

**FIRST COAST FLY FISHERS**  
**November 2018**



*Educating, Restoring, Conserving through Fly Fishing*

# First Coast Fly Fishers November Highlights

Our November guest speaker was Emily Mauri. Emily, along with her husband Michael and their daughter Emma moved to Stuart, Florida in 2016 where they run [Mauri Fly Fishing LLC](#). A fly fishing-only and eco-tour guide service. During the meeting Emily discuss the diverse fishery in Stuart and St. Lucie.



During their short time in Stuart, Emily and Michael have witnessed first hand the devastating effects of declining water quality as a result of discharges from Lake Okeechobee. Alarmed at the visible decline of marine life, she vowed to focus her energy into learning more about the state of her local waters. Instantly, she was drawn toward the energy and increasing momentum of the grassroots organization, [bullsugar.org](#).

In December 2017, she elected to put her myriad of personal projects aside in order to devote all of her free time to this worthy cause. Through her unending efforts, Emily was honored to be given a national platform for her favorite cause by leading outdoor outfitter, Patagonia at several Fly Fishing Show's across the nation. She is forever grateful to be given the opportunity to spread awareness for a cause so near to her home and her heart.

The newly elected FCFF Board of Directors are in the process of planning for 2019 and they want your input. If you have suggestions or recommendations for meeting speakers or outing locations please contact President Elect Eric Kazmerchak at [FCFFoutings@gmail.com](mailto:FCFFoutings@gmail.com).

Mark your calendars, the Renzitti Fly Fishing and Rod Building Fair is December 7 and 8 at their facility in Titusville. The Club will be paying the entrance fee for all members planning to attend the fair on Saturday. More information about the Club's plans for attending the Fair will be available at the December meeting and in upcoming emails. For more information about the fair check out Renzitti's website [here](#).

We are saddened to report the passing of Lee Hinrichs. Lee was an avid fisherman and a long-time member of the First Coast Fly Fishers. He was a friend to all of us and will be greatly missed. Beginning on page 14 we pay tribute to the this gentlemen sportsman. Lee's family are in our thoughts and prayers.

The Club would like to wish everyone a Happy Thanksgiving. May your enjoy your time with family and friends.

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## On the Cover:

Past President Seth Nehrke with a Wyoming Rainbow  
Photograph by Past President Rob Benardo

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# Fly Lines:

## Is There Such A Thing As Standards Anymore?

by Matt Klara, *Big Sky Anglers Fly Shop, West Yellowstone, MT, USA*

**T**hirty years ago, if you walked into a fly shop to buy a fly 6-weight line, you'd read the line's product description and match the line's AFTMA (American Fishing Tackle Manufacturers Association) number to your rod weight. A 6-wt rod took a 6-wt line, simple. Those 'AFTMA numbers' reasonably assured you this new line would feel balanced for your rod.

Today, though, the 'number guide' system is no longer accurate, at least most of the time.

So, what's in a number, anyway, and when is a 6-weight line really an 8-weight line? The short answers are, not much -- and, more often than you might think.

But the long answers are more interesting, and maybe they can help you make a more informed decision about which modern fly line to buy from your local shop.

First, a history lesson. In 1959 fly tackle trade organizations like AFFTA (American Fly Fishing Trade Association) and AFTMA implemented devised a simplified method of labeling fly lines – a number system that referenced specific grain (or gram) categories for the front 30 feet of a fly line (minus the 18-inch level line). In theory, all 6-weight fly lines would weigh more or less the same under these standards.

Fly line manufacturers voluntarily complied with these standards by publishing the line's grain-weight-derived number on their products and in their advertising. If a line weighed 155 grains in the front 30 feet, e.g., it would be labeled a 6-weight line.

This system would bring some standardization to the labeling of fly rods,

too, making rod/line pairings easier (more on this later). The AFFTA Standard for single-hand fly lines (not Spey lines or shooting heads) remains the same to this day. See the AFFTA table below.

If you're like me, you'll want to print one of these out for your wallet or save the image in your smartphone. You'll see why in a minute.

### Where are we now?

The problem is that these 'standards' were recommendations only, so line manufacturers could choose to follow them – or not. Many did, for a while, but most manufacturers no longer do so.

In fact, the line-weight issue is so confusing to most fly anglers that it makes the choice of a well-balanced line difficult.

### What the... ?

I do a lot of research on fly lines and I've been exposed to a wide variety of line designs. In many fly lines, tapers, 30-foot head-weight measurements, total head

weights, head lengths, cores, and coatings vary WIDELY from line to line and brand to brand. I love taper diagrams, tables, and spreadsheets that might give me a hint about how a line will cast when paired with a given rod for a specific fishing approach. The more research I do, the more variations from the standard I find.

It can be downright confusing. For a new fly fisher, even for many fly industry people, it can seem like black magic.

