southern culture on the fly

winter 2012

On the Road

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of Low Down Dirty Brown

The Holy City

A Little on the Trashy Side
If You're Lucky a Little More

The War of Southern Aggression

Milk Sandwich Mayhem

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S.C.O.F

ON THE ROAD

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EDITOR:
David Grossman

ART DIRECTOR:
Steve Seinberg

COPY EDITOR:
Lindsey Grossman

CONTRIBUTORS:
David Grossman
Steve Seinberg
J.E.B. Hall
Louis Cahill
Kent Klewein
Ryan Dunne
Thomas Harvey
Cameron Mortenson
Joel Dickey
Mike Benson
Michael Yelton

GENERAL INQUIRIES AND SUBMISSIONS:
southernculturеonthefly@gmail.com

ADVERTISING INFORMATION:
southernculturеonthefly@gmail.com

COVER:
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Steve Seinberg

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From the Editors desk... to your bathroom

For many of us, every time we fish, we hit the road. For others who are blessed to have waters close to home, the road plays the part of the other woman (luckily for my marriage, the road penalties are marginal compared to the actual other woman penalties). But fly fishing has no monopoly on road-inspired themes. From Kerouac to the hit movie Road Trip, starring the much-misunderstood comic genius Tom Green, the road is ingrained in our societal group think as much as putting ketchup on everything and hating the French. To hit the road for the purpose of fishing is in and of itself a patriotic act, and you don't hate America do you?

Living in the South sets up quite nicely for the road-hungry fisherman with world class fishing in every direction and none of it more than a day's drive for most of us. With all the fresh and saltwater road trips available to the Southern fly flinger, it kind of makes you wonder why all too many of us think the only way to experience a trip of a lifetime is to go halfway across the world.

It is also my belief that the winter road trip is always better than the summer road trip. Winter is like crop dusting a party—people tend to go home if it's bad enough, and once everyone goes home you've got the guacamole all to yourself…and that guac' is delicious. Summer road trips are great for going to Disney World with the kids, but any water with fish in it will resemble the line for the Magic Kingdom compared to the Epcot-like solitude of winter. Inside this issue you will find destinations that are within reach of dirt bag fishing guides like myself, so well within reach of anyone who makes more than the dude waving the sign dressed up like the Statue of Liberty out on the corner (who also funnily enough gets health benefits). Don't get me wrong, we love looking at pretty pictures in magazines of exotic fishy locales, but for once it would be nice to see a place in a magazine that we could load the truck up and actually go fish. Enjoy the winter "On The Road Issue" folks.

Haiku

with
JEB Hall

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photo: Steve Seinberg

ARKANSAS IS ALSO FOR LOVERS... OF LOW DOWN DIRTY BROWN

By David Grossman
Photos by Steve Seinberg

Arkansas has been on my radar for more than a minute now.

At eleven hours from the house, it's just far enough to feel like I am actually on the road, but not so far that it requires a Rockies West suicide run of a full day and a half in the truck. A couple of years ago, there were whispers of putting together a flick about the world record brown that old Rip Collins yanked out of the Little Red. That is until two weeks before the trip that crank bait-chucking dude on the Manistee put a kibosh on well-laid plans. Since then, I have had plenty of buddies who made the trek over and tortured me with stories of cookie cutter twenties and miles of blissful tailwater love. When I got the call from Jamie Rouse down on the Little Red to come down for a couple of days, I was as excited as a dog with three peters (learned that one in Heber Springs).

For the two weeks before the trip, I kept an eye on generation schedules and Jamie's website. The water had been perfect and the trout Jamie's clients were putting on the boat looked just shy of redonkulous. The stars were aligned and the gates to brown trout heaven appeared to be wide open.

At this point I have yet to mention my road trip luck. I'm considering tattooing the phrase, "you should have been here last week" on my forehead just to save people the hassle of saying it to me. My first bonefish trip: two days after Katrina cleared the flats; first Albie trip: missed them by a week; and on and on the story goes. This time had to be different. The universe owed me a killer trip, or at least an average one.

Somewhere west of Nashville I get the call from Jamie with the generation outlook. Take a quick guess at what it was, yup, you guessed it. Shitty with an outlook of shittier. Jamie is a pro and immediately jumps into expectation setting. While my expectations are being managed the only thing I can think of is, that I can't remember running over anybody's dog, but I must have done something pretty f'ed up to deserve another trip down the same road. In the end, fishing is fishing and we were going fishing whether it was 7000 cfs or 100 cfs.

At 7000 cfs, the Little Red is up in the trees and the traditional wisdom is that it's not worth fishing. But, once not fishing is eliminated as a viable option, what you're left with is Jamie Rouse and a grinder attitude that puts him on the water two hundred and fifty days a year no matter what the generation is, and not another soul on the water. In this case, just because no one else is doing it doesn't mean it can't be done. Slinging articulated meat on 300-grain sink tips and slutting them up off the bottom with 16-foot nymph rigs was the name of the game, and let me be the first to say that the game was delightful. In two days of fishing, Jamie and his trusty sidekick, Matt Millner, put us on more consistent 18-20 inch brown trout than I ever thought possible, hell or especially high water be damned.

Don’t get me wrong. My first trip to the Little Red was full of fish that are burned into my brain like a picture of your sister naked…you just don’t shake things like that. But what I really can’t get over is the way my eyes were opened to moving past what everybody else thinks and just going out and fishing no matter what the conditions are. Who knows, maybe some of those other trips might have turned out as epic as this one?

I would like to thank all the fellas at **Jamie Rouse Fly Fishing Adventures** for showing us the low down on the most underrated Brown trout fishery on earth. Our tour around brown town on the Little Red will not soon be forgotten. We would also like to thank Maurice at **Fat Possum Hollow** for providing us with accomodations and the knowledge that beyond his gates it is truly, “a jungle out there.” We’ll be seeing ya’ll again very soon.

BENCH PRESS

Thomas Harvey

LEGS FOR DAYS

Hook – Gamakatsu B10S (size #1)
Eyes – Clear Cure Eyes set in Sunken Brass Barbells
Flash – Iceabou
Legs – Fly Enhancer Rubber Legs
Tail – X-Select Marabou
Under Body – Flat Diamond Braid
Body – EP Tarantula Hairy Legs Brush
Over Wing – Barred Magnum Rabbit Strip
Head – Thread (Colored With Marker) and Clear Cure Goo Hydro

LEGS FOR DAYS

THOMAS HARVEY | 2011

1. Seat a Gamakatsu B10S in the vise.

2. Start your thread behind the hook eye. Attach your dumbbell eyes 1/3 of the way down the hook shank. Secure the eyes with superglue.

