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*bless your heart*

# S.C.O.F

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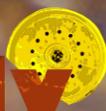


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Find your child. Not the one you left at the mall or forgot to pick up at soccer practice. No, I'm referring to the one who lives deep down in your gut. You know the one. The one who made you poop in your buddy's tent on that camping trip that one time. Or the one who makes you slap yourself in the face with a Snickers bar as if it was a giant chocolate penis, just for a laugh. These childlike antics are as important to my fishing as the fishing itself.

I have become somewhat of a split personality. I go about most of my days in a 37-year-old way. I pay my bills, I interact with people in a professional manner, and I try to teach my kids not to be douchebags. All very normal, all very responsible.

That is, until I fish. I drink, I smoke, I cuss. And on more than one occasion, I've donned a Sasquatch costume.

I feel like my crazy side and my "normal" side are complementary, in a healthy, divergent sort of way. I am a better person with both sides happy, co-mingling. The crazy side makes the normal side more tolerable on a daily basis, and the normal side keeps me out of jail. Jail

sucks. The food sucks. The mattresses suck. And waking up next to a real criminal (not a fun criminal) is the worst of all.

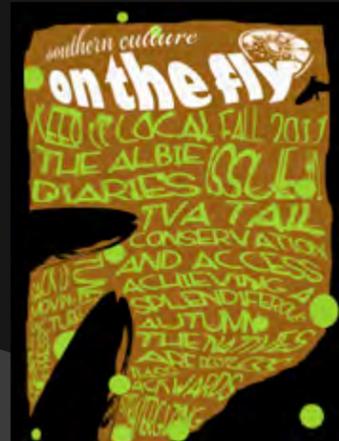
If you've ever fished with me, you know that I am a walking yard sale. I lose keys, phones and wallets on a regular basis. "Dammit Dave," is not only a soon-to-be copyrighted catch phrase, it is my friends' fishing trip mantra (when they're foolish enough to include me). The illusion: these incidents plague me due to drunkenness, laziness, or just plain dumbassery. The truth: these things happen because once I am fishing, the normal stuff just doesn't matter anymore; I'm free of those societal burdens. I'll find a locksmith, I'll call the bank, my wife, or the phone company, but not until the fishing is done and I have milked every last ounce of joy out of it.

I am not a young man anymore, but with every trip ventured, I feel more like me, and less like someone I never wanted to grow up to be. It is now very evident to me that every mile traveled in pursuit of fish is one mile less on the road to mental apathy.

*D. S.*



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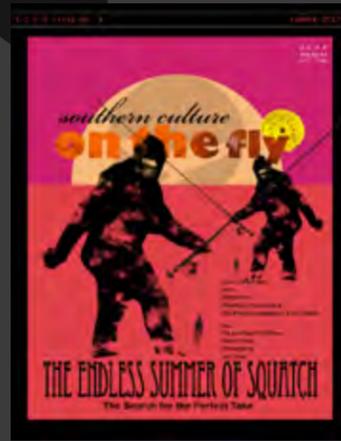
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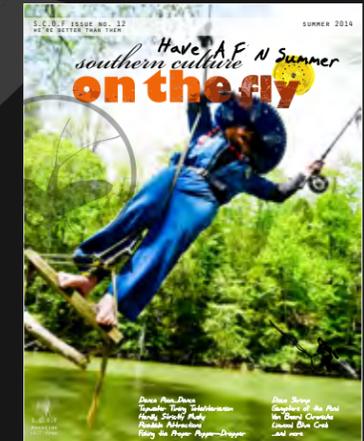
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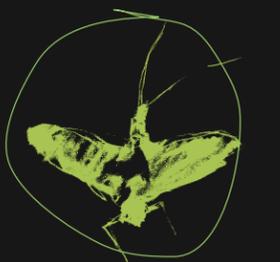


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old friends are  
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By David Grossman  
Photos: Rand Harcz





The new and the next is a powerful motivation pushing me down the road of a fly fishing life. The unknown looms around every bend in the river and across every horizon line, and with the unknown comes the promise of bigger, better, and even the life-changing. More often than not, these promises go un-kept. Instead I find myself driving home, mindlessly reciting verbal platitudes of good times, while I internally seethe for going through all the time and trouble of once again chasing unicorns in an unknown land. It's these lowest of the low points when I crave the familiar. Water I know, water I not only grew up with, but water I grew up on.



My relationships with the rivers I know the best, mirror the relationships I have with my oldest friends. It makes sense because both of them have defined my life for the better part of 40 years. No matter how much time has passed since I've laid eyes on either, the conversation had with both picks up exactly where it left off oh-so long ago. And when anything happens in my life, I seek both.





There is a piece of water I know almost better than I know myself. I have fished it for almost 20 years, I have guided it, and I have driven to its banks from every direction. I can row a boat through it without ever doubting a pull of the oars, and very little of my gel-coat is ever left behind. The fishing is never the same as it was the last time, but the fish are always there, and if I search enough runs I'll almost always find them. I don't fish it as much as I used to, forsaking it for less crowded waters. But no matter how long I have strayed, when I come back it's as satisfying as going home, and I rarely pull away from the takeout without thinking to myself I need to fish it more.







The other day, I found myself making the familiar drive across the mountain to ply her waters for what must be the thousandth time. The trailer was guided in by muscle memory. The shuttle driver, who used to get me Christmas cards, was taken care of. Being the middle of winter, the usual crowd was absent, and I had it all to myself. Every fish caught was a reassuring check-plus on my report card of still knowing it as well as I used to. It's comforting to go to a place and never once doubt a decision made. And as I pack my gear at the end of the day i realize I will never again have the opportunity to know a place as well as I know this one.



We all go through life charging to new places and forging new relationships. It's an inevitable byproduct of our natural wanderlust. But a life spent without re-visiting the old and familiar places and people doesn't seem like it could possibly be fulfilling enough to sustain.

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*Tailing Redfish*





To approach a tailing redfish on a skiff, maybe more so if wading, has to be one of the most exciting moments a redfish angler can experience, but also, one of the most difficult and frustrating.

Partly because in the super shallow water, you have to make a very subtle yet accurate cast, and partly because after you finally manage to make that good cast, still the redfish busy rooting on the bottom may not see your fly. Or he may be feeding on crabs and ignores your beautifully tied shrimp pattern -- one everyone in the club approved of -- but today, not the redfish. I love this side of Mr. Red.

So, let's say you've done all your homework, found a flat at a good stage of the tide with redfish tailing in about a foot of water. You are up current from the reds, which per usual are working against the current so they're coming your way. Great. Now what?

## *Light and long*

Well, first, let's get the tackle stuff out of the way.

If you know you are going to be in very shallow water fishing for tailing fish, especially if it's not too windy, you are going to need "light and long." That is, a light fly line and a long leader. I usually fish with at least two rods: one for heavy weighted or large flies, mostly for deeper water and/or murky waters, and another for small light flies in very shallow and or clear water, say an 8-weight and a 6-weight, for example.

Your light rod could be a 6- or 7-weight rod -- to some even a 5-weight -- matched to a longer belly line such as the "so-called bonefish tapers," and rigged with a 12-foot leader or so. Your tippet, 30 inches or longer. This outfit, in good hands, will cast smoothly, turn over a long leader, and land as quiet as a 6 or 7 possibly can.



Now that you are holding a light rod and a long leader, let's get back to the tailing redfish.

So the approaching reds are getting closer, and you have chosen a particular fish. You're ready. Now you have to make a very important decision...

### ***When to cast***

If you cast too soon, when the fish is still too far away for your abilities in these conditions, you may fall too short or too far from the fish. Now the fish is closing in, but you have to pick up lots of line off the water and make a closer cast, quickly. You're in trouble. Furthermore, the cast may have alerted it that something is wrong. It's still looking for food, but it's not as happy or as vulnerable. And time is running out. You need to strip some line in, then slowly and smoothly make a back cast and try another presentation. You cast too soon. Yet, if you wait too long, the fish will get too close and eventually become aware of you and the skiff. So, when to cast?

