

FIRST COAST FLY FISHER

WWW.FCFF.ORG

AUGUST 2009



photo by Woody Huband



Capt. John Atchison With Summer Tailer

It's Tailing Season Again

Break Out The Crab Flies for August 22 Outing

Friday, Aug 21 - Come join us for burgers and drinks at the Salty Feather fly Shop. We'll break down who fishes with whom, where to put in, best flies this season, and get to know some of the other FCFers

Saturday, Aug 22 - This is the first of two tailing red outings we'll have this grass fishing season. High tide's around 10:30 a.m., so we'll meet around 8 at Cedar Point. Bigger boats launch from Sawpit or Sisters Creek. This is a 5.4 tide. Bring your 6-8 weights, crab flies, or spoons.

Spring tides have nothing to do with the season. Spring tides are unusually high tides that occur when the moon is in its new or full phase. During late summer and fall in North Florida, spring tides usually bring redfish onto the normally dry spartina flats. They come looking for their favorite junivile food -- fiddler crabs. If you're quiet, and you wade without producing lots of waves, you can move to within 20 feet of tailing fish and throw a fly to them. Once they take, hang on and keep the pressure on. It's a thrill.

Monday, August 3 - FCF Meeting. Casting at 6, meeting at 7. Speaker: Dr. Quentin White, head of JUs's Marine Biology Labs. Bring questions.

Monday, August 3 - **FCFF meeting. casting at 6; meeting starts at 7.**

Friday August 21 - *Pre outing meeting. Come have burgers and dogs at the Salty Feather Fly Shop. 5 p.m. We'll schedule boaters and line you up a ride if you need it. Come learn how to fish for reds in the grass.*

Saturday, August 22 - Paddlers and small boaters, meet at Cedar Point to launch around 8 for the 10:30 tide. Larger boats, launch from Sisters or SawPit. we're looking for boaters to carry some anglers who don't have rides. Please contact David Lambert or Rob Benardo.

FIRST COAST
FLY FISHERS
OFFICERS & BOARD

PRESIDENT
Rob Bernardo
rob@flyyaker.com

VP PROGRAMS
Woody Huband
whuband@yahoo.net

VP'S OUTINGS
David Lambert
Dick Michaelson
smartcasts@gmail.com

TREASURER
John Adams
adamsriverside@comcast.net

SECRETARY
Seth Nerke
acnerke@hotmail.com

LIBRARIAN
Troy James
troywjames@aol.com

EDUCATION
Rich Santos
rslov2fish@comcast.net

MEMBERSHIP
Bart Isaac
redfishbum@comcast.net

AT LARGE
Rick Palazzini
palbro@comcast.net
Jasmin Mackic
jmackic@comcast.net

BANQUET
Jason Sheasley
pgflyfisher@gmail.com

NEWSLETTER
David Lambert, editor
smartcasts@gmail.com

Copyright 2009
First Coast Fly Fishers,
Jacksonville, FL.
No Part of This Publication May
Be Reproduced In Any Form
Without Written Permission
From The Publisher.

Evolution of the Dry Fly

About 1500 years ago in northern Greece, an angler tried to catch trout on a hook wrapped with a feather to imitate a floating insect. And trout anglers have been trying to make this work ever since.

This was actually the start of fly fishing as the only way to cast a small and nearly weightless imitation of something a fish might eat. And with the sort of primitive hooks probably available then, trying to get the thing to float must have generated some creative Greek expletives.

As the centuries passed, the British made major advances in fly fishing and even developed the first truly dry flies. Englishman Frederick Halford came close to perfecting the dry fly tradition and sent some of his flies to Theodore Gordon, who was the American correspondent for England's *Fishing Gazette*. But those flies didn't work so well so

Gordon designed his own, based on our mayflies. That started the so-called "Catskill School" of dry fly tying. These beautifully thin and delicate flies were traditional when I started fly fishing 65 years ago and I still love them but even greater advances have come since then. For one thing, those lightly dressed flies wouldn't float so well in heavy currents.