3. Bring your thread to the rear of the hook and tie in a length of Iceabou.

4. Tie a pair of Fly Enhancer legs on either side of the hook shank.

5. Invert your hook. Line up the tips of two marabou feathers, cut, and tie in.

6. Tie in a length of EP Tarantula brush.

7. Repeat with a length Flat Diamond Braid.

8. Wrap your diamond braid to form an even underbody. Tie off behind the eyes.

9. Palmer your EP brush up the hook shank. Make sure to pull the fibers back while wrapping to prevent trapping any fibers. Tie off. Bring your thread to the front of the hook. Figure 8 wrap your braid through the eyes to clean up the head. Tie off the braid.

10. Cut a length of Barred Magnum Rabbit Strip. Tie in behind the hook eye and whip finish. Remove your hook from the vise. Pull the hide taught and push the hook point through the rabbit strip. Make sure your strip lays flush and even to the hook shank.

11. Coat the thread head with Clear Cure Goo Hydro. Cure with the light.

12. Finished . **“Legs for Days”**

In recent years, the growth and evolution of synthetic materials has invited alterations and improvements on already proven patterns. Taking a design and building upon it using new, unique materials is what keeps fly tying evolving.
Captain “Mad Mike” Benson, an established saltwater guide and fly tier, ties an excellent redfish fly: “Mad Mike’s Mud Minnow” or “The M4”. His Mud Minnow provided a solid blueprint for my derivation and served as the inspiration for my “Legs For Days” streamer.
Altering Mike’s solid design with newly released synthetic materials has simply created another option to stock in your box.
Thanks Mike. I owe you a beer.
T.H.

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THE WAR OF SOUTHERN AGGRESSION

Photo Essay by Louis Cahill

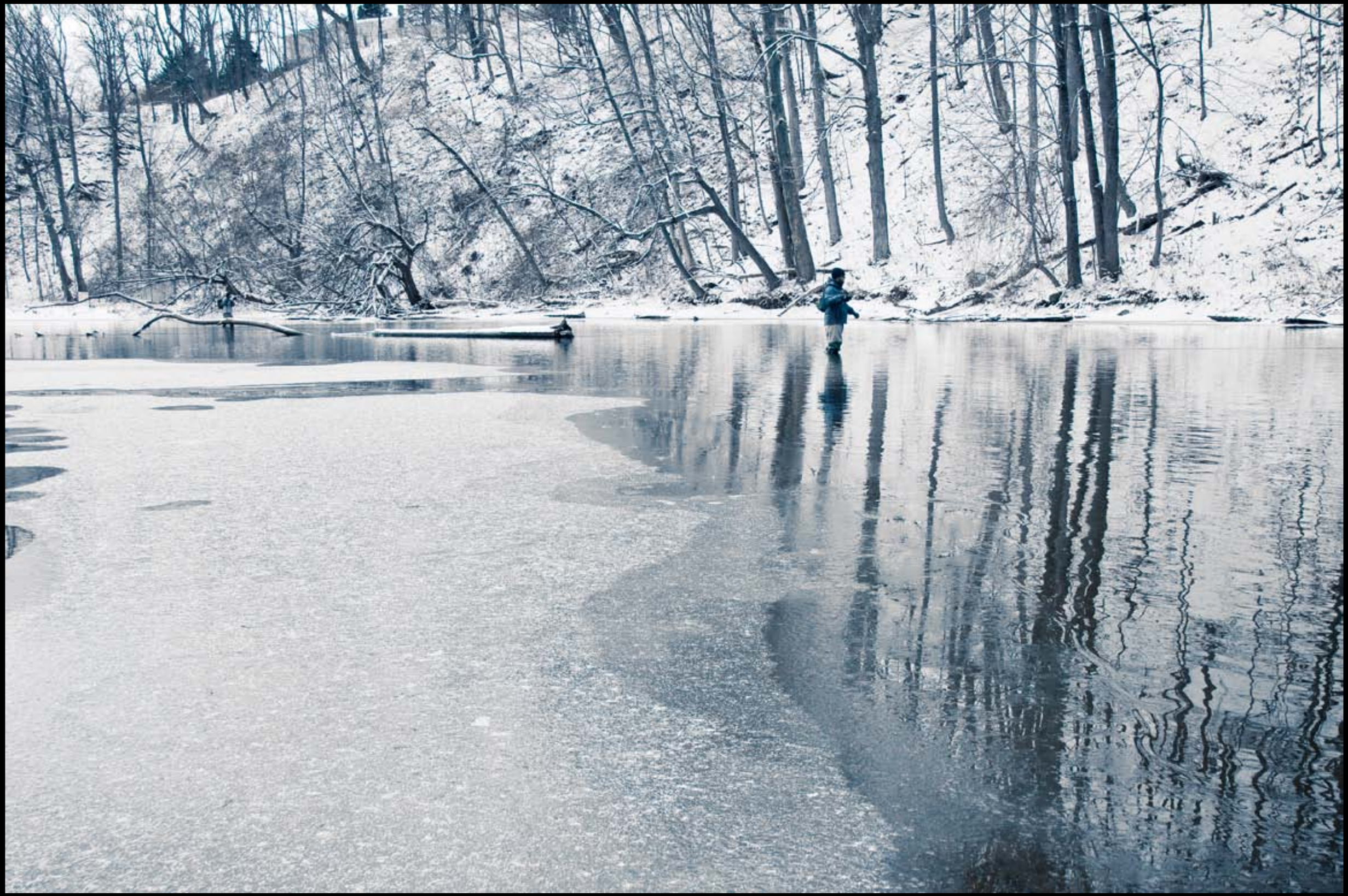
Not so much a fishing trip as a sortie—Southern boys going where they ain't welcome. To hell with the Mason Dixon line—takin' on the New York bait chuckers. Out numbered and out gunned, just the way we like it. This is the war of Southern aggression.

3 am, 20 hours to go: The truck's packed to the gills. Yeah, it's got a Hemi. Six hours later, the tank's full and the tires are bald. It's snowing its ass off.

15 hours later: Buffalo's a cluster. Too much coffee and not enough sleep.

