

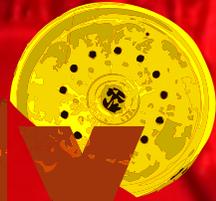
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*second anniversary issue

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inebriation has its consequences



My Grass...is Full of Hoppers
What I did this Summer
Texas: Like the South...With Tacos
It's Here
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plus...
Managing Expectations
Bench Press: October Caddis
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...and more

Shots Across the Bow





S.C.O.F
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ITS CONSEQUENCES
ISSUE NO. 9
FALL 2013

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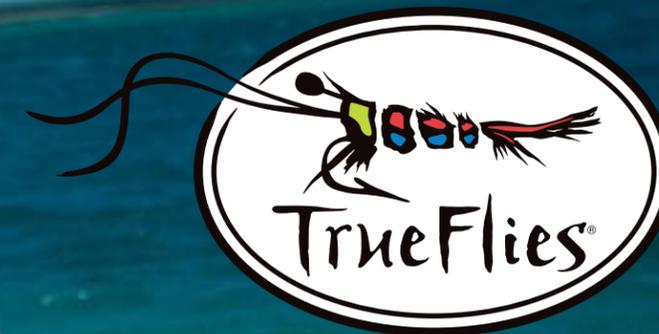
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From the Editor's desk...
to your bathroom

Fall 2013

I would be remiss if I didn't at least call a little bit of attention to the fact that this our two-year anniversary issue. There are a lot of things I thought might have happened in these past two years; a couple of arrests, at least one illegitimate child (not mine mind you, not that anyone can prove anyway), and at least a few angry letters decrying our special brand of fly fishing dick and fart jokes. Much to our shock and dismay, none of these events have transpired...well there was that one guy who said I cuss too much, and he's probably not wrong. Fortunately for us, the past two years have been filled with new friends, old friends and a whole lot of fishiness. Now that the magazine has taken off a bit, I get a few more chances to rub elbows with some pretty heady company in the fly fishing industry. I'm not telling you this to brag (well, maybe a little...it's pretty f'n cool to be me every once in awhile), but more to the fact that everyone wants to head South and see what's going on. Whether it's giant E. TN brown trout or redfish on every coast, the South ain't a secret no mo'. We're not so sure that's a good thing, so if you're reading this in the Rockies, or reading this in the Midwest, or even if you happen to be reading this in Bulgaria (we're huge in

Bulgaria); the South sucks, our fisheries suck, our food sucks, we have no beautiful women. Well the one we have with teeth isn't into fly flingers, and we as Southern fly fisherman are a smelly lowbrow bunch, just as likely to low hole you as proposition your lady friend while you wader up, all the while making the woods resonate with our rebel yells with every fish we catch.* I've been telling this to everyone I see, but I think they're onto my bullshit. So without further ado, join us in celebrating what we know the South to be -- the best place to live and fish of any place we live. We hope all of you enjoy our Second Anniversary Issue, and if you happen to see any of the guys around who help us put together the magazine, please give them a hug and hold it for an awkward amount of time. The same goes for us if you see us...we need the constant affirmations.

* Please disregard the above if you happen to be a paying sport or out of town fly shop patron.

Haiku

with
Thomas Harvey



No College Credit
The Life Of A SCOF Intern
Now Clean The Shitter

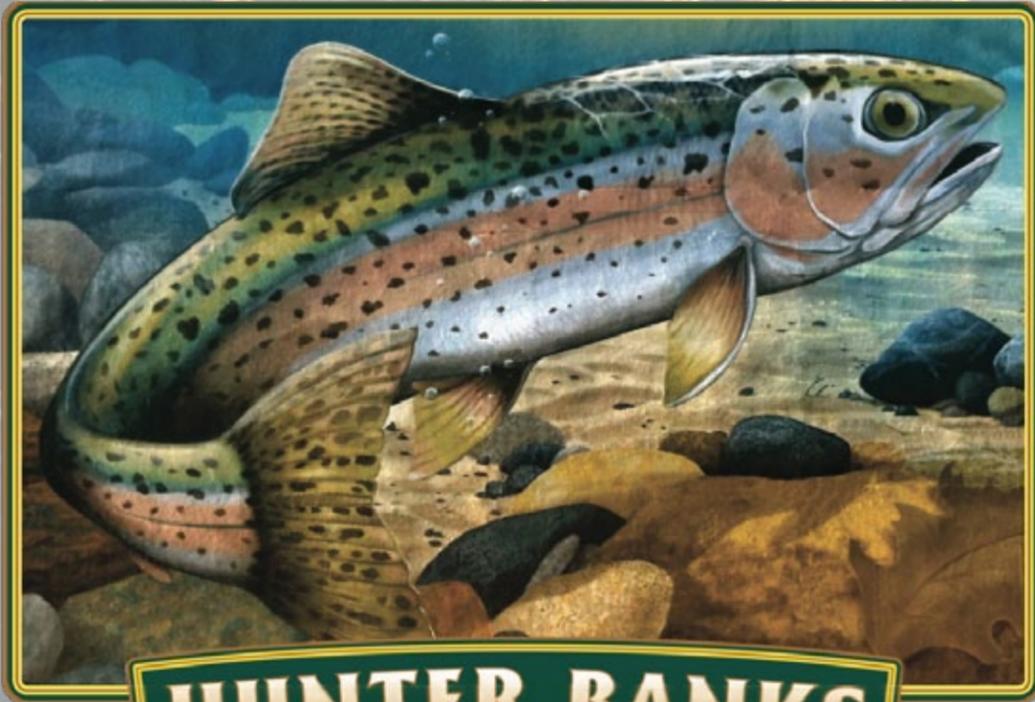


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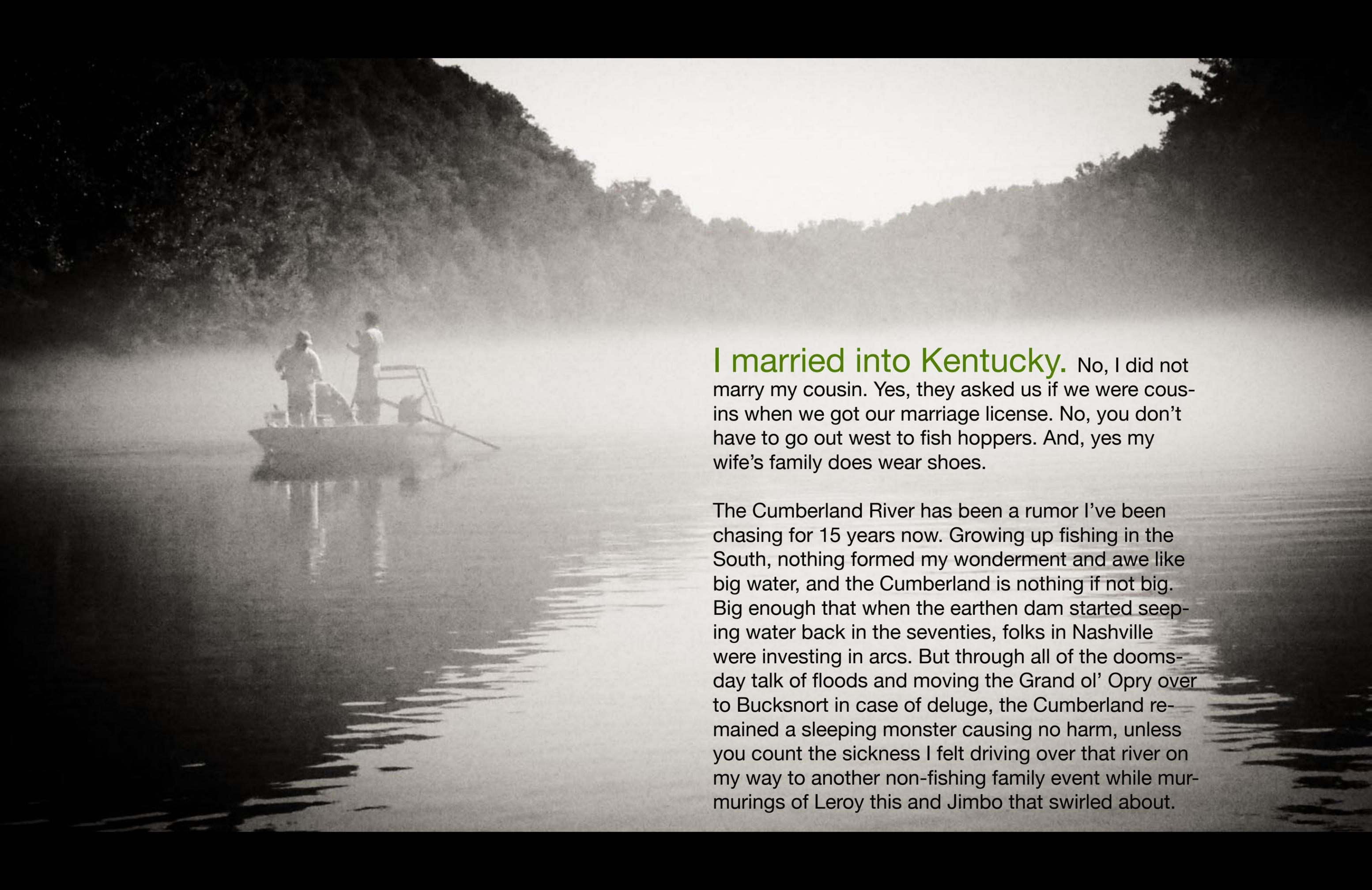




MY GRASS... IS FULL OF HOPPERS

By David Grossman

Photos: Alan Broyhill and Bob Koplos



I married into Kentucky. No, I did not marry my cousin. Yes, they asked us if we were cousins when we got our marriage license. No, you don't have to go out west to fish hoppers. And, yes my wife's family does wear shoes.

