

southern culture
on the fly



Procrastination

DROP ME A LINE,
ANYTIME...
I'LL BE YOUR BIG
POON DADDY.



THIS TARPON
DIES
KILL HIPPIES.



TP

BEE
TEE
TEE

305-910-1112^{WT}
OR MEET ME AT THE BRIDGE.

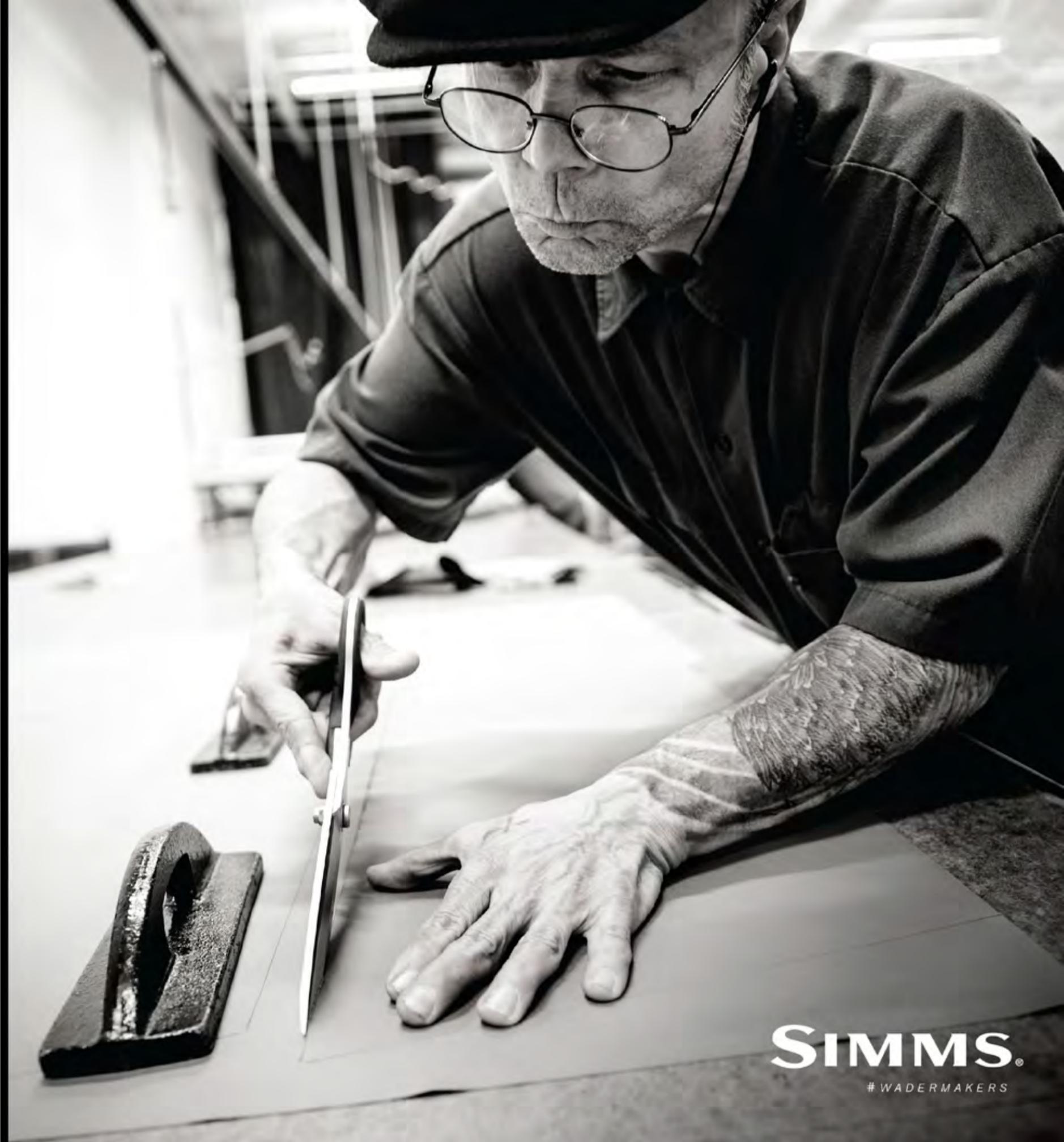
SCOF
MAG
STILL
FREE

MADE BY HAND. HEART. AND SOUL.

THE BEST WADERS IN THE WORLD STEM FROM INNOVATIVE DESIGN, CUTTING-EDGE MATERIALS, AND TENACIOUS TESTING. THEY'RE ALSO THE END RESULT OF A PAINSTAKING PROCESS AND THE SKILLED WORKERS WHO PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO IT EVERY DAY. FROM A BLANK ROLL OF GORE-TEX® FABRIC, THE SAME HANDS THAT DOUBLE-HAUL SINK TIPS AND STROKE DRIFT-BOAT OARS CUT, SEW, TAPE AND, FROM SCRATCH, HAND-BUILD EVERY WADER THAT BEARS THEIR MARK. STITCHES SWEATED FOR PERFECTION. CUTS MADE WITH FLUID MOTION IN MIND. SIMMS WADER MAKERS BRING THIS CHEMISTRY TO EACH AND EVERY SET OF WADERS THAT LEAVES OUR BOZEMAN, MONTANA FACILITY. THAT'S WHY THEIR STORY IS OUR STORY.

John Salcedo

JOHN SALCEDO, PRODUCT SPECIALIST,  WADER MAKER



SIMMS

#WADERMAKERS



Your lucky fishing hat is not the Chosen One.

It was not stitched of magic polyester by
the ancient fisher-folk of Atlantis.

It's a sweaty old hat.

Made in Bangladesh.

By a machine.

Just like Jed's hat.

And Jed catches nothing.

So toss that brimmed bacteria bucket.

Or let your wife burn it.

Forget superstition. You have science.

You have the clarity of 580 technology.

COSTA | 

C O N T R O L F R E A K

NEW
MIRAGE

OWN THE FIGHT with the most advanced patent-pending drag system ever designed. Infinite adjustment from zero to dead stop in a single drag knob rotation. Renders any previous perception of "smooth drag" to obsolescence. Completely sealed and maintenance free. Orvis Innovation. American made. Advantage angler. orvis.com/miragereel

 PROUDLY MADE IN THE U.S.A.



ORVIS

160 YEARS OF
PROVEN INNOVATION





Photo: Venice, Louisiana - November 2017, Steve Seinberg



Photo: Obed River, Tennessee - October 2017, Rand Hartz



Photo: Ambergis Caye, Belize - August 2017, Steve Seinberg



| Introducing

SPECTRUM FAMILY

One Revolution Sealed Carbon Drag

When we introduced our first-of-its-kind Sealed Carbon System it was a revolution in reel technology. Many have followed, but our new Spectrum family stays one evolution ahead. Our Sealed Carbon Drag – featuring numbered micro-adjustable detented drag settings in a single revolution – delivers unmatched reliability, repeatability and precision whether stalking the smallest spring creeks or wading legendary saltwater flats. Housed by fully machined, forged and tempered 6061-T6 aluminum, each member of the Spectrum family is solidly built with the detailed craftsmanship that defines Perfecting Performance.

sageflyfish.com

| SPECTRUM MAX

Heavy-Duty Features

*Big Water,
Big Meaty Flies*



| SPECTRUM LT

Lightweight Features

*Hatch Matching,
Trout Stalking
Fall Steelheading*



| SPECTRUM

Multi-application Features

*Streamers to Nymphs,
Stillwaters to Tailwaters*





FEATURES

- 40 REDFISH REDEMPTION
BY DAVID GROSSMAN
PHOTOS: STEVE SEINBERG
- 66 WILD THINGS IN WILD PLACES
BY CHRISTIAN FICHEL
PHOTOS: ALAN BROYHILL
- 98 SOUTHERN SALT
PHOTO ESSAY: STEVE SEINBERG
- 142 THE ADOPT-A-FLY GUIDE PROGRAM
BY DAVID GROSSMAN
PHOTOS: RAND HARCZ

DEPARTMENTS

- 8 SCOF FALL FLUFFER
- 26 FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK...
.DAVID GROSSMAN
- 30 HAIKU
.KNOX CAMPBELL
- 34 UNHAPPY LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
- 62 MOVING PICTURES
.A NATIVE ODYSSEY
.BRETT WINCHELL . MATT CROCKETT
- 86 BENCH PRESS
.BAILEY'S NO NAME SHRIMP - DREW CHICONE
- 128 STRATERGIZING
.TIDES - SCOTT DAVIS
- 138 FUR AND FEATHER MATINEE
.THE SIMPLE MINNOW - RICH STROLIS
- 162 THE BACK PAGE
.HEAD MAGAZINE

Procrastination



GET UP, AND GO TO WORK.



EST. 1997 THE WORLD'S FINEST
20 YEARS
MADE IN THE U.S.A.
HELL'S BAY
BOATWORKS
SHALLOW WATER SKIFFS

THE WORLD'S FINEST SHALLOW WATER SKIFFS HELLSBAYBOATWORKS.COM



S.C.O.F

FALL 2017
ISSUE NO. 25
PROCRASTINATION

EDITOR
CO-PUBLISHER:
David Grossman

CREATIVE DIRECTOR
CO-PUBLISHER:
Steve Seinberg

CONTRIBUTORS:
Paul Puckett
Christian Fichtel
Alan Broyhill
Rich Strolis
Drew Chicone
Knox Campbell
Brett Winchell
Matt Crockett

COPY EDITOR:
Lindsey Grossman

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER:
Rand Harcz

WARRIOR POET:
Louis Gaudet

GENERAL INQUIRIES
AND SUBMISSIONS:
info@southerncultureonthefly.com

ADVERTISING INFORMATION:
info@southerncultureonthefly.com

COVER:
Paul Puckett / photo: Steve Seinberg



www.southerncultureonthefly.com

all content and images © 2017 Southern Culture on the Fly



southern culture
on the fly

SUBSCRIBE NOW FREE
CLICK

photo: Rand Harcz

AMPLITUDE
WITH AST PLUS

SLICKNESS

Down to a Science

Shoots Farther

- 50% slicker than the original AST

Retains Slickness

- Maintains that out-of-the-box feel for the life of the line

Lasts Longer

- On average, Scientific Anglers lines last 862% longer than the closest three competitors



Exclusively from Scientific Anglers.

#fishthetruth
scientificanglers.com

Fall 2017

If you are a wildlife officer in a coastal area, please don't read any further. If you insist, please understand I am only half kidding.

What's next in fly fishing? That is the question that's burning up the brains of every product developer holding an inter-office nerd meeting in the industry. Where do we go from here? How much lighter can rods get? How breathable can waders be without making them invisibly waterproof? What can you make a boat out of that's stronger and lighter than Kevlar? There has to be an end to it. There are people out there right now, fishing to species I've never even imagined. Arapaima, tigerfish, milkfish, these are words that had no meaning to me as little as a year or two ago. I am only an amateur soothsayer, but when I read my cards, and examine the chicken bones, I only see one thing left to do. That thing is dolphin. Flipper, your reckoning is nigh.

It is my understanding that a lot of people like dolphins. We are not those people. They eat redfish, they sexually assault us, they are the highly intelligent rats of the sea. I have no moral qualms about stabbing one in the face with an O/7 hook and then releasing it to molest another day.

Why would anyone want to catch a dolphin? If I were so inclined, it would be for the challenge that prey this intelligent would provide. This was unequivocally proven by Ice-T, in the movie *Surviving The Game*. A dolphin is like a human of the sea, so the whole moral equivalency is a moot point. Now down to nuts and bolts

of it. We already have the rod and reel technology to catch marlin, and one would think that musky fly technology could produce a large enough mullet or rat redfish pattern that would fit the bill. I'm thinking 16-20", and articulated at least 17 ways. Now here is where we depart from what we can do today. Due to their impressive mammalian intelligence, we will have to use invisible fluoro in the 60-80 lb range. Leader invisibility is key and uncompromising. I also think some sort of scent would have to be employed. Mr. Dolphin hunts with his nose as much as he does his sonar. Which brings us to our next advance: the fly would have to give a realistic sonar ping. The density of materials would be exacting, yet doable when our best and brightest minds put their brains to the grindstone. The last and possibly most important factor we lack in catching a dolphin is some sort of communication signal emanating from the boat to fool them into coming close enough for a reasonable cast. Imagine trolling sonic teasers from the back of the boat.

