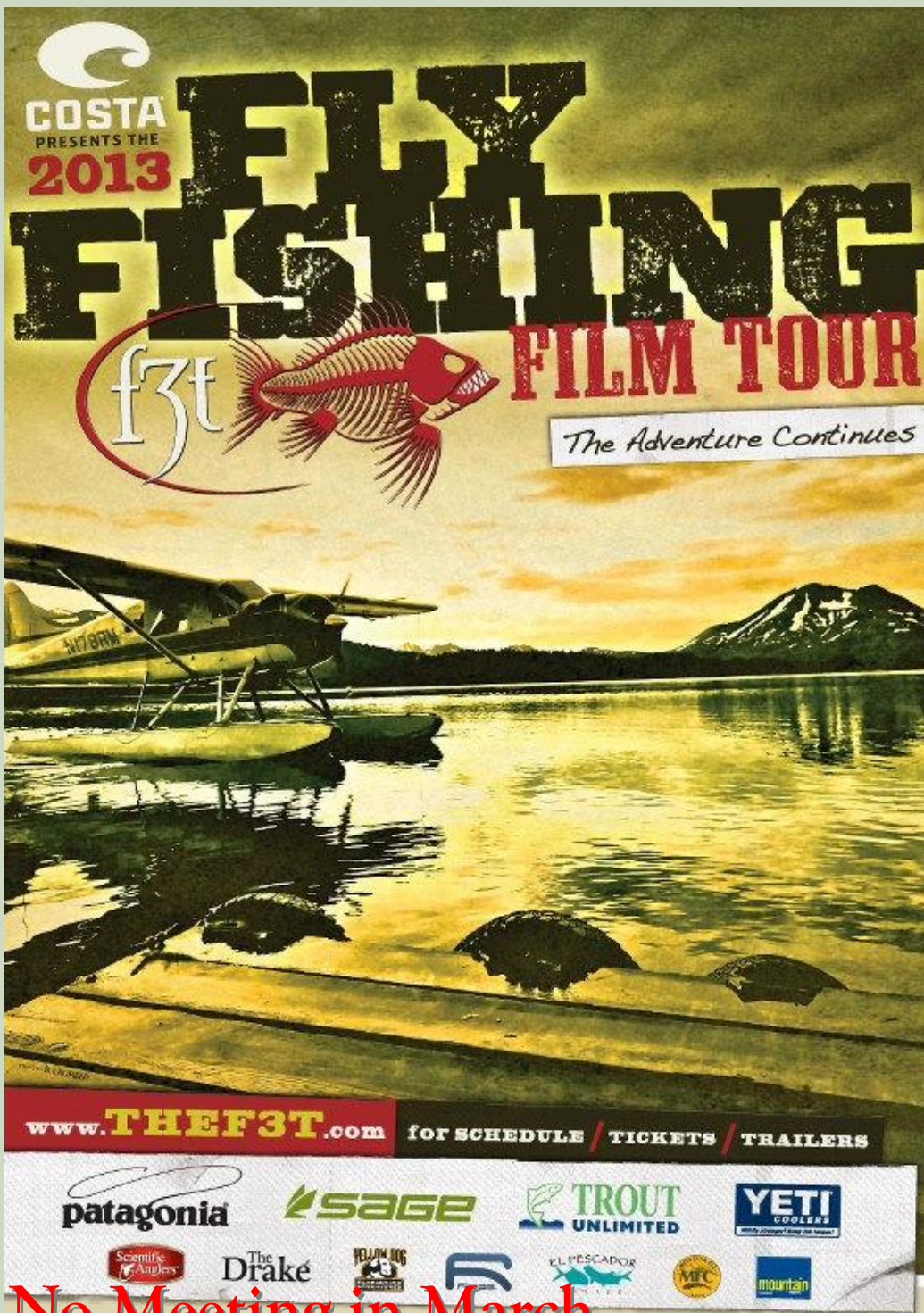
MARCH 2013



Jim Fallon

April 7, 1951 - February 27, 2013





## No Meeting in March

In lieu of a March Meeting, members are encouraged to attend the 2013 Fly Fishing Film Tour to be held at 7<sup>00</sup> PM on Tuesday March 5th at the Jacksonville Museum of Contemporary Art (333 North Laura Street, Jacksonville, FL 33202).

Tickets can be purchased from Blackfly Outfitters for \$13. Tickets are \$15 at the door. More Information is available at <http://flyfilmtour.com/f3t>

### On the Cover:

Member and former Banquet Chairman Jim Fallon lost his battle with cancer on February 27th.

