

S.C.O.F ISSUE NO. 12  
WE'RE BETTER THAN THEM

SUMMER 2014

Have A Fun Summer  
southern culture in summer  
**on the fly**



  
S.C.O.F  
MAGAZINE  
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Dance Poon...Dance  
Topwater Timing Totalitarianism  
Hardly, Strictly Musky  
Roadside Attractions  
Fishing the Proper Popper—Dropper

Disco Shrimp  
Gangsters of the Pond  
Von Beard Chronicles  
Linwood Blue Crab  
...and more



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Paul Puckett, *Silver and Green*, 2014, Oil on Canvas, 24x48 in.



Brad McMinn, 2014, Acrylic on Panel, 12x48 in.



Zane Porter, 2014, Ink on Paper, 9x12 in.

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HAVE AN F N SUMMER  
ISSUE NO. 12  
SUMMER 2014

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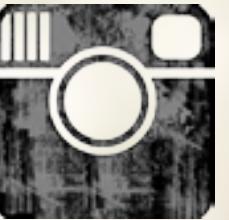


 photo: Steve Steinberg

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Have and Fly summer



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From the Editor's desk...

to your bathroom

## Summer 2014

Remember back in the day summer meant late nights, road trips, and what's that stuff we used to have way back when? Oh yeah, fun. As I am no longer a young, unhindered, handsome specimen of fishing freedom, this summer means a second kid, camp tuitions, unreasonable working conditions (it is unreasonable not to let me have Fridays off to fish), and just to make sure I have fully crashed the responsibility train into the station, a third dog to match my third job. So in honor of my summer of fishing despair and the SCOF "Have A F N Summer Issue," I have prepared a poem. As you read it please imagine a shirtless me playing bongos in a tribal rhythm. Please enjoy.

*My jet boat is withering away (I blame the TVA for this as much as myself) and I fear my drift boat might never again see the light of day.*

*My skills have become dusty and my crotch has turned musty.*

*The fish of my youth seem a distant memory and for some reason I think I have grown at least one mammary.*

*Soon I will fish no more as I will be spending most of my time crapping my pants, where was that growth I needed to lance?*

*For those of you whose youth is still ahead of you, your cow need not moo. Embrace your irresponsibility, because let's be honest you are most likely devoid of any marketable ability.*

There you have it folks, my first poem since ninth grade. Get out there and have an f'n summer y'all.

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Haiku  
with  
Mark Grapo



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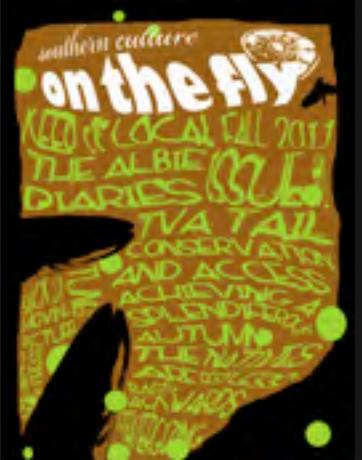


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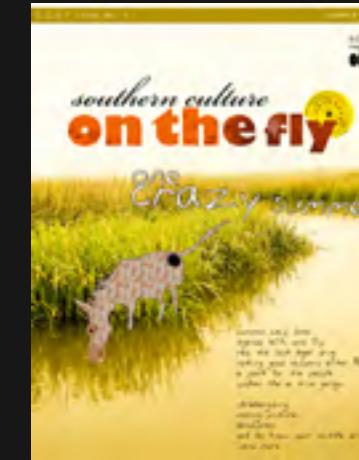
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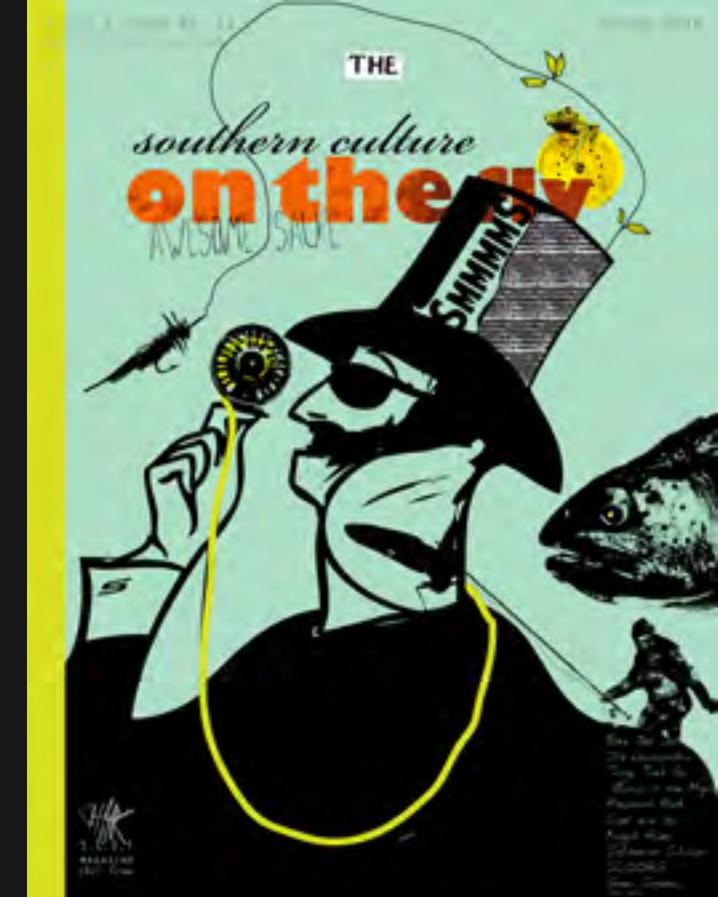
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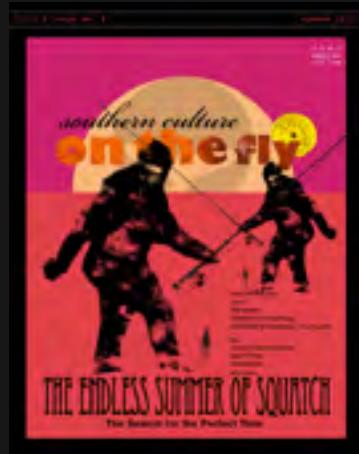
ISSUE #5  
FALL 2012



ISSUE #6  
WINTER 2013



ISSUE #7  
SPRING 2013



ISSUE #8  
SUMMER 2013



ISSUE #9  
FALL 2013



ISSUE #10  
WINTER 2014

still free... whenever you need 'em





DANCE POON....DANCE  
SUMMER MORNING TARPOON IN THE FLORIDA KEYS  
Photos: Steve Seinberg