The Cumberland River has been a rumor I've been chasing for 15 years now. Growing up fishing in the South, nothing formed my wonderment and awe like big water, and the Cumberland is nothing if not big. Big enough that when the earthen dam started seeping water back in the seventies, folks in Nashville were investing in arcs. But through all of the doomsday talk of floods and moving the Grand ol' Opry over to Bucksport in case of deluge, the Cumberland remained a sleeping monster causing no harm, unless you count the sickness I felt driving over that river on my way to another non-fishing family event while murmurings of Leroy this and Jimbo that swirled about.





For years the dam was patched and the fish kept cranking, until one day the people decided the threat of epic flooding, the likes of which haven't been seen since the days of Kirk Douglas and the Red Sea, was just too much to bear. The lake was drained, the fish were killed, and the author became a very sad boy.

Take a hop, skip, and a jump many years forward with me (I know it's time traveling but try to keep up). The dam is fixed, the water is clear, and fishing has resumed. In a prime example of gather ye rosebuds while ye may, I have not wasted any time taking every opportunity to be there to watch the rebirth. On my journeys just south of bluegrass and just west of Bourbon I have learned a few things; the grass is not always greener (sometimes it's bluer), thoroughbreds have huge genitalia, and fish on the Cumberland eat BIG FOAM.





When I say BIG FOAM, I mean hopper patterns that begin with words like Fat and Moorish not words like small and cricket. I will spare you the pontificating on the sheer “radical”-ness of hopper fishing as many more eloquent than I have written tomes on what a hopper eat will do to the soul of a man (or woman....heeeeyyyy ladies). But please allow me to once again to climb the mountain and scream from the peak.... CUMBERLAND FISH EAT BIG FOAM. Also, I feel this would be a good time to point out the fact that Kentucky is a ways east of Rocky Mountain west...just sayin’.





Some naysayers will say that the river ain't what it used to be. Well, no shit. They had to kill all the fish so as to prevent a natural catastrophe. The way I like to look at it is, I know enough to know what it used to be. I also know enough to know to that I want to be there when it gets there again. Did I mention trout on the Cumberland are some hopper eatin' sumps a bitches?

I have to thank Brandon Wade of Cumberland Drifters for being my guide to all things Kentucky. Bourbon, horses, stabbin cabins, and trout. Check him out at cumberland-drifters.com



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Dave's Quarterly Apologies

In the spirit of the issue, I feel like this would be a good time to apologize for some indiscretions I may or may not have been responsible for over the last fiscal quarter.

First and foremost, I owe an honest apology to Allen Gillespie and the rest of the members of the E. Knoxville Fishing Club. Recently, the club of which I am a very ashamed member kindly trusted me with the use of the cabin on a fishing trip with friends. While it was not I that personally heaved the rock that broke the window, it was my drunken buffoonery that caused me to completely miss the part of the evening when I was told the hidden location of the key. I have broken your trust much the same way I broke that window (through a third party not to be named here). I am taking not only full financial responsibility but as financial retribution isn't enough to gain back the clubs trust, I will allow each member of the club to punch me in the stomach at a time of their choosing.

I would also like to apologize to the Days Inn at Patriots Point. It was me that broke the glass on the firehose cabinet. I swear it was an accident. It broke while I was trying to stuff the firehose back into the cabinet after threatening my friends with it in the hotel room. In my opinion that glass broke too easily. I know it's supposed to break easily, but that was too easy. Glass quality aside it was my fault. I shouldn't have played with your hose. I'm sorry.

Lastly, I would like to apologize to the countless drivers I almost ran off the road this summer while taking my eyes off the road in order to peer into any sad ditch with water I happened to pass.

There. I know I feel a lot better.

Dave





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Scott Davis
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*Managing
Expectations*

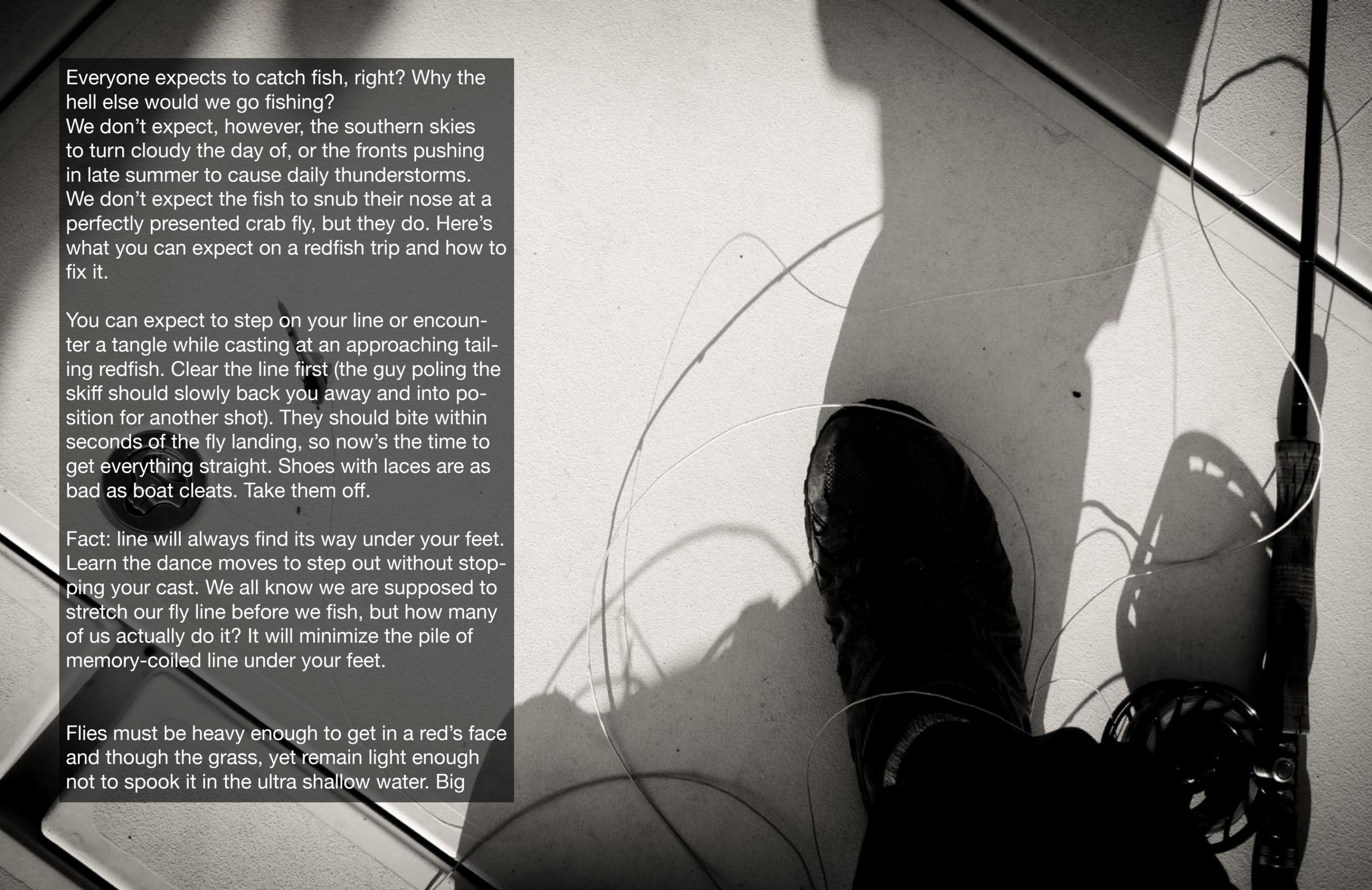
You've had plans to fish for months and everything's

in place. You have time off work, a hall pass from the home front, and a guide lined up to fish for 2 days. Perfect tides and great expectations. Murphy's law states that "anything that can go wrong, will go wrong." Nothing is truer than on the redfish flats.

They're here. Right in your face 10 feet away, tailing, and what seems to be the easiest shot in fly fishing is actually the hardest. Your line will get stepped on, tangles emerge out of nowhere, or your fly will catch a rod guide. You will panic. Fly rods are not meant to load under ten feet.

I know you think they can hear your heart pounding, but calm down...this is the game. It's how you deal with these little problems that will land you more reds.





Everyone expects to catch fish, right? Why the hell else would we go fishing?

We don't expect, however, the southern skies to turn cloudy the day of, or the fronts pushing in late summer to cause daily thunderstorms. We don't expect the fish to snub their nose at a perfectly presented crab fly, but they do. Here's what you can expect on a redfish trip and how to fix it.

You can expect to step on your line or encounter a tangle while casting at an approaching tailing redfish. Clear the line first (the guy poling the skiff should slowly back you away and into position for another shot). They should bite within seconds of the fly landing, so now's the time to get everything straight. Shoes with laces are as bad as boat cleats. Take them off.

Fact: line will always find its way under your feet. Learn the dance moves to step out without stopping your cast. We all know we are supposed to stretch our fly line before we fish, but how many of us actually do it? It will minimize the pile of memory-coiled line under your feet.