Photo By David Kudley

## First Coast Fly Fishers 2013 Officers and Board

*President*  
Ryan Curley  
[rkcurely@yahoo.com](mailto:rkcurely@yahoo.com)

*VP Programs*  
Seth Nehrke  
[programs@fcff.org](mailto:programs@fcff.org)

*VP Outings*  
Jeff Bivins  
[outings@fcff.org](mailto:outings@fcff.org)

*Treasurer*  
Don Edlin

*Secretary*  
Mike Harrigan

*Membership*  
Scott Shoer

*Education*  
Bart Isaac & Buddy Price

*Librarian*  
Richard Clark

*Banquet*  
Ken Nimmich

*At-Large*  
Rich Santos  
Buddy Price

*Newsletter*  
Jason C. Sheasley

FIRST COAST FLY  
FISHERS  
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# Remembering Jim

By Jason Sheasley

Back in the late 1980s, a young executive with the Consolidated Rail Corporation (Conrail) was interviewed by journalist Susan Stranahan for her book *Susquehanna, River of Dreams*. From the Harrisburg railroad yard along the banks of the river the executive marveled at the resources Pennsylvania's Susquehanna Valley had to offer. "There's no shortage of things from this region that we could ship out...It sometimes amazes me just how much there is." As head of Conrail's Harrisburg Division, it was Jim Fallon's job to see that the freight made it to its final destination on-time and without a hitch.

While the railroader was conducting freight trains up, down and across the river, a former butcher turned fly fishing guide was experimenting with a new fly pattern on the waters of the Susquehanna near the Harrisburg railroad yard. His new fly was designed to emulate the motion of a jig, one of the most effective ways to catch fish. In time, the fly proved to be very effective in catching the river's smallmouth bass. Soon, word got out about this new, effective fly pattern that worked so well on the Susquehanna. In 1994 world-renowned fly fisherman Lefty Kreh would call the Clouser Deep Minnow "...the most important and effective underwater fly developed in the last 20 years."

While they shared a common bond with the Susquehanna River, it would be 20 years before Jim Fallon and Bob Clouser would meet for the first time and almost as long before Jim would first pick up a fly rod. In the late 1990s Conrail was taken over by CSX. Shortly thereafter Jim accepted a transfer and he and his family



Julie, the catch of Jim's life

moved to Jacksonville. He would eventually become a Senior Vice President for Transportation before retiring from CSX in 2004.

Not long after Jim's retirement, his wife Julie was looking for a gift to give him. Wanting to get him something unique, she eventually settled on a fly rod and reel. At the time, Jim was more concerned about keeping his golf balls out of the water hazards rather than casting flies into them. Eventually, he warmed to the idea of fly fishing and tried his hand at it in the pond behind his house. Knowing that there had to be more to fly fishing than catching bream in storm water ponds, Jim joined the First Coast Fly Fishers to learn more about his new found passion. It was among the ranks of the First Coast's fly fishermen that the railroader met the Susquehanna's most famous fly fishing guide.

Jim quickly became an integral part of the FCF. In 2011 and 2012 he served on the Board of Directors as Banquet Chairman. However, most importantly, Jim became a friend to us all. His sense of humor and enthusiasm for the sport of fly fishing was contagious. His stories became legendary. When he told of the time he and Larry Holder got stuck on a mud flat for six hours, no one laughed harder than Jim.

Jim's association with fly fishing and the First Coast Fly Fishers was relatively short. But we are grateful for the time he spent with us. He left a lasting impression on each of us and our organization. We have lost a dear friend and colleague. But his memory will live on in our hearts, in our minds and in the stories we tell at the outings and banquets yet to come.



Jim with Bob Clouser, December 2011



# Members of the First Coast Fly Fishers share their thoughts and memories of Jim

Jim with a South Florida Slam

I got to know Jim and Julie while helping them prepare for the 2011 and 2012 FCFF banquet. They established the highest level for how to hold a successful club banquet. Very few people know the personal effort and expense that Jim and Julie put into those two banquets while he was Banquet Chairman. After getting to know Jim a little better, he invited me to join him on the July 2012 FCFF club outing in Stuart for night Snook fishing under the lighted docks. Jim had a great little flats boat that was perfect for two people and I gladly accepted. We drove down together on a Friday morning and met the crew at the motel that afternoon where we discussed boat ramp locations, fishing areas and of course where the nearest boat supply stores were located. Jim wasn't fully prepared for an all-night fishing excursion. He had just a small handheld flashlight and no local water maps. Off to Wal-Mart for a super-duper one million candle power spot light and a Hot-Spot map then to West Marine for plug wires and connections to hook the light onto the boat.

