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Subject: : Fly Fishing Events and Meet-ups

Topic: : Jam "stories"

Re: Jam "stories"

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Date: : 2012/5/20 19:28:25

URL:

Well, I'll kick off the full reports, I guess.

Arrived Friday night, no fishing, just setting up camp and gearing up. Met Swattie and Wissahicken (is that the right screen name?), had been meaning to fish with Swattie so we made plans for Sat. Sitting and talking by a fire, and Troutbert appears. Got to pull out the Delorme's and discuss a few streams with him, always a treat. Then a few beers at the pavilion and the official festivities were underway.

Saturday, my only fishing day. Swattie, Wissahicken, and myself hit up 2 brookie streams. Found fair to good fishing at both, and some beautiful deep woods scenery. Got Wissahicken his first wild brookie, which makes 4 jams in a row for me. He missed one on his first cast, pretty new to this game. But he got better throughout the day, caught a few, and the kicker was that when we got back to the pool where he missed it, he caught it this time and got his revenge.

After hitting the brookie streams and getting our deep woods experience for the day, we stopped by Duffy's Tavern for some wings, and then headed over to Spring. We were looking for ryguyfi, but he was not where we thought. That's ok, though, because it was loaded with PAFFer's anyway. I swear to God, there was a Sasquatch wading the stream, just standing out there in the middle, I couldn't believe it. Went down for a closer look and Sal was sneaking up on him too! Oh no, everyone will know that this is the place to find Sasquatch's now!!! ;)

There were sulphurs, there were rising trout in front of everyone, there were "wa-hoo's" and cusswords being thrown up and downstream, and some fish being landed. By the end we even had a bit of an audience of other PAFFer's.

Got back to the camps, started drinking and eating. GREAT food. GREAT music and conversation. Even won a rod and got my Irish pub songs goin a bit (thanks for that Squatch). I made it till about 3:30 before I felt my energy fading. Turned in knowing I'd have daddy duty by afternoon, though that was long enough to notice Sal was well on his way.

Good weather, good fishing, great people, good eating, good music. Deep woods fishing by day plus the evening rise on a limestoner. All in the same day. They don't get much better than that boys. I had a smile pasted on my face all day yesterday, and I don't even think a bit of a hangover was able to wipe it away this morning.

Every memorable fishing trip has a quote that gets attached. I think this one is "that's Tussey with a T".