Flies must be heavy enough to get in a red's face and through the grass, yet remain light enough not to spook it in the ultra shallow water. Big





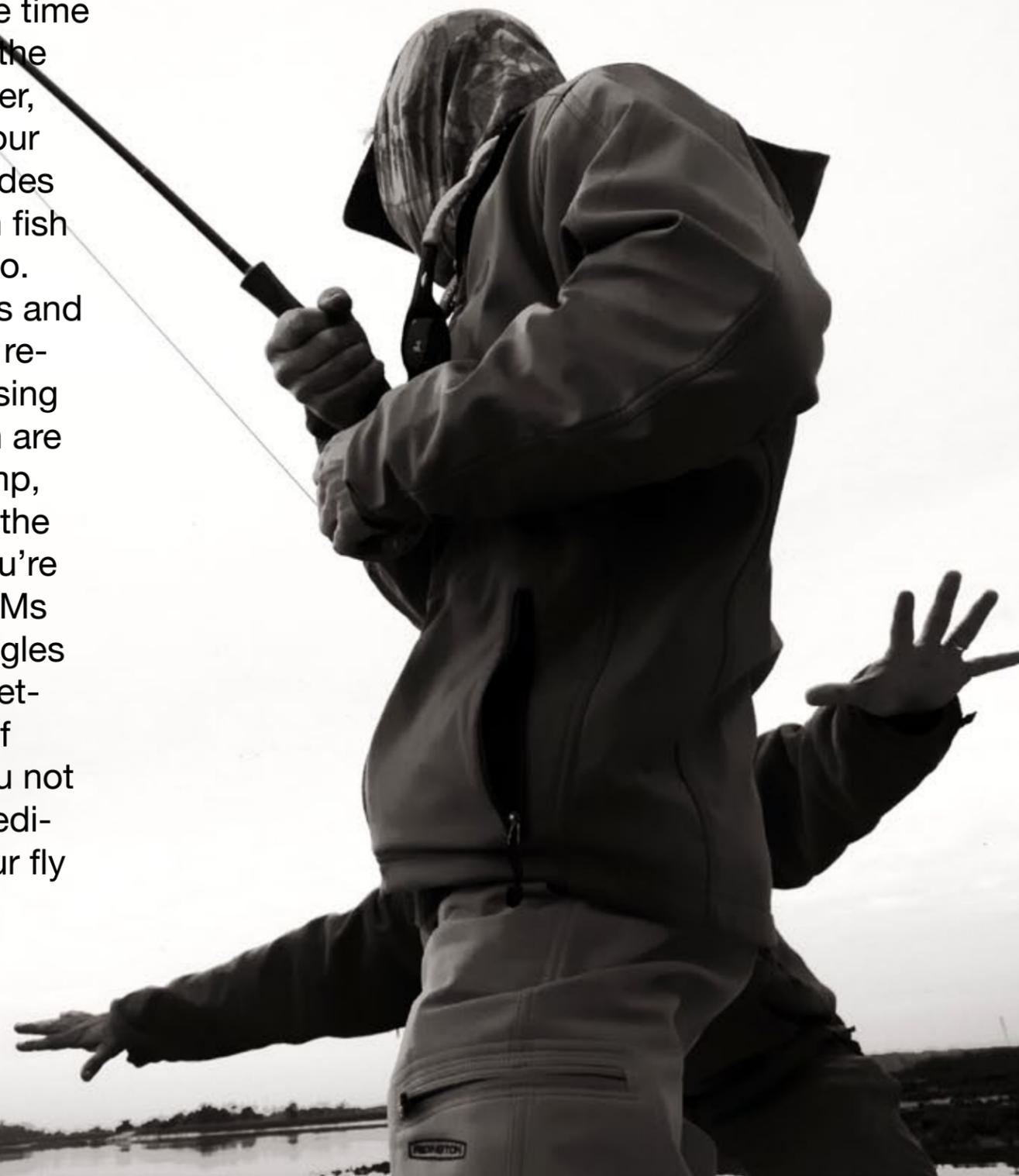
and don't cast right away. Enjoy what is one of the coolest sights in nature; a tailing, feeding fish. Reds don't generally have a path they follow, but rather wander and eat optimistically in a somewhat random pattern across the flats. Therefore, you cannot lead the fish by too much or he won't find the fly. Wait and be patient... you will see your shot unfold as the fish works its way into a clear patch of thinner grass. Sounds easy, right?

Mother Nature. Yea, that bitch. She throws curve balls with the best of 'em. Wind and cloud patterns are simply predictions. It's completely out of your hands. Remember the old saying about making lemonade out of lemons? Well, that's your new mantra. Live it. You picked the best day based on tides I'd assume and had no idea when you planned the trip to the coast it would blow 20mph. There is always a spot where the wind is better than it looks from the boat ramp. Islands, creeks, grass banks, etc, all offer some bit of protection. Getting there might be hell fun. Lightning? Find a bar that opens early...they are usually someone's name: Duke's, Murphy's, O'Brien's...

Fish. Only God and the fish know what they are gonna do. People (not y'all) always ask guides, "How many will I catch?" In a polite way, we have to explain the question is meant more for your church, temple, or mosque, not us. How do we know how good you can cast, deal with wind, manage line, spot fish, listen to your guide? Are you superstitious? Do you own polarized sunglasses? Do you eat bananas?

It's nature. it's nature underneath the water. We are not meant to understand it entirely. If we did, the sport would have no allure, at least not for me.

If you've spent the time planning a trip or the money for a charter, please manage your expectations. Guides want you to catch fish as much as you do. Even perfect casts and presentations get rejected. If you're using crabs and the fish are eating grass shrimp, I am a believer of the M&M theory. If you're eating peanut M&Ms and someone wiggles one of the new pretzel ones in front of your nose, will you not eat it? Don't immediately discount your fly choice.





This is a game of constant rejections: and like high school dating, not every rejection has an answer to the eternal question, “why.” But take it in stride, it will happen. It’s 80% you and 20% fish and other things you can’t control. Take pride in the 80 you do control, however. Practice: accuracy is more important than distance generally. Learn to double haul...it’s the only way to beat the wind. Bring a rain suit and a positive attitude. Don’t get frustrated with tangles and line management; just get better. It’s the expect the best, but plan for the worst scenario. If you don’t learn something from your mistakes and can’t have fun when you screw up, join the masses and take up golf. That’s the beauty of fly fishing, is it not? The fact that no one is an expert, a master? There is always something to learn.



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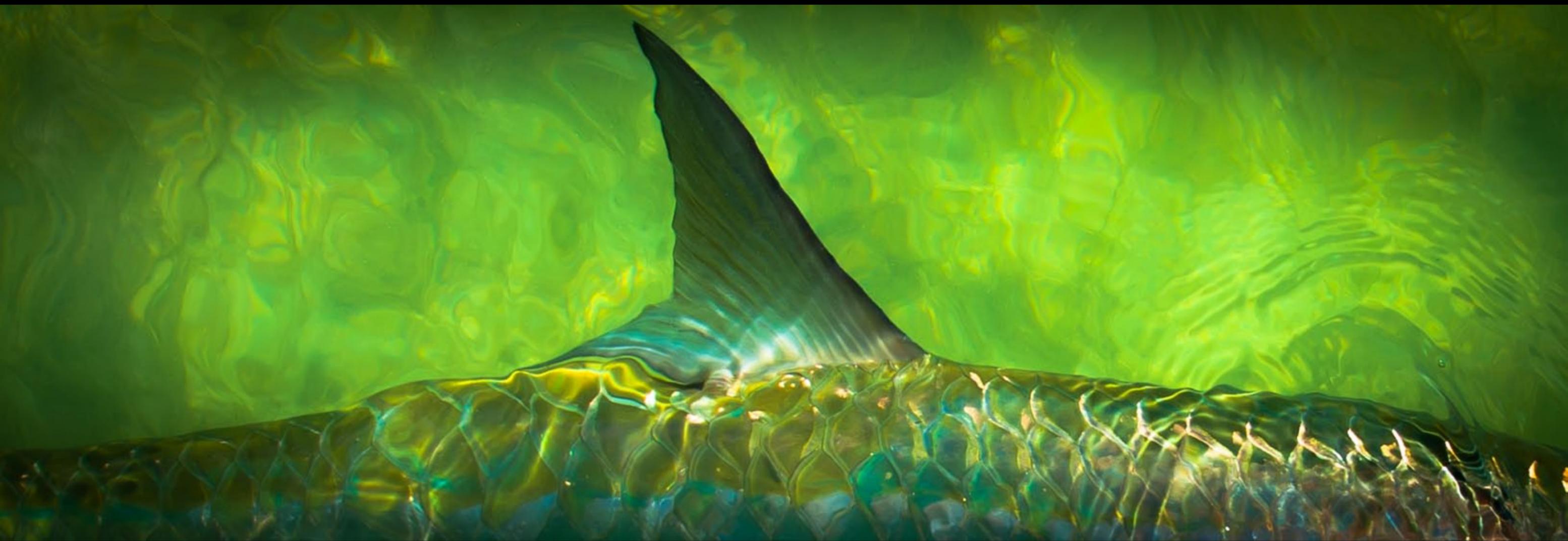
WHAT I DID THIS SUMMER

Photos: Joel Dickey





















Captain Joel Dickey may not be the tallest guy in Big Pine Key, but what he lacks in vertical aptitude he more than makes up for in his ability to put clients on fish no one else I know could. He also takes one hell of a picture...especially when he's all jacked up on Mountain Dew.



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TEXAS LIKE THE SOUTH...
WITH TACOS
DOUBLE FEATURE



COAST

By J.T. Van Zandt



The Gulf Coast of Texas offers an unexpected beauty to those determined enough to discover it. It's a harsh beauty that exists deep in the understanding that the sea will eventually claim everything that hasn't already been destroyed by the salt and sun, and sometimes you wish Mother Nature would speed up the process.

Twisted iron remains of industry and discarded dilapidation of every sort create habitat for clinging barnacles and oyster shell amongst vast nothingness that quietly awaits the next storm to be slightly rearranged. Roaming mud flats appear as a desert covered with 10 inches of water wherein during a low tide more life can be observed in one scoop of the black, pitted, wet earth than is exists in all of Houston's Harris County.

Being familiar with this place is to understand Texas on a deeper level. One of the most fertile and productive systems of bays and estuaries in the world until we deemed it and all of its contents unsuitable for human consumption—at least in any quantities exceeding one 8-oz filet a month per adult male beyond reproductive age. A sad truth that confirms mankind as the mindless monster that it is.