Fingers burning. Feet numb. Casting too much weight. Back's killing me. Jim Beam helps. My fly hits a metal fence post and sticks. Guide's frozen to shit. Can't feel my line. Indicator stops. Big fish.

High for the week? 14. Wind? Gusting 30. Sun? What sun? Snow? Every single day. Soup in the thermos? Frozen by lunchtime. Hand warmers? Don't do shit. Waders? Frozen on. Gotta get in the shower to take 'em off. Yankees? Hiding! Southern boys? Kicking ass!



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MOVING PICTURES

Ryan Dunne

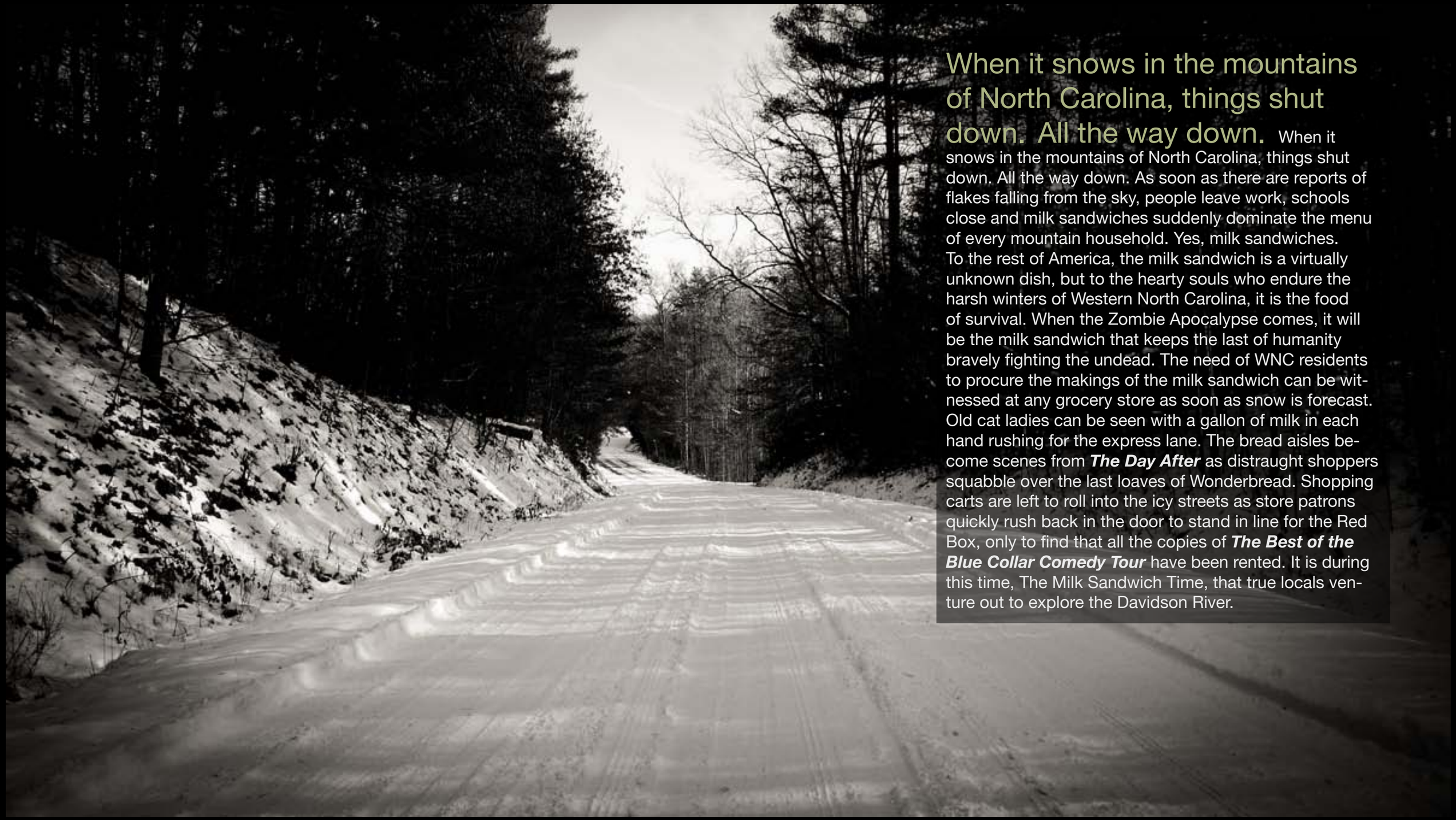
photo: Murphy Kane

MILK SANDWICH MAYHEM

Winter on the Davidson

By J.E.B. Hall

Photos by J.E.B. Hall and Steve Seinberg



When it snows in the mountains of North Carolina, things shut down. All the way down.