Photo: Joel Dickey















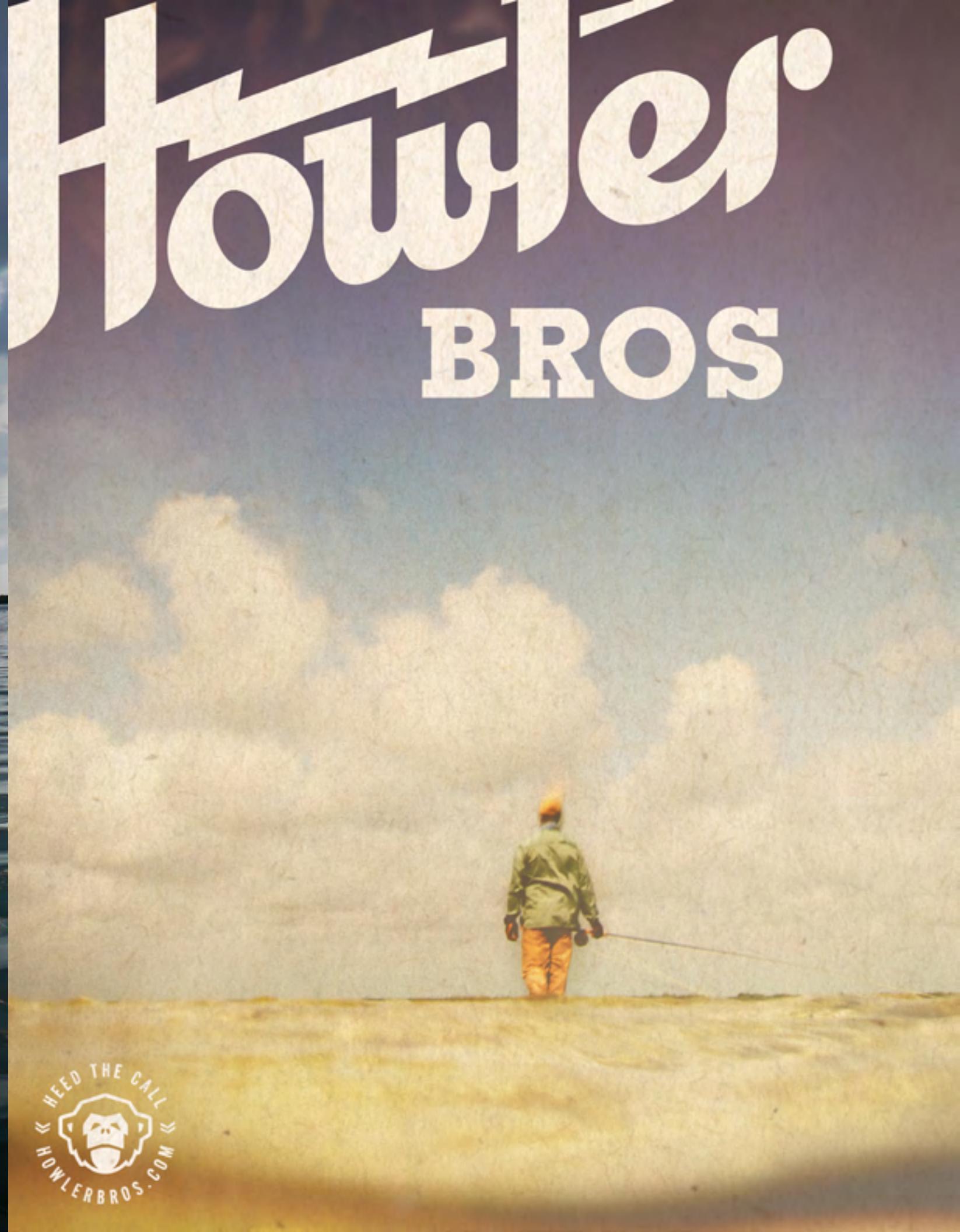




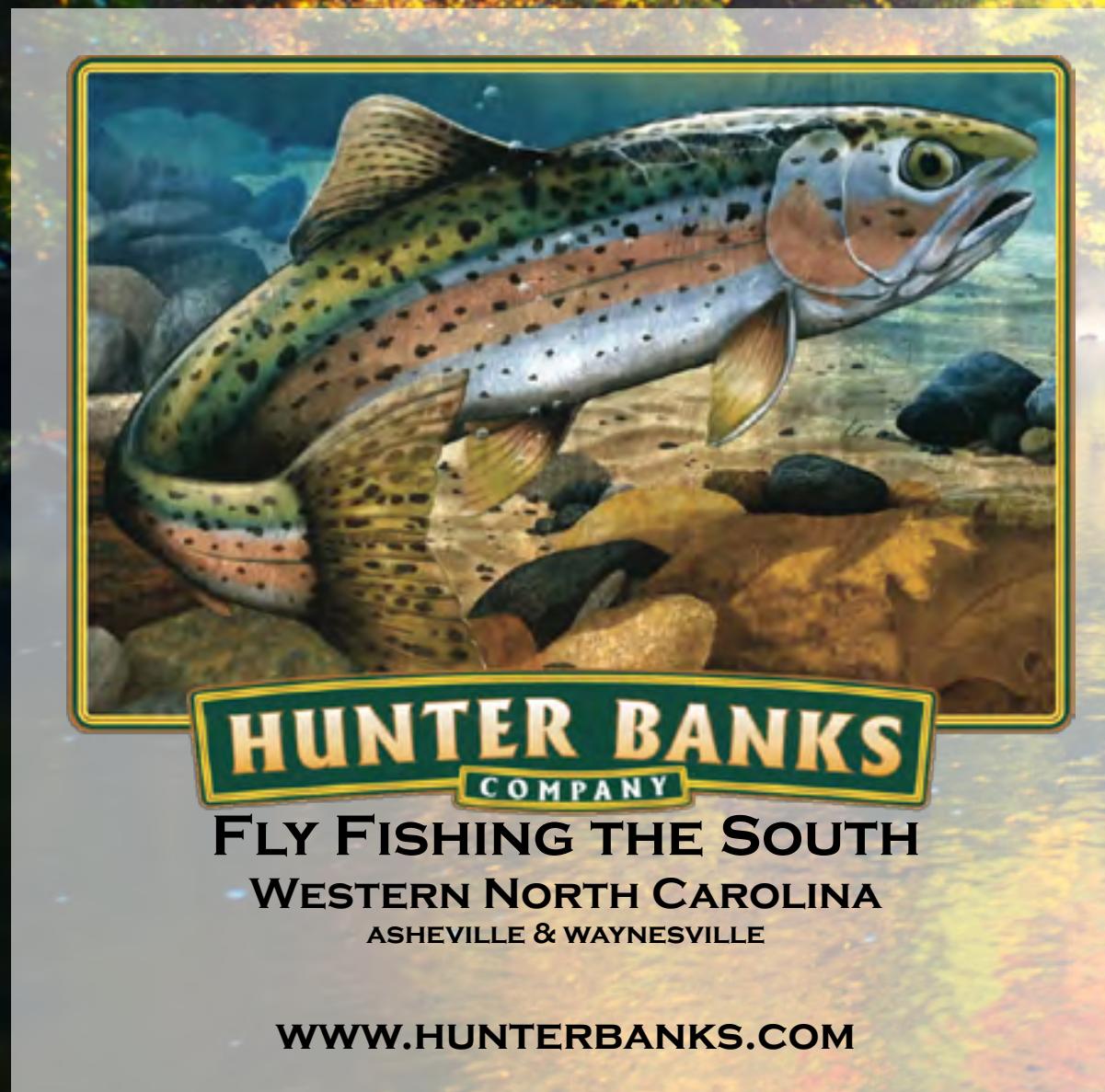




*Thanks to Joel Dickey and Michael Bruner (and the rain for mostly holding off till the afternoon.)*



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A close-up photograph of a fly's head, showing its compound eyes and mouthparts, used as a visual metaphor for the repetitive cycle of fishing and socializing described in the text.