The rest of the evening was spent rigging the boat and getting all the gear ready for the all-nighter. The area was unknown to both of us so we flipped a coin and chose a boat ramp that looked good on the map and was recommended by Ryan who knew the area. We launched about 8:30 that night from the Sandspirit Park boat ramp and headed out into the St. Lucie River trying to not ground the boat on the sandbars. Jim was mesmerized by the powerful light and how the schools of mullet would panic and start jumping when he would shine it on them. We starting seeing the docks and dock lights almost immediately. Each dock was usually connected to a Mega-Mansion and had a very large cabin cruiser tied up to it or hoisted above it. The water below the dock light was always teeming with predator fish. It was amazing to watch the Snook and Trout attack the minnows under the lights. Jim got the first Snook on his first cast and got broken off. These were powerful fish that had to be horsed out from under the docks. The current was running very fast but Jim could handle and maneuver the boat with skill and kept us within easy casting distance. We would fish one dock until it "ran dry" and then move down to the next one. When we would find a dock with an underwater light, we were like kids in a candy store. If the underwater light was



Snook,



Trout, and ....



Redfish





green, then we were kids in a candy store with a pocket full of money! We fished until 6 AM the next morning and never got tired. We went up the St. Lucie River hitting all the docks and then turned around and fished them on the way back. Jim got the Southern Florida Grand Slam of a Snook, Trout and a Redfish multiple times all on the fly rod. We only got a little lost on the way back to the ramp and Jim promised to study up on his boat GPS before the next outing.

After getting back to the motel around 8 AM, We got about 3 hours sleep Saturday morning before starting the search for a replacement trolling motor battery that took most of the day and then helped Mike and Rob fix the lights on Mike's boat. We had a great dinner with the club that evening then and got another 3 hours sleep before launching again Sunday morning around 4 AM at the Leighton Park boat ramp with high expectations. We decided to fish the St. Lucie River south towards the canal that runs to Lake Okeechobee. It was a beautiful looking area that was supposed to hold Tarpon in addition to Snook. I wish I could say we caught lots of fish on this second night/morning but we got skunked!! We did see some fish but generally about 2 milliseconds after they saw us. We returned to the ramp around 11 AM and drove back to Jacksonville.

I know Jim enjoyed this trip as much as I did and he was really looking forward to this year's outing to do it all again. He will be watching and laughing at us this year I am sure. I am very grateful that he invited me to join him and of course to be able to know him as a friend. He will be missed.

Don Edlin

Jim and I were fishing once and he looked at me and said "My flies are not as pretty as yours." I looked at him and said "Are you catching fish on yours?" and



**Jim and his fellow Fly of the Year Winners**



**Jim and Stu Apt**

he replied "Yes." Then I said "That's all that matters, the fish don't know the difference." Jim replied "Got the point" then he started laughing and went back to fishing with a grin on his face.

Mike Head

Jim was a one-of-a-kind gentleman, who I wanted to follow closely in his footsteps and I will miss him.

Stu Apt

Having had my dad pass away a few years back I guess Jim kind of helped fill that void. He was always interested in what you were doing. Always quick to offer a hand, or advice, even if he didn't have a clue what he was talking about! I think the part I liked best was the way he always made us laugh. One of my favorites came when Jim was looking at a picture of a particularly large fish. His comment was simply "Wow! I didn't know they came in that size. All I ever seem to find are the extra-small ones!!". He was a true gentleman, and he will be missed.

Seth Nehrke

I have fond memories of fishing and tying with Jim Fallon. Jim was eager to learn all he could about fly fishing. He wanted to know how to catch reds at low tide and he wanted to know how to pole the flats. He just recently had a poling platform put on his River Hawk and bought a push pole from David Lambert. I was going to show him what I knew about poling a boat but sadly to say we did not get together. He was fun to fish with because he was excited about going. Jim and I got together for fly tying when he was going through his





**Jim with his first redfish in the grass.**

chemo after his first operation. Jim wanted to know how to tie and learn all the different techniques associated with fly tying. Some of you may remember Paul England, he died of cancer last year. Jim met with Paul when Paul felt good and they would tie flies. Paul was very good with spinning deer hair and gave Jim one of his best flies. Jim was one of the reasons I like coming to the monthly meetings and I am going to miss him. Keep his family in your prayers. I will always have fond memories of fishing and tying with Jim.

Dick Michaelson

**H**earing of Jim's passing brought tears to my eyes and a overwhelming sense of loss. Jim was a good friend to me and everyone who was lucky enough to have known him. I will remember and miss Jim for as long as I live.

