
Subject: : Fly Fishing Events and Meet-ups

Topic: : Jam "stories"

Re: Jam "stories"

Author: : PatrickC

Date: : 2012/5/20 21:29:26

URL:

Stories? Hmmmm.... Well, admittedly, I did not stay up into the wee hours of the morning (which is why many of you don't even realize I was there).

Friday night, Tim Robinson and I hit the Pine and found ourselves covered in brown Drakes. That was pretty cool. Tim caught a really nice 19" brown on a Drake. The water was absolutely covered in Drakes. Personally, I have never seen anything like it.

We got off of Pine at about 10pm. Fishing for browns in the dark was a blast. We jumped in the truck to make the 2 hour trip back to the campgrounds and....I promptly hit a deer. Don't worry...she was a stocker. Along the road we managed to miss hitting a porcupine and 2 gray fox. We got back at midnight. Tim partied with ya'll into the morning. I zonked out in my hammock immediately.

Saturday we all slept in. We hit Spring Creek late afternoon until dark. Tim nymphed and threw dries most of the time. Miller was throwing everything in his box. I threw streamers until the hatch came off and then switched to sulfur dries.

I turned fish all day on the streamers. I did throw some larger articulated streamers and turned some very large browns, but never did get a take from on of those monsters. I managed several on black buggers throughout the day and Tim nymphed-up a few as well.

Just before dark the waters came alive and they started taking our sulfurs. I caught my first PA wild brown on a dry fly. Of the zillions I've caught...they've always been on streamers. I have to say, I learned a ton about bugs this weekend. Too bad I live in OH and won't have much opportunity to continue to develop it very rapidly.

Saturday evening the chili was great. I spied over Weaver's back as he painted and made it clear to everyone...that picture will look great on my office wall. I bought some raffle tickets, BS'd for a while, and by 11:45...I was back in the hammock. I gave my tickets to Tim Robinson and said, "You know what I want if I win!" An hour or so later I was awakened by Tim telling me I had won the painting. As great as the real fish were, this was the highlight of my weekend.

Sunday a few of us hit a small creek for wild browns and brookies. The rest of the guys were not as excited about the small size of the upper creek as I was. They moved on down to fish the larger lower creek and I stayed up in the dinky upper creek. I was rewarded with several brookies and a 13" wild brown. If you'd seen how small the water was there, you'd understand what a great brown that was. From there I made the 4 hour drive home...fighting the nods the entire way.

My apologies for not meeting all of you. I am just not a late night guy and when there is water near by....my

fishing problem ALWAYS takes over. I look forward to meeting the rest of you another time.

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 **IMG_1919.jpg** (58.55 KB)



 **IMG_1927.jpg** (44.93 KB)



 **IMG_1929.jpg** (57.15 KB)



 **IMG_1933.jpg** (60.21 KB)



 **IMG_1940.jpg** (58.87 KB)



 **IMG_1952.jpg** (57.00 KB)



 **IMG_1949.jpg** (70.59 KB)



 **IMG_1959.jpg** (61.59 KB)



 **IMG_1941.jpg** (86.36 KB)