Catching the first dolphin on fly will be like our sport's moonshot. Yes, we will have conquered the smartest animal in the sea, but the technological trickle-down will change the way we fly fish for generations to come. So I invite guides, manufacturers, and amateur dolphin haters from all over the world to join us in our quest to catch the first dolphin on fly. For if we don't exercise our dominance over this aquatic rival, we will continue to look over our collective shoulders, making sure that Flipper isn't lurking with foreplay on his giant mind.

D. Allen



Everything that Matters



NO. 1
FALL 2011



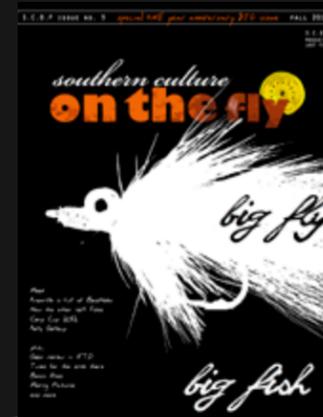
NO. 2
WINTER 2012



NO. 3
SPRING 2012



NO. 4
SUMMER 2012



NO. 5
FALL 2012



NO. 6
WINTER 2013



NO. 7
SPRING 2013



NO. 8
SUMMER 2013



NO. 9
FALL 2013



NO. 10
WINTER 2014



NO. 11
SPRING 2014



NO. 12
SUMMER 2014



NO. 13
FALL 2014



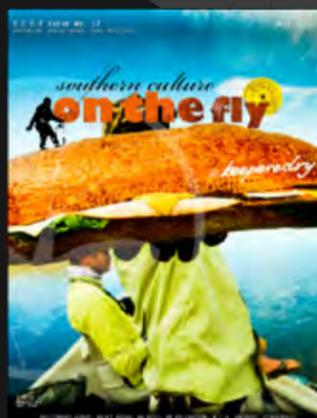
NO. 14
WINTER 2015



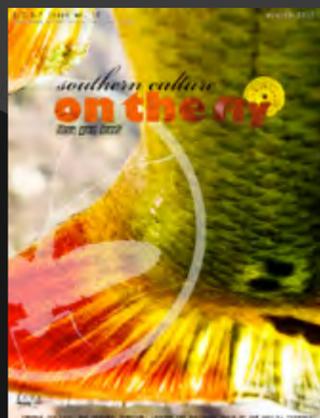
NO. 15
SPRING 2015



NO. 16
SUMMER 2015



NO. 17
FALL 2015



NO. 18
WINTER 2016



NO. 19
SPRING 2016



NO. 20
SUMMER 2016



NO. 21
FALL 2016



NO. 22
WINTER 2017



NO. 23
SPRING 2017



NO. 24
SUMMER 2017



SUBSCRIBE NOW FREE
CLICK

Haiku

with Knox Cambell

Sam's Gap at sunrise
Cows, Pal's, slurps
without vowels
Tiny dries, trout sighs

Howler BROS





Six days of travel stripped to a few frenzied seconds: on Sudan's Red Sea coast, Josh Gallivan comes tight to a bluefin trevally while Stu Harley and Mike LaSota look on. Russ Schitzer © 2017 Patagonia, Inc.

Form follows fishing.

Built with ultralight fabrics for comfort and breathability in the hottest conditions, our technical sun protection clothing helps you keep your cool when the mercury—or adrenaline—really starts to rise.

patagonia[®]

Unhappy Letters to the Editor...

Letter to the editors

Dear Editors,

I am a fly fisher who just happens to be female, and I'm writing to address David Grossman and his "Dock Box" piece, in the Summer 2017 issue #24. While I applaud the intent behind the article, at its core it perpetuates the very sexism and inequality it aims to address. I, too, have an Instagram rife with photos of fish caught on the fly. But unlike Mr. Grossman, I've never really thought about what any of the people happily brandishing their catches happen to be wearing in those photos. A bikini is a bathing suit, commonly worn in, on, and around the water. Unless she's fellating the fish or otherwise engaged in a sex act, a picture of a woman in a bikini is not porn; it's a picture of a woman, wearing a bathing suit. To state otherwise is to inherently sexualize the female form, much like people who find women breastfeeding in public to be indecent, because boobs. Those women are feeding their children, not displaying their breasts. Similarly, when I get dressed to fish, I aim for comfortable, functional clothing. If it's insanely hot outside, this may involve a bikini, because it suits the conditions. I don't see how this either demeans me or takes away from the meritocracy, the passion, or the sheer joy of throwing a fly at a fish.

Mr. Grossman: Have you talked to any of the women whose pictures you find so objectionable? Have they told you they made their clothing choices "for the sole reason of revving [your] tiny lizard brains," or is that an assumption you make when you see a woman in a bathing suit? Do

you know that they "only fish in the loosest sense of the word," or is that something you assume solely because of clothing choice? How covered does a woman need to be before you can look her in the eye? Are shorts too revealing? What about short-sleeved shirts, or [gasp] a tank top? Regardless, that problem should be yours, and not a reason for hand-wringing, oh-dear, we're-better-than-this articles like this one.

You write that you are the "father of a daughter," and a man who fishes with women. If you truly want to be an ally for



these (or any) women, I suggest that if you must think of their bodies, you try to think of them simply as their bodies, the only ones they have, instead of something sexual, there to titillate if not sufficiently covered. And maybe stop with the "fisher-lady" thing, which is awful and makes you sound kinda sexist when you later write only of "great fly fisherman, and great fly fisherman."

Sincerely,
Eily



Eily,

First and foremost I would like to thank you for writing us such a thoughtful note on the story, and even more so on women in fly fishing. Surprisingly, this was the only letter we received on the article. I thought I would at least have gotten one decrying my miserable vissage donning a bikini. I would like to address a few of the points you made. First, I think the breastfeeding is a tangent here,

but I personally have no problem with women breastfeeding in public. I have two children and my wife breastfed both, sometimes in public. I personally think the weirdness ensues when the child is 10 and still breastfeeding in public, but you are correct and that's a personal opinion of mine and this is America, so if a woman wants to breastfeed her teenager in public go right ahead. Although since this is America, I'm still allowed to think that's weird as shit. But I digress.

As far as women wearing bikinis while fishing, I'm sure this happens but never on any fishing trip I've partaken in where women were fishing alongside me. I think the main reason for this is skin cancer. Every woman I know who fishes is just as worried about skin cancer as their male counterparts. This is especially true of the women I know in a saltwater environment. They cover themselves in longsleeves, pant legs, buffs, hats and anything else to save them from the effects of UV rays. I also remember a famous photo of a female in the industry donning a bikini top holding a steelhead surrounded by snow, just saying. If a woman wants to wear a bikini while fishing, you are correct in saying that they should do so. I'm not Amish. My problem with it lies when the wearing of that bikini holds ulterior motives outside of comfort, self-image, or any number of valid reasons to wear a bikini while fishing. I just feel that it is often the case that said bikini is meant to garner favor among male fly fishermen on social media, and turning those social media affirmations into a more lucrative position within the industry. Now, I have not talked to every woman who has shown skin on the Internet while holding a fish. I did, however, talk to a lot of women in the industry who I respect

(the term "Dockbox" was coined by one of them) in writing this article. Their concerns were the same as mine. I also at no point wrote this article with women as my target readership. The reason I wrote it to men was the fact that I fully understand that I have no business telling women what to wear when they fish or at any other time. I do feel that I am not on shaky ground telling men and our mostly male-dominated industry that we should support rewarding women who are flyfishing badass-esses more so than women who hold fish with nice asses. Yes, I know using the adjective "nice" in front of "ass" objectifies their ass, but I'm trying to make the case for the de-objectification of the ass, which may be unclear. Ass.

If nothing else I'm glad we've finally started the conversation.

- Dave

P.S. I have no excuse for the "fisher-lady" comment. My wife, who is also my copy editor, told me it sounded assholeish and I didn't listen to her. Not as an excuse, but that phrase was intended in a Jerry Louis "LLLAAAAAADDD-DYYYY" sort of way, and I just didn't want to see the other side of the coin. Sorry.

Instagram comment

Hello - I'm Keith _____ and commented on your post. I'm not trying to be an asshole but I'm passionate about treating others with respect. I was really surprised to see that post and wondered what Orvis, Patagonia, Simms... would think about having their brand associated with something that could be considered very insensitive?

Of your 17.5k followers I'm guessing you have at least a couple "gay" people, a parent, grandparent, brother or sister of a gay person and they might also find it offensive.

I fish with a guy who is gay and he's a damn good fisherman, but most importantly he's a first responder, great person, and a human being with feelings so when I saw that I felt I had to respond and unfollow the page.

Anyway- I figured I'd share how I felt and hope you would at least understand my view.

I loved your pictures and work but I felt I needed to share my views.

Apologies for wasting your time

Keith

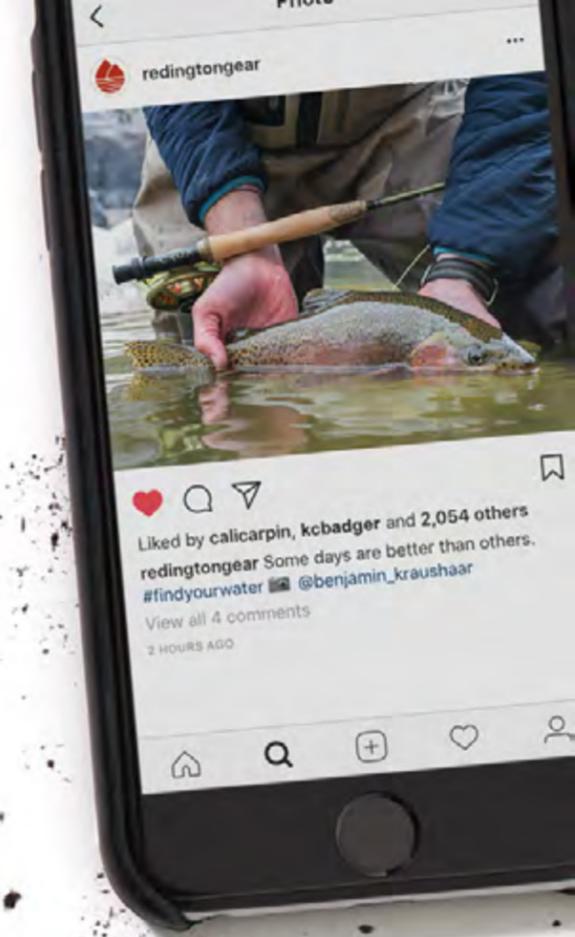


Keith,

You are not wasting our time. We always want to hear from our readers, the good and the bad. Both Steve and I also fall onto what we consider the extremely tolerant side of the spectrum. Honestly, the only reason I shade to that humor on occasion is that I feel some of our readers need to be more comfortable with an alternative viewpoint. Through humor, I hope that I can accomplish this. If you were offended by it, I am truly sorry. More so if you, or any of your friends, or our

friends who are gay were offended by it. That was not at all my intention. I do feel, however, bridging the cultural gap by humor is not given enough credit these days. Thanks for bringing this to my attention, and please feel free to tell me whenever I'm being an insensitive asshole, because I'm probably doing it unintentionally (hence the "insensitive" nature of my asshole-ness). As far as our advertisers go, we've never understood why they pay us any money anyways.