Robert Benardo

**S**hortly after he joined the Club, Jim accompanied me on a trip with a couple of other members to fish

for trout in the mountains of North Carolina. It would be one of Jim's first times fly fishing for trout. At the time I didn't know Jim very well and figured this would be a good chance to get acquainted. I knew that Jim was relatively new to fly fishing and to be honest, I was a little concerned. Casting tiny flies to spooky brook trout in heavily vegetated mountain streams isn't the best setting to cut one's teeth on fly fishing.

Just as I had feared, the fish and the weather didn't cooperate. Through intermittent rain storms only a few fish were caught. For a veteran fly fisher it was a discouraging weekend. I figured it would be enough to put Jim off of fly fishing for good.

Despite driving hundreds of miles and not catching a single fish, Jim's sense of humor prevailed. Whether we were sitting out the rain or sitting down to dinner, Jim kept us in stitches with his stories.

We all did our best to teach Jim the finer points of trout fishing. No matter how many casts ended up in the trees Jim persevered.





Not once did he complain, he chalked it all up to a learning experience.

On that trip Jim showed me the most important traits a fly fisherman can have. It isn't superb casting skill or an innate ability to think like a fish. They are attitude and a sense of humor. Jim would be the first to tell you that he wasn't the best fly fisherman to pick up a rod. But there is no doubt in my mind that with his attitude and the benefit of a little time, he certainly would be in contention.

I am grateful for the time I got to fish with Jim. He will be missed very much. I would gladly give up my best rod and reel to spend one more day on the water with him.

Jason Sheasley

**Y**ou always had a story to tell, a joke to be heard, and a poke at yourself. I will miss the your joyful spirit.

Michael Harrigan

**I**t was at last year's shad outing down on the St. John's. I was fishing in my kayak just down-river from Jim and Larry in the feared Fallon River Hawk - yes, the vessel so feared by fish that they scattered for miles every time it was launched...I believe my kayak (a/k/a the Scatter Yak) has the same effect on fish. Well, after another day of successful fishing and fellowship (one comes to realize at some point that

catching fish is just a bonus to being outdoors in nature with friends), Jim and Larry decided it was time to head in. "Vrrrrm" goes the engine, Larry eases up the anchor, but before they could really get going, the current caught the bow of the River Hawk and pointed it straight at me - I mean broadside at 15 feet.. Keep in mind my kayak is bright orange so much for the theory of being more visible to power boaters! So I'm watching Jim at the helm frantically try to gain control, Larry sitting calmly in the bow..."Jim...Jim...JIM!!!" I had no time to grab a paddle (or a life jacket). Talk about feeling helpless! Fortunately, Jim was able to gain control and turn away just in time to avoid broadsiding me. We all laughed after a bit of the typical razzing and jeering. Another fine memory created ! Jim, we'll miss your wit, your sarcasm, and most of all, we'll miss you - the no-pretense genuine person we knew you to be.

Scott Shober

**I** was deeply saddened hearing the news about Jim's passing. Jim was a great soul. I will miss friendship and remember him always.

Bart Isaac

**M**y friend, I will take the wrist watch you lost on one of our wonderful trips, make a plaque in your name and put it on the bulkhead over the bed you slept in. From the guy that forgot the gas can.

Dave Kudley









# March Outing

## Rodman Reservoir

March 9th

The March outing is scheduled for Saturday March 9 at Rodman Reservoir. Our target species will be Bass and Bream. Camping is available and a few of us plan on going down Friday and staying for the weekend. The launch will be right at the campground and this will be the location for lunch. Information regarding the campground is available at [www.rodmanreservoir.com](http://www.rodmanreservoir.com). There are some really nice picnic pavilions right on the water. The park has a \$3.00 per vehicle entry fee up to 8 people per vehicle.

Rodman is a premier largemouth bass fishery located in north Northeast Florida, covers 9,500 acres and is about 15 miles long. It is located south of Palatka off of Hwy 19. The reservoir was created in 1968 when an earthen dam was built across the Ocklawaha River. A four-gate spillway (Kirkpatrick Dam) controls the water levels of the reservoir. The reservoir from its headwaters at Eureka Dam to Paynes Landing consists of flooded woodlands. The transition section from Paynes Landing to Orange Springs consists of flooded standing timber and areas of floating vegetation. The pool section from Orange Springs to Kirkpatrick Dam, including the river channel and the Cross Florida Barge Canal, consists of

floating and submersed vegetation, dead standing timber and submersed and partially submersed trees and stumps. The Barge Canal and river channel have water depths up to 30 feet deep. Submersed vegetation (hydrilla, coontail and eel grass) is common in the pool section of the reservoir. Drawdowns are conducted every three to four years on the reservoir for aquatic plant control and fish and wildlife habitat enhancement.