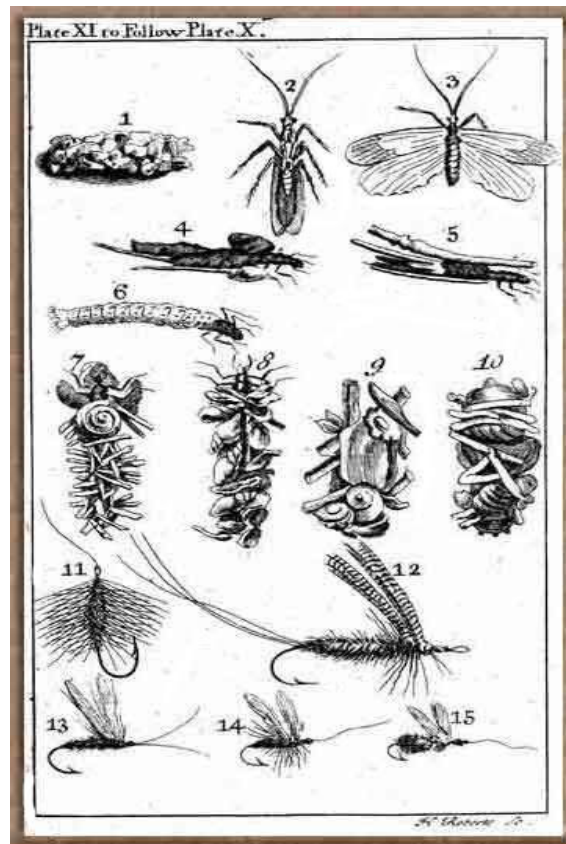
So, more fully dressed flies came along, a la the hair-winged Wulff series originated by Lee Wulff and expanded by Dan Bailey. Other approaches followed, such as the no hackle patterns described in *Selective Trout* by Swisher and Richards with duck quill wings but no hackle, and the Comparadun with an arc of erect deer hair over the top of the body and still no hackle as touted by Caucchi

and Nastasi in *Hatches*.

But the latest development seems to have saved the genetic chicken hackle industry by reintroducing hackles, but now wrapped in a horizontal plane around the fly wings and called "parachute" hackle flies. Ted Giddings was one of my regular fishing companions in Virginia and Ted took to parachute flies as the last word.

I had taught him to tie flies but this was another case of the student outdoing the teacher. Ted out fished me on most of our Shenandoah Park trips, attributing his success to the parachute-hackled Adams flies he was tying.

But tying those parachute hackles seemed too tricky for me until I tried tying some Klinkhamer Specials. This is a transplanted European pattern meant to imitate a caddis fly that can't get off the water. A curved caddis hook is used and a traditional pupa body but with wings and a, you guessed it, parachute hackle wrapped around the wings. I struggled with the things and finally began to tie decent looking ones but they weren't easy



by Charlie Most
SunCoast Fly Fishers

Then I saw some magazine articles that gave me an idea. Why wrap horizontal hackle as an integral part of the whole operation which then made it hard to finish that part of the fly's body ahead of the hackle? So I tried doing this in two steps and that made tying parachute flies fairly easy.. Here's how: Just tie in the tail fibers, move forward to a wing of calf body hair, poly yarn or turkey T-base feather fibers, wrap thread firmly up the wing and back down, super glue those thread wraps, tie in the hackle stems, dub a full body, tie off and cut the thread. That's it. Now you have a visible dry fly.

'Breaming' With Memories

Sweet Indeed Are the Halcyon Days

by Woody Huband

Whenever I go bream fishing my memories turn to the Milburnie Fishing Club. The clubhouse sat deep in the woods outside Raleigh, NC, and the club was our venue for late night rites of passage; they often rivaled Lampion's Delta House rush parties.

As a young man, having access to an unsupervised fishing lodge beat the hell out of pizza and a movie. I can swear to that.

Eventually this club pond evolved into a fishing tradition for my best friend Paul and me. Now, 40-some years later, it's still a pleasant memory. . . and it's still the basis for my love of bream fishing.

Gone, but not forgotten, is the coming of age. Gone is the pain of early-morning hangovers, just slightly less intense than a lightning strike. Gone now are the dawn arrowhead hunts in the plowed cornfields next to the clubhouse. Scouring the fields stooped over like gleaners was the perfect morning-after activity, because standing erect with a head full of Jim Beam was entirely too painful. Even today, hearing a bream pop the water's surface takes me back to my first time with a fly rod on Milburnie Lake.