There are scant few postcards from this region and there are not any convincing billboard signs stating that you have arrived in paradise. Your significant other is unlikely to be chomping at the bit to return anytime soon after you've abandoned her in the heat, stuck to the moist sand with a stinging sensation from having tried to enter the water for relief from the relentless oppression of waiting for you to return from your pursuits to the car parked off the causeway near a canal. Being left alone to navigate the terrain of the locals should not be attempted.



Oh, the days of my youth and how I was introduced to those ghosts of the flats. Skating through the slick black mud with the cumbersome grace of a novice rollerblader, pushing endless schools of mullet with an 80-foot cast overhead until my active silhouette disappeared into the sunset only to be seen again by nightfall as a slumped figure in a shrimper bar wondering how could I have been so sure that there were redfish all around me and not catch any? The truth that I chased them all away took me years to realize.

The typical sportsmen of this area are a product of the harsh environment, and are no friend to this place. An obvious bunch of rough-neck descent whose presence creates an uncomfortable and unfortunate vibe that fits right in with the likes of an uncontrollable wild pig population. Flailing around in this aquamarine wilderness with an obscene disregard for all living things. Overpowered outboards screaming for relief from their red-lined existences, all the while carving deep lines through the delicate balance with their props like the devil's claw, thus ruining everything God ever intended. To view the prop scars created in the seagrass by satellite imagery is to study the

course the worm tracks as it randomly devours its host.

These are not bad people, just uninformed. It is unfair to generalize, as all of our hands are soiled here. Most are as good as any conservative Christian who has manifested their lack of true knowledge into a belief that everything is theirs for the taking, an entitlement of bounty provided by Christ. They are intent on defending that belief relentlessly with resistance to any form of intellect or reason. We blew our only shot at true understanding of this estuary system when we massacred the Karankawas before studying the ways that they had successfully fished the Texas coast for thousands of years by canoe. It was way too important to exterminate a peaceful people than to study their indigenous ways, so here we are without understanding and thus, whatever catch these misguided anglers are able to entice with frozen shrimp and cut bait are plucked from the sea, frozen into bricks and stacked high in the box freezer like a file of a soon-to-be forgotten species, piles of which are then simply to be added to the next weekend and so on and so on. Takers that take, and take, and take.



Luckily for the Fly Fisherman, these boats and their over-weighted corpulent inhabitants are eventually committed and thankfully confined (usually due to equipment failure) to several feet of water, anchored in open bay and forever banished from the shallows, thus leaving millions of acres of shallow marsh and shoreline for the Fly Fisherman, and without a doubt driving fish deeper into the shallow marsh with a desperation to escape all of the commotion.

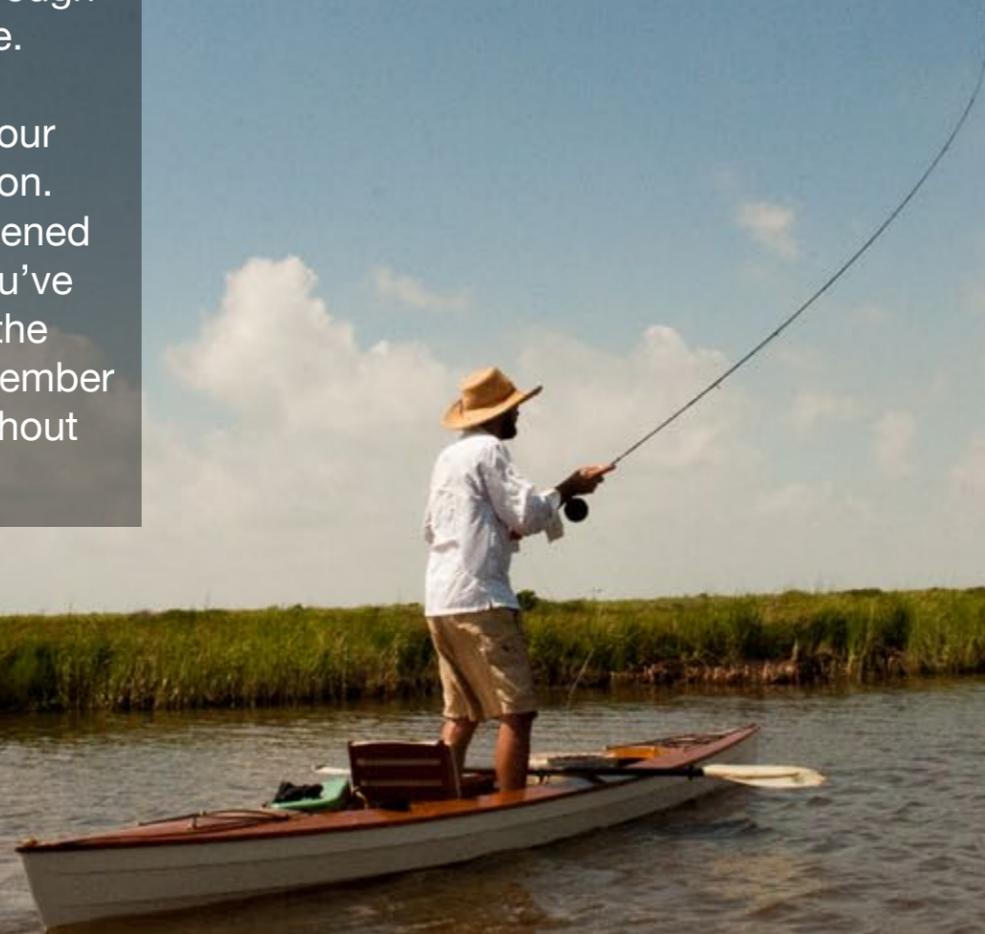
Once in the marsh and beyond the early stages of your learning and the unfortunate minglings with the previously mentioned crowd, once you've given up the idea that anyone is going to help you to learn to fly fish on the Texas coast, once you've learned to get deep in the marsh on your own by whatever means possible and have learned the subtle differences between the disturbances of mullet schools and single redfish, you'll then discover an ability to laser focus on a level equal to your forefathers who depended on it. All the floating fish carcasses at the marina, and the odd tongue and the laughter before the sun will be far beyond you. All of that fueled ego and smell of gasoline gone and that horrible distraction of enraged rattling corks slapping bent graphite under load and heaving from the bay chop and inconsistent revving of engines now of no more consequence to you than the constant buzz of mosquitoes in your ear and the occasional biting black fly at your calves.

Your eyes twitch back and forth as you pick up quivering movements from a complete food chain in a periphery that feels like a giant balloon around your reflective world and you can't breathe in it. And there it is, finally, an obvious feed 100 yards away, but you know better than to move any faster than the great blue heron hunting bait to your side. No more 80-foot casts, you'd line 10 fish you haven't seen yet. Blood is pounding in you like a demon tied up and you spook a redfish within a foot away. A flush of disaster drains your lungs and slumps your posture. Invisible in gin clarity lying camouflaged in the mud and grass until it shot like a bronze torpedo without a target across the flat leaving swirls of black silt with every propulsion. You could feel its percussive croaks of alarm vibrating through the water, up your legs and into your chest cavity.



As you recover each nerve individually, a strange curved line of light vs. dark appears beyond the glare of the surface 30 feet away. It is there because you believe it to be. A strange natural serpentine of contrast like a giant dragon kite in a Japanese parade dancing in the translucent overlaid mirror image of billowing thunderheads above. You beg for forgiveness for having judged the locals so harshly; you now realize that they are as vital as the prickly pear and the fire ant to keeping this marsh undiscovered. There is no visible horizon. A beam of sunlight reveals an iridescent bluish pink fin that brushes through the surface film like fingers emerging from the grave.

You forget what you've learned about casting but your leader twists out with a delicate unpredicted intention. You see a flare of aggression as your line is straightened and tightened by the animal of your dreams and you've done it! No one can take it away and you return to the shrimper bar as happy and content as you can remember with the beauty of the Texas coast suffusing throughout your being.



JT Van Zandt wears more hats than a habberdasher. Writer, photographer, guide, musician, boat builder, and all around nice guy. We're real happy to fold him into the SCOF family.



HILL COUNTRY

By Winston Cundiff
Photos: All Water Guides



I read somewhere recently (I didn't but someone did and they told me) that 1,500 people move to Austin daily! They come for the many tech companies located in and around Austin. They come to UT and don't seem to leave and just as in my case, they just get here. People visit for the music, the food, and the culture, each of which have been written about ad nauseam. What the masses don't come here for is the fly fishing, which is okay, but surprising at the same time. On any given day 11 months out of the year (August is stupid hot and we would rather not fish), you can find us fishing the rivers of Central Texas rowing our clients or each other in search of quiet and fish. Because most people associate bass fishing with big bass boats and lakes, we often have the rivers to ourselves.

So what, right? What we fish is what's fun about these rivers. Along with largemouth and some small pockets of smallies, we have a scrappy little bastard called the Guadalupe bass. It's not a spotted bass or hybrid or anything other than a Guadalupe. They are the Scrappy-Do to the largemouth Scooby-Do. It is the state fish of Texas and you can only catch them here. They are not the biggest fish in the water by a longshot, but what they lack in size they more than make up for in fight and determination. They just don't stop. There have been many assumptions made of the purity of these fish and with a recent Texas Parks and Wildlife study released, we were able to give the finger to a few folks (they know who they are) knowing all along we've been catching a true native species.



