



The Tampa Bay Fly Fishing Club

www.tbffc.org

Next Meeting: Wednesday, June 01, 2011, 5:30 p.m.

Special Guest Speaker

Susan Young



Susan belongs to the West Palm Beach Fishing Club, the Coastal Conservation Association, the Florida Paddling Trails Association, the Florida Outdoor Writers Association, and the Southeastern Outdoor Press Association. She grew up fishing, sailing and canoeing in the Tampa Bay area in the 1970's. While living in upstate South Carolina, Susan was also a member of Trout Unlimited. She kayaked and flyfished for rainbow trout on Lake Jocassee, and also sight-fished at Jones

Gap. Susan has authored a guidebook, "25 Kayak & Canoe Trips in East-Central Florida." Her next planned kayaking guidebook is for the greater Tampa Bay area.

Susan will be speaking on kayaking as an unusually good way to transport ourselves stealthily to some of the best freshwater and inshore saltwater fly fishing locations.

Featured Fly Tier

Jeff Janecek

Our tyer for this month is Jeff Janecek. He has demonstrated several fly patterns in the past. This time Jeff will be letting his onlookers choose which fly he will tie. Jeff will bring a set of his favorites, and whoever speaks up first will get to choose which one Jeff will tie first. It could be a leech pattern that was effective in 30 degree Carolina weather with 2 ft of snow on the ground. Or, it could be one of the flies he used to win the Carl Hanson tournament (twice) on the Hillsborough River. How about a fly that works great in freshwater lakes? Come, choose, and tie along with Jeff!

Directions to Our Meetings: **From I-75**---Take Bruce B. Downs exit from I-75; go west 2 miles to traffic light, turn left onto Tampa Palms Blvd., then left on Compton Drive, and right at Compton Park. **From I-275**---Take Bearss East to Bruce. B. Downs; then Bruce B. Downs east/north to Tampa Palms Blvd. Rt. on Tampa Palms, then left on Compton Drive and right at Compton Park

MAY 2011 PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE

Dear Flyfishers,

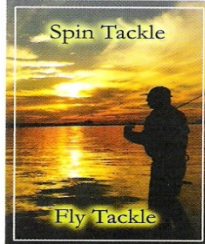
Welcome to June and hope you are enjoying the not-too-hot weather and getting in some quality fly fishing. This is a great time of year with many species on the move. Check out our fishing report and get out there!

Thanks to **Bryon and Nick** for speaking and tying last month - informative and enjoyable as always.

Thanks to **Lloyd Bull** for another of his fishing tips. Lloyd remains an example and inspiration for all.

I will miss the next meeting and look forward to seeing you all in July.

Take care and tight lines. //Walt 



The Fly Guy

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The next meeting of the TBFFC Board of Directors will be at 6:00 P.M. on Wednesday, June 8 at Byblos Café, 2832 S. McDill

NOT GETTING THE NEWSLETTER? Please call Dick Miekka, Editor, at 727-866-8682 or e-mail to dmiekka@cs.com

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TBFFC EVENTS

2010 TBFFC MEETING DATES

Here are the meeting dates for 2011; June 1, July 6, August 3, September 7, October 5, November 2, December 7 **Please watch this space for any changes.**

JULY OUTING TO BE HELD AT MILLNS'

When: Saturday, July 16, 9:30 a.m. until 2:00 p.m. (Note: date and times to be confirmed in July.)

What: Come and try a bit of fresh water fishing on a private lake.

How to get there: Maps will be available to those who sign up at the July Club meeting.

What else: Lunch will be served.

This will be a rare opportunity to fish on private waters with very low fishing pressure and naïve fish.

Our 2010 outing at John's camp was a rousing success, so plan to attend, and chase away the dog days of summer!

AN INVITATION TO NEW MEMBERS FROM JEFF JANECEK

Welcome to the Tampa Bay Fly Fishing Club

By now you probably have a lot of questions. Deciding what gear to buy, that's right for you, picking out your first rod or kayak, learning casting (how everyone makes it look so darn easy), which flies to use, how to tie them, what knot to make sure your not tossing your flies away, where to go throw them, what to do once your out fishing, to landing your first fish on the fly rod (priceless). Fear not...help is but a phone call or e-mail away. Being a new member to any club can be uncomfortable. Two words...don't be. We are a family of flyfishers who love the sport. We like to promote it and share any knowledge we have with members.