Why doesn't the industry

**AFFTA Approved Fly Line Weight Specifications**

| Line Weight Rating | Ideal Target Weight * (grains) | Acceptable Weight Range * (grains) |
|--------------------|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1                  | 60                             | 54 - 66                            |
| 2                  | 80                             | 74 - 86                            |
| 3                  | 100                            | 94 - 106                           |
| 4                  | 120                            | 114 - 126                          |
| 5                  | 140                            | 134 - 146                          |
| 6                  | 160                            | 152 - 168                          |
| 7                  | 185                            | 177 - 193                          |
| 8                  | 210                            | 202 - 218                          |
| 9                  | 240                            | 230 - 250                          |
| 10                 | 280                            | 270 - 290                          |
| 11                 | 330                            | 318 - 342                          |
| 12                 | 380                            | 368 - 392                          |
| 13                 | 450                            | 435 - 465                          |
| 14                 | 500                            | 485 - 515                          |
| 15                 | 550                            | 535 - 565                          |

\* Weight is for the first 30 feet of line minus level tip



follow its own published standards? It's basically a game of finger pointing. Some say that modern, super-fast action graphite fly rods have become so stiff that a rod rated as a 6-wt really casts and flexes more like a 7-wt or 8-wt, despite its super-light feel in hand. As a result, line manufacturers have altered their numbering so their 6-wt line feels right on that new fast action 6-wt rod (even though it's really a mislabeled 7-wt or 8wt rod). Many in this camp would like to see a full revision of the AFFTA Standards that conforms more with our modern fast-action graphite rods that it did to historical fiberglass and cane rods (and others with slower actions that were the norm at the time the original standards were developed).

Others blame limited casting ability and the common desire for instant gratification without effort. They speculate that the public's generally poor casting skill has forced line manufacturers to create heavier and heavier fly lines so that those with limited casting ability can actually 'feel' something and get a cast out past the end of the driftboat oars.

The thing is, the reason for the departure from the standards isn't important. What IS important is you, as an angling consumer, are well enough informed to be able to make the right choice when it comes to your next big \$ fly line purchase. And that means knowing



### Your Brain on the AFFTA Standard



the right questions to ask at a fly shop or when you're talking to a line manufacturer.

### What are some things you need to know in order to get this right?

The good news is that modern graphite rods are typically designed with a progressive flex pattern, and are able to accommodate a variety of line weights both above and below their labeled rating, assuming the caster has a reasonable level of skill. So professional caster skills are not required to achieve functionality. The bad news is that your rod might not FEEL as sweet as you want it to without the optimal line on it.

In the past, there was always a lot of talk about up-lining stiff rods to get more flex and feel out of them. In many cases with modern lines, the manufacturers have essentially done that for you by creating a line labeled as a 6-wt that meets the AFFTA standards for a 7- or even an 8-wt rod. Be aware of this trend, because if you were used to up-lining in the past based on the AFFTA standard, and do that with a modern line that is already up-lined at the factory, you may end up with something way heavier than you wanted.

When you decide to buy a new fly line, first go to your local fly shop and talk with the in-house fly line nerd armed with an understanding of:

- 1)...what fly rod you own, and what the rod's action is (fast/stiff, medium-fast, medium, slow). Better, bring it to the shop.
- 2)...what type of fishing you do, and at what distances. If you are a small-water angler, nymph-er, long-distance dry fly guy, lake specialist, streamer junkie, etc., it will influence the line you choose.
- 3)...your casting ability level, currently, including power application, tracking, typical amount of line you like to carry in the air when casting, etc. Be honest with yourself.
- 4)...your goals for improving your casting ability. Everyone can get better.
- 5)...how you like to achieve distance. Do you like to carry a short line in the air and shoot line for distance or carry more line in the air and shoot less for distance?

You should also go into the fly shop ready to ask some questions about the fly line that they might suggest for

you. Fly line manufacturer websites can also be a good source of this information.

For weight forward fly lines, be prepared to ask:

- 1) What is the head length of the fly line?
- 2) How much does the first 30 feet of the head weigh (aka, the 30-foot weight)? And, how does that relate to the AFFTA Standard for that line weight.
- 3) How much does the total head weigh, assuming it is longer than 30 feet?
- 4) How does the fly line taper relate to my preferred fishing style and skill level? This is another can-of-worms topic that may need its own article. Just remember, even if the manufacturer names a line something like “salmon and steel-head” or “indicator,” it doesn’t mean those lines are necessarily bad for other types of fishing, including the fishing you do! Go at it with an open mind.
- 5) Are demo lines available try? This is the consumer’s ace in the hole. I recommend you ALWAYS cast a line before you buy it. Keep in mind, though, it is impractical, for a shop to have demos of very line they sell.

Without going down the rabbit hole of fly line taper design, if you can answer basic questions about your rod and your casting (the first list), and can get the answers to the questions about fly line choices (the second list), then you are ready to make an informed decision.

Follow these general guidelines to start. (Remember, if you can cast the line on your rod before you buy it, DO IT, and do it with a fly on leader rig that you intend to fish).

### Considerations for Buying A “Way Heavier” Fly Line Than the AFFTA Standard

‘Way heavier’ means something like a 30-foot weight equivalent to 1.5 or 2 line sizes heavier the AFFTA Standard. Consider a line of this type when you are:

- 1) A beginner level caster, and own a fast/stiff action rod
- 2) A caster who needs or likes to feel a lot of rod loading in order to cast your best, and own a fast/stiff action rod

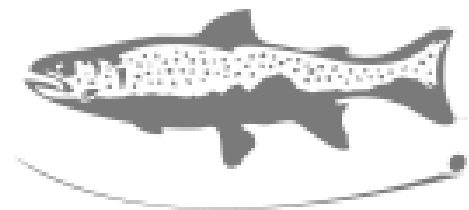
3) An intermediate or advanced level caster, own a fast/stiff action or medium fast action rod, and fish almost exclusively at very close range

4) Any level caster, and like to load the rod very quickly with minimal line out of the rod tip, and shoot to achieve distance. (As a side note, using a short, 30-foot long head fly line the equivalent to 2 lines sizes heavier than the AFFTA standard is essentially the definition of a “shooting head.”) You will sacrifice the ability to carry longer amounts of line in the air as a result of this choice.

### When to Consider a Line “A Bit Heavier” than the AFFTA Standard

‘A bit heavier’ means something like a 30-foot weight equivalent to 0.5 to 1 size above the AFFTA Standard. Consider a line of this type when you:

- 1) A beginner level caster, and own a medium or medium-fast action rod
- 2) A caster who needs or likes to feel a lot of rod loading in order to cast your best, and own a medium or medium-fast action rod
- 3) An intermediate level caster, and own a fast/stiff action rod



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- 4) A caster who needs or likes to feel some clear rod loading on shorter casts in order to cast your best, and own a fast/stiff action rod
- 5) An angler who primarily fishes at close to medium ranges (say 45 feet or less)
- 6) An angler who is happy with carrying a medium amount of line in the air and shooting for extra distance when it is called for.

### When to Consider a Line Weighing Similar to the AFFTA Standard

‘Similar to’ means a 30-foot weight within the AFFTA Acceptable Weight Range in the table on page 2. Consider a line of this type when you are:

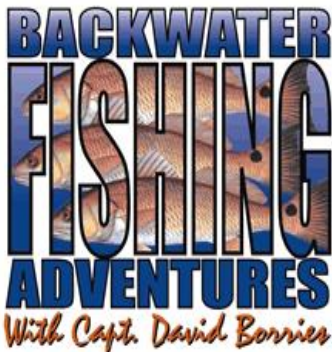
- 1) A beginner level caster, and own a slow-action rod
- 2) A caster who needs or likes to feel a lot of rod loading in order to cast your best, and own a slow-action rod  
an intermediate-level caster, and own a medium-action rod
- 3) A caster who needs or likes to feel some clear rod loading on shorter casts in order to cast your best, and own a medium-action rod
- 4) An advanced level caster, and own a fast/stiff-action rod
- 5) A caster who is ok with feeling minimal rod loading on short range casts and can still cast your best, and own a fast or medium-fast action rod

- 6) An angler who regularly fishes at medium to longer ranges (say 45 feet or more) and is capable of adjusting power application for shorter casts to still achieve good results
- 7) An angler who likes to carry a longer amount of line in the air and shoot less for extra distance, or an angler looking to both carry a long amount of line in the air and shoot significant line for extra distance. (Note that for the latter case the overall head length and fly line taper design you choose will be of utmost importance).

I hope that this information makes choosing a new fly line a simpler and that you are able to find the joy that is a properly paired rod/line combination that meets your casting and fishing style.

### About the Author:

Matt Klara is a stream/river restoration engineer Media Manager & Strike Indicator for Big Sky Anglers fly shop in West Yellowstone, Montana. He has been a regular writer and contributor on Sexyloops.com since 2007. He is an angler, boater, gardener, husband, father, and all around nature nerd. He enjoys sharing his knowledge and observations of fly fishing, casting, and tying through words and pictures. This article has appeared in various iterations on both of those Blogs. Contact him at [mklara@bigskyanglers.com](mailto:mklara@bigskyanglers.com)



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Be sure to check out Sawn Abernathy's article on North Florida's own Vaughn Cochran in the November/December issue of *Tail Fly Fishing Magazine*. Available at a fly shop or bookstore near you.



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# Casting for Recovery

**O**n Veterans Day, members of the First Coast Fly Fishers had the pleasure and honor of participating in Casting for Recovery's (CfR) Veterans Day retreat at the Keystone Camp in Starke, Florida. This retreat was held exclusively for female veterans and active duty servicewomen with breast cancer. Fourteen women of all ages, and in all states of breast cancer treatment or recovery came together for the three day event.

CfR's retreat combine education and peer support with the therapeutic sport of fly fishing. Fly fishing serves as an outlet for women coping with the challenges of their military and cancer experience, and provides a simple, authentic connection with nature.

Each retreat ends with a half day of guided catch-and-release fly fishing. Nine members of the First Coast Fly Fishers volunteered to guide a woman at this inaugural

retreat and share their passion for the outdoors and fly fishing.

## *Why fly fishing and breast cancer?*

For women who have had surgery or radiation as part of their breast cancer treatment, the gentle motion of fly casting can be good physical therapy for increasing mobility in the arm and upper body. Couple that with the emotional benefits of connecting with nature, and you've got powerful medicine. CfR retreats are unconventional and described by many women as life-changing.

For over 20 years, women from all walks of life have benefitted from CfR's inspiring program model. Since 1996, Casting for Recovery has held close to 700 retreats and served more than 9000 women nationwide. To learn more, visit: [www.CastingForRecovery.org](http://www.CastingForRecovery.org).









Thanks to Bob Connery, Richard Clark, Chan Ritchie, Greg Durrance, Jodi Slapcinsky, David Lambert, John Halvorsen, Dick Michaelson and Jason Sheasley for lending support to Cfr's Veterans Day Retreat.




**ADOPT-A-SNOOK**  
**PARTNERSHIP FOR RED TIDE RECOVERY**  
 #RELEASETHEMFOR TOMORROW

Coastal Conservation Association Florida has joined with partners Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission and Mote Marine Laboratory to address the loss to the snook population on the southwest coast as a result of the 2018 red tide.

The two-year initiative includes raising and releasing 10,000 hatchery-reared juvenile snook along Florida's southwest coast and will launch in April 2019 at a cost of over \$440,000. To support the enhancement project, CCA Florida has renewed the Adopt-A-Snook program, allowing anglers and businesses the opportunity to join in the rebuilding efforts.

Donors will receive an adoption certificate including the tag number and release location for their adopted juvenile snook. Donors will also receive updates on their fish based on the data collected from the passive integrated transponder (PIT) tags on each fish. The PIT tags which will transmit data to Mote marine scientists through 2021.

The juvenile snook (approx. 4" in length) will be released in the spring of 2019 because survival rates of hatchery reared Common Snook are highest during this time period. To enable a spring release, the broodstock Snook at Mote's Aquaculture Park will be spawned in October 2018.

One hundred percent of the donations will go towards the rearing, tagging, releasing, monitoring, growth and studying the snook.



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“The solution to any problem - work, love, money, whatever - is to go fishing, and the worse the problem, the longer the trip should be.”

*John Gierach*  
Author

# Remembering Lee Hinrichs

**E**arlier this month, we lost a long-time member of the Club. Lee Hinrichs passed peacefully on Saturday November 10th surrounded by his family. Lee was 84. Originally from southwestern Nebraska, Lee was an Air Force veteran and received his DVM from Colorado State University. He began practicing veterinary medicine in Jacksonville in the mid-1960s. He was known as one of the finest surgeons in the South East.

Lee was a passionate fly fisherman. If you were fortunate enough to share a boat with him, Lee's enthusiasm for fishing was contagious. Lee also shared his passion for fishing with the Club. He served on the Board of Directors for several years.

Long-time friend Dick Michaelson remembers Lee this way:

*Lee was one of those people who was just a joy to be with, fishing or doing something else. Fishing with Lee was like fishing with a very old kid. Ha!! He never lost the excitement of going fishing and it was contagious. Lee could fish from daylight to dark if you let him. Sometimes if Lee was not up to fishing, he would call me and just want me to tell him a good fishing story. If he could not go fishing he still want to hear about my trips. I will always remember Lee as fisherman, a gentlemen and a very good friend that shared my passion of fly fishing. Some of my best times fishing was with Lee and I will miss you Lee. I love you buddy.*

Lee was a gentleman and a sportsman. He will be missed by all those that knew him. Our thoughts and prayers are with Lee's family.



# Graveyard Bones

By David Lambert, MCI

Authors Note: Lee and I bunked together and fished together for 3-4 days in the Islands. He was a class act, always. I've known him a long time. He was never anything but gracious and giving. Recently, Dick Michaelson and I helped him around his house. It involved jacking one corner of it up and securing a rotted corner. Lee was jonesing the whole time to jump in and help. He wasn't fishing much the, but he wanted to talk fish - when, where, how many, who. He fished hard and he fished well.

As I said, a gentleman. He was a pleasure to know and he took much from life, all the way to the end.

Rest well Lee.

“**B**ones don ea' now, letta' mebe,” Graveyard Burrows says.

What he means is: “Bonefish in the Abacos can be very picky; sometimes they'll take a fly, other times they can't be tempted. Maybe we'll get a shot at this school later in the day.”

Or something like it. Graveyard Burrows is our guide and he is no talker. I don't get it exact because I'm busy Fed Ex-ing a cast to the fannies 100 bonefish that vanish into the crystal waters of the eastern edge of The Marls in the Abacos, Bahamas.

Graveyard Burrows is a Scrooge with words; he hoards them, dispenses them in muttered bursts, staccato offerings. This is a bloom of information from an otherwise taciturn 63-year-old Bahamian.

“Der be mo',” Graveyard grunts. We take this to mean that we will have plenty of opportunities to test our casting mettle and our fish fighting skills.

He's right, of course. We have lots of shots and we relearn to see these fish. Seeing bones is no easy task. A bonefish's God-gift is his camouflage, a silvered body reflective and deceptive as any sideshow mirror, designed to shroud him in local color.

Hide in plain sight. That's the plan.

A bonefish uses his patrimony well. He knows that bottom irregularities and sea grasses, hidden by a sparkly tat of wind ripples, will fool a bonefisher every

time. Couple that with a glaring sea, breathless skies, and buck fever, and a bonefish's odds go up. Way up. What a bonefish can't hide is his movement . . . and his shadow, movements askew. By the end of the first day our tallies are moderate. Fishing partner Lee Hinrichs and I catch six bones each, but we get the picture, we understand the plan.

*Day Two*

Maybe I had too many local brews last night. Or maybe nine hours in yesterday's sun caused a foot fault in my synaptic leaps. Either way, the irony of fishing for 'bones' with a man named Graveyard doesn't hit me until we're well into the 35-minute run from Rickmon's Bonefish Lodge to Moore's Island. It's the second day and the Caribbean is the green color of an old six-cent coke bottle.

The motor and the gentle jostling have lulled me to sleep.

I sleep braced against the bow of Graveyard's 20-foot “panga,” a spare and sparse craft. Missing are the button-down accouterments of modern flats boat; no comfort seats, no poling platform, no custom coolers, electronics, or graphite pole.