Generally, the biggest bass are caught from deep water along the river channel and Barge Canal in the Kenwood to Kirkpatrick Dam area. Outside bends in the river channel from Orange Springs to Cypress Bayou are also a good place to try for largemouth bass. While anglers have their preferred colors, chartreuse, yellow, and white seem to get the most consistent action. Bluegill, redear, and redbreast sunfish fishing is best this time of year in the riverine section of the reservoir.

### Directions from Jacksonville:

Take I-95 South and exit onto 207 South. Take 207 South to SR 17. Turn right and go across the bridge to Palatka. Turn left onto SR 20. Turn left onto SR 19, and go south.. Go across the Cross Florida Barge Canal Bridge. Turn right onto Rodman Road and travel approximately 3 miles. Rodman Campground is on the right.

Four and five-weight outfits and small poppers or streamers should fit the bill for the weekend. More information regarding the outing will be forthcoming via email In the meantime, if you have questions or need additional information email the Outings Chairman at [outings@fcff.org](mailto:outings@fcff.org).

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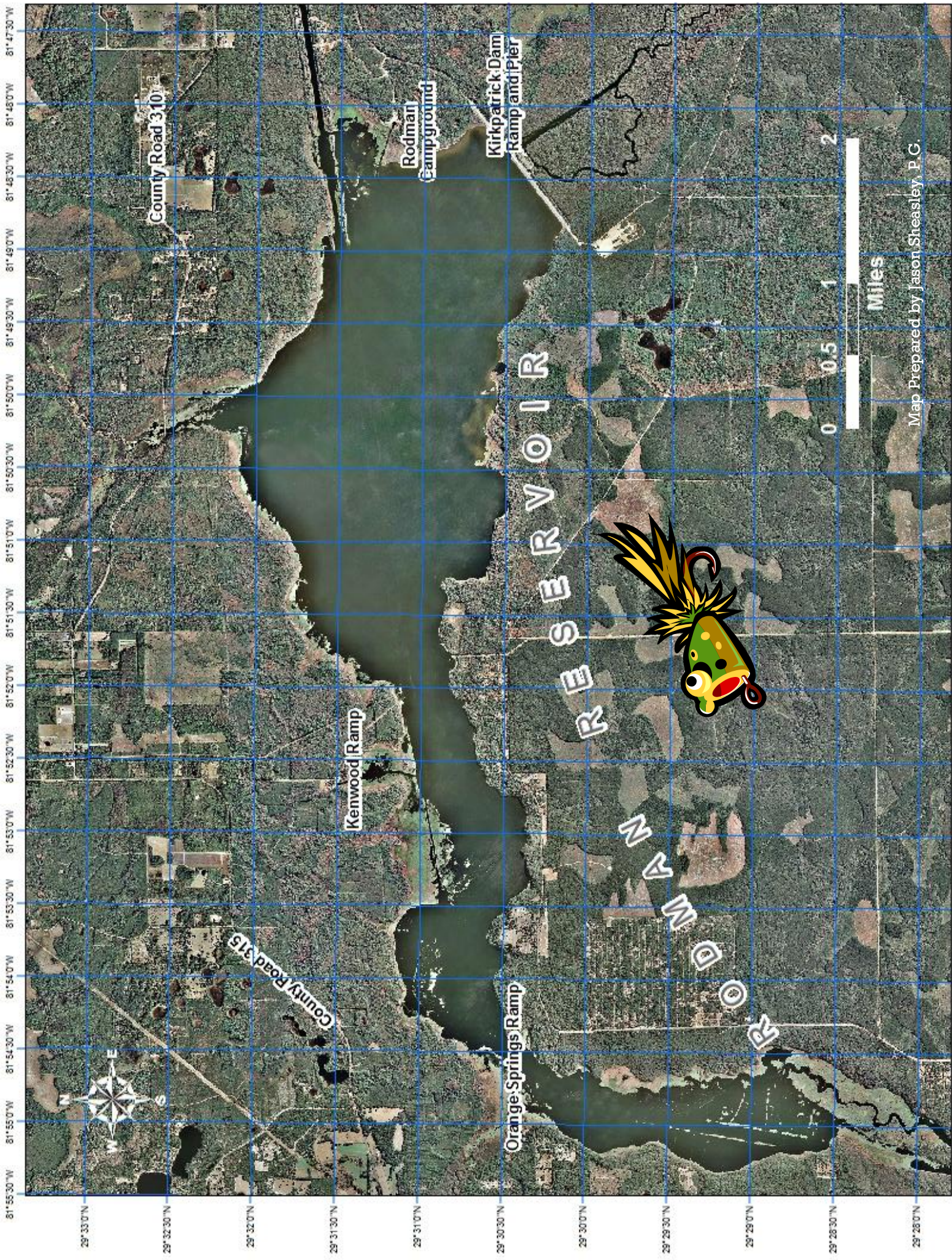
## Fly Tying Classes