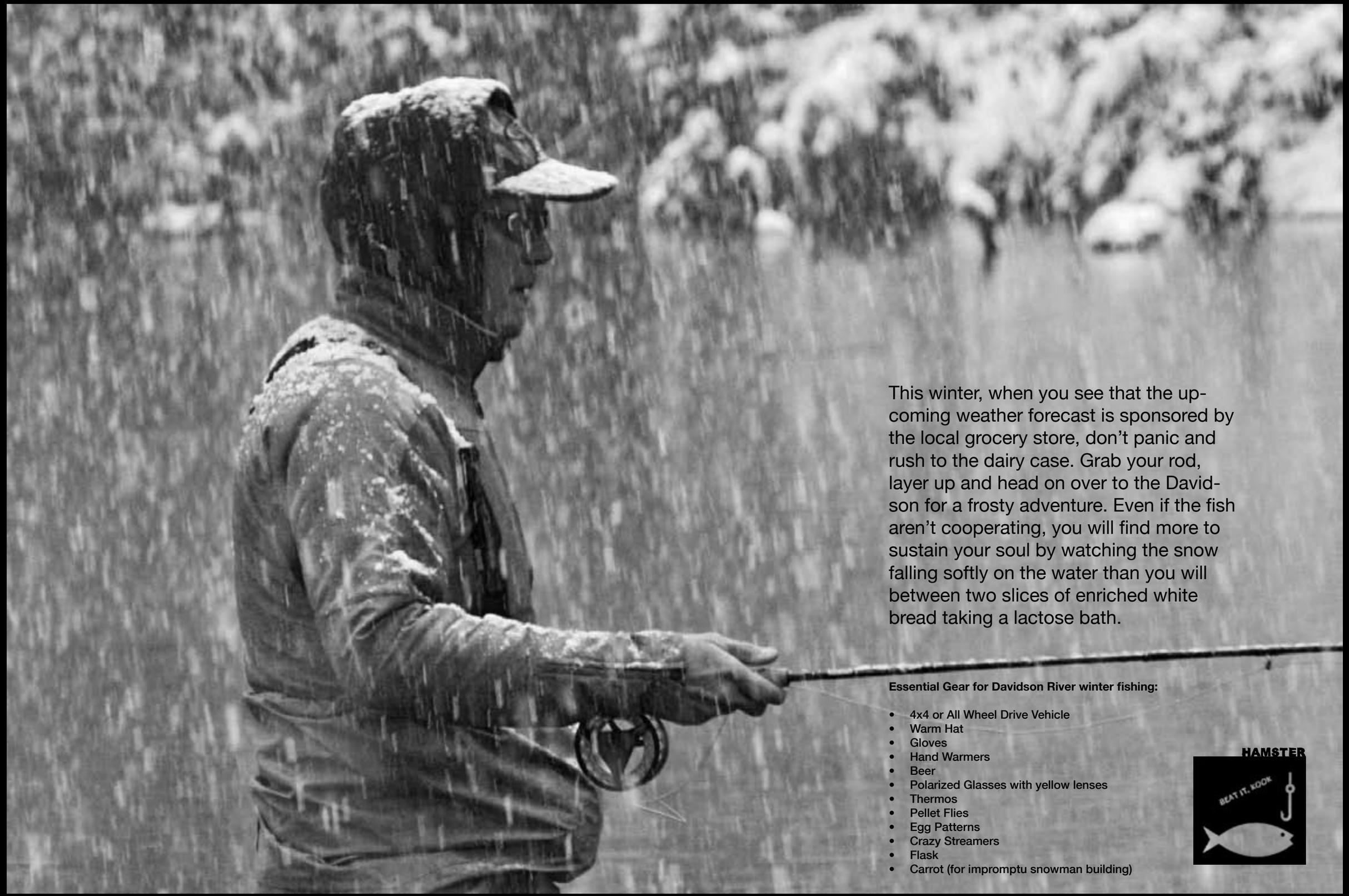
When it snows in the mountains of North Carolina, things shut down. All the way down. As soon as there are reports of flakes falling from the sky, people leave work, schools close and milk sandwiches suddenly dominate the menu of every mountain household. Yes, milk sandwiches. To the rest of America, the milk sandwich is a virtually unknown dish, but to the hearty souls who endure the harsh winters of Western North Carolina, it is the food of survival. When the Zombie Apocalypse comes, it will be the milk sandwich that keeps the last of humanity bravely fighting the undead. The need of WNC residents to procure the makings of the milk sandwich can be witnessed at any grocery store as soon as snow is forecast. Old cat ladies can be seen with a gallon of milk in each hand rushing for the express lane. The bread aisles become scenes from ***The Day After*** as distraught shoppers squabble over the last loaves of Wonderbread. Shopping carts are left to roll into the icy streets as store patrons quickly rush back in the door to stand in line for the Red Box, only to find that all the copies of ***The Best of the Blue Collar Comedy Tour*** have been rented. It is during this time, The Milk Sandwich Time, that true locals venture out to explore the Davidson River.

The Davidson River is listed as one of North America's top 100 trout streams by Trout Unlimited. It is this prestigious designation that causes the river to be crowded, fickle and undesirable to most local anglers. Summer's warmth brings with it an onslaught of tourists escaping the sweltering hell found in the states to the south. By Memorial Day, luxury SUVs fill every possible pull-out along the river and sunlight is virtually blocked from reaching the water's surface by a canopy of Tilley hats, fedoras and straw gardening bonnets. As long as the air temperature remains over 50 degrees, anglers stand shoulder-to-shoulder in the low, clear water trying to convince themselves that they enjoy fishing as much as playing a round of golf. Winter, however, is a different story. As the flakes fly and the milk sandwich cry goes out across the land, the Davidson becomes an empty playground. The tourists have long since left the comfort of their 25,000 square-foot luxury cabins and returned to the land of the box people. The opinionated gentlemen who can be observed fishing the same 20 feet of water all summer long, are caught up in the aforementioned bread aisles trying to fill the pantry before inches of snow pile up on the roads. Even the elite anglers of the Davidson River Social Club disappear from the hatchery parking lot, possibly fearing the icy weather could damage the official wooden license plates attached to their front bumpers.

Winter fishing on the Davidson is not for the faint of heart. The water is typically high, cold and clear, making deep presentations a necessity. Leaders of 12 feet in length ending in 6x fluoro are standard, and fishing a rod shorter than 8'6" is asking for an impossible day. Winter flies should match hatches found on the Davidson. The most commonly fished hatch is the pellet hatch that occurs near the fish hatchery. On a normal day, anglers typically post up in lawn chairs until the hatchery tanks are flushed and the hatch begins to make its way down the river. On a snowy day, the doctor's office-style waiting is non-existent, and the hatch can be enjoyed by a single group of anglers from the time it leaves the pipes until it disappears into Horse Cove. Other hatches, such as the tube hatch, don't occur in winter months allowing anglers to carry a more basic selection of flies.

The harsh conditions faced while fishing the Davidson during winter storms create a need for careful planning and specialized gear to make the day comfortable. The river can be fished in winter with a standard fishing kit, but being unprepared can spell disaster when nature unleashes her chilly wrath. When preparing for a trip to the “D”, remember these four words: transportation, acclimatization, floatation and libation. Transportation means that you don’t drive a two-wheel drive SUV or a rear-wheel drive truck into the Pisgah National Forest in a snowstorm. While all the “look at me” girls outside the sports bar might think you drive a burly vehicle, a trip up Highway 276 in a driving snowstorm will soon prove that looking cool doesn’t get you very far outside the Charlotte Metro area. Acclimatization is something that most fly anglers should do regardless of whether or not they are going to fish in winter. The concept here is that it sucks to fish with lots of clothes on and that the less you can wear, the better. To properly prepare your body for winter fishing, wait for a cold night and proceed as follows. First, put on cotton underwear and a t-shirt. Then, take a cold shower. Without fully drying off, grab a Rubik’s cube and head out on the deck and find a chair. Sit on the deck and attempt the to solve the cube until you are shaking too badly to hold it. Finally, come on back inside and take a warm shower.