This is a working boat that pretty much reflects its owner. No \$90 fishing shirt here. No up-downer hat. A ratty black ball cap shields Graveyard's eyes. His concessions to modern-day fly fishing are polarized glasses and Simms wading boots, which he tosses in the back with the oil cans and spare gas.

Graveyard poles his panga from the stern gunwale. Bonefish are easier to see if he's elevated. And in skinny water. This boat gets shallow. “How shallow can it get?” I ask.

“We can go 'til da boot stop,” Graveyard says. His teeth show. He smiles. His answer is glaring, obvious. I feel stupid. He's gotten me and he likes it.

I like it, too.

Approaching Moore's Island, the bottom changes to a patchwork of olives, tans, and creams. Grass interspersed with sand blended with something that looks





like coconut shavings. The fish will be tough to see here.

“No schoolies on dis flat. See fish hea’, dey bigga’,” Graveyard says of Moore’s Island. Ahead in the grass are the first of hundreds of big starfish, 14 inches point to point. They sport the hey-look-at-me colors of a whore--candy-apple reds, oranges, russets.

Breeze ripples the water. We wait. More starfish. It’s tough finding fish over the grass.

But Graveyard has a plan and he’s poling us to it.

Ahead, the grass ends abruptly and the color shifts from greens and olives to a sandy white. The transition makes a seam, an edge. Fish like edges. The water gets thinner, clearer. The sand accumulates and forms a flat. This flat takes its color from the pastels of conch shells, a Dreamsicle orange sand the Bahamians call red. It melts away to a creamy/buttery sand, to sandy white,



**Lee and Graveyard**

then back to Dreamsicle. Ahead against the bottom we see the broken, ashen silhouettes of sharks patrolling the flats.

“Shoks goo’,” Graveyard says, “Don’ see no shoks, don’ see bones.”

We like sharks. These guys are smaller, two or three feet, unlike the nurse sharks we’ll see mating later in the day.

“Nussies cootin’,” Graveyard will say when we see a couple of seven footers flopping in ankle deep water 300 feet from our lodge. ‘Cootin’ means boinking, mating.

When the bonefish show on this flat, they show in twos and threes. As promised, they’re bigger. By mid-morning we’ve seen only four or five gangs of bones. We snag a couple of them, but Graveyard doesn’t like the showing and suggests we move on.

We move to a satellite key where the fish are more cooperative, more susceptible to the charms of a nicely presented fly. Here the fish are bigger, too -- four and five pounders. We fool a few, but we keep our eyes on a massive thunder anvil to the east. It stabs bolts at the Bahamian seascape, and it’s rushing closer.

Graveyard suggests we run back to ‘The Edge.’

“Mebe dem bones cum bok,” Graveyard says.

I’m happy to run; I don’t trust lightning and, while he doesn’t say, I don’t think Graveyard does either.

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Graveyard’s panga steps up three inches on the bow. I fish barefoot, wrap my toes and stand on the balls of my feet to improve my view of ‘The Edge.’ I’m looking at my toes when Graveyard shouts.

“Puh-MIT,” Graveyard says fast, stressing the last syllable. Puh-MIT. Permit!

Permit are a bonus fish in the Abacos. Not that many anglers see them; fewer bring one to the boat. This is a big fish, 25-30 pounds, with an eye the size of a Krystal burger. Crab flies will fool them, but we’re not rigged with crab flies. I get one short shot and a good look broadside before he vanishes.

Then, 15 feet out from the grass, fish movement.

“Nudda puh-MIT,” Graveyard says. This one sees us and scoots off while we play Keystone Kops with our

rods.

Behind us the storm mounts. We bolt, but the storm has more horsepower. It surrounds us, engulfs us, blinds us. By the time we punch through, Lee has found out that his rain gear doesn't work. He doesn't complain, but he's taking on lots of water.

Graveyard blinks bare-eyed in the rain. I think he thinks this is a bad day of fishing. Rained out before lunch. Not too many fish seen, only a couple caught. I think this a great day of fishing. I tell him neither Lee nor I fish for numbers, but he knows I'm lying. Hell, even I know I'm lying. Still, it's a great day at the park.

Tomorrow I will have a puh-MIT fly on a second rod, I vow silently. Lee shows up with a crab fly the next day, too.

### *Day Three*

I awake early by Bahamian standards. I'm up by 5:30, looking at the sky. Clouds to the north look like they'll hold. The morning has an edge, a promise. By 6:30 other fly fishers, men and women, have gathered on the seaside deck. It looks good. We're excited as the last day of school.

The guides show up one by one and hoist the lunch coolers for the 100-yard walk through the sand. Lee carries my stuff and I help Graveyard with the cooler. It's Father's Day and Graveyard's son, Ricardo, shows up to give his dad a big hug.

"Hapy Fadda Dey," Ricardo says. He's one of Graveyard's 12 children. Ricardo is serious about his hug and I can tell he likes his old man.

"You, too," Graveyard says, laughing. He has 23 grandchildren, eight of which are Ricardo's.

This day we're running back to the Marls, to a key farther north.