Have you ever wanted to learn how to tie your own flies? During the month of April you will get your chance. The FCFF will be offering **free** fly tying classes to its members **Every Wednesday in April**. Materials and equipment will be provided. You will general fly tying techniques to tie some of the most productive patterns for sea trout and redfish.

Detailed information about the classes will be made available at the April meeting.







Map Prepared by Jason Sheasley, P.C.



# BBW (Bluegill Bed Wrecker)

By Ryan Curley

With the onset of spring we have many things to look forward to, one being the bedding season for bass. Largemouth are one of the first fish that I learned to catch, and although I have moved on from them for the most part, I still thoroughly enjoy tossing top water frogs in the summer, and sight fishing them on their beds in the spring. Bed fishing usually begins in late February and extends through April, and you have the chance to catch the biggest bass of your life on the beds. There is a problem though; these big female bass are not in feeding mode, can be spooky, and are typically surrounded by smaller male bass that create and tend to the beds before the big girl lays her eggs. Once she chooses a suitable bed, and spawns, the large female will occupy the bed and protect her offspring for a few of weeks. It's an amazing site seeing a 10lb bass swimming in the middle of thousands of her fry, protecting them from the ever present "predators" that would love an easy meal.

Big female bass HATE bluegill, with a passion. I've seen them run them off with a vengeance if they even get close to the bed. It's not a feeding response, but rather a protective one. So, how best do you catch a bass that won't readily eat your offering, is spooky and very smart? Make her mad!

I bought this pattern in Salty Feather a while ago, as I have never really tied freshwater flies. Just last weekend I was digging through my bass box before going out, and realized I only had one left, so I decided to give a try to this trusty old pattern. I modified it a bit using different materials, and increased the size by about double. It works well, and I have already caught a few on it. If you're looking to hook into your biggest bass on fly, this is the time of year to do it, and this fly would be a good addition to your pond box. Hope you enjoy.

## Materials

Hook: Mustad 34011 #4  
Thread: UTC 210 Fl. Yellow  
Flash: Krystal Flash Peacock  
Body: Chartreuse Cactus Chenille Medium

Wing: Yellow Neck Hackles (barred olive with PrismaColor marker)  
Collar: EP Fiber: Yellow, Orange, and Pinfish  
Gill Plate: Blue Tip Pheasant from the base of the tail  
Eyes: Prismatic Dome Eyes (3/8")  
Others: Olive Marker, Clear Cure Goo thick formula

## Tying Steps

1. Modify hook, bend shank a couple hook eye lengths back away from the point, and then bend the shank to the side to offset from the hook point.
2. Start thread behind the hook eye and wrap back to just under the hook point.
3. Tie in chenille, palmer forward to the modified bend in the hook.
4. Tie in 6-8 strands of Krystal Chenille right over the bend and create a small bump of thread to push up the hackles, trim it off about half a shank length behind the hook.
5. Prepare four similar neck hackles by lining up the tips and barring them with the olive marker. Do them two at a time and get both sides. Using two on each side, face them into one another so they make a straight, non-splayed, wing. Tie them in on top of the Krystal Flash to the same length.
6. Select a small bunch of EP fibers in each of the three colors. Cut them in half and tie one half of the yellow fibers on top of the hackles at the midway point. Advance the thread forward a few wraps, then fold the EP back onto itself and tie back to the tie in point. Repeat for the underside of the fly.
7. Select two pheasant back feathers of the same size and tie in one on each side of the hook to make the gill plate; these should extend to the midpoint of the hook. This





# BBW (cont.)

will also create part of your base for the eye to sit on, so try to keep the thread wraps to a minimum.

8. On the bottom of the hook, tie in the orange EP fibers the same as before, and repeat for the pinfish colored fibers on top. Taper the fibers with long scissors to the length of the hackles. You should have a pretty good head built up now, so just cover any materials and whip finish.

9. Select two prismatic dome eyes of appropriate size (should be around 3/8" for this size fly) and use clear cure goo to seat them on the fly (the adhesive on these eyes is terrible). I usually do this one side at a time, and epoxy can be used, but it tends to roll the eyes out of place when curing.