After several weeks of this routine you will have both readied your body for cold weather fishing and hopefully solved a Rubik's cube. Floatation refers to the need for good indicators to handle the massive amounts of split shot you will be fishing in front of your egg patterns. Last, but not least, libation is the need for warming beverages on the river. Hot coffee or tea in a Thermos never tastes as good as it does when you can't feel your digits. Adult beverages are also a good call. Just make sure you aren't behind the wheel on the drive home.



This winter, when you see that the upcoming weather forecast is sponsored by the local grocery store, don't panic and rush to the dairy case. Grab your rod, layer up and head on over to the Davidson for a frosty adventure. Even if the fish aren't cooperating, you will find more to sustain your soul by watching the snow falling softly on the water than you will between two slices of enriched white bread taking a lactose bath.

Essential Gear for Davidson River winter fishing:

- 4x4 or All Wheel Drive Vehicle
- Warm Hat
- Gloves
- Hand Warmers
- Beer
- Polarized Glasses with yellow lenses
- Thermos
- Pellet Flies
- Egg Patterns
- Crazy Streamers
- Flask
- Carrot (for impromptu snowman building)

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Michael Yelton

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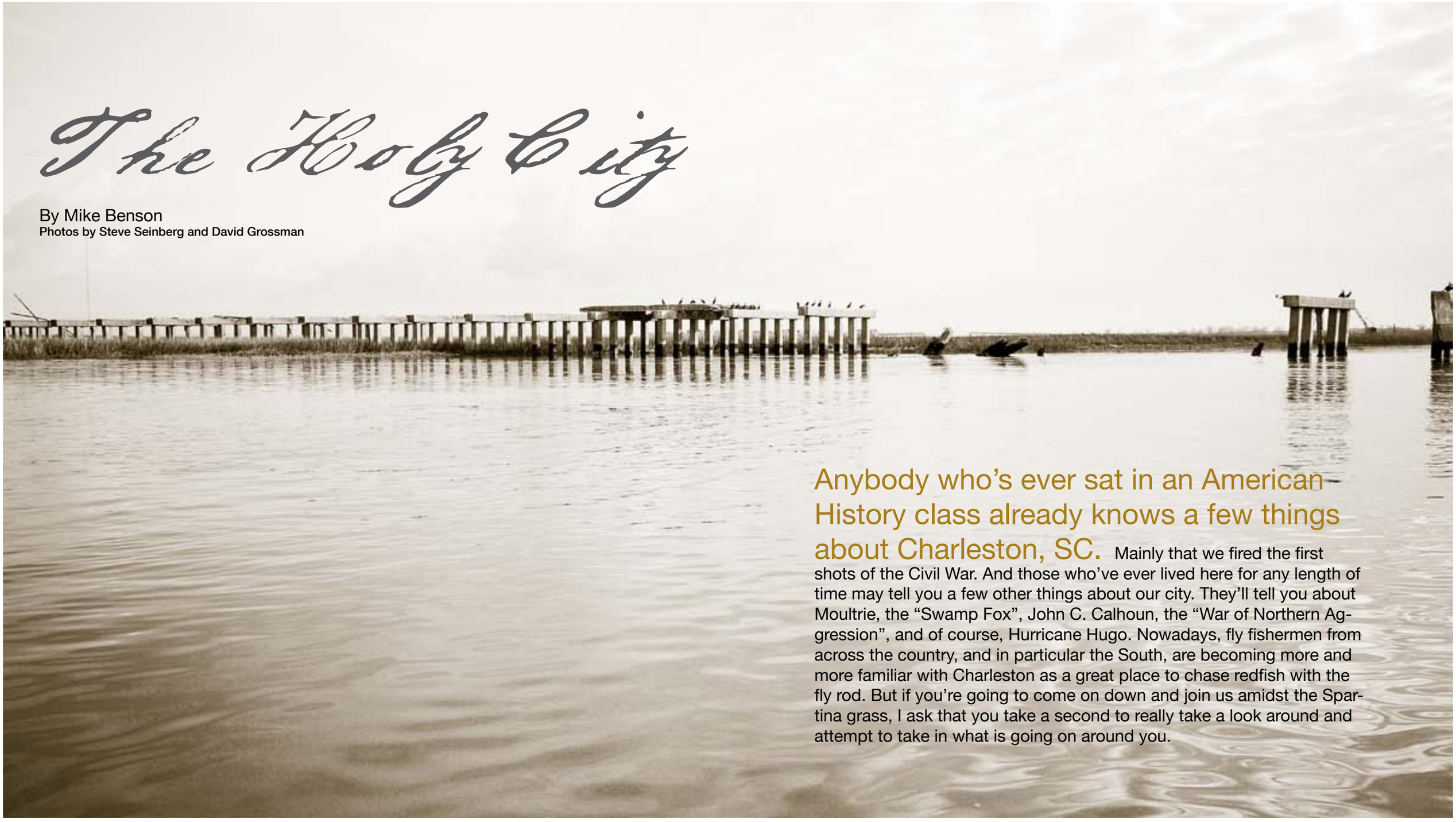
The Holy City

By Mike Benson
Photos by Steve Seinberg and David Grossman



Anybody who's ever sat in an American History class already knows a few things about Charleston, SC.

Mainly that we fired the first shots of the Civil War. And those who've ever lived here for any length of time may tell you a few other things about our city. They'll tell you about Moultrie, the "Swamp Fox", John C. Calhoun, the "War of Northern Aggression", and of course, Hurricane Hugo. Nowadays, fly fishermen from across the country, and in particular the South, are becoming more and more familiar with Charleston as a great place to chase redfish with the fly rod. But if you're going to come on down and join us amidst the Spartina grass, I ask that you take a second to really take a look around and attempt to take in what is going on around you.

When you’re poling or wading the flats north of town, just stand still and listen for a minute. If the wind is blowing just right, you may hear the low mournful hum of slaves singing hymns in fields long untended. Running across the harbor, you may hear the sound of Yankee cannons over the whine of your outboard, conducting one of the longest artillery sieges in modern military history. As you leave the harbor and turn north into the waterway, try to picture the Sullivan’s Island bridge completely dismantled and laying on its side in the creek, and the raw natural forces it took to accomplish that. And when you’re standing on one of the “fly away places,” the small cedar islands that escaped slaves used to stop and pray on for God to turn them into birds so they could fly back to Africa, try your hardest to keep your feet on the ground.

They call this place the Holy City, and the tour guides in town will tell you it's because of the sheer number of churches, or our history for religious freedom. But spend enough time being quiet in the backcountry and it's hard to ignore the natural and spiritual forces that seem to surround this place. So when you come to Charleston to chase the reds, bring your 8wt, a box full of crab and shrimp patterns, and open your mind and your soul. You may just be surprised by what you'll catch down here.

Mike has had stuff published in The Drake, which makes him cooler than any of us. You can find him on the water or behind the counter, fulfilling his shop monkey duties, at The Charleston Angler.

photo: Louis Cahill

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stratergizing

By Kent Klewein
Photos by Louis Cahill

Utilizing **Attractor** Nymphs In Your Winter Fishing

Over the past several winter fishing seasons, I've noticed how big of a role attractor nymphs can play in getting trout to eat - even inactive lethargic trout. . I don't know if they're eating these flies out of hunger or if the majority of the bites are just reactions strikes. Either way, for some reason trout seem to give attractor nymphs more attention during the winter months, and anglers should be taking note.

My preferred method for utilizing these attractor patterns is fishing them in a tandem nymph rig. When water temperatures drop into the thirties and forties for extended periods of time, you'll find me tying on bright colored attractor nymphs in the lead or dropper position of my tandem nymph rig right off the bat in the morning. I strongly believe that bright attractors can snap trout out of their coldwater slow metabolism trances, and they seem to persuade trout to get moving and examine our offerings.

As funny as it might sound, two of my favorite winter attractor nymphs are the fluorescent pink San Juan worm and various colored glow bug egg patterns. They're extremely bright and they really shine at getting bites during the colder months. Don't think all you'll catch with them are stocked trout either—I've visited dozens of wild trout fisheries over the years and landed very respectable rainbow and brown trout on both these simple fly patterns. I fish them in both the lead fly and dropper positions of my tandem nymph rig depending on the water conditions and what the fish are preferring for the day. When I feel the bright attractor is just getting the attention and curiosity going with the trout but not the bites, I'll move the San Juan or egg pattern into the lead fly position and drop something natural off the back like a soft-hackle pheasant-tail or a Mercer's Micro Stonefly. If the traditional worms and eggs aren't working, try fishing alternative patterns like Hise's Medusa or micro eggs and trout beads. Sometimes something a little different is all it takes to trigger bites.

I pretty much fish two types of rigs with my attractors. I'll either put the attractor in the lead fly position and drop a smaller and natural nymph off the back or I'll tie on a larger nymph like a woolly bugger, stonefly or girdle bug, and tie my attractor 16-24" off the back. These are the first two rigs I'll fish starting off. If that doesn't work, I'll get more technical in my pattern choice, moving more towards natural buggy profiles with flashy materials incorporated in the designs, and pairing it up with a traditional non-intimidating fly—a hares ear or zebra midge can be the key on days when trout seem to have lockjaw. In sight fishing water, you may have to downsize your patterns and go with an attractor midge pattern to get picky fish to eat. Just always be prepared to tweak your tandem rig during the day to make sure you're fishing patterns the trout will eat. If you're making good presentations and your rig is correctly set up, you should know when to stick with your flies tied on or change them out. Break out your attractors for the remainder of our cold months and you'll consistently catch fish pairing it up with a natural nymph pattern in your tandem rig.

Winter Tandem Nymph Rigs with Attractors
Lead Fly / Dropper Fly

Olive Girdle Bug / Fl. Pink San Juan Worm or Red Squirmy Wormy

Peach or Yellow Egg / Soft-Hackle PT or Soft-Hackle Hares Ear

Rubberleg Stonefly (Black or Brown) / Micro Fl. Pink San Juan Worm or Micro Egg

Various Flashy Attractor Colored Soft-Hackles / Anatomical Beatis Nymph or Mercer's Micro Stonefly

Prince Nymph or Flashback PT / Attractor Midge Larva (Various Colors)

Natural Soft-Hackle / Rainbow Warrior, Lightning Bug or Electric Blue PT

Winter Time Fishing in the Florida Keys

A Little on the Trashy Side If You're Lucky a Little More

BY JOEL DICKEY

All anyone has to do is look at the weather map to see what's going on this time of the year. Most of you guys and gals are strapping ten layers of clothing on just to waddle out to the mailbox much less what you have to put on to wade the local stream. I, however, am still enjoying my cut-offs, flip flops and sunscreen. The temperatures in the Keys this time of year for most is absolutely perfect: highs in the mid to upper 70s and lows in the upper 60s. Not only are the temperatures great, the fishing can be just as perfect. Ok... is it mid-tarpon season? No, it's not, but that doesn't mean you should write the fishing off altogether. In fact, some days it can actually be better than mid-spring fishing. Yes, I said better. Imagine going to your favorite spot on your local waters to stretch out a loop and there are no cars or even footprints to acknowledge anyone is there or even been there in days. What a wonderful world it would be. Welcome to the Keys in the wintertime. Enough rubbing it in your face about the weather and lack of pressure from other anglers, lets talk about what matters—the fishing.

photo: Louis Cahill

As a cold front rolls across the lower forty-eight leaving a winter wonderland in its path, it also drops the water temperatures along the east coast and the northern parts of the Gulf of Mexico. Just as this starts, the massive migrations of snowbirds from New England to the Southeast starts, coinciding with the annual migration of the baitfish from the northern U.S. and Gulf of Mexico south as well. It is my good fortune that these masses of baitfish are dumped right at my back door. This in turn brings the predators knocking. Thanks to this annual migration, the backcountry gets flooded with jacks, barracudas and sharks. I know, I know, a lot of you are saying, “Why in the world would I want to fish the Keys for the ‘trash can slam?’” Well I have to ask, have you ever really fished for one of these fish? Or are you drawing your conclusions based on your local fly shop troll, who turns his nose up to these “trash fish” and pretends to have done it all? Well, let me correct the common misconception about these fish. These “trash fish” fight just as hard if not harder than tarpon, bonefish or permit. Hook a 20lb jack on a 10wt, and 20 minutes later when you still are in your backing with no fly line in sight and you’re crying about your forearms burning, talk to me about these “trash fish” then. Talk to me about these “trash fish” when a 30lb+ barracuda violently crushes your baitfish pattern and proceeds to peel off 100+ yards of line before you can say, “WTF was that?” Please, please talk to me when you hook a black tip shark and he jumps six-plus feet in the air like a tarpon, and then bulldogs you until you cry uncle. In short, I guide for these fish every day during this time of year, and I have seen some extraordinary battles take place on the bow of my boat. The next time your in the Keys and a school of jack crevalles cruise by, or you see a large barracuda positioning himself for ambush in the middle of a flat, do yourself a favor—make the cast. I promise the epic battle that follows will be one you will remember for a long time.