It's 9 o'clock by the time we reach our first flat. The key we're fishing is desolate and ruined, mangrove sticks and roots, a gift from a bad-ass hurricane named Floyd. The wind isn't a whisper. The bones come, first in small schools, then by the hundreds. Lee and I tied the perfect flies the night before. Our quivers are full. We begin to catch bones, a few at first, then dozens. The schools keep coming. Lee wades calf deep while I cast on tiptoe from the bow. One fish takes me under Graveyard's closet-rod pole, then under the motor's lower unit. I can't stop him and my rod is bent to the

breaking point; this fish is serious about his escape. I scamper down the gunwales and try to change angles, but it's no use. I make a desperate lunge out of the boat into the water. If this doesn't work, my rod's toast. It works. I jump in time. When I boat this fish, I'm amazed to see that he's just over three pounds, a real speedster. He's been working out.

Back on the bow I spot a shadow, a form 70 feet out. It's a big one. Like the puh-MIT, it moves at us from head on. I look at Graveyard.

"B'cuda" he says. I can tell he's unsure. We continue to look.

"Tapon," Graveyard says urgently. "Tink it tapon!" Tarpon!

I give him a good shot, lead him by three or four feet. He closes and keeps moving, unruffled. I fire out another cast. Now he's parallel to us, 20 feet away. I can see his eye. It sees me back and moves away to find a less crowded aisle of the market.

I figured it for a visual grand slam. Bonefish, permit, tarpon. I tell Graveyard I'm happy just to see these fish.



**Graveyard and Lee on the Move**

Again, he knows I'm lying.

Again, so do I.

---

Rain builds quick and nasty on the third day. The squall takes a bowl shape, swings around to flank us. Graveyard suggests we pull up stakes, maybe stop to fish at Crossing Rock if we beat the rains. So we run, but we can't hide. The rains overtake us. Lee and I hunker down, he in his drippy slicker, and we punch into the fray.

Fifteen minutes later, nearly a mile from Crossing Rock flats, we find a hole in the clouds and pull up. Graveyard surveys the flats, but doesn't like what he sees. Two boats.

The flat stretches for miles, but two boats is too many for Graveyard Burrows. Crowds and a gathering grum-



**Lee with one of Graveyard's Bones**

ble from the gunmetal sky cause Graveyard to fire up once more.

It's a smooth run back and I start to nod off. Twenty minutes into the drone I awake with a start. Graveyard has cut the engine; he wheels the boat.

"Muds," he says, "Look roun'."

I see the water has turned cloudy, white really, like a quarter acre of tobacco cloth spread on top. In front of the muds, unseen fish are nosing the bottom, rooting for crabs. The muds are easy to fish, but current, winds and the vagaries of forage make staying with them a problem.

Lee moves forward, fires out a cast. Three strips and he's into a fine bonefish, six or seven pounds, the biggest yet. We take fish on every cast. Not just bones, either. We get our share of horse-eye jack and blue runners, too, before the clouds catch us. Then the winds cool and the lightning starts popping near us on two sides.

Four times we move to keep up with the mudding school. Thunder pounds us steadily and the rain falls in clumps. Graveyard is getting a lot of use of his old slicker, and he appears resigned to the lightning. The catch stays on and we stay with it, hoping the storm will swing to our southeast.

Then a rogue tongue of blinding electricity bangs next to us. It rattles our ears. Ozone close we say. The hairs prickle on your neck and you know you've stayed too long.

"Go now," Graveyard shouts as he powers up. "De' bone be dea letta'." What he means is he is not interested in becoming a fried meal for these fish, that they can be found in more pleasant weather, and perhaps we should call it a day.

I'm getting better; I understand every word.



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# Amazing Encounter--Florida Biologists Look Back on Shark/Tarpon Encounter at Boca Grande

**F**ishing for tarpon is always exciting, but on June 16, 2003, researchers from the Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission's (FWC) Florida Marine Research Institute (FMRI) witnessed a particularly amazing, and most likely, once-in-a-lifetime event.

For roughly eight weeks, FMRI biologists had been riding with charter boat captains in Boca Grande Pass. As part of a Catch-and-Release Mortality Study, the captains and their clients allowed the FMRI scientists to place a sonic tag on the first tarpon landed on their boats. Anglers from around the world know that Boca Grande Pass is a great place to land tarpon. During the peak of the tarpon season, as many as 100 boats at a time can crowd the pass. Sharks, major predators on tarpon, also know that Boca Grande Pass is a good place to hunt the fish.

The morning of June 16 was chaotic. Tarpon were biting everywhere. Anglers all over the pass were yelling, "Fish on," as tarpon hit their lines. FMRI researchers were watching a 20 ft flats boat. At the center console, the captain expertly maneuvered the boat in the pass to allow his client in the fighting chair to land a tarpon. The angler hooked a tarpon, and the biologists watched as the silver king burst from the water into midair, clearing the water and the bow of the boat by as much as three feet! The angler, reeling furiously to land his prize, barely noticed that a 9 ft bull shark had followed the massive tarpon out of the water. The shark also flew through the air, clearing the boat by at least two feet.

In the ensuing seconds, the tarpon plunged into the water on the other side of the boat, but the shark came up short, landing on the boat instead of in the water! For



one breathless moment, the shark lay curled in a half circle, its head resting on the platform near the angler's chair and its tail against the captain's console. Onlookers gasped as the shark flashed a toothy grin and bounced itself over the side of the boat and back into the water. Fortunately, no one was hurt, and nothing was broken. Everyone aboard the flats boat was understandably shaken, and all of the stunned onlookers took home an amazing fish tale.