Every circumstance and every caster's ability is different. I may cast at a different distance than you should.

But as Clint Eastwood said, a man has got to know his limitations. And you should have practice with that lighter rod and know your limitations. If you feel you can comfortably make a 50-foot cast or so, then that is where you should try to intercept the red. Wait till it is about 60 feet away and start your cast.

Lets face it, if you never could make an easy and accurate cast at 70 feet when practicing, I assure you this is not the time to try.

### ***Where to cast***

Now that you have a distance, you need to decide where to cast the fly. And here, there are several presentations that work.

The classic way is to try and drop the fly about eight to 16 inches in front of the direction he is moving, letting the lightly weighted fly sink a bit. When you feel he is close enough, start your retrieve – a shrimp or crab pattern here is good.





Or, if the reds are hard to approach and very spooky, you could try the same cast with a shrimp or fish pattern with no weight so you can land softly. Then cast the fly as close as you can to the fish. This fly would be riding much higher on the water column, so you'll see the strike, which is always cool.

But if the fish is tailing in one place for a while, or it is just laying there, tip of the tail out of the water, facing you, try this:

Using a long leader, cast directly over the fish and aim a foot or so past its tail, or if tailing, then a couple of feet or more past it. But make sure the fly line still lands a few feet in front of the fish. Only the mid-section of the leader should be over it. Then bring the fly in slowly and let it pass right by his face. I've had some of the most exciting reactions-and-strike from a redfish this way. Other times, of course, it doesn't work. Every day is different with redfish.

Or, you can wait until the tailing red brings its tail down and starts to push a wake looking for some other prey to feed on, and then make your cast much as you would a cruising fish. This is not as exciting, but it works. And yes, it counts.

Also, in my travels all over the redfish range, I've found that certain tailing techniques work better in some areas and not in others. You'll have to experiment like the rest of us, and that, too, is part of the fun. Places that have more pressure will require you to read the fish better and use lighter lines and extra long leader.

## *A few final thoughts*

In working the fly, you may hop a shrimp pattern and work a crab pattern ultra slow, and that's fine. But I'm finding lately that with shrimp and fish patterns in particular, often a long slow pull rather than too much hop and highly erratic retrieve works really well.

When fishing for tailing fish in an area where they see lots of anglers, try fishing them very early in the morning or late in the evening when the sun is down, and you cannot see into the water (you'll find you can still easily see the tails). This is a magic hour, you've got to do it.

And for even more magic, try a small surface fly in this low light, like a Hot Lips or slider that makes just a little bit of noise, just enough to attract them. And in this low light, you'll be able to get close to the fish, you'll see the strike real well. And that evening, you'll remember me.

Keep a tight line on that redfish, but a loose line on yourself.

~ Chico





*Chico Fernandez is well, Chico Fernandez. Enough said. Want more? Check out Chico's new book "Fly-Fishing for Redfish".*

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# EMBRACE THE SUCK

By Christian Fichtel

Photos: David Grossman





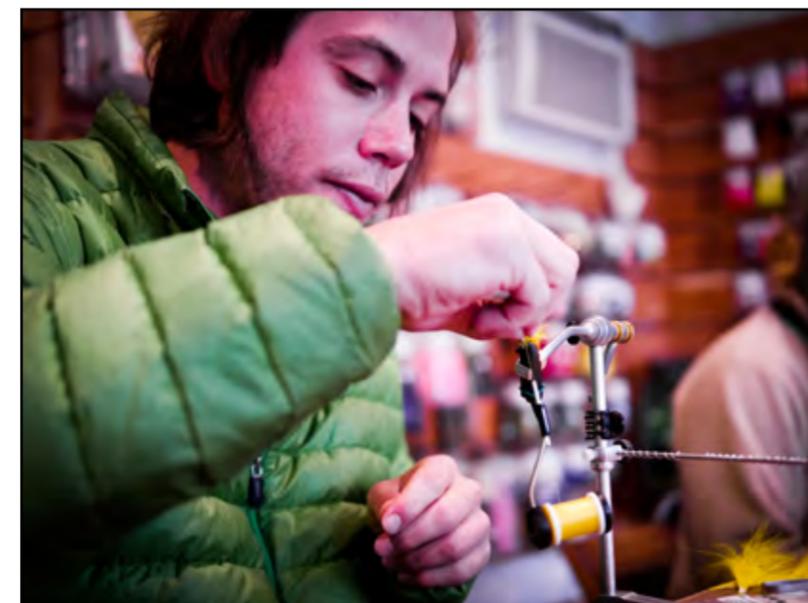
Sometimes, things go sideways. You plan for weeks or months, assemble your gear, and put in hundreds of highway miles filled with visions of what's to come. And then, when the moment finally arrives, Mother Nature backhands your plans and forces you to adapt. This happens most often during the depths of winter, and Nashville was no different. Caney Fork trout and Broad Street honky-tonks were replaced by East Nashville's up-and-coming scene and a warm-water steam plant discharge on the Cumberland River. In nearly every instance of diverted plans, the funniest part is how often a Plan B turns into a hell of a lot of fun.

Daytime January average high temperatures in Nashville tend to hover in the mid-40s. Unfortunately, there was nothing average about the weather during the 48 hours we spent there. Thick layers of ice were blanketed by as much snow as the city typically receives in an entire year, and hundreds of traffic accidents left the city in a near standstill. Over too many drinks with Peter Jones and the boys from Jones Fly Company at the smoky 3 Crow Bar, a plan was hatched.

I'd like to say we set out early the following morning, but we didn't. A thick layer of ice on the truck as well as substantial hangovers slowed us down a bit. Before dropping the boat in, a visit to Jones Fly Company was in order. It's a small shop that embodies both the East Nashville spirit and the vibe of some pretty fishy dudes. Not only is its fly selection enormous, but every single one of the flies is tied in the shop. That's pretty damn cool. In a market saturated with consumer choice, most fly shops simply work from the same playbook as everyone else. While you see plenty of shops closing down, you don't often see many opening second and third locations. While Jones Fly Company hasn't opened a second shop just yet, they will soon be moving into a larger space, bucking the trend by doing things in a

unique and different way.

With a sack of hand warmers and more layers than you'll find on a North Sea oil rig worker, we headed north to the Cumberland. There's no need for Google maps when a tower of steam on the horizon promises fish and warmer temperatures. The run from the launch was short and cold, but the destination was well worth it. In a single afternoon, eight species of fish were boated. While the monster stripers that prowl the steam plant discharge eluded us, the skipjack shad, somewhat sarcastically called the Tennessee Tarpon by some, were hungry. They don't fight very well and they leave your gloves smelling like Lindsay Lohan in the late 2000s, but watching a silver flash inhale a fly just as you begin to pick up for another cast does the trick for me.



MICE





Perhaps in the South more than any other region, we are blessed with variety that should make folks jealous. Too often, we look down on fish that don't grace the pages of the fishing rags you find on the shelves at Barnes & Noble; that's a mistake. I like catching bonefish as much as the next guy, and I'd take 'em over steam plant fish every time, but that's not the point. Get outside and catch what's there.





You can't control the weather, so adapt. The only thing worse than fishing in single digit temperatures is sitting on the couch wishing you were. You'll meet some good people, you'll be introduced to the porcine magic that is Benton's bacon, and you might add a few new species to your list.



And when the four-and-a-half-hour drive home ends up taking eight because the Tennessee DOT decides that, in the midst of the worst winter storm in years, plowing and salting the interstate would be a waste of time, you'll already be checking your calendar to see when you can get away for the next destination.

Whether it's Tennessee tarpon in the snow or the real deal in 30-knot winds in the Keys, you'll be glad you did.