The Colorado River below Austin is a big shallow river. It is truly an amazing fishery because of its proximity to Austin and little pressure, and we spend countless days on the river having it all to ourselves. Access to our rivers is tough because Texas is pretty much privately owned. We run the river in jet boats searching out the water that hold the Guadalupe. The jets let us get by the first few big shallow bars and into unpressured water. The Guads care for the fast water, and like trout, will use the current against you. We fish 6-8wt rods most of the time and pull big foam poppers off the bank. We switch to crawfish-like patterns when it has been cooler for an extended period of time. (Notice I didn't say cold as it's rare that we aren't in flip-flops.)

But there is so much more. We also have some lakes and a big-ass gulf to fish. Lake Austin is arguably the third best bass lake in Texas (again, someone read it then told me, so that's good enough), and it's a bitch and a half to fish. Pro Bass anglers pound it along with the recreational fisherman in big bass boats equipped with huge electronics packages (my wife says this sounds like fish porn). Comparatively, where Lake Austin punishes you in numbers, it rewards you in size. It is a very well-managed fishery by the Bass Master-like community and it holds some HAWGS. Five 8lb bass will get you a humbling "nice fish" without any further attention. I'll open myself up for abuse with my next sentence:



I think we as a fly fishing community have a lot to learn when it comes to bass fishing. I talk to these guys at the ramp and I read what they post in forums. They know their shit and study their target. I fished Lake Austin the other morning with Shea, a friend and fellow guide. The great thing about Lake Austin is we boated about 10 fish in four hours. Shea had meetings to get to (Mondays) and we were home well before lunch, and before we were in trouble. It's just that easy.



Winston Cundiff, or Grand Pappy Slappy as we call him, is an organizer at All Water Guide Services down in Austin, TX. As far as organizers go he's somewhere between your local union rep and Mao Tse-Tung. Check him and the other boys out at All Water Guides the next time you're in Austin getting weird.



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SUPER HAPPY RADICAL FLY TYING CONTEST



THE FINALISTS

If you've been following on Facebook, and let's face it we know you have been, Cheeky Reels was nice enough to sponsor a fly contest with some serious bar stock aluminum up for grabs. After a lot of likes, comments, shares, and late nights talking about our emotions, we are happy to announce the finalists for the SCOF/Cheeky

SUPER HAPPY RADICAL FLY TYING CONTEST

*as picked by you our facebook fans

Check out our facebook page next week as the winner will be announced on Friday



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The Fish



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BENCH PRESS

Josh Garris

October Caddis



Josh Gannis
October Caddis

Materials List:

Hook: Tiemco 2487 sz 10-12

Thread: Rust Uni 8/0

Bead: Spirit River Hump Back bead in Rainbow

Abdomen: Virtual Nymph Skin Czech Orange

Abdomen Markings: Brown Prisma Marker

Wing Bud: Dura Skin Orange

Thorax: Ostrich Herl Twisted (Brown, Orange, Tan)

Hackle: Brown CDC Select

Eyes: Burnt Mono and colored black (Black Prisma Marker)

Head: Burnt Orange Hare's Ice Dub

If you came here looking for an entomology lesson you will be sorely disappointed. I left my rubbery boots, magnifying monocle, and screen door (all technical terms) at home. As the on-again off-again on-again Fly Tying Editor of SCOF I fall short in many, if not all of my editorial responsibilities. Namely, trout flies. Peewee, puny, and puzzling they are a subsection of tying where my expertise hasn't quite caught up with my ego.

Things I know about this pattern. This is a caddis. More specifically an October Caddis. Can you guess why? Yeah, me either.

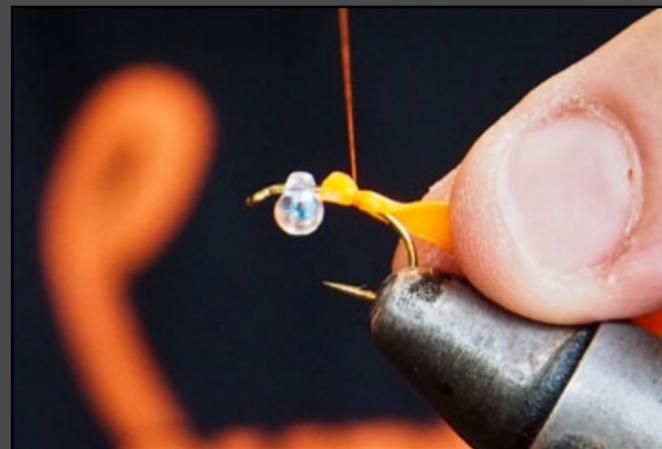
Things Dave Grossman knows about this pattern ... a lot more. Here, I'll let him explain:

"The Great Autumn Brown Sedge is most active from September through November in the late afternoon all the way up until dark. You'll know the hatch is occurring when caddis bigger than you have ever seen before start getting devoured by trout all around you...and they're orange....and huge"

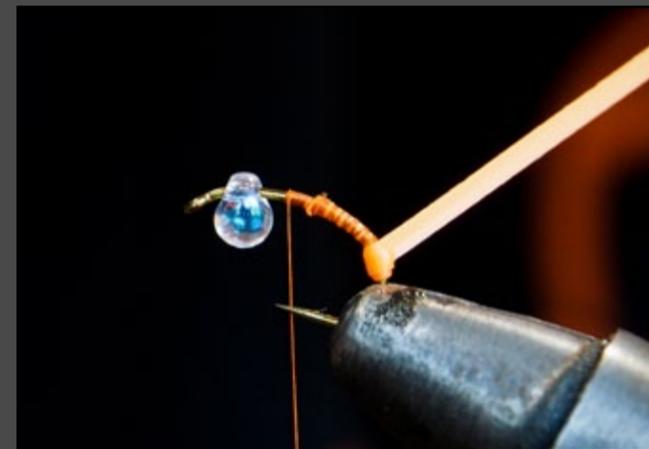
Dave and Thomas



1. Put humpback bead on hook and anchor thread. No need to anchor bead at this point.



2. Cut 2" length of virtual skin and tie in 1/3 the hook length behind the eye. Make sure bead is in front of the tie in and the excess material is hanging towards the bend of the hook. Start with 3 tight wraps and stretch the nymph skin and continue to tie in to the bend of the hook.



3. Wrap the Nymph Skin around hook shank making sure to keep each wrap almost immediately on top of the one before.



4. This will create the thicker abdomen towards the back of the fly.



5. After about 10-12 wraps this way start to put a little more space (1/16") in between each of wraps adding a little more space until you have reached your starting tie in point. Tie off and trim.



6. Take brown Prisma Marker and make evenly spaced bars on the back of the Nymph Skin.



7. At this point we want to anchor the bead as close to the abdomen as possible with figure 8 wraps. Make sure the thick part of the bead is pointed up.



8. Using old leader butts cut a 2" piece and hold in middle with tweezers. Melt both ends leaving 1/4" left un-burnt in the middle.



9. Tie in eyes in front of bead using figure 8 wraps. Make sure they are not sitting over top of the hook eye.



10. Cut a 1" x 1/4" strip of dura skin and round off one end and tie in behind the bead with the round end facing the bend. Trim excess material immediately behind the bead.



11. Tie in 1 each strand of Brown, Orange, and Tan Ostrich Herl behind the bead.



12. Tie in 1 brown CDC Select feather.



13. Wrap CDC feather towards the eye of the hook being careful not to trap any fibers under your wraps. Tie off behind eye.



14. Take 3 strands of ostrich herl and twist together to make a brush.



15. Wrap brush forward weaving in and out of the CDC fibers making sure not to trap and down. Tie off behind eyes.



16. Apply a small amount of Hare-Ice Dubbing to thread.



17. Figure 8 wrap dubbing around eyes and end with thread in front of eyes.



18. Whip finish a cement if desired.





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it's HERE

By Mad Mike Benson
Art: Paul Pucket



It's here.

It starts as just an idea. A mere tingle at the back of your head. Right on the top of your spine, where all your primitive drives and instincts come from. That most ancient part of the brain, capable of understanding and sensing things that your more advanced frontal lobes can't quite comprehend.



It's here.

Maybe not in the way it was when you were a kid, but it's here. The temp will reach 85 today, and the leaves of live oaks never change color, but it's here. The fish are on the same wavelength as your mid-brain, what once were individual fish pushing solo down oyster banks like a hobo digging through trash cans downtown at 3am, now are ravenous groups of fish more closely resembling riot police breaking through a bunch of hippie kids protesting lipstick-wearing monkeys.

Yeah, shit has hit the fan. Everywhere you look shrimp are flying through the air, in a constant battle of "who's gonna eat me?", because after all, it is inevitable. Man, bird, or fish.... Those shrimp are dead. I usually don't take it upon myself to try and dissect the intentions of the Almighty, but I'm almost positive that God hates shrimp... I mean HATES them.

