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patagonia





Photo: French Broad River, NC - January 2018, Rand Harcz



Photo: Indian River Lagoon, FL - January 2018, Steve Seinberg



Photo: Okeechobee, FL - December 2017, Steve Seiberger

SALT HD

| Tools for the Salt

For most of us, salt season means a trip to paradise. Bonefish in the Bahamas, Roosterfish in Baja, Permit in the Gulf States or maybe, once in a lifetime, GTs in Christmas Island. Off these coasts, the environment has a salty feel. Offshore winds and oceans of bluewater, dead calm flats and one-cast fish, bright, boiling sun but a life-list of species to target. When salt is in the air, even the first cocktail tastes better. But flats, islands and oceans are fickle and they demand the right tool—which is why we specifically handcraft our Salt HD rods for more pulling power, longer range accuracy and a smooth, stable cast so you don't miss your shot. Just grab one and go.



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8 WT

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9 WT

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10 WT

Panhandle to the Keys, Mexico to Belize, a rod for seeking and finding big permit & juvenile tarpon.

11 WT

The tool for targeting big tarpon, when setting out from any coastal launch in the Gulf States.

12 WT

For the margins of bluewater, a rod that ranges from albies and stripers to roosterfish and GTs.

13-16 WT

Bluewater sticks for fighting the giants of size and strength that roam the deep coastal seas.



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WINTER 2018
ISSUE NO. 26
IT'S LEGAL

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Winter 2018

I have come to realize that winter is the hangover you get from enjoying yourself the rest of the year. Like all wild nights, or in this cases spring, summer and fall, there has to be a price to pay for our shenanigans. There are varying degrees of hangovers, much like the varying severities of winter. This winter has already been a four-puker and will probably give us that fifth dry heave before it's all said and done. Rivers have frozen that never freeze, the Low Country has been blanketed in snow, and dogs and cats have learned to live with each other in harmony. Honestly, what the hell is going on around here?

Not only are things harder to do in the midst of a bad hangover, but any motivation to freeze sensitive appendages off is left to the young and dumb. Windows of constitutional wellness are few and far between and must be taken advantage of. One day for the next two weeks in the fifties with no wind—go forth and be merry. Listen to your inner Bacchus: drink, fish, achieve carnal ecstasy, for I am no longer sure when it will happen again.

Fly tying becomes the one solace for the hungover winter fly fisherman. It's the equivalent to laying on the couch watching golf and slipping in and out of tortured consciousness. You feel like at least you're doing something, but this is just a rationalization you've made to yourself. All you're really doing is biding time till you can get another window to go back outside and do what you actually want to do. Oh, the winter lies we tell ourselves. Another favorite winter lie I tell myself is, "No you don't smell, you haven't even sweated, a shower tomorrow will be fine." This also is not true. I do stink and tomorrow isn't ok.

It is at this point that I'd usually pull the silver lining out from the orifice that generally produces those things. This winter has frozen that orifice shut. Maybe I used to be tougher, maybe I used to want more, or maybe I just want to be warm. Either way, I'm going to Florida. Not permanently, just an outpatient visit. A few days of rehab on the front of a skiff, and 70-degree days, and I'll be ready to come home and start the whole downward spiral again. You see my friends, Florida is the tonic. Retirees, birds, and hucksters have been on to this cure since Ponce De Leon planted his first plastic pink flamingo in its hot squishy ground.

Those of you who know me, know that I have never been a big fan of spending time in Florida. The strip mall architecture fails to feed my artist's soul. Yet in this winter of hell, I've found myself in Florida on a few occasions, and I didn't hate it. Shorts are better than pants. Saltwater is better than salting my road. Skiffs are more fun than snow plows. Spending the winter in Florida is more like the second day of the hangover. You may not be completely comfortable but it's way better than where you were yesterday.

I have no notions of becoming Canadian and spending half the year there while spending the other half clogging up I-95. But maybe the month of January in the Keys? Why the hell not. Florida may not be the answer for all my winter sluggishness, but it's better than the frozen hell the rest of the South has become. I finally understand why so many northern refugees huddle there seeking asylum. Three month hangovers suck.



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



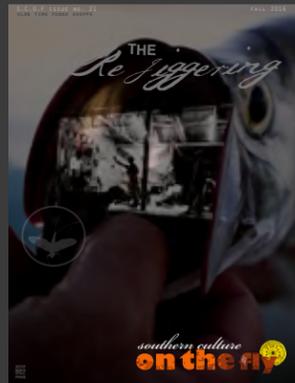
NO. 18
WINTER 2016



NO. 19
SPRING 2016



NO. 20
SUMMER 2016



NO. 21
FALL 2016



NO. 22
WINTER 2017



NO. 23
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NO. 24
SUMMER 2017



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FALL 2017



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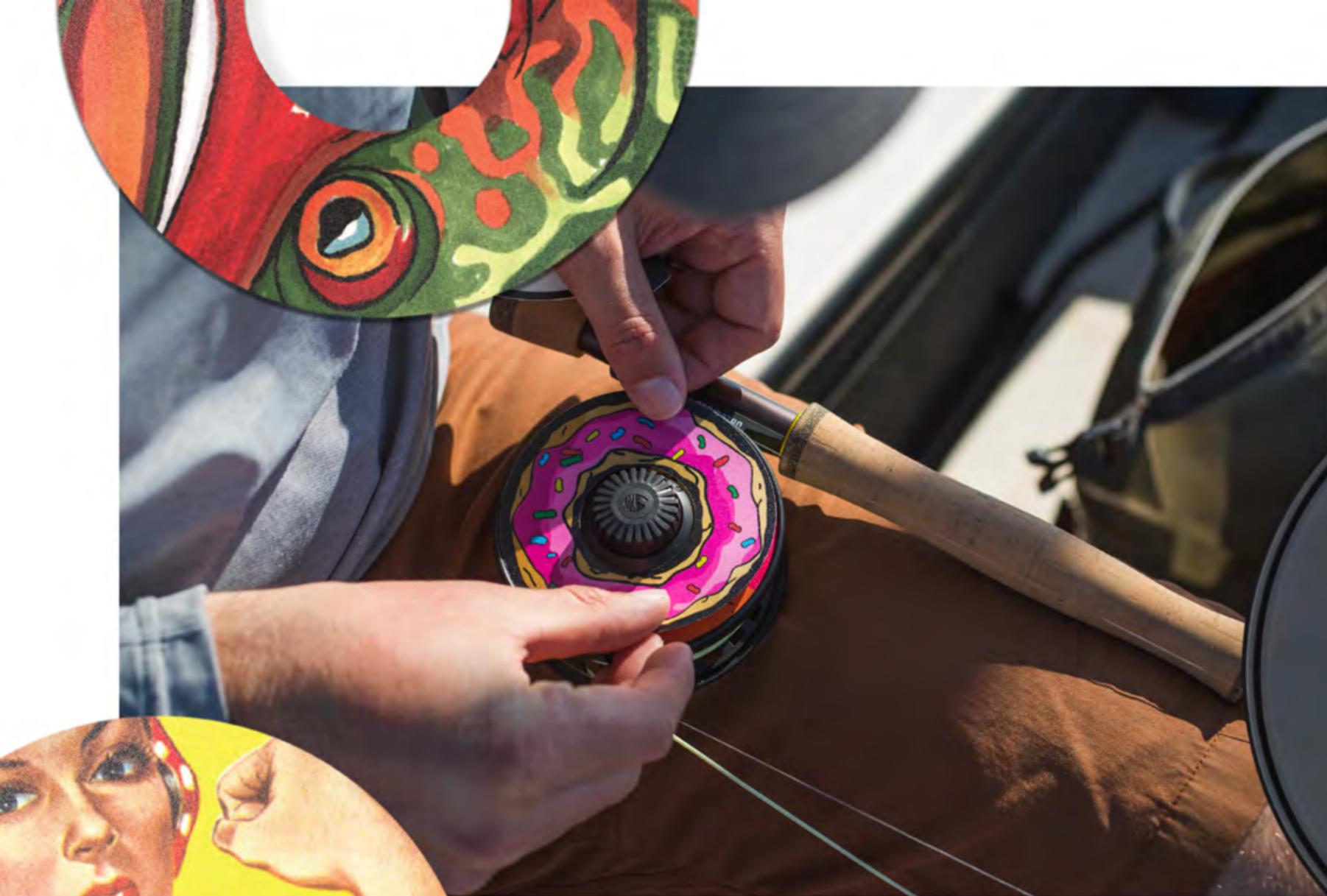
Haiku

with Josh Hendry



Left. Rolling tarpon,
perfectly unfucked with.
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JOIN THE CIRCUS

By David Grossman
Photos: Steve Seinberg, Rand Harcz, and Pig Farm Ink

When a fast moving train of bitchin' meets an immovable object of mystery, Pig Farm Ink is born.

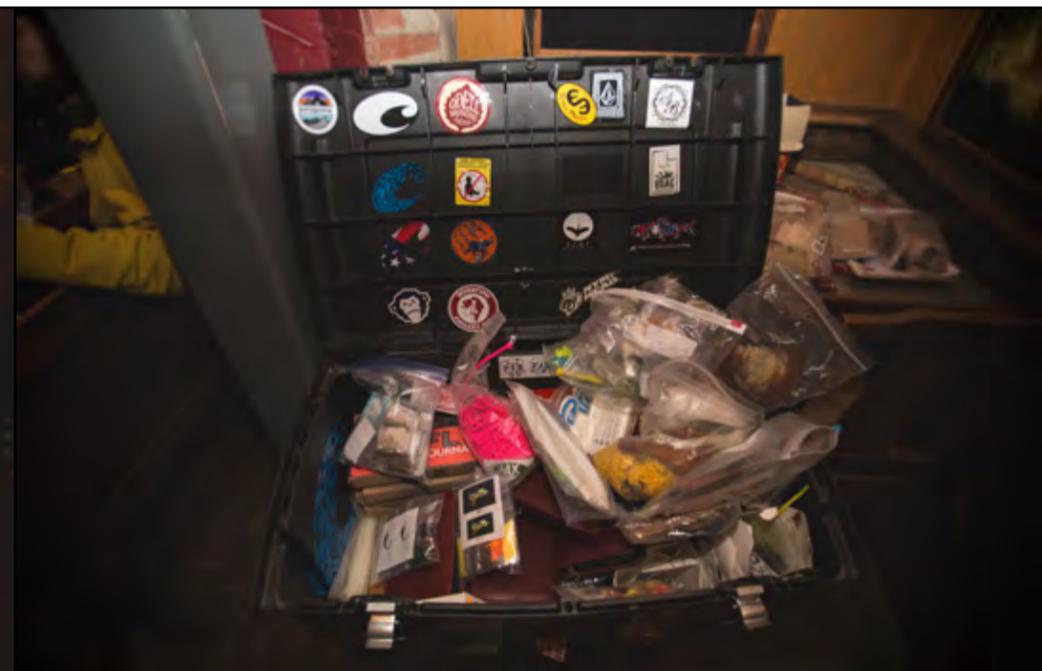
A shadowy network of fly fisherman from around the country with diverse backgrounds and body odors make up the rank and file Pig Farmers. Known for bad tattoos and signature events such as American Fly-dol, Iron Fly, and Get Trashed, Pig Farm Ink introduces fly fishing to the uninitiated as something that's actually fun to do. Get it or not, they are our psychedelic version of the "Welcome Wagon," and have descended upon Dixie for their Southern Bitchin' Tour.







My personal story with Pig Farm goes back a few years and involves me getting a tattoo in the back of a truck during a fly fishing show. “Born To Be Free” was imprinted prison-style on my upper arm, not because I was so devoted to the cause or even understood the cause for that matter—I just thought it would be funny. The more time I have spent on the outskirts of the Farm, observing them like Jane Goodall would an ape, the more I’ve understood what it’s all about and what makes these merry pranksters tick. So, when I was presented the opportunity to join them on the tour, I packed my bags and joined the circus.



The sketchiness of the details and dates were only rivaled by the sketchiness of our chariot—a mid-2000’s Ford Freestyle they acquired in Colorado for the meager sum of \$600. The Freestyle was then willed across the plains to Birmingham, and on to my door in Asheville where Jay, Nick, and Robbie piled out of the American-made automotive dodo bird. Jay, Nick and I had shared exploits on various ends of the time and space continuum. Robbie and I

had never crossed paths, but we fell into a rhythm that felt at once familiar, strange, and sticky, like my favorite magazine. I quickly learned his title of Head Pig Farm “Critter Gitter” was not in name only. Robbie’s eyes darted to and fro any time we found ourselves in a critter-rich environment. I heard him verbally assault an alligator. The gator was told he was lucky he was on the other side of the creek, or else he would’ve gotten got.

The sheer knowledge of Sasquatch alone contained within this worn group of men resembled the heady days of the fifties when Ginsburg and Kerouac were beginning their jaunt down the path to awesome shit. Before we hit the road to Florida, there was the pesky business of hosting a karaoke fly tying night. Announcements were made then retracted as locations were fleeting, until they settled on the dive bar beneath my office the day before the event. Chaos and

string theory proved correct when it went off without a hitch. Well, besides the fight. Once hands were pried from throats, the evening was really quite pleasant. Carly Simon tunes were sung poorly with great frequency, and flies were tied by folks who had never before sat in front of a vice. Usually a fly tying event announced the day before warrants a showing of about three people. Pig Farm on the other hand is a living, breathing, drinking example of, “If you bring the fun, the people will come.”



The next day, riding the high of a successful event, we adjourned to the river—the very frozen river. The fact that we really needed an auger did nothing to bring down our moods. We spent our afternoon throwing rocks at ice shelves from bridges and videotaping elaborate Rube Goldberg human chain reactions. Slingshots, BB guns, and blow darts were the constants, with a shotgunned beer always the first domino to fall. Eventually we found a run open enough to catch one fish. That fish may have legitimized the rest of the time we spent dicking around, but to us the day was as it should have been sans fish.



The level of discourse reminded me that fly fisherpeople are the most underperforming group of individuals in society.

The next morning found us playing Freestyle Tetris with luggage, camera cases, fireworks, two sasquatch costumes, and enough fishing and tying gear to start a shop. Like all geospatial quandaries, physics ruled the day and a solution was found. With one more stop at the gas station, we were on our way to Florida for another tying event in Tampa in two days' time. Those two days were now open to interpretation and whimsy, as a pig farm should be. There is no better microcosm of our little corner of the gestalt than a long car trip with nowhere to be and no real schedule to get there. Topics of

conversation were as wide ranging as they were riveting. Knotcraft, primitive weapons, skunk apes, and sous vide techniques were explored to their molecular-like idiosyncrasies. The level of discourse reminded me that fly fisherpeople are the most underperforming group of individuals in society. If we could only find something besides fishing to motivate us with the same vigor, we could probably cure cancer, or at least figure out peace in the Middle East. But I digress. After 10 hours in the car, we pointed it toward Melbourne with plans of floor sleeping in our Florida offices.



Video: PIG FARM INK



Steve met us at the office bearing keys and a mattress, like some gatekeeper in a Dungeons & Dragons scenario. The next two days were spent in a haze of alcohol, stick and poke tattoos, and elevenkara. The culmination of which was Jay attempting to ditch dap juvenile tarpon with a 13-foot spiritual stick protruding from his car window cruising at a safe dapping speed of 8mph in the Freestyle. I was no longer the man who left my family in Asheville. My eyes had been opened and my soul stirred. To immerse yourself in the ways of the Farm was to let go of your preconceived notions of what having fun fishing and not bathing can hold.

The next two days were spent in a haze of alcohol, stick and poke tattoos, and elevenkara.





Driving home in my rented minivan left me with more questions than answers. Who was I? When did I eat corn? What was that smell? Why did my pee burn? Where was I going? The only answer to any of the questions that makes any sense is Pig Farm Ink.





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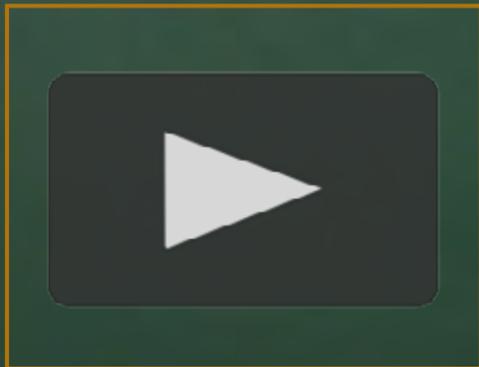
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LIVE LIFE IN THE CURRENT



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KICK p|**LASTIC**
By Peter Vandergrift



I confess...My name is Peter Vandergrift and I was a user. It started innocently enough: a couple Glacier Pures with my friends. Then before I knew it, I'd stash a couple liters of Arrowhead in my truck. At my worst, I was going to Costco after work, buying them by the flat. I was a plastic water bottle user...

I spent 20 years making mountains of plastic waste as a fly fishing guide. I recycled like most folks, but I could have done better. As a guide I was usually tired, always broke and chronically disorganized. Now I have the opportunity to repent, reform and help others.

What changed? A few things, really. For one, I started working for an inspired company

with inspired colleagues who, collectively, wanted to do better. I also started finding out more about our tragic addiction to single-use plastic water bottles and other disposable plastics.

My tipping point came while on the edge of the world, on the edge of a flat, staring across an ocean of tangled lines, cigarette lighters, plastic straw and, like poisonous jellyfish poking through mats of seaweed, my nemesis: the plastic water bottle. I was disappointed with humanity, myself included. From that moment on, I began to think of an exit strategy for every item I use. Look, I am nowhere near where I want to be as an individual. But, what I have found is looking at my impact makes me commit to changing my practices and ultimately battling this outflow of filth.



How is plastic affecting our waterways?

We have a bad habit. Every year Americans use millions of tons of plastic just once before throwing it away, and far too much of it ends up in our oceans. Globally, research indicates that the equivalent of a garbage truck of plastic is dumped into the ocean every minute. Scientists estimate that by 2050 there could be more plastic in the ocean than fish (by weight). More than 1200 marine species are affected by plastic pollution through ingestion and entanglement.

There are great ocean gyres (think of them as eddies for you river folk) that collect everything in the ocean's current. Most of this is plastic garbage. It collects there in mats the size of Texas! And there are seven of them that we know of. The large pieces are not even the biggest issue. In the sun, some containers can break down into a plastic smog that taints the surrounding depths. Even more frightening is that fish, large and small, are eating shards of this debris. The sad truth is, if you eat fish, chances are you are eating plastic

and the carcinogenic materials in the plastic.

It has been reported that 80 percent of garbage in the ocean comes from land: washed down rivers or blown through the sky. The U.S. once sent bales of plastic to China, where, in some cases they burned it to create energy. China no longer accepts our trash, so in many sea-ports these bales are piling up with no solution in sight. Additionally, because virgin plastic is so cheap, companies are not buying post-consumer recycled plastics, effectively undermining essential plastic recycling facilities and systems.

Plastic, an incredible material when used responsibly, has been around for more than a century, but the amount used in single-use products and packaging is on a growth trajectory that is causing a global waste crisis. These disposable plastics are items that we use just once, for a few brief minutes, but are made of a material that is built to last forever. Plastic doesn't biodegrade, but rather fragments into tiny pieces that make it challenging to clean up when it escapes into the environment.

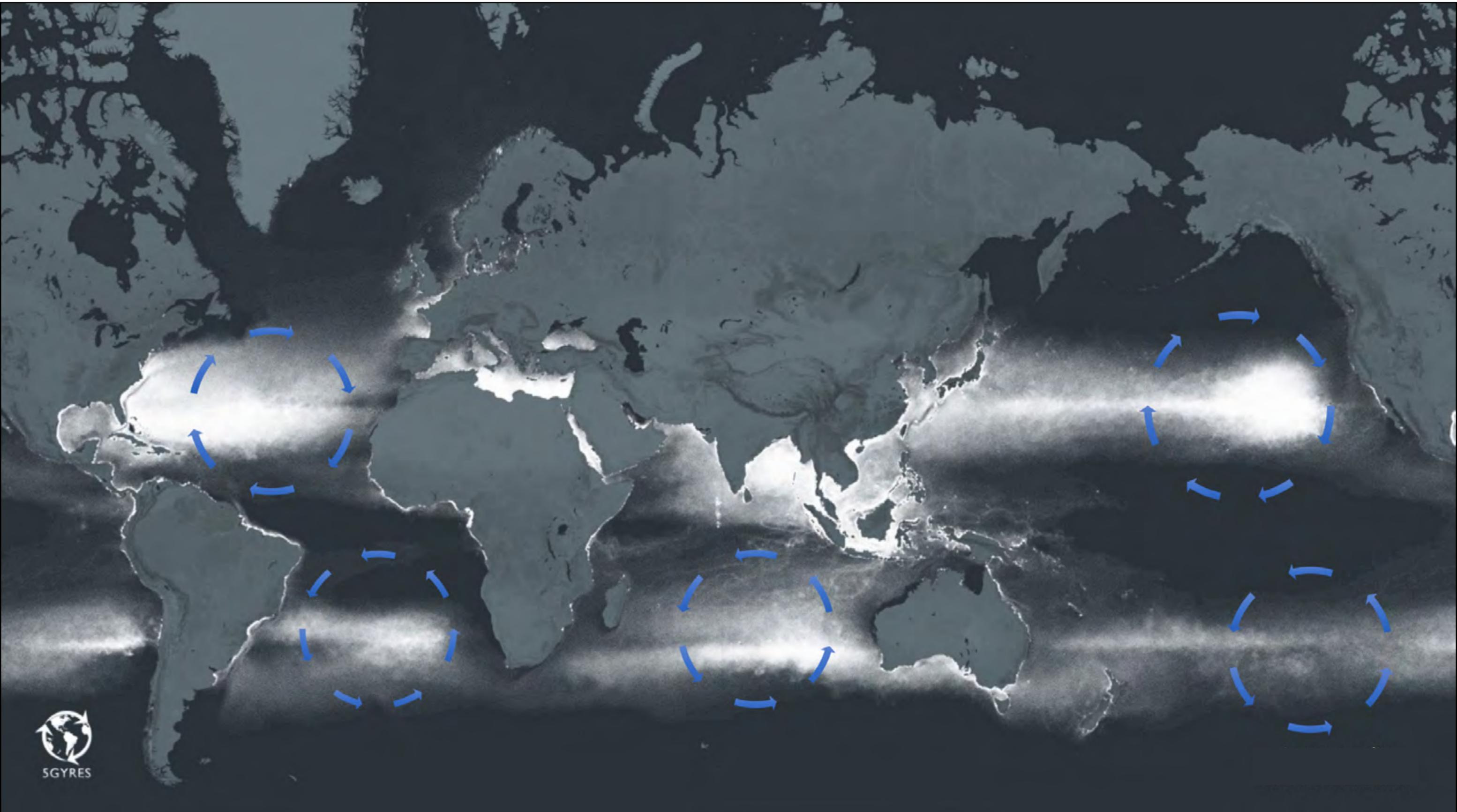


Image: Laurent Lebreton



Photo: David Mangum

In 2016, Costa Sunglasses became concerned about all the plastic pollution we see choking our waterways and oceans and launched the Kick Plastic initiative to reduce the amount of single-use plastic it uses in its operations and packaging, and also to encourage the Costa community to do the same.

We made a leap in our products by changing

our frame construction from a petroleum-based material to an eco-based plant resin that reduces Costa's carbon footprint. We are, by no means, perfect in our plastic stream at Costa, but every day we are finding solutions.

I am focusing on the guide community. Within a decade

Anyone who thinks this is too lofty has not been paying attention.

I am convinced that any drift boat, skiff or rod vault-clad Tundra housing a fishing guide will be plastic water bottle-free. Anyone who thinks this is too lofty has not been paying attention. When I first started fly fishing with my grandfather at the ripe old age of five, we had a put-

n-take mentality. We have now become almost exclusively catch and release.

We used to use

barbed hooks. Now there is a whole category of tools for de-barbing your hook. You will be hard-pressed to find a drift boat these days that doesn't have a net with a rubber basket in it to facilitate a safe release. So we are a sport and industry that adapts to more sustainable practices quickly.

What Can You Do?

Some of the solutions are easy: fill and refill your reusable water bottle instead of utilizing single-use plastic bottles. As an angler, prepare for your day with either enough small reusable water bottles or use a larger fill bottle. You can use stackable cups that store well to fill when you or your fishing buddies need to hydrate. I always throw an extra reusable bottle in my rig so I know I have hydration waiting after a long day. I use a Yeti Rambler because it is double walled. I can throw a few ice cubes in it at the beginning of the day, and even sitting in a sweltering car, my water is still ice cold at dusk. You should note that vacuum-sealed water bottles also insulate against cold, so I use single-walled metal bottles in the drift boat ice chest.



If you are worried about how your tap water tastes, there are plenty of filter options. I like the faucet style. It screws right to my faucet and is inexpensive.

Other easy ways to be a Kick Plastic angler is to watch how you dispose of your monofilament and fluorocarbon. Put them in your bag, in your pocket, and cut them into small strips before you dispose of them. Many fishing access points have line collectors. Use them.

Finally, look at all the products you purchase. How are they made? How are they packaged? And what are the companies doing to ensure a healthy world?

We only spin around on this crazy planet for a short time, and I for one don't want to wade through garbage the entire time.

Find out more at kickplastic.org.



Photo: Jim Klug



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*Peter was a 20-year guide and
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Photo: 5 Gyres Institute



Photo by Noah Rosenthal

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CAPTAINS FOR

CLEAN WATER



*When
Enough is
Enough*

By Chad Dubose
Photos: Steve Seinberg



For some, a day on the water is a dime a dozen. To an even smaller group of lucky individuals, it is everyday life. Whether you're the weekend warrior saving your precious vacation days for that one break so you can escape to an exotic location and chase tails for a week, or a guide living in the Bob Marshall all summer and fishing every day, it's safe to say you have had at least one occasion where you have just had to "call it." (If you haven't, just wait, your day is coming.)



The moment can manifest itself in many ways, some magical and some maddening. It could be the adrenaline coursing through your body, your hands trembling as you release your personal best tarpon and realize that your day couldn't possibly get better. It could also be waking up to a 25mph wind and chocolate milk for water clarity. Life is defined by moments, and fly fishing and the

community that surrounds the sport provides those moments for us, both good and bad. Some of the most memorable moments I've experienced are the ones that don't make social media feeds with the trophy grip-and-grin, rather the life lessons learned and bonds that have been formed and strengthened through the hard and frustrating days.





I will be the first to admit that I have probably racked up more losses than wins while out on the water. Maybe it's a matter of skill (probably...most likely), but it's often due to the myriad of circumstances beyond our control. The basic fact remains that fly fishing is hard, and when you take up the sport, you are stacking the odds in the fish's favor. That's what draws us to the water time and time again—the challenge. The knowledge that you don't always have the upper hand in this battle of wits. When you truly step back and assess all the things that have to come together to make your day a success, it's a tangled mess of chance and happenstance. That is when you remember that fishing is the means to end, but the means are just as enjoyable as the end.









I've been fortunate to have experienced many quality days with a fly rod in my hand. Whether it was running out before work to catch the early morning flood tide and watch tails dance across the flats as the sun rose in the distance or week-long float trips on the North Fork of the Flathead (I can't sit still long). No matter how much time I spend planning, poring over Google Earth and tide charts, studying weather patterns until I began talking like Al Roker. No matter how expensive the new Hell's Bay was or how many rod vaults were strapped to the roof, there were still times where I had to "call it." A good day on the water means something different to everyone. Some need more fish than they can count, and some are happy with that one quality fish. Maybe instead of focusing on numbers, focus on the friends and scenery around you. Maybe when you catch a decent fish, call it a day and don't push your luck. Maybe when the weather pushes in and takes all your planning to shit, go enjoy a cold beverage with the people around you and don't sweat it. Most importantly, know when enough is enough.





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Tonney Collins

Jigged Anchor Hotspot Hare & Copper SBS

The Hare & Copper is a time-tested trout-catching nymph that is both quick to tie and very effective. This is my modernized version of the pattern with a few tweaks. I actually prefer it over the more common version of the fly that has a wing case, as this style is quicker to tie, and because it's tied in the round, it looks the same from any angle. And the best reason of all: it's typically more effective than a standard Hare's Ear, and it gives it an even more suggestive, buggy look.

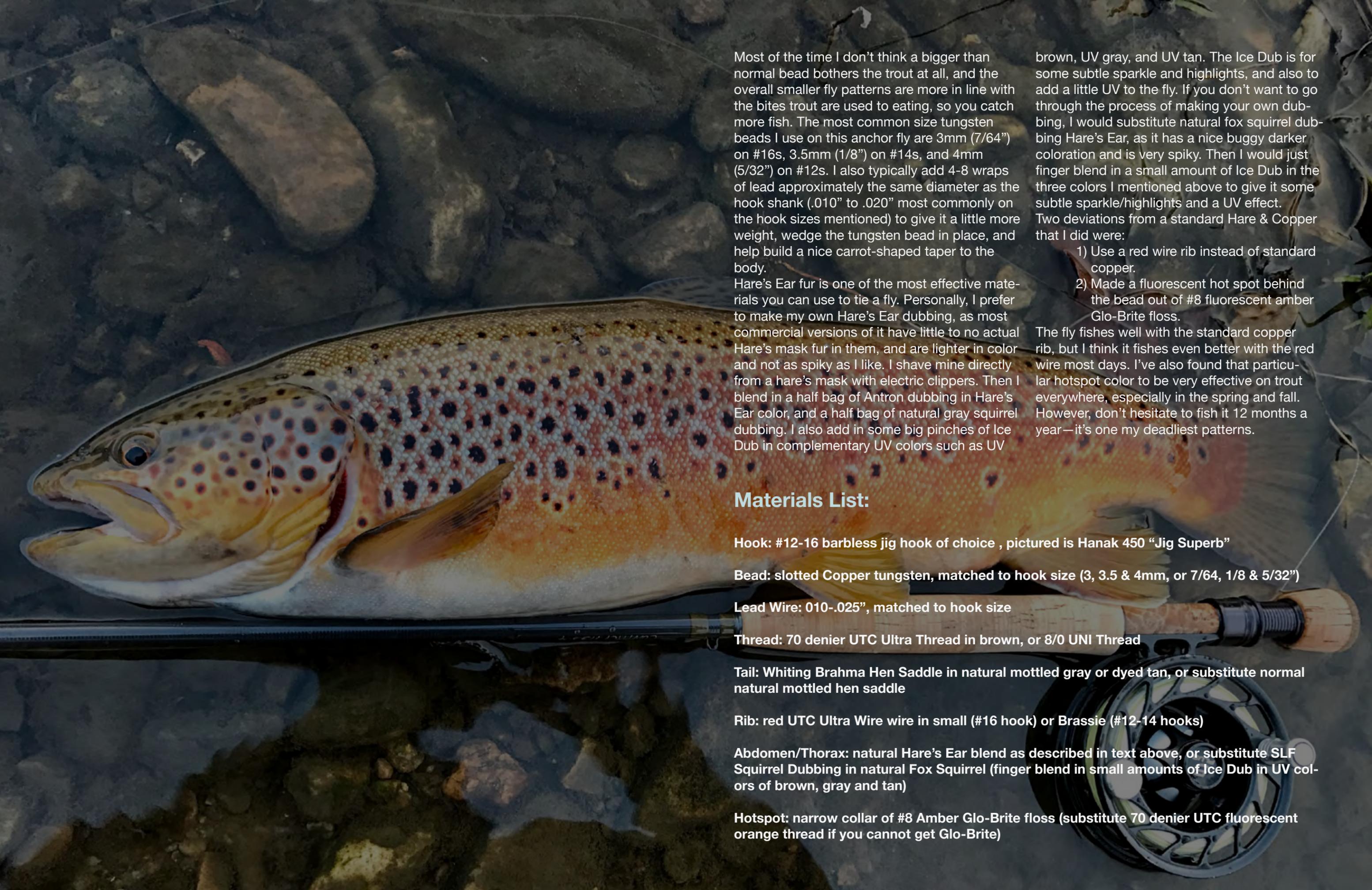
While most of us do not compete, we are still the beneficiary of flies, techniques and tackle that have come directly out of the competitive fly fishing scene. Nymphs tied on barbless jig hooks with slotted tungsten beads and hotspots are favorites of successful competition anglers. Jig hooks invert and so they snag up less, protecting the point from being dulled on rocks. They also tend to hook fish in the upper lip, which many anglers believe gives you a higher landing percentage. Slotted tungsten beads are made to sit properly on a jig hook, and also enable you to oversize the bead and still be able to slide it over the hook bend. Tungsten is heavier than lead, so it really gets your flies to the bottom quickly without the need for any added split shot. Hotspots, typically tied out of either fluorescent thread or floss, are commonly placed behind a beadhead, or if

you want a smaller, more subtle hotspot, as a butt at the rear of the fly. Fluorescent colors like orange, fire orange, pink and chartreuse can all be incorporated into an otherwise drab and natural looking fly to get the trout's attention and encourage them to strike.

I purposely tied this version as a heavier anchor fly. By that I mean it's a pattern designed with extra weight, so when you pair it up with one or two other smaller/lighter flies, your entire rig will fish down near the bottom. While you can certainly fish this fly under a strike indicator (without any split shot), I most commonly employ it on the end of my leader in a European style nymphing rig, with a smaller and lighter dropper fly 16-24" inches above it (tied off a short tag end dropper). Fished at a short to moderate distance on a long leader tight line rig in medium to fast water, it is a lethal combination.

People often think of heavy anchor flies as "sacrifice flies," meaning it's big and heavy to get your other fly or flies down, but you don't really expect to catch many fish on it. This is not one of those flies. It will get your flies down to the bottom, but it will also catch more than its share of fish. Because the average bite a trout eats is not all that big, I've downsized many of my anchor flies over the years, and then I oversize the bead to provide the necessary weight.





Most of the time I don't think a bigger than normal bead bothers the trout at all, and the overall smaller fly patterns are more in line with the bites trout are used to eating, so you catch more fish. The most common size tungsten beads I use on this anchor fly are 3mm (7/64") on #16s, 3.5mm (1/8") on #14s, and 4mm (5/32") on #12s. I also typically add 4-8 wraps of lead approximately the same diameter as the hook shank (.010" to .020" most commonly on the hook sizes mentioned) to give it a little more weight, wedge the tungsten bead in place, and help build a nice carrot-shaped taper to the body.

Hare's Ear fur is one of the most effective materials you can use to tie a fly. Personally, I prefer to make my own Hare's Ear dubbing, as most commercial versions of it have little to no actual Hare's mask fur in them, and are lighter in color and not as spiky as I like. I shave mine directly from a hare's mask with electric clippers. Then I blend in a half bag of Antron dubbing in Hare's Ear color, and a half bag of natural gray squirrel dubbing. I also add in some big pinches of Ice Dub in complementary UV colors such as UV

brown, UV gray, and UV tan. The Ice Dub is for some subtle sparkle and highlights, and also to add a little UV to the fly. If you don't want to go through the process of making your own dubbing, I would substitute natural fox squirrel dubbing Hare's Ear, as it has a nice buggy darker coloration and is very spiky. Then I would just finger blend in a small amount of Ice Dub in the three colors I mentioned above to give it some subtle sparkle/highlights and a UV effect. Two deviations from a standard Hare & Copper that I did were:

- 1) Use a red wire rib instead of standard copper.
- 2) Made a fluorescent hot spot behind the bead out of #8 fluorescent amber Glo-Brite floss.

The fly fishes well with the standard copper rib, but I think it fishes even better with the red wire most days. I've also found that particular hotspot color to be very effective on trout everywhere, especially in the spring and fall. However, don't hesitate to fish it 12 months a year—it's one my deadliest patterns.

Materials List:

Hook: #12-16 barbless jig hook of choice , pictured is Hanak 450 "Jig Superb"

Bead: slotted Copper tungsten, matched to hook size (3, 3.5 & 4mm, or 7/64, 1/8 & 5/32")

Lead Wire: .010-.025", matched to hook size

Thread: 70 denier UTC Ultra Thread in brown, or 8/0 UNI Thread

Tail: Whiting Brahma Hen Saddle in natural mottled gray or dyed tan, or substitute normal natural mottled hen saddle

Rib: red UTC Ultra Wire wire in small (#16 hook) or Brassie (#12-14 hooks)

Abdomen/Thorax: natural Hare's Ear blend as described in text above, or substitute SLF Squirrel Dubbing in natural Fox Squirrel (finger blend in small amounts of Ice Dub in UV colors of brown, gray and tan)

Hotspot: narrow collar of #8 Amber Glo-Brite floss (substitute 70 denier UTC fluorescent orange thread if you cannot get Glo-Brite)

1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10



11



Step 1: Slide slotted tungsten bead onto jig hook and position properly at hook eye.

Step 2: Put 4-8 wraps of lead wire behind bead, and slide snugly against bead. General rule is match lead wire diameter to hook wire diameter. Attach thread behind lead and build small thread ramp to lock lead and bead in place and to help create nice body taper.

Step 3: Take a Whiting Brahma Hen Saddle (or a standard natural mottled hen saddle) and pluck out one feather, then strip a clump of 6-8 fibers off. Make sure to keep tips aligned.

Step 4: Tie in tail fibers, make them about 2/3 to one hook shank long. Trim butt ends so they just reach rear of lead wire (this helps build nice smooth underbody and taper).

Step 5: Tie in wire rib on the side of the hook (butt up against back of lead wire), cover tail fibers and rib with thread and make sure transition to lead wire is smooth and tapered.

Step 6: Dub your Hare's Ear or Fox Squirrel onto the thread in a thin, slightly tapered "noodle." Remember, you've already created a tapered underbody, so don't overdo the dubbing or your fly will be too fat. Less is more.

Step 7: Wrap a nicely tapered carrot-shaped body up tight to the bead. Lift wire rib straight up when taking your first couple of dubbing wraps at the rear of the fly. This will act as a guide and ensure you start exactly at rear of fly.

Step 8: Take about five evenly spaced wraps of the wire rib up to the bead, and tie off securely. Don't cut the wire, instead wiggle or helicopter until it breaks. This will save you dulling your scissors, and it also creates a slight burr that helps keep the wire from slipping out from under the thread.

Step 9: Do a 2-3 turn whip finish or two half-hitches and cut your thread. Then tie in the #8 Amber Glo-Brite (or use UTC 70 Ultra Thread in fluorescent orange) right behind the bead. Just do two turns and then do one-half hitch to ensure it doesn't come untied. .

Step 10: Lacquer about 1.5" or so of the Glo-Brite (or thread) with head cement or Sally Hansen's "Hard as Nails." Cord the Glo-Brite by giving it a small clockwise spin (this makes it narrower so you can keep your hotspot smaller), then immediately do a 3-5 turn whip finish and clip it off closely. The number of turns will depend on how tight to the bead you packed your dubbing, and personal preference on hotspot size. If you are using 70 denier thread (which is thinner than Glo-Brite floss), you may need to make more wraps before you whip finish to properly build up your hotspot.

Step 11: Finished Jigged Anchor Hotspot Hare & Copper.



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Torrey Collins has been a fly guide and fly shop manager for the last 30 years. He is a wealth of knowledge on all things trout. Fishing all over the country in his constant pursuit for large wild brown trout. He was on the forefront of euro style/tight line nymphing many years ago. Always willing to share his knowledge and experience with any who will listen, a true educator of our sport. His dedication and time on the water is second to none, a true trout bum.



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Dirt Bag
WHAT'S IN YOUR BOAT BAG



Purses have always held a high degree of mystery to me. How do women fit all of their lives and worldly possessions into such a diminutive sack? I have always thought them to be the clown cars of female accessories. While I was getting ready for a trip the other day, I noticed just how much stuff my boat bag was swallowing, and realized purses don't have shit on the boat bag. A properly packed boat bag gives you access to everything you could possibly need for a day on the water in one dense zippered package, and not one thing you don't need. For those of you who are new to the exciting world of boat bags, we thought we would share with you what's in ours on any given random day. These were not edited for content, just whatever we happened to have in there when we shot the photo. Hopefully this will give you a starting point on how to properly assemble a boat bag for either saltwater or freshwater, and stuff everything you own into a bag no bigger than your head. Immerse yourself in overflowing sacks and get started on stuffing your own.

- TEENY TINY
- MAN TAPE
- FIRE
- MINT YANKEE CANDLE
- JUNK
- NIPS
- SPLIT
- TREE WRAPS
- WRASTLIN'
- GLUE TORCH
- CLEANING SOAPS
- EVERYTHING ELSE
- SPONSOR RACK
- NON-ASSIMILATED
- BEEF TARTAR



*Note to self:
BUY BOBBERS.



LEADERS

EXTRA BATTERY

EMPTY

KNIVES

SPONSOR SPOOLS

MITTENS

LUBE

FISH WHISTLE

SPARES

INSULATION

RUM (DARK)

NIGHT LIGHT

CHEATER BAIT

FINGER CONDOM

LOW LIGHTS

WAX

NIPS

PROTECTION

GURGLE GURGLE

BLACK FLIES

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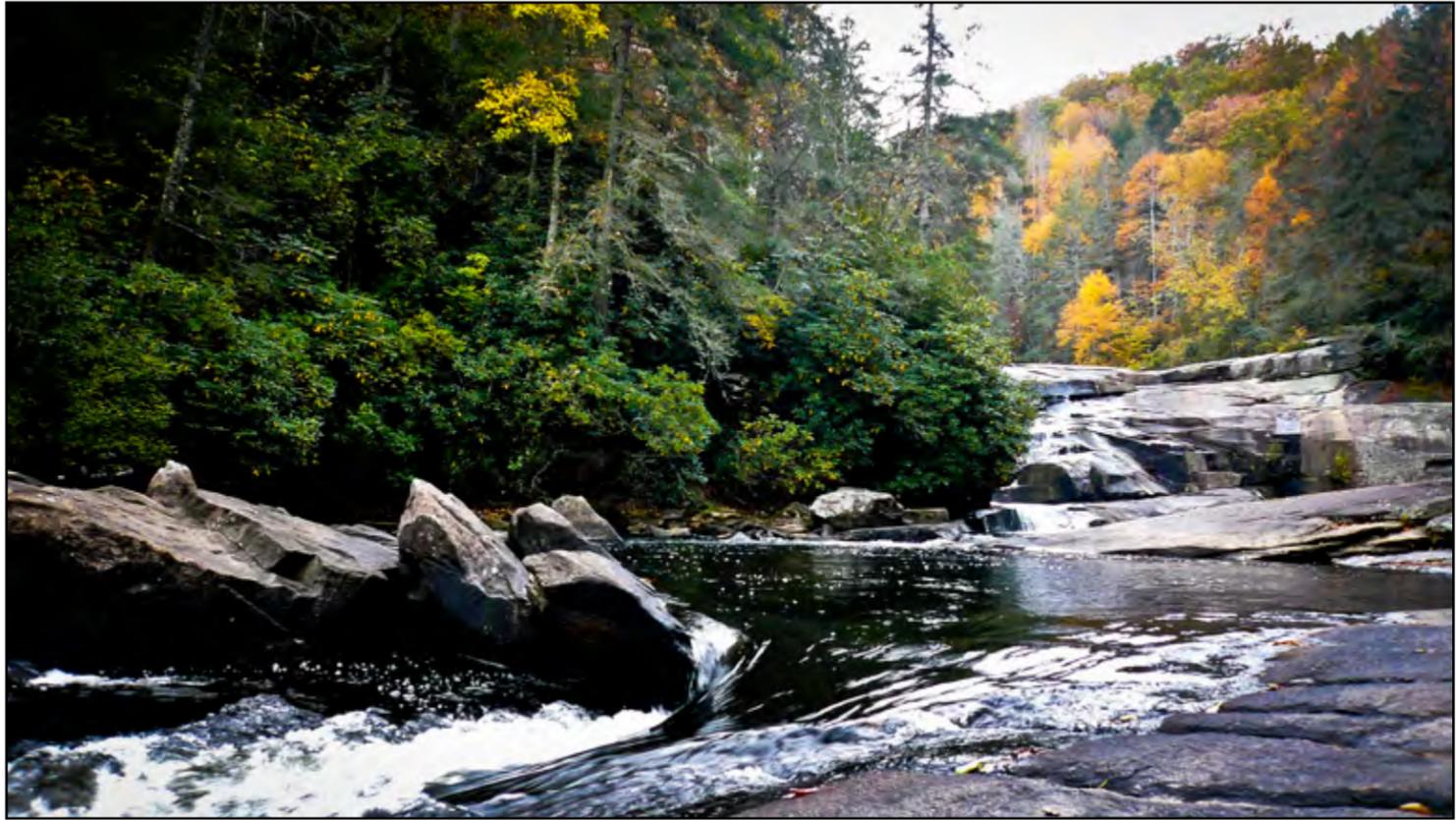


TROUT SOUTH

By David Grossman
Photos: Steve Seinberg



I am a southern trout. I am a rainbow, a brown, a brook. I am every trout south of the Mason-Dixon. I may be a trout from humble concrete raceway beginnings, or I may have been born to a bougie blueline existence. It doesn't matter where I came from, it does, however, matter that I am every bit as valid a trout as any of those trout out West. Don't look down your nose at me, dickface. I am Southern and I don't have to apologize to anybody, for anything, ever.





You think you're better than me, mister Cutthroat? Screw you. I'm a brook trout. I survived the ice ages. What did you do? Oh that's right, you couldn't even survive a lake trout infestation, you dingleberry of a fish. What about you, Rocky Mountain rainbow and brown? You think you're better than me? You think your shit doesn't stink just like mine? Yeah, you may or may not have been born in that creek but at some point way back when, your relatives were dumped in from a bucket just like mine. We're all just strangers in a strange land, you're not better than me.



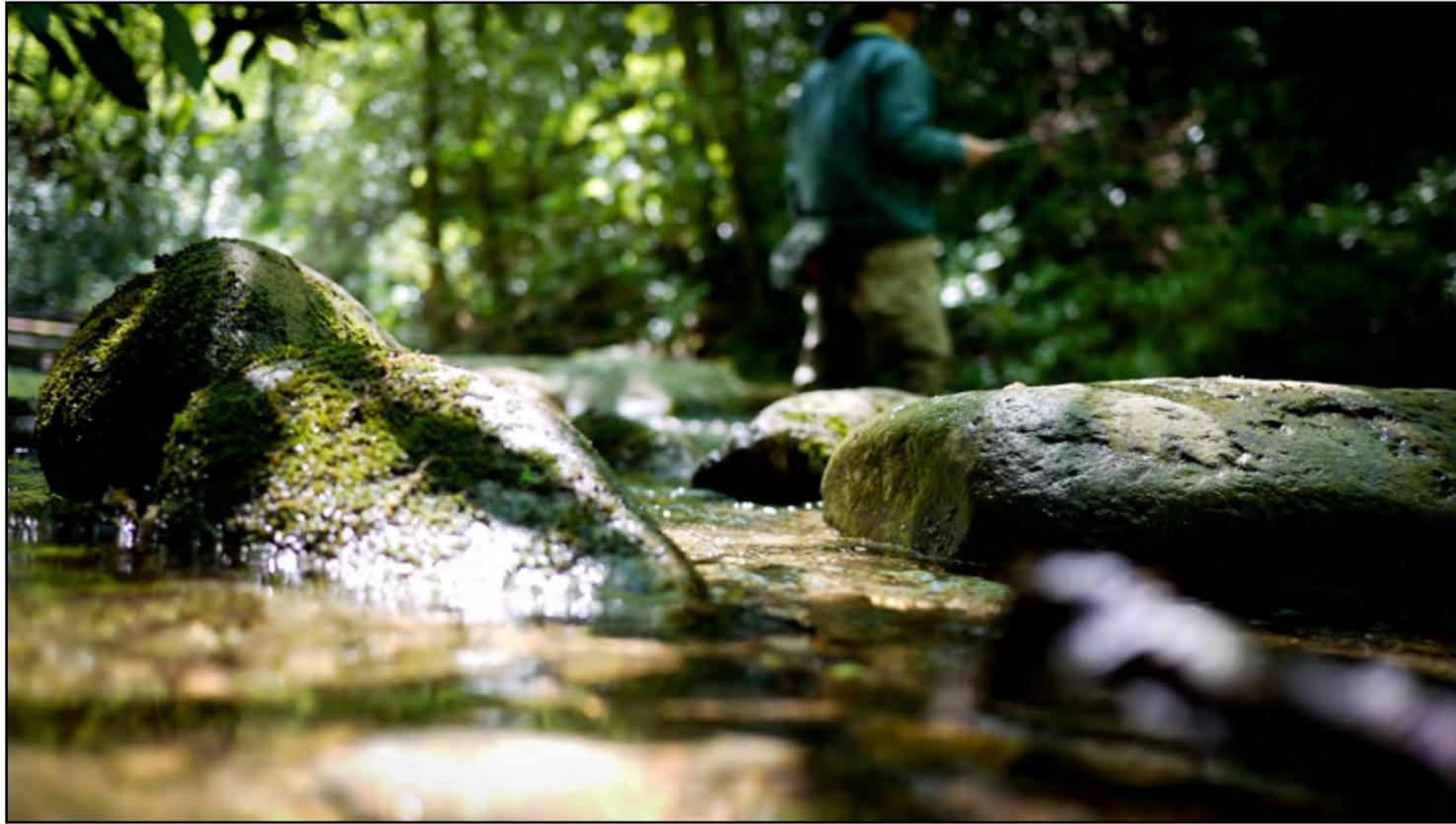




Oh you think you're so special because you eat foam hoppers all summer? That just makes you a fucking idiot. I wouldn't eat that ridiculous hunk of foam with your mouth, and your mouth is filthy. I have to actually survive out here in the ditch. I can't eat everything that floats by. You ever hear of bait fishing? Yeah I didn't think so. You try passing up a nightcrawler, you fat-ass opportunistic eater. If you had this much corn, dog food, and

powerbait floating down your seam 24/7, you'd be dead and in a redneck's belly in less than 60 seconds. It's man eat fish around here, son, and you don't have the skills necessary to survive in my world.

So what if I do have a predilection for flies on the egggy side. You eat eggs, too, you just do it in the dark where no one can see you. At least I'm not ashamed of it, you closeted egg munchers.







No, you're not better than me, Western trout. I grind 12 months a year. You lazy bastards only play during summer break, bankers' months if you ask me. Roll up your fins and eat blue wings in January, you lazy bastards. I didn't think so. Look at ya, so smug with your media coverage, and your breathtaking lowly populated wilderness. You try surviving in metro Atlanta, or how about Alabama? ALABAMA man, A-L-A-BAMMA.





I've been hardened by the creeks I swim while you've grown soft by the country club bullshit you've been handed. My homie William Shakespeare said it best:

Hath not a Southern trout fins, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same pellets, hurt with the same hooks, subject to the same warming waters, healed by the same dissolved oxygen, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Western trout is? If you stab us in the face us do we not bleed?



Think on that heavy-ass shit, and holler at your boy.

Sincerely,

A Southern Trout



*The melt begins...
Spring is coming.*



VIDEO



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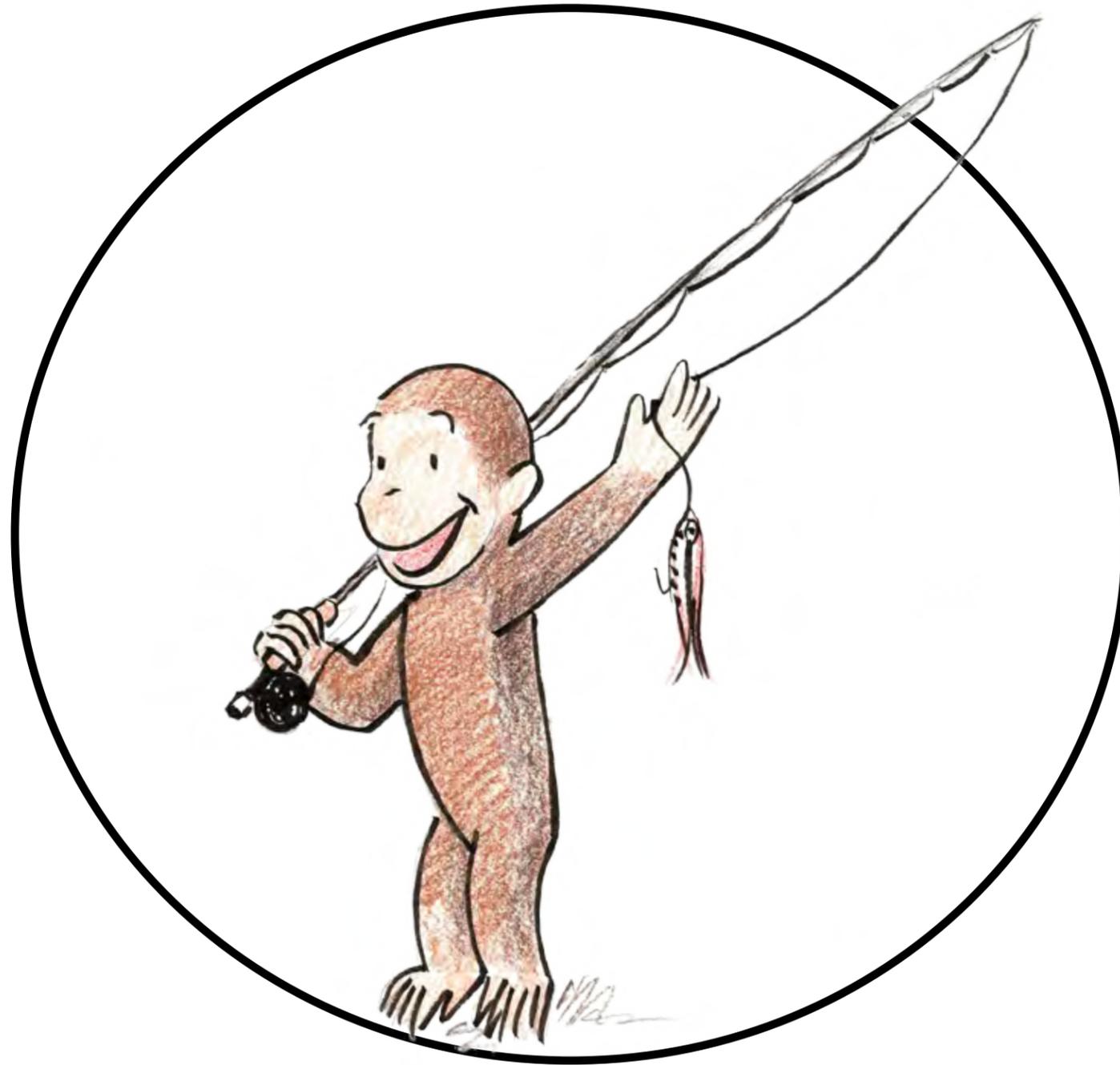


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photo: Rand Harcz



Everyone knew George was just a little fly curious...



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