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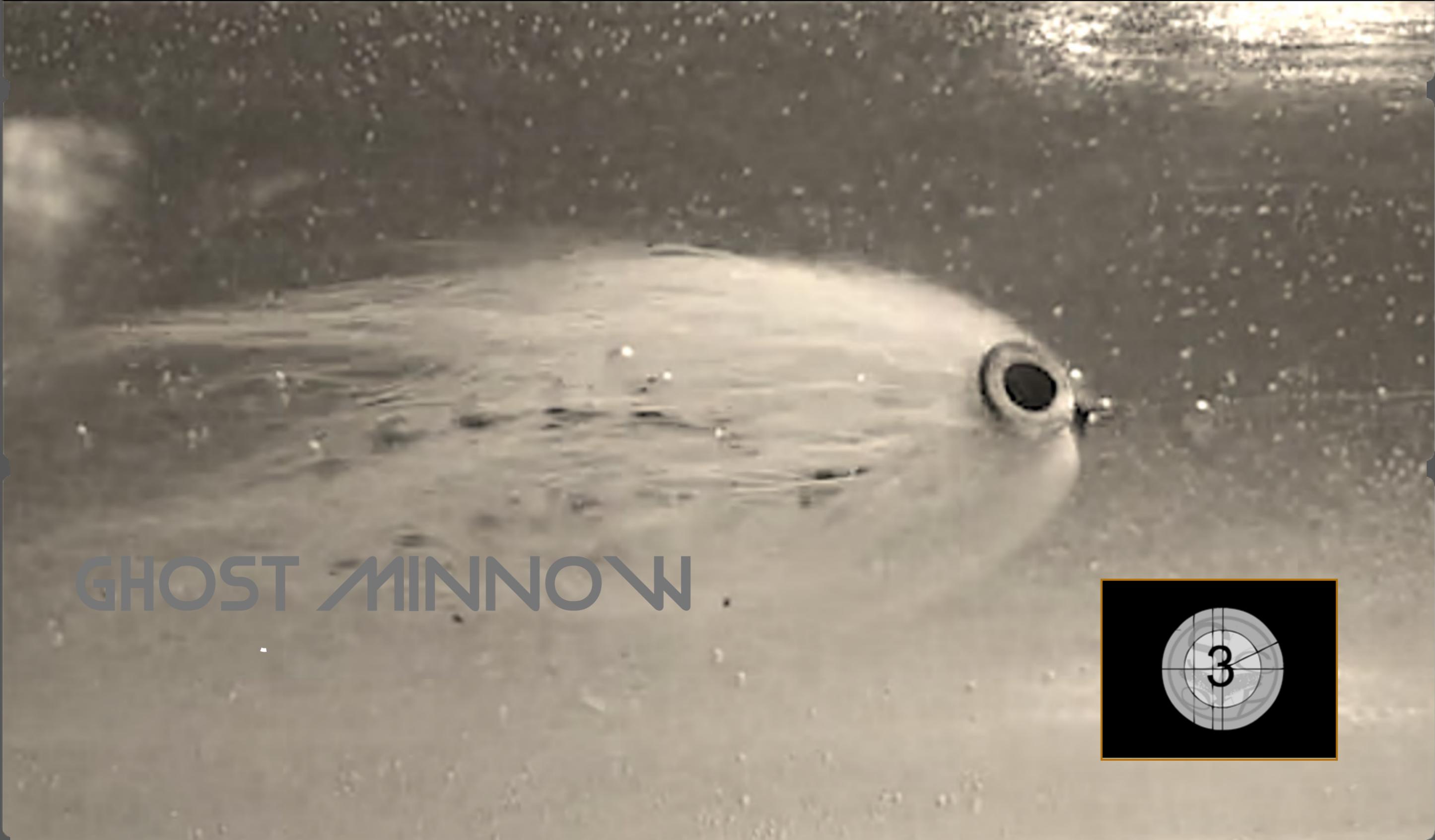
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CONSERVATION

Joe Murray



# THE LOOMING DEATH OF OUR COASTAL FISHERIES

Our coastal fisheries are getting fucked because of pathetically poor habitat and water management, and fly anglers (hell, anglers in general) aren't doing shit about it.

First, let's do the historical baseline test. Let's choose 60 years ago, if for no other reason than some of the people reading this will have fishing memories from back then, and can attest to the next statement: How is our coastal fishing now compared to then? Almost across the board, a mere shadow of what it once was. I have yet to speak with an older angler who has told me that fishing now is as good or better than back then – and “back then” could be 30 years, not 60. If we're talking about evaluating the state of our fisheries, we don't want to just look at the past five or 10 years -- we need a bigger picture. And that bigger picture looks pretty damn sad. It sure as hell isn't something you'd hang on the wall of the man room.

Sure, there are spots here and there where a fishery is pretty good, but even these spots tend to be hot and cold, anglers often having to work harder than they used to for good fishing. And once again the old timers tell stories that make a big day today pale in comparison.



So compared to 60 years ago, our fisheries aren't doing well. Why are anglers okay with this? Are they so consumed by denial that they accept it as the new normal and just fish harder, or travel to find good fishing? I wonder how much of the fishing travel outfitter business in recent years is the result of anglers giving up on their home waters and traveling to scratch the itch? I bet it's a lot. And that's classic avoidance behavior. Plus, this only works if you have the money to do it. Everyone else is screwed.

To those who are reading this and think that fishing today is just as good as it's ever been, you need to see a shrink, because you're in a majorly altered state of reality. Or you're too young to know any better. The data say the fisheries are in decline, as do the accounts of those who've been doing this for a while.

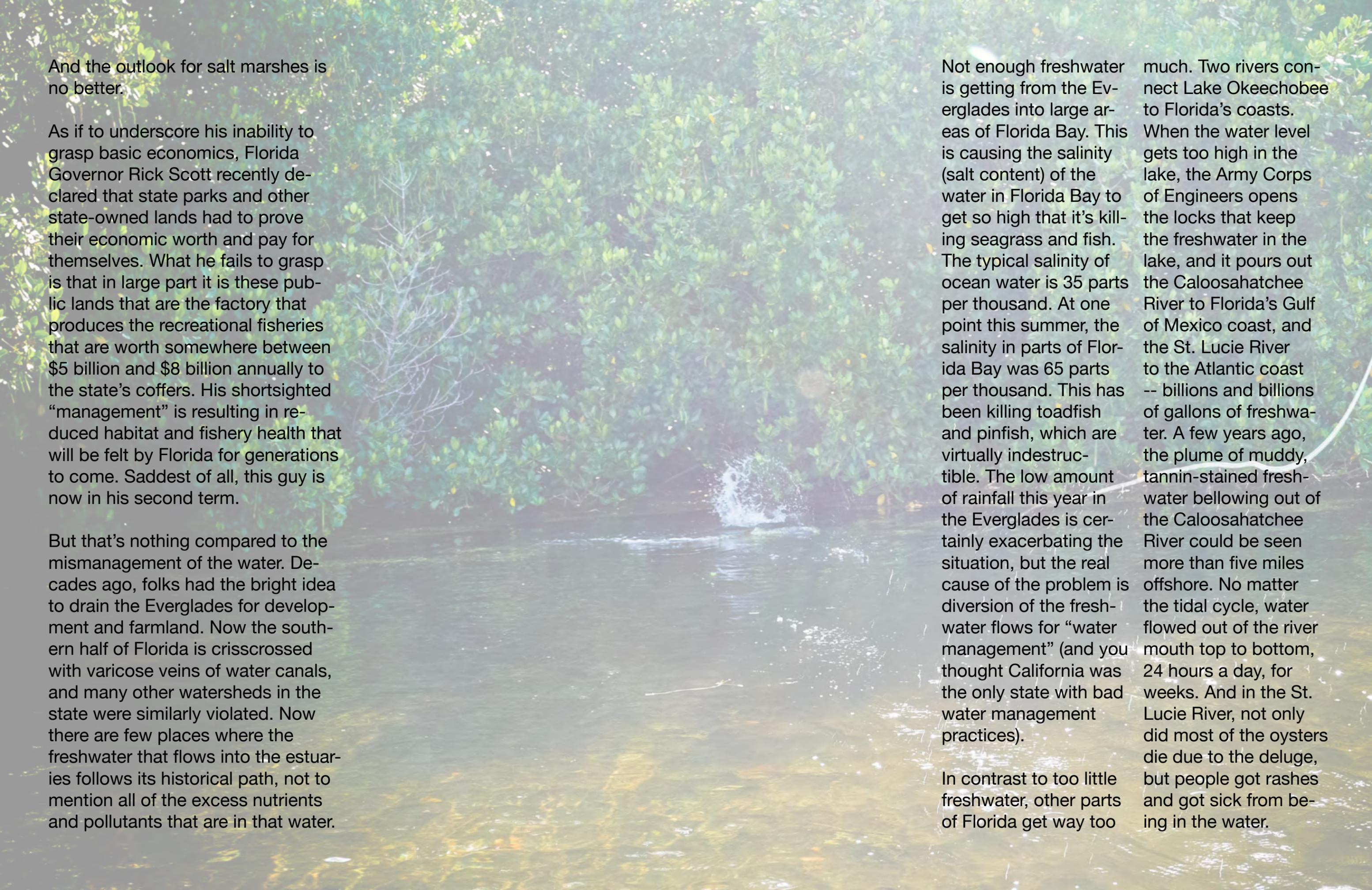
So what's the source of the ills that have befallen our coastal fisheries? Bad resource management. For