This is where Jeff Janecek comes in. Jeff loves to fish. He has tyed many "flies of the month." He has won the Carl Hanson fishing trophy twice. He is kidded by his fishing buddies that he can catch fish out of a mud puddle. He can help answer questions you might have, and if he can't, he will find out for you at the next meeting. Don't be bashful. He wouldn't have offered if he didn't want you to contact him. You will learn and have fun at the same time. The next meeting it could be you giving a good fishing report. Once again welcome to your club!

Jeff Janecek can be contacted at 352-588-3866 or 400exjl@ij.net

SUNCOAST FLY FISHERS

www.suncoastflyfishers.com

Regular Meetings: 6:30pm on the Third Thursday of each month, **except December**, at Walter Fuller Recreation Center, 7883 26th Ave. N., St. Pete.

MANGROVE COAST FLY FISHERS

www.mangrovecoastflyfishers.com

NOTE: Newer Location for MCFF Club meetings - **Twin Lakes Park**. The entrance to Twin Lakes Park in Sarasota is located on Clark Road, just 1/2 mile east of I-75, on the south (right) side of the road. Contact website above for details and directions.



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TIPS FOR TBFFC – No. 36

Casting Tip for TBFFC: 19

Is it ever appropriate to stand with your casting foot forward?

Some distance casters will use this method, or may end up this way after using their body and shifting from a position where they begin with the casting foot back. You should try different stances in fishing situations. A fast moving river with slippery rocks will cause you to stand many different ways. Placing your casting foot forward is often more comfortable when casting to the opposite side. It may be helpful when a right-handed caster makes a reach cast to the left as in many trout situations to prevent drag and extend drift.

Pat Damico, MCI 

Frank Sargeant Tells Us to Get to the Bottom of Things

(Excerpted from an article published on tbo.com)

The fish don't have a chance anymore.

Thanks to increasingly sophisticated views of the world below the surface, the secrets of areas like Tampa Bay are becoming an open book.

The most recent edition of Bay Soundings, published in Pinellas Park by the Tampa Bay Regional Planning Council, (www.baysoundings.com) includes a feature on new 3-D underwater websites that give a look at the bottom of Tampa Bay in remarkable detail.

Anglers seeking trout off Pinellas Point will find it extremely useful to realize that the grass flats here extend close to a mile offshore. And those looking for the big black drum that gather around the Clam Bar east of the Skyway at times can pick out the exact location of the cuts and edges through this long, curving shoal.

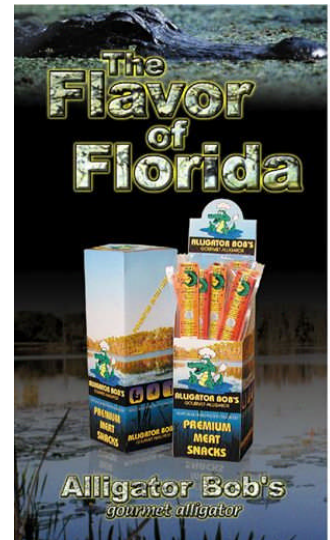
For those after bottom species including gags and mangrove snapper, the maps are even more helpful. All bottom-fishermen are aware of the deep shipping channel cuts through Tampa Bay, marked by the large red and green buoys that guide the ships—and there are plenty of fish in "the ditch" itself. But areas that are fished less, and thus can be more productive, are found where the rock rubble from dredging the channel has been deposited, and these show up clearly on the 3-D view.

From the Skyway to a mile or so north of the Port Manatee Channel, the map shows most of this rubble on the southeast side of the channel. North of that area, it's distributed on both sides of the cut.


For inshore anglers seeking snook, reds and trout, the green holes south of the Bishop's Harbor channel are easily visible, and so are the holes and cuts of Miguel Bay, just beyond the Skyway. Even the tiny cuts and bars of Little Cockroach Bay are obvious when you zoom in, though resolution becomes a problem if you get too tight.

.In short, there's a ton of useful information on these charts, and when you go to the website you can make use of interactive tools to find the latitude/longitude coordinates of any given spot, so that you can relocate them on GPS once you get out on the water. The site is

http://topotools.cr.usgs.gov/topobathy_viewer/viewer.php 



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Member Photos, June 2011



Nick Angelo and **Bryon Chamberlin** demo how to tie their favorite tarpon flies at our May 4, 2011 club meeting. The close-up at upper right shows more of Bryon's colorful display. Meanwhile, **Wes Sobczak** and **Frank Rhodes** eagerly await the start of the Angelo-Chamberlin tarpon-catching talk.