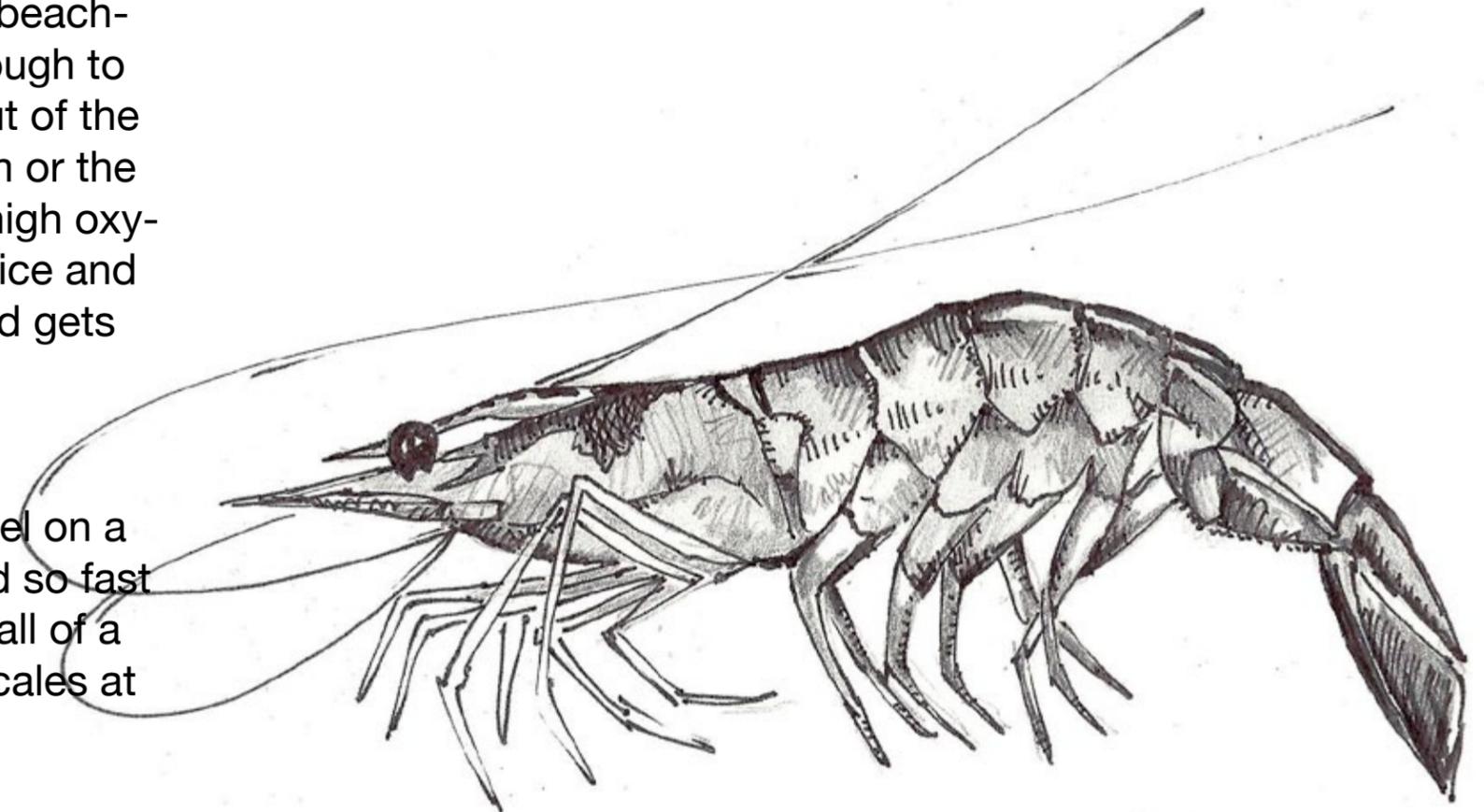


It's here.

I don't know if it's a lack of color-changing trees along the coast, or the fact that we don't have the canvases of the mountains to properly display them, but the leaves never really seem to change... they just die. Well, they might change, but I've never looked up from my fly long enough to notice. There is a lot goin' on in the Lowcountry this time of year, and leaf watchin' ain't real high on the list. The water starts to cool, almost imperceptibly at first. But it falls nonetheless. As it does, the mullet begin their migration down the beaches, being pursued by anything big enough to eat them. The shrimp start their run out of the creeks to impending death of one form or the other, and the fish take advantage of high oxygen levels and abundant food to get nice and fat before the real cold sets in and food gets scarce.

It's here.

You know it the first time you drive steel on a red and the line strips out of your hand so fast you get burned. Twenty-four inch fish all of a sudden think they're 35" and tip the scales at 15 lbs. They know.



It's here.

Football is on TV. Kids are back in school. Your friends are all having parties in their backyards, making fires and steaming oysters. Fine with me, less people on the water, more fish for me. Sitting back on the porch at the end of the day, sipping on a pumpkin ale, wearing Carhartts with six-month creases in them, and a hoodie that seemed a little bigger last year. I lean back and take a deep breath. It's here.



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What the Hell Do I know About Musky Fishing

By Brian Crumpler
Photos: Steve Seinberg

What the Hell do I know about Musky fishing?

Nothing. That is why I like it so much.

Journeys from the fishless capital of America (Birmingham, Alabama), to the proverbial Timbuktu to find Unicorns and Dragons had left me on the edge of my seat waiting to find the next mythical beast that my crew of degenerates and I could chase. You see, we are professional gluttons for piscatorial punishment. Should we drive three hours and fish for nice-sized beautiful trout in the gleaming waters of Northeast Georgia? No... We will drive 13 hours to steelhead fish in Michigan only to freeze our dicks off and not catch a single chromer. How about some nice smallmouth action in North Alabama right out our back door?

Nope, let's spend all of our money on a tarpon set-up and head down to Florida without a clue or a prayer of actually landing the silver king. This is the type of gluttonous, erratic, irresponsible behavior that gets us in trouble time and time again... and keeps us coming back for more.





One day as I sat at work, doing anything but, I came across these flies on the interwebs -- beautiful, flowing, foot long creatures of mammalian and avian artistry affixed to a hook that could also be used in a slaughter house. I must tie these. So in secret I began to tie. No one knew of my newfound obsession or what my plans would be for them. I tied and tied until once again like so many times before, I had more flies for a species of fish I knew nothing about and had no chance of catching than I did for fish I actually could catch. This bout of poor decision making led me straight down another path of irresponsibility, which is to say I spoke with the aforementioned crew of degenerates and we decided to fly fish for musky.

When exploring the seedy underbelly of the Southern musky fly fishing world, one must prepare for dead end roads, characters of extreme ill repute, and a gen-

eral sketchiness the likes of which are not known to many outside of the cast of Real Housewives of Atlanta. Exploring the various forums, Google Maps and images, and taking my life into my hands by directly asking "Hey Man, where you catch that big ol' fish at?" lead to a small pile of semi-useless knowledge accumulating in our now musky-crazed brains. With that little amount of knowledge and a whole lot of gumption and stupidity, we headed to the Volunteer state to wrangle us a dragon. We failed. A lot. It's an odd thing when you go into something that you admittedly have no business doing and realize that the amount of B.S. you are willing to accept is tremendously larger than your normal B.S. tolerance. My crew and I took our beatings, mind you they were sadistic, and we learned and moved on. More trips and more flies, more cold floats and more strange ales.

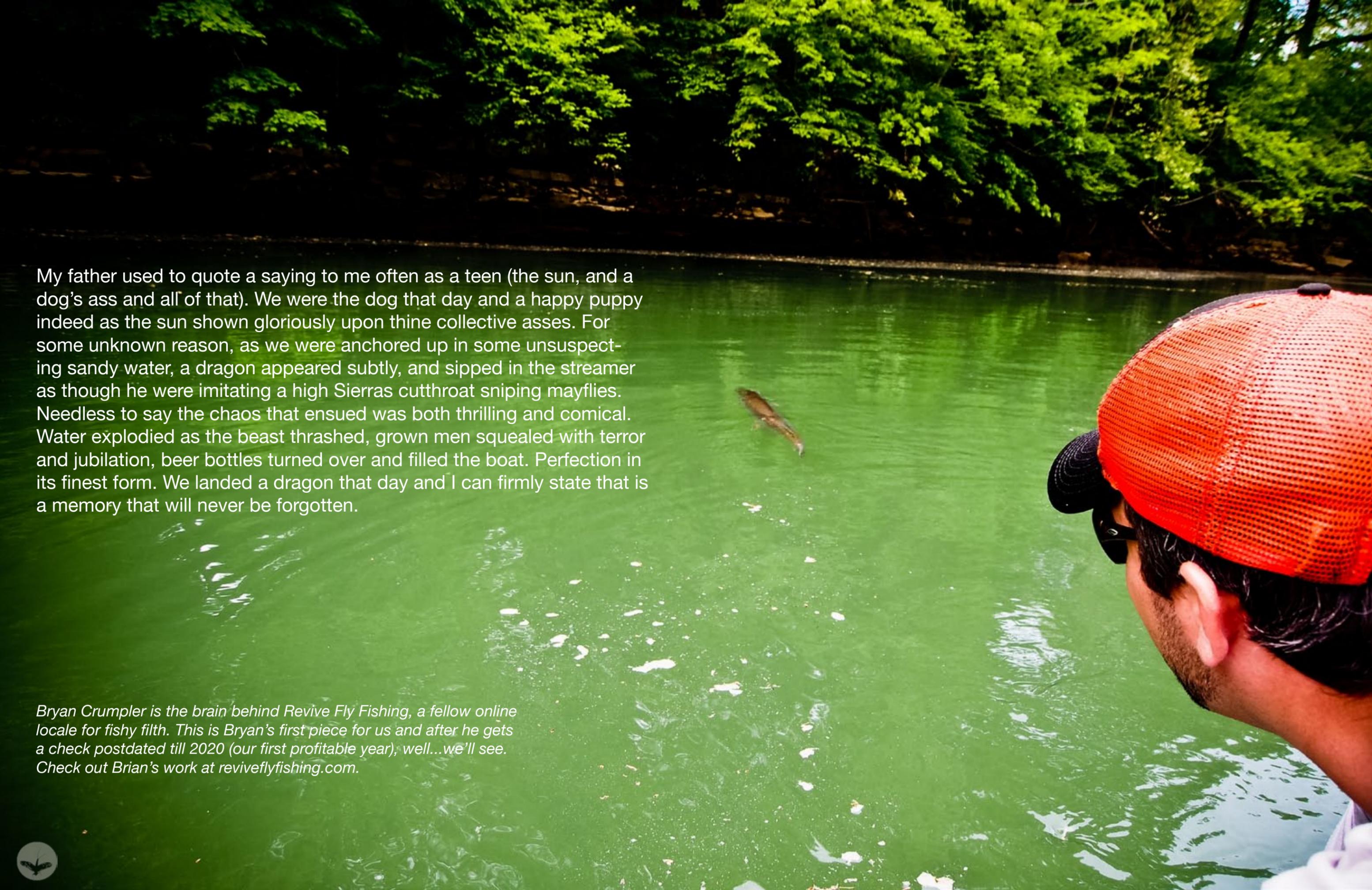


HARDY
ALNWICK ENGLAND



A wise old sage told us that all they were after were suckers in the 8"-plus category. So, accordingly we tied up the gaudiest, most vile abominations of flies resembling suckers that we could. Cinderblock-like creatures attached to winch cable on 9 weights. Screw dry flies, that's real fly fishing. I am the first to give credit where credit is due and in most circumstances, I think that we do what is required to reach the payoff. However, in this situation we just got lucky. We had heard tales of proficient anglers going to this river for months and years without hitting a fish, and so naturally we assumed our learning curve would be tremendously higher. For once, we were wrong, and we had never been so glad to be so.