most coastal recreational fisheries (there are a few exceptions), I don't think it's bad management, it's bad resource management. Florida is a great example. By and large, the recreational fisheries are well managed. Size limits, seasons, bag limits are all based on best available science and are doing what they're supposed to do.

In glaring contrast, the state can't have its head much farther up its ass when it comes to habitat and water management. Due to past errors in judgment, Florida has already lost somewhere around 50% of its mangroves. Since a lot of recreational fish species rely on mangroves, that's a problem. Now, when the state reviews an application for clearing mangroves for development (yes, this still happens), it reviews the application as if there are just as many mangroves as there ever were, not as part of a larger, cumulative loss of habitat. This generally leads to the permit being approved at the expense of the fisheries.



photo: Pintrest (I Love Florida)



And the outlook for salt marshes is no better.

As if to underscore his inability to grasp basic economics, Florida Governor Rick Scott recently declared that state parks and other state-owned lands had to prove their economic worth and pay for themselves. What he fails to grasp is that in large part it is these public lands that are the factory that produces the recreational fisheries that are worth somewhere between \$5 billion and \$8 billion annually to the state's coffers. His shortsighted "management" is resulting in reduced habitat and fishery health that will be felt by Florida for generations to come. Saddest of all, this guy is now in his second term.

But that's nothing compared to the mismanagement of the water. Decades ago, folks had the bright idea to drain the Everglades for development and farmland. Now the southern half of Florida is crisscrossed with varicose veins of water canals, and many other watersheds in the state were similarly violated. Now there are few places where the freshwater that flows into the estuaries follows its historical path, not to mention all of the excess nutrients and pollutants that are in that water.

Not enough freshwater is getting from the Everglades into large areas of Florida Bay. This is causing the salinity (salt content) of the water in Florida Bay to get so high that it's killing seagrass and fish. The typical salinity of ocean water is 35 parts per thousand. At one point this summer, the salinity in parts of Florida Bay was 65 parts per thousand. This has been killing toadfish and pinfish, which are virtually indestructible. The low amount of rainfall this year in the Everglades is certainly exacerbating the situation, but the real cause of the problem is diversion of the freshwater flows for "water management" (and you thought California was the only state with bad water management practices).

In contrast to too little freshwater, other parts of Florida get way too

much. Two rivers connect Lake Okeechobee to Florida's coasts. When the water level gets too high in the lake, the Army Corps of Engineers opens the locks that keep the freshwater in the lake, and it pours out the Caloosahatchee River to Florida's Gulf of Mexico coast, and the St. Lucie River to the Atlantic coast -- billions and billions of gallons of freshwater. A few years ago, the plume of muddy, tannin-stained freshwater bellowing out of the Caloosahatchee River could be seen more than five miles offshore. No matter the tidal cycle, water flowed out of the river mouth top to bottom, 24 hours a day, for weeks. And in the St. Lucie River, not only did most of the oysters die due to the deluge, but people got rashes and got sick from being in the water.

You can imagine what this did to the fish and fishing.

How bad is the water in Lake Okeechobee? A few years ago during a drought, the water level in the lake became so low that large areas of the mucky bottom were exposed. Someone had the idea to dredge out some of the muck that had accumulated over the decades. But when they tested the muck, it came back as so contaminated that there was no place to put it other than a sealed landfill. It remains in the lake to this day.

Here's another gem for you: The levels of mercury in freshwater fish in South Florida are so high that the state recommends that people do not eat freshwater fish. Period.

The frustration here is that Florida's water is still being managed like it's the 1950s. The world is different now than it was back then. We know more and we should know a lot better, but the old ways just won't die.



One of the bullshit arguments you'll hear over and over again is that this is competition for freshwater between agriculture and the fish. If agriculture used reasonable conservation measures with its water use practices, this wouldn't be an issue.

A lot of the water management canals were built to move water – to prevent flooding in some areas, deliver water to others. Because these canals drain a lot of agricultural land and take runoff from urbanized areas, the water is full of all kinds of crap. At the top of the list for many is that the water contains too many nutrients. Too many nutrients entering coastal waters and estuaries cause plankton blooms, which kill seagrass, shellfish, and other organisms, which – you guessed it – greatly impacts the fisheries.

For water management purposes, the entities in charge want long, straight, clean canals that can move a lot of water. So on a regular basis, these entities spray herbicides in the canals to get rid of plants like Hydrilla, which can clog the canals and water control structures and pumps. This, of course, not only introduces yet another pollutant into the water, but also puts the nutrients that had been soaked up by the plants right back into the water. This makes for a nasty nutrient soup heading straight for coastal waters.

A few locations in Florida and other states use barge-mounted, mower-like contraptions to remove Hydrilla. This seems like a decent alternative to pollutants, and it helps to remove the nutrients from the system.

A massive plankton bloom driven by a long-term input of nutrients is to blame for the massive seagrass die-off in Florida's Indian River Lagoon. The plankton bloom blocked sunlight from reaching the seagrass, and then the decomposition of the dead plankton

and seagrass reduced oxygen in the water, which helped take out a lot more of the seagrass. This happened in 2010, and the recovery has been slow to say the least. Manatees, dolphins, and turtles are dying in high numbers, and fish have lesions. There hasn't been a report of a decent shrimp run in years.

Some say that the 2010 event was the "perfect storm" caused in large part by the extreme freeze, to which I say bullshit. The Indian River Lagoon has been through freezes many times before, and never has such a die-off been documented. Some also say that 2010 was the death of the Indian River Lagoon, but the estuary has been dying the death of a thousand cuts for years. The 2010 event was just the accumulation of too many cuts -- it had been coming for quite some time.

The Indian River Lagoon isn't going to recover until something is done to fix the water. High-nutrient, polluted water can't continue to be dumped into the lagoon on a daily basis. It's pretty simple.





The same can be said for Florida Bay and the Everglades. Until the water is fixed, the ecosystem – and the fisheries that depend on a healthy ecosystem – will continue to weaken and eventually totally collapse.

The Caloosahatchee and St. Lucie rivers will continue to be wastelands until water flows out of Lake Okeechobee are controlled.

All of these problems are shitting on our fisheries. And until these problems are addressed, our fisheries will continue to decline. Here's the scary part – ecosystem and fishery declines aren't slow and gradual. They are punctuated by cliff edges where they take a huge drop all at once to a "new normal," and to many this is an "oh shit" moment that's too late.