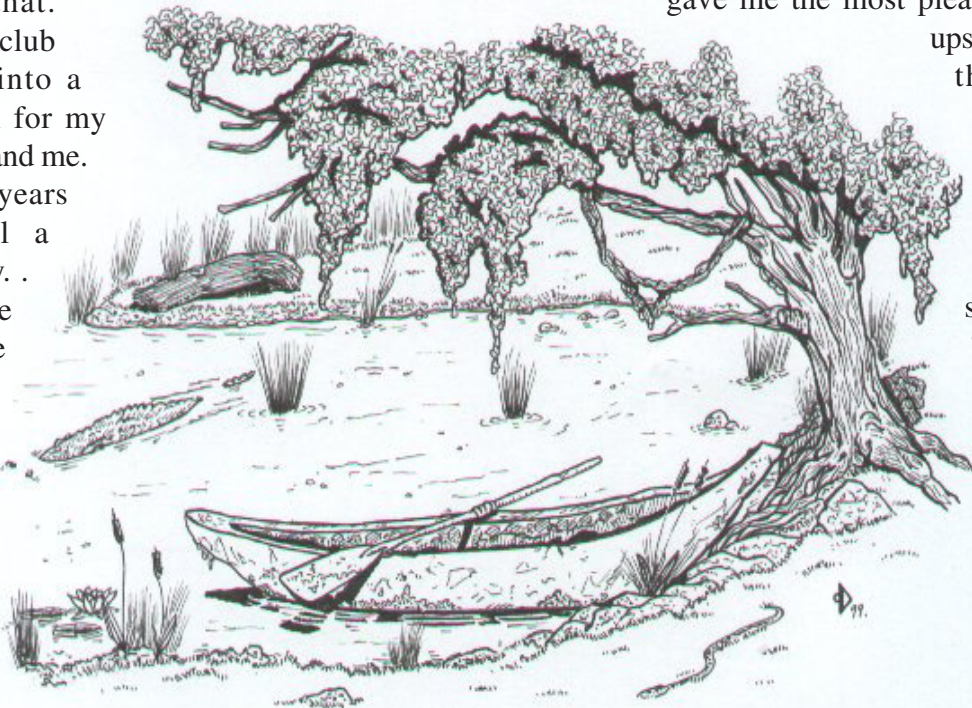
Paul's father was a renowned sportsman about town. He was an adventurer, hunter and fisherman, and Paul followed in his footsteps. The two of us met on a water ski outing with our girlfriends and quickly became great friends. His father treated us like young men, almost as peers. He sailed us to the North Carolina Outer Banks aboard his old wooden cruiser, the Lodestar. He left us on Cape Lookout with only a Boston Whaler to carry us home. We were mythical argonauts—adventurers to

be admired by our friends.

We shot skeet with his father's Browning Superposed and Sweet 16 shotguns, which he generously offered. We were only asked to reload a few boxes of shells for him, replacing the ones we used to pulverize clay pigeons.

His simple home-built wooden pirogue, however, gave me the most pleasure. The boat lay upside down in front of

the Milburnie Clubhouse, always ready for an early morning bream expedition. A beautiful hardwood sculling paddle with "H. C. 'Rat' Jackson" etched into the blade was stored beneath the boat. I never knew who Rat Jackson was, but it was a damn good paddle.



"His Simple Home-made Pirogue Gave Me The Most Pleasure"

We shared an old Winston fly rod with a floating line and a popping bug. One of us sculled the boat while the other fished from the bow. After a few fish we would swap ends, the paddler becoming the fisherman and vice versa. We continued this arrangement until we had circumnavigated the pond slowing to work the rock dam carefully. An average morning might yield 50 to 100 hand sized bream which were released to be caught again and again. Finally, our teenage hunger would drive us off the water, and we would head into town for CharGrill burgers. The CharGrill was cheap food—larger than a Krystal, not as tasty as a Big Mac, but fries were included in the price of a burger. An hour's (continued from previous page) worth of minimum wage, before deductions, netted you 5 burgers and 5 small bags of fries. The Mountain Dew

(continued on next page)

“We shared an old Winston fly rod with floating line and a popping bug.”

was 19cents extra.

Raleigh didn't have a fly shop, so we continued to share the Winston. Then one Saturday afternoon the inevitable happened. In an era when theaters were still located downtown, I was escorting the beautiful red-haired Scarlett to a movie when I spotted it. Leaning against the cluttered window of a corner pawn shop was a fly rod. Ten minutes later, for the negotiated price of \$15, it was mine, a gray True Temper with a backbone like a fresh caught trout. I knew nothing about rod weights and speed, and I didn't care. It was my excaliber, the breamslayer.

Now, to shorten what could be a much longer story, I still harbor similar feelings for bream fishing. These tiny fish provide a different kind of excitement than stalking a redfish or slugging it out with a tarpon. For me fishing for bream is serene and often scenic, like being part of a nature



painting.