A man wearing a red mesh cap and sunglasses is looking towards a fish in a stream. The water is green and rippled. The background is a dense forest of green trees.

My father used to quote a saying to me often as a teen (the sun, and a dog's ass and all of that). We were the dog that day and a happy puppy indeed as the sun shown gloriously upon thine collective asses. For some unknown reason, as we were anchored up in some unsuspecting sandy water, a dragon appeared subtly, and sipped in the streamer as though he were imitating a high Sierras cutthroat sniping mayflies. Needless to say the chaos that ensued was both thrilling and comical. Water exploded as the beast thrashed, grown men squealed with terror and jubilation, beer bottles turned over and filled the boat. Perfection in its finest form. We landed a dragon that day and I can firmly state that is a memory that will never be forgotten.

Bryan Crumpler is the brain behind Revive Fly Fishing, a fellow online locale for fishy filth. This is Bryan's first piece for us and after he gets a check postdated till 2020 (our first profitable year), well...we'll see. Check out Brian's work at reviveflyfishing.com.





IFTD 2013 IN THE SHADOW OF THE BEAST

David Grossman
Steve Seiberg

SOME NEW STUFF THAT CAUGHT OUR ATTENTION IN VEGAS THIS YEAR



This marked the first year that IFTD and ICAST formed the beast with two backs for all of us to behold in a convention center in Vegas...and what a site it was. If you've ever been to a family event as an adult and been seated at the kids table, you can pretty much surmise the conventional/fly split of convention floor. Small but not forgotten is a good way to put it. Lucky for all of us there is not a direct correlation between floor space and the amount of innovation we all have coming our way this year in the gear we covet.



Flymen Fish Skull Fish-Masks

Throwing an unweighted streamer on a sinking line gives any big piece of meat more movement. Big fish eat flies that push water with big eyes. I'm lazy. What do these three things have in common you might ask? The common thread is the new Fish Skull Mask. Pop one of the lightweight plastic masks on, add some Big Game Eyes and make your sex-dungeon into one of those masked freaks in *Eyes Wide Shut*. No fish will be able to resist.



Orvis Gale Force Boat Bag

While not at IFTD, we had to throw this one in. Boat bags have a special place in my heart. They sit in filth most of their lives, yet they are expected to keep the contents nice, warm and organized. The new Orvis boat bag does this in spades; plenty of room, customizable dividers, one hand zipper, and water rated for a typhoon. But the reason this little lady has convinced me to forsake all others is the lid. With the flick of a toe you can close the semi-rigid foam formed lid and it'll nestle perfectly on to the corresponding foam lip of the main body of the bag...every time. For those of you that know what I'm talking about...yeah, it does that.



True Flies Wearable Shelter

True Flies' first foray into the world of outerwear is not one to be taken lightly. Every feature you'd want in a technical fishing jacket is there, including a sunglass shammy on a snap button in the chest pocket (genius). This jacket stands up to a pounding as well, folks. I've worn it through the second half of the wettest summer on record here in the sunny South and I'll be the first to say bravo gents... good show.



Fishpond "Recycled Nylon Net" Bags

Throw a piece of nylon tippet on the ground, and it sucks. If you throw a whole nylon gill net in the ocean, it sucks a lot worse. Fishpond has found a way to keep nylon line material where it belongs -- in our packs and bags. With a lineup of 14 new or improved bags made out of recycled nylon net material, you can officially mark fishpond down as one of the companies that gives a crap.



Orvis Guide: Fly Fishing for Carp **Stonefly Press, Kirk Deeter**

While it's no surprise to a good portion of our readership, fly fishing for carp is about the most fun you can have with your pants on... and most of us don't even have to take our pants off to find a good carp spot. As the rest of the fly fishing universe discovers this, there will need to be some sort of instruction booklet made. I mean without instructions, anarchy ensues. We here at SCOF are just thankful Kirk Deeter has written that instruction manual.



Rio Perception Line

When the condom industry switched from sheepskin to latex, the gents in the marketing department said it was all about the feel. Well, my friends, let me tell you: the new Rio perception lines are the latex condom of fly lines. With ultra low line stretch through some alien technology called Connect-Core, Rio has figured out how to help the elderly, drunk, and a whole lot of other folks with poor reaction time catch the fish of a lifetime.



Sage Evoke Reel

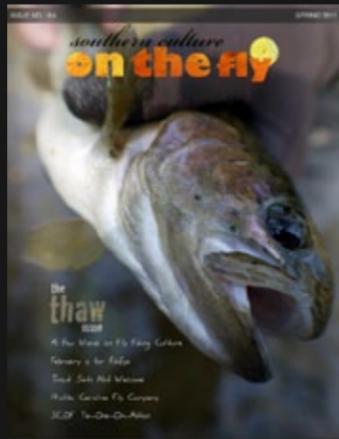
When was the last time you palmed a reel to slow down a baby tarpon? For me it's... hold on, that one time....no....yeah, never. Sage has put a space age drag system in a reel that's designed around the ability to put on the Fred Flintstone brakes at a moment's notice. We've never seen a reel like this, and we can't wait to see it being palmed on albie very soon.



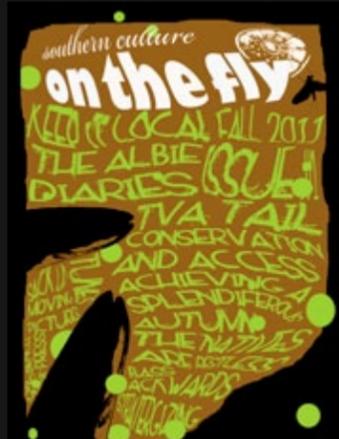
Simms Headwaters Bags

The 2014 Headwaters line of packs and slings bring a little structure to the chaos. Instead of adding or subtracting pockets from the same design that everyone has done for the past 10 years, Simms has gone down the path never taken. A semi-rigid foam gives flexible structure to the Headwaters line so we never again have to struggle with pulling this way to shove in that way.

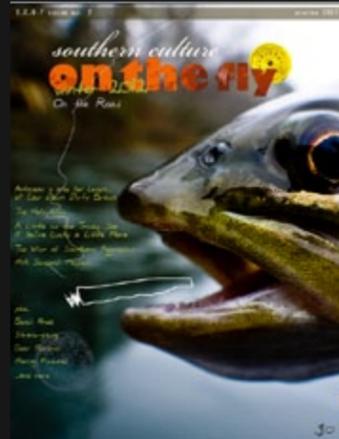




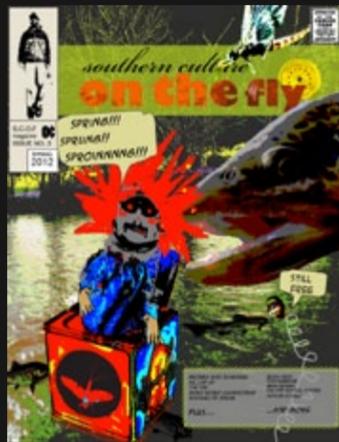
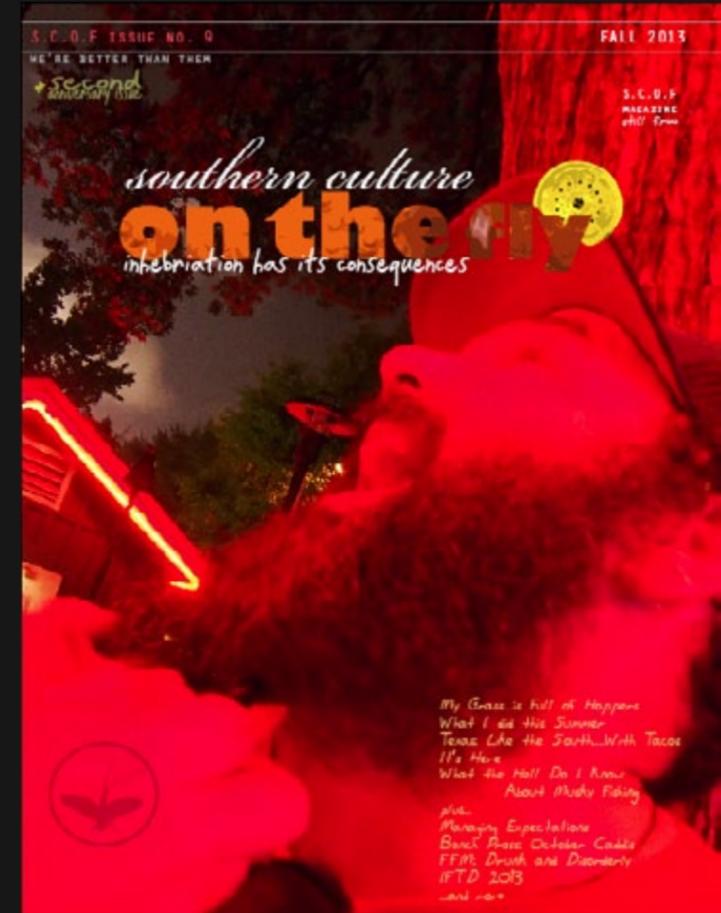
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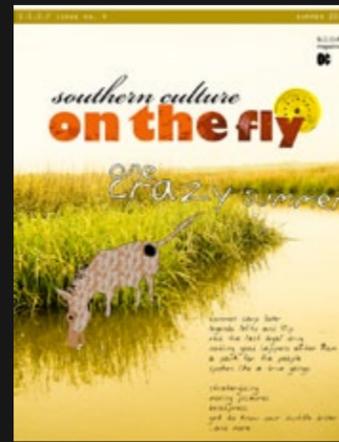
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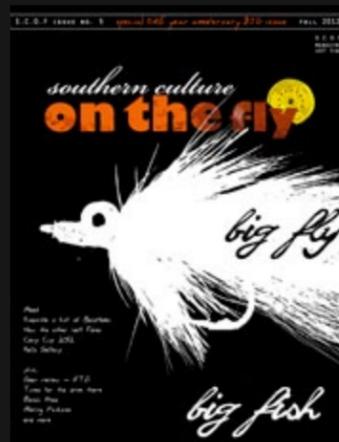
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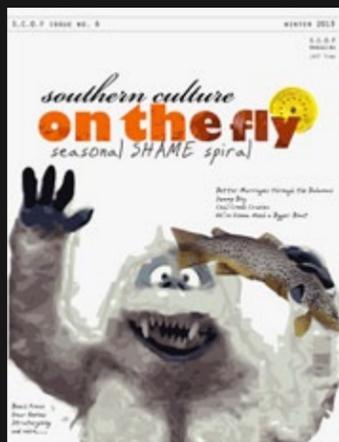
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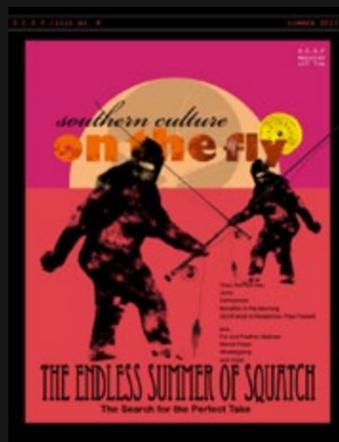
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starting to look almost respectable...



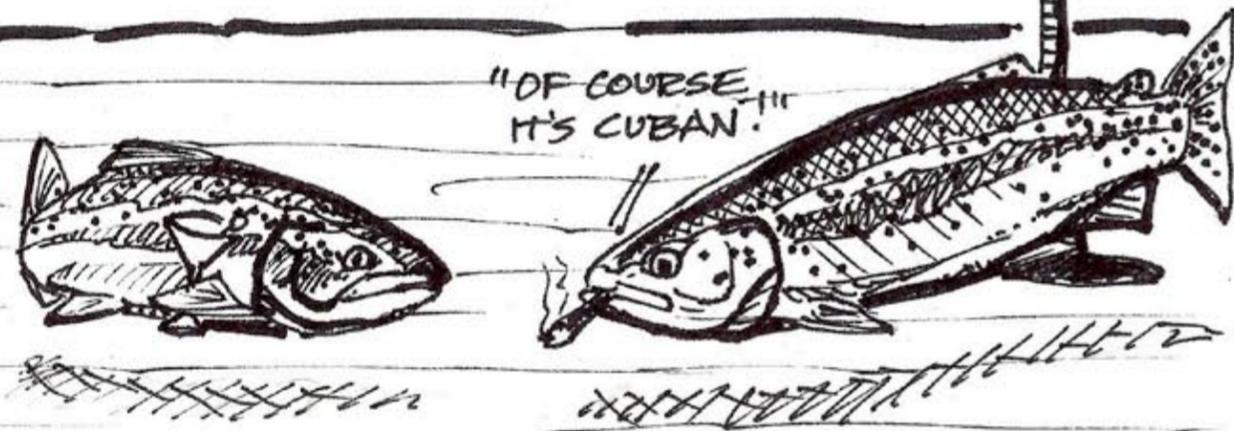
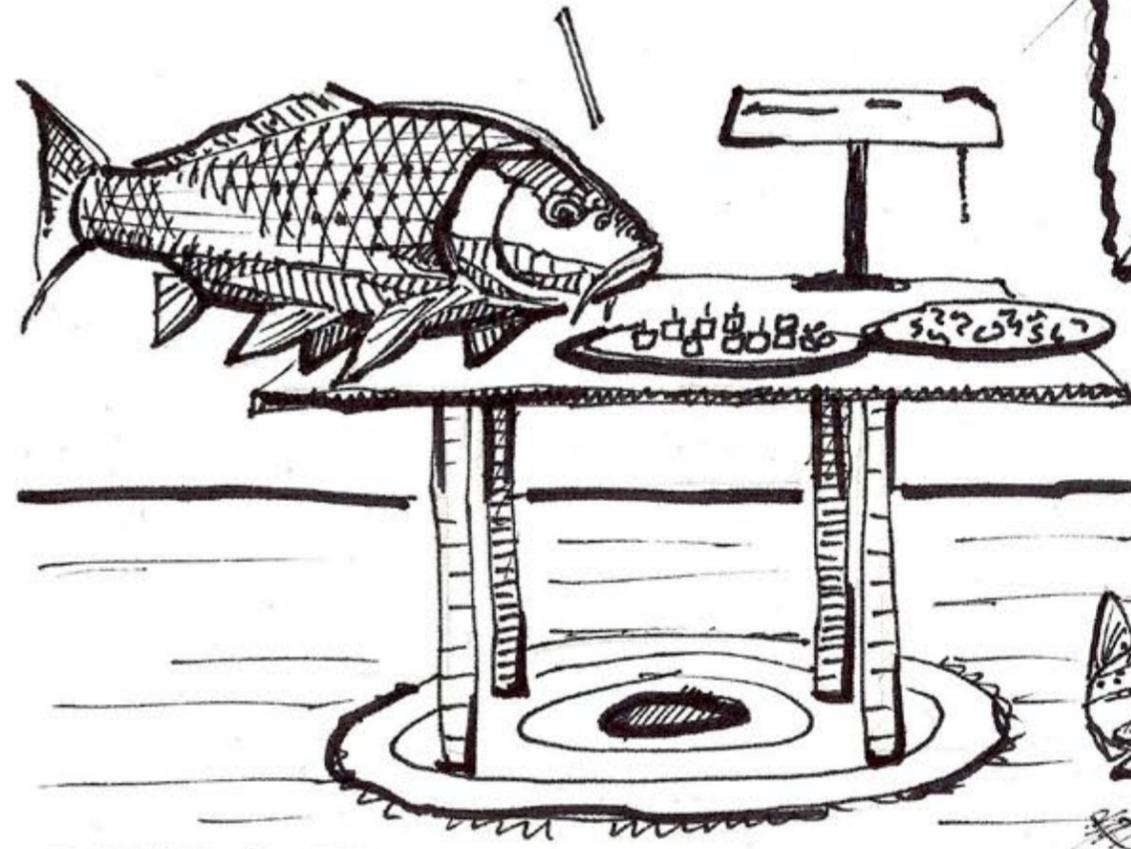
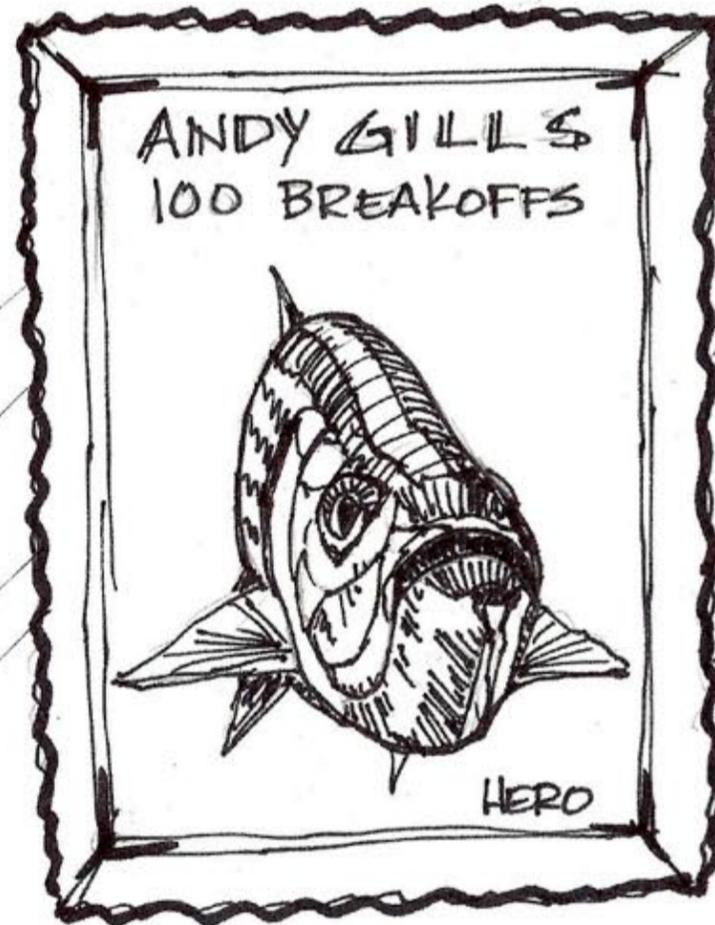
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"IF I KNEW IT WAS GONNA BE
THIS KIND OF PARTY, I WOULD HAVE
STUCK MY ANAL FIN IN THE
MASHED POTATOES"



"OF COURSE
IT'S CUBAN!"

january, 2014
winter issue. 10



S . C . O . F