If the changes in the coastal fisheries that have occurred over the past 20 years instead occurred over a few weeks, people would be going ape shit. The declines would be obvious, painful, criminal, even to those who don't fish. Instead, the changes have occurred in increments -- the infamous "death by a thousand cuts" – it's death all the same. It's just that saltwater anglers can't get

out of their own way to see the changes, instead grabbing ever more desperately for that "good day" of fishing, whatever the hell that means anymore. So the perpetual optimism that keeps fly anglers chasing fish across the flats is also what has kept us from seeing how bad it really is, and makes the con job of the resource managers just that much easier.

I know it doesn't sound sexy, but short of getting the band back together (read Monkey Wrench Gang), the only way to get action is to make life painful for those who make the decisions – the resource managers and politicians. That's how democracies work. You have to participate to fix shit that isn't working. So far, recreational anglers are sitting on one hand and drinking beer with the other.

Sure, it's a pain in the ass and may take away some of your fishing time, but unless this shit is fixed, you'll have plenty of non-fishing time available in the not-too-distant future. Then you can write as many letters as you want lamenting the way it used to be, and you can use what you've made selling your gear on eBay to fix up the man cave.

### \*\*\*CALL TO ACTION:

Just because it seems free because there is no charge for being out there wading a flat, walking a shoreline, or poling a boat, don't fool yourself. It's not. What we invest in now is directly related to the benefits we'll get later. Unfortunately, those who came before us didn't invest enough and didn't protect the investment. Those charged with protecting the resource have failed at their duties. So here we are in the shit show. Now get off your ass and pay your dues, do something about it.

- **Florida Department of Environmental Protection. The FL DEP is responsible for water management and habitats.**

- **Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission. FL FWC is responsible for managing Florida's natural resources, including recreational and commercial fisheries. To contact the Commissioners, who are appointed by the Governor and oversee FL FWC - go to this page and complete the form.**

- **Email Florida Governor Rick Scott.**

- **Sign the petition to stop Lake Okeechobee discharges into the St Lucie River and estuaries**

- **Contact local county commissions.**

- **Contact your local, state, and federal legislators.**



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Photo: Louis Gaudet

# SCOFBLOG

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IT WAS IMPROVED**



A photograph of a butterfly on a pond at sunset. The butterfly is in the lower center, its wings reflecting in the water. The background is a dense field of reeds or tall grasses, their reflections also visible in the water. The sky is a deep, dark blue, and the overall lighting is soft and warm, characteristic of the 'blue hour'.

**OVERTIME**  
By Ryan Rice

This year it's crazy -- we're still in shorts and barefeet in December.

It's almost like summer never ended. Usually by October, the tailers really drop off and most of us switch to fishing low tide. Nevertheless, it's December and we are going for tailers.

Many times I will go by myself and pole a flat with my camera around my shoulder to capture that perfect moment. Finding the fish is just half the battle. The next challenge is getting yourself into position to capture that perfect shot while a redfish is in the process of munching fiddler crabs.







Ryan Rice is the guy behind Fly Line Media. He splits his time between the flats of the Lowcountry and in a very dark hole, editing film. When the flats aren't happening you'll find him on the road with the Clutch Fly Rod crew spreading the gospel.



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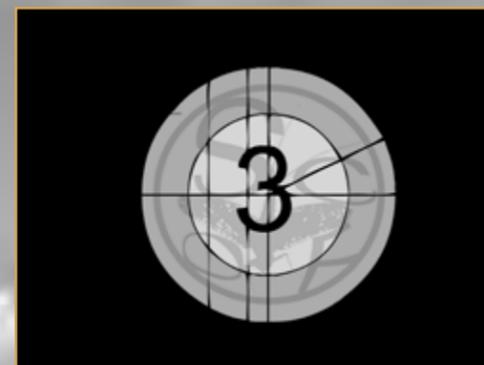
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MOVING PICTURES   
Cameron Barker



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**W**INTER

**C**ADDIS

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Louis Gaudet  
**WINTER CADDIS PUPAE**

The *Dolophilodes distinctus* is a very important yet often overlooked bug on most tail waters of the East and Midwest. It's a bug that hatches year round but has a spike in numbers twice a year, once in the winter and then again in the summer. Personally I don't pay much attention to this caddis in the summer as there are so many other bugs out, that trout don't tend to key into this particular one. However, in the winter this can be some of the best dry fly fishing you can see year round. The female version does not grow wings during the winter and scurry around on the surface film of the water making them an easy target and some quick calories for lethargic winter trout.

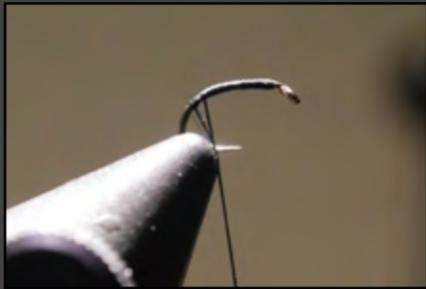


If you can find a string of sunny winter days where the air temps get a little above freezing it will send these caddis into over drive and you can have some incredible action for most of the day. Trout tend to key in on the females because they can't fly away. They are generally a black bug with speckled gold/black wings in the males. The females are mostly black/grey with a large bulbous rear end that's amber in color. I tie my pupae in two color variations. The first is a black bug with an amber rear end. This color combo will work anytime these caddis are on the water. If you really want to be extremely successful with these caddis you will also need to tie some with a purple body instead of amber. I found this out fishing the Farmington river years ago. It was a warm February day and I had been pretty lucky all morning fishing my amber colored pattern but around 11 am I noticed a lot of fish were snubbing my fly. They would come up underneath it and then turn off at the last second. I could see that the fish were still taking the caddis on the water but not mine. I knew my drift and size were right but couldn't get the eat. So I went back to the truck grabbed my seine net walked right into a few fishes feeding lanes and sampled the water. What I found was the same female caddis that I was imitating but they were purple. The females had filled with eggs and you could see the eggs through their bodies. That night I went home and tied a bunch of the same pattern as before but with a purple body. The next day I went back to the same pool and proceeded to clean up all day starting with the amber and then switching to purple once the fish turned to the egg filled females.

## Materials List:

- Caddis Hook sz 22-26 (depending on the water your fishing)
- Black 70 denier thread
- Black thin Foam
- Amber/Purple Dubbing
- Black Dry fly Hackle (sized to hook your using)

1



2



3



4



5



6



7



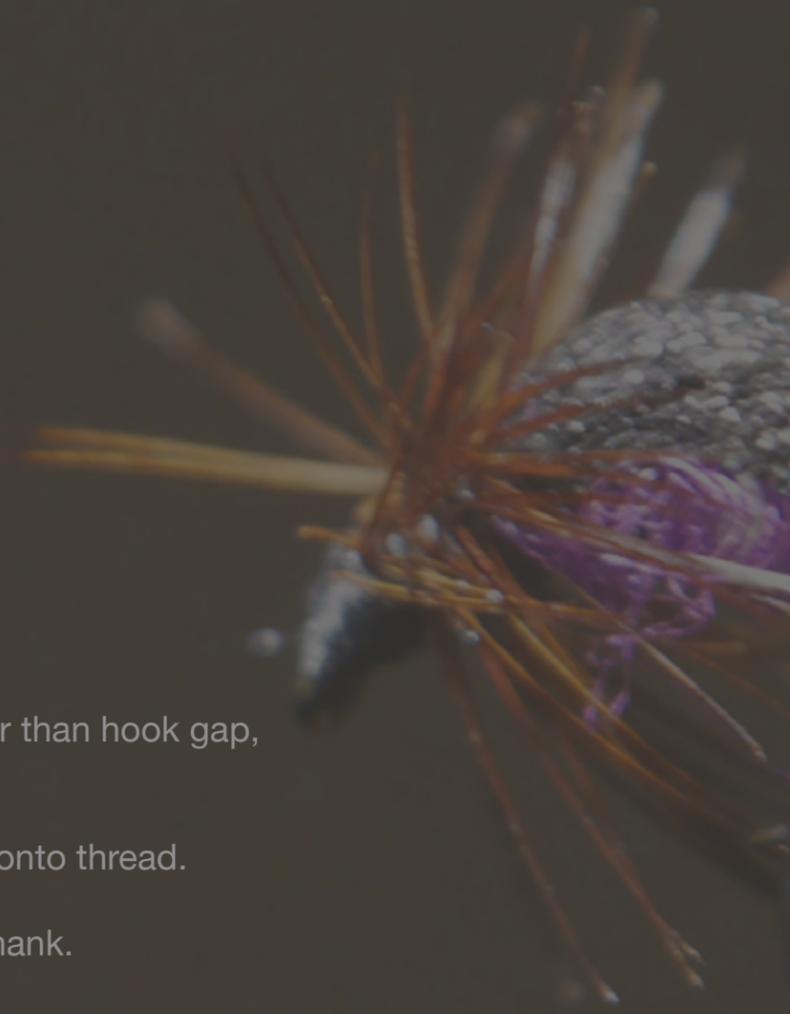
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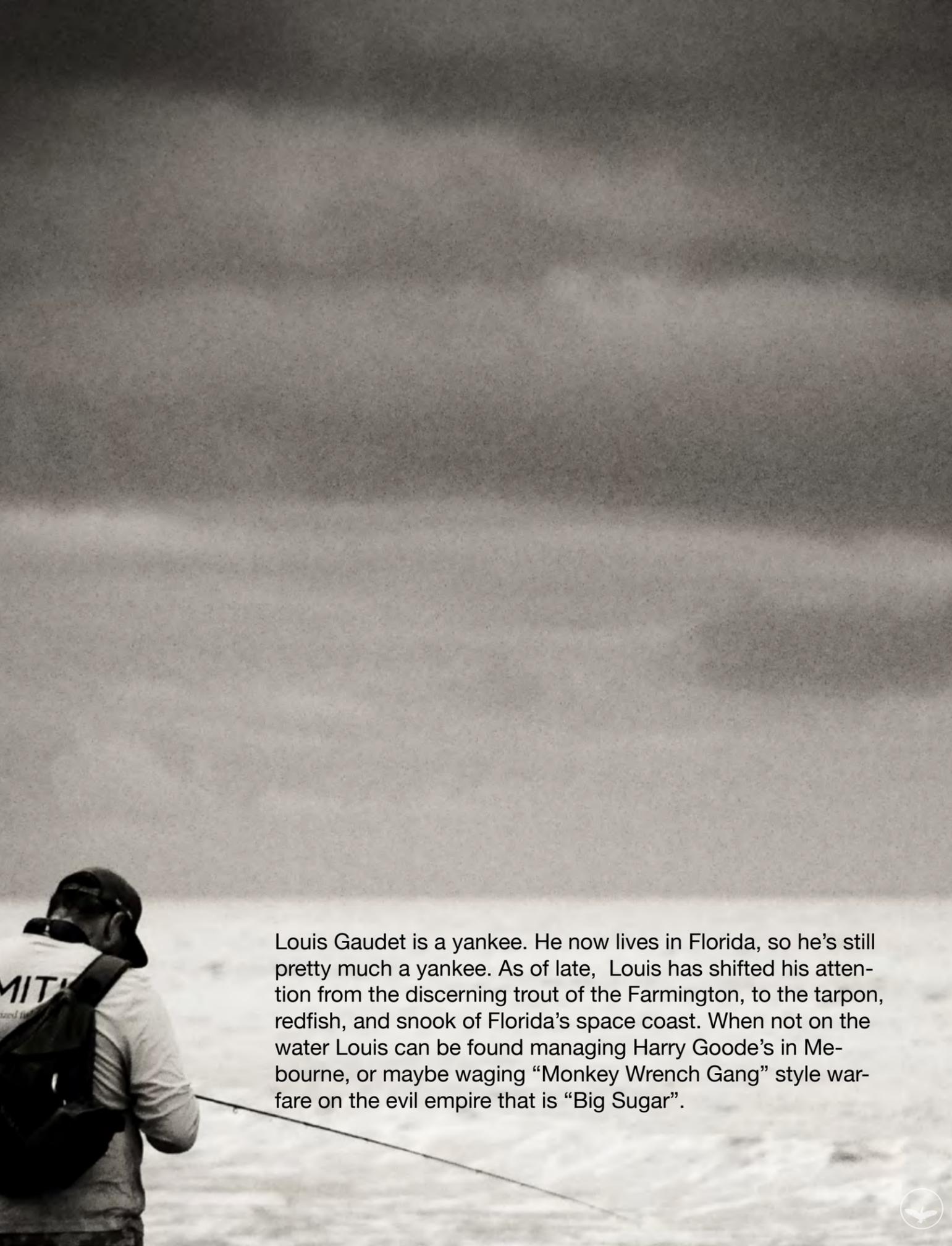


9



- 1 Tie thread back to bend.
- 2 Tie strip of 2mm foam, slightly thicker than hook gap, back to bend.
- 3 Pinch dub purple superfine dubbing onto thread.
- 4 Wrap dubbing ball 1/2 way up hook shank.
- 5 Fold Foam over hook shank and tie off behind eye leaving room for hackle.
- 6 Clip foam tight.
- 7 Tie on black hackle appropriate to hook size. Tie off in front of foam.
- 8 Wrap hackle 3-4 wraps and tie off.
- 9 Whip finish.





Louis Gaudet is a yankee. He now lives in Florida, so he's still pretty much a yankee. As of late, Louis has shifted his attention from the discerning trout of the Farmington, to the tarpon, redfish, and snook of Florida's space coast. When not on the water Louis can be found managing Harry Goode's in Melbourne, or maybe waging "Monkey Wrench Gang" style warfare on the evil empire that is "Big Sugar".



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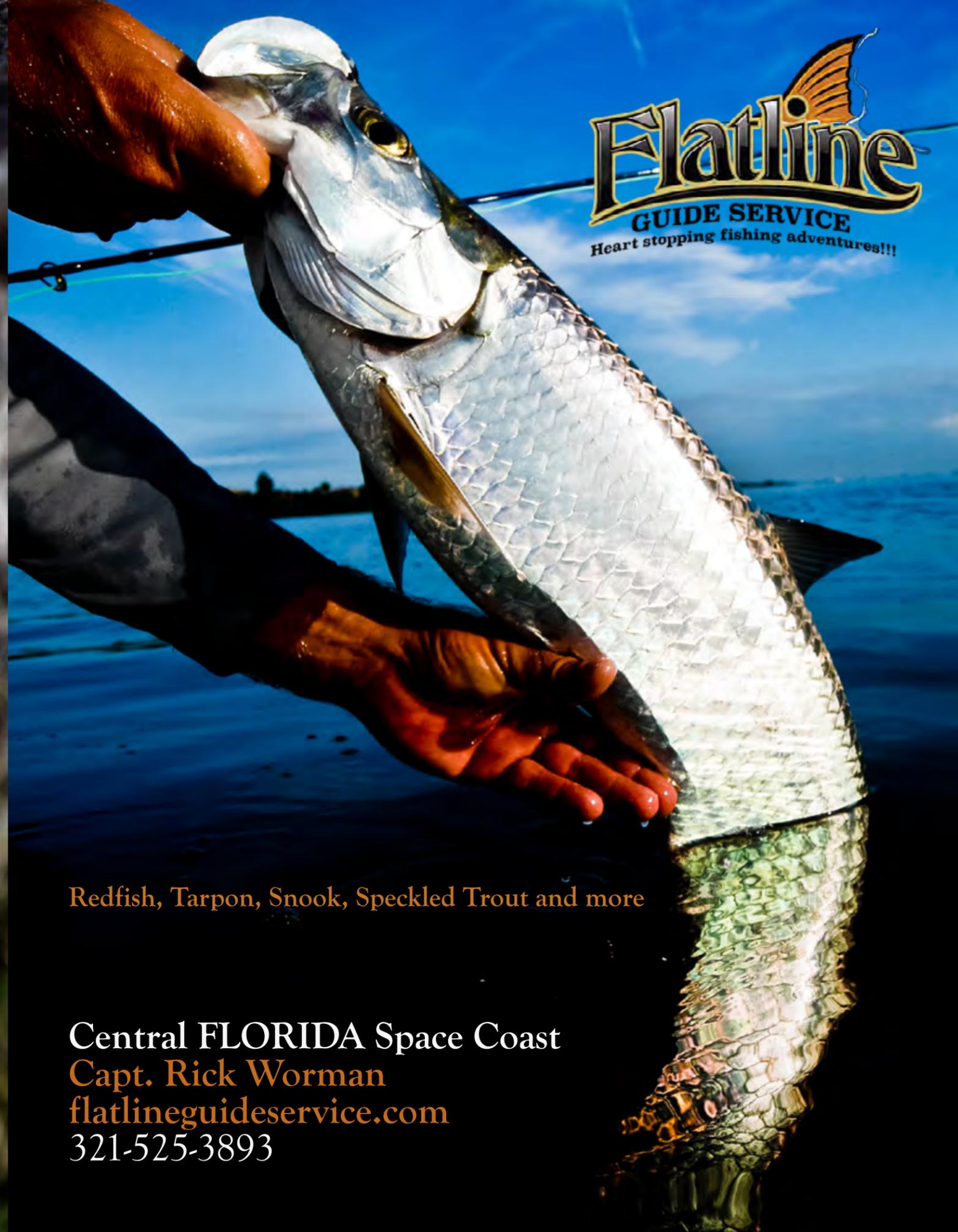
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LOOKING FOR PEACOCKS  
IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES

By David Grossman  
Photos: Steve Seiberg



**At some point along the way, poaching got a bad wrap.** These days, poaching fish is frowned upon in much the same way furies might be within certain circles. I think it has something to do with these newfangled poachers killing everything they touch. Well, back in my time we practiced a much kinder, gentler form of poaching... catch-and-release poaching. This widely practiced “no harm no foul” poaching involved scaling fences and gates, avoiding security guards and golf course rangers, and finding a way to clandestinely fish any and every bit of water you knew a monster must inhabit. Then we let them go. Hence the no harm, no foul. (Just to be clear.)







I don't quite poach like I used to, but whenever I'm in South Florida, the temptation is just too much to bear. Exotic non-native bass in subdivision retention ponds dot the landscape like 7-Eleven's, all ripe for a proper poaching. A poacher's paradise, my friends, more spectacular than Coolio could have ever envisioned. These pond fish see no pressure and exist as quite literally the big fish in a little pond. This hierarchy is no more clear than when one of these Amazonian transplants bum rushes your clouser in a manner more akin to a charging silverback gorilla than a fish.



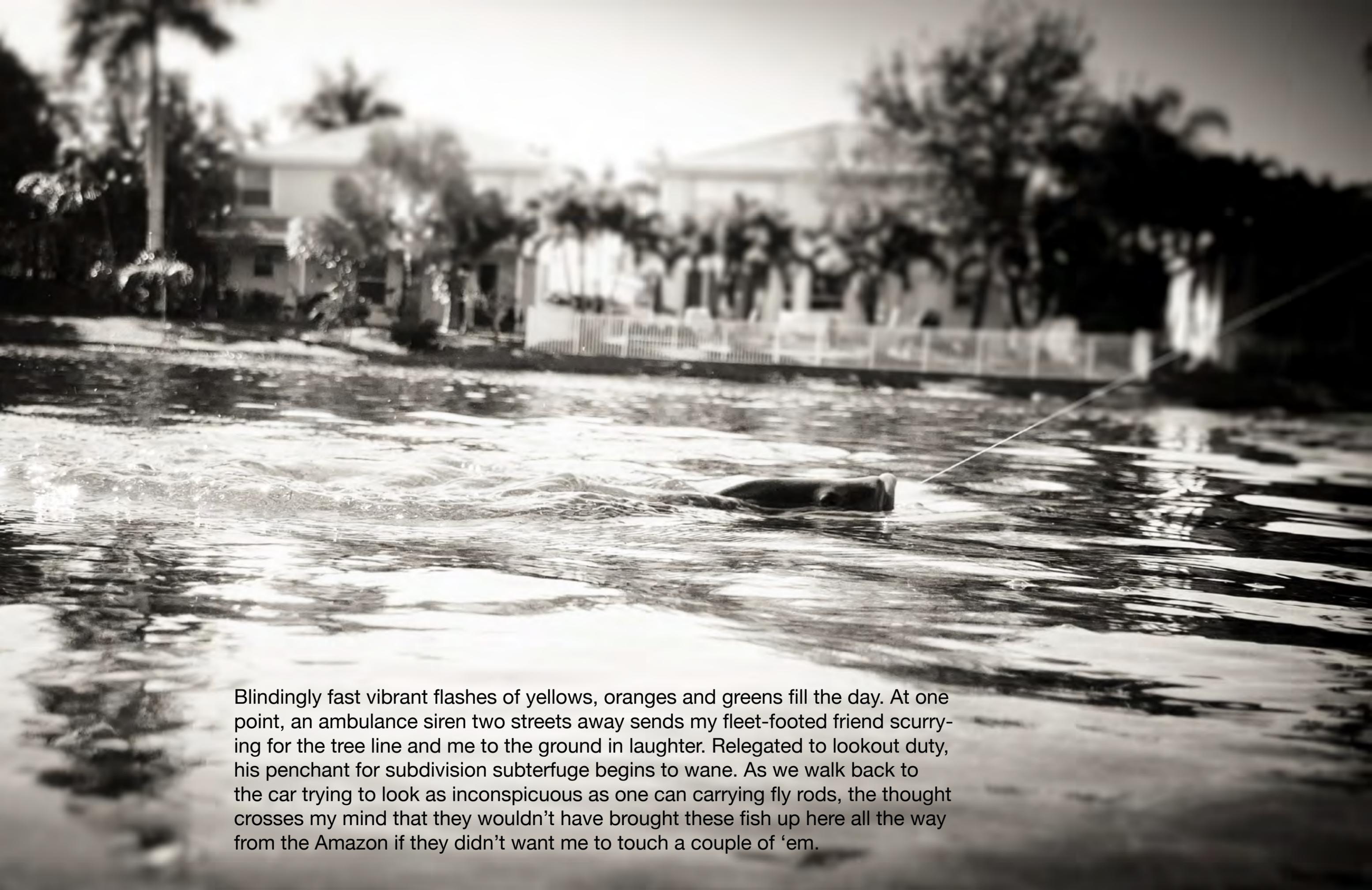




At first, you're taken aback by the aggression of a fish that spends its life in the middle of manicured lawns and soccer moms conducting illicit affairs with their bronzed pool boys. Then you realize these things were brought here in one of those instances of the hubris of bureaucrats thinking they could control one man-made disaster by introducing another in the form of a voracious non-native killing machine. Just because they live in a neighborhood now, doesn't mean you'd want them over for dinner.

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NO  
FISHING**





Blindingly fast vibrant flashes of yellows, oranges and greens fill the day. At one point, an ambulance siren two streets away sends my fleet-footed friend scurrying for the tree line and me to the ground in laughter. Relegated to lookout duty, his penchant for subdivision subterfuge begins to wane. As we walk back to the car trying to look as inconspicuous as one can carrying fly rods, the thought crosses my mind that they wouldn't have brought these fish up here all the way from the Amazon if they didn't want me to touch a couple of 'em.



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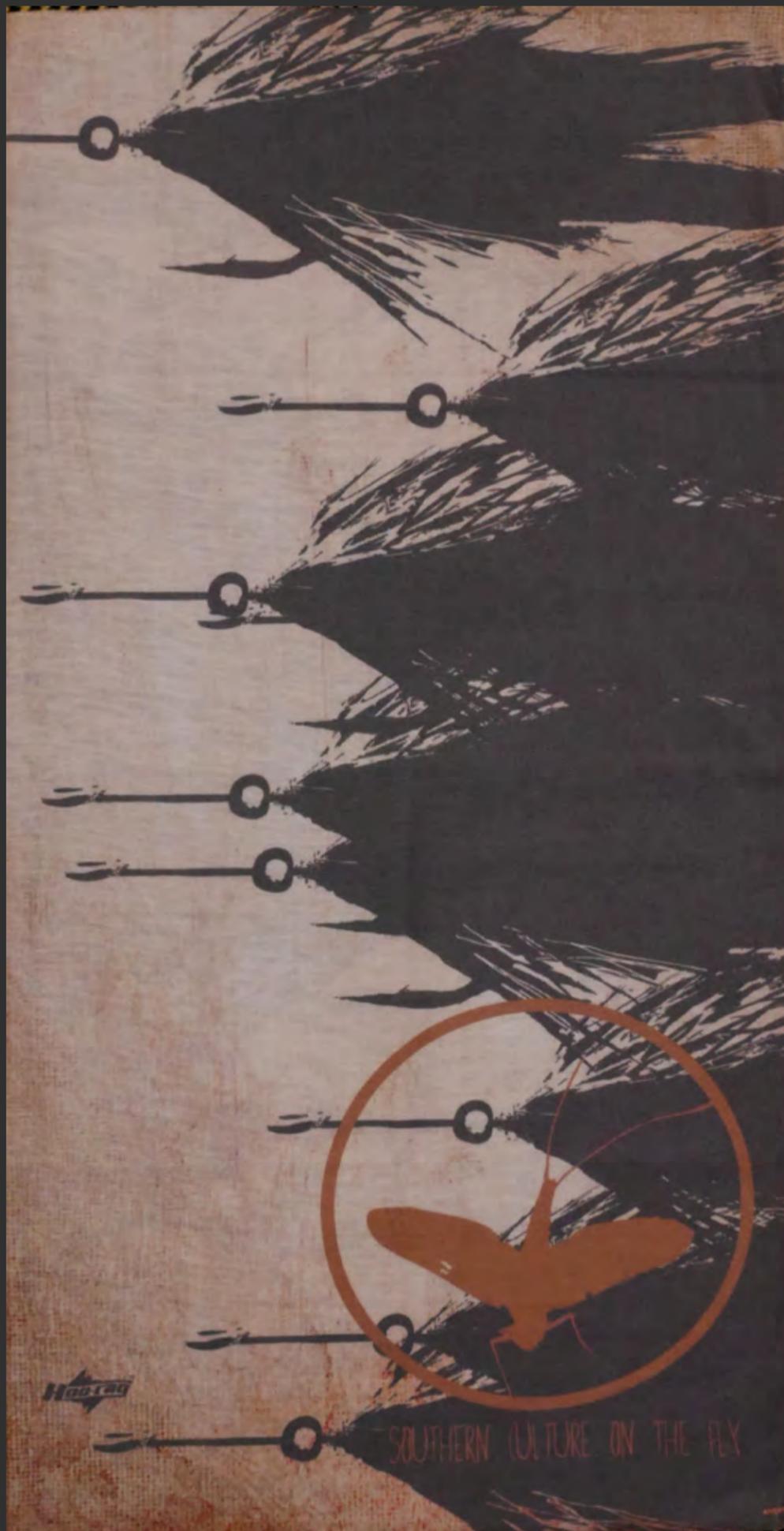
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The Penultimate Page

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He was about to pull off the only backspin ever  
.....by a carp

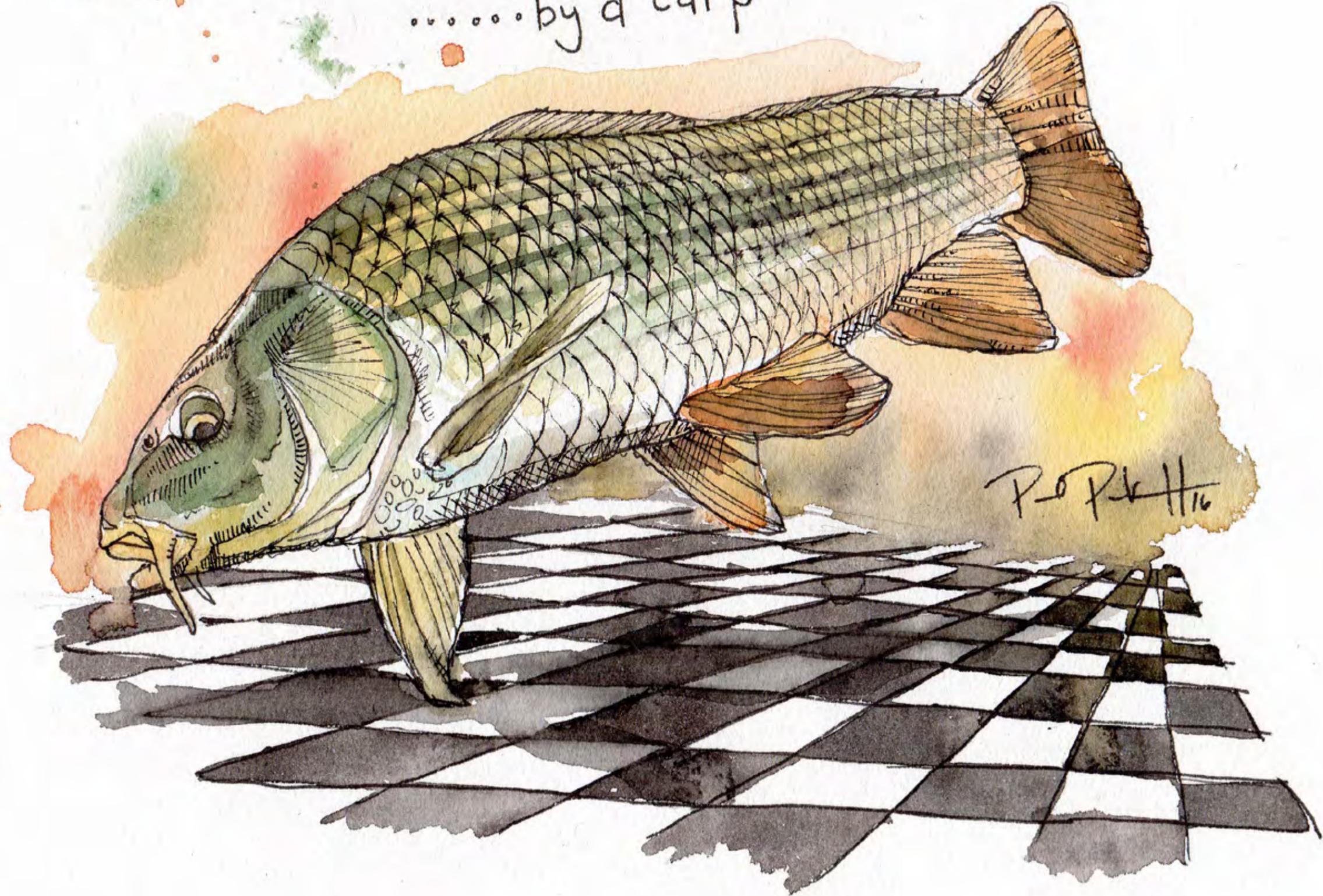




photo: Steve Seimberg

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