10. Once the eyes are set, cover the remaining thread with Clear Cure, as well as the eyes and a small portion of the gill plate feather, and cure with the light. This will make this fly very durable, as well as adding a tiny bit of weight to get it down.

The beauty of this fly is that it lands softly so as not to spook wary bedding bass. Additionally, because of the modified hook not only does the fly ride hook point up, it swims because it is offset. The hook shape, and the fact that the materials move well in the water, give the fly a very desirable action. It retains its broad panfish profile because of the way the materials are tied in. This fly also excels as a general purpose bass fly whenever they are not eating on the surface. The best way to fish this is to cast past the bed, let the fly sink, and drag it through the bed. When the fish sees this little critter come into the bed you will get a reaction. Most times they follow until the fly leaves the bed. Strip it slow and read the fish, you will most likely have to cast on the fish multiple times to incite a strike, but they will eat it most of the time. The tricky part is getting them to take it well enough to get a good hookset, as most bedding fish merely try to move the intruder away. Persistence and stealth catch bedding bass, so keep your profile and casting low, and keep fishing to the bass until they eat it or move away. We have one of the best largemouth bass fisheries in the country, and a lot of it is right outside your door. Good Luck!

Step 1



Step 2



Step 3



Step 4







Step 5



Step 6



Step 5



Step 7



Step 6



Step 8



Step 6



Step 10





Kevin Becker recently escaped the snow and cold of the Midwest to visit sunny shores of Florida's Gulf Coast. While his fellow Minnesotans were freezing their tails off ice fishing on Lake Woebegone, Kevin managed to boat a respectable Redfish and his very first Sheepshead. Congratulations Kevin!

Buster the  
Shad Hound





# Thanks for Making This Year's Annual Banquet a Success

By all accounts this year's annual banquet was a big success! Our guest speaker for the evening was Dr. Aaron Adams, who holds Masters and Ph.D. degrees in marine and environmental science, in addition to being an accomplished fly fisherman and licensed Captain.

Banquet Chairman Ken Nimnich did a great job putting this year's banquet together. Assisting Ken with the banquet were his wife Eileen and members Dick Choate, Dennis Jammes, Jeff Bivins, Buddy Price, Ryan Curley, Jason Sheasley and Rob Benardo. Ken would like to specifically thank this year's sponsors who donated raffle and auction items as well as guide trips:

- Blackfly Outfitters
- Black Creek Outfitters
- Capt. Larry Miniard
- Capt. David Borries
- Capt. John Bottko
- Capt. Lawrence Piper and Anglers Mark
- Capt. James Dummas
- Capt. Bill Shear
- Capt. Rich Santos
- Capt. Troy James
- David Lambert
- Gary Burdette
- Tibor Reels

Thank you to everyone who helped make this years





# Shad Outing on the St. Johns River

By Jeff Bivins

Let me begin by saying that if you didn't attend the February Shad Outing you really missed a great weekend. I strongly recommend that you put next year's event on your calendar now. I don't want you to think that the fish were jumping in the boat, but everyone caught fish. For many, including myself, we caught our first Shad. In addition to shad there were also plenty of bream, crappie and bass to be caught. Mike Head achieved the Grand Slam with a striped bass in addition to each of the others.

My weekend began with an early trip to the grocery store for our BBQ items before heading over to pick up Rob. I must say when I pulled up in front of his house I was happy to see he packs about like I do. Just because we are camping, we enjoy a few comfort items. After we loaded all our stuff in the Ranger and Carolina Skiff all we missed from being North Florida's answer to the Beverly Hillbillies was Granny in a rocker. Nevertheless, we headed south with visions of Shad in our



minds. With the excitement of the weekend neither of us paid attention to the details in the invite from the Orlando club, specifically the one that said the event began at 1:00 pm Friday afternoon. We arrived at campsite about two hours early and found ourselves alone and slightly lost. A quick call to Orlando's director of outings and we had a new plan. Off to the boat ramp we go.

We arrived at CS Lee Park around noon, launched the skiff after stuffing as many of our valuables in the cab of the truck as we could. We grabbed a quick burger at the Jolly Gator before heading out on the river. Finally the time had come to fish. We idled under the bridge and anchored up on a sandbar and jumped out.