Now the, “if you’re lucky” scenario...

Along with the masses of baitfish and the predatory fish that follow them, there is another fish that kicks off its migration to the Keys. You might have heard of it. It’s called *Megalops Atlanticus* or as most know it, tarpon. It’s the fish that changed my guiding career. These fish make their way south during the winter months and start to gather offshore. Now the cool thing that can happen, is if the Keys have a mild winter (like this year and last), with less wind...pure magic happens. The tarpon that have already made their way down, flood the flats as well. Now, it’s game on! Not only do they roll up on the flats, they come hungry, and most importantly, they are not pressured! If you book a guide worth his weight, he will know when to look for these early fish when the conditions are suitable. You will also find bonefish and permit during these periods. They , too, take advantage of the warmer temps to pillage the flats of their bountiful crabs and shrimp. Like I said, before there is nobody here and the fishing will go off the charts!

L.Cahill

L.Cahill

If or when you come to the Keys in the winter, come with an open mind, because let's be honest. It is not March-August by any means. It can be, however, a great experience, especially if this is your first trip in salt. The fish most commonly found during this time are predator fish and can be extremely aggressive and therefore very forgiving for an angler that has never experienced this type of fishing. Let's not forget those lucky souls who schedule their trip and hit the weather just perfectly. They get the first shots at migrating tarpon just as they arrive to the Keys. More than likely these lucky bastards will never have see another boat, not to mention having to compete with a half dozen of them for just a few shots. So the next time cabin fever hits and the hot toddies have lost the ability to get you through the cold, pick up the phone, pack your shorts, flip flops and your favorite saltwater rod and head down to warm up a bit.

Captain Joel Dickey is a N. Georgia boy that kept going South until he ran out of South. These days you will find Joel in the Lower Keys making saltwater dreams come true.

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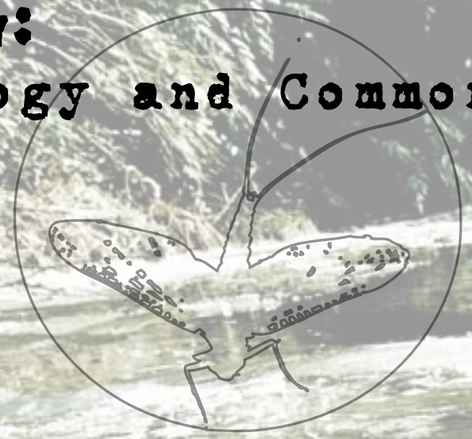
Gear Review:
Where Technology and Common Sense Meet

Photos by Steve Seinberg



NOMAD NETS

REDINGTON
SONIC PRO WADERS

CLEAR CURE GOO

A few years ago I was fly fishing out west with a friend of mine and after a tough morning of seeing fish and somehow not connecting with very many of them, Mike finally put a hook in a good sized trout. In the few rushed moments of netting, unhooking, holding, photographing, and releasing this fish, Mike had somehow stepped down with his oversize wader boot on the wooden hoop of his landing net which had been laid on the river floor and it all but exploded. There was a loud crack and when he stepped back we found the layers of teak were terribly splintered and broken. Though Mike tried in earnest to put the net back together again, first with duct tape and then with wood glue, in the end the net was a lost cause. Since then I've been quite a bit more critical about the $150 that hangs from my gear bag or bangs around in the kayak.

For the past six months I have been using a couple of the nets from Nomad Fly Fishing, namely the Guide Net and Mid-Length Net, and overall I have been very impressed. All of the **Nomad Fly Fishing** nets are constructed from a lightweight composite which is covered with Rivercoat, a green rubberized paint, which aids in grip when wet and these nets feature a heavy duty black rubber netting as well. Nomad nets are completely waterproof and float when in the water.

Since these nets are made from a mix of graphite and fiberglass there is no worry about delamination, swelling, or the separating of layers that may occur with a wood net. This composite construction results in a net that is extremely durable yet weighs a single pound or less depending on the model.

There is a lot being said about all the different types of netting used in landing nets these days and the black rubber netting in the Nomad nets is both strong and lightweight at the same time. I also like that these nets have a flat round bottom so that once you've netted a fish, and it's still in the water, that the fish is not cradled on it's side but can stay upright while you get the fly out of it's jaw before release. The fish is in a natural position this way and I find the workspace inside the net more usable than other nets that I have used. Less splashing and flopping around means that the fish is back in the drink a lot quicker as well.

Nomad Fly Fishing currently offers three nets in their line up with the Guide Net, the Mid-Length Net, and the Hand Net. All three nets feature the same 13 inch by 18 inch head which really means that one interested in a Nomad net just needs to figure out what handle length they like best.

Cameron Mortenson

Stitches are for suckers. There is a reason they don't stitch submarines together—if you need water to stay out, poking a million holes into the damn thing seems slightly counterproductive. For too long we have been boondoggled by the global stitching cabal into thinking that stitch construction was the best and only way to make a pair of waders.

Redington has harnessed the power of sound and finally put it to good use, making waders sans holes. Using sound to weld materials is a process that is both mysterious and magical. All I really know is that they have a dude at the plant that wears a wizard hat and wields a staff made out of unicorn horns. I don't actually think he has to anything to do with wader production, but is rumored to make a mean turkey loaf in the cafeteria. Even though we might not understand how they do it, the final product is a wader with welded seams and no stitch holes that ultimately lead to pin holes.

The **Sonic Pro** line of waders is not the first to use sonic weld seams, but it is the first to utilize this technology in a true technical wader. The waders are as tough as anything on the market with three-layer construction on the main body and five-layer construction on the legs and rump, where you tend to shred waders most often. Built-in gravel guards, fleece-lined hand warmer pockets and accessory rings launch the Sonic Pro line up the hierarchy of waders from "tourist tested" to "pro approved." With three configurations including pant and zip-front, Redington has thrown down the gauntlet by producing a pro-level wader that retails for less than $400 in the zip-front and less than $300 in the chest and pant models.