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**DISCO SHRIMP**

## Materials List:

**Hook:** Daiichi X472 (long-shank hook) sizes 1, 2 & 4

**Thread:** Brown 140 or 210 Denier

**Body:** Tan 3mm foam, Golden Brown Ice Dub Red Fox Tail

**Eyes:** EP Crab & Shrimp Eyes (Black)

**Rattle:** Woodies Rattler Inserts (Clear)

**Antenna:** 4 Strands of Root Beer Krystal Flash

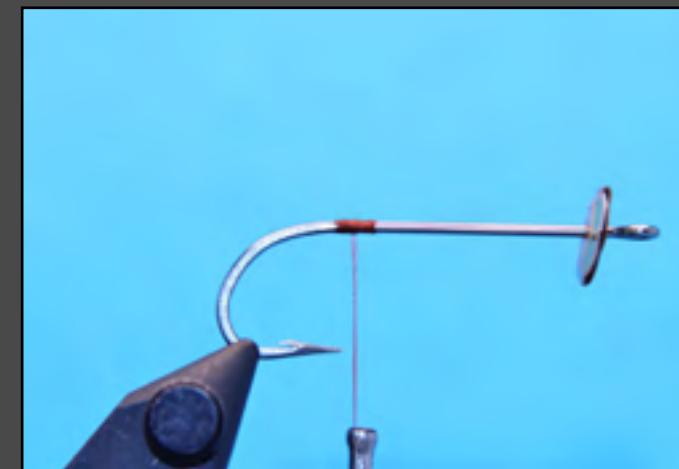
**Tail:** 4mm Gold Sequin (available at any craft store)

**Adhesive:** Zap CA Super Thin

When it comes right down to it, like most anglers, I just love catching fish... but if I had my druthers, I would most certainly choose sight-fishing on fly. In my mind, the excitement and anticipation of feeling tailers, or cruising fish in clear water is immeasurable. That being said; the addition of top water or surface flies almost always elevates these euphoric feelings to the next level.

Deer hair bugs, although classically beautiful, are quick to saturate, and can present a bit of a problem when a soft presentation is required. Pencil poppers compensate for buoyancy shortcomings of deer hair and are somewhat easier to cast, however, they usually lack the durability that I like. Sheet-foam flies like the Gartside's Gurgler seem to remedy the above-mentioned faults, but they are easily pushed on the surface resulting in frequent short strikes, poor hookups, or altogether misses.

A few years back, in an effort to create a topwater fly alternative, I went to work on shrimp pattern I dubbed the "Disco Shrimp". The fly had to be lightweight enough to cast and float easily, yet hefty enough to make a noticeable disturbance on the surface without skating out of the strike zone due to the wakes of pursuing predators. The secret lies in the plastic worm rattle and a couple of sequins. The trifecta the "clicking" rattle, sharp "pop" from the sequin and a spray of water work in harmony to command the attention of any fish in the area, and wit the addition of a mono weed guard, will keep you out of the turtle grass and mangroves.



**1-3.** Start by sliding on two gold Sequins (Convex side toward the eye of the hook). Place the hook in the vice - point down, and start the thread at the point of the hook. Tie in a small tuft of foxtail fur about one inch long.

**4-6.** On top of the fox, tie in four legs at their middle. Fold the legs back on themselves so they stick out past the bend of the hook and tie down. I like to trim them different lengths, leaving some longer than the fox. Tie in the eyes on top; they should be even with or extend just slightly past the bend of



5.



6.



**7-9.** Tie in the rattle (point forward) on top of all the other materials and slightly in front of the eyes. Add a drop of Zap CA to secure the rattle. Tie in 4 doubled strands of Krystal flash for the antenna and another small bunch of fox on top to cover the rattle.



8.



9.



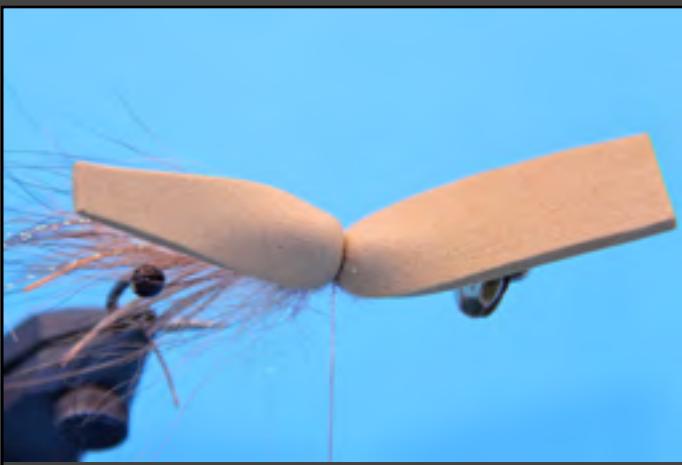
**10-13.** Dub the thread with about 3 inch of dubbing and wrap forward to cover all your previous wraps. On top of the rattle, tie in the foam with 4-5 overlapping wraps. It should be  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, a quarter of an inch wide and tapered to a point at the shrimp's head.



11.



12.



13.



**14-15.** Dub the thread with 2 inch of ice dub and make 4-5 turns, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch under the foam. When you are out of dub tie down a segment of foam.



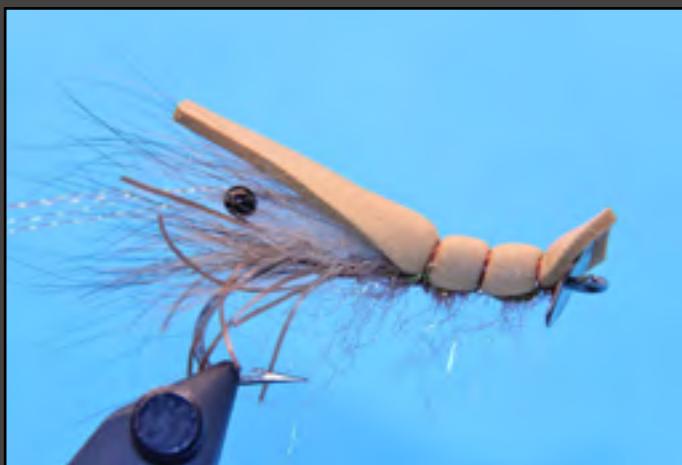
15.



**16-18.** Repeat process 1-2 more times, reducing the size of the segment slightly each time until you reach the sequins. The sequins should prop up the tag end of the foam (tail). Trim off the excess foam, and whip finish behind the sequins. Remove thread and finish the fly with a drop of Clear Cure Goo Hydro.



17.



18.

The fly was originally designed for Mangrove snapper, but tied in larger sizes, quickly became one of my go-to's for just about everything saltwater. The first versions of this pattern called for 2mm sheet foam, but I found variables like hook size, leader type and general abuse by redfish altered the fly's buoyancy. These days, to make it fail-safe, I almost always use 3mm foam. The thicker foam protects the brittle plastic rattle and positions the cup shaped sequin above the water's surface at a 45-degree angle. The result is one heck of a disturbance on the surface with very little forward movement of the fly.

Due to its diminutive nature, tying the Disco Shrimp successfully depends on keeping your thread wraps close and concise. There are a lot of materials tied in at the bend of the hook, so flatten your thread by spinning the bobbin counter-clockwise, place each wrap carefully to reduce bulk and secure the materials with a drop of thin quick drying adhesive like ZAP-A-GAP. This will make your flies more durable and significantly reduce the number of wraps needed at each step. A 140 denier thread will also help keep down excess bulk, however be careful not to cut the foam with the thinner thread.





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# TOPWATER TIMING TOTALITARIANISM

By David Grossman

Photos: David Grossman and Alan Broyhill



I love watching fish eat on top, whether it's a trout rising daintily to a dry fly or a carp eating in a chum line of butter and bread from the bar. Fish don't eat on top every hour of every day, but like much of life timing is everything. When you spend days upon days throwing flies with nothing in return only to realize your mistake when you see guys getting on the water when you're leaving, you learn to appreciate timing. Nowhere does this rule apply more so than the wide wonderful world of bass. Stripers are an early morning or late night deal. The same applies with bucket mouths and my favorite of the entire surface munching micropterus -- small jaws.





So let's go ahead and dispense with the pleasantries and get right to the point. Smallmouth bass don't eat top water for shit during the hottest, brightest middle part of the day. There I said it, now we can all move on with our lives. If your buddy calls and says he wants to go fish poppers and claims you should meet on the river at 1:30, you should punch him right in the face. He is not your friend. If awoken from an afternoon nap riverside by a passerby with the inevitable question, "Catching anything?" The proper response is, "No you idiot I'm taking a nap, also they don't eat at 2:30," then punch him in the face. Alternatively, if you're fishing an urban river late in the evening and someone of questionable sexual identity asks you if you want to party, politely decline and run. Then punch your buddy in the face for telling you that was a good hole to go fishing in.





I used to have clients that would book small mouth floats in July. When I would beg them to start their trip at 5am or 5pm, they would balk with excuses of family, partying and sleep. Now that I no longer guide these miserable excuses for human beings I'm not afraid to say that all of you (you now know who you are) ruined most of my drinking/napping time for a good five seasons of my life that I will never get back. And guess what? You are why our trip sucked. I should line all of you up and punch you in the face individually.









I know these rules are harsh as is my will to rule.  
I'll no longer tolerate any fishing of any surface  
flies for smallmouth bass in the middle of the day.  
These hours will be reserved for more productive  
activities like, I don't know, maybe starting that  
stupid stamp collection you've always been talk-  
ing about. This is no joke people -- fishing stupid-  
ity must be repressed at its roots, and the stupid  
ones must no longer be allowed to breed. Other-  
wise we'll be a society of fishing morons, like the  
Canadians. So, in order to stop us from becom-  
ing Canadian, no topwater smallmouth fishing will  
be allowed from the hours of 10am to 4pm. Any  
transgressors will be immediately (you guessed it)  
punched directly in the face hole. That is all.

Your Benevolent Ruler,

- Dave

Wes Hodges will be my Seargent of Arms in this moral battle. Check out his website, at [beardedladyflyfishing.com](http://beardedladyflyfishing.com) if you're ready to suffer under his boot...he wears a 14d...and poops standing up like all proper Virginians.



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Photo: Dave Hosler



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# MOVING PICTURES

Alan Broyhill



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GANGSTERS OF THE POND



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# HARDLY STRICTLY MUSKY SOUTHERN CLASSIC

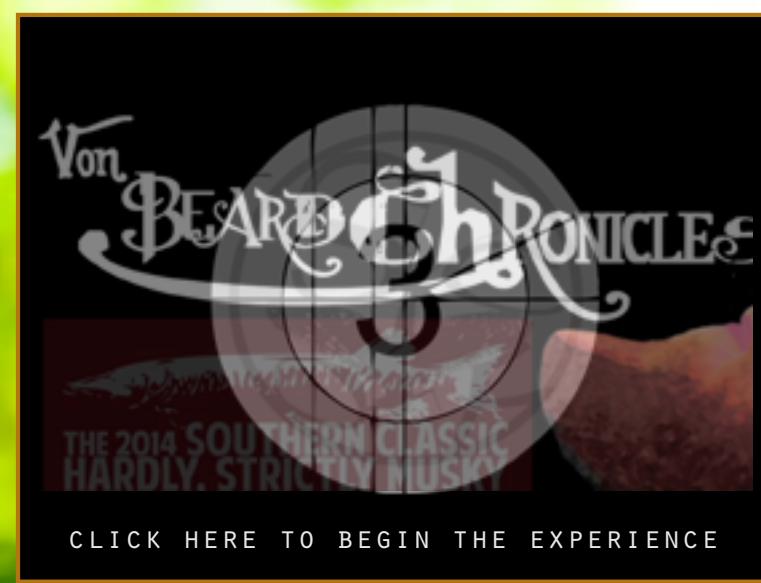
By Marc Crapo  
Photos: Steve Seinberg  
Video and stills: Marc Crapo



For a few years now we have been telling everyone we know that the **Hardly, Strictly, Musky Southern Classic** is quite possibly the most fun you will ever have not catching a fish. This year we've decided to stop talking about it and just show y'all. **SCOF Presents The Hardly, Strictly, Musky Southern Classic Multi-Media Extravaganza.** We asked our, redneck from Idaho, friend Marc Crapo to give us an unbiased outsiders opinion of our little spring soiree. This is what we got..... *Dave*

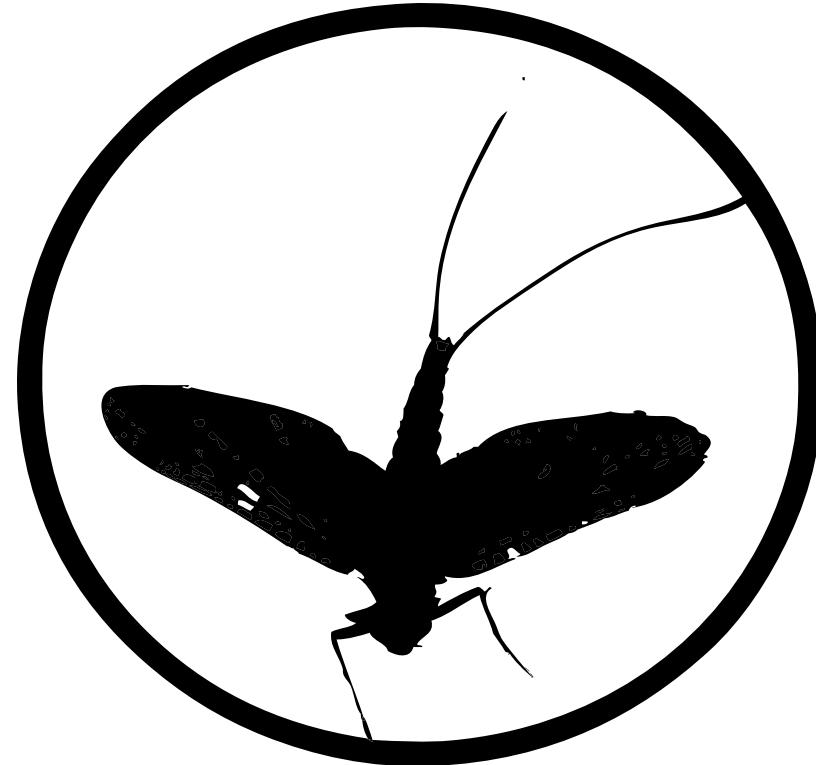
# VON BEARD CHRONICLES

Marc Crapo



.....and we

also got this...





When I was 16 my first ever “real job” was at Mazatlan Mexican restaurant. Can you even imagine!? The Whitest of Whites bussing tables and slinging chips n salsa?

“You’re the funniest looking Mexican I’ve ever seen.” I heard that more than once. Whatever.

Being in that peculiar situation, I had a front row seat to Cinco de Mayo. I’ll never forget the smokey packed house, the chest beating; darts and pick-up lines on one side and a record number of people drinking their meals on the other. A restaurant full of white folks putting mañana’s hangover in a headlock. You know, I’m sure all of Mexico is super stoked that we ‘Mericans celebrate El Día de la Batalla de Puebla (which, of course, all y’all know all about). Now I only share this little tidbit to help illustrate the obvious fact that I’m no greenhorn when it comes to rocking a borrowed sombrero.



Fast Forward: It was Dos de Mayo 2014, a very special holiday in Musky Country. A day when musky heads from all over the world converge upon the Maskinonge Mecca of McMinnville (home of legendary Towee Marine and one of the finest Waffle Houses south of the Mason-Dixon line). Dees guys come from near and far to hang out with friends old and new, to get rowdy with Iron Fly, witness some illicit tattooing and to pursue the alleged (in my mind anyway) World Champion of all Unicorn freshwater game fish -- the Muskellunge.

So here I am, 1800 miles from home and surrounded by 50 certified mainlining musky junkies. The Southern Classic began as one might expect. I'm not exactly sure if it was my homemade Super Dave uniform or if it was the fact that we were packing around the most fantastic baby blue sombrero in all the land that gave me the idea that I should and could try to steal Bob Clouser's mojo (which I promptly did and proceeded to brag about).





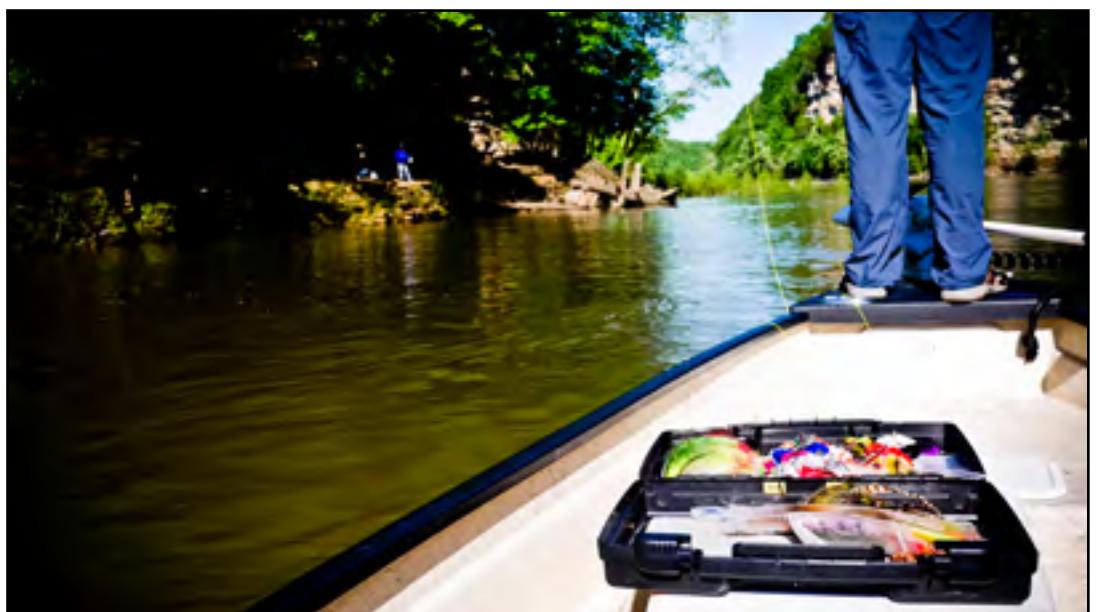
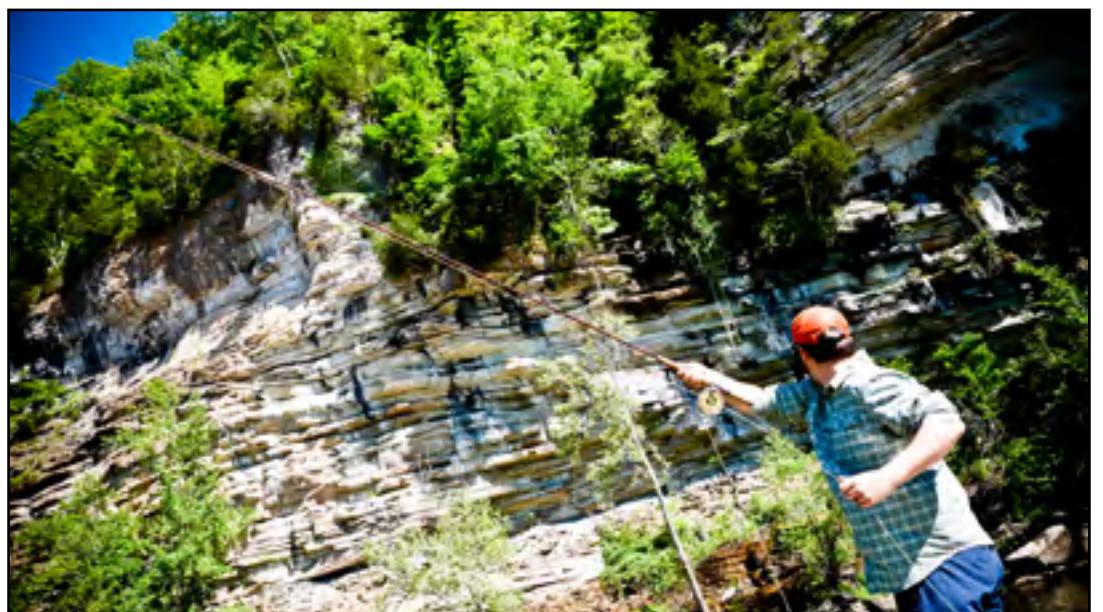
As the gathering in town square commenced, bodies were caffeinated, reminders and confessions were made about bad decisions and bad behavior of the night before, some trash talking amongst competitors and even a few air Kung Fu kicks by the would-be porch wrestler/food raider Allen Gillespie...