My fishing weekend began with breaking a rod on my third cast. While I headed back to the boat to rig a new rod Rob continued to fish the edge of the sandbar. It quickly became apparent there were no hungry fish in the area so we loaded up motored a little further and found a new spot. Again neither of us caught a shad, but I did land a small bass and declared I got the skunk off. Rob quickly replied that we were shad fishing not bass fishing and therefore the skunk was still on. After several more unsuccessful casts we decided to load up and move once again. As we got out to the main channel the wind and current were battling each other but made conditions ideal for keeping the boat in position without having to anchor. Finally I hooked and landed the first shad. I quickly let Rob know the skunk was officially off now. We continued moving around a little and I was able to land my second and final shad of the day.

Wanting to get camp set up before dark we decided to head in and make the drive back to the campsite. This time when we arrived

## GUESS WHO



Only one person correctly guess who the mystery FCFE member is in the above photograph from 1962. Bart Isaac correctly guessed **Scott Shober**. For his correct guess, Bart won five free raffle tickets for last month's banquet.





there were signs posted to show us the way in. After setting up camp we found our way to the campfire which was already gathering a small crowd of folks telling “fish stories”. After a spectacular sunset Friday evening the Orlando club passed around a fly box with about 3 dozen Shad patterns tied by different members of their club that was to be raffled off. My luck began to change at the moment my name was drawn as the winner of the box. After a long cold day I decided to call it a night and turned in in anticipation of many big shad on all my great new flies.

**...if you didn't attend the February Shad Outing you really missed a great weekend.**

I awoke early to a cold but dry Saturday morning. Now with our two tents and nice camp kitchen set up, I thought Rob and I had pretty nice digs. However, sometime after I went to bed Mike Head and Chan arrived and set up the Ponderosa. Mike's tent had to have been 2000 square feet! They had tables, chairs, stoves, pots and pans that would make most bachelors jealous.

After making some breakfast and getting the days gear loaded up, Rob and I headed back to CS Lee Park where we met Seth and several other club members that came down for the day. I took Dave and Bob with me and Rob went with Seth and Benny in addition to a few Kayaks and other members boats. We all migrated to the same area of the river and spread out just enough to stay out of each others way. We fished for a couple hours before pulling up on shore and firing up the grill for a nice shore lunch.

One the funniest things I heard all weekend came from Shad Bart while he was anchored up in his kayak right where ever one wanted to fish. Bart had acquired a beer from someone and while sitting in the middle of the



river Bart said, “My name is Shad Bart and it's not often that I drink beer, but when I do it is PBR”. After lunch we went back to fishing and continued to catch Shad as well as the other species that seem to like shad flies. As late afternoon turned to early evening we returned to the boat and headed back to the boat ramp. We said our goodbyes to those that just came for the day and Rob and I headed back to the campground fol-

lowed by Seth and Benny. We had another great evening sitting around the campfire with a wonderful group of people telling great stories. While I learned a lot, the one thing that remains at the forefront of my mind is the Benny Nehrke is a pyromaniac.

Rob and I intended on fishing again Sunday however, as we took our time breaking camp and packing up the wind continued to increase. We finally made the decision to just hang around the campfire for a little while before heading back to Jacksonville. As I said in the opening, I strongly recommend that you start planning now for next years outing. A huge thank you to the Orlando club for inviting us.





**ORDER NOW**

# FCFF SHIRTS



**T**he perfect gift for the fly fisher in your life!

Sport Tek, 100% polyester Dri Mesh Performance long sleeve shirts are now available for \$30 a piece. These shirts come in a variety of colors with an image of a Clouser Minnow and “The tug is the drug” on the left front breast and the FCFF logo on the back.

The Club hopes to be able to offer button-down shirts in the near future. More information about these shirts should be available at the September meeting.

If you are interesting in purchasing one of these performance shirts so that you can be the envy of the grass flats, contact Don Edlin by phone **904-261-4065**, or by email [dpedlin@comcast.net](mailto:dpedlin@comcast.net). When ordering, Don will need to know your shirt size and the color you want.

When you place your order, be sure to thank Don for coordinating everything.



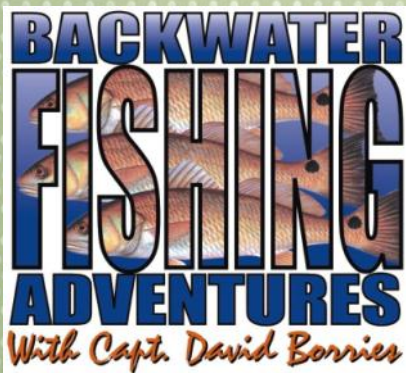
*This Shirt is Guaranteed to  
Catch Fish!*



# Please join us and thanking these fine guides and businesses for contributing to our 2013 Annual Banquet.



We will miss you Jim.







*Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;*

*Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.*

*Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.*

*A Psalm of Life*  
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow