

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



S.C.O.F
magazine **0¢**
ISSUE NO. 3

SPRING
2012

southern culture on the fly

SPRING!!!
SPRUNG!!
SPROINNNNG!!!



GEORGIA BASS JAMBOREE
ALL LAID UP
THE VISE
MUSKY WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP
MAYFLIES OF SPRING

BENCH PRESS
STRATERGIZING
GEAR REVIEWS
FUR AND FEATHER MATINEE
MOVING PICTURES

PLUS...

...AND MORE

We have been supporting fly fishers since 1985!

Check out our fly fishing schools and guided fly fishing trips in NC & TN

Visit our online fly shop and sign up for



MONTFORD AREA HISTORIC DISTRICT



Spring 2012 SPRUNG



FEATURES

- 28 ALL LAID UP
BY JOEL DICKEY
- 44 THE MAYFLIES OF SPRING
A PHOTO ESSAY BY LOUIS CAHILL AND STEVE SEINBERG
- 70 FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE
CUMBERLAND PLATEAU 
MUSKY WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP
BY DAVID GROSSMAN
- 94 THE VISE
BY MIKE BENSON
- 134 GEORGIA BASS JAMBOREE
BY DAVID GROSSMAN

departments

- 12 HAIKU
- 18 BENCH PRESS
- 40 MOVING PICTURES
- 62 FUR AND FEATHER
MATINEE
- 66 TOOAT 2012
- 90 FUR AND FEATHER
MATINEE -BONUS
- 106 GEAR REVIEW
- 114 CONSERVATION
- 122 STRATERGIZING

SPROINNNNG!!



S.C.O.F

SPRUNG

ISSUE NO. 3

SPRING 2012

**EDITOR
CO-PUBLISHER:**
David Grossman

**ART DIRECTOR
CO-PUBLISHER:**
Steve Seinberg

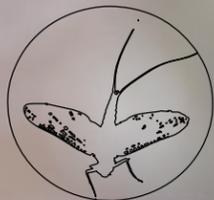
CONTRIBUTORS:
J.E.B. Hall
Louis Cahill
Kent Klewein
Ryan Dunne
Thomas Harvey
Joel Dickey
Michael Yelton
Cameron Mortenson
Mike Benson
Scott Davis
Colles Stowell
Seth Vernon
Erik Thue

COPY EDITOR:
Lindsey Grossman

**GENERAL INQUIRIES
AND SUBMISSIONS:**
info@southerncultureonthefly.com

ADVERTISING INFORMATION:
info@southerncultureonthefly.com

COVER:
Steve Seinberg



WWW.SOUTHERNCULTUREONTHEFLY.COM

all content and images © 2012 Southern Culture on the Fly

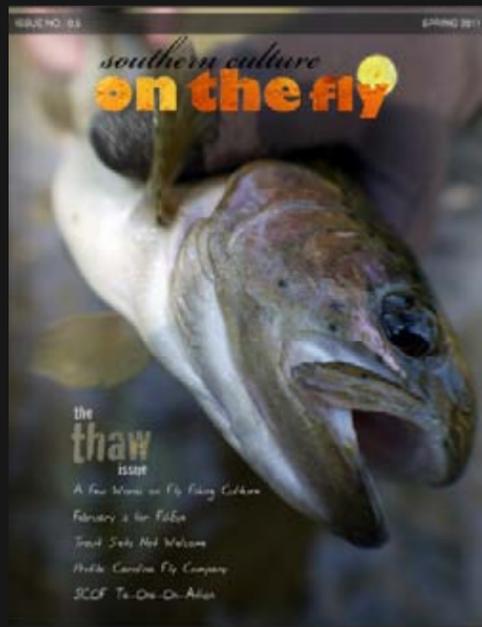


southern culture
on the fly

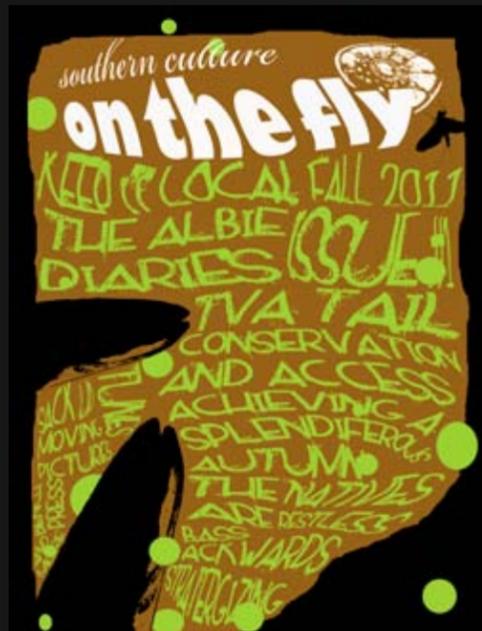


*o
o
o
o*

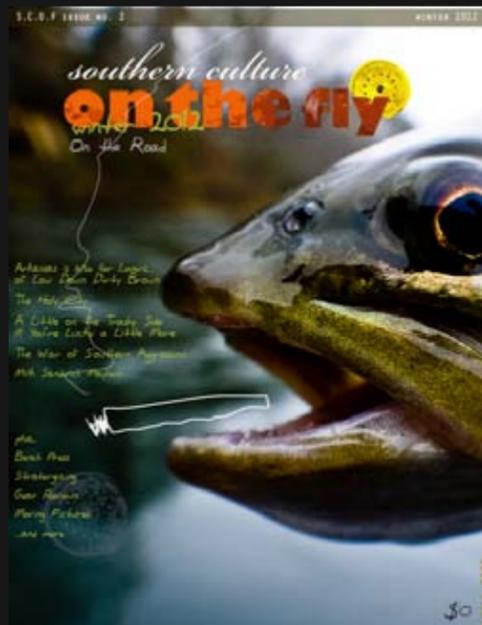
**PREVIEW
ISSUE #0.5
SPRING 2011**



**ISSUE #1
FALL 2011**



**ISSUE #2
WINTER 2012**



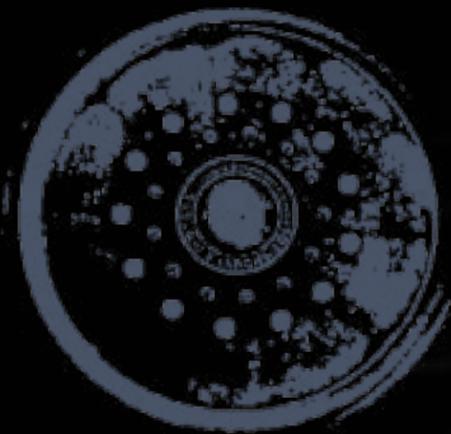
just in case you missed 'em...

PAST ISSUES

(also free)



don't miss another
SUBSCRIBE NOW FREE
CLICK



From the Editor's desk...
to your bathroom

Spring 2012

Writers have been waxing poetic on the subject of spring since the days of minstrels and man tights. The rebirth of spring has been described in so many ways that attempting to rehash it here would be a little plagiaristic no matter how I turned the phrase. So, instead of discussing the warmth of the sun, the buds on the trees, and the bucolic singing of birds, I thought this might be the perfect avenue to discuss the aspect of spring that most often gets overlooked in our rush to shed our waders and ensconce ourselves in the warm glow of the sun.

I have always looked at this time of year more like hitting the reset button as far as my fishing season goes. When you fish 12 months a year, the luxury of self-reflection doesn't come easy, so spring is when I force myself to sit down take stock of what I've done, what I'm doing, and what I will do in the realm of all things fly. Yes, I know that resolutions are done by most normal folks in January, but my year and every other flinger of fur and feather I know will tell you that spring is the real

beginning of the new year. From migrating stripers in the lakes and tarpon in the Keys to the beginning of the yearly mayfly parade, the "fishing" year absolutely starts in the spring.

After a lot of reflection on my personal fishing, I have decided to make this the year of the apex predator. No more messing around with small guys... I'm looking to tussle. There are new boats, new rods and reels, and I'm growing out my mustache just for the Magnum PI badass factor in order to get what I crave. Unadulterated big fish love.

Whether it be backyard bass, trout in the rivers or creatures of the sea, just make sure you go out with a purpose when you go out. Otherwise you might just be wandering around fishing aimlessly all year... which, when I think about it, isn't all that bad a thing to dedicate yourself to either. Enjoy the Sprung Issue folks.

Haiku

with
Scott Davis



Eat you little shit
i see you looking at it
damnit! spooked. cold beer?

on the fly



S.C.O.F
S.C.O.F

S.C.O.F BATSIGNAL MAYFLY TSHIRT
PRINTED LOCALLY
GLOW IN THE DARK INK ON BLACK
\$18 IN THE S.C.O.F STORE



IT IS TIME



"Way cool,
Whatever you're doing **DONT**
STOP !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Great , info , photos ,
great everything **!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**"

a satisfied SCOF reader



SUBSCRIBE NOW



BENCH PRESS

Thomas Harvey



Wedding Veil

Materials List:

Hook – Owner SSW 3/0

Eyes – Clear Cure Eyes 8mm Weightless Dumbbells

Head – Thread and Clear Cure Goo Hydro

Body – Senyo's Laser Dub

Under Body – EP Sparkle Brush

Tail – Magnum Rabbit Strip

Wedding Veil



1. Select your hook. To keep the proportions correct, we are looking for a solid hook with a short, workable shank. This is an Owner SSW in a 3/0. The up eye makes finishing the head of this fly a bit easier.



2. Start your thread. Attach the Clear Cure Goo Dumbbells one eye-length behind the eye of the hook. Use figure-eight wraps and superglue to hold them in place.



3. Tie in your tail. The options for tailing materials on this fly are endless. For this demonstration, I have used a simple strip of Magnum Rabbit Zonker. Bind down the tail and create a smooth, tapered underbody.



4. Create your underbody. EP Sparkle Brush makes the perfect transition between the head and the tail of the fly. Reveal the wire and tie it in.



5. Palmer your underbody. Wind the material on the hook shank touching turns. Make sure to brush the fibers back to avoid binding them down.



6. Create your head. Remove a clump of Senyo's Laser Dub from the packet. Hand-stack the material to create a hank with two tapered ends. Using one loose wrap, tie the material in at its halfway point. Make one more wrap, this time tighter, to lock the material in place.



7. Creating a veil. Now that the top half is done, invert your vise. Repeat the same technique using your belly color. At this point, you should have two hanks going forward of the eye and two hanks facing rearward. Use your fingers to pull everything back and make a few tight wraps directly on the hook shank in front of the Laser Dub. Repeat this process again until you reach your eyes.



8. Finish your head. Bring your thread directly in front of the eyes and repeat the technique for the final time.

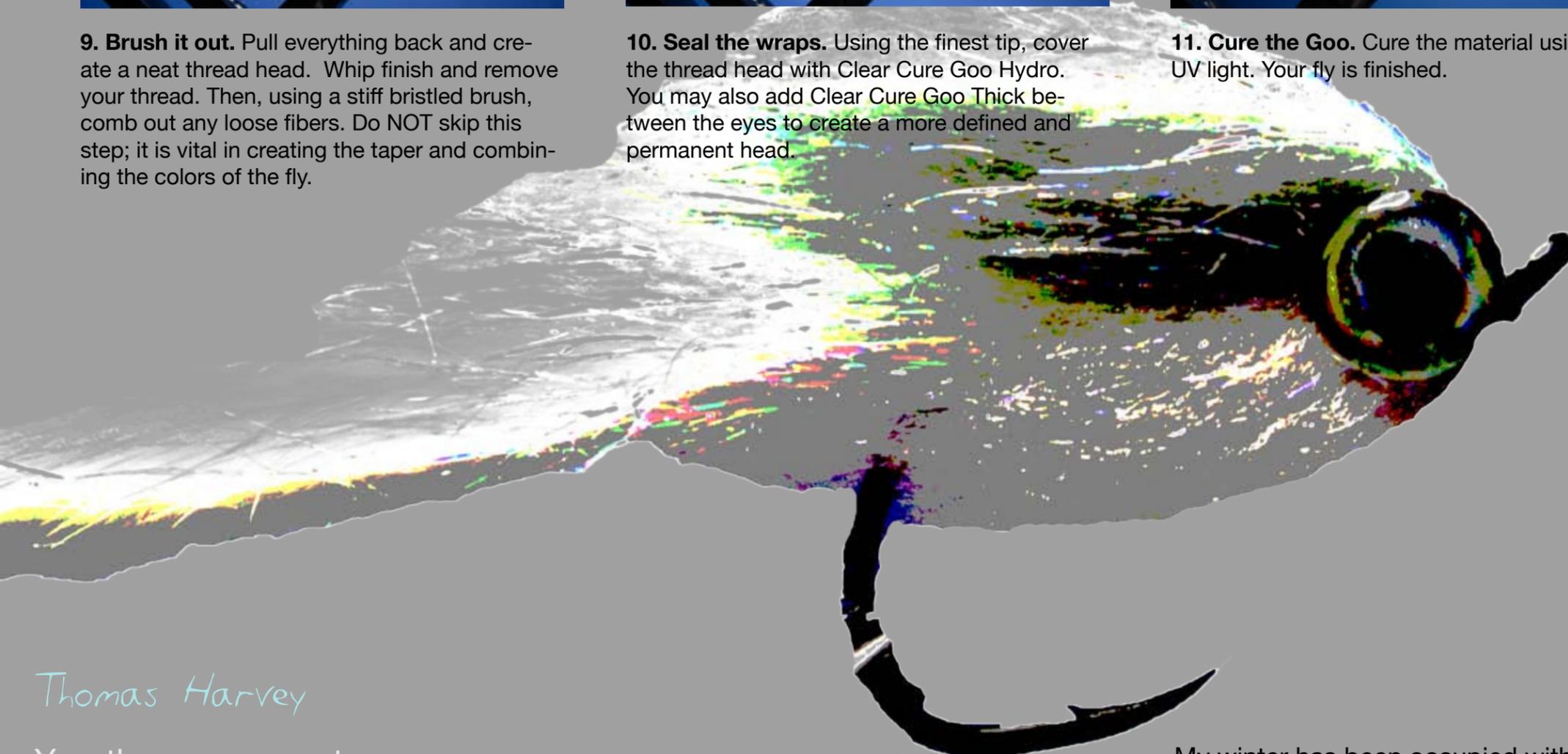


9. Brush it out. Pull everything back and create a neat thread head. Whip finish and remove your thread. Then, using a stiff bristled brush, comb out any loose fibers. Do NOT skip this step; it is vital in creating the taper and combining the colors of the fly.

10. Seal the wraps. Using the finest tip, cover the thread head with Clear Cure Goo Hydro. You may also add Clear Cure Goo Thick between the eyes to create a more defined and permanent head.

11. Cure the Goo. Cure the material using the UV light. Your fly is finished.

12. The Wedding Veil.



Thomas Harvey

Yes, the rumors are true. You can sleep easy tonight knowing that I'm officially off the market. No more anxious first dates, awkward first kisses or online dating. No more breath mints, blind dates or peeing with the door closed. Late night booty calls have been replaced with early morning bridal showers. Romantic weekend getaways have morphed into mind-numbing discussions about place settings, designer gowns (don't you dare call them dresses), and autumn color schemes. Our last argument hinged on what song should play during the cake cutting—we finally agreed to "Pour Some Sugar On Me" by Def Leopard. Classy, right?

My winter has been occupied with womanly lore, writing checks and wedding magazines. Yes, wedding magazines. And it was then, while flipping through the hallowed pages of Grace Ormonde, that everything clicked: the materials, the techniques, the style. It all hit me in an "ah-ha" moment inspired by the simple image of a wedding veil draped over the face of a beautiful bride-to-be.

In November, my fiancé will walk down the aisle, her familiar face hidden by a veil. That's eight more months of planning, preparation and what seems like permanent PMS. Until that day, I'll cope by beating the banks with my own version of a "Wedding Veil".

THE COOLER YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED

THE LAST YOU'LL EVER NEED™



From Homestead to Houston "If you put all the coolers that I've bought end to end, you'd have coolers from Homestead to Houston... Now why would YETI come along and ruin a perfectly good consumer like myself?"
 — Flip Pallot, *Legendary fisherman*



Lifetime Investment "I used to buy coolers frequently as the lids would be destroyed and they would no longer hold ice. No more! I have a YETI now, a lifetime investment."
 — Tom Rowland, *Saltwater Experience*



Perfect Shape "I bought 3 YETI Coolers several years ago, and they're still in perfect shape. Plus, they hold ice for days. Sure wish they'd been around 20 years ago, it would've saved me a small fortune!"
 — Larry Dahlberg, *Hunt for Big Fish*



Tough As Nails "YETI Coolers are truly incredible, easy to use as a casting platform or as a seat. I found them to be very well built and tough as nails. I've never spent so little on ice."
 — Jose Wejebe, *Spanish Fly*

WILDLY STRONGER! KEEP ICE LONGER!®

YETI® Coolers are roto-molded, the same process used to make kayaks. So, they're tough! With thicker walls, more than twice the insulation and a full-frame gasket, YETI's ice retention is unmatched!

YETI® Coolers are certified bear-proof by the Interagency Grizzly Bear Committee!



The YETI® "Don't Worry" 5-year Warranty

If any part of your YETI® malfunctions or breaks, simply contact us for prompt repair or replacement. Don't worry, it's a YETI®!

www.yeticoolers.com

YETI®
COOLERS



COHUTTA FISHING COMPANY

Full service fly shop located in Cartersville, Georgia

Guided trips for trout and striped bass on the fly

Tackle, gear, luggage, and outerwear from companies such as :

Simms, Patagonia, True Flies, Howler Brothers, Mountain Khakis, Filson, Fishpond, Hardy, Scott, Abel, Hatch, Waterworks-Lamson, and Costa del Mar.

Extensive line of flies for both freshwater, and saltwater

and a huge inventory of tying materials from companies such as :

Wapsi, Umpqua, Montana Fly, Hareline Dubbin, and Solitude.

487 EAST MAIN STREET CARTERSVILLE, GA | 770 606 1100 | WWW.COHUTTAFLISHINGCO.COM



ALL LAID UP

By Joel Dickey

Tarpon.... What can I say?? No other fish stirs the imagination or excitement more than this silver-plated behemoth. Pick up any fly fishing magazine any month of the year and somewhere inside, someone qualified or not will be yapping about tarpon. Well, true to every other magazine, I'm going to do just that. Except I'm going to write specifically about my favorite type of tarpon. What kind is that you might ask? Laid up tarpon.



Every year I field phone call after phone call wanting May and June dates for the tarpon migration. Sure, it is a fascinating spectacle to watch schools of a dozen to as many as a couple hundred fish march down an oceanside flat (many times over white sand), then working yourself into position to present your fly to said platoon of fish. I guess I would have been more suited to fight in the octagon in the UFC because in I prefer the one-on-one competition. There's nothing like poling a backcountry flat and seeing 100+ lbs of sheer strength and wild instinct suspended in gin-clear water. Laying in wait to ambush an unsuspecting baitfish, crab or shrimp. Upon spotting a laid-up tarpon, the sequence of events that follows is a chess match of fly angler versus fish that can't compare to any other type of fly fishing. Your opponent? A "chess master" who possesses sheer instinct and up to 50 years of experience. Make a wrong move—too long a cast, too short a cast, land the fly too close—and checkmate. Game over. All you can do is flounder in a pool of frustration as he waves goodbye with a powerful thrust of his tail.



However, make a perfect cast, strip the fly to get the instinct to switch in your favor and the result will be a memory that brands into your brain forever. As the fish turns and approaches your fly, it's unbelievable how everything slows down to a crawl. Your senses, if allowed, start to betray you. The feelings in your legs disappear. All you hear is a slight buzz and what sounds like a test of the Emergency Broadcast System ringing in your ears. All you can focus in on is the biggest fish that the majority of fly anglers will ever see zero in on your fly. Then, as the mouth opens, gills flare and you watch your fly disappear into a black abyss, don't freeze. Striiipp... As the line tightens, you get a jolting bitch slap of adrenaline that for most is too intense to bear. To this day, I can still hear the gills rattle on the first large tarpon I ever jumped in my life. As I said before, it is seared into my memory forever.





One of the greatest parts about fishing for these dinosaurs is that unlike fly fishing for other species of big game, it all happens in less than eight feet of water. It's all visual. From the time you spot the fish 'til the time he succumbs to the fight and lays up next to the boat, you see everything. If you pay attention, you can even see the expression on his face and know what he's thinking.

The best times to fish for laid-up tarpon is mid-February through the first week or two of May. Of course this can change by a couple weeks either way depending on the type of weather the good Lord above is dealing out that year. For the past couple of years, I have been fishing for tarpon as early as late January. Keep in mind though that these fish are highly in tune with what goes on with the weather, especially at the first of the season. Cold fronts that rumble through will knock them in the head for a few days, so come with an open mind and a lot of patience if you ever decide to fish early in the season. Most of all, come with a humble attitude because you will get humbled. Quickly. When you do get humbled (and I promise you will), always have a short memory, because when the fishing is hot, your next shot at the greatest game fish on the fly will be just a few short yards down the flat.





3 RIVERS ANGLER

KNOXVILLE, TN



patagonia

SIMMS

COSTA



REDINGTON



SAGE

YETI
COOLERS
Wildly stronger! Keep ice longer!

5113 KINGSTON PIKE • KNOXVILLE, TN • 877.563.6424 • info@3riversangler.com • www.3riversangler.com

MOVING PICTURES

Ryan Dunne



bentroadmedia



Dave and Ryan go Tarpon Fishing





photo: Steve Seiberg

LOWCOUNTRY FLY SHOP

80 WEST COLEMAN BLVD . SUITE E . CHARLESTON , SC 29464 . 843.388.5337 . WWW.LOWCOUNTRYFLYSHOP.COM



2012

January							February							March							April											
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S					
1	2	3	4	5	6	7				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18					
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31										8	9	10	11	12	13	14
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31																	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
29	30	31																								22	23	24	25	26	27	28
																										29	30					
May							June							July							August											
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S					
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31								12	13	14	15	16	17	18
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31															19	20	21	22	23	24	25
27	28	29	30	31																						26	27	28	29	30	31	
September							October							November							December											
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S					
						1	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31			
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31										8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31																	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
30																									22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
																									29	30	31					

Louis Cahill
Steve Seiberg

of the Mayflies of Spring







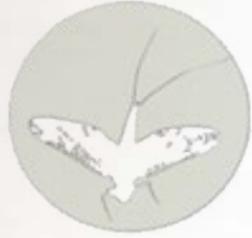










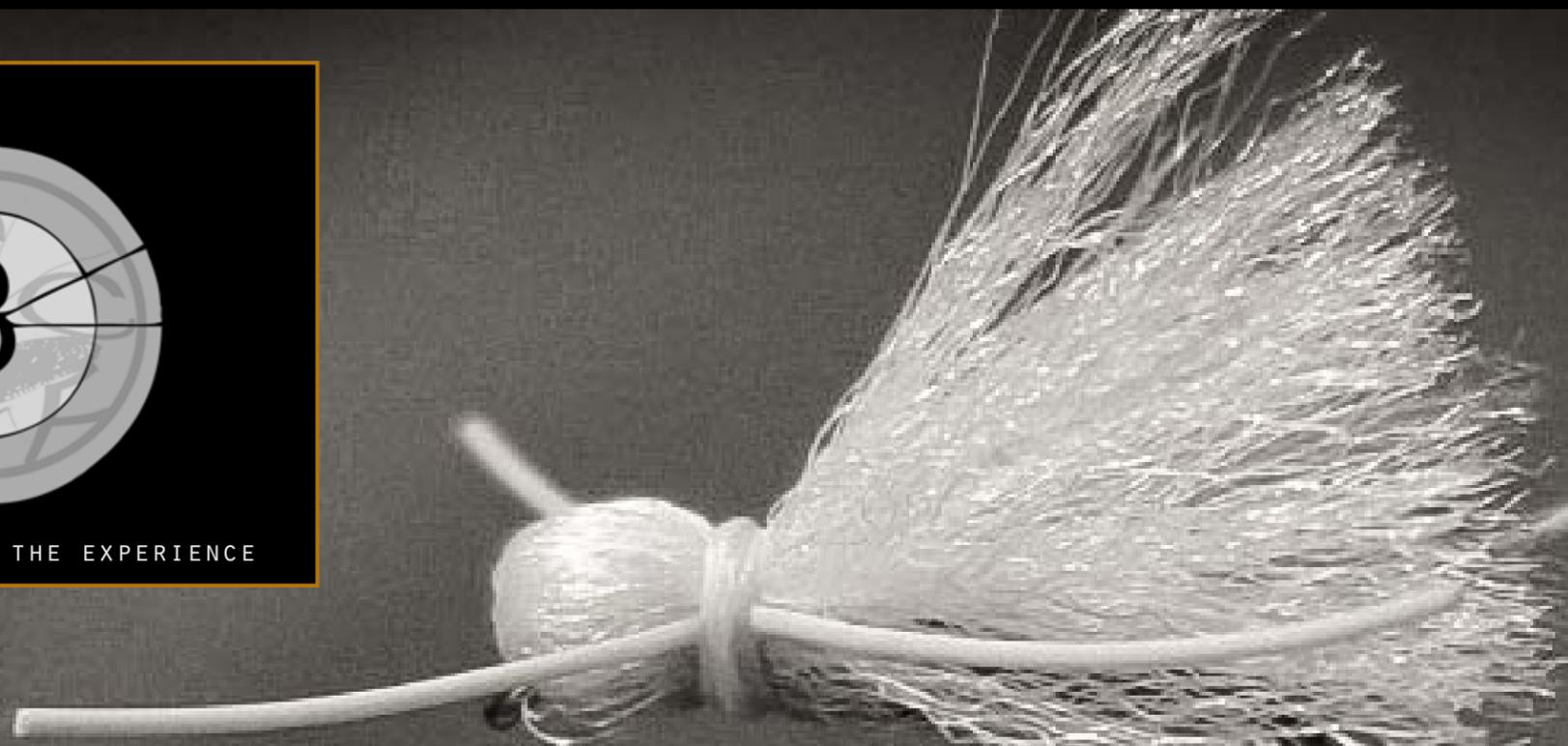


S.C.O.F MAYFLY HATS
TRUCKER AND LOW PROFILE
VELCRO CLOSURE
\$23 IN THE S.C.O.F STORE



FUR AND FEATHER MATINEE

Michael Yelton



Material List:

hook: 8-16

wing: white antron

body: grey dub

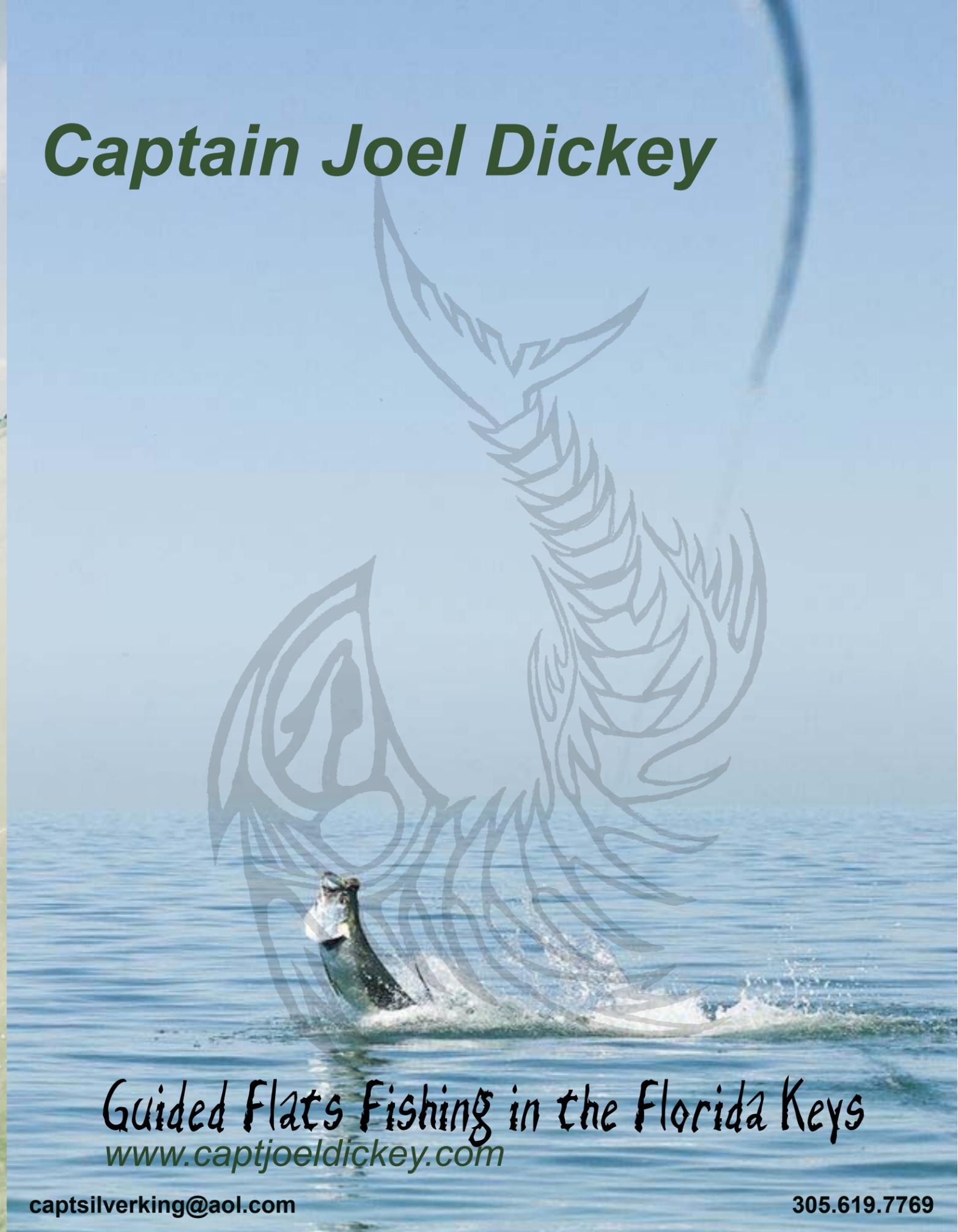
legs: white rubber legs

thread: white 6/0

Indicator Fly



Captain Joel Dickey



Guided Flats Fishing in the Florida Keys
www.captjoeldickey.com

captsilverking@aol.com

305.619.7769

photo: Louis Cahill



2nd annual
S.C.O.F
TIE-ONE-ON-ATHON
FOR PROJECT HEALING WATERS
2012



The second annual Tie-One-On-A-Thon benefiting Project Healing Waters went down at SCOF studios this February. With the help of new sponsors The Fiber-glass Manifesto and Hunter Banks Fly Shop we are proud to say we had more tiers, more flies tied, more money raised and more hell raised than we could have ever imagined when we came up with the idea for the event on the way back from the river a couple of years ago. We would like to thank everyone that made this year's event such a success, but most of all we would like to thank the veterans who put their well-being at risk everyday so that we can enjoy the freedoms we all too often take for granted. Check out the **gallery** for all the pictures from this year's event, and support our troops.





THANKS AGAIN TO EVERYONE WHO CAME BY TO HELP US SUPPORT A GREAT CAUSE





Fear and Loathing
on the
Cumberland Plateau

Musky World Championship *with Team SCOF*
2012 By David Grossman
Photos: Steve Seinberg

we can't stop here

Insanity: Doing the same thing over and over again expecting different results. ~ Albert Einstein

This is some medieval stuff we got goin' on here. Tribes of warriors in pursuit of a mythical beast, armed with nothing more than a 10 wt and an exploding chicken lashed to a hook. The stage is Middle, Tenn. The supporting cast is made up of what can only be called a different breed of freaks (or musky fly fanatics), but the real star of the show is Mr. Muskellunge himself. That is if you think a star should only show up in fleeting moments of butt-clenching, and then disappear just as quickly, leaving his adoring fans mumbling, "Did that just happen? Anybody have a wet wipe?"





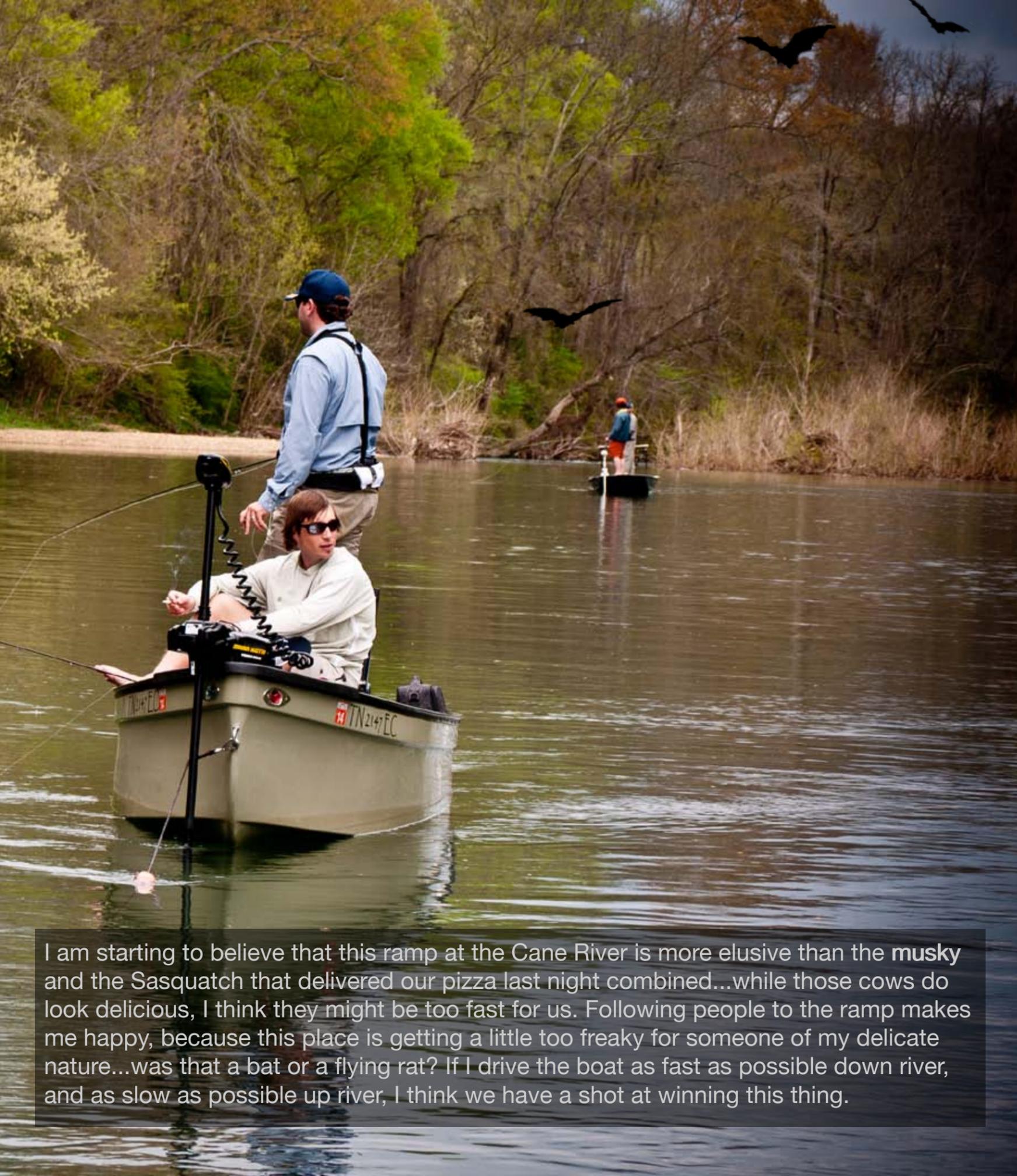
Cast...cast...cast...If you cast long enough at nothing, will nothing finally eat?...And if nothing does eat, how would you take a picture?...Cast...cast...cast...Has anyone considered the lunacy of having a world championship for a beast that only exists in the nightmares of small children and poodles?...Cast...cast...cast...What did Brad Bohem mean when he told me, "It's the chickens man, the chickens." I thought we were talking about hackles...Cast...cast...cast...Where did that 40-plus-inch fish come from?...Strip...strip...He seems to be following...Figure eight...He's so close I could touch him with Murphy's junk...Figure eight...Why won't he just eat...Half a figure eight...Where did he go?...That is the closest we will ever come to calling ourselves world champions... Cast...cast...cast...I wonder if everybody from Wisconsin is nice and insane at the same time?...Cast...cast...cast.





After casting wet socks for the seven hundredth time in less than an hour, I think I spot what I believe to be a blue unicorn, or it could have been a really tweaked out largemouth, but I'm sticking with the blue-horned equine. I figure if there are blue unicorns in the hole, there must be a musky....figure eight....figure eight...a figure ten would be bad ass...I mean if eight is good, ten is like eleven...we have to move spots...no respectable musky would live in this shit hole.





I am starting to believe that this ramp at the Cane River is more elusive than the **musky** and the Sasquatch that delivered our pizza last night combined...while those cows do look delicious, I think they might be too fast for us. Following people to the ramp makes me happy, because this place is getting a little too freaky for someone of my delicate nature...was that a bat or a flying rat? If I drive the boat as fast as possible down river, and as slow as possible up river, I think we have a shot at winning this thing.



This many musky dudes in the same hotel room is probably illegal, or at least against some of the Days Inn by-laws, code, or regulations. When that guy said he was going to bring "pie", the last thing I thought he would show up with is actual pie. I respect a certain level of literal interpretation, I suppose. Wasn't there an after party we should be attending?...OK, more pie, then we go...Yes, I do think that a musky has a shot against Chuck Norris, but only if the musky was allowed a head-mounted laser beam of sorts...Who needs women with this level of musky discourse?







Editors Note:

After an extended stay at a lovely residential institution for what we're calling "somewhere in between exhaustion and hysteria," I am feeling much better now. My doctors say with proper medication and daily intensive psychotherapy, I should be ready for the next Musky World Championships in Wisconsin (fall '13). I completely blame Todd Gregory (**Towee Boats**), Brad Bohlen, Brian Porter and the rest of the crew at **Musky Country Outfitters**, and the town of McMinnville Tenn., with their miles upon miles of fine Southern musky water for my current mental state. Thank you all, and always remember it's the chickens, man, the chickens. Oh yeah, James McBeath of Jackson Kayaks won the tournament with what turned out to be one of two muskies boated on the day. The fish was 39 inches, and James is Canadian.

www.appflyguides.com | 828.446.5552

for a good time, call...
guided float and wade trips in
North Carolina and E. Tennessee



FUR AND FEATHER MATINEE 2

Brad Bohen - Musky Country

BONUS DOUBLE FEATURE



Buford

www.TheFiberglassHar



CLICK HERE TO BEGIN THE EXPERIENCE

Video: Steve Seiberg

it's GOOD TO BE IN THE SOUTH





The Vise

By Mad Mike Benson
Photos: Steve Seiberg

“Never trust a man without a vice.”

Winston Churchill said that, or something close to it. Truer words have never been spoken. Everyone needs something to lean on when the shit hits the fan. I just can't find it in myself to believe that anyone is strong enough to stand up to the storm that is life on his or her own internal fortitude. And if they claim to do so I can't stop myself from thinking about what horrible unspeakable things that person is hiding. I save my fellow men from having to think such thoughts about me by wearing my vices plain and clear right on my sleeve. For some it's drinking, smoking or drugs. For others it's a hobby, say fishing for example, and I've been known to delve in a little of each of these in my short life for better or for worse. But there is one "vise" in my life I find myself turning to more often than others. It hasn't been proven to kill or cause any bodily harm to anyone, it's clean (well, if you don't mind vacuuming or sweeping once in a while), and it has the power to completely take away any stress, problem or mental anguish I've ever encountered in my life—temporarily anyway.

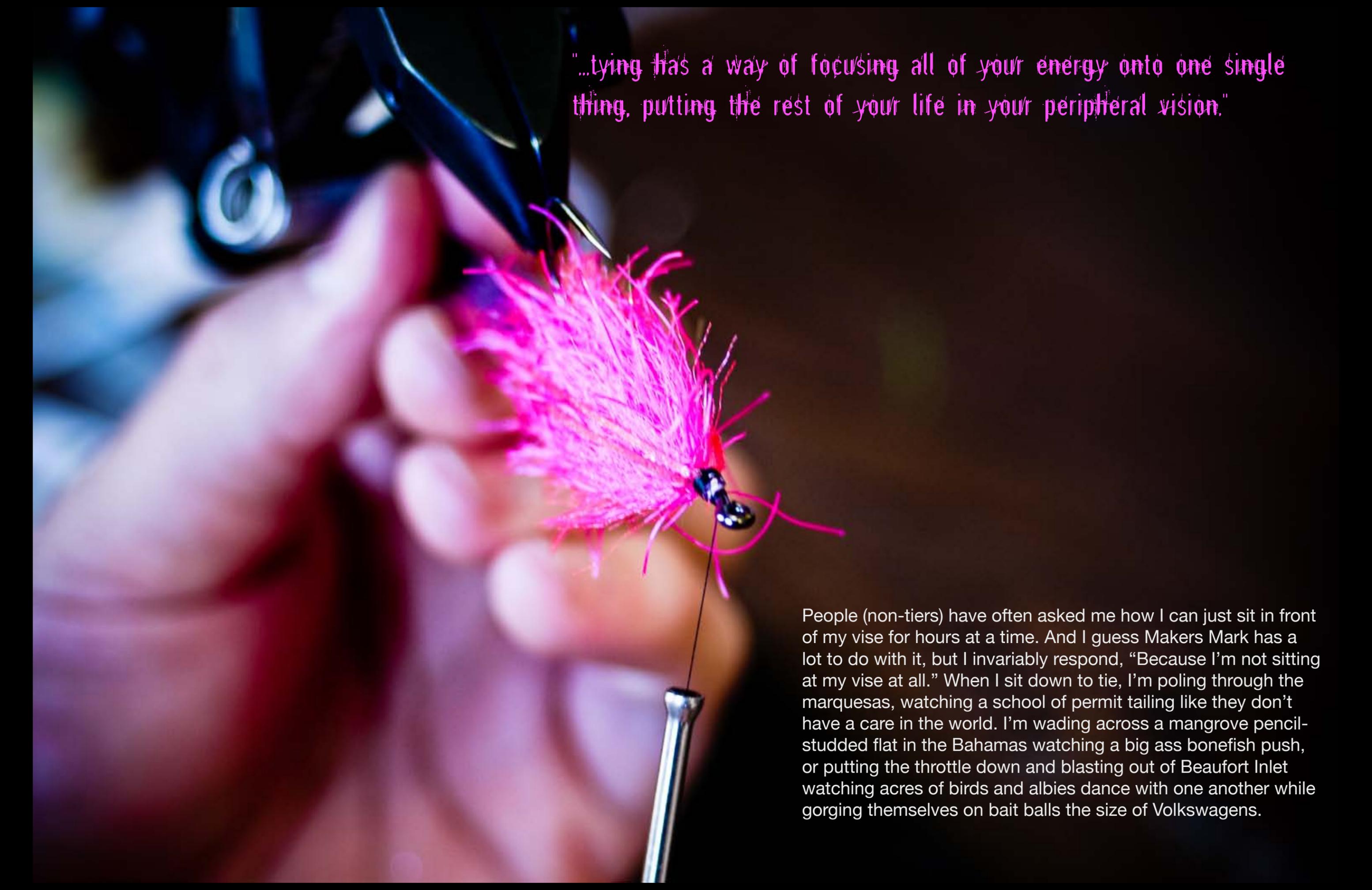
When most people write about fly tying, it very seldom goes beyond that person's favorite tools or their "ways to tie better [insert fly type here]." Tying articles more often than not read like a cookbook, except that at least a cookbook can make you hungry. It would appear that there's nothing deeper to tying than the satisfaction one gets from creating art or catching fish on your own creations. Don't get me wrong, these are great side effects of spending some time on a vise, but I cannot say they are even in the top ten reasons I ever thread a bobbin or sit down and lash parts of dead animals to a hook.

Tying takes on many forms and I guess to be fair, takes on many meanings to many people. Some use it as a utilitarian way to fill their boxes, others as an art form, tying creations that will never see the water let alone a fish, and some others still use it as a form of therapy, mental or physical. I'm none of these people, and perhaps a little of all of them. I will admit this here in front of my computer screen, and to any poor hapless soul who ever happens to read this. Though I have a few patterns circulated worldwide, and am known as a fly "designer" (at least in the small circle of people who even know who I am).





I am a lazy tier. Sometimes I just plain don't like to do it. Sometimes the trouble just doesn't seem worth it. I would rather just use that same fly I've been giving CPR to on the last three fishing trips and see how many fish I can make it through. It's messy, time consuming and just a plain pain in the ass sometimes. But in the end I do love tying in my own way. Before my annual bonefish trip to the Bahamas I will sit down and tie for weeks. I'll wrap up three or four dozen flies, knowing full well that I will be lucky to use five or six flies on the whole trip. The same could be said for my albie trio in the fall, and you don't even want to see my tying desk just before the tailers get going here in Chucktown, but for long periods of time during the year, my vise just sits there giving me longing glances as I shuffle past my tying room. The utilitarian in me sees the worth of being able to fill my boxes at will, whether it be for a trip or just my local redfish. The artist in me sees the beauty in taking unrelated materials and some thread and making something that makes a fish forget what a real shrimp, crab or mullet looks like. And like I mentioned in the beginning, tying has a way of focusing all of your energy onto one single thing, putting the rest of your life in your peripheral vision.



"...tying has a way of focusing all of your energy onto one single thing, putting the rest of your life in your peripheral vision."

People (non-tiers) have often asked me how I can just sit in front of my vise for hours at a time. And I guess Makers Mark has a lot to do with it, but I invariably respond, "Because I'm not sitting at my vise at all." When I sit down to tie, I'm poling through the marquesas, watching a school of permit tailing like they don't have a care in the world. I'm wading across a mangrove pencil-studded flat in the Bahamas watching a big ass bonefish push, or putting the throttle down and blasting out of Beaufort Inlet watching acres of birds and albies dance with one another while gorging themselves on bait balls the size of Volkswagens.

Tying is my way to step out of my body and move among my favorite places on the planet, even if I'm not sure I have enough money in my account to pay for the power flowing to my tying lamp. It just has a way of getting me through, like any good vice should. So if you don't tie, or have never really thought about it, I would suggest getting a vise (the kind that holds hooks), some basic tools and enough material to tie your favorite fly. Find a quiet place or crank up some tunes—whatever your style may be—sit down, and just tie. I think you'll be surprised what you take away from the vise.



*Roto-molded high density polyethylene drift boat hulls starting at \$4450
American Made Adventure Machines*



FLOAT AND BE HAPPY

1712 13th St. Steamboat Springs
P (970) 870-1660
hogislandboatworks.com



“Ha Ha Ha Ha.
That is the craziest
thing I’ve ever seen on
a fishing blog.”

— a G+G fan



WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

▶ GO TO ginkandgasoline.com



Gear Review:

The Small Things In Life



Sage TXL-F

Cabela's CGR



Not every fishing excursion involves pig hunting. In fact, some of the most special places we fish in the Southeast are populated by fish that are a lot closer in size to your hand than to your leg. Whether you fish small creeks or farm ponds, we found a couple of rods that will ensure that little guy still bends the rod like a big boy.

Cabela's CGR 5'9" 3wt

By Cameron Mortenson



In my mind, the 5'9" three weight is the gem of the series, and at first flex might seem like a dainty whip since it's certainly full flex. But once a fly line is put through the guides, it becomes a very capable fly rod with casts to forty feet or more not a problem. Once a fish is on the line, the fly rod bends nearly full circle and it just might be the most fun you've had fly fishing in quite a while. This fly rod casts both a double taper and weight forward fly line wonderfully and there's no need to dig deep in your pocket for a specialty or high end fly line as a simple taper generally works best.

With the warmth of spring in the Southeast comes the insistent urge to hike into distant blue lines for native brook trout again taking dry flies, but it's hard to pass up a quick fix to feed the local bluegills a piece of foam as well. Break out your favorite three weight and it's on.

Over a year ago, Cabela's decided to break the rules and offer a series of fiberglass fly rods, which are all on the short end of the spectrum (the longest fly rod in the series is 7'6"). They also boast a \$99 price tag, which includes a Cordura-covered rod tube and a year warranty.

The aesthetics of the CGR series are of a dark green painted fiberglass, blank, black and green wraps, nickel silver hardware and better cork than you'd expect on a fly rod at this price point. Truth be told there is a bit of graphite rolled into the butt section of the E-Glass construction, which keeps the diameter slender and the weight down. This lightweight three weight is just a delight and I swear this fly rod looks like it's worth at least twice the price.

For most of the work that a three weight does best, there's no need for a long rod or laser loops, so pick up a little CGR three weight, relax your cast a bit and give glass a go at a price that won't break your budget either. For the penny pinchers out there keep your eyes open since Cabela's routinely offers one of the series, if not all, at a discounted price of \$75 online, which makes for a guilt-free purchase.

Sage TXL-F 00

By David Grossman

Sage's line of TXL-F rods are designed for one purpose—getting the most fun out of small fish. Taking a bazooka to a fist fight wouldn't make any more sense than going blue-lining with a six weight. While this rod isn't meant to battle alligator browns, don't get fooled into thinking the technology behind this small stream rod is anything but simple.

Weight has been paired down through ultra light ferrules and guides, and the feel of the rod in your hand lives up to the "00" billing coming in at just 1.5 ounces. At 7'10", the TXL-F maintains enough length for easy high stick nymphing and all the dapping you can throw at it while not getting stuck in every tree you walk by on the way to the

river. The action is described by Sage as "moderate-fast," but as a fast action nut, I would have to say the rod leans toward the moderate side of the scale. You're not gonna be booming out 70-foot casts into a stiff wind, but that's not really what the rod is designed for, now is it?

Sage has never been one to sacrifice finish on any of their rods and the TXL-F series lives up to Sage's long tradition of making classy looking sticks. Walnut inserts, bronze reel seats and a dark bronze finish give the rod the understated bling I like in a small rod. Unfortunately, bling don't come cheap. If you want diamonds in your grill, you're gonna pay for it, as you will for the Sage TXL-F. With a price tag of \$625, this is probably going to be a special purchase for most, but look at it this way; special backcountry places deserve a pretty special little rod, don't they?



www.TheFiberglassManifesto.com



GET YOUR DAILY DOSE



CONSERVATION: NC GAMEFISH BILL

By Colles Stowell
Photos: Seth Vernon



Author's note: The following is a satirical view of the commercial fishing industry's opposition to HB 353, a bill that would designate redfish, speckled trout and striped bass as game fish in North Carolina, effectively banning the commercial sale of these fish. Commercial fishermen claim the bill would cost jobs and prevent consumers from eating the fish. Recreational fishermen have long watched commercial fishermen wipe out schools of these species with lackadaisical oversight from the state. The tide is turning, and recreational fishermen have gained momentum along with compelling figures on economic impact and jobs on their side. The numbers listed here are facts taken from the Division of Marine Fisheries (state) or the Atlantic States Marine Fisheries Commission (federal) reports. The bill will likely be heard before the full legislature by June. Even if it doesn't pass now, other measures could occur to protect the resource.

Define power.
In Coastal North Carolina,
it's being able to rebuild a
thriving seafood restaurant
on the Outer Banks ... less
than four months after it burned completely to
the ground. It was ruled arson.

Not only were the “necessary permits” obtained, dozens of contractors coordinated and doors reopened in a mind-numbingly short amount of time, but the restaurant’s footprint also grew by 60 percent.

Pretty impressive.
With that context, perhaps it’s easier to understand how politics work in the Outer Banks. If you were a commercial fisherman with a bone to pick, all you had to do was mention something to your local elected official while you dropped off some extra redfish (the several that weren’t counted on the trip ticket) to his newly built restaurant.

The Marine Fisheries Commission (MFC), which is charged with managing the state’s resources, is politically appointed, as is the director of the Division of Marine Fisheries (DMF) (which does MFC’s bidding). So if the pesky recreational fishing lobby starts making noise, all you need to do is make sure MFC meetings are held in the Outer Banks, where a substantial (read 95 percent) portion of the audience is either a commercial fisherman or related to one.

You’d speak out with passion about how you are a fourth-generation fisherman, it is the only job you’ve ever known, and it is your God-given right to fish the species you want to fish using the gear you want to.

Screw the turtles and those elitist recreational guys! It’s a good thing the Division of Marine Fisheries “monitor” who rides on your boat. He knows to go take a piss off the back of the boat while you set turtles loose. Hey, you saw them swim away. That’s all that matters. That, and the fact that nothing is reported so DMF isn’t forced to shut down or limit the harvest. And if the redfish bycatch runs a little over, he looks away so you can pocket a few extra bucks.



But what happens when the political landscape changes a bit? The backbone of the legislative brain trust that had your back has stepped aside, the governor’s office could be in for a regime change, and the recreationalists have somehow managed to get a bill in front of the legislature to designate redfish, specks and striped bass game fish. WTF?

You managed to get the redfish bycatch increased from seven to 10 fish per day. That’s good money. It was a gift when the DMF shut down the recreational harvest of specks last year because of a couple of cold stuns, but allowed you commercials to continue harvesting up to 50 pounds of fish a day. That’s almost 25 fish!

It was annoying to hear the recreational fishermen complain how they are seeing fewer numbers of “decent” fish, and that their livelihoods also depend on the resource.

So what if the DMF says the direct and indirect economic impact of the recreational industry to the state is \$1.6 billion, not including \$1.2 billion in durable goods like boats, rods, etc.? Commercial fishermen brought in more than \$88 million. So what if DMF figures say there are more than 800,000 licensed recreational fishermen in the state compared to 5,176 licensed commercial fishermen? Who cares if only half of those commercial licences are active, and only 87 of those reported at least \$2,000 in sales from these fish?





And the recreationalists claim that redfish, specks and stripers account for less than 2 percent of the total commercial haul in the state. No shit. As your lobbyist said at the public hearing, you would take more of the harvest if the state would let you.

Because every other Southeastern state from N.C. to Louisiana (except Mississippi) has banned the commercial harvest of redfish, you provide 90 percent of the redfish to the rest of the country. Who cares that the recreationalists only account for 2 percent of the recreational redfish landings? So what if Louisiana, which banned commercial harvest of redfish, reported 11.2 million pounds of recreationally landed redfish in 2010, while N.C. came in dead last of the seven Southeast states with only 281,587? They've had three hearings on this bill and one more on April 5 before it could go to the full Legislature. Surely it won't pass!?!

But then there is the problem of the sturgeon. The National Marine Fisheries Service (NMFS) has just listed Atlantic sturgeon as endangered. Why? You've got plenty swimming around. DMF has proved that. But now that DMF has given NMFS the heads-up about the sturgeon here, if even one gets tangled in a net, the fishery will be closed until DMF gets the incidental take permit in place, which can take up to a year or more.

Then there is the problem of the push to move DMF under the state's Wildlife Resources Commission (WRC). That could effectively nix the political allies you've paid so dearly to create. Plus, there would be more enforcement. WRC may not be quite as favorable to commercials as DMF and the MFC.

Finally, the Coastal Fisheries Reform Group has started making noise about trying to get all nets banned. They're the ones who started this whole game fish business four years ago.

You're responsible. You won't over-harvest redfish, specks and stripers to extinction like your brethren almost did with Atlantic salmon and cod and even the freshwater herring that were once abundant in Bertie County.

Right?

This bill isn't going to survive. The other challenges won't materialize. You've still got allies with enough political power. Don't you?

Author's note: We'll see.



**"MUCH MORE
THAN A PUSH POLE"**

- strong
- lightweight
- infinitely telescopic
- sizes 6-12ft or 9-17ft
- great stake out pole
- floats
- very affordable



made in USA

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT GAMEFISH

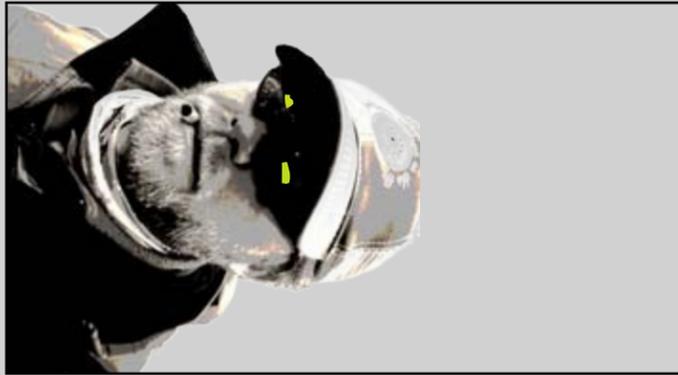
- ☑ Total Economic Impact from recreational fishing for these three (3) species to N.C.:
\$140 Million Dollars Per YEAR
- ☑ Species represent LESS than 2% of total commercial seafood landings in N.C.
- ☑ Can I still catch, keep & eat these fish? YES!!



Contact YOUR State Legislator
TODAY and let them know:



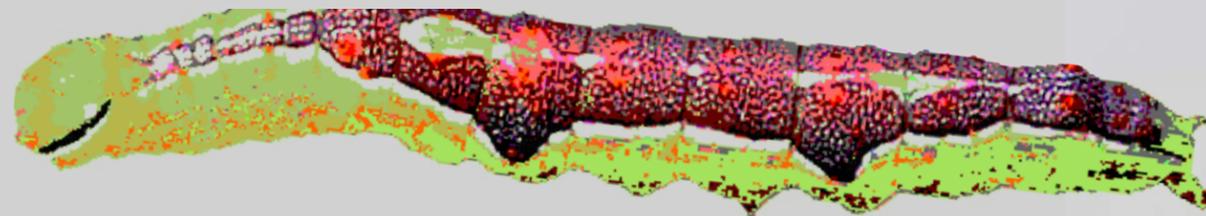
For More Information Visit:
www.ccanc.org



strategizing

By Kent Klewein
Photos: Steve Seiberg

Every year we get a month-long trout feeding frenzy, as moth larva burst onto the scene by the tens of thousands. Yes, I'm talking about the green weenie, the inch worm. The tree limb-repelling caterpillars that every trout in the stream will gorge themselves on through the month of May, and well into summer. Multiple species of moth larva ranging from 1-2" long annually coordinate a synchronized blanket hatch during late spring that ends up packing the bellies of trout with protein-rich, green gummy goodness. Anglers smart enough to take advantage of this late spring phenomenon can find themselves fooling the biggest trout in their waters.



The Moth Larva Hatch

As I relived last year's spring fishing season in my head searching for the perfect hatch, the color of bright green began entering my conscience, and bam! Like a slap to the face, it hit me.



Timing the Hatch

For the hottest and most consistent fishing, the best time by far to target the moth larva hatch is during its early stages. The blanket hatch usually begins the first week of May in North Georgia, but can start a little later depending on how far north you live in the Southeast. Because this hatch unfolds and gains momentum so quickly, it takes very little time for trout to recognize the new food source and begin keying in on it. As soon as I spot the first moth larva of the year, I begin working the larva imitations into my fishing within days. This way I can monitor their effectiveness, and do a much better job of timing the hatch during its peak periods. When most of the trees have gotten the new years foliage, you should start anticipating the hatch to begin.

Fishing the Hatch

There's basically three ways you can go about fishing the moth larva. The best technique and rig depends on the size and depth of water you're fishing. It's also very important to pay attention to how the fish are feeding on the hatch (surface or subsurface), and where you're locating the concentrations of trout. Here are the two main rigs I use when I'm zeroing in on the moth larva hatch:



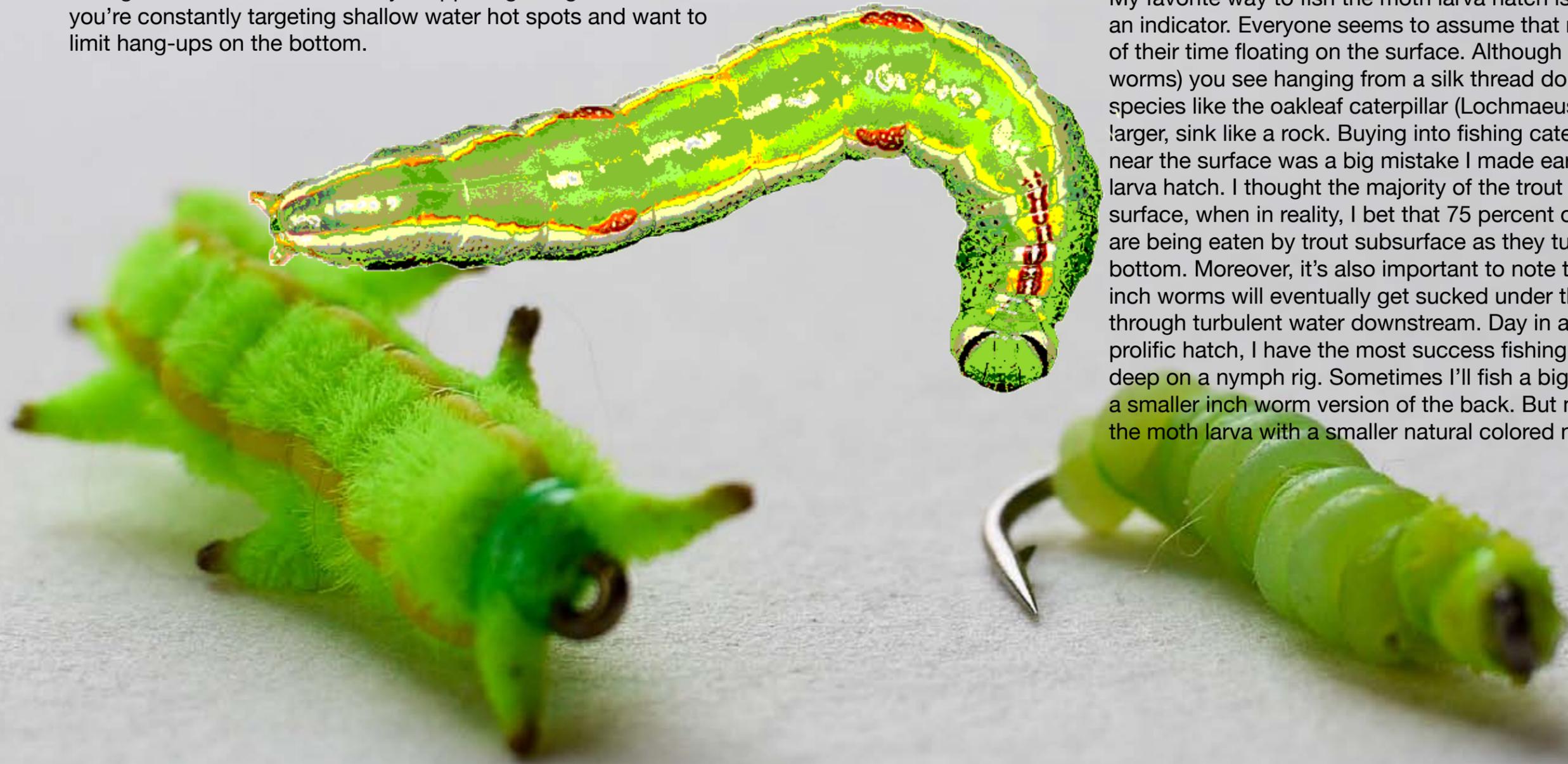
Rig 1. Buoyant Dry Fly with Inch-Worm Dropper

You can fish a floating inch worm pattern like a dry fly. Most of these patterns are tied out of deer hair. They float well, but it can be hard to find the correct shade of hair to match the color of the naturals. Because of this, I generally opt for dropping a simple, bright green ultra-chenille inch worm pattern 18-20" off the back of a buoyant dry fly. You can tie them up in a third of the time of the deer hair patterns, and if you add floatant, it floats well enough. This rig works really well on small streams where most of the water you'll encounter will be moderately shallow. It also will allow you to present your larva patterns under foliage located along the banks much easier, where hungry brown trout often position themselves during terrestrial season. The dry dropper rig is a great choice when you're constantly targeting shallow water hot spots and want to limit hang-ups on the bottom.



Rig 2. Deep Water Moth Larva Nymph Rig

My favorite way to fish the moth larva hatch is to nymph them under an indicator. Everyone seems to assume that moth larva spend most of their time floating on the surface. Although the small guys (inch worms) you see hanging from a silk thread do float naturally, other species like the oakleaf caterpillar (*Lochmaeus Manteo*) that are much larger, sink like a rock. Buying into fishing caterpillar patterns on or near the surface was a big mistake I made early on fishing the moth larva hatch. I thought the majority of the trout were taking them on the surface, when in reality, I bet that 75 percent or more of the naturals are being eaten by trout subsurface as they tumble along the stream bottom. Moreover, it's also important to note that even the floating inch worms will eventually get sucked under the surface as they drift through turbulent water downstream. Day in and day out during this prolific hatch, I have the most success fishing moth larva imitations deep on a nymph rig. Sometimes I'll fish a big oakleaf caterpillar with a smaller inch worm version of the back. But most of the time, I'll pair the moth larva with a smaller natural colored nymph dropper.



Types of Water

I've found that targeting and fishing the moth larva hatch is most productive on small to mid-size streams where good overhead tree canopies are the norm. However, don't fool yourself into thinking the hatch is unimportant on your big rivers. I've had equal success on freestone rivers and tailwaters fishing moth larva patterns. Here's the key difference: instead of targeting all the water on the big rivers like I do on the small streams, I only concentrate on sections of water where the banks have heavy foliage and there's overhanging trees present. Look for stretches on the big river where the banks narrow, the water deepens and there are overhanging trees.





Klewein's Moth Larva Fly Recipes

Giant Oak Leaf Caterpillar

Hook: TMC 5262 Size 8
Thread: UTC 140 Fl. Chartreuse
Underbody: .25 Lead-Free Wrap
Legs: Fl. Chart. Ultra Chenille
Body: Fl. Chart. Ultra Chenille
Yellow Stripes: Medium Round Yellow Rubber Legs
Ribbing: 1X Monofilament

San Juan Inch-Worm

Hook: TMC 2487 Size 14
Thread: UTC 140 Fl. Chartreuse
Body: Fl. Chart. Ultra Chenille

Comments: Trim head half the length of tail

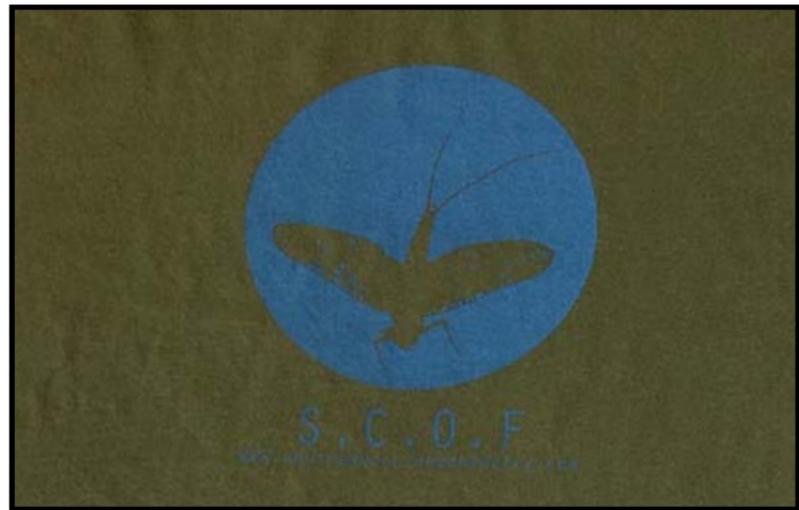
Green Gummy Goodness

Hook: Standard Size 12-14 Nymph Hook
Thread: UTC 140 Fl. Chartreuse
Underbody: .25 Lead-Free Wrap
Body: Spirit River Squirmey Wormies (Neon)
Ribbing: Ultra Wire BR Fl. Chartreuse

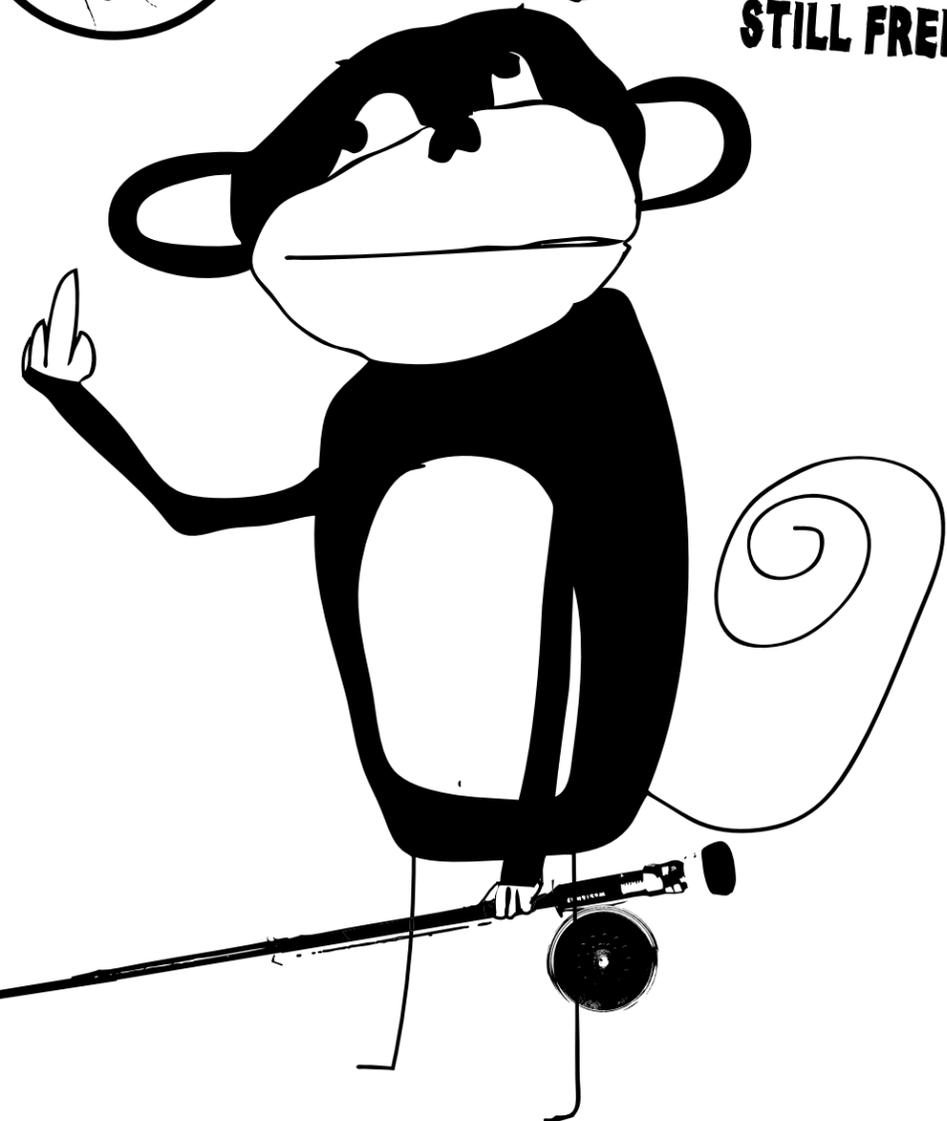
Notes:

I tie up several different moth larva patterns for the hatch, but anglers can really get away 80 percent of the time fishing the standard San Juan Inch Worm. I tie mine a little longer than some anglers because I think it does a good job imitating both the large oakleaf caterpillar and the smaller inch worm version. For anglers really wanting to match the hatch and fool the smartest of big fish, take the time to tie up several of my big oakleaf caterpillars.





 **S.C.O.F**
STILL FREE



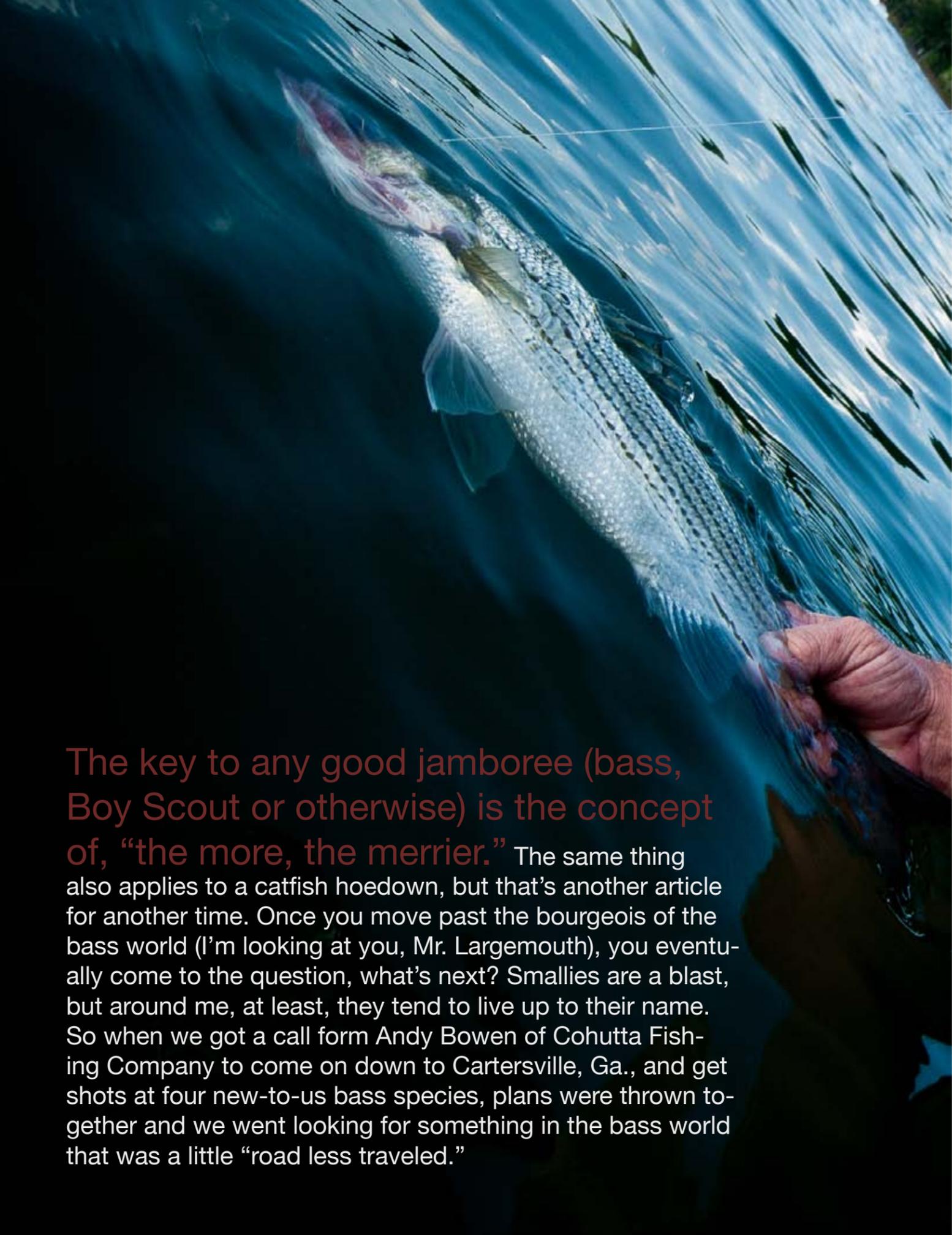
new shirts.....
we gotta pay the bills somehow.....help support your favorite (southeastern fly fishing) magazine



3 SPECIES - 24 HOURS
GEORGIA BASS JAMBORIEE

BY DAVID GROSSMAN
PHOTOS: STEVE SEINBERG





The key to any good jamboree (bass, Boy Scout or otherwise) is the concept of, “the more, the merrier.” The same thing also applies to a catfish hoedown, but that’s another article for another time. Once you move past the bourgeois of the bass world (I’m looking at you, Mr. Largemouth), you eventually come to the question, what’s next? Smallies are a blast, but around me, at least, they tend to live up to their name. So when we got a call from Andy Bowen of Cohutta Fishing Company to come on down to Cartersville, Ga., and get shots at four new-to-us bass species, plans were thrown together and we went looking for something in the bass world that was a little “road less traveled.”







Once you get west of Atlanta, everything slows down a little bit and you start seeing more lakes and rivers than traffic and congestion. While largemouths are present in all the systems, stripers, hybrids, white and spotted bass are the reason to come down to this little corner of Georgia. These fish move between the rivers and lakes in the spring, and while the different species will gravitate toward their respective habitats, you just never know what you're going to catch when the other end of the line jolts you like sitting in the front row of a Blue Oyster Cult show (don't ask me how I know that). The key to catching any migratory fish is the ability to find them. Otherwise it's just called casting. This is where it really helps to have someone with knowledge of the timing and location of your query. Andy and the boys at Cohutta were definitely in the know and more than happy to help us find our way.





“THE KEY TO CATCHING ANY MIGRATORY FISH IS THE ABILITY TO FIND THEM. OTHERWISE IT’S JUST CALLED CASTING.”







We started out on the lakes catching hybrids and spots, and moved to the river for white bass with secret dreams of an early striper coming out to play. Once we found the whites, a two-handed retrieve (as fast as you could pull the line from under your pit), and a white streamer worked them up into a frothing frenzy. Whites following every cast and eating every other left us with grins from ear to ear, but still no striper. The sole striped 10-pound fish we finally saw came out of nowhere and followed the fly back to the boat until I could very clearly tell that this fish wasn't going to eat, but instead just taunted and teased me until he finally got close enough that I could have grabbed him. Then, with a couple tail pushes he went back to the deep from whence he came. I swear he was mouthing the words "suck it" as he swam away.





Twenty-four hours, three new species, a fish that will haunt me and a bunch of new like-minded buddies makes for a pretty darn good outing in my opinion. Enough so that my return ticket on the midnight train has already been punched.



HUNTER BANKS

COMPANY
TRAVEL

Travel with Hunter Banks
Saltwater Fly Fishing in Jupiter, FL

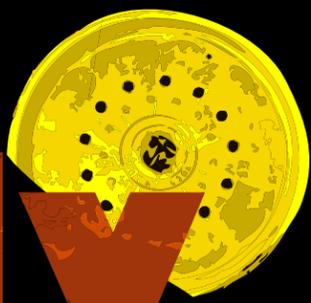
July 2012

Catch 20+ species on the fly
5 days of guided fishing
6 nights/ 5 days accommodations

\$2400 per person (based on double occupancy)

Call 800.227.6732 for more info

southern culture on the fly



We here at SCOF are amazed everyday by the talented people we get to work with, and call our friends. All of our contributors and advertisers help us out because they love fly fishing in the Southeast as much as we do. We would humbly like to ask all our readers to help support this great group of people that put this magazine together. Buy from their shops, book them for guide trips, or check out their blogs, because you won't find a more professional group of fly fishing degenerates anywhere.

Support your local fly fishing scene,

Dave Grossman

Editor/Co-Publisher SCOF



SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE FLY

SUMMER ISSUE # 4 - JULY 2019

S . C . O . F



spring 2012