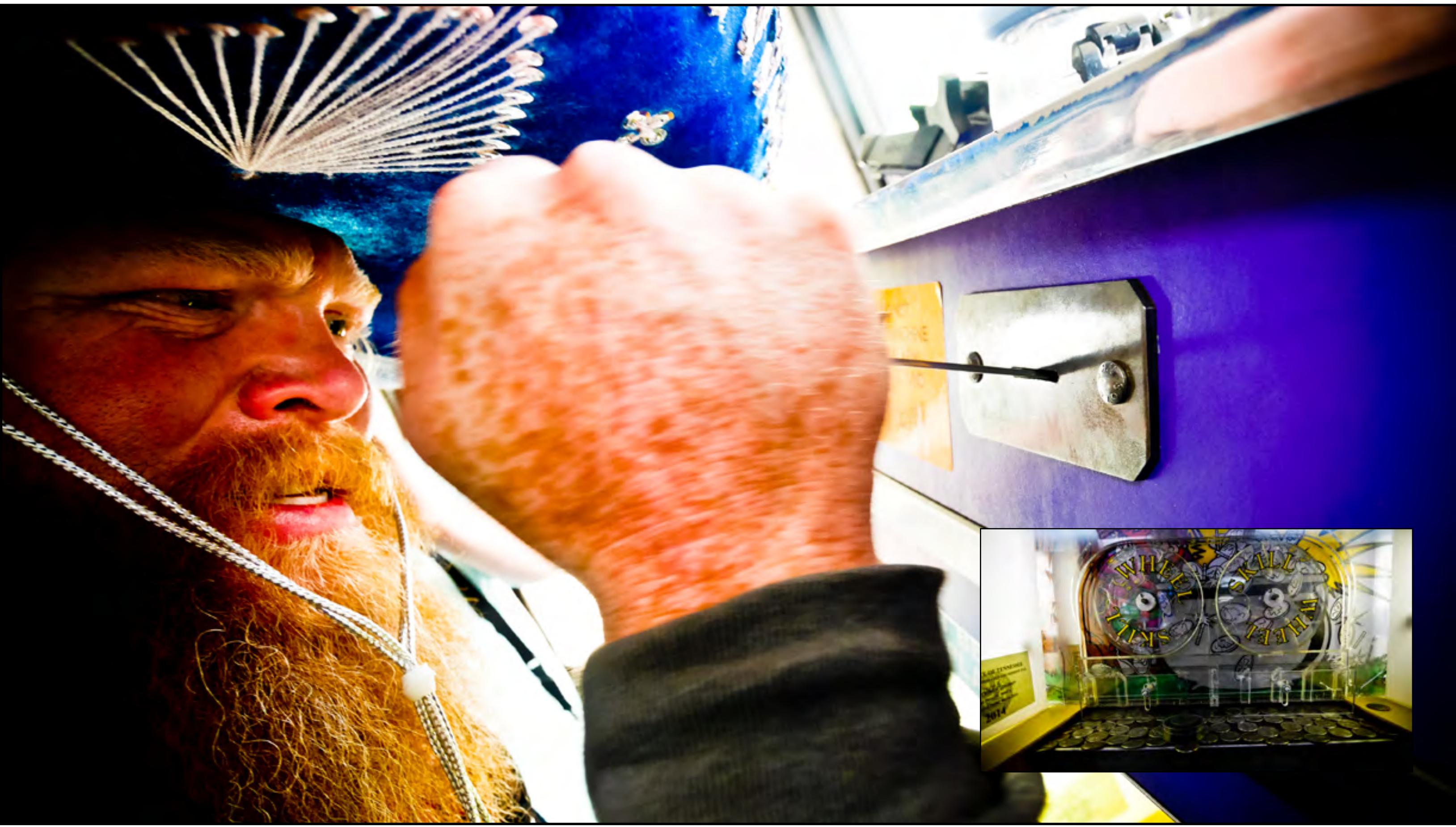


Photos: Alan Broyhill



As the morning wore on, we speculated that perhaps we didn't actually steal Bob's mojo but rather Bob stole ours. There was the regrettable pot o' silver coin slot leprechaun incident, a blind muddy water full-throttle into a rock garden, which resulted in a twice broken rod and a destroyed RIO I/S tarpon line. And not a fish, not a bump not a sniff. And to shed further light on the speculation, the Bobs had three fish on. Word to the wise: trying to steal Bob Clouser's Mojo = you just won The Bad Idea Contest.

Then came the epic game of frisbee sticks. (*must see video*)





*Marc Crapo is a ginger force of nature. He is more akin to a norse fairy tale character than a mortal. I witnessed him farting lightning late one night...crazy stuff.*

The morning of Tres de Mayo started a little later and a little more casual. Less wondering about river conditions/Bob's mojo and more concern with important things like a 300-ft water balloon launcher, a giant summer sausage (a la Grossman) and a large platter of sushi from Kroger. That's right. Today I was rolling with DG and PP -- two Southern gents who are way cooler than I am.

We didn't rig for musky, we were there to provide a handicap (wink, wink). And after about 30 minutes of slinging for smalls, we were ready to fuel our machines with some wasabi... and a little sushi.

Ok let me rewind. I love sushi and even more than I love sushi, I love wasabi. While shooting a foodie selfie (curse you Instagram), a quarter of the platter slid off. PP took the first piece from the floor and pounded it, and within five seconds I witnessed him launch into another dimension. Coughing, sputtering, gagging, heaving, blowing...

Tears and laughter. Obviously, I thought, PP is just a wuss when it comes to hot. I mean most of the wasabi was still on the floor. So with gusto, I ate a piece with a large glob and in exactly 12 seconds I was having my mind blown all over the tweaker float. The levels of chemical toxicity that flooded/burned my nasal passage was completely otherworldly. This was next level wasabi. It should have come with a warning sign that read: "A little bit goes a long way."

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*strategizing*  
Allen Gillespie  
Photos: Steve Seinberg



Fishing a PROPER Popper-Dropper

I've got a running joke with a few of my fishing partners where we disparage the other's choice in fly or fly combination by stating that it is "the stupidest thing I've ever seen. It will never work." This statement alone, of course, guarantees that the fly will not only work, but will work immediately and that it will invariably produce the biggest catch of the day. The genesis of this joke came some years back when my friend Peter from North Carolina came over to fish some of East Tennessee's small mouth rivers. Peter, who was fishing from a kayak, proceeded to tie on a popper with a Tequeely fly dropped about 18 inches beneath it. One of my buddies in the boat with me immediately christened the Tequeely the stupidest fly he'd ever seen and naturally Peter began to put on a clinic on how to fish a popper-dropper rig.





The advantage of the popper-dropper rig, at least in Peter's case, was that he could more or less leave it unattended while he positioned his kayak as we drifted the river. On this day in particular, the fish were set up in the riffles and the runs and were completely content to take the Tequeely (which vaguely mimics a hellgrammite) on the dead drift. Repeatedly we watched as Peter's popper disappeared and he raised his rod with yet another fish on, more often than not within spitting distance from our drift boat and much to the chagrin of my buddy. While most if not all trout fisherman are aware of the dry-dropper or hopper-dropper rig and utilize it routinely, for whatever reason, this same concept has eluded many warm water fishermen to the detriment of their catch rate. The advantages of fishing a surface pattern with a subsurface dropper should be obvious; a disturbance at the surface draws attention to movement below.

I most frequently utilize the popper-dropper rig around East Tennessee while fishing for small mouth bass. The rig lends itself to the quirky nature of small mouth, who at times can act like a picky trout and at others like their stillwater cousin the large mouth. In the spring, when fish are stacked in the riffles eating bugs as they emerge, the popper-dropper rig can be extremely effective drifted much like you would fish a nymph rig for trout. Later in the summer, once the dog days have set in, a popper-dropper rig can be extremely effective during the middle part of the day fished tight against the banks under the shade of the trees.

At least for bass the rig can be a little unyielding, so a large line weight is typically preferred. I usually fish my popper-dropper rigs on either a seven or eight weight rod with a floating line that possesses powerful front taper (Rio's Small Mouth Line or SA's Titan Taper come to mind). Leaders don't need to be long, but they should be sufficiently stiff to turn over the heavy combination of a large popper and a weighted dropper. I usually run a 7.5 foot 1X leader to my popper with about 18-24 inches of 3X to my dropper. Large, buoyant hard poppers seem to work best at the top fly in large part because it's important that your dropper be weighted to get down quickly.





For the most part my droppers consist of a variant of a rubber-legged wooly bugger (like the Tequeely), but that doesn't mean you shouldn't try more literal baitfish imitations like a clouser or gummy minnow. Finally, don't limit your use of the combo simply to bass and panfish. Musky, pike, crappie, white bass, hybrids, saltwater, or warmwater, a popper-dropper rig may just prove to be the pop your day needs.



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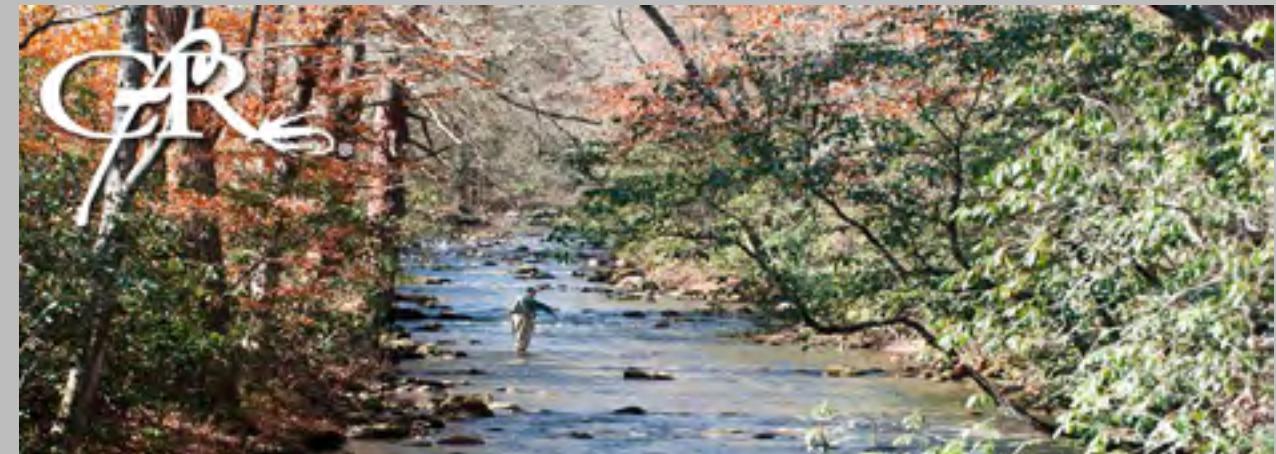
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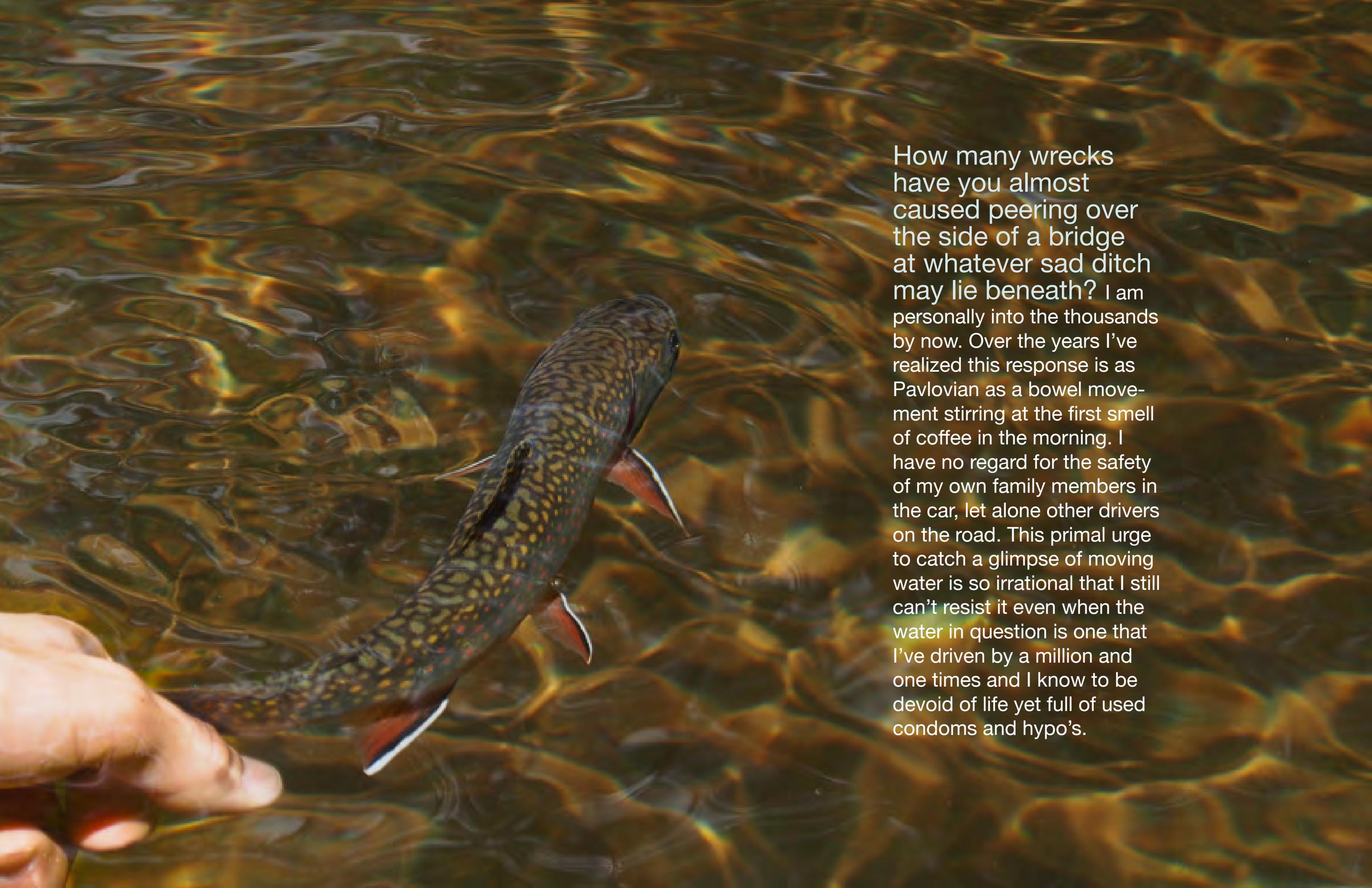
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# ROADSIDE ATTRACTIONS

By David Grossman  
Photos: Alan Broyhill





How many wrecks  
have you almost  
caused peering over  
the side of a bridge  
at whatever sad ditch  
may lie beneath? I am  
personally into the thousands  
by now. Over the years I've  
realized this response is as  
Pavlovian as a bowel move-  
ment stirring at the first smell  
of coffee in the morning. I  
have no regard for the safety  
of my own family members in  
the car, let alone other drivers  
on the road. This primal urge  
to catch a glimpse of moving  
water is so irrational that I still  
can't resist it even when the  
water in question is one that  
I've driven by a million and  
one times and I know to be  
devoid of life yet full of used  
condoms and hypo's.







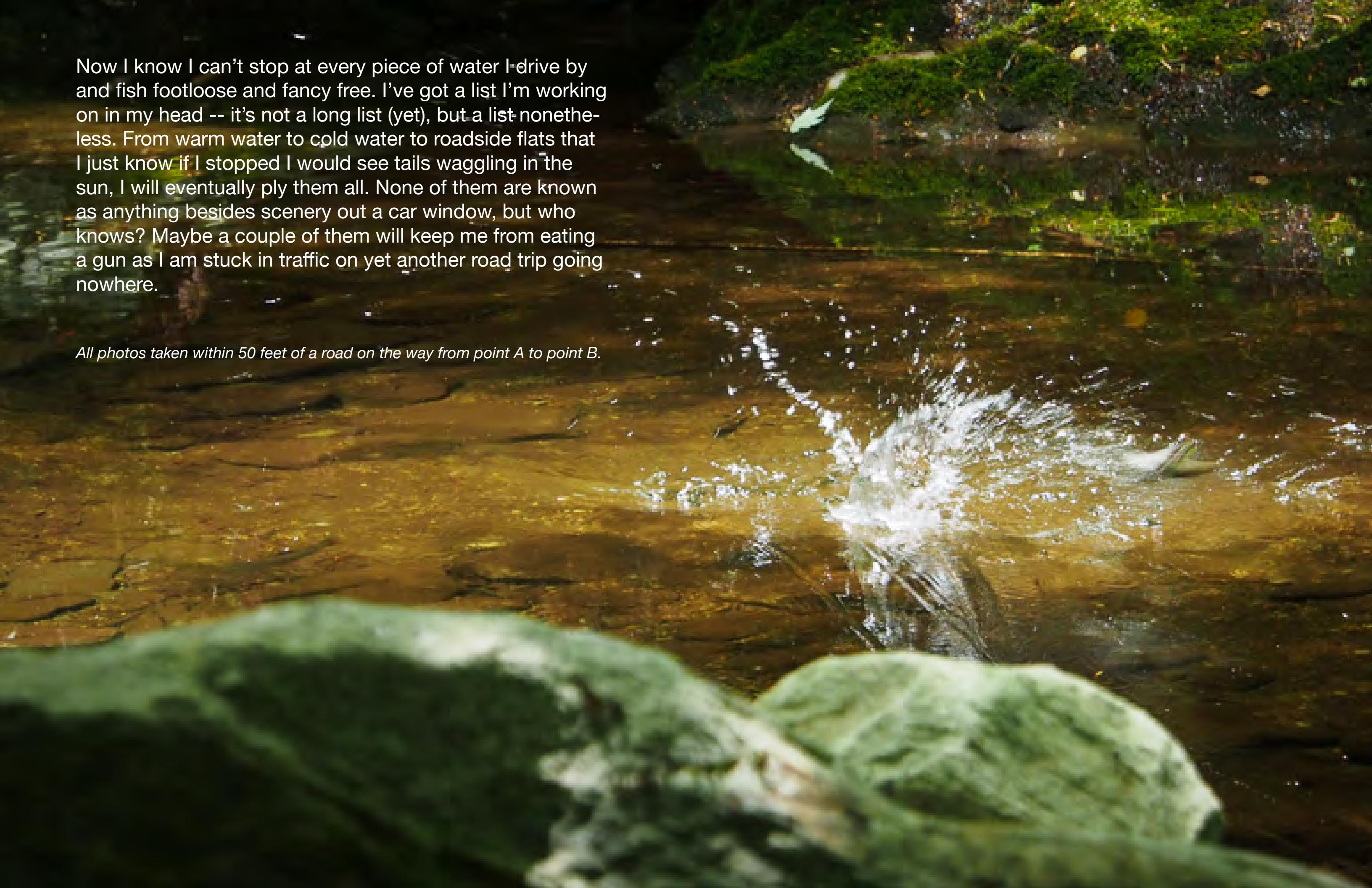
A while back it occurred to me that my rubbernecking tendencies were just as perverse as the guy who puts the quarter in the slot over at Adult World on highway 40. When did I become a watcher? I always considered myself a doer, dammit. Well no more -- I, from this day forward, reject any looky-looism that myself and the rest of us idiots might suffer from.

I will follow the example of golfers. Yes, golfers. We all know an old guy for whom the temptation of what might be "swimming" in an overlooked water hazard was just too much. Armed with nothing more than a poacher rod in his golf bag, this golfing/fishing hybrid behemoth of a man makes it happen. Largemouth, brim, trout...it doesn't matter. The only way to answer the question is to wet the line.



My poacher rod of choice might not have a spinning attachment and my fly probably won't be adorned by a spoon. No longer will I careen into the opposite lane pontificating on the fishiness of a run. Now I will careen into the pull off, climb/fall down the bank and see who's home. I expect often times nobody will answer, but I bet a few times on my travels, I will find something in plain sight that I've driven by a hundred times. Hopefully it's not a shitty diaper (I really hate finding those, clean up your shitty diapers people).





Now I know I can't stop at every piece of water I drive by and fish footloose and fancy free. I've got a list I'm working on in my head -- it's not a long list (yet), but a list nonetheless. From warm water to cold water to roadside flats that I just know if I stopped I would see tails wagging in the sun, I will eventually ply them all. None of them are known as anything besides scenery out a car window, but who knows? Maybe a couple of them will keep me from eating a gun as I am stuck in traffic on yet another road trip going nowhere.

*All photos taken within 50 feet of a road on the way from point A to point B.*

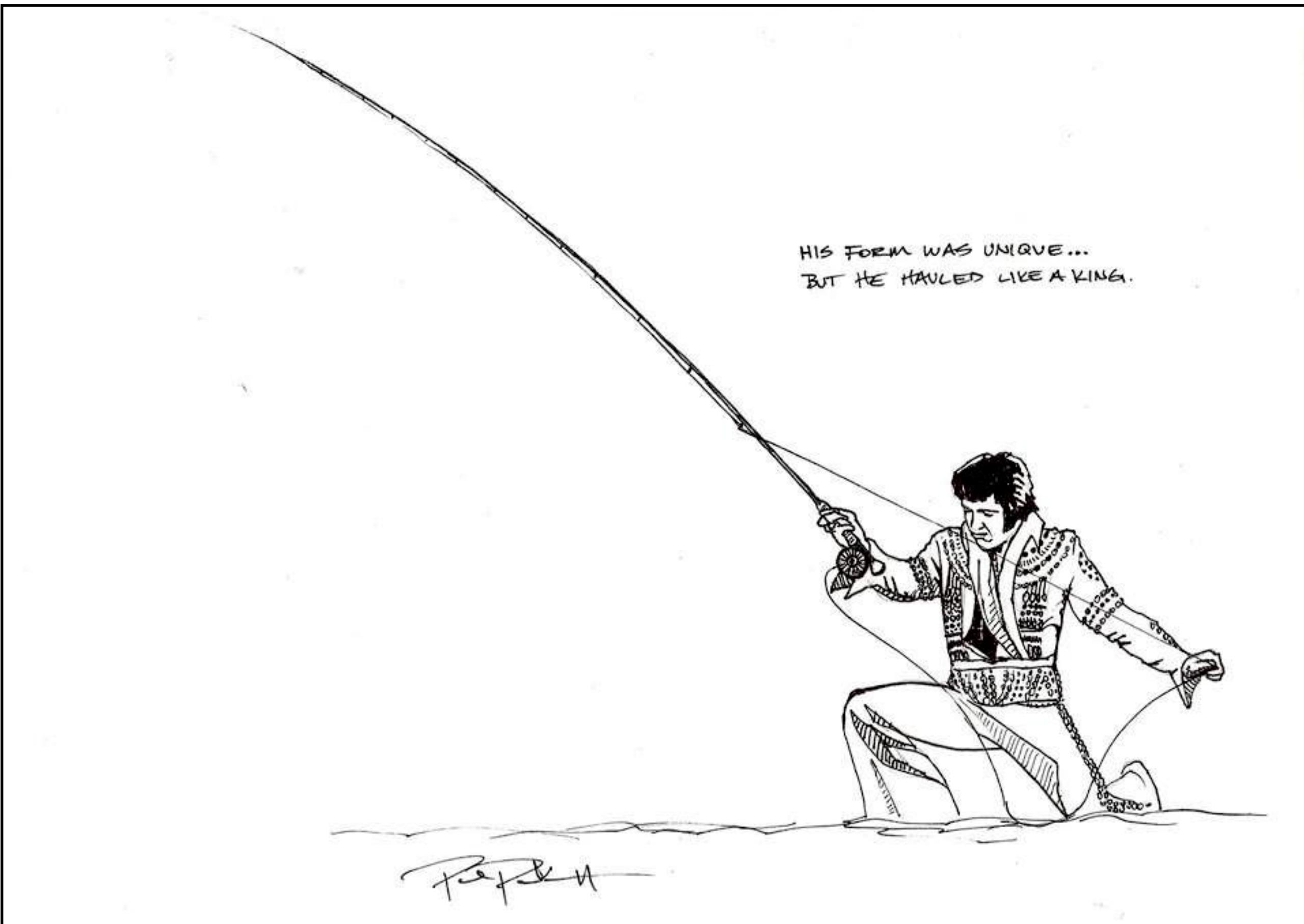


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# The Back Page

By Paul Puckett





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