If you would like to try a few new patterns to add to your bream box, I recommend that you visit The Warm Water Fly Tyer. Ward Bean's website has the best selection of bream flies I have seen. The flies are categorized by type (ie. poppers, terrestrials, divers, etc) with clear photos and excellent tying instructions.

Give it a try. I doubt that you will get the same great memories that come back to me, but you can start building some now:

www.warmwaterflytyer.com/



Rob Benardo's Ocala Outing Bass



Seth Nehrke with Late Evening Tailing Drum

Why A Leader Turns Over

(And Why It Doesn't)

by Gordy Hill

Discussions on tapers almost always centers on fly line and leader profile. Measurements are made of the diameters at various points.

What REALLY makes the difference in presentation is the way the fly line and leader turn over the rate and completion (or not) of energy dissipation as the loop unfurls. This, in turn, is almost fully determined by the MASS PROFILE of both the fly line

and the leader. When diameter changes as we go from one end of the taper to the other, the mass changes in direct proportion. This is because the density and therefore the specific gravity of the material doesn't really change which allows us to use the more easily measured diameter for description and depiction.

Of course, this isn't true of lines with tip segments of different specific gravity, such as the sink tip designs and the clear tip lines.

Now, let's discuss all this with respect to the leader:

The basic principles of leader turnover are not much different than those for the forward taper of the fly line. One can look at the leader as an extension of the fly line. There are some differences, however :-

1.) When leader segments are connected, we cannot assume that the specific gravity (density) of each segment will be identical. (Long ago, Lefty taught me that it is best to use the same brand of nylon mono for each segment for best results when tying up multisegmented tapered salt water leaders. . . for reasons of knot strength as well as specific gravity.)

2.) As we traverse the length of a one piece tapered leader or tied multisegmented leader made up of the

same material, we do not have that tiny bit of difference in density which I described above with respect to the fly line, because we have no core covered with pvc or other coatings. (Technical point, unimportant for practical consideration).

3.) If we tie up the leader with greatly different materials (such as interposing

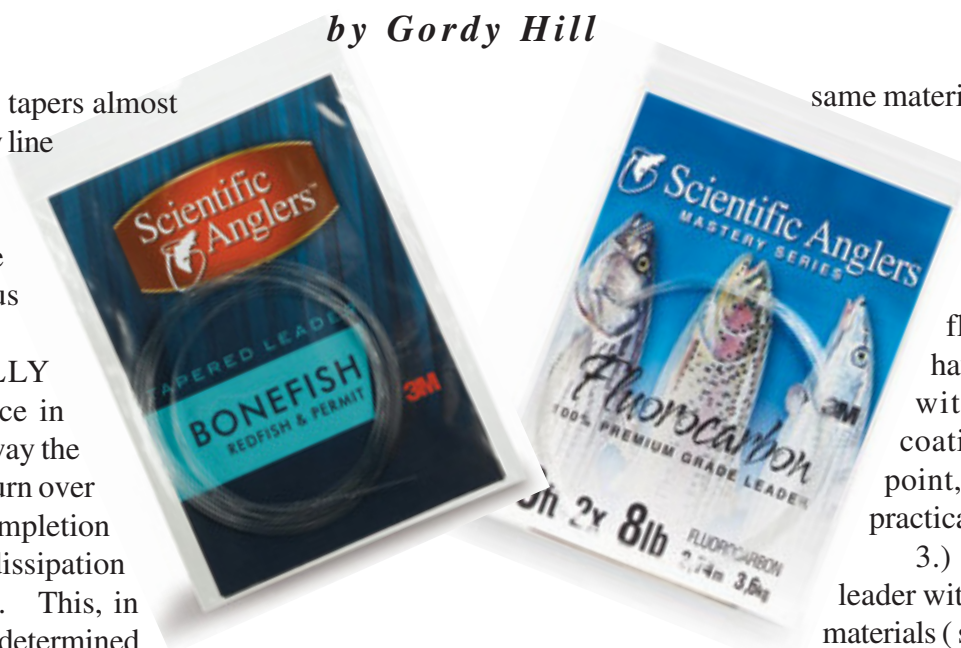
fluorocarbon segments with nylon mono) we'll have weaker knots as well as different leader behavior because the materials differ with respect to density (specific gravity) and stiffness

Lefty has demonstrated that salt water leaders turn over better when relatively soft (less stiff) materials are used. The reason is explained well in his books. (Basically, the stiff material resists bending as the leader tries to unfurl.)