Now that's a fish and a half—literally!

Above left is a nice Pennsylvania brown trout caught by **Pat Damico** using a sink tip line and a cone head Woolly Bugger in high, early season water.

At right is **Jack Hexter's** half permit after a shark decided to claim his share of the catch. If you want some mental exercise, try to figure out the exact size of the shark based on the evidence provided.



OUR SARGE

By Ed Bang



At one time or another most families have had a puppy as part of the family group. There were Lassies and Rovers, Laddies and Brownies, Timmys and Stars and Shaatzies and Maxes but for the Bang Family there could only be, OUR SARGE, a black-as-

coal Labrador Retriever, a gift to us from one of my customers at work. After an ill fated short term ownership of a too inbred Beagle pup we called Star, our sentiments were "never again". Though he gave us moments of pleasure with his puppy like antics, Star was never a healthy pup, and on the advice of our Vet was laid to rest before his first birthday.

In a city the size of Middletown, (our phone book was not much thicker than most magazines), many of the residents were customers at The Safeway Market where I was Meat Dept. Mgr, and I had occasion to speak to most of them over the meat counter in the course of the week. One of them, Charlotte Gentile let it be known that she had a lively, newly weaned black Labrador pup, for which she was seeking a home. After a family consultation it was decided that we would accept Charlotte's offer and shortly after that, Sarge (though not yet officially named) arrived at his new home at The Pond. I was working on the big day, so what follows is Jeri's recollection of the big day's events.

At an agreed upon time, Charlotte pulled into our driveway, opened the rear door of the car and unleashed upon the Bang Family a three month old, black as coal (with a white blaze under his chin), bundle of energized puppydom. With paws seemingly out of proportion to the rest of his five pound body, he hit the ground running, and only the firmly held leash in the hand of his owner kept him from his first attempt at running away. Stymied in this action and perhaps a little dazed at all the commotion going on around him, the pup settled down enough for Jeri to approach and attempt to befriend him. As she knelt in front of the now sitting pup he gave his first indication that he had a mind of his own. Jeri's proffered hand of welcome was met with a determined swat of his right paw, not a nip of puppy teeth, not a whimper of a frightened pup, nor another attempt at escape, but a right pawed swat to the hand of the lady who was to be his closest ally during all the many months of his training.

GROUND RULES FOR RAISING A LABRADOR PUPPY

From moment one in his training to become a respected member of the household, it was apparent that there were to be rules of behavior which had to be set and enforced and this job fell to Jeri. She, probably from experience with our first pup, Star, knew of all small pet's penchant for chewing anything they can get their teeth into, (slippers, cushions, a chair leg etc) , and acted swiftly to substitute cardboard boxes from the local supermarket. The urge to seek and destroy one or two boxes a day satisfied the need to loosen the baby teeth destined to soon fall out and also strengthen the newer permanent ones coming in. It worked like a dream and to our knowledge Sarge never destroyed anything of note.

Next to be addressed were the seemingly perpetual motion-slightly oversized paws. Sarge did like to run, and given any opportunity at all, the direction of the running was "away". Any open door seemed an invitation to explore new territories, be they the back yard, equally inviting and dangerous Route 211, (the highway one hundred feet from our home), or in his longest escape, into the tiny village of Otisville, fully one half mile from The Pond. Truly, a better means of exercising this pup had to be found and that was the beginning of a long range

project to give Sarge the freedom he needed without the necessity of daily, boring-on-the-leash walks.

The short term solution to the problem, when Sarge was still in his puppyhood, was a twenty foot long lead firmly attached to the back porch landing. Here he could do his duty and then return to a place on the porch where he could be lord and master of all he surveyed. Please believe me when I tell you that he took his job very seriously. There could be no intrusion by a wayward squirrel or a fly-over by a raucous Blue jay that would not be met with a mighty clamor from this still maturing pet. The days of summer sped by with Sarge spending most of his day training the adults in the family.