*Prior to July 1, 2004, the Fish and Wildlife Research Institute (FWRI) was known as the Florida Marine Research Institute. The institute name has not been changed in historical articles and articles that directly reference work done by the Florida Marine Research Institute.*

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# Guru Series II Fly Fishing Reel

So far, no one has managed to answer all of the trivia questions correctly. But you don't have to have all the answers. You just need more than the other guy in order to lay your hands on **Lamson Guru Series II Fly Fishing Reel** to be giving away at the end of the year. If you haven't signed up for the trivia contest, be sure to do so today.

Here is the November Question...

## The November Question

Who caught the first bonefish on regulation fly tackle?

## The November Bonus Question

What was the name of the fly to catch the bonefish in question?



Email your answers to the Newsletter Editor at [fccffnewsletter@gmail.com](mailto:fccffnewsletter@gmail.com).

Each participant will be awarded 1 point for each correct answer. You do not lose points for incorrect answers.

Half-a-point (0.5) will be awarded for each correct answer to the bonus question. However, in order to receive credit for the bonus question, you must answer the monthly question correctly.

## Florida: FWC, Partners Discuss Enhanced Red Tide Response

Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission (FWC) and Florida Department of Environmental Protection leadership met with county partners to discuss continued red tide response, including enhanced testing efforts, technology and equipment to support impacted communities.

Gov. Rick Scott announced that \$765,000 will go toward funding additional FWC scientists and field and laboratory equipment to support efforts to mitigate the impacts of naturally-occurring red tide.

Gov. Scott also announced that DEP has committed nearly \$1.3 million in grant funding to Atlantic coast communities to support efforts to mitigate the impacts of red tide. This includes a commitment of more than \$522,000 to Indian River, \$500,000 to Palm Beach, \$100,000 to St. Lucie, almost \$75,000 to Brevard and \$100,000 to Miami-Dade counties.

Support from Gov. Scott and teamwork among partners has been critical in responding to this event to protect public health, support communities, and conserve fish, wildlife and their habitats.