I have no idea why it took this long for someone to look at a wader seam, and think, "There has got to be better way to do this." Apparently the bulb went off in Bainbridge, and Redington has seen the light. Trust me, all of our dry feet will thank them for it.

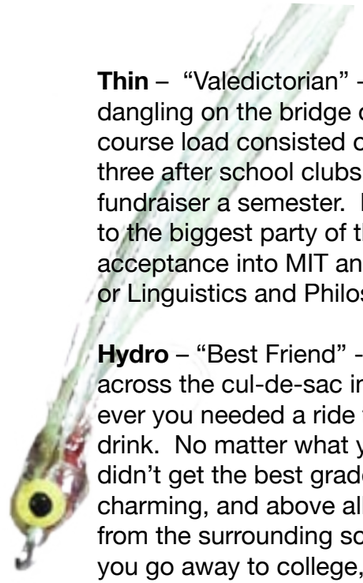
David Grossman

Redington Sonic Pro Waders

In a market that is often limited by nature's bounty, Brian Carson continues to progress his brand by relying on chemicals … not carcasses. Brian is the owner and operator of **Clear Cure Goo**, a Texas based venture that specializes in the production of light cured resins. Each specifically tailored on a chemical level, Brian has adapted a growing line up of materials to suite any fly tyer's style. When you use each material, you'll notice they all have a personality of their own …

Thick - "Mr. Popular" - Thick was always picked first in gym class. While lettering in three sports he somehow maintained a flawless 4.0GPA. A self professed over achiever, he always took on more than he could handle but somehow got it done … and got it done well. While he flirted with all the girls he went steady with Prom Queen. Voted "Most Likely To Be Elected President Of The United States" by his peers, he turned down a sizeable signing bonus from the Atlanta Braves his senior year. Instead, he chose a full ride scholarship to play QB for Alabama. He will have 4-years to decide between the NFL and law school.

Clear Cure Goo



Thin – "Valedictorian" - Thin was always buried in his books. Head down, glasses dangling on the bridge of his nose … the only kid in 12th grade with bifocals. His course load consisted of a steady diet of AP classes, all of which he aced. He led three after school clubs, two student run organizations, and championed at least one fundraiser a semester. He tutored Mr. Popular in trigonometry and in return was invited to the biggest party of the year where he finally got to first base. He was granted early acceptance into MIT and is teetering between two majors: Comparative Media Studies or Linguistics and Philosophy.

Hydro – "Best Friend" - Hydro has been your best friend since his family moved in across the cul-de-sac in 2nd grade. Since then, he has always had you back. Whenever you needed a ride to school, the answers to last night's homework, or a strong drink. No matter what you did, even if you were wrong, he stood behind you. He didn't get the best grades but he was popular with the teachers. He was genuine, charming, and above all honest. He was a ladies man, always dating the prettiest girls from the surrounding schools, setting you up with their friends. You'll miss him when you go away to college, but you know he'll be there for you whenever you call.

Fleck – "Prom Queen" - There was always something special about Fleck, a sort of subtle "glitz and glam" aura that only increased with her cup size. You were best friends as kids, but when puberty hit she left you in the dust. She knew she was beautiful, but she kept a modest attitude. She waved to you at your locker everyday on her way to 3rd period. You couldn't help but notice her: shiny blonde hair, sparkly diamond studs, and a confident glow. She dated Mr. Popular through senior year but they broke up when he left for Bama. She was accepted to the local state college where she plans on pledging Alpha Pi Omega.

Flex – "Stoner" – You met Flex at your after-school job at the local grocery store. He claims to attend your high school but you have never seen him there. You don't doubt him … well slightly. He is a nice enough guy and you like him. But mostly because he fills in for you when you can't work. He is positive, upbeat, and optimistic. Open minded he likes to discuss "the universe" and Pink Floyd while you stock the shelves. He has a distinct smell that lingers around him. Skunk-like.

Tack Free – "Church Girl" – Tack Free was in your homeroom. She was punctual, polite, and always had two No. 2 pencils lined up on her desk. She dressed more like the Quaker Oat man than a high school senior. She was soft spoken and well polished. She maintained a tight group of friends, all of which she met at church. She abstained from all of high schools temptations, instead focusing all of her attention on her application to Bible College. She is still waiting to hear back …

Thomas Harvey

Editor's Note: Ummm...yeahhh...we know two things here at SCOF. One, Thomas might be sniffing the Goo, and two that he is the best crafter of epoxy flies we know. So if he says the "Goo is the poo", who are we to argue?

THE S.C.S.F BLOG

RANTINGS OF A PSYCHO

photo : Steve Seinberg

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Flyshop profile

By David Grossman
Photos by Steve Seinberg

Lowcountry Fly Shop

Mt Pleasant, South Carolina

Have you ever wondered what would happen if your buddy actually got his act together and opened up a fly shop instead of just talking about it all the time? Well first, the fly selection would have to be, let's just say, extensive. The tying department would also have to be off the hizzy. But more than anything your buddy's shop would have that hangout feel that a fly shop should, and all too often doesn't embody anymore. Now, what if I told you this magical place not only existed but it sits smack dab in the middle of the some of the South's best saltwater fishing?

The Low Country Fly Shop caters to the more maniacal demographic in fly fishing, according to owner Scott Davis, and let me be the first to say thank you.
Scott's shop has been open for a little less than a year but seems like it has been there forever. You'll find a killer inventory from multiple high-end rod and reel manufacturers, all the flies you need and none you don't and one of the best fly tying sections I have seen anywhere with over a 130 different types of rabbit strips (which one customer likened to a gay zoo explosion). Beyond all the regular trappings of a fly shop, Low Country excels at making everybody that walks through the door feel not only like they belong there, but should feel free to stay awhile and hang out. From a Film Tour stop pre-party parking lot tailgate to regular tying and casting classes, Scott wants a shop where people not only want to buy stuff, but also feel like part of a community out to spread the gospel of fly fishing.

The rest of the crew at Low Country is just as friendly and down to earth as they can be, and let me be the first to say that the guides out of the shop not only know the Low Country scene, but put those fish to bed at night and wake them up in the morning.
So next time you're down in the Low Country chasing tail, stop on by the shop and say hi to the fellas…it's a pretty hip place for fly people as their t-shirts so plainly state.

Lowcountry Fly Shop
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843.388.5337
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spring issue #3

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