Being aware of this, I used to teach that the main thing which determined the way the leader turned over was the relative stiffness to diameter of the material. I had thought that stiffness was all important.

Now, I've become aware of the studies done by Bruce Richards and Noel Perkins which show that while stiffness of material is indeed a factor, that it is secondary to the mass profile of the leader design. Bruce likes to say that a leader behaves in much the same way as the fly line.

4.) Rather than dealing directly with things that are hard to measure as we make up leaders, such as MASS and MASS PROFILE, we make assumptions such as those described above, ie. using material diameters. This works fine for most rigging for fresh water fishing. It would work for salty leaders, too..... however, custom dictates that most salt water fly fishermen use rated pound



continued on next page



Brad Bravo Kayaks at The Ocala National Forest Outing

'Alex' Springs: More Fish Than Ocala Lakes

by Chan Ritchie

We confirmed yesterday that Alexander Springs is not only for kayakers...at least at the current water level.

My ol' buddy Dick Michaelson and I teamed up for another fine adventure. Our morning on the Ocala Forest's Beekman and Sellers lakes was unremarkable....unless of course you find mostly barren water of interest. However the day got better after all of us FCFfers shared a fine lunch.

We had some slight concerns about our draft, but with some directions from Robo, we decided to launch the Gheenoe into Alexander Springs. Nearly 5 miles down a rough, dirty, corderoy road we found an unexpectedly nice "class A" ramp .

Upon our arrival at the ramp we were greeted by about a half dozen of the locals...The banjo music from movie Deliverance began to play in my head and wondered if Dick could squeal like a pig.

None the less detered we launched in a cold deep and dark creek that time and development had somehow passed over. Large trees blocked out the sun. It looked like a scene from an old Tazan jungle movie. Soon we were motoring up stream with the little 6-horse and the sounds of thrashing rednecks were replaced by the summer cadydids high in the pines.

With every bend in the stream its personality would change from narrow to "wide" and from "deep" to very shallow and back again. There were lillies and their pads

as well as long flowing grassbeds and plenty of overhanging trees that hungrily awaited an ill-placed fly.

We passed an old weathered and forgotten pier and I wondered to myself how someone could lose their passion for such a place. I saw a "limb-line" hanging from a branch over a deep dark hole which served to transform me and this stream into those days of my boyhood back in the wilds of Alabam.

We picked our way up stream for about a mile I suppose when the urge to wet a line overtook us both. As Dick killed the motor the current spun us around like a leaf and we began a tranquil and carefree float back down stream. We caught a few fish...several nice red-bellies and one little bass which was more than enough to bring peace to my mind. A trip like this is about the scenery, the adventure and the fellowship as much as it is about the fishing. I am not sure how far north we could have traveled on this pretty liittle ribbon of water had we continued to putt along? I wish we had found out.

When we got back to the ramp the natives were still there. But they were a nice group who kept to themselves...plus we saw 4 law enforcement vehicles coming and going so I doubt the bad guys go there very often...but wear your running shoes just in case. Remember, I ain't gota outrun the rednecks. I just gotta outrun Dick.



Blue Bite



Red Bite

Leaders. . .from page 6

test as a rough but workable easy way of choosing their leader segments. The reason this works is that the mass per length of the material changes fairly well with the pound tensile strength of the leader material.

5.) In his book, *LEFTY KREH'S ULTIMATE GUIDE TO FLY FISHING*, p. 182, Lefty presents and diagrams a very simplified way of looking at fly leader turnover as a function of the length of the tippet. (This follows the time honored "Kiss Principle").

For a more detailed discussion of leader construction for trout fishing, try *PRESENTATION*, by Gary Borger, pp. 178 - 183. (A book which I feel should never have been allowed to go out of print.)



Lily Pad

A photograph of a fly fisherman's hand holding a red fly reel. The reel is a classic design with a central hub and a series of spokes. The background is a sunset over water, with the sun low on the horizon and its reflection visible. A logo for "BLACK FLY" is visible in the upper right corner.

*Something good
is about to happen*

www.blackflyoutfitter.com

A photograph of a fisherman in a white shirt and shorts, standing in a marshy area and casting a fly. The fly is in the air, and the fisherman's rod is bent. The background shows a vast, flat landscape under a clear blue sky.

**FISH
HARD
FISH
WELL**

The Salty FEATHER