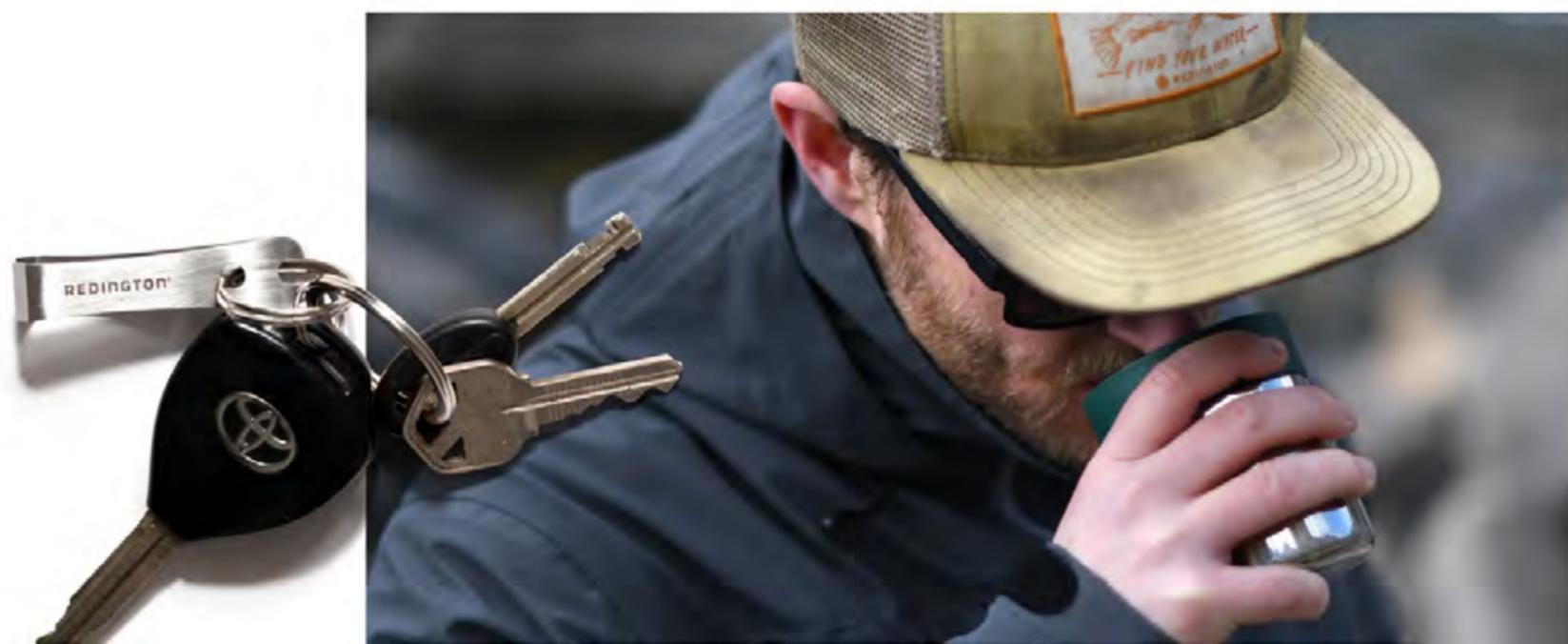
- Dave



INTRODUCING THE **ALL NEW**

REDINGTON CRUX 10.5' LINE | 9FT | S&D-4

The CRUX features our new Line Speed Taper, Angled Key Grip, and stunning aesthetics – which all work together to make it the best rod we've ever built.

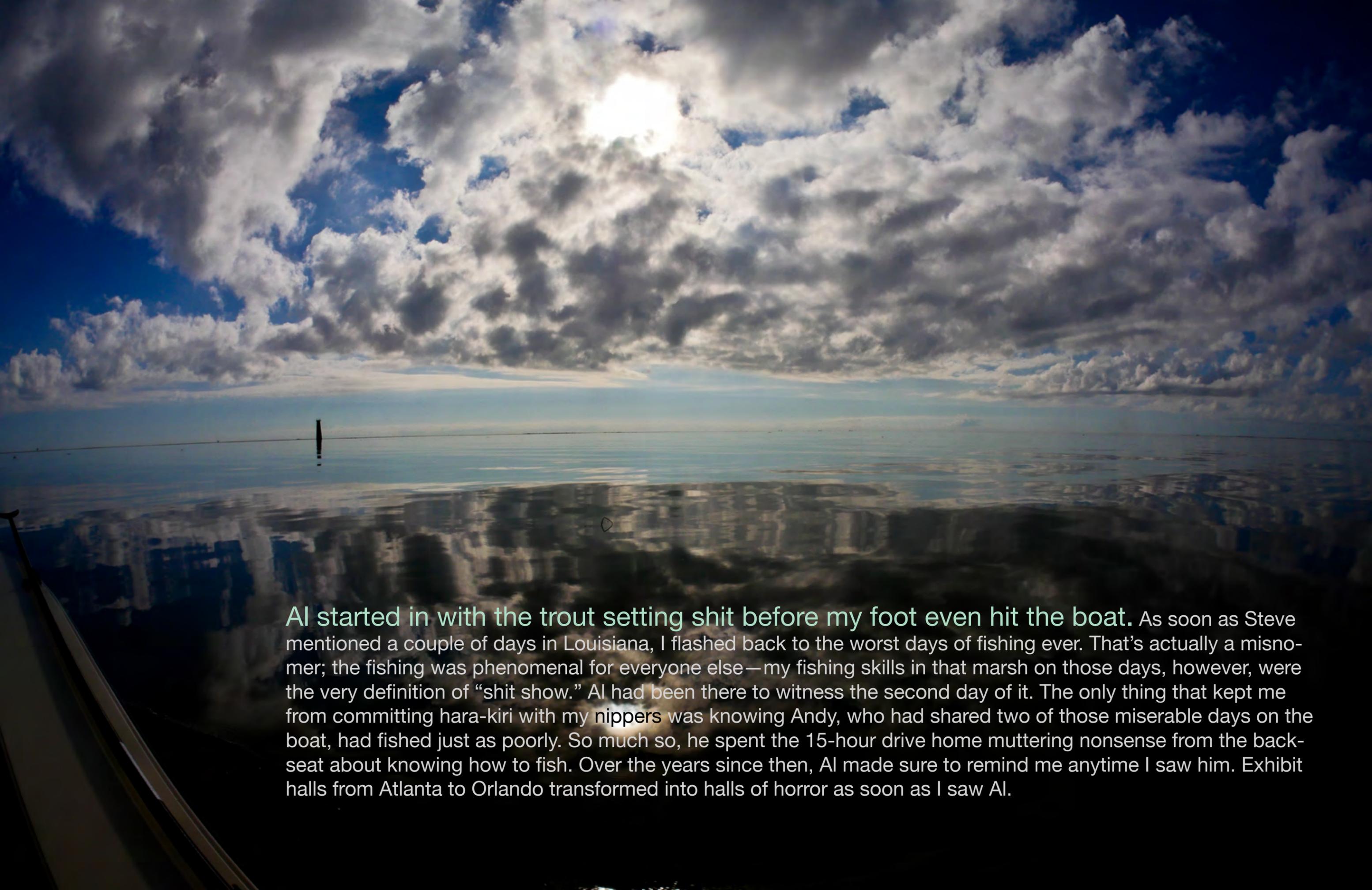


REDINGTON
FIND YOUR WATER



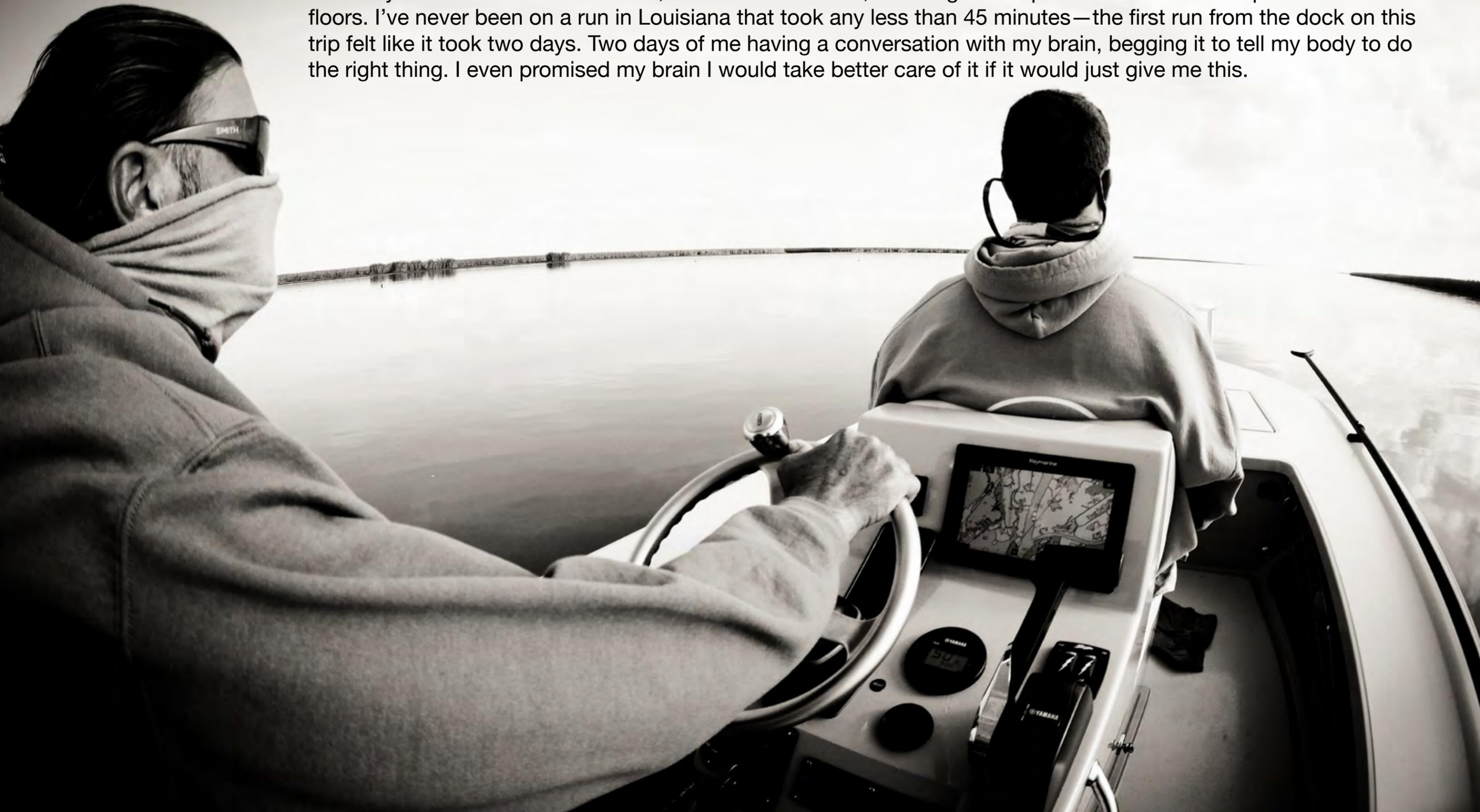
REDFISH Redemption

By David Grossman
Photos: Steve Seinberg



Al started in with the trout setting shit before my foot even hit the boat. As soon as Steve mentioned a couple of days in Louisiana, I flashed back to the worst days of fishing ever. That's actually a misnomer; the fishing was phenomenal for everyone else—my fishing skills in that marsh on those days, however, were the very definition of “shit show.” Al had been there to witness the second day of it. The only thing that kept me from committing hara-kiri with my nippers was knowing Andy, who had shared two of those miserable days on the boat, had fished just as poorly. So much so, he spent the 15-hour drive home muttering nonsense from the back-seat about knowing how to fish. Over the years since then, Al made sure to remind me anytime I saw him. Exhibit halls from Atlanta to Orlando transformed into halls of horror as soon as I saw Al.

Driving down to Venice, I knew I was a better saltwater angler than the last time I was down there. Countless hours, dollars, and sanity spent in shallow salty water had told me so. I may not convert every shot, but my batting average was good enough for any AAA team in the grapefruit league. But as soon as I saw Al sitting on the boat at the dock, all that confidence and gained experience evaporated into the ether. I'm almost 40 years old, but when my father calls me a dumbass, I still feel like I'm six, standing over a puddle of silver model paint on his stone floors. I've never been on a run in Louisiana that took any less than 45 minutes—the first run from the dock on this trip felt like it took two days. Two days of me having a conversation with my brain, begging it to tell my body to do the right thing. I even promised my brain I would take better care of it if it would just give me this.



“When Venice is good, Venice is a freak show.”





I gave Steve the first shot, and he promptly spotted, cast at, and boated a 20-pound redfish. As I made my way to the pointy end of the boat, Al mentioned keeping the rod tip down. At this point in the morning, there was nothing else in the world I wanted more than to keep the rod tip down. We poled no more than 10 yards before a big red spun on my fly, and I kept the rod tip down. In the end that moment became pretty uneventful (well, as a 20-plus-pound fish can be) because I caught 48 from that fish until the last fish I caught 48 hours later, I was beyond what I ever thought imaginable. The fishing did not require permit skills by any stretch of the imagination. Find a fish, put the fly in front of the fish, set the hook, get out of the way so Steve could double up, repeat. For two days. When Venice is good, Venice is a freak show. My last fish of the last day was on the way back to the dock. The school blew up underneath us and we cut the motor. I pulled line to cast, and within seconds a group of two was moving left to right.





-Two o'clock. You see them?

-Got 'em.

-A big one and a small one. The one in the back is bigger, throw it to him.

As the bigger fish ate the fly and the smaller fish kept on swimming, I felt pretty good about the way it had played out. When Al



said, "Ok, Grossman, you passed," I felt pretty fucking great about it. I now fully understand that I wouldn't have felt nearly as euphoric without those horrible feelings all those many moons ago. As the great Tim Curry said in the movie Legend, "What is light without dark?"





HATCH
OUTDOORS



FINATIC FLY REEL

PREMIUM FLY FISHING PRODUCTS
MADE IN THE USA

PHOTOS © THE FLY FISHING NATION

HATCHOUTDOORS.COM





LIVE LIFE IN THE CURRENT



SAVANNAH - AUGUSTA
RIVERSANDGLEN.COM

Trolling for marlin off Oahu, tuna fishing on the Grand Banks, commercial whaling.....



TOWEE BOATS

GUIDE TESTED SKIFFS

When you build an amazing skiff that is at home on everything from salt flats to rocky rivers, it's just easier to list what it can't do.

Prop, jet, push pole or oars - what will you do with your Towee?



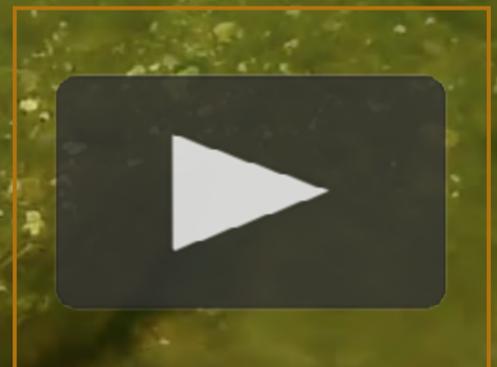
www.toweeboats.com

MOVING PICTURES 

Brett Winchell and Matt Crockett



A NATIVE ODYSSEY





patagonia

ORVIS

SIMMS

YETI COOLERS
Wildly stronger! Keep ice longer!

Thomas & Thomas
FINE FLY FISHING

Howler
BROS

HIGH PERFORMANCE
Scott
FLY RODS

FILSON
Since 1897



COHUTTA FISHING COMPANY

Full service fly shop located in Cartersville, Georgia

WWW.COHUTTAFISHINGCO.COM

39 SOUTH PUBLIC SQUARE | CARTERSVILLE, GA | 770 606 1100

GUIDED TRIPS AND TRAVEL



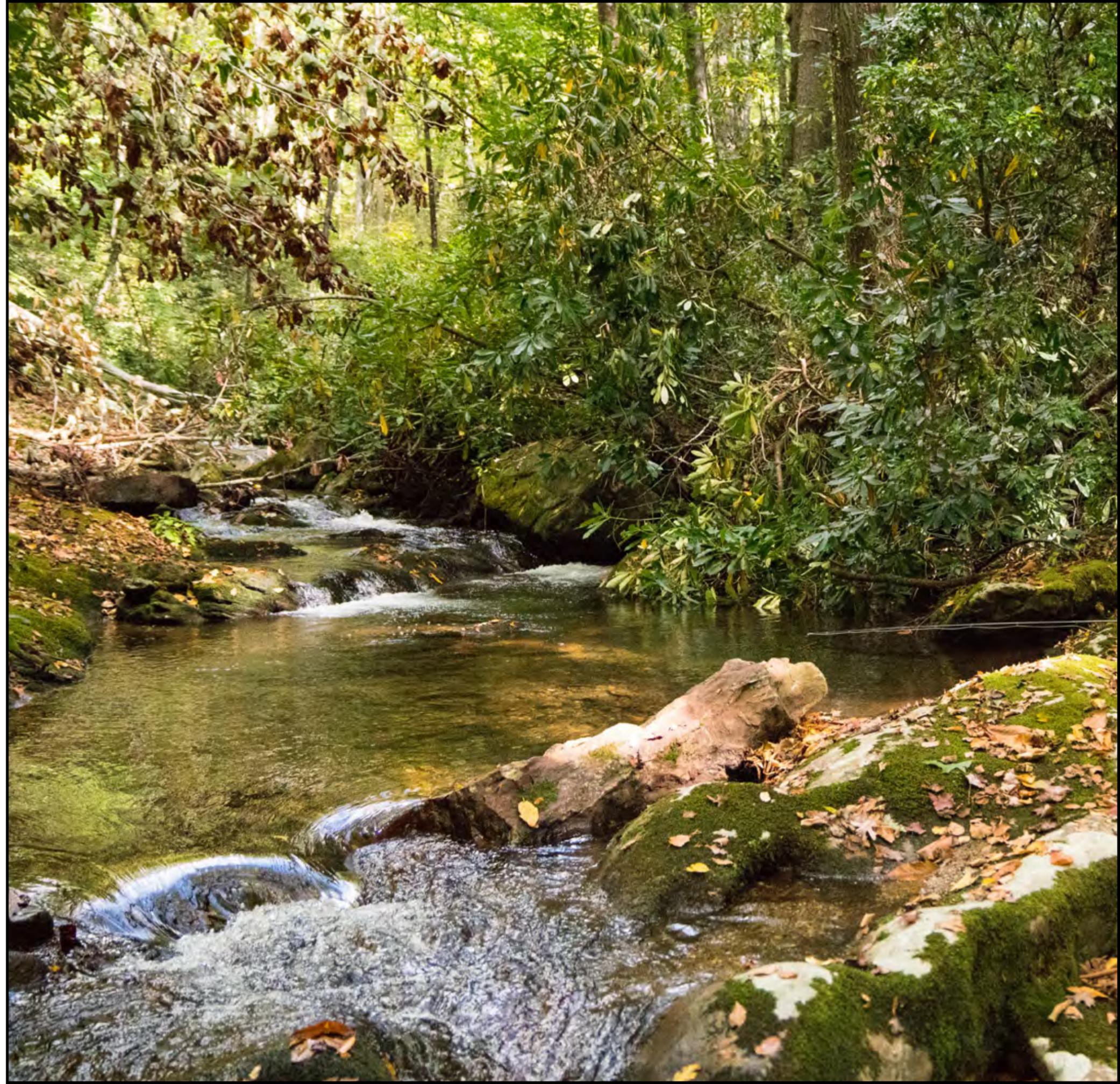
A shallow stream flows over mossy rocks and fallen autumn leaves in a forest. The water is clear, reflecting the surrounding greenery and the vibrant yellow and orange leaves scattered across the stream bed. The background is a dense forest with sunlight filtering through the trees, creating a soft, dappled light effect.

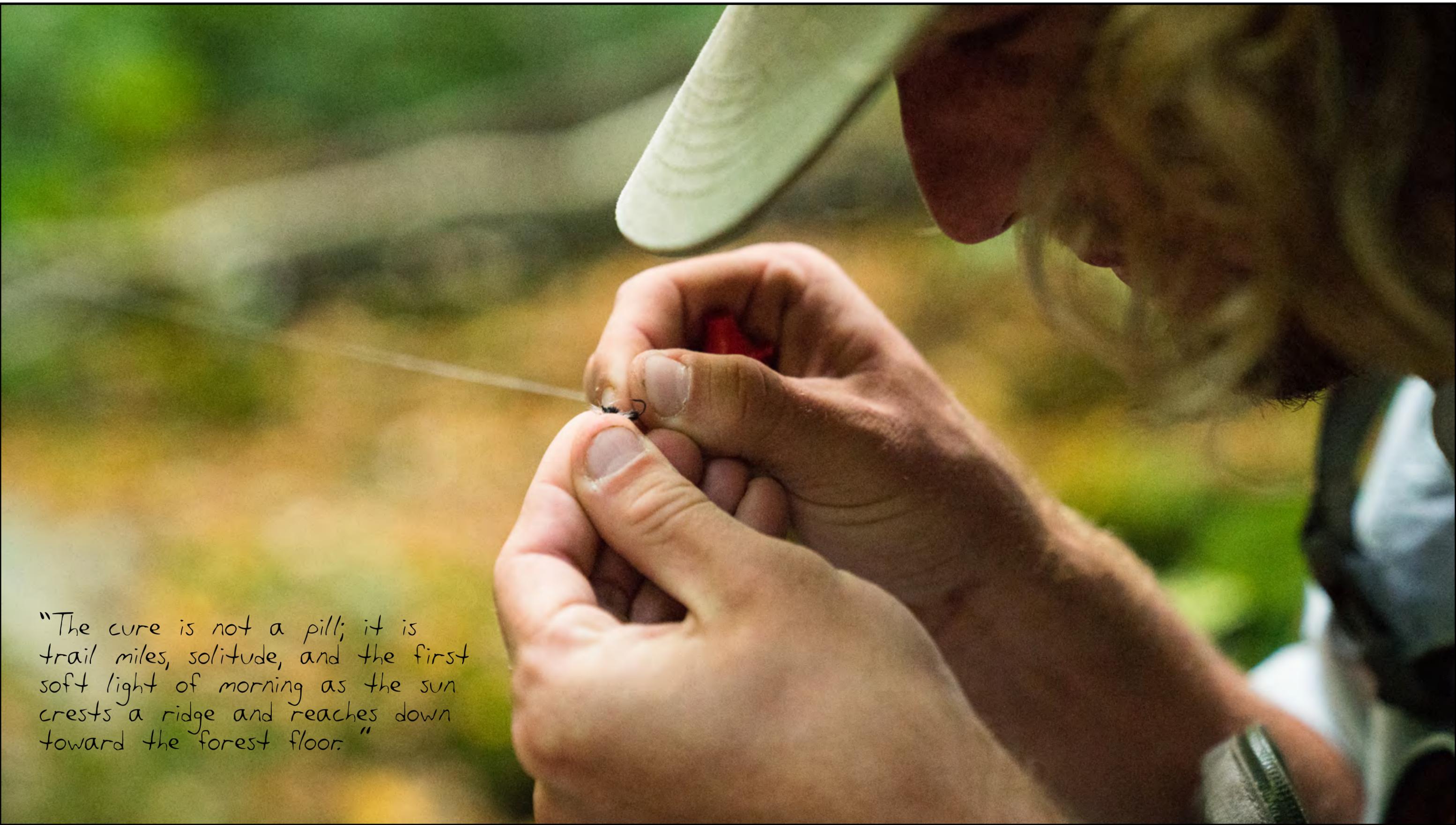
Wild Things in Wild Places

By Christian Fichtel
Photos: Alan Broyhill

I've been called an elitist by those who know me best. I didn't buy it at first, but once you hear something a time or 20, you begin to believe it. It's not that I look down on anything—I just find satisfaction in doing things a certain way. I have my reasons, of course, but I find these truths to be self-evident: that grouse should be shot with a 16ga. side-by-side, anadromous fish deserve a swung fly, and brook trout are generally superior to all other salmonids.

I maintain that there exists an immense and lasting virtue in the preservation of native species. That things be left as nature intended is a goal worth pursuing even at great cost, and while we may have dominion over nature to a far greater extent than at any point in human history, our role is to protect and preserve rather than to subjugate. The life history of the Salmonidae family can be traced as far back as 20 million years, and more destruction has been wrought upon them in the last 100 years than in all those millions before.



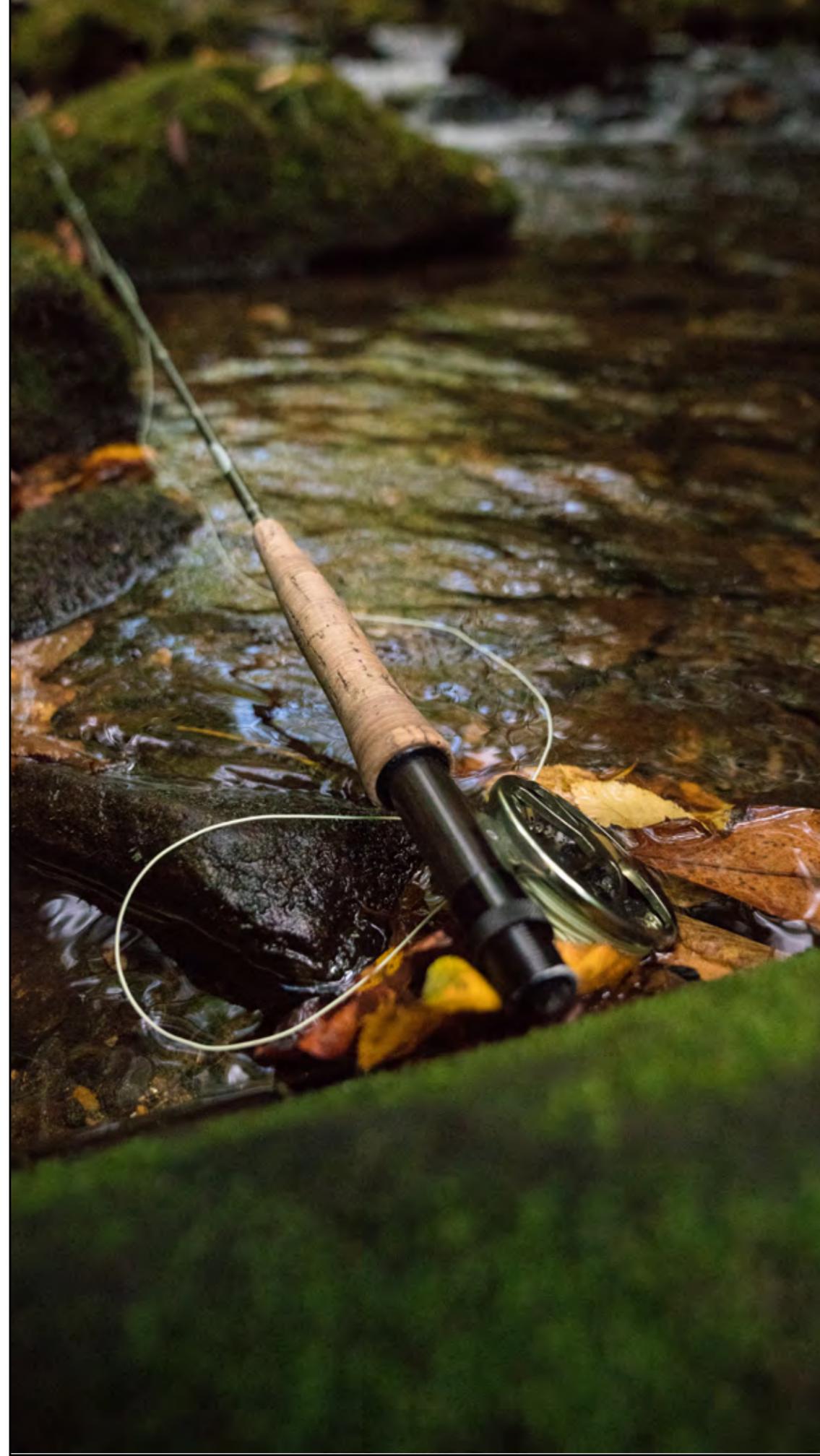


"The cure is not a pill; it is trail miles, solitude, and the first soft light of morning as the sun crests a ridge and reaches down toward the forest floor."



According to the Eastern Brook Trout Joint Venture, brook trout have been extirpated from about 90 percent of their native range. In the South specifically, I suppose we are fortunate that this number is closer to 40 percent; about halfway gone, however, is still a damn shame. When a brook trout habitat is lost, many other native species follow. We don't simply lose a fish; we lose our forests.

I know that cure for my ills, the anxiety and darkness that can sometimes tinge the edges of my world, can be found in the same places where brook trout can be found. The cure lies in a flushing grouse, the melting tracks of a just-missed black bear in the last snow of winter, and the cold waters of a brook trout stream. The cure is not a pill; it is trail miles, solitude, and the first soft light of morning as the sun crests a ridge and reaches down toward the forest floor.





"Brook trout are but one small species, a fragile, prehistoric jewel that the fortunate are able to encounter in our Southern mountains."



In *A Sand County Almanac*, Aldo Leopold wrote, "There are some who can live without wild things, and some who cannot." I know only that I do not want to live in a world without wild things. These wild things rely upon wild places, and so do I. Brook trout are but one small species, a fragile, prehistoric jewel that the fortunate are able to encounter in our Southern mountains. They are, however, part of a much larger community of wild that we, as advanced primates slipping ever further from our past, cannot afford to lose.



SYNTHETIC TROUT FLIES

EP™ TRIGGER POINT INT'L FIBERS
BY ENRICO PUGLISI



****ADDITIONAL FLOATANT ...
COMPLETELY UNNECESSARY**



GET LOST

IN THE SPLENDOR AROUND YOU

Thousands of miles of river, teeming with trout, and not a soul in sight.
It's not the Rocky Mountains. This is Western North Carolina.

We spend hours stalking these banks, casting, mending, learning,
sharing our knowledge of this place we call home. We know what starts
on the water has the potential to go anywhere.

It's time to join us in the mountains. Start planning your
experience by visiting hunterbanks.com.



NOW IS THE TIME

NOW OR NEVERGLADES

CLICK TO SIGN THE DECLARATION



BENCH PRESS

Drew Chicone



CAPT. STEVE BAILEY'S
The No Name Shrimp

Drew Chicone
The No Name Shrimp
Capt. Steve Bailey

In the winter months when the water temperature has cooled, the tempo of life in the backcountry seems to slow down with it. In my experience, the fish appear to prefer smaller meals and they are moving around at a more leisurely pace. Once the sun is up over the mangroves, there is a magic hour when you find lethargic bonefish, redfish or very large trout in some places, just sitting over the grass in less than a foot of water. If you have good light and you're paying attention, you can make them out before they spook and change zip codes.

The key to closing the deal on these loafing lunkers is presenting them a modest offering that lands on the water nice and soft and doesn't sink very fast. This time of year, tiny 2-3" shrimp are plentiful, and I like to match the hatch with a small, lightly weighted shrimp pattern (the utility fly for most flats species). Convincing them to eat isn't as hard as you would think—you just have to slow down as well. The usual rapid-fire six-inch strips aren't the way to go here. I vary the strip depending on how cold the water is, but generally keep it relatively slow, with a long pregnant pause between strips. It should feel awkward and prolonged compared to what you're used to. As the sun gets up higher later in the day, and the fish begin to warm up, you don't have to drag it out quite as long. If the fish seem to be feeding more actively, I speed up the

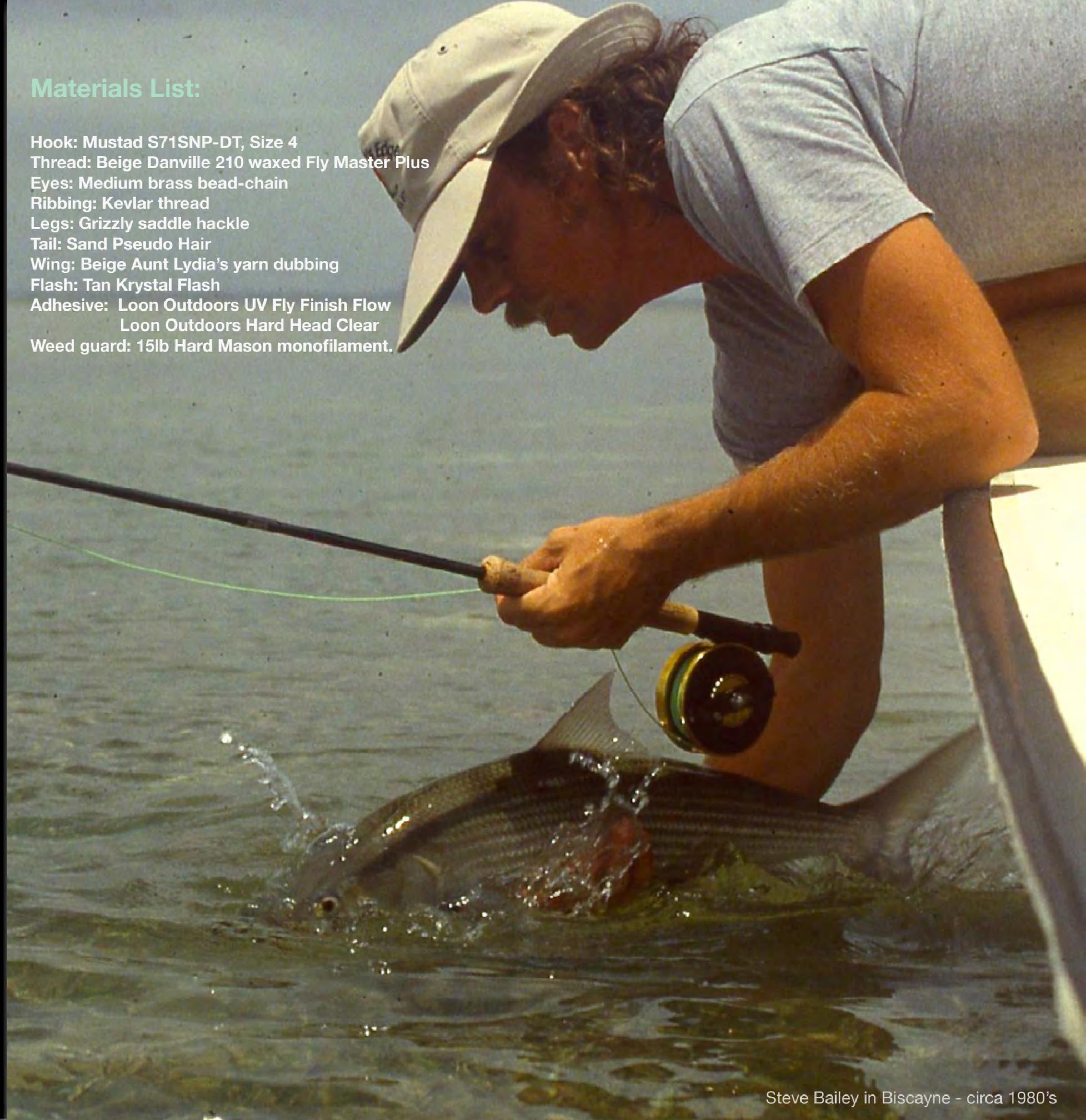
retrieve slightly and hop it along with a shorter and more aggressive stripping motion, but I continue to pause slightly longer than usual to let the fly sink for a second or so.

When it comes to choosing patterns, there are countless shrimp flies out there, and at first glance most of them look pretty similar. A pair of bead chain eyes, a barred Kraft fur tail and a palmered feather will get the job done, but usually only once. After the first fish you hastily land, the now chewed and unraveled "guide fly" has to be retired. Taking a little more time and thought to craft more durable creations will often save you time when the fish are feeding and increase your productivity when it counts. The tricky part is keeping the balance between durability, castability, and sink rate. Any fly can be globbed up with epoxy and within minutes, it becomes an extremely durable "chuck 'n' duck," and therefore loses its castability and soft presentation.

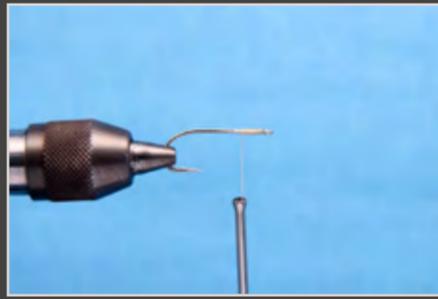
When it comes to a soft landing, easy-to-cast bomb-proof utility fly, I haven't found anything that even comes close to Capt. Steve Baileys No Name Shrimp. It may look similar to other shrimp patterns, but it is most certainly not your standard shrimp. His purposely selected materials and techniques transform this standard looking shrimp into the ultimate backcountry utility fly and a must-have in your wintertime fly box.

Materials List:

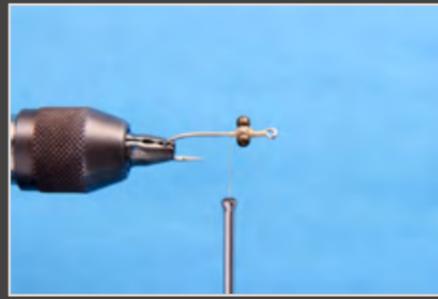
Hook: Mustad S71SNP-DT, Size 4
Thread: Beige Danville 210 waxed Fly Master Plus
Eyes: Medium brass bead-chain
Ribbing: Kevlar thread
Legs: Grizzly saddle hackle
Tail: Sand Pseudo Hair
Wing: Beige Aunt Lydia's yarn dubbing
Flash: Tan Krystal Flash
Adhesive: Loon Outdoors UV Fly Finish Flow
Loon Outdoors Hard Head Clear
Weed guard: 15lb Hard Mason monofilament.



1



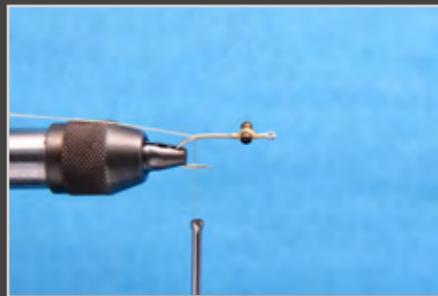
2



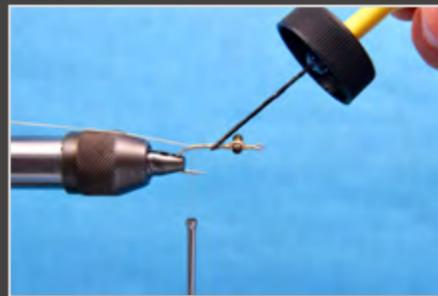
3



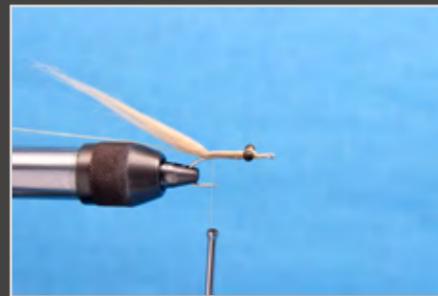
4



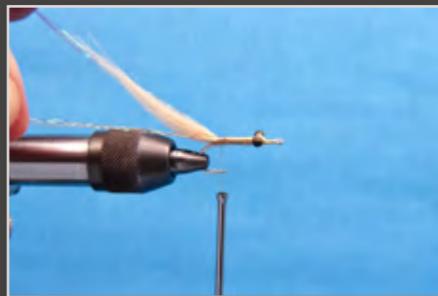
5



6



7



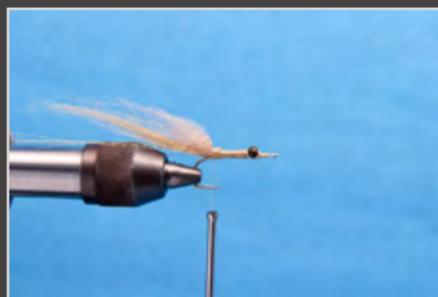
8



9



10



11



12



Step 1: Start the thread at the eye of the hook and wrap back 18-20 turns (approximately 1/4", make sure you have room for a weed guard in front of the bead chain eyes).

Step 2: Secure the bead chain eyes with a series of figure-eight and doughnut wraps. A "doughnut" wrap is what I call making a few wraps around the base of the eyes, passing the thread underneath the dumb-bell eyes, but over the top of the hook shank. This really helps to keep the eyes from spinning around the hook.

Step 3: Directly behind the bead chain eyes, tie in the tip of the Kevlar thread that will be used as a rib. (A rib is an extremely durable material that is used to protect or add durability to a less durable material. Often time a piece of wire is used to add a little flash to a fly while providing added weight and durability. For clear water fishing scenarios or when you want the color of the under material to show through, clear vinyl ribbing is used to enrobe. The more used to enrobe, the more delicate material.)

Step 4: Make a figure-eight wrap around the bead chain eyes with the Kevlar thread and then cover the thread by wrapping rearward with the Danville 210 to the bend of the hook. This will lock the Kevlar rib in place and keep it from pulling free when palmering later. Move the Kevlar bobbin out of the way while you work on the fly.

Step 5: Cover the thread wraps with a thin layer of head cement.

Step 6: Cut a pencil-size hank of Pseudo Hair and pinch the bundle at its middle. Pull free any loose short fibers from the trimmed end. Measure the tail of the fly so that it extends beyond the bend of the hook approximately two-and-a-half hook lengths. Trim away the excess butt ends and tie in directly behind the bead chain eyes. Press the material down with your index finger or thumb to disperse the material evenly around the hook. Once in place, secure with several tight wraps, covering the butts of the material with an even layer of thread.

Step 7: Double over the thread four strands of tan Krystal Flash at their middle. Pinch one leg with your thumb and index finger and the other with your middle and ring finger, creating a V with the flash. Position one leg on each side of the fly and secure in place with four to five wraps. This technique will save you some time, ensure that your flies are symmetrical and that the flash will not pull out.

Step 8: Step cut the strands of flash (trim at different lengths). Staggering the lengths takes a little longer, but it will give the fly a more natural look in the water. What you actually see glittering in the water is the tips of the flash, so you want to spread out the distance between cuts.

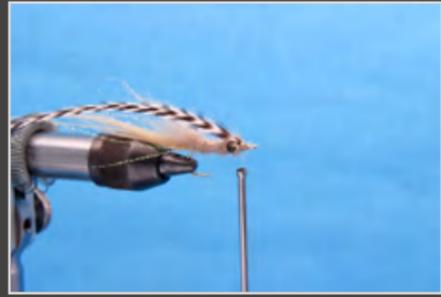
Step 9: Cut several sections of beige Aunt Lydia's rug yarn at varying lengths, 1/2" to 1-1/2" and separate the fibers of the yarn to create a dubbing. Hareline Dubbin makes a set of oversized wire brushes especially for blending dubbing, but you can use two pieces of velcro (hook sides) or a couple of dog brushes if you have them. Simply work the pre-cut sections of yarn back and forth between the two brushes. Within seconds you have perfectly prepared dubbing. At the bend of the hook, tie in a pinch of dubbing at its middle, onto the hook shank and parallel to the hook.

Step 10: Using your index finger, middle finger and thumb, pull all the forward facing tips of the material back onto itself and secure with seven to eight tight wraps. This will add some bulk to the underside of the wing and keep it from sagging when the fly is riding in the hook point up position.

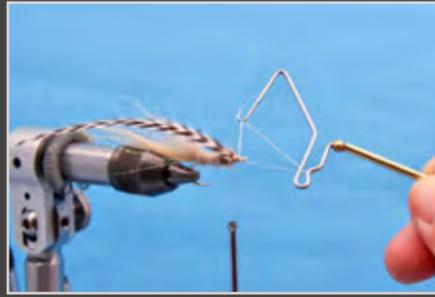
Step 11: Pull off the bobbing six to eight inches of thread. Lightly dub five to six inches of the thread.

Step 12: Palmer the dubbed thread forward, covering the shank of the hook. Figure eight around the eyes and make 1-2 turns in front of the bead chain eyes and remove any excess dubbing from the thread.

13



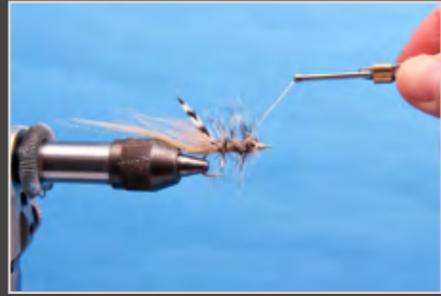
14



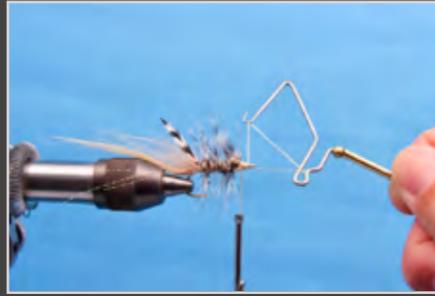
15



16



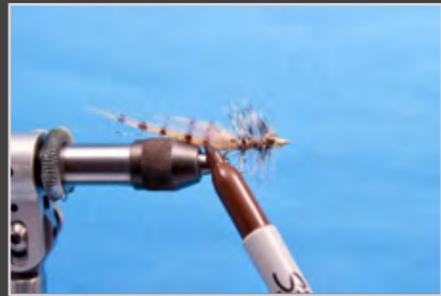
17



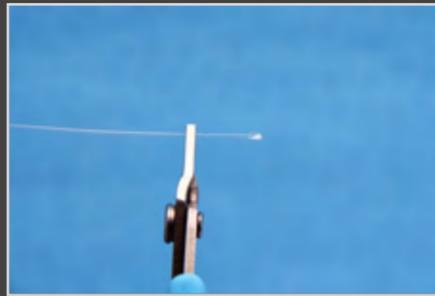
18



19



20



21



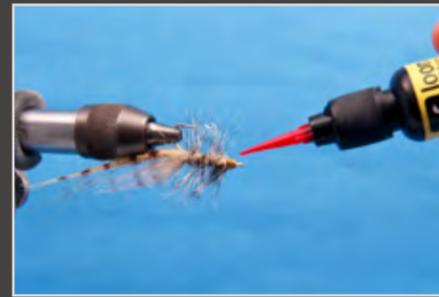
22



23



24



Step 13: Trim away the woody butt end of a grizzly saddle hackle, leaving you with the long supple tip of the feather that will not split when palmered. The barbs of the feather should be approximately 1/8" longer than the hook gap. Tie in the butt end of the feather directly in front of the bead chain eyes.

Step 14: Whip finish in front of the eyes and cut away the beige Danville thread.

Step 15: Flatten the Kevlar thread so it does not cut into the dubbed body. (It should still be positioned at the bend of the hook.)

Step 16: Palmer the grizzly saddle rearward over the dubbed shank of the hook until you reach the tail. Tie off the tip of the feather with the Kevlar thread and continue winding forward, ribbing the body of the fly and locking the feather in place.

Step 17: Once you have advanced the Kevlar in front of the bead chain eyes, whip finish and cut away the Kevlar thread with side cutter. **DO NOT USE YOUR SCISSORS!** Kevlar is way too tough and will dull or damage your scissors very quickly.

Step 18: Trim away the excess tip of the grizzly saddle sticking out beyond the bend of the hook. If this portion is long enough, you can use it on the next No Name Shrimp. If not, I like to save them for over wings on bonefish flies or claws on crabs.

Step 19: Using a brown Sharpie, bar the tail on both sides of the hook every quarter-inch.

Step 20: Cut a three-inch piece of 15-pound hard Mason monofilament and flatten both ends with a pair of pliers.

Step 21: Turn the fly over in the vise hook point up and reattach the Danville 210 thread in front of the bead chain eyes.

Step 22: Give the monofilament post a half-turn or twist away from you and pull the other flattened end down beside the first on the far side of the hook, creating a loop. If you don't put the twist in the monofilament, the loop will not stand up straight and will be cocked off to one side. Secure in place with several tight wraps of thread over both flattened ends.

Step 23: Pull the loop upward so that it's perpendicular to the hook shank and make one wrap behind the loop and then another in front of the loop. Repeat this process four to five times. Whip finish.

Step 24: With a pair of side cutters, cut the loop at its middle. Pull the weed guard backward over the point of the hook and trim the two monofilament posts slightly in front of the barb of the hook. If you trim the posts too short, they will not be effective. Flatten the ends of the posts with a pair of needle-nose pliers and bend the flatten tips backward slightly. This will insure that there are no burs in the monofilament that will catch grass or other debris. Coat the exposed thread with a thin coat of Loon Outdoors Fly Finish Flow or two part Epoxy.



Drew Chicone is one of the most prolific and talented saltwater fly tiers of our generation. Drew has collected the last 10 years of fly tying into a three-book collection of patterns, tips, and techniques for permit, bonefish, and tarpon flies. At 900 pages total, this collection is a celebration of Drew's patterns that we have come to love and rely on. There is no doubt in our minds that this collection will become as ubiquitous as the dictionary on every saltwater fly tyers' desk.

www.saltyflytying.com



www.NOMADIC WATERS.com



World-Class Expeditions in the
Brazilian Amazon

www.Nomadic Waters.com



www.wncflyfishingexpo.com



9TH
ANNUAL

2017

THE LARGEST FLY FISHING EXPO
IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

WNC AGRICULTURAL CENTER
ASHEVILLE

DEC 1
FRIDAY
12PM-7PM

DEC 2
SATURDAY
9AM-4PM

\$15 ADMISSION CHILDREN UNDER 16, FREE

FEATURED SPEAKERS

- Mac Brown, *Master Casting Instructor*
- Kevin Howell, *Professional Guide and Owner*
- Captain Gary Dubiel, *Professional Guide and Owner*
- Star Nolan, *Executive Director of Casting Carolinas*
- Jacob Rash, *Coldwater Research Coordinator*
- John Miko, *Owner/Guide*
- Tradd Little, *Fisherman and Owner*

PLUS!

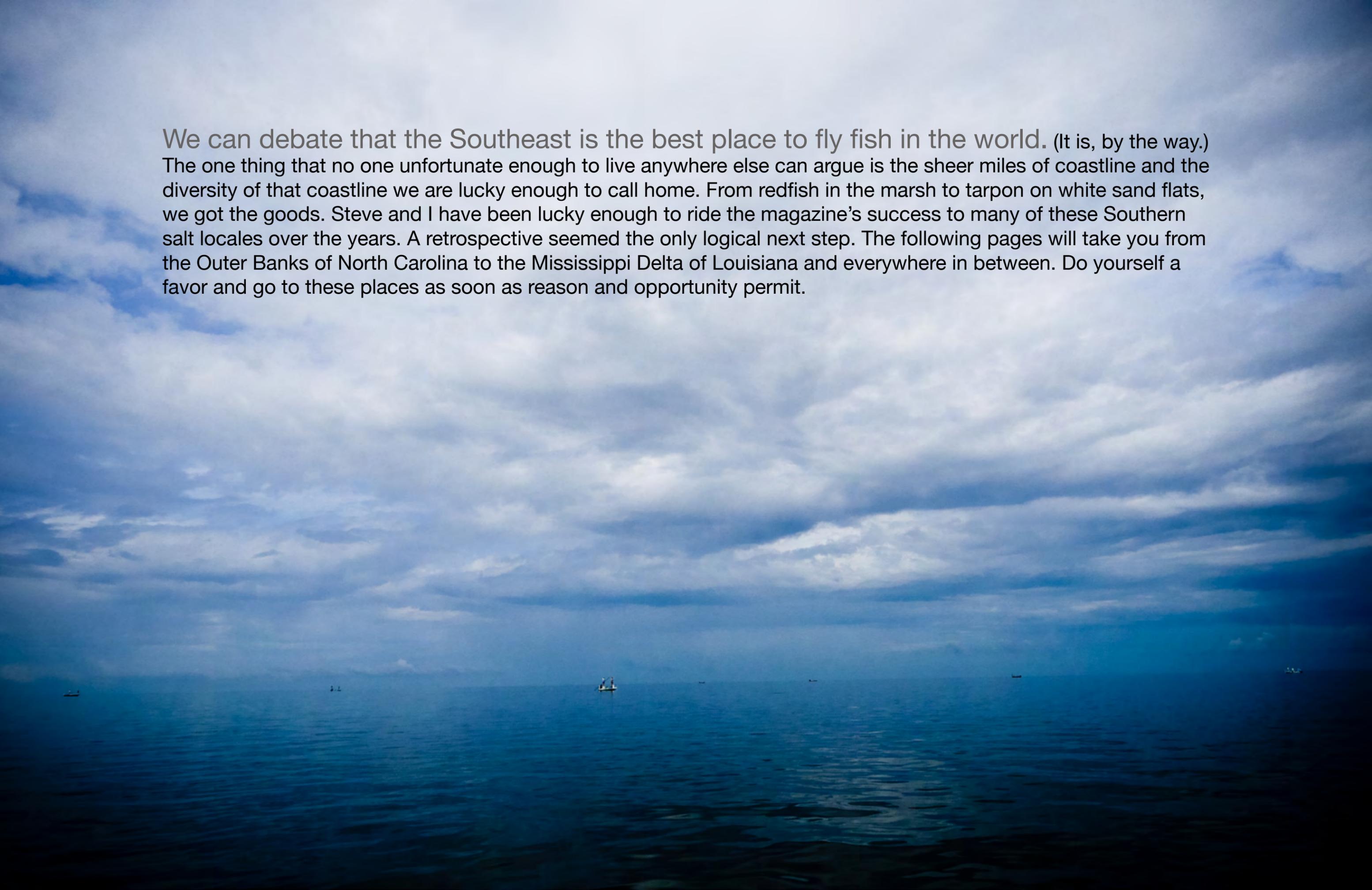
- Friday Evening “meat” up-BBQ, Beer and B.S. Dinner, Drinks, and FF Films, 6:30 - 8:00
- Kids Activity Area and Scavenger Hunt
- Great BBQ Lunch/Dinner, Craft Beer & Wine
- Free Beginners Classes

OVER 70 BOOTHS OF FLY FISHING VENDORS, FLY CASTING AND FLY TYING DEMOS



southern salt

We can debate that the Southeast is the best place to fly fish in the world. (It is, by the way.) The one thing that no one unfortunate enough to live anywhere else can argue is the sheer miles of coastline and the diversity of that coastline we are lucky enough to call home. From redfish in the marsh to tarpon on white sand flats, we got the goods. Steve and I have been lucky enough to ride the magazine's success to many of these Southern salt locales over the years. A retrospective seemed the only logical next step. The following pages will take you from the Outer Banks of North Carolina to the Mississippi Delta of Louisiana and everywhere in between. Do yourself a favor and go to these places as soon as reason and opportunity permit.





Mosquito Lagoon, FL

Charleston, SC



Indian River Lagoon, FL



Indian River Lagoon, FL



Charleston, SC



Charleston, SC



Everglades, FL



Everglades, FL



Cocoa Beach, FL

Cocoa Beach, FL



Florida Keys



Biloxi Marsh, LA



Hopedale, LA



Homosassa Springs, FL



Chiefland, FL



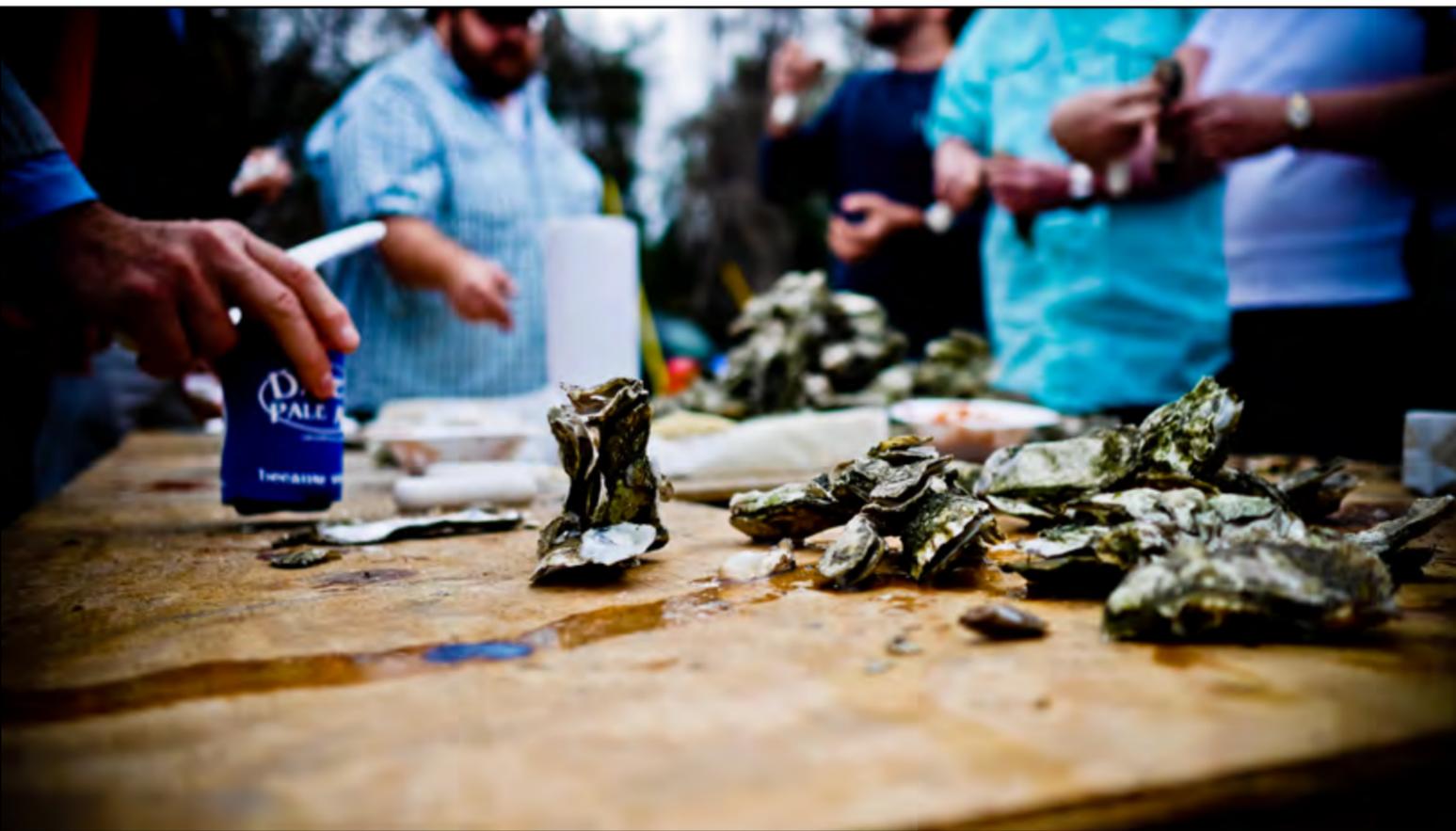
Cocoa Beach, FL



Biloxi Marsh, LA



Beaufort, NC



Charleston, SC



Florida Keys



FALL 2017
AVAILABLE NOW





Walters FLY RODS



Leave early.
Stay Late.



AshevilleFlyFishingCo.com
GUIDE SERVICE

Guided Drift Boat &
Wade Fishing Adventures
Smallmouth Bass & Trout
Western NC & East TN

(828)779-9008

CONNECT



VIDEO



**CAPTAINS FOR
CLEAN WATER**



**THE SCOF GEAR
FALL ISSUE GIVEAWAY**

Check our Facebook page
for details on how to enter



strategizing

Scott Davis



TIDES

"What was once a submerged oyster bed or acre of flooded grass, full of protection for shrimp, small fish and crabs, becomes a suicide swim to remain shallow and unseen."