FWC Executive Director, Eric Sutton

## NOVEMBER 2018 TIDES JACKSONVILLE (MAYPORT BAR PILOT DOCK)

| DATE       | TIME         | HEIGHT | DATE       | TIME         | HEIGHT  | DATE       | TIME         | HEIGHT  |
|------------|--------------|--------|------------|--------------|---------|------------|--------------|---------|
| 11/1/2018  | Thu 3:31 AM  | 4.87 H | 11/15/2018 | Thu 2:07 PM  | 4.61 H  | 11/23/2018 | Fri 8:19 AM  | 5.78 H  |
| 11/1/2018  | Thu 9:21 AM  | 0.77 L | 11/15/2018 | Thu 8:27 PM  | 1.22 L  | 11/23/2018 | Fri 2:18 PM  | 0.12 L  |
| 11/1/2018  | Thu 4:01 PM  | 5.47 H | 11/16/2018 | Fri 2:32 AM  | 4.26 H  | 11/23/2018 | Fri 8:41 PM  | 4.98 H  |
| 11/1/2018  | Thu 10:08 PM | 0.75 L | 11/16/2018 | Fri 8:33 AM  | 1.39 L  | 11/24/2018 | Sat 2:19 AM  | -0.22 L |
| 11/2/2018  | Fri 4:39 AM  | 5.04 H | 11/16/2018 | Fri 3:03 PM  | 4.56 H  | 11/24/2018 | Sat 9:05 AM  | 5.87 H  |
| 11/2/2018  | Fri 10:27 AM | 0.68 L | 11/16/2018 | Fri 9:15 PM  | 1.11 L  | 11/24/2018 | Sat 3:04 PM  | 0.07 L  |
| 11/2/2018  | Fri 5:06 PM  | 5.49 H | 11/17/2018 | Sat 3:30 AM  | 4.38 H  | 11/24/2018 | Sat 9:29 PM  | 4.94 H  |
| 11/2/2018  | Fri 11:05 PM | 0.58 L | 11/17/2018 | Sat 9:29 AM  | 1.29 L  | 11/25/2018 | Sun 3:05 AM  | -0.23 L |
| 11/3/2018  | Sat 5:43 AM  | 5.3 H  | 11/17/2018 | Sat 3:58 PM  | 4.59 H  | 11/25/2018 | Sun 9:54 AM  | 5.86 H  |
| 11/3/2018  | Sat 11:29 AM | 0.55 L | 11/17/2018 | Sat 10:01 PM | 0.95 L  | 11/25/2018 | Sun 3:52 PM  | 0.09 L  |
| 11/3/2018  | Sat 6:06 PM  | 5.55 H | 11/18/2018 | Sun 4:26 AM  | 4.59 H  | 11/25/2018 | Sun 10:20 PM | 4.87 H  |
| 11/3/2018  | Sat 11:59 PM | 0.4 L  | 11/18/2018 | Sun 10:22 AM | 1.14 L  | 11/26/2018 | Mon 3:54 AM  | -0.13 L |
| 11/4/2018  | Sun 5:40 AM  | 5.58 H | 11/18/2018 | Sun 4:49 PM  | 4.66 H  | 11/26/2018 | Mon 10:45 AM | 5.77 H  |
| 11/4/2018  | Sun 11:28 AM | 0.4 L  | 11/18/2018 | Sun 10:45 PM | 0.74 L  | 11/26/2018 | Mon 4:45 PM  | 0.18 L  |
| 11/4/2018  | Sun 6:00 PM  | 5.58 H | 11/19/2018 | Mon 5:16 AM  | 4.85 H  | 11/26/2018 | Mon 11:13 PM | 4.79 H  |
| 11/4/2018  | Sun 11:51 PM | 0.23 L | 11/19/2018 | Mon 11:13 AM | 0.94 L  | 11/27/2018 | Tue 4:49 AM  | 0.03 L  |
| 11/5/2018  | Mon 6:32 AM  | 5.82 H | 11/19/2018 | Mon 5:37 PM  | 4.76 H  | 11/27/2018 | Tue 11:39 AM | 5.61 H  |
| 11/5/2018  | Mon 12:23 PM | 0.28 L | 11/19/2018 | Mon 11:29 PM | 0.51 L  | 11/27/2018 | Tue 5:43 PM  | 0.27 L  |
| 11/5/2018  | Mon 6:50 PM  | 5.58 H | 11/20/2018 | Tue 6:03 AM  | 5.13 H  | 11/28/2018 | Wed 12:10 AM | 4.72 H  |
| 11/6/2018  | Tue 12:39 AM | 0.11 L | 11/20/2018 | Tue 12:02 PM | 0.7 L   | 11/28/2018 | Wed 5:51 AM  | 0.22 L  |
| 11/6/2018  | Tue 7:22 AM  | 5.97 H | 11/20/2018 | Tue 6:23 PM  | 4.85 H  | 11/28/2018 | Wed 12:36 PM | 5.41 H  |
| 11/6/2018  | Tue 1:13 PM  | 0.2 L  | 11/21/2018 | Wed 12:11 AM | 0.27 L  | 11/28/2018 | Wed 6:45 PM  | 0.33 L  |
| 11/6/2018  | Tue 7:37 PM  | 5.51 H | 11/21/2018 | Wed 6:48 AM  | 5.39 H  | 11/29/2018 | Thu 1:11 AM  | 4.68 H  |
| 11/7/2018  | Wed 1:24 AM  | 0.07 L | 11/21/2018 | Wed 12:48 PM | 0.47 L  | 11/29/2018 | Thu 7:00 AM  | 0.36 L  |
| 11/7/2018  | Wed 8:08 AM  | 6.02 H | 11/21/2018 | Wed 7:09 PM  | 4.93 H  | 11/29/2018 | Thu 1:37 PM  | 5.21 H  |
| 11/7/2018  | Wed 2:01 PM  | 0.2 L  | 11/22/2018 | Thu 12:53 AM | 0.05 L  | 11/29/2018 | Thu 7:48 PM  | 0.31 L  |
| 11/7/2018  | Wed 8:23 PM  | 5.39 H | 11/22/2018 | Thu 7:33 AM  | 5.62 H  | 11/30/2018 | Fri 2:17 AM  | 4.71 H  |
| 11/8/2018  | Thu 2:07 AM  | 0.12 L | 11/22/2018 | Thu 1:33 PM  | 0.26 L  | 11/30/2018 | Fri 8:09 AM  | 0.41 L  |
| 11/8/2018  | Thu 8:53 AM  | 5.97 H | 11/22/2018 | Thu 7:54 PM  | 4.97 H  | 11/30/2018 | Fri 2:41 PM  | 5.04 H  |
| 11/8/2018  | Thu 2:47 PM  | 0.28 L | 11/23/2018 | Fri 1:36 AM  | -0.12 L | 11/30/2018 | Fri 8:47 PM  | 0.24 L  |
| 11/8/2018  | Thu 9:06 PM  | 5.22 H |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/9/2018  | Fri 2:48 AM  | 0.26 L |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/9/2018  | Fri 9:36 AM  | 5.83 H |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/9/2018  | Fri 3:31 PM  | 0.45 L |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/9/2018  | Fri 9:49 PM  | 5.02 H |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/10/2018 | Sat 3:28 AM  | 0.46 L |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/10/2018 | Sat 10:18 AM | 5.62 H |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/10/2018 | Sat 4:16 PM  | 0.65 L |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/10/2018 | Sat 10:31 PM | 4.8 H  |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/11/2018 | Sun 4:08 AM  | 0.71 L |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/11/2018 | Sun 10:59 AM | 5.38 H |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/11/2018 | Sun 5:02 PM  | 0.88 L |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/11/2018 | Sun 11:13 PM | 4.59 H |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/12/2018 | Mon 4:51 AM  | 0.96 L |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/12/2018 | Mon 11:41 AM | 5.13 H |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/12/2018 | Mon 5:51 PM  | 1.07 L |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/12/2018 | Mon 11:57 PM | 4.42 H |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/13/2018 | Tue 5:39 AM  | 1.18 L |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/13/2018 | Tue 12:25 PM | 4.91 H |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/13/2018 | Tue 6:43 PM  | 1.2 L  |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/14/2018 | Wed 12:44 AM | 4.29 H |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/14/2018 | Wed 6:34 AM  | 1.34 L |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/14/2018 | Wed 1:14 PM  | 4.73 H |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/14/2018 | Wed 7:36 PM  | 1.25 L |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/15/2018 | Thu 1:36 AM  | 4.23 H |            |              |         |            |              |         |
| 11/15/2018 | Thu 7:34 AM  | 1.41 L |            |              |         |            |              |         |



**So long Lee. We will miss you!**