AND SO THE FALL ARRIVED

The reader by now might have noticed that little has been written about the time Sarge and I spent together. Believe me, it was not by design, but more about there being too few hours in the day or days in the week to attend to the business of earning a living and also spending the amount of time necessary to train this so eager-to-learn bundle of energy. I'm sure that with proper technique on my part fundamental commands such as "stay, sit, heel, fetch or come" might have been received with something other than a quizzical look, but most often, I think he thought they were just some more pet names.

We did however reach what may be called a level of understanding when it came to walking on a leash. The constant tugging on his part made any walk of any length an exercise, not for him, but for the person on the other end. Probably by reading of this practice in one of my books, I fashioned a fifty foot long lead and started taking him for walks in a local field. The added freedom made for a happy camper, but also gave me control when he became headstrong and attempted to leave the immediate vicinity. Here, a mighty tug on the very stout leash, accompanied by a simple command "come" always halted the escape and established a ground rule that was to be of great importance in the not too distant future.

September's chilly mornings heralded the beginning of the small game hunting season and while not yet field trained, it was great fun to walk Sarge down through the lower woods where every tuft of grass or fallen log held the delicious aroma of a recently departed rabbit, squirrel or game bird. On the rare occasion when the wily cottontail decided to sit tight and hope that this great big dog might pass him by, (only to panic and run at the last possible second), a mighty hell for leather sight chase would ensue. With most of the underbrush now devoid of its leaves, I was in a great position to watch the antics of both the rabbit and his enthusiastic pursuer. No way was Sarge ever going to catch the bunny so gradually he'd start relying on the scent of the recently departed prey to track it and at that time gave the first signs of developing into a hunter. The bond formed between man and dog at this time was to last till the end of Sarge's time with us in 1988

A CHANGE OF LIFESTYLES FOR ALL

As the days grew shorter in this, the first autumn of Sarge's life with us, ominous rumors of our store's closing cast a pall over the family. Faced with the option of accepting a transfer to a store forty five miles from home and remaining a meat manager or transferring to another company with the loss of all seniority, pressures within kept building and the result was a disabling heart attack in early December. With the decision by our family doctor that I could not return to the meat industry, it became apparent that I'd have lots of time now to spend at home mending a damaged heart. A funny incident (among the gloom of health loss and uncertainty over what the future might bring) was how Jeri handled her apprehension over how Sarge might greet me upon my release from the hospital. Knowing how this large size version of the pup we'd received into the household six months before, liked to jump all over me and not having any way to be sure how well I'd be able to receive all this affection, she consulted our Vet. He prescribed an oral tranquilizer for Sarge and on the morning of my return Jeri fed it to him in his morning meal. Upon my arrival, everything went like clockwork. I was more than happy to relax in the recliner in the living room and a short distance from me stood our

Christmas tree, erected weeks before. The now punchy, disoriented Sarge roused himself and as he came to greet me, found that his normally sound and steady legs would not support him. Whether by design or gravity, the poor bewildered animal ended up among the many unopened gifts under the tree.

When a suitable time had transpired Dr. Thaler allowed me to start driving and also to return to bowling. But the one instruction he most vigorously insisted upon me following, was that I must start a walking regimen. As snow and ice began to melt around the Pond a short walk with my faithful four legged companion became a morning ritual we both enjoyed. These walks soon had to be lengthened to expend the pent up energies of man and now almost full sized dog. Because our path was always along roads and the danger of car traffic was present, Sarge was tethered to me by his leash. Each home we passed had a pet of some kind and a mighty racket along with a fierce tugging on the lead would ensue. Thank goodness for the fact that the homes we passed were widely spaced, for I fear that my arms might otherwise have been stretched proportionately to the miles we traveled. Also to be investigated was every poor squashed frog, lizard or mammal of any kind left in the roadway, a victim of an encounter with a high speed vehicle. By late spring I was able to resume most of the activities I'd had to abandon in mid winter but the time spent with Sarge, whether in walks around the Pond or as the weather and water warmed, in the warmer fringes, served to further solidify the bond between us. At this time also, his enjoyment of swimming or chasing the occasional visiting duck or the increasingly evident muskrat, led to many happy hours for him and for his admiring audience, us. The webs between each of the claws on all four feet attested to his lineage and greatly enhanced his strong swimming stroke. A favorite pastime, for both him and us, was to jump into the water from the beach, swim to the raft and on our return, grasp his tail for a free ride back to shore.

