Dog bites fish: Dr. Shelly Weinig, retired professor of engineering at Columbia University, was organizing his gear for a trip to Florida’s Biscayne Bay when, sipping some medicinal elixir, he spied his two miniature French poodles watching him from a chair across the room. “Suddenly it came to me!” Dr. Weinig told Fish & Fly. “I grabbed a pair of scissors and clipped some of the hair from the reddish male and then some from the beige female—not bad colors for bonefishing.” Out came his vise and tying tools. A No. 6 bonefish hook, eyes, the darker male’s hair on top, female’s underneath, and the Dog Fur Shrimp was born. “Ken and I spent the morning casting to fish that only he saw,” he said. “Call it ‘guide’s better eyesight,’ although there have been occasions when I attributed it to ‘guide’s better imagination.’” Predictably, Shelly reports, he spotted three bonefish as he sat with sandwich in one hand and soda in the other. By the time he got off a cast it was a gesture of farewell to the fish.

A few minutes later, both guide and angler saw a large shadow cross the white propeller mark in the sand. There was no time for false casting. Two quick retrieves and Shelly was rewarded with the scream of his reel. “Time after time I deluded myself into thinking that it was ripe for the taking only to find myself hanging on again as the fish stripped out another football-field length of backing,” he said. The fisher tired far more quickly than the fish. After 20 minutes the guide asked, “Shelly, how much do you want for those dogs?” Ten minutes later Ken finally slipped the big net under a 22-pound permit, which was weighed, photographed and released. “This was not just the largest permit I had ever caught,” said Dr. Weinig. “It was the ONLY permit I had ever caught. I was ecstatic on the ride back to Jupiter, and couldn’t wait to get home and kiss the dogs and my wife—in that order. Having finally arrived, I opened the door but, before I could open my mouth, my wife said: ‘I am throwing those dogs out. One of them pissed on the living-room rug.’"