Tides were one of those things we actually did learn about in school, but it was around 7th grade, and paying attention in a science lecture was as hard then as it is now.

The gravitational pull of the earth, moon, and sun determine the tide. It never changes and can be predicted as far into the future as you care it to look. All saltwater fish are bound by the tides—fish a killer flat on the wrong tide, and you'll be waiting. Right place, right time. It's easy to nail half that equation, but figuring out your odds and getting better every time is elemental.

In the shallow grass flats of the southeast, redfish are king quarry. From

what they eat, to the predators they are avoiding, tides rule their world. During the peak of the high tides, areas of uniform depths of mud and grass are covered with no more than a foot or two of water, making prime haunts for prey (and thus predator). Small bait-fish, shrimp, and crabs can only fight the current temporarily and are forced into these areas. The fiddler crab that burrows in these often dry areas are a favorite food of not only redfish, but sheepshead and black drum. The areas they live in are only flooded for a few hours, so the fish enter as soon as they can, well before the tide's peak. Get there early: it's better to wait and not miss anything than to be late for the party.

As the water drains out, it washes baitfish and shrimp to the edges to areas where they are easily ambushed. The refuge of the marsh dwindles, and less water means fewer places to hide. What was once a submerged oyster bed or acre of flooded grass, full of protection for shrimp, small fish and crabs, becomes a suicide swim to remain shallow and unseen. If we think like a redfish, we'll seek out these places where there's nowhere to run. Stay on the edges and find key places like pockets or points where prey items would likely be. Fish are also generally more spooky, as they are exposed to their major predators like dolphins. So stay stealthy in your approaches (think bead-chain eyes and soft landings).

If you're trying to catch shallow-water gamefish, stay shallow, right? Sounds easy enough, but be careful on falling tides until you learn the area and your route to deeper water, or you will have a few hours to reflect while stranded.

Do your homework and check the tides in advance if you're planning a trip. Pick a week with higher high tides and/or lower low tides to up your chances. A good tide chart will show you the tides in relation to the sunrise/set, etc., so you can plan accordingly. Here is where it can get tricky if you let it.





In South Carolina, there are 252 tide stations that measure the height and flow of the tides. If you try to learn what this means for you, your hair will fall out and your anger and frustration will scare children and small animals. Make it easier on yourself and others, and pick a central tide station as a resource and forget learning all the tide heights at certain places. For example, in Charleston Harbor (my preferred tide station, as it's on the news, in the paper, etc.), if it's a six-foot-high tide at noon and I know that six feet will flood all the areas north and south of town, I can disregard the fact that it actually takes 7.2 feet to flood that flat down south and 6.9 feet for those up north...it's all relevant to that six footer in the harbor. Times are different than heights, but times don't change. The peak of the tide can be several hours later upriver, so just remember the change for where you are—they are listed in the back of tide books or the bottom of charts and remain constant.

Once you know the tides and where you are fishing, the weather patterns can play a role in the tides as well. Websites such as NOAA's, have charts that show the actual versus predicted tides and can be very helpful. Where we fish in the lowcountry of South Carolina, a strong Northeast wind will push more water onto the flats. This small increase can turn a mediocre day of fishing the high tide into a banner one. Small amounts of water can have a big influence on your success on the flats, but your knowledge of the tides is the first step in shortening the saltwater learning curve.



STEWARDSHIP | RESEARCH | EDUCATION | ADVOCACY
JOIN TODAY. PROTECT TOMORROW.



www.btt.org



FUR AND FEATHER MATINEE

Rich Strolis



THE SIMPLE MINNOW



GUIDED FLY FISHING

LOCALLY TIED FLIES

ESSENTIAL GEAR

APPAREL

RENTALS

TUCKASEEGEE FLY SHOP

BRYSON CITY'S FLY FISHING OUTFITTER



LOCATED ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARK, WE ARE SURROUNDED BY 2,200 MILES OF CLEAN, COLD WATER TROUT STREAMS THAT PROVIDE YEAR ROUND FISHING OPPORTUNITIES. TROPHY SMALLMOUTH BASS ALSO CALL MANY OF THESE STREAMS HOME AND PRESENT AGGRESSIVE TOPWATER BITES DURING THE WARMER MONTHS.

(828) 488-3333

www.TuckFlyShop.com

SIMMS

SAGE





The Adopt-A-Fly
Guide Program

By David Grossman
Photos: Rand Harcz

There are few things in life that are undeniable: The sun will rise, the trees will shed their leaves in the fall, and inland striper eat bait better than they do flies. There's no arguing these things even though a lot of us wish the last wasn't so. So what's a striper fly guy to do? You can spend months on the lake and get less feedback from fish than the bait guys will in one session. The answer to this conundrum is somewhat counter-intuitive in a prisoner's dilemma kind of way. You befriend the bait guy and sponge up as much knowledge as he's

willing to give. I understand that this logic goes against every grain of our fly fishing souls. I, myself, have even designed a "Bait Sucks" T-shirt in the image of my favorite Red Sox shirt. What I have learned in befriending the bait crowd is this rivalry/hatred we have of all things bait is a completely one-sided deal. Bait guys don't hate us. Their feelings toward us can best be described as curious indifference. At worst, they just don't think about us. So put away your biases and learn something about stripers. Hug a bait guy. Jon Oody did, and he's loving every minute of it.



"I understand that this logic goes against every grain of our fly fishing souls."



SIMMS

SEARK



Bill Davis, or “Melton Hill Bill” as most know him, has a reputation so storied that I assumed he had to be a crusty Hemingway character who was just as likely to catch big stripers as he was to breathe a breath. Much to my amazement, Bill happens to be my age (not too young, not too old) and has built this reputation on the backs of huge stripers for only the past 10 years. What’s even crazier is that Bill has only been guiding for 10 years. For those of you who don’t troll every striper board in the South, Bill is kind of like the Boogeyman and Elvis all rolled into one. The dude constantly produces striper that are bigger than the imagination can process. It doesn’t hurt that his namesake lake system, Melton Hill, has

quietly become a land of giants. But in this land of giants, Bill, who can’t be more than 5’6”, stands the tallest.

When Jon Oody returned to his hometown of Knoxville from a stint guiding in Colorado, his mind and heart were immediately given over to apex species. Instead of learning these fish in this fishery through sheer brute force trial and error, Jon chose a shorter but just as rewarding path. He made a friend. Bill and Jon met at some Musky event, and after fishing together a few times, Bill realized that even though he and Jon went about their fishing days using different implements, what lurked under the surface was the same for both of them. Big fish are better than small ones.

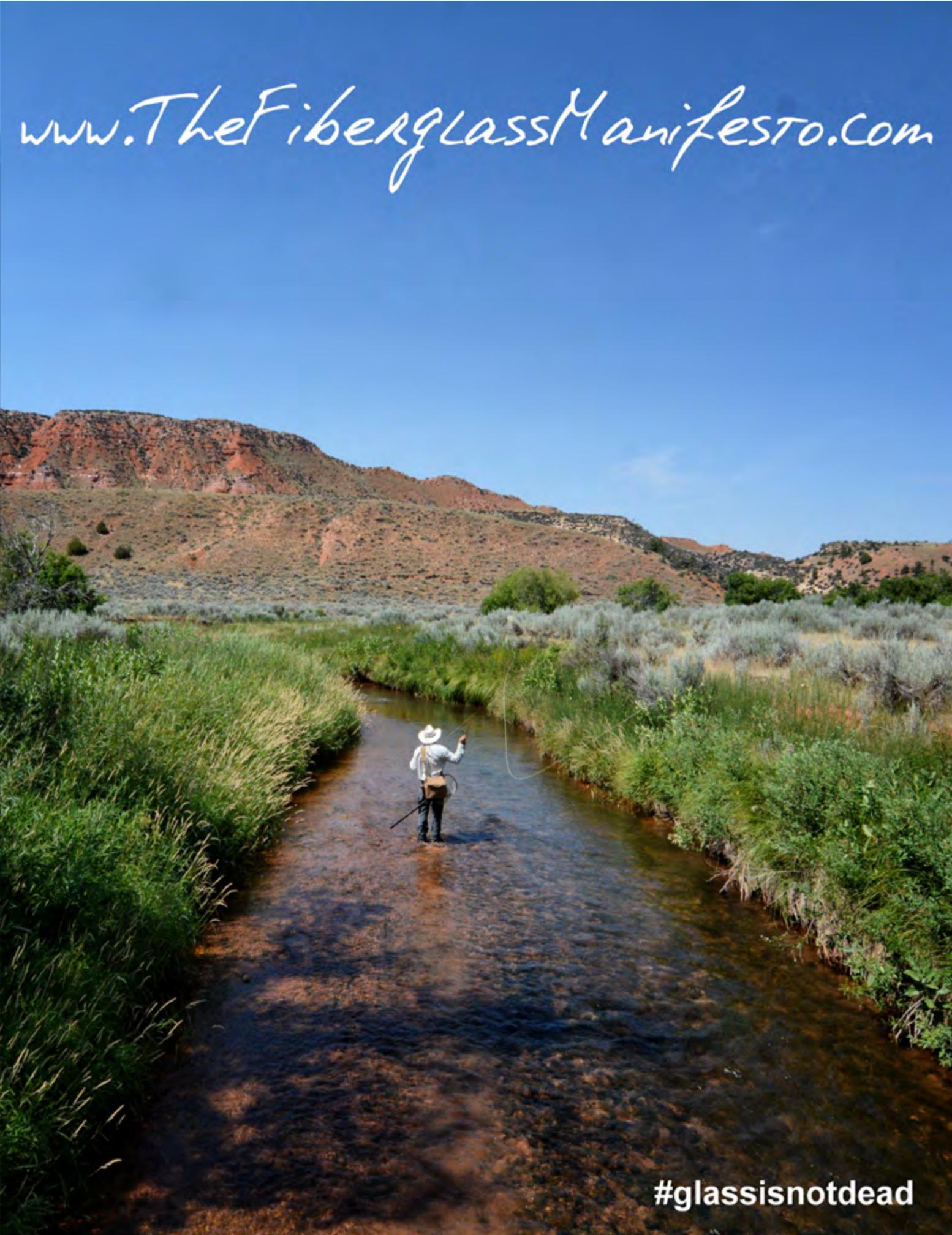




If you ask Jon, learning striper from Bill on bait makes him a better striper angler on the fly. If you ask Bill, being able to pass on his knowledge to a young guy who really gets it is the reward in and of itself. Either perspective you take, the friendship they built over stripers has everything to do with the fish and very little if anything to do with what's at the end of the hook.

The day all three of us fished together (on bait) was a lesson in striper behavior, patterning, and how to operate a balloon rig for me. Every time I'd look at Jon while Bill was holding court, Jon would be listening just as hard as I was. Knowledge is knowledge. Arrogance means believing that because we fish on fly, knowledge should be shunned from people who don't fish the same way we do. So next time you see that bait guy at the dock, don't turn your back on him. Buy him a beer, give him a hug, and maybe if you're lucky he might adopt you and you'll actually learn something. Unless he's fishing trout on bait. That shit's just lazy.





www.TheFiberglassManifesto.com



#glassisnotdead



SCOF Blueliner Tshirt
Glow in the dark ink
\$20



PRIVATE
PROPERTY
- NO TRESPASSING -
KEEP OUT



SUBSCRIBE NOW FREE
CLICK

You (and everyone you know)
should SUBSCRIBE (it is free)
to this (free) magazine NOW



photo: Steve Seiberg

head

WE FORGOT WHAT KIND OF MAGAZINE

BO JASONSTEIN THAI STICKS TARPON
CLEANING YOUR PIECE WITH A BOCA
GREG TORONTO GOES KUSH-TASTIC
HAVE YOU SEEN OUR KEYS



07

November 2017
\$9.99 US/ \$11.99 CDN





FEB 2018
WINTERNO. 26