AND THE YEARS SEEMED TO FLY

Seasons followed seasons and happy times spent in and around the Pond flew by quickly, but each passing month and year brought us closer to a decision we knew had to be made. Jeri and I, after two trips south, had decided that our future years were to be spent in sunny climes.

SEPTEMBER 1980 WELCOME TO FLORIDA

We had an interim agreement to rent a waterfront apartment and with help from all sides, moved in. Since our apartment in Apollo Beach was only a little over a quarter mile from a sandy shore line of Tampa Bay and the weather remained tropically hot, all three of us would take advantage of its closeness to swim and splash in the 85 degree water almost daily. I can only imagine what might have been going through Sarge's mind as he swam and splashed to his heart's content and then, when thirsty, gulped great mouths full of very salty water. IT'S WET, IT'S SHIMMERY AND IT LOOKS JUST LIKE THE WATER IN THE POND, SO I'LL DRINK IT. Bad decision as it turned out since the saline solution he'd just ingested had much the same effect as an enema resulting in a backward spurt with every step he took toward home. This had to be one of the first times we had ever sensed that our pup was truly embarrassed. We called the Vet and were advised to force plenty of fresh water and the problem righted itself.

While on the subject of trips to the Vet, one other springs to mind. For some reason I'll never be able to understand, God allows to exist seed spores (called sand spurs) of a plant native to warm climes and sandy soil. The most prominent feature of this seed is its ability to cling to anything it touches via pointy, barbed spines surrounding the center seed pod. Our not too-wise-in-the-ways-of-Florida dog, encountered one with his paw, attempted to lick it out with his tongue and succeeded in firmly implanting said spur in the soft tissue under his tongue. Repeated attempts on my part failed to remove this most irritating object so it was speed dial the Vet. Bring him in was the reply to my concerned but not panicky plea and moments later we arrived at the Vet. By now we must have been on a first name basis as this was our third visit or call in one month. The lady Vet with help from her

assistant got the frightened patient onto the examining table all the while assuring us that this was not a big problem. YOU HOLD HIM AND I'LL JUST REACH IN AND EXTRACT THE SPUR' was the instruction given the assistant by the Vet. Ten minutes later all concerned decided that Sarge was not going to give up that spur while awake and a sedative was administered. A now totally out of it Sarge meekly submitted to the spur's extraction. Advised by the Dr. that he wasn't ready to be moved we waited a few hours and then picked up a slightly punchy pup.

AND FINALLY OUR NEW HOME WAS READY

With help coming from all our friends and family the move from Apollo Beach to our new home in Stoner Woods went smoothly. For all of us, Jeri, Sarge and I the change in surroundings was dramatic. Sandy soil, closely cropped lawns and postage stamp sized lots were replaced with our spacious acre, hardwood trees in abundance and most importantly, the peace and quiet of a neighborhood not yet reaching full development. Though other streets were in place, ours was to be the only one with a fair amount of buildings for the first two or three years we spent there.

Though we tried to spend some vacation time up north each year, be it early summer or around Christmas, Sarge never accompanied us. He became a regular boarder at a great kennel called "Part of the family" where he was welcomed each time with open arms or cages, take your pick. Part of the routine was for us to bring along some favored piece of bedding or a pillow to make him feel at home. The first time we did this, we were shocked, upon picking him up two weeks later, to learn that a small dog in an adjacent run had immediately made love to the pillow, and Sarge, good old soft hearted Sarge, allowed him to keep it. The kennel owners were amazed at this, and I think they did all in their power to make the rest of his stay enjoyable. When we returned Jeri and I swore we could hear his welcoming barks of joy a full hundred yards up the driveway.

unPLANNED PARENTHOOD

Our daily walks took us past neighbor Kennedy's chain link fenced backyard and often times their two year old family pet Akita and Sarge would exchange friendly, through the fence, nose rubs. It might have been this every day familiarity between the two that led to our dropping our guard on a visit for a quick dip in their pool. At first Sarge and the Akita seemed to pay little attention to each other and Jeri and I dove in for our refreshing dip. In that short period of inattention, on our part, Sarge wooed, married, and went on his honeymoon with that temptress. Ron and Ella Mae were sure that nothing would come of this brief courtship, but they were proven wrong when a beautiful litter of mottled brown, web-footed pups was born months later. Of course Sarge denied having anything to do with this, but there were those webbed feet-----.

AND THEN IT WAS TIME TO PART

In the days and weeks that I've sat here at the keyboard of my computer, writing of all the happy memories our Sarge left with us, there has been a recurring thought that I must also leave the reader with a smile on his face at the story's end. The last years spent with Sarge in Stoner Woods were happy, carefree and a joy for all in the family. But there were signs of aging, a graying of the hairs around the otherwise jet black muzzle, lots more time spent sleeping and a noticeable weakening in his back and hindquarters. The Vet, when told that Sarge had been part of the family for fourteen years, warned us that it was probably time to say our goodbyes. So it is that the last license tag on the chain which served as his collar bore the stamp of 1988.

Through eyes dimmed by tears, I put this last thought into print. I am a devout man, and feel that all we've been given in life has been a gift from God. Surely Sarge, who so happily influenced the lives of the Bang family for so many years, occupies a spot high on the list of God's gifts to us. EB 🌈

FLY OF THE MONTH
Tan Raccoon Tarpon Streamer
As Tied by Bryon Chamberlin



Materials

Hook: 1/0 or 2/0 Gamakatsu SL12S

Tail: Tan Finn Raccoon

Body: Natural Strung Saddle Hackle & CCT
 “Magnum” Body Fur in Tan

Thread: Red Flat Waxed Nylon

Tying Instructions

1. Attach thread near the bend of the hook
2. Tie in Finn Raccoon so tail is about 2 inches long. Remove excess under fur to reduce bulk. Trim excess and secure firmly with additional wraps.
3. Tie in 1 natural saddle hackle by the base (not the tip) just in front of the finished Finn Raccoon. Leave some of the fluffy part of the feather to make a smooth transition from the Finn Raccoon to the feather. Palmer the feather tightly. Don't advance too far forward down the hook shank. Secure the feather with the tread and trim excess.
4. Tie in the body fur and then advance the tread to the eye of the hook. Palmer the body fur forward and pack it tightly all the way to the hook eye. Secure the body fur with the tread and trim excess.
5. Build up a small head with the tread and whip finish.
6. Use a wire brush and comb out the body fur and trim to desired thickness to form the body. Be careful not to trim any of the feather.. 🍷

Fishing Report and Forecast

“What a great time to go fishing!”

Jeff Janecek reported that he took his nephew kayaking on the Rainbow River. They caught over three hundred fish on the JJ Hopper and #8 gurgler in chartreuse. Best places were down river from the K P Hole Park. Bass are in quiet shady canals off the main river. Long leader with 6 lb tippet suggested. Check rules of river before going. A must see river.

Capt John Hand revealed his age to be 56 and had never fished the Hillsborough River. So when **Lynn Skipper** asked to join him for one day on the river he gladly accepted. Not having to control the boat was nice for a change. They had a great day catching bluegills, bass, speckled perch and stump knockers on 3wt fly rod. The fly of choice was his “hot butt spider”.

Sam Bower from Nova Scotia and member caught from 8 to 13” speckled trout with mayflies on the Carleton river system in South West Nova Scotia.

John and Joan Willis camping in North Carolina caught several rainbow trout on the parachute Adams using yellow foam for the parachute.

Last Wednesday the 18th I went out of Cockroach bay and finally used the fly rods. I caught about a dozen trout to 14”, several ladyfish and one almost-keeper redfish. My fly of choice was a chartreuse and white clouser I tied myself...Very gratifying.

Neil Taylor the kayak fisherman tells me he had 16 trips out of 17 days. Even though the winds were high, trout were caught; the larger trout in skinny waters. Redfish and snook were also caught by clients.

Tight Lines,
 Bob Gaulin
Rjgaulin@yahoo.com
 813-782-8605 🍷

Member Benefits

TBFFC is famous for its value and focus on the sharing of information, experience, and craftsmanship with its members. As a TBFFC member you will enjoy many benefits free or at nominal cost, plus enriching experiences.

- Monthly Meetings with Famous Speakers
- Fly Fishing Outings
- Fishing Trips Sponsored by Members and the Club
- Group Clinics and Workshops
- Fly Tying Lessons
- One-On-One Fly Casting Lessons
- Shirts and Hats with club logo
- 80 Page Beginner's Basic Skills Instruction Manual
- Annual Banquet